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Chapter 173 173: The Destruction In Veiled Forest

Upon reaching the outskirts of the Veiled Forest, Kaelar and the three grand elders were taken aback by the eerie silence that engulfed the area. It was unusual, for the forbidden realm of the Veiled Forest was known to attract treasure hunters and adventurous cultivators despite its dangers. The absence of people was a perplexing sight.

Grand elder Lan, his voice filled with astonishment, broke the silence. "This is highly unusual. The Veiled Forest has always been sought after for its hidden treasures, regardless of the perils it holds. It is unthinkable for it to be completely devoid of people."

Kaelar nodded, his eyes narrowing as he surveyed the surroundings. "Indeed, something significant must have occurred here. The absence of treasure seekers and cultivators raises more questions than it answers."

Grand elder Zhou stepped forward, his gaze focused and alert. "The disturbance we felt was undeniably from this direction. It is possible that a major event took place within the Veiled Forest, driving people away or, worse, causing harm."

Kaelar's voice resonated with authority as he gave orders. "We cannot afford to remain idle. The Veiled Forest's mysteries and treasures are at stake, but more importantly, the safety of those within our domain. I want the three of you to comb the area meticulously. Search for any signs of recent activities or any individuals who might be hiding or in distress."

The three grand elders nodded, their expressions determined as they dispersed to carry out the sect master's command.

Kaelar's gaze remained fixed on the depths of the Veiled Forest, his mind filled with concern and determination. "Whatever transpired here, we shall uncover the truth. The Veiled Forest has long guarded its secrets, but it shall not escape the scrutiny of the Heavenly Sword Sect. We will protect our legacy and ensure the safety of all who reside within our domain."

With resolute steps, Kaelar followed the grand elders into the Veiled Forest, his heart bracing for the unknown challenges that awaited them within its mystical depths. The fate of the Heavenly Sword Sect and the secrets of the Veiled Forest hung in the balance, and they would not rest until they unraveled the truth and restored tranquility to their sacred realm.

After a considerable amount of time searching the Veiled Forest, Kaelar and the grand elders regrouped at their initial meeting spot. The solemn expressions on their faces spoke volumes about the gravity of their findings.

"Have any of you found something? Any trace of what might have occurred within the Veiled Forest?" he asked, his gaze shifting from one elder to another.

Grand elder Zhou shook his head, disappointment evident in his eyes. "I'm afraid I found nothing substantial, Sect Master. No signs of recent activities, no traces of individuals. It's as if the forest has been abandoned."

Grand elder Mei, her voice tinged with frustration, added, "I searched every nook and cranny, but there was no one to be found. It's perplexing how an entire area can be devoid of any living presence."

Kaelar's gaze turned to grand elder Lan, awaiting his response. Grand elder Lan's expression was grim as he spoke, his voice filled with a mix of horror and disbelief.

"I did find something, Sect Master," he began slowly. "But it wasn't a person. It was a place... a place that appeared to have witnessed a massacre. Body parts were scattered everywhere, blood staining the earth. And what struck me the most is that I recognized some of the uniforms... uniforms worn by our own students."

Kaelar's eyes widened in shock and sorrow. "A massacre? How could such a gruesome act occur within the Veiled Forest? And our own disciples... What could have led to such a tragedy?"

Grand elder Lan's voice quivered with emotion as he continued. "The scene was ghastly. The level of destruction and violence was beyond anything I have ever witnessed. It is clear that a great calamity has befallen this place."

Silence fell upon the group, the gravity of grand elder Lan's words sinking in. Kaelar's face remained calm, but his eyes flickered with a mix of sorrow and determination.

"Lead the way, grand elder Lan," Kaelar commanded, his voice steady. "Show us this place."

The group moved with a renewed sense of purpose, following grand elder Lan through the Veiled Forest. As they reached the site, a chilling scene unfolded before their eyes. The ground was littered

with remnants of violence—shattered weapons, torn robes, and severed limbs. The air hung heavy with an oppressive aura, tainted by the tragedy that had unfolded.

Kaelar surveyed the scene, his voice measured as he described what he saw. "The intensity of the conflict is evident from the sheer number of body parts. It was a gruesome battle, unlike anything I have witnessed before. The scale of this massacre... it is deeply troubling."

