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Chapter 228 228: Arrive At The Hidden Place (part 1)

The alliance leaders followed Tan Zong's guidance, pressing forward through the relentless horde of undead. As they advanced, the landscape began to change, and the terrain shifted from the eerie darkness of the undead world to a mountainous region.

The mountains soared high into the sky, their peaks covered in mist that added an air of mystery to the surroundings. Jagged cliffs and steep slopes loomed ahead, challenging the alliance leaders to push their physical and cultivation limits.

"Is the hidden place located within these mountains?" Yara asked, eyeing the rugged terrain with a mix of anticipation and apprehension.

Tan Zong nodded, his expression serene as he led the way. "Yes, you are correct. The hidden place is nestled deep within these mountains. It's a secluded and well-protected location, perfect for establishing your new base of operations."

Captain Zao's eyes gleamed with excitement. "A base within these mountains? It will give us a strategic advantage and keep us hidden from potential enemies," he remarked, already envisioning the defensive possibilities.

As they continued their ascent, the alliance leaders noticed unusual rock formations along the mountainside, some of which seemed to have been intentionally carved with intricate symbols.

"These engravings... They appear to be ancient cultivation markings," Lady Xin observed, her eyes tracing the lines etched into the stone. "It seems this place holds a significant history."

"It might be, since this tower is unknown to us. No one really knows what's going on in the worlds inside the tower," Tan Zong said.

The alliance leaders continued their ascent, following Tan Zong through the winding paths and ancient cultivation markings. The higher they climbed, the more evident the mystical aura of the hidden place became. The mountain air was charged with spiritual energy.

"Lord Tan Zong, is this place naturally hidden or was it created this way?" Alix asked, his curiosity piqued by the ancient engravings and the strategic placement of the hidden place.

Tan Zong glanced back at Alix, his white robes fluttering gently in the mountain breeze. "From the investigations I've conducted, this place was shaped by both nature and the work of powerful cultivators. They harnessed the energies of the mountains and the cosmos to create a sanctuary that could shield them from prying eyes and potential threats," he explained.

Lady Xin's eyes sparkled with admiration. "Such foresight and skill. It's no wonder this place has remained hidden for so long," she remarked.

As they climbed higher, the terrain became even more challenging, requiring the alliance leaders to call upon their cultivation abilities to overcome the obstacles. The mist thickened, making visibility difficult, but Tan Zong's guidance never faltered. He seemed to have an innate sense of direction, leading them unerringly towards the heart of the hidden place.

Finally, they reached a large, flat plateau surrounded by sheer cliffs on three sides. A cascading waterfall poured down from the highest peak, creating a natural barrier on one side. The air was charged with spiritual energy, and the tranquility of the place was palpable.

Alix surveyed the plateau with awe. "This is an incredible location. It's secluded, well-protected, and the spiritual energy here is extraordinary," he said, his eyes scanning the surroundings.

"Yes, it's the perfect spot for our new base," Captain Zao agreed, a hint of excitement in his voice.

Tan Zong nodded approvingly. "Indeed, this plateau is the heart of the hidden place. Its natural defenses are formidable, and it offers a strong foundation for your alliance's future."

As they explored further, they discovered several ancient stone structures that had withstood the test of time. These structures seemed to have once served as meditation chambers and training halls. The alliance leaders were intrigued by the idea of revitalizing these structures and infusing them with their own energy.

"Our new base will be a place of cultivation, learning, and unity," Yara said, his eyes gleaming with determination. "We'll honor the legacy of the cultivators who came before us and build a place where future generations can thrive."

Lady Xin nodded in agreement. "It's not just about the present; it's about creating a legacy for the future. This hidden place will be a beacon of hope and strength for our alliance."

As the alliance leaders explored the ancient stone structures, a sudden growl echoed through the plateau, shattering the tranquility of the hidden place. The ground trembled beneath their feet, and from every direction, the undead creatures they had encountered earlier began to emerge. Skeleton warriors marched forward with rattling bones, zombies lurched with outstretched arms, and eerie ghosts floated through the mist.

Captain Zao rolled his eyes sarcastically. "Ahh, that's right. No wonder I felt like something is off. It's because since we got here, these bastards didn't attack us. Figures they were just biding their time!" he remarked, gripping his massive axe tighter.

Yara nodded, his bow at the ready. "Even in this kind of place, these monsters are here. No rest for the weary, it seems," he said, his voice resolute.

The undead horde surrounded the alliance leaders, encircling them with relentless determination. But the leaders were no ordinary cultivators; they were skilled warriors with powerful elemental abilities. Each of them channeled their unique elemental affinities into their weapons, ready to unleash their full potential.

Alix's fists crackled with fiery energy as he dashed forward, delivering blazing punches that incinerated the skeletons that dared to approach him. His fire manipulation spread like wildfire, keeping the undead at bay.

Yara's arrows danced through the air, leaving a trail of water vapor in their wake. With deadly accuracy, he shot down zombies from a distance, causing water-based explosions that halted the approaching hordes.

Lady Xin's whip, imbued with the power of wind, sliced through the air like a gusting tornado. She moved with grace and precision, her whip striking true as it incapacitated the undead attackers, leaving them vulnerable to her allies' onslaught.

Meanwhile, Shadowblade's agile movements were a blur as he weaved between the undead, striking with precision and deadly accuracy. His dagger-like strikes, infused with shadow energy, silently dispatched enemies from the darkest corners.