

Chapter 2892 Arriving at the Sacred Mount

During the turbulent ride, Shawn, lying in the backseat, gradually regained consciousness. He weakly opened his eyes and asked, "Did we escape? Is Mrs. Larson alright?"

At that moment, Fitz tightly gripped the steering wheel. He couldn't help but smile upon hearing Shawn's voice. "Boss, you're awake! Mrs. Larson is fine. We've already escaped from their encirclement. However, we've lost many of our comrades." As he spoke, the joy on his face faded, replaced by a faint gloom between his brows.

Before they set out, their group of twenty-eight was now reduced to less than ten. Aside from Sasha, whom everyone had fought desperately to protect, almost everyone else was injured.

Their leader, Shawn, was particularly severely wounded, with three separate wounds on his abdomen, thigh, and left shoulder. Without the miracle doctor Paintaker on the team, it would have been uncertain whether Shawn would survive.

Upon hearing this news, Shawn clenched his teeth. "Don't worry, we must avenge our fallen comrades!" His emotional outburst inadvertently aggravated his wounds.

In the passenger seat, Kasen hurriedly spoke up upon seeing this. "Crown prince, please don't move around. Paintaker said it will take several days for your injuries to heal."

"But we can't afford to wait; the enemy is behind us. We must head straight for Basha's Sacred Mount."

After hearing that, Fitz pressed down on the gas pedal, and the car accelerated forward with the rumble of its powerful engine. Nevertheless, the enemy convoy remained visible in the rearview mirror, relentless in their pursuit.

Two hours later, the group reached the vicinity of Basha's Sacred Mount.

With the enemy drawing near, Fitz and Kasen disregarded Shawn's injuries as they hastily exited the car. They immediately provided support to Shawn on both sides.

"Let's hurry into the mountain. Once inside, the enemies won't dare to do anything to us."

Mortimer had previously emphasized the prohibition against resorting to violence, especially the use of firearms, within the sacred mountain.

After Shawn finished speaking, the group swiftly proceeded along the mountain road toward Basha's Sacred Mount.

Soon after, they vanished into the woods, and the enemy arrived. The enemy's leader sneered and kicked the abandoned car.

"Heh, so you've hit a dead end, huh? Running straight into the mountains."

"Lord Zedbar commanded that even if we have to chase them to the ends of the earth, we must capture this group, dead or alive!"

"Yes, sir!"

With guns loaded, the armed men aggressively stormed into the mountains.

Meanwhile, Shawn and the others dashed frantically. They were fully aware of the dire consequences if caught by the enemy.

At this critical moment, Paintaker suddenly stopped and uttered, "Stop!"

His sudden interruption puzzled everyone during this intense crisis, prompting them to inquire, "What's the matter, Master Paintaker?"

With a grave expression, Paintaker responded, "We mustn't proceed. I sense that if we take one more step forward, it will cost us our lives."

At this moment, everyone was focused on escaping, leaving little room for reflection. It wasn't until Paintaker reminded them that they recalled Mortimer's warning about the heavily guarded border of the Sacred Mountain, manned by formidable keepers with high cultivation bases, that they remembered.

However, none of them had the necessary tokens for entry, making the prospect seem utterly impossible.

As Shawn pondered the situation, his eyes reddened with anger as he examined the path ahead. "Damn it! Whether we move forward or retreat, it seems inevitable that death awaits us. We might as well push forward!"

As they prepared to advance, Paintaker stepped in and stopped them. "Please, everyone, remain calm. Let me give it a try!"

With his wealth of experience, he still commanded the trust of all. Without him, they would have succumbed to the encirclement earlier. As he spoke, the crowd's restless emotions gradually subsided.