

The Order 9921

Chapter: 9921

Mountains of corpses, seas of blood, severed limbs, and scorched earth stretching for miles.

The blood of the Earthfire Ancestor and the Mysterious Subtle True Person had long since seeped into the earth, mingling with the blood of countless fallen warriors, staining the entire land a dark red.

A faint weeping sound drifted in the wind; it was the surviving disciples mourning their fallen comrades.

The air was thick with the pungent stench of blood and acrid burning, mingled with the eerie aura of reincarnation and the demonic energy of the Nine Netherworlds, creating a nauseating atmosphere of death.

Chen Ping gripped the Divine King Bow tightly in his hand; the bow was cold, yet it felt as if scalding blood flowed within it.

That was the blood of the Earthfire Ancestor and the Mysterious Subtle True Person, the blood of countless fallen warriors, the blood of resentment, the blood of revenge.

“Blood Netherworld... Zhan E...”

He murmured to himself, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, carrying a deep-seated hatred, a vow that would never be extinguished.

“Today’s grudge... will be repaid a hundredfold in the future!”

“The day I return... will be the day you... are annihilated!”

Three days later, eighty thousand miles northwest of the Five Elements Mountains, in a hidden valley shrouded in a natural maze.

This was one of the secret realms discovered by the Five Elements Sect in its early years. The entrance was hidden behind a waterfall. The interior was vast, rich in spiritual energy, and protected by multiple natural formations, making it extremely concealed.

At this moment, the surviving disciples of the three major sects were all hiding here.

Deep in the valley, in a hastily constructed cave dwelling.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged, his face as pale as paper, his breath so weak it was almost imperceptible.

His bare upper body was covered with crisscrossing wounds, the most severe being a bloody hole the size of a bowl on his chest.

This was caused by the backlash from the Chaos Returning to Nothingness Pearl. Even after three days of recuperation, the bleeding had only barely stopped; the chaotic turbulence within was still raging.

The cave dwelling was filled with a rich medicinal fragrance. Jin Buhuan brought out almost all the precious healing elixirs treasured by the Five Elements Sect.

Beside Chen Ping lay more than a dozen jade bottles, the pills inside already consumed by him. Their medicinal power dissolved within his body, working alongside his Chaos Immortal Power to repair his damaged meridians and internal organs.

Outside the cave, Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and other high-ranking members of the alliance gathered in a simple stone pavilion. Their faces were grave, the atmosphere oppressive and suffocating.

"The casualty statistics... are out." Jin Buhuan's voice was dry and hoarse, as if he hadn't had water in a long time.

He held a jade slip in his hand, its surface emitting a faint light, covered with densely packed text.

With each line he read, his face paled further, his hand holding the jade slip trembling slightly.

“The Five Elements Sect...”

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He paused, took a deep breath, and continued, “Of the 3,200 disciples, 1,237 died in battle, including 48 elders and deacons of the eighth rank or higher Heavenly Immortal realm; 856 were seriously injured, and many more were lightly wounded... almost everyone was injured.”

“Among the five lineage elders, the Metal lineage elder’s natal magic weapon was destroyed, his soul was severely damaged, and he is unconscious; the Wood lineage elder’s life force was excessively depleted, and his lifespan has been reduced by at least 500 years; the Water, Fire, and Earth lineage elders, although less seriously injured, will need at least half a year to recover their fighting strength.”

A deathly silence fell over the stone pavilion.

Only the rustling of the mountain wind through the leaves and the suppressed sobs coming from afar.

“Heavenly Sword Pavilion...”

Dugu Ao picked up the conversation. This usually cold and aloof sword fanatic now had bloodshot eyes. “Nine hundred sword cultivators, three hundred and twelve dead, including two sword elders and forty-six elite disciples; two hundred and seven seriously wounded, and half of the remaining disciples are injured. My Lone Peak Sword... is shattered.”

He held a broken hilt in his hand; the blade had long since shattered in the battle.

That was his natal sword, nurtured for tens of thousands of years. The sword was his weapon, but the sword was gone... the man survived, but his foundation was damaged.

“Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts...”

Li Baichuan's voice was even lower. This once-bold beast king was now hunched over, as if he had aged a hundred years overnight.

"Nine thousand demonic beasts, four thousand three hundred perished in battle, including the Thunderwing Golden Eagle King, the Ironback Earth Dragon King critically wounded, and the Gale Wolf King with a broken leg; four hundred beast tamers, one hundred and eighty-seven killed, and all three Grandmaster Beast Tamers fallen... My natal battle beast, the Three-Headed Flaming Lion King... is also nearing its end."

