

The Order 9551

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The flames on the crimson crystal rock wall surged violently, quickly parting to both sides to reveal a stable portal three zhang high, burning with golden flames.

Beyond the portal was a light curtain of interwoven crimson and golden light, twisting and undulating. The specific scene was unclear, but the extremely rich and pure fire attribute energy was already overwhelming.

“Let’s go.”

Chen Ping stepped into the light curtain first.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu quickly followed, helping the heavily injured Ling Shuang up.

Lie Tian led the Wan Shou Sect disciples, who had survived the catastrophe and were still in a daze, one by one stepping into the legendary Blazing Fire Secret Realm with complex and indescribable emotions.

Ling Yan stood still, watching the group gradually disappear into the light curtain, especially Chen Ping’s back. His eyes shifted uncertainly, finally settling into a long, complex sigh.

The Crimson Flame Canyon returned to its usual scorching heat and silence, with only the flames on the rock walls still burning tirelessly.

When Chen Ping was the first to step into the light curtain burning with golden flames, a scorching energy a hundred times more concentrated and pure than that of the outside Crimson Flame Canyon, carrying an ancient and primal aura, like a primordial beast awakening, opened its fiery maw and instantly enveloped and devoured him.

“Buzz—”

After a brief period of dizziness from the spatial shift, the scene before him suddenly opened up.

Even with Chen Ping's composure, he couldn't help but be slightly moved by what he saw.

This was no ordinary cultivator's cave or small secret realm; it was a truly independent, complete, and magnificent world of primordial flames, existing independently beyond the Tenth Heaven!

The sky was an eternally burning, ever-changing dome of flames.

There were no sun, moon, or stars, only endless, thick, liquid-like divine fires of various colors flowing freely.

Near the eastern horizon, the sky was a crimson-gold hue, like the rising sun, radiating a warm yet domineering fire of life.

The west was permeated with the orange-red of the setting sun, containing a serene and majestic stillness.

The southern sky churned with dazzling, blazing white light—the illusory image of the sun's true fire, purifying all things.

The north, however, was filled with deep, mysterious, purplish-black flame clouds, seemingly capable of devouring light, heat, and even souls.

These flames were not static; they flowed, intertwined, and collided slowly, as if possessing life.

Sometimes they transformed into soaring fire phoenixes, sometimes they coalesced into roaring fire dragons, swirling and coiling. The entire sky was bathed in a shimmering, breathtaking beauty, yet also terrifyingly dangerous.

The earth, a dark red crystalline rock forged over millions of years, was incredibly hard, yet riddled with deep, spiderweb-like fissures.

Deep within each fissure, jets of pure fire, several meters, even tens of meters high, erupted from within, each a different color.

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Some magma was as blue as ice yet unbearably hot, while others were as black as ink yet radiated brilliant light.

Pillars of fire shot skyward, merging with the fiery tassels hanging from the heavens to form waterfalls of flame connecting heaven and earth, their roars deafening.

The magma wasn't merely confined to fissures; it flowed freely across this land like rivers and seas.

Crimson, golden, and dark purple rivers of magma crisscrossed, slowly surging.

Floating on the surface were unsinkable fiery lotuses and burning pumice.

The air was thick with a complex stench, a mixture of sulfur and a strange, fragrant aroma.

In the distance, colossal mountains, composed entirely of fire crystals, stood majestically.

These mountains weren't rock, but rather naturally formed from the purest "Crimson Flame Crystal Essence," "Solar Fire Crystal," and "Earth Core Flame Jade"—top-tier fire-elemental treasures powerful enough to cause bloodshed in the outside world!

They were translucent, their interiors seemingly sealed with flowing flames, refracting a dreamlike, ethereal halo under the interplay of external sunlight and internal firelight.

Atop the mountain peak, "eternal flames" of various forms burned.

Some condensed into a gigantic crimson lotus of flame covering half the mountain, slowly rotating, each petal flowing with Daoist runes.

Others transformed into the phantom of a crouching, head held high, fiery Qilin, roaring silently yet exuding overwhelming power.

Still others appeared directly as the outline of a blazing fiery palace, its eaves soaring, its doors faintly visible, as if an ancient fire god resided within.

In the air, the intensely concentrated fire-attribute spiritual energy was no longer gaseous, but had formed a mist of pale red, gold, and purple, flowing gently like a veil.