Grand elder Zhou's voice quivered with anger as he spoke. "Who could have committed such an atrocity? And why? These were our own disciples, our family. We must find those responsible and bring them to justice."

Kaelar nodded, his eyes narrowing with determination. "Indeed, Elder Zhou. This act of violence will not go unpunished. We shall leave no stone unturned in our pursuit of justice. But first, we must gather any evidence or clues that can help us unravel the truth behind this tragedy."

As they stood amidst the devastation, surrounded by the echoes of sorrow and loss, Kaelar and the grand elders forged an unbreakable resolve to bring justice to the people, especially the fallen disciples of the Heavenly Sword Sect. The cultivation world would witness the wrath of their vengeance, and the perpetrators would face the consequences of their actions. The Veiled Forest, once a realm of secrets and wonders, had become a haunting symbol of tragedy, and it was up to them to restore balance and harmony to their sacred domain.

Deep within the Veiled Forest, a potent aura of darkness and malevolence enveloped Kaelar and the grand elders as they ventured deeper into the heart of the forbidden realm. The air grew heavy, and an oppressive energy pressed upon them, as if the very forest itself harbored a deep-seated evil.

Grand elder Lan, his voice laced with concern, broke the tense silence. "Sect Master, what is happening? This aura... it is unlike anything I have ever felt before. It chills me to the bone."

Kaelar's brows furrowed, his face etched with determination and worry. "I do not know. But I can sense it emanating from the depths of the Veiled Forest. It is a force that thrives on darkness and seeks to engulf all that is pure. We cannot ignore its presence."

With urgency in his eyes, Kaelar took to the air, his powerful cultivation propelling him forward with great speed. The grand elders, their trust in their sect master unwavering, followed closely behind, their own energy resonating with resolve.

As they delved deeper into the Veiled Forest, the oppressive aura intensified. The once serene landscape now seemed twisted and distorted, as if the very essence of the forest had been corrupted by a malevolent force. The trees, once majestic and full of life, now stood gnarled and withered, their leaves blackened and lifeless.

Eerie whispers echoed through the air, carrying a sense of foreboding and despair. Shadows danced along the forest floor, shifting and twisting as if they were alive. The ground beneath their feet seemed to pulse with an unnatural energy, as if the Veiled Forest itself recoiled from the darkness that had invaded its domain.

Kaelar's heart pounded in his chest as he pressed forward, his eyes scanning the surroundings for any signs of the source of this ominous aura. The grand elders, their faces etched with determination, matched his every step, ready to face whatever awaited them.

Finally, as they reached a clearing deep within the Veiled Forest, a scene of unimaginable horror unfolded before their eyes. The ground was littered with shattered weapons and broken bodies, their life force drained and their forms contorted in pain. The stench of blood hung heavy in the air, mingling with the acrid scent of dark magic.

Stunned expressions painted the faces of Kaelar and the grand elders as they beheld the devastating sight. But it was not just the carnage that shocked them—it was the very landscape that surrounded them. Deep fissures marred the ground, as if someone had cleaved a mountain in half, exposing the raw depths beneath. The earth itself seemed scarred and wounded, as if the battle had shaken the very foundations of the world.

Their voices caught in their throats, the grand elders struggled to find words to express the magnitude of their astonishment. Finally, Grand elder Lan managed to speak, his voice filled with disbelief. "By the heavens... This is unlike anything I have ever witnessed. The very ground has been rent asunder, as if some unimaginable power tore through it."

Grand elder Zhou's eyes widened, his voice filled with awe and fear. "This... this is no ordinary battle. The sheer force required to rend the earth like this... We are dealing with forces beyond our comprehension."

Kaelar's eyes widened, his gaze shifting from the shattered landscape to the distant horizon. The place felt desolate, as if it marked the end of the world itself. "This... This is beyond comprehension," he murmured, his voice tinged with awe. "To witness such devastation, to see the very earth scarred in this way... It is a testament to the immense power that was unleashed here."

The ground stretched out before them like a battlefield, a testament to the ferocity of the conflict that had taken place. The air crackled with residual energy, tainted by the dark aura that lingered. It was a scene that would forever be etched into their memories.