

The Order 9851

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“Their souls are annihilated, their true spirits vanished.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor’s voice was icy, yet carried an undeniable certainty, “They’ve become nourishment to maintain the operation of that Rule Purgatory, or...become new puppets.”

“Boom!!!”

The broken zither in Lady Qinxin’s arms shattered, fragments scattering everywhere. She stood up, tears of blood streaming from her eyes: “Zhan E...Evil Path Hall...I will make you pay with your lives!!!”

Several young cultivators collapsed to the ground, sobbing uncontrollably.

The reason they managed to escape was because they still held onto a sliver of hope—the hope that their captured comrades were merely imprisoned, the hope that one day they could be rescued.

But now, even that last glimmer of hope had been extinguished.

Chen Ping stared at the Earthfire Ancestor with utter astonishment. When the ancestor spoke to him about the Gate of Reincarnation, he hadn’t mentioned these things.

What was this old fellow hiding from him?

“Ancestor, is what you’re saying true? How come you’ve never told me these things before?”

Chen Ping asked!

“I don’t want to talk about it!” The Earthfire Ancestor’s indifferent words left Chen Ping speechless.

Master Xuanwei closed his eyes, and after a long while, slowly opened them.

The old Daoist, who had cultivated for tens of thousands of years, now had tears welling in his eyes: "So that's how it is... No wonder, no wonder those fellow Daoists who were captured didn't even leave a trace of their true spirit..."

He took a deep breath, suppressing his grief, and looked at the Earthfire Ancestor with a more solemn expression: "Fellow Daoist seems to know a lot of inside information."

"To be honest, I have been to the Land of Reincarnation,"

the Earthfire Ancestor said calmly, "and I have personally witnessed the strangeness of the Gate of Reincarnation. More importantly..."

The Earthfire Ancestor looked at Chen Ping, "Chen Ping, boy, what do you intend to do?"

Chen Ping turned around, facing Huo Fentian and the Earthfire Ancestor, and bowed solemnly.

"This junior humbly requests permission from the Pavilion Master and Ancestor to proceed to the Twelfth Heaven."

"What?!"

Huo Fentian abruptly stood up. "Young Master, do you know the current situation in the Twelfth Heaven? That Soul-Devouring Puppet's strength is comparable to a peak First-Rank Immortal, and it commands tens of thousands of Soul Hunters. Going there now is tantamount to throwing yourself into the lion's den!"

"You must understand that the puppet's realm cannot be compared to that of a living person. They do not feel pain, fear, or even the concept of life and death. Therefore, their true strength is only greater, not less."

“Precisely because the situation is critical, someone must go.” ”

Chen Ping straightened up, his eyes flashing with a sharp, sword-like light. “If we wait for the Evil Path Palace to be fully prepared and launch a surprise attack on the Eleventh Heaven, we will only be able to passively endure the onslaught. Only by taking the initiative and disrupting their plans before they completely control the Twelfth Heaven can we have a chance of victory.”

He paused, then added, “Moreover, Zhan E must already know that I possess Chaos Immortal Power. Given his nature, he will never allow me to grow unchecked. Rather than waiting for him to come knocking, I should take the initiative to find him.”

Huo Fentian was about to persuade him further, but the Earth Fire Ancestor raised his hand.

This ancestor, who had lived for countless years, slowly rose and walked to Chen Ping, his cloudy eyes scrutinizing him carefully, as if trying to see through him inside and out.

After a long while, the ancestor slowly said, “Are you confident?”

“No.”

Chen Ping shook his head honestly, “But some things cannot be done only when you are confident.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor stared at him for a long time, then suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, yet it carried an indescribable mix of relief and resolve.

“Alright. I’ll accompany you.”

“Ancestor?!” Huo Fentian exclaimed in shock.

The Earth Fire Ancestor waved his hand: "Fentian, the Earth Fire Pavilion is yours to manage. Guard the family business. My physical body has recovered, and I should go out and stretch my muscles. Besides..."

He looked at Chen Ping, a deep meaning flashing in his eyes: "The inheritor of the Chaos Immortal Power... This once-in-a-millennium opportunity, I also want to see with my own eyes how far he can go."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord also stood up, his scarlet demonic eyes blazing with battle intent: "I'll go too. Besides helping you, I also need to find the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass in the Twelfth Heaven to save her."