His voice choked with emotion as he finished speaking.

The Three-Headed Flaming Lion King was not merely his battle beast, but a companion and brother who had been with him for nearly ten thousand years.

At this moment, the majestic lion king lay in a cave at the other end of the valley. Two of its three heads had completely lost their life force, and the remaining one was coughing up blood, clearly on its deathbed.

A long silence fell once more in the stone pavilion.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord leaned against a stone pillar, his scarlet demonic eyes filled with exhaustion.

Although he hadn't suffered the same heavy losses as the three major sects, he had also sustained serious injuries in the battle, and more importantly... he saw no hope.

"The Earthfire Ancestor has fallen, and True Person Xuanwei has died in battle..."

Jin Buhuan murmured, "Adding to the disciples of the Azure Sword Sect, the elders of the Five Elements Sect, and the Grandmaster of the Ten Thousand Beasts Valley who died earlier... in this battle, we have lost at least five top-tier warriors at the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm."

“And the enemy... Xue Youming and Zhan E, though severely injured, are not dead. Of the three Ghost Kings of the Nine Nether Palace, only the Chi Ghost King is dead; the other two are still alive. The elders of the Evil Path Hall also have at least five or six members intact. Once they recover...”

He didn't finish, but everyone understood his meaning.

Once the Evil Path Hall recovers, they will undoubtedly launch a full-scale attack to wipe out the remaining forces of the Alliance.

And given the Alliance's current situation... they have no power to resist.

“The problem now,” Dugu Ao said coldly, a hint of despair in his voice, “is, “what do we do next? How long can we hide here? The Evil Path Hall has suffered such a great loss; they will definitely turn the Twelve Heavens upside down to find us. When they come knocking... that will be the time of our total annihilation.”

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Silence fell for the third time in the stone pavilion.

This silence was more oppressive, more desperate.

After a long while, Jin Buhuan slowly spoke, his voice filled with a resigned weariness: “The only option now... is to hide.”

“Hide?”

Li Baichuan smiled bitterly, “How long can we hide? A month? Three months? Or a year?”

“We'll hide as long as we can.” Jin Buhuan closed his eyes, “At least... we must wait for our young friend Chen Ping to recover. He is our only hope.”

“Furthermore,”

he paused, forcing himself to stay focused, “we need to contact other forces that still hold onto justice. The Twelve Heavens are so vast; there must be people who refuse to bow to the Evil Path Hall, who refuse to be enslaved by the Gate of Reincarnation. If we can find them and unite, perhaps... there is still... “A glimmer of hope.”

“And,” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord added, “we must find a way to expose the truth about the Gate of Reincarnation. As long as more people know it’s a trap, that so-called immortality is nothing more than turning living people into puppets, the Evil Path Palace’s power will crumble from within.”

“Easier said than done.”

Dugu Ao sneered, “After this battle, the news of the Lord of Reincarnation’s blessing and the collective breakthrough of tens of thousands of cultivators has probably spread to every corner of the Twelfth Heaven.”

“Now everyone believes the Evil Path Palace is the chosen one, the controller of the Gate of Immortality. Who will still believe the words of us losers?”

The crowd fell silent again.

Inside the cave, Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes.

He had heard every word of the discussion outside.

He also understood his current predicament.

A desperate situation.

A truly hopeless situation.

But in his eyes, there was no despair.

Only... an unfathomable coldness, and... a desperate, all-or-nothing resolve.

He raised his right hand, gazing at the two intertwined lines on the back of his hand—five colors, five elements, crimson gold, and earth fire.

He felt the primordial star in his dantian, dim yet still slowly rotating.

“One month...”

He murmured to himself, his voice hoarse but resolute, “Give me one month...”

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“Blood Netherworld, Zhan E, Lord of Reincarnation...”

“The day I emerge from seclusion... will be the day you... perish!”

Outside the window, night deepened.

An atmosphere of oppression, sorrow, and despair permeated the valley.

Chen Ping used a naturally formed, secluded grotto deep within the valley as his place of seclusion.

The grotto’s entrance was narrow, but the interior was a hidden world, with natural patterns on the stone walls that subtly prevented detection—perfect for him.

“Senior, please protect me here; no one may disturb me,” Chen Ping instructed the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord who followed closely behind.

He couldn’t let too many people know the secret of the Demon-Suppressing Tower; after all, human hearts are unpredictable.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower, capable of altering the flow of time, would inevitably attract unwanted attention if others knew about it.