Even a single breath brought a searing heat to the lungs.

But for fire-elemental cultivators, this was undoubtedly a top-tier cultivation sanctuary.

Even more miraculously, this land of origin for fire has given birth to unique fire creatures.

There are “Fire Spirits,” the size of a fist, shaped like dancing candle flames, yet possessing lively little eyes; they frolic and weave in groups through the flames.

There are “Flame-Scaled Dragon Carp,” several feet long, with scales like those forged from rubies, swimming freely in the lava river, occasionally leaping out of the water, stirring up a shower of sparks.

And there are the divine “Fire Sparrows,” with wingspans exceeding ten feet and trailing magnificent seven-colored fiery tail feathers, gliding gracefully through the air, emitting clear, phoenix-like cries.

Even the “Lava Giants,” several feet tall, pieced together from burning boulders, moving slowly yet possessing immense strength, can be seen lingering at the foot of distant mountains, each step causing the earth to tremble slightly.

Everything here showcases the fury, splendor, creation, and destruction of fire, forming a magnificent, primal, wild, yet vibrant tapestry of life.

Its contained fire-elemental laws were so complete and its energy level so high that it far surpassed any known perilous or blessed land in the Tenth Heaven.

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“Cough...cough cough...”

The moment Lie Tian, Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and the dozens of surviving disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect stepped onto the dark red crystalline ground, a sudden change occurred!

The omnipresent, densely packed, terrifyingly high temperature and violent fire elemental energy seemed to find an outlet.

No longer a gentle embrace, it transformed into countless red-hot, barbed steel needles, frantically drilling into every pore of their bodies!

The skin felt like it was being branded with a hot iron.

The air they inhaled through their mouths and noses felt not like air, but scorching magma steam, directly burning their trachea and lungs!

Even with their eyes closed, they could feel the intense light and heat from the outside world piercing through their eyelids, causing stinging pain and dizziness!

“Ugh!”

A disciple of the Azure Fox Clan, whose cultivation was only at the second rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, was the first to succumb, letting out a short, painful scream.

His exposed skin instantly swelled with countless blisters, which then burst, oozing yellowish-brown pus.

He collapsed to the ground, his breath rapidly weakening.

“Hold on! Circulate your cultivation technique to protect your heart meridian!” Lie Tian roared hoarsely.

He himself was in no better shape.

As a Silver Moon Sky Wolf, he was biased towards the wind and moon attributes, naturally incompatible with this extreme fire environment.

At this moment, he felt as if his internal organs were being roasted over a fire, the previously smooth flow of demonic energy in his meridians becoming sluggish and scalding.

His injuries were aggravated; a sweet taste rose in his throat, and another mouthful of blood surged up, which he forcibly swallowed, his face turning purplish-red.

Shi Yan, whose true form was a Rift-Shattering Demon Ape, possessed a strong earth element and slightly higher resistance to fire, was still scorched red by the intense heat.

Sweat evaporated as soon as it appeared, leaving behind white salt stains.

He gritted his teeth, shielding the nearly unconscious Ying Wu behind him.

Ying Wu, being of the shadow element, was even more severely suppressed in this intensely hot and sunny environment.

If Chen Ping hadn't previously transferred immortal energy to her to protect her heart, she would likely have already fainted.

The other disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect were in even worse condition.

The eagle disciples' feathers were charred and ruffled, the tiger disciples' fur reeked of burning, the snake disciples' scales were cracked...

Painful groans and suppressed moans rose and fell.

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They were like blocks of ice suddenly thrown into a furnace, rapidly melting.

Although Ling Shuang was a disciple of the Heavenly Fire Sword Master, and cultivated the *Burning Heaven Sword Technique*, a top-tier fire-based technique.

But she had just been injured, her meridians were fragile, and the influx of such violent and pure fire elemental energy was a tremendous burden.

Her face was deathly pale, cold sweat beaded on her forehead, her delicate body trembled slightly, and she struggled to circulate her cultivation technique to guide the energy, but it was like a drop in the ocean, only slowing the rate of the scorching heat.

Despair resurfaced in everyone's eyes.

They had finally escaped the pursuit and entered this legendary secret realm that was said to protect them, only to be burned alive and have their foundations scorched because they couldn't adapt to the environment?