"Senior Crimson Cloud..." Chen Ping looked at him.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord grinned, revealing his gleaming white teeth: "Stop beating around the bush. You've done me a great favor; my life is temporarily in your hands."

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Suddenly, Huo Ling'er, who had been silent all along, stepped forward and tightly grasped Chen Ping's sleeve: "I want to go too!"

"Nonsense!"

Huo Fentian sternly stopped her, "Ling'er, your cultivation is still too shallow. Going to the Twelfth Heaven is too dangerous!"

"Father, I'm already a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal!"

Huo Ling'er stubbornly raised her face, "Besides, the Earth Fire True Scripture I cultivate has a restraining effect on demonic arts. It will definitely be of help!"

Chen Ping gently patted the back of her hand and said softly, "You shouldn't go. This journey is extremely dangerous. It's equally important for you to stay in the Eleventh Heaven and help the Fire Pavilion Master stabilize the situation."

Huo Ling'er bit her lip, tears glistening in her beautiful eyes, but ultimately she didn't insist any further.

She knew that Chen Ping was right.

With her current strength, going might only become a burden.

Master Xuanwei stood up and bowed respectfully to Chen Ping: "Young friend, your righteousness is admirable. Although the Azure Sword Sect has been destroyed, this old man still has some use."

"The terrain, the distribution of power, the location of hidden teleportation arrays in the Twelfth Heaven... this old man knows them all by heart. If you don't mind, I'd like to be your guide."

Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue behind him also bowed simultaneously: "We are willing to accompany our master!"

Chen Ping looked at Ancestor Earthfire, who nodded slightly.

"Then... I'll trouble you, Master."

Chen Ping returned the bow, then his gaze swept over the cultivators who had escaped from the Twelfth Heaven in the hall.

"Fellow Daoists, you may remain at the Earthfire Pavilion to recuperate and cultivate. Once we establish ourselves in the Twelfth Heaven, perhaps... we will still need your strength."

Qingyangzi and the others exchanged glances, finally bowing in unison: "We are at your service!"

Although fear lingered in their hearts, Chen Ping's words rekindled a flame within them.

It wasn't about fleeing.

It was about accumulating strength, waiting for the opportune moment, and then returning to fight back!

“Time is of the essence.”

Chen Ping turned to look at the sky outside the hall, a resolute glint in his eyes.

“We will depart in three days.”

During these three days, Chen Ping was not idle. He cultivated with Huo Ling’er every day until she was too weak to get up.

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Because Chen Ping knew that this journey to the Twelfth Heaven would mean countless years before he could see Huo Ling’er again and play with her.

He might as well enjoy it all at once.

Three days later, in front of the Earthfire Pavilion’s mountain gate.

Huo Fentian, leading the elders, saw Chen Ping off. Huo Ling’er, her eyes red-rimmed, placed a crimson-gold jade pendant in Chen Ping’s hand: “This is the Earth Fire Pavilion’s protective talisman. Crush it in a critical moment to release a shield of Earth Fire True Flame... You must return safely.”

Chen Ping accepted the pendant and nodded earnestly: “I will.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor had changed into a simple gray robe, standing with his hands behind his back, his aura completely concealed, like an ordinary old man.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained as unrestrained as ever.

At Chen Ping's feet followed the little fire unicorn—Wangcai.

Master Xuanwei stood on the other side with Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue.

The old Daoist had changed into a clean Daoist robe, his broken whisk repaired, and his expression returned to its usual calm, though deep in his eyes still lay an unyielding sorrow and resolute determination.

“The teleportation array is ready.”

Huo Fentian said in a deep voice, “This array leads to a hidden valley on the outskirts of the Twelve Heavens Ancient Battlefield Ruins. It was once an ancient battlefield; the space there is chaotic and difficult to detect. But be careful, as many ancient restrictions and vengeful spirits remain within the ancient battlefield.”

Chen Ping nodded: “Understood.”

He took one last look at the mountains surrounding the Earth Fire Pavilion, then at Huo Fentian, Huo Ling'er, and the elders and disciples who had come to see him off.

Then, he turned and stepped into the teleportation array.

The Earth Fire Ancestor, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, the Little Fire Qilin, and the Xuanwei True Person and his disciple followed closely behind.

The teleportation array shone brightly, and space distorted violently.

The next moment, seven figures disappeared into a pillar of light that shot into the sky.