After all, time is the most precious thing for cultivators.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord nodded emphatically, his scarlet demonic eyes filled with solemnity: “Don’t worry, with me here, not even a fly can get in. Focus on recovering.”

Chen Ping said no more and turned to enter the depths of the cave.

He waved his hand, setting up several simple warning and shielding barriers, then sat cross-legged, took a deep breath, and a flash of light appeared in his palm—the ancient and mysterious Demon-Suppressing Tower.

With a thought, he was sucked into the tower.

Three months within the tower equals only one day outside.

This is his only advantage, and the source of his confidence to claim he could annihilate Xue Youming and Zhan E in a month.

He believed that in a month, these two would be far from fully recovered.

The tower’s interior was vast and shrouded in chaotic energy.

Chen Ping went directly to the central area, taking out the large quantity of spirit stones and pills given to him by Jin Buhuan, as well as spoils of war containing pure energy gathered from previous battles.

He didn’t immediately begin absorbing them, but instead focused on introspection.

Within his dantian, the primordial star, which had fused the powers of chaos, the five elements, earth fire, and the golden dragon, remained dim. The newly formed cracks on its surface were alarming, and the star's rotation was sluggish, as if it might stop at any moment.

Within his meridians, the damage caused by the backlash from the Divine King Bow was like a dried-up, cracked riverbed. Chaotic currents lingered at the wound in his chest, constantly eroding his newly grown flesh.

"Time is of the essence; we must take the risk."

A fierce glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

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He abandoned the methodical nurturing process, instead forming hand seals and activating a domineering technique called "Nirvana Forging Technique" from the *Chaos Immortal Scripture* and the legacy of the Earth Fire Ancestor.

Boom!

A massive amount of spirit stones were instantly drained of their spiritual energy, turning to dust.

The pill melted instantly upon entering his mouth, transforming into a torrent that rushed into his meridians.

Chen Ping groaned, his face suddenly flushing red, and fine, bloody gashes reopened on his body.

He guided this violent force with his powerful will, forcefully crashing into the blocked and damaged meridians, like the most brutal craftsman hammering a broken bridge, forcibly mending and widening it.

Excruciating pain!

Far exceeding the pain of his previous battle injuries!

It was a tearing sensation spreading from the depths of his soul.

He gritted his teeth, veins bulging on his forehead, sweat mingling with blood, soaking his robes.

Driven by the “Nirvana Forging Technique,” the Chaotic Immortal Power and Earth Fire True Essence simultaneously destroyed and regenerated, forcibly repairing his Dao Foundation in a near-self-destructive manner.

At the same time, he immersed his mind in the Origin Star.

Four-colored lights intertwined and collided within the star, sometimes merging, sometimes repelling.

The Earth Fire Ancestor’s last remaining power acted as a glue, but true, perfect fusion required a slow and painstaking process.

Chen Ping couldn’t wait any longer. He directly drew upon the ancient dragon soul power deep within his Golden Dragon bloodline, using the dragon soul’s domineering power and majesty as a hammer, and the Chaotic Qi as an anvil, relentlessly hammering at the four powers, forcing them to merge!

Within the tower, there was no sun or moon, only a cycle of pain and perseverance.

Chen Ping’s aura was sometimes as faint as a candle in the wind, sometimes as violent as a volcanic eruption.

His body grew increasingly resilient through repeated collapses and rebuildings, four-colored light shimmering beneath his skin, his bones seemingly coated with a faint golden luster.

Outside, only ten days had passed.

In the deepest recesses of the Evil Path Hall, at the Reincarnation Altar.

Xue Youming and Zhan E sat cross-legged within two enormous pools of blood.

The pools churned with viscous liquid, containing the essence of countless living beings and the vengeful spirits of many.

The phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation hung high above the altar, casting a greyish-white halo that accelerated their recovery.

At the edge of the bloody hole in Zhan E's chest, the intractable destructive power belonging to the Divine King's Bow was being gradually worn away and transformed under the illumination of the Reincarnation Light and the nourishment of the blood pool.

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His aura, though still weak, had stopped deteriorating and began to slowly recover.

At the site of Xue Youming's severed arm, flesh buds writhed wildly, and a new, slightly pale arm was growing. He was enveloped in surging Netherworld demonic energy, absorbing the power of the vengeful spirits in the blood pool to repair the foundation of his damaged demonic arts.

Both their faces were filled with extreme resentment and longing.

"Chen Ping... the Divine King's Bow..."

Xue Youming spat out the name through clenched teeth, "Once I recover, I will surely extract your soul and refine your spirit, seize your divine bow, and offer it to my lord!"

Zhan E, on the other hand, gazed at the Gate of Reincarnation with even greater piety and fervor: "Thank you for your grace, my lord! I will certainly not fail your expectations, quell the rebellion as soon as possible, and offer more souls to the eternal cycle of reincarnation!"

As if sensing his piety, the illusory image of the Gate of Reincarnation suddenly rippled. From the deep, endless gray-white vortex within the gate, a cold and vast will emanated:

“Loyalty deserves reward.”

As the words fell, three gray-white beams of light shot out from within the gate, landing on the altar.

The beams of light dissipated, revealing three figures.

These were three humanoid puppets, expressionless, with deathly pale skin and completely grayish-white eyes, devoid of any emotion.

However, the aura emanating from them had reached the level of a second-grade Upper Immortal!

Moreover, their auras shared a common origin, all condensed from the purest essence of reincarnation energy, resonating with each other and subtly forming an array.

“These are the guardians of reincarnation. You are granted their command to clear away the obstacles.”

The voice of the Lord of Reincarnation rang out again, utterly flattering.

Overjoyed, Zhan E disregarded his injuries and struggled to climb out of the blood pool, prostrating himself on the ground, his voice trembling with excitement: “Thank you for your grace, Lord! Your subordinate swears to serve you to the death, and will thoroughly eradicate the traitors, so that the Lord’s glory may shine upon every inch of the Twelve Heavens!”

Xue Youming, looking at the three powerful guardians of reincarnation, also felt a mixture of awe and greed in his eyes, and quickly followed suit, bowing down as well.

With these three puppets at the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, coupled with their restored power and the remaining resources of the Evil Path Hall, they were more than capable of sweeping away the heavily damaged remnants of the Alliance, and even unifying the Twelve Heavens!

...

Inside the Demon Suppression Tower, several years had passed.

Chen Ping, who had been sitting cross-legged, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Boom!”

A powerful aura involuntarily emanated from him, causing the chaotic energy within the tower to churn.

His eyes shone brightly, deep as the starry sky, with four-colored streams of light flashing by.

The blood hole in his chest had long since disappeared, his skin smooth as jade, gleaming with a subtle radiance.

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The five elements and earth fire patterns on the back of his hands were even clearer and more profound, as if naturally formed.

Within his dantian, the primordial star had not only fully healed its wounds but had also increased in size by thirty percent. Its rotation was stable and powerful, its four colors—gray, five-colored, crimson gold, and pale gold—perfectly blended, forming a unique luster that evoked both the primordial chaos and the endless cycle of birth and death.

The power it emitted far surpassed that of an ordinary peak fifth-grade Celestial Immortal.

His cultivation had stabilized at the peak of the fifth-grade Celestial Immortal realm, but his combat strength, after the initial fusion of the four powers and the tempering akin to a rebirth, was now incomparable.

The backlash from the Divine King Bow had also subsided, and his right hand was fully restored.

“The time has come,” Chen Ping muttered to himself, his figure flashing as he exited the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Outside the cave, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, who had been vigilantly waiting, sensed it immediately and looked over.

When he sensed the composed yet subtly powerful aura emanating from Chen Ping, his eyes gleamed with delight: "You...you've fully recovered? And it seems...you're even stronger!"

Chen Ping nodded, saying nothing more, and returned with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord to the stone pavilion in the center of the valley.

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others rushed over upon hearing the news. Seeing Chen Ping's condition, they were all invigorated, as if they had seen a ray of light in their desperate situation.

"Fellow Daoist Chen Ping, how is your recovery?" Jin Buhuan asked anxiously.

"I'm mostly recovered."

Chen Ping's gaze swept over everyone. Although they had rested for over a month, the traces of fatigue and injury were still visible on their faces; their overall strength had recovered to less than half. "Seniors, fellow Daoists, I have something to discuss."

The crowd fell silent, looking at him.

"I wish to go to the Evil Path Hall...for a trip." Chen Ping's tone was calm, yet it was astonishing.

"What?!"

"No!"

"Chen Ping, are you crazy?!"

A chorus of objections erupted from the stone pavilion.

Jin Buhuan said urgently, "The Evil Path Hall must be heavily guarded now. Although Xue Youming and Zhan E are injured, their foundations remain. Furthermore, the Gate of Reincarnation is unpredictable and treacherous. Going alone is tantamount to walking into a trap!"

Li Baichuan also shook his head: "Boy, we know you hate, and we hate too! But revenge isn't urgent. Let's wait until everyone has recovered a bit before making a decision!"

Dugu Ao gripped the hilt of his newly found iron sword and said coldly, "If you're going, come with us."

Chen Ping raised his hand, silencing the crowd, his gaze resolute: "Precisely because everyone's injuries haven't healed, and the Evil Path Hall could attack at any moment, I must go."

"We can't just sit here and wait to die. They might not have anticipated my recovery."

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"This trip isn't for a final battle, but for reconnaissance. If there's an opportunity..."

A cold glint flashed in his eyes, "...to cut off their leader, throw them into disarray, and buy us more time."

He looked at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord: "Senior, you stay here and assist in the defense. When I return, I'll accompany you to find the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass and fulfill your wish."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but seeing the determination in Chen Ping's eyes, he ultimately only nodded emphatically: "...Come back alive."

The others wanted to persuade him further, but Chen Ping had already turned to leave.

Just then...

"Buzz!"

The natural maze above the valley suddenly fluctuated violently. Two incredibly powerful, yet not malicious, auras, like tearing through a curtain, forcefully pierced through!

“Enemy attack?!”

Everyone paled in shock. Jin Buhuan and the others instantly unleashed their magical power, Li Baichuan summoned his remaining battle beasts, Dugu Ao’s sword energy soared into the sky, and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s demonic energy surged, as if facing a formidable enemy.

Chen Ping’s heart also tightened, and he focused his gaze.

The space distorted, and two figures stepped out leisurely.

The leader, dressed in a simple gray robe, had a refined and gentle face, but his eyes were as deep as the sea, as if he had experienced endless vicissitudes.

Beside him was a woman in a plain long dress, with exquisite beauty and a gentle temperament. Her face was slightly pale, as if she had just recovered from a long illness, but her eyes, looking at the gray-robed man, were filled with longing and a joy of rebirth.

The aura emanating from these two individuals had clearly reached the Upper Immortal Realm!

Moreover, they were definitely not newcomers to this realm. The gray-robed man, in particular, possessed an aura as deep as the sea, which Chen Ping sensed was even faintly stronger than the Earth Fire Ancestor at his peak! Chen Ping was initially taken aback, then his eyes lit up with joy. He quickly waved to stop the crowd preparing to fight: “Wait, everyone! They’re on our side!”

He strode forward and bowed respectfully to the gray-robed man: “Senior Mu Sha! What brings you here!”

The newcomer was none other than Mu Sha, the mysterious powerhouse Chen Ping had rescued years ago on the Heavenly Ladder, and his wife, whom Chen Ping had longed to resurrect through the supernatural powers of Mr. Shi, whom he had begged to do so!

Mu Sha smiled, looking at Chen Ping, his gaze sweeping over him, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

“Mr. Chen is indeed extraordinary. Such progress in such a short time, such profound foundation—I’ve never heard of such a thing.”

He then looked at Jin Buhuan and the others, who were on high alert and filled with doubt, and nodded slightly: “Please don’t panic. My wife and I are old friends of Mr. Chen; we are not here to be enemies.”

Jin Buhuan and the others sensed that the Mu Sha couple meant no harm and were acquainted with Chen Ping, so they relaxed slightly, but remained vigilant. Chen Ping quickly introduced the two sides.

Upon hearing that Mu Sha possessed the profound cultivation of a Celestial Realm expert and was an old acquaintance of Chen Ping, Jin Buhuan and the others were both surprised and delighted, and hurriedly paid their respects.

After exchanging pleasantries, Chen Ping eagerly asked, “Senior Mu Sha, what brings you here so suddenly?”

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“How much do you know about the current situation in the Twelfth Heaven, especially the Gate of Reincarnation and the Hall of Evil?”

Mu Sha’s expression turned serious. He took his wife’s hand and gestured for everyone to sit down.

He glanced at Chen Ping and slowly said, “That’s precisely why I’ve come. Mr. Chen, you just mentioned you intended to go to the Hall of Evil?”

“Yes,” Chen Ping nodded.

Mu Sha shook his head, his tone serious: "Mr. Chen, abandon this idea for now. At least, before you reach the Upper Immortal Realm, before you fully control the powers within you, and before you understand the true nature of the Lord of Reincarnation, do not take any risks lightly."

"Senior knows the identity of the Lord of Reincarnation?" Chen Ping's pupils contracted.

Musa paused for a moment, seemingly choