

## Chapter 2894 Terrifying Confrontation

Amidst the lush greenery and tranquil waters, a gentle breeze suddenly turned into a chilling gust, nipping at the faces of those present. Startled gasps filled the air as leaves scattered, merging on the ground to form a colossal hand blocking the sky.

A commanding voice declared, "Little monk! If you can withstand my strike, you and your companions may pass."

Despite his slender frame, Paintaker stood firm as the golden glow of the Buddha statue illuminated him. He calmly said, "Respected One, please proceed."

Shortly after, a cascade of leaves descended from above, crashing thunderously and stirring up a whirlwind that distorted everyone's faces. The colossal hand's presence loomed, enveloping onlookers in despair, rendering them as powerless as ants before a lion.

Amidst the chaos, Paintaker remained composed, his tattered robes swirling around him. As the colossal hand drew nearer, he began to chant slowly and steadily.

"Ah, Ma, Ne, Ba..."

His voice echoed as the golden Buddha statue behind him suddenly expanded to over 20 feet tall, encompassing Shawn and the others. With Paintaker's continued chanting, the golden light surrounding the Buddha coalesced into the sacred mantra, shining brightly.

As the colossal hand approached, the air thickened, making each breath a struggle. The protective glow around the Buddha gradually faded.

Boom!

Suddenly, a dull impact reverberated through the valley, jolting the mountain where Shawn and his group stood as though it were experiencing an earthquake.

Those behind Paintaker felt their consciousness slipping away as if their souls were being wrenched from their bodies. Despite the primal fear that gripped them, they found solace in the illusion of the golden Buddha; without it, they would surely have perished.

The chaos persisted for nearly thirty seconds until the Buddha's radiance disappeared, and leaves drifted from above.

Paintaker remained resolute at the forefront, and his hands clasped together in determination. Soon, the collective sigh of relief swept through the air, marking Paintaker's triumph over the ordeal.

"You may enter!" the keeper declared, and the oppressive atmosphere seemed to evaporate with his words.

Fitz's eyes widened, his face showing a combination of astonishment and respect. This terrifying confrontation exceeded any martial arts performance he had ever seen, leaving him deeply impressed. "Could this be real?" he pondered, and his heart gradually calmed down after several deep breaths.

"Boss, we need to hurry. The enemies are getting closer," Fitz urged.

Shawn struggled to catch his breath and nodded as they followed Paintaker into Basha's Sacred Mount. He could feel their enemies not far behind.

Suddenly, the enemy leader's face lit up upon spotting Shawn and his companions ahead. He quickly ordered, "Kill them and leave no survivors."

Sensing trouble, Shawn turned to glance backward, only to be met with a peculiar sight—bullets suspended mysteriously in mid-air. "Seems like the keeper intervened," he mused.

"Hurry up!" With someone holding off the enemies, Shawn felt a renewed determination as he and his companions quickened their pace toward the towering peak in the distance.

Meanwhile, the enemy leader, shocked by the surreal scene unfolding, questioned if his eyes were deceiving him as the bullets hovered in the air.

Yet, his confidence seemed unwavering, fueled by the rifle in his hands. "Whoever you are, show yourself and face me!"