Huo Ling'er stared at the empty teleportation array, finally unable to hold back her tears.

Huo Fentian gently patted his daughter's shoulder, his gaze fixed on the direction of the Twelve Heavens, his expression extremely solemn. "Young Master...you must come back alive."

"The future of the Eleventh Heaven...may rest on your shoulders."

.....

Ancient battlefield ruins, a valley on the edge.

Space distorted, and seven figures staggered to the ground.

Chen Ping regained his footing and immediately released his divine sense to survey his surroundings.

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This was a desolate valley. The sky was a suffocating dark red, and the air was filled with a faint smell of blood and decay.

The surrounding mountain walls were an unnatural charred black, as if they had been scorched by some terrifying heat.

Countless bones were scattered on the ground—humanoid, animalistic, and fragments of bones from creatures whose origins were completely unrecognizable.

Further away, the ruins of ancient buildings were faintly visible, and...ghostly, grayish-white spirits floated in mid-air, appearing and disappearing.

"This is...the ancient battlefield?" Chen Ping frowned.

The lingering killing intent, resentment, and deathly aura in the air, even after countless millennia, remained chillingly intense.

Master Xuanwei swept his whisk, and a beam of clear light enveloped everyone, isolating them from the decaying atmosphere of the outside world.

“Indeed. This place is the remnant of a great battle from ancient times. It is said that peak-level immortals, or even higher, perished here. The spatial structure is extremely fragile and contains various strange fragments of rules, so few cultivators dare to venture deep into it.”

He pointed east: “Three thousand miles east lies Tian Shu City, the most prosperous city in the eastern part of the Twelfth Heaven. But now... it’s probably a ruin.”

Chen Ping looked in that direction and saw a faint gray-white pillar of light shooting into the eastern sky. Even thousands of miles away, he could still feel the cold, deathly aura of reincarnation contained within it.

That was... the mark of the Evil Path Palace.

“Leave here first.”

The Earthfire Ancestor suddenly spoke, his turbid eyes sweeping across the surrounding void. “Something has been disturbed.”

Before his words even finished, the floating gray-white vengeful spirits in the distance suddenly turned their heads in unison, their dark eye sockets fixed on the seven people in the valley.

The next moment, a piercing scream echoed through the heavens and earth!

Countless vengeful spirits, like sharks smelling blood, swarmed in from all directions!

The piercing scream was like the wailing of ten thousand ghosts, and the gray-white vengeful spirits throughout the ancient battlefield instantly boiled over like a lake tossed with pebbles!

Thousands of vengeful spirits emerged from the depths of the ruins, from piles of bones, and even from rifts in the void. Their forms were twisted and blurred; some retained human shapes, while others were nothing more than swirling wisps of gray mist, with eerie green flames flickering in their eye sockets.

Most strangely, these vengeful spirits did not move by flying, but rather as if swimming in water, creating ripples of gray-white light in the air. "Form the array!"

Master Xuanwei was the first to react, flicking his whisk sharply. Thousands of silver threads surged, transforming into a massive silver net of light, enveloping the seven people within.

Azure runes flowed across the net, emanating a pure and peaceful aura—the Taoist "Heart-Cleansing and Soul-Suppressing Array," specifically designed to subdue evil spirits.

The first wave of vengeful spirits crashed into the net, emitting a sizzling, corrosive sound. Their greyish-white bodies melted rapidly, like ice meeting fire.

But the vengeful spirits were simply too numerous, relentlessly attacking. The net trembled violently, and Master Xuanwei's face paled, clearly under immense pressure.

"Master!" Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue acted simultaneously.

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The coarse cloth longsword on Lin Xiao's back was drawn with a clang, its sword light like a rainbow, transforming into thirty-six sword shadows that formed a sword array around the outer edge of the net.

Each sword strike was incredibly sharp, cleaving vengeful spirits in two wherever they passed. Azure sword energy swirled at the severed ends, preventing them from reforming.

Su Qianyue sat cross-legged, took the silver bell from her waist, and gently shook it.

The clear bell rang, transforming into visible ripples of sound that spread outwards. Wherever the sound waves reached, the vengeful spirits' movements noticeably slowed, their ghostly flames flickering, as if their minds had been clouded by some force.

But this only delayed them for a moment.

More vengeful spirits surged in from all directions, among them several exceptionally powerful beings—the Vengeful Spirit Kings!