Just as they were on the verge of death, almost being refined by the fire of this secret realm,

"Stabilize."

A calm, clear voice, yet seemingly containing supreme authority, rang out like a stabilizing force, clearly reaching the ears of everyone almost overwhelmed by the heat and pain, penetrating to the depths of their souls.

It was Chen Ping!

He didn't even glance back at the carnage behind him, but casually raised his right hand, his long, slender fingers pressing gently down on the surging, fiery world before him.

There was no burst of dazzling magical light, no earth-shattering energy fluctuations.

But with this press, an indescribable, profoundly mysterious Daoist aura, centered on him, rippled outwards like ripples created by a pebble thrown into a calm lake, silent yet unstoppable!

This Daoist aura wasn't simply icy energy resisting the flames, but a higher-level, almost law-like, commanding force!

In an instant, a miracle occurred!

From where Chen Ping stood, within a hundred-foot radius, the space seemed to be gently caressed by an invisible hand.

The terrifyingly high temperature, capable of incinerating metal and iron, instantly subsided like a tamed beast, decreasing to a comfortable level.

The raging, chaotic, and rampaging fire elemental energy, as if receiving a supreme command, became orderly.

The violent elements were eliminated, leaving only the purest, gentlest, and most easily absorbed and refined fire-elemental spiritual energy.

Even the omnipresent, blindingly bright light seemed to be filtered, becoming bright but not harmful to the eyes.

The burning pain on everyone's bodies receded like a tide, their scalding lungs instantly cooled, and their rapid, labored breathing became steady and long.

They stared in astonishment at the clearly defined, almost miraculous, scene around them.

Outside the safe zone, it remained a hellish scene of roaring flames, distorted heat waves, and blinding light.

But inside the safe zone, it was a paradise on earth with a comfortable temperature, abundant and gentle spiritual energy, and bright, comfortable light!

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An invisible boundary clearly separated two completely different worlds.

On the ground, the dark red crystalline soil remained, but the violent fire it contained had been calmed.

Not far away, a small pool of milky-white spring water, emanating a cool spiritual energy and a faint fragrance, had been gushing forth from a crevice in the rock that had been completely evaporated by the intense heat.

Around the spring, several clusters of vibrant green, strangely shaped, flame-like spiritual herbs were rapidly sprouting!

“This... what kind of technique is this?!”

Lie Tian, feeling the rapidly subsiding burning pain within his body and the now active and gentle demonic power, was utterly shocked.

To alter the environmental laws of an entire world, and with such violent fire-based secret realm laws at that, this could not be explained by ordinary formations or supernatural powers!

This was more like... words becoming law, acting on behalf of Heaven!

Ling Shuang stared blankly at Chen Ping’s retreating figure, her beautiful eyes filled with extreme shock and an indescribable tremor.

She understood the difficulty and significance of this better than Lie Tian and the others.

The core law of the Blazing Fire Secret Realm is fire—violent, primal, and supreme.

Even her master, the Heavenly Fire Sword Master, who cultivated here for thousands of years, could only create a relatively stable cultivation environment within a fixed area based on his own cultivation level and the characteristics of his techniques.

It was absolutely impossible for him to create an oasis within the forbidden zone of fire with such ease and effortless skill, as Chen Ping had done, covering such a vast area with such a thorough effect!

This was beyond her understanding of power and Dao.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu exchanged a glance, both seeing deep awe and relief in each other's eyes.

The senior's strength was indeed as deep as the abyss, immeasurable.

Seeing the strange looks from the crowd, Chen Ping simply smiled faintly.

He was a professional at playing with fire.

The supreme fire source within him was a fusion of multiple flames.

The supreme fire of the Demon Clan was many times stronger than the flames in this Blazing Fire Secret Realm.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to show off.

“Rest here and heal your wounds as quickly as possible.”

Chen Ping turned around, his expression calm and composed, as if he had only done something insignificant.

His gaze swept over the newly sprouted spiritual spring and the fiery spiritual herb, and he nodded.

“That spiritual spring contains gentle life essence, which has miraculous effects on healing injuries.”

“Thank you so much, Senior, for your life-saving grace! Your abilities are unfathomable!”

Everyone knelt down in unison, their voices trembling with emotion.

They had been saved from a desperate situation, and now they were sheltered and healed in this blessed land; this kindness was like being reborn.

Lie Tian, his eyes brimming with tears, kowtowed deeply: “Senior’s great kindness will never be forgotten by the remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect! Lie Tian hereby swears that if the sect can be revitalized one day, we will honor you as our Supreme Lord, and the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect will forever be at your command!”

Chen Ping raised his hand slightly, and a gentle force lifted everyone up: “No need for formalities, focusing on recovery is the right thing to do.”

Soon, under the arrangement of Lie Tian and several elders who still had some strength, everyone began to settle down in an orderly manner.

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The most severely injured disciples were prioritized and placed near the spirit spring, where disciples with some medical knowledge assisted in cleaning their wounds, administering medicinal pills, and guiding them to absorb the gentle life essence from the spring water.

Those with slightly less severe injuries were assigned to guard the edge of the safe zone.

Although the area designated by Chen Ping seemed absolutely safe, years of caution prevented them from being careless.

Some began carefully collecting the newly sprouted flame spirit herbs, distributing them to suitable disciples to aid in healing, as instructed by Chen Ping.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu recovered the fastest and volunteered to coordinate and care for the seriously wounded.

Ling Shuang was also carefully helped by Ying Wu to sit down on a flat, smooth crystal stone beside the spirit spring.

She took the medicinal pill Chen Ping had given her earlier and drank a mouthful of the clear spirit spring water.

A cool, soothing sensation flowed through her limbs, and a tingling, healing feeling spread through her burned meridians, so comfortable that she almost groaned aloud.

She began to concentrate on circulating the *Burning Heaven Sword Technique*. The pure, gentle fire elemental energy within the secret realm seeped into her meridians, healing her injuries with far greater efficiency than outside.

Seeing that everyone had settled down and order was gradually returning, Chen Ping looked up at a towering fiery crystal mountain in the distance, its summit ablaze with the phantom of a golden palace.

Atop the mountain, a familiar figure in crimson robes stood alone, his back to the safe zone below, facing the endless sea of fire deeper within the secret realm.

The heatwave ruffled his sleeves, his back conveying a sense of loneliness and desolation.

It was none other than Ling Yan, the Heavenly Fire Sword Master.

With a slight thought, Chen Ping's figure vanished from his spot.

The next moment, he appeared silently beside Ling Yan, standing shoulder to shoulder with him.

Ling Yan's body trembled almost imperceptibly, but he didn't turn around, as if he had already anticipated Chen Ping's arrival.

For a moment, silence fell between the two, broken only by the low roar of the fiery world below and the howling of the hot wind.

The silence flowed, yet it wasn't awkward; rather, it possessed a subtle, unspoken understanding between masters.

After a long while, Ling Yan broke the silence.

His voice was no longer the initial arrogant and cold interrogation, but carried a complex emotion— inquiry,感慨, and a hint of barely concealed weariness.

Just who... are you?"

He paused, as if choosing his words carefully, before continuing.

Seventh-grade Human Immortal Realm... no, just now when you used your technique, your aura had a momentary sense of perfect harmony and sublimation, clearly indicating an imminent breakthrough, far beyond the reach of an ordinary seventh-grade."

Your methods of dispelling, calming, and even controlling the violent fire spirit power here are definitely not from any known cultivation technique inherited from the Tenth Heaven."

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"And that sword strike you displayed outside the canyon... what exactly was that sword intent?"

"I have cultivated swordsmanship for thousands of years, and I believe I have unique insights into 'fire' and 'sword,' yet I have never seen, and cannot even comprehend, that... a state of mind that seems to transcend the Five Elements and surpass the rules."

Chen Ping did not directly answer Ling Yan's series of questions.

His gaze drifted into the distance, looking at the figures below, busy healing in the area he had tamed.

Then he looked towards the even more intense and unpredictable depths of the secret realm, asking a question instead of answering.

"Heavenly Fire Sword Master, what is your connection with the Fire Spirit Star Lord and the Blazing Fire Demon Lord? How much do you know about this Blazing Fire Secret Realm?"

Ling Yan's body visibly stiffened for a moment, as if Chen Ping's question had touched upon a secret buried deep within his heart.

He slowly turned his head, scrutinizing Chen Ping's profile for the first time with an equal and discerning gaze.

This young face was calm and serene, his eyes deep as ancient wells, yet seemingly reflecting the raging flames and the endless starry sky.

Another long silence followed, Ling Yan's face flashing with struggle, reminiscence, bitterness, and other emotions, finally culminating in a long, heavy sigh, as if a tremendous burden had been lifted.

"Very well... Since you possess the Fire Control Steps, can readily identify the name of the Blazing Fire Demon Lord, and have... such incredible sword intent and methods, there are some things I might as well tell you. Perhaps... this is fate."

Ling Yan's gaze turned towards the deepest part of the secret realm, towards the direction where the flames were most vibrant and the energy fluctuations most subtle and terrifying. His voice became ethereal, as if traversing endless time.

"Fire Spirit Star Lord and Blazing Fire Demon Lord..."

He spoke slowly, each word seemingly carrying the weight of time.

“They are my senior brothers.”

“Senior brothers?” Chen Ping raised an eyebrow.

This answer surprised him greatly. The Fire Spirit Star Lord and Blazing Fire Demon Lord fought each other upon meeting, to the death. They didn’t seem like fellow disciples at all.

“That’s right.”

Ling Yan nodded, a complex expression of nostalgia and self-mockery on his face.

“That was... a very, very long time ago. So long that the current structure of the Tenth Heaven wasn’t even fully formed yet.”

“Back then, I was just a naive, wandering youth, living hand to mouth. Because I possessed a faint trace of the Fiery Sun Body bloodline, I was rescued from a near-death experience by a mysterious old man who had wandered here.”

Respect and warmth appeared in his eyes.

“That old man, we all respectfully call him Master Yan. He had an ordinary appearance and simple clothes, but he possessed eyes that seemed to see through to the past and future, and to understand the very essence of the universe.”

“Seeing that although my talent was mediocre, my will was resilient, and I had an innate affinity and unwavering devotion to fire, he made an exception and took me under his wing.”

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“At that time, Master already had two exceptionally talented and radiant disciples—Eldest Brother Li Jin and Second Brother Huo Ling.”

“Li Jin? Huo Ling?”

Chen Ping repeated softly. These were clearly the original names of the Fire Demon Lord and the Fire Spirit Star Lord before they rose to fame.

“Yes.”

Ling Yan continued, his tone filled with boundless longing for past glories.

“Eldest Brother Li Jin was born unruly, his nature a mix of righteousness and wickedness. He acted solely on his impulses, disregarding all rules and regulations.”

“He deeply understood the demonic and domineering nature of flames—the power to burn everything, destroy all, and then give birth to new life. He believed the essence of fire lay in the cycle of destruction and rebirth.”

“His cultivation was almost obsessive. He frequently tested the fire with his own body, walking the line between life and death, forging an earth-shattering Li Huo Demonic Art. Later, he became known as the Li Huo Demon Lord, his power shaking the heavens, causing all demons to bow before him, and immortals and gods to fear him.”

“Second...” Senior Brother Huo Ling, on the other hand, was gentle and upright, with a broad mind and compassion for all humanity. He understood the divine and benevolent aspects of fire—its light, warmth, purification, and life-giving power—believing it to be the beginning of civilization and the light of hope.

“The Fire Spirit Immortal Technique he cultivated was upright, magnificent, and profound, capable of purifying evil and nourishing all things. Later, he attained the position of Fire Spirit Star Lord, ruling over a star region, receiving offerings from countless beings, and was hailed as the source of starlight and the embodiment of light.”

At this point, the bitterness on Ling Yan’s face deepened.

“And I... Ling Yan, am dull-witted and mediocre in comprehension. Though I have been fortunate enough to study under renowned masters, standing alongside two peerless geniuses, I have yet to truly grasp the essence of fire.”

“I lack the demonic comprehension of my eldest brother, who rises from the ashes to dominate the world, and I also lack the righteous and benevolent spirit of my second senior brother, who benefits all living beings.”

“I can only struggle to find my own path of sword and fire under the dazzling light of my two senior brothers, making slow progress.”

He sighed, his tone filled with deep regret and helplessness.

“What’s even more regrettable is that shortly after our Master imparted the fundamental Dao techniques to us, laying a solid foundation for our future, he mentioned having gained some insights and needing to travel beyond the cosmic barrier to pursue the ultimate Dao. He then vanished without a trace.”

“Your two senior brothers are exceptionally talented. Even without Master’s subsequent guidance, they have relied on their own comprehension and opportunities to advance rapidly, traversing various worlds.”

Ling Yan turned to look at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with sincerity, but also a hint of barely perceptible melancholy.

“And I guard this secret realm of Fiery Departure, discovered by my master in his early years and later modified by my eldest brother, Li Jin.”

“This place was originally a strange space formed by a fragment of chaotic primordial fire falling at the beginning of the universe, containing the most primordial fire laws.”

“Before leaving this realm, my eldest brother entrusted it to my care, firstly out of consideration for our shared sect, giving me a safe haven to settle down and comprehend the Dao of Fire;”

“Secondly, he also hoped that I could protect this place, preventing its essence from being defiled by unworthy individuals and causing a great disaster.”

“Within this secret realm, relying on...” “The cultivation insights left by my eldest brother, the occasional fragments of guidance from my second brother, and the boundless fire elemental energy of this secret realm itself.”

“After spending thousands of years, I barely managed to fuse the sword path and the fire path, creating the Burning Heaven Sword Technique, and only then did I gain this meager reputation as the Heavenly Fire Sword Master.”

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“But compared to my two senior brothers who have long since traversed countless worlds and wielded the laws of nature... ha, a firefly compared to the moon, dust compared to a mountain, utterly insignificant, shameful to even mention.”

Chen Ping listened calmly to Ling Yan’s account, understanding dawning on him.

So this was the complex origin story.

A mysterious and powerful master, two senior brothers who walked completely opposite paths yet both reached the pinnacle, and a junior brother with limited talent but steadfast in his duty, striving to catch up.

This Blazing Fire Secret Realm was both a treasure trove and, to some extent, a complex place in Ling Yan’s heart, a place where glory and regret intertwined.

“Since this Blazing Fire Secret Realm was entrusted to you by the Blazing Fire Demon Lord, why have you established such strict rules, forbidding any outsiders from entering?”

“Even we who came here to seek refuge almost faced each other in battle?” Chen Ping asked, voicing another question that had been nagging at him.

Ling Yan's expression turned serious, his previous感慨 (gǎnkǎi, mixed feelings of emotion and reflection) vanishing, replaced by solemnity.

He pointed to the deepest part of the secret realm, to the area where the flames were most chaotic, seemingly capable of distorting and swallowing even light, and said in a deep voice.

There are two reasons. First, this place was solemnly entrusted to me by my senior brother, Li Jin. Having accepted this entrustment, I, Ling Yan, must be loyal to my duty. I will not allow outsiders to arbitrarily defile or destroy the purity and integrity of this place, nor will I allow the secret realm's resources to be exploited and abused. This is my promise to my senior brother, and it is also the core of my Dao heart."

He paused, his tone becoming even more grave, even tinged with a hint of apprehension.

Secondly, and most importantly, the core of this secret realm isn't an ordinary cultivation haven or treasure vault, but rather the true resting place of that fragment of the Chaos Origin Fire, and the place where our senior brother left behind a portion of its true inheritance and restrictions!"

Ling Yan's gaze was fixed on that chaotic region, his voice low.

Before my senior brother left, he sternly warned me that this Chaos Origin Fire is the primordial fire that existed before the creation of heaven and earth, before the separation of primordial chaos. It is the ancestor of all fires, and the root of destruction and creation."

It is violent and unpredictable, containing fragments of laws far exceeding the limits this realm can withstand."

Those who do not possess the purest source of fire, have a will as firm as Chaos Divine Iron, and have earned its approval must never approach the core forbidden area!"

Otherwise, even if I were to enter at my peak, I would surely suffer a backlash from the Origin Fire. At best, my Dao foundation would be completely destroyed, leaving me a cripple; at worst, my body and soul would be annihilated, never to be reborn!"

He withdrew his gaze, looking at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with unprecedented solemnity and warning.

Fellow Daoist Chen, I do not know your origins or what you rely on.”

You can dispel the outer fire spirits, perhaps you possess extraordinary treasures or a special physique. But this Chaos Origin Fire is no ordinary matter! It cannot be resisted by brute force or ordinary magic weapons.”

I have guarded this place for a thousand years, and every day I can feel the terrifying pressure emanating from the core, a pressure that makes even the soul tremble.”

Even I only dare to absorb the gentle fire spirits that have been filtered through layers of the secret realm from the outer perimeter for cultivation, never daring to cross that line even half a step!”

Although your methods are profound, you must not approach that core forbidden area out of curiosity! That is a realm that no Human Immortal, or even an ordinary Celestial Immortal, can touch!”

Chaos Origin Fire... the origin of ultimate fire...” Chen Ping murmured, repeating these two words, a barely perceptible glint of light flashing deep in his eyes.

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The long-dormant primordial space within his body actually trembled slightly on its own!

A faint yet incredibly pure heat, seemingly originating from the very beginning of creation, quietly spread, resonating with the mysterious fire elemental energy of the secret realm that touched his pores.

This feeling, familiar yet strange, was like a dormant bloodline being awakened.

Chen Ping remained expressionless, nodding slightly to Ling Yan: “Thank you for your frankness, Sword Master. I will remember it.”

In the following days, everyone found unprecedented peace and recovery in this safe oasis created by Chen Ping's divine power.

The pure and gentle fire elemental energy within the secret realm, combined with the nourishment of the miraculous spring, the pills provided by Chen Ping, and his occasional use of pure immortal power to unblock the meridians of the seriously injured, resulted in miraculous healing effects.

The gruesome wound on Lie Tian's chest, still corroded by demonic energy, healed, scabbed over, and peeled away at a visible speed, revealing new flesh.

His pale complexion gradually regained its rosy hue, his weakened aura grew stronger day by day, and his damaged meridians were slowly but steadily repairing themselves under the dual nourishment of gentle fire spirit energy and life essence.

He even felt that, after this ordeal and the tempering of the secret realm environment, the bottleneck in his cultivation that had stagnated for many years was beginning to loosen.

Ling Shuang's recovery speed was even more astonishing.

She already cultivated top-tier fire-based techniques, making her extremely compatible with the environment here.

After sitting quietly by the spiritual spring for three days, not only were her internal injuries completely healed, but her sword heart, which had been somewhat dimmed from forcibly activating her sword technique,

became even more clear and refined under the cleansing of pure fire spirit energy and the invisible nourishment of Chen Ping's profound "Daoist charm," with a subtle trend of further advancement in her cultivation.

Her feelings towards Chen Ping also shifted from initial contempt to shock and awe, subtly adding a complex and indescribable curiosity and attention that even she herself was not fully aware of.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu, whose injuries weren't the most severe to begin with, recovered the fastest and were already moving normally, becoming invaluable assistants to the Lie Tian management team.

Most of the other Wan Shou Sect disciples also stabilized their injuries. Those with lower cultivation levels even benefited from the misfortune, progressing several times faster in this blessed land than outside.

Chen Ping, on the other hand, seemed to be casually strolling through the secret realm these past few days.

He didn't rush to the core area warned by Ling Yan, but instead explored outwards along the edge of the safe zone, carefully sensing every rhythm of this fiery origin world.

He stepped across a slowly flowing, golden stream of true solar fire. The water was scorching hot, but it automatically parted when his toes touched the surface, transforming into two gentle streams of fire that circled around him, as if welcoming a sovereign.

He climbed a low mountain entirely composed of "Earth Core Flame Jade," its summit crowned by a perpetually flickering flame shaped like a Vermilion Bird.

A tiny flame spontaneously separated from him, drifting to his palm and nuzzling his fingers affectionately before transforming into a pure fire spirit that entered his body, nourishing his chaotic immortal power.

He tried to approach a group of "fire spirits" frolicking in the forest of flame mushrooms. These newly awakened creatures, instead of fleeing, curiously gathered around him, emitting soft, melodious sounds like the tinkling of wind chimes, as if communicating with him.

He even observed a ten-zhang-tall "lava giant" slumbering in the distance. At its heart, a core of flame, its colors constantly shifting, pulsed rhythmically, the fluctuations subtly harmonizing with a deep rhythm of the entire secret realm.

All of this was observed by Ling Yan, who had been keeping a sliver of his attention focused on him. His shock and doubt grew wildly within him.