A gigantic vengeful spirit, over three zhang tall and composed of countless bones, roared to the sky, its empty eye sockets burning with dark red flames.

With each step it took, spiderweb-like cracks appeared in the ground, and a tidal wave of decaying death energy surged forth.

On the other side, a vengeful spirit of a woman, dressed in tattered palace attire, her face beautiful yet bloodless, hovered in mid-air. She clutched a broken jade hairpin in her arms, softly humming an ancient and mournful tune.

The melody, penetrating to the ears, stirred the soul, instilled sorrow, and greatly diminished fighting spirit.

“Hmph, a mere remnant soul, how dare you be so insolent!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s eyes blazed with crimson light, and his demonic energy erupted!

He stepped out of the light net, his right hand grasping at the air, and a longsword formed entirely of dark red demonic flames appeared out of thin air.

“Demonic Flame – Soul Slayer!”

The longsword swept horizontally, the dark red blade light tearing through the air. Wherever it passed, dozens of vengeful spirits didn’t even have time to scream before turning to ashes.

The giant skeletal vengeful spirit roared and swung its claws, but the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord neither dodged nor evaded, instead slashing upwards with his own blade!

“Clang!!!”

A deafening sound like metal clashing echoed through the valley! The skeletal vengeful spirit's massive claw was severed with a single strike, and demonic flames erupted from the broken end, rapidly spreading across its body.

The spirit roared in agony, frantically flailing its other claw in an attempt to extinguish the flames, but the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's demonic flames were no ordinary fire.

They were its natal true flame, fused with the demonic energy of the Nine Netherworlds, specifically designed to burn souls!

Three breaths later, the skeletal vengeful spirit's enormous body collapsed with a crash, turning into a pile of charred bone dust.

"Nothing more than that."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord sheathed his sword and stood upright, his crimson demonic eyes sweeping across the surroundings, his arrogance radiating.

Looking at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's appearance, Chen Ping couldn't help but praise, "Senior Crimson Cloud, your strength must have already reached the eighth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, right? Your improvement is quite rapid!"

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Hearing Chen Ping's praise, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord blushed, "Compared to you, I'm still far inferior..."

Just then, the mournful melody of the palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit suddenly accelerated!

Countless translucent sonic blades appeared in the air, shooting towards the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord like a torrential rain.

Even more bizarrely, these sonic blades didn't attack in a straight line, but rather zigzagged and twisted in the air like living things, sealing off all escape routes.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord frowned slightly, about to take the hit head-on, when a crimson-gold light barrier suddenly unfolded in front of him.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The sonic blades struck the light barrier, unleashing a dense explosion. The light barrier trembled violently, but remained unbroken.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord turned his head and saw that the Earth Fire Ancestor had appeared beside him unnoticed. His withered right hand was pressed forward, and a slowly rotating crimson-gold fire lotus floated in his palm.

The light barrier was the protective true flame released by the fire lotus.

“Don’t be careless,” the Earth Fire Ancestor said calmly, his turbid eyes fixed on the vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire. “These ancient vengeful spirits were at least at the eighth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm in their previous lives, and some might even have been at the Upper Immortal Realm. Although the passage of time has eroded their strength to a hundred percent, they still retain their fighting instincts and special supernatural abilities.”

Before he finished speaking, the vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire suddenly stopped humming, raised her head, and stared at the Earth Fire Ancestor with empty eyes.

The next moment, she lightly tapped the broken jade hairpin in her hand.

In the void, a black line as thin as a hair silently appeared, piercing straight for the Earth Fire Ancestor’s brow with a speed beyond divine sense!

The black lines weren’t physical entities, but rather... spatial rifts!

This vengeful spirit, in its lifetime, was a master of spatial manipulation!

The Earthfire Ancestor's pupils constricted slightly, but he remained calm.

He formed a hand seal with his left hand and uttered an ancient syllable:

“Suppress.”

A crimson-golden fire lotus burst forth!

Endless true earth fire erupted, condensing into a three-foot-thick crystal wall of flame before him.

Countless ancient flame runes flowed across the surface of the crystal wall, radiating a heat so intense it distorted space itself.

The black lines pierced the crystal wall, emitting a teeth-grinding sizzling sound.

The spatial rift and the true earth fire clashed fiercely, the crystal wall thinning at a visible rate, but the black lines also rapidly dimmed.

Finally, when only a thin layer remained of the crystal wall, the black lines completely vanished.

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The Earthfire Ancestor remained completely still.

The vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire was also suffering; her form became mostly ethereal, and the broken jade hairpin in her bosom shattered completely with a “crack.”

“Ancestor, don't even think about it! I'll handle this!”

Chen Ping moved.

He stepped out of the protective range of the Soul-Suppressing Array, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn with a clang!

There were no fancy moves, no grand display, just a straight thrust.

On the sword's blade, chaotic immortal power, golden dragon bloodline, and earth fire true flames—three forces perfectly fused, transforming into a hazy gray sword aura interspersed with golden-red light.

That sword aura was condensed to its extreme, only three feet long, yet it exuded a terrifying pressure that could change the very fabric of the world.

The vengeful spirit of the woman in palace attire seemed to sense a deadly threat, letting out a sharp shriek, her body retreating rapidly, while her hands frantically formed hand seals, creating layers upon layers of gray-white barriers in front of her.

But it was useless.

Wherever the chaotic sword energy passed, the gray-white barrier shattered like paper. The sword energy pierced straight into the vengeful spirit's brow, exiting from the back of its head!

The palace-dressed woman's vengeful spirit froze, the ghostly fire in her eyes rapidly dimming.

She looked down at the sword wound on her chest, then looked up at Chen Ping, a hint of...relief appearing on her blurred face.

Then, she vanished into thin air.

Chen Ping sheathed his sword and stood there, his brow slightly furrowed.

With that last strike, he clearly felt a peculiar "resonance" when the chaotic immortal power touched the vengeful spirit's core.

It wasn't simple restraint; it was more like...analysis, devouring, absorbing and assimilating some kind of "fragment of rules" remaining within the vengeful spirit.

"Chaotic immortal power can generate all laws, and it can also return all laws to nothingness..."

A sudden realization flashed through Chen Ping's mind.

These ancient vengeful spirits have existed for countless ages because their lingering obsessions have combined with the unique rules of the ancient battlefield, forming a distorted "pseudo-rule."

And the Chaotic Immortal Power, as the source of all rules, can precisely break and absorb this pseudo-rule.

In other words—in this ancient battlefield, his Chaotic Immortal Power might be even stronger than outside!

"Be careful! They're coming again!"

Su Qianyue's exclamation interrupted Chen Ping's thoughts.

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From all directions, more vengeful spirits were surging in madly.

Among them were even three vengeful spirit kings whose aura was no weaker than that of the woman in palace attire, a general vengeful spirit wielding a broken battle axe, a monk vengeful spirit wearing a cassock with a hideous knife scar on his neck, and a monstrous vengeful spirit completely pieced together from countless weapon fragments.

Even more troublesome was that these vengeful spirits seemed to have been thoroughly enraged by the previous battle; they no longer charged blindly but began to coordinate in an organized manner.

The vengeful spirit of a military general led hundreds of other vengeful spirits wielding weapons, advancing step by step in a battle formation.

The vengeful spirit of a monk sat cross-legged in the void, chanting some strange scripture. A layer of gray-black Buddhist light enveloped the army of vengeful spirits, greatly increasing their defensive capabilities.

The vengeful spirits of weapon monsters, like war fortresses, unleashed countless rusty sword fragments from their bodies, sweeping in like a metal storm!

“Form the ‘Seven Star Demon-Subduing Formation’!” Master Xuanwei shouted through gritted teeth.

Lin Xiao and Su Qianyue quickly returned to their positions, forming a triangle with Master Xuanwei. The three connected their auras, and a brilliant azure light condensed in the void, forming seven dazzling star-like phantoms.

The stars rotated, casting beams of clear light, temporarily blocking the surging vengeful spirits.

This formation was extremely taxing; Xuanwei Zhenren’s mouth was already bleeding, clearly indicating he wouldn’t last much longer.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and the Earth Fire Ancestor were also entangled by the other two Wraith Kings, unable to break free.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, a resolute glint in his eyes.

He sheathed his sword, his hands forming a strange hand seal in front of his chest—a divine power he had comprehended from the inheritance of Chaos Immortal Power, but had never truly used.

“Chaos... Return to Nothingness.”

As he uttered these four words lightly, Chen Ping’s aura suddenly changed.

No longer sharp as a sword, no longer fiery hot, but a kind of... emptiness that seemed to devour and annihilate everything.

Centered on him, the space within a hundred feet radius began to distort and blur, its color rapidly fading, transforming into a hazy, chaotic region.

Within this region, the movements of all the Wraiths became extremely slow, as if trapped in a quagmire where time had stopped.

The three vengeful spirit kings were the first to sense something was wrong, struggling frantically to escape, but the chaotic region seemed to possess its own will, an invisible suction force holding them back.

Chen Ping's face turned deathly pale at a visible speed, veins bulged on his forehead, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth—forcing himself to use “Return to Nothingness” with his current cultivation level was too much of a burden.

But he gritted his teeth and persevered, his hand seals suddenly changing!

“Return!”

The chaotic region suddenly contracted!

Like a burst bubble, the chaos within a hundred-zhang radius instantly collapsed into Chen Ping's palm, transforming into a fist-sized, hazy chaotic energy ball.

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Within the energy ball, countless tiny phantoms of vengeful spirits could be vaguely seen struggling and wailing frantically.

And outside, the once densely packed army of vengeful spirits... vanished.

Not killed, but completely “swallowed” into the chaotic energy ball.

The entire valley fell into a deathly silence.

Xuanwei Zhenren, Lin Xiao, and Su Qianyue stared dumbfounded at the slowly rotating chaotic energy ball in Chen Ping’s palm, then at the empty valley, speechless for a moment.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and the Earth Fire Ancestor, having also dealt with their respective opponents, returned to Chen Ping’s side, their eyes filled with shock and solemnity.

“Boy... your move...” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord began, then trailed off.

Chen Ping gave a bitter smile, dispersing the chaotic energy ball—the ball crumbled, the fragments of vengeful spirits compressed to their extreme within transforming into pure soul power, dissipating into the world.

He staggered a step, supported by the Earth Fire Ancestor.

“You’ve overdrawn your strength,” the Earth Fire Ancestor said in a deep voice, placing a palm on Chen Ping’s back, channeling pure Earth Fire True Essence into his body. “This divine power, though powerful, consumes far more than your current limit. In the future, unless absolutely necessary, do not use it lightly.”

Chen Ping nodded, sitting cross-legged to regulate his breathing. In that instant, he felt his soul, immortal power, and even life force being frantically drained.

If it weren’t for the profound nature of the Chaos Immortal Power itself, coupled with the powerful regenerative abilities provided by the Golden Dragon bloodline, he would likely have been drained dry before he could even finish unleashing his divine power.

But the effect was astonishing.

A single strike cleared away the vengeful spirits within a radius of several miles, including the three-headed vengeful spirit king.

This ancient battlefield was temporarily safe.

Half an hour later, Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes. Although his aura was still somewhat weak, he was no longer seriously injured.

Master Xuanwei stepped forward, looking at him with a complex expression: "Young friend Chen Ping... this old Daoist now finally understands why you dared to come to the Twelfth Heaven alone."

Such strength and such methods had completely surpassed the scope of the third rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

Chen Ping shook his head: "You flatter me, Master. I merely used a clever trick, taking advantage of the unique environment and the harmony with the Chaos Immortal Power. Outside, it might not have had the same effect."

He paused, looking at the gray-white pillar of light in the east: "The most urgent task is to contact the surviving sects of the Twelve Heavens as soon as possible. You mentioned earlier that although the Azure Sword Sect was destroyed, a few sects are still resisting?"

Master Xuanwei nodded, his expression turning serious again: "Indeed. Although the Evil Path Palace is powerful, the Twelve Heavens are vast and boundless; they cannot possibly wipe out all forces in a short time. As far as I know, at least three forces are still putting up a stubborn resistance."

"Seventy thousand miles to the southwest, there is the 'Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts.' This sect inherits the ancient art of beast taming. Its disciples all form symbiotic contracts with demonic beasts, allowing them to command them in battle."

"The valley is home to tens of thousands of various demonic beasts, from low-level Gale Wolves to high-level Thunderwing Golden Eagles. There are even rumors that deep within the valley..." Several ancient beasts slumber within.

“The Valley Master, ‘Beast Taming Celestial Venerable’ Li Baichuan, is a second-grade Upper Immortal Realm expert, and has tamed a three-headed Fiery Lion King comparable to an Upper Immortal. The Evil Path Hall attacked the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts twice, but was repelled by the beast tides both times.”

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“However, although the demonic beasts are powerful, they still risk being possessed by vengeful spirits and turning against their masters when facing Soul Hunters who specialize in attacking the soul.”

“Nine thousand miles to the east, lies the ‘Heavenly Sword Pavilion.’ The number one sword cultivator sect in the Twelfth Heaven, within the pavilion...” “All disciples cultivate the ‘Nine Heavens Sword Manual,’ which emphasizes using a single sword to overcome all techniques.”

“The Pavilion Master, ‘Sword Maniac’ Dugu Ao, though only at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, has already touched upon the supreme level of ‘Man and Sword as One,’ and has a record of severely injuring a first-rank Upper Immortal.”

“The Heavenly Sword Pavilion’s protective formation, the ‘Ten Thousand Swords Returning to the Sect Formation,’ can draw upon the metal energy within a thousand miles to transform into swords to kill enemies, its power is unparalleled. However... most sword cultivators are proud and aloof, not good at socializing, and persuading him...” “A united front would be difficult.”

“To the northeast, 120,000 li away, lies the ‘Five Elements Sect.’ This sect cultivates the Five Elements Dao, with disciples belonging to the five lineages of Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth. They excel in Five Elements magic and combined attack formations.”

“The sect’s headquarters are located at the confluence of the ‘Five Elements Spiritual Veins,’ allowing them to draw upon the power of the Five Elements of Heaven and Earth. The sect leader, ‘Five Elements Venerable’ Jin Buhuan, is a peak first-grade Upper Immortal, proficient in Five Elements escape techniques and transformations.”

“The Five Elements Sect excels in defense; their ‘Five Elements Wheel’...” “The Great Array of Return is inexhaustible, and the Evil Path Palace has been besieging it for over a month without success. However, the Five Elements Sect has a fatal weakness: numerous factions exist within the sect, and internal strife frequently occurs between the five branches. If it weren’t for the pressure from external enemies, it would likely have already split apart.”

After finishing speaking, Master Xuanwei looked at Chen Ping: "These three sects are currently the backbone of the Twelve Heavens' resistance against the Evil Path Palace. The Beast Valley's beast tide can directly confront the Soul Hunter's army; the Heavenly Sword Pavilion's sword cultivators have the strongest offensive power and can kill enemy leaders; the Five Elements Sect's defense is unparalleled and can serve as a stronghold." "A fortress. If the three can truly unite, forming a defensive alliance, they certainly have the power to fight."

Chen Ping's eyes gleamed: "The Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts is the closest, and the Evil Path Hall has twice failed in their attacks, indicating they are quite wary of it, and may even be... planning a third attack. Let's go to the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts first!"

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord grinned: "A Beast Taming Sect? Interesting. I'd like to see if their demonic beasts are stronger, or my Devouring Beast."

The Earth Fire Ancestor nodded slightly: "I met Li Baichuan of the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts once in my youth. Although he has a fiery temper, he is trustworthy and keeps his promises. If we can gain his trust, the alliance will be half successful."

"Then let's set off immediately."

Chen Ping looked at True Person Xuanwei, "True Person, is there a shortcut?"

True Person Xuanwei took out the bronze compass again, infused it with magic power, and the compass projected a phantom map, with a winding red line running from the ancient battlefield to the southwest.

"Three thousand miles southwest of here lies an abandoned ancient teleportation array."

"That teleportation array was originally built by the ancient sect 'Yu Ling Sect,' providing direct access to the 'Hundred Beast Mountains' on the outskirts of the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts. However, due to its age, the array is largely damaged and requires a master of arrays to repair it before it can be used."

The little fire qilin beneath Chen Ping suddenly let out a "roar," its tiny paw pointing at itself, its crimson-gold eyes filled with smugness.

The Earth Fire Ancestor chuckled, "This little fellow is naturally sensitive to energy flow; repairing the ancient array might truly be of help."

"Without further ado, let's go!"

Seven figures transformed into streaks of light, speeding off in the southwest direction.

About an incense stick's time after they left.

The void above the valley distorted, and three figures clad in jet-black soul armor silently emerged.

The leader was a middle-aged man with a sinister face. He looked down at the empty valley below, his brow furrowed as he sensed the lingering battle fluctuations in the air.

"Such powerful vengeful spirit fluctuations... and a strange, chilling aura of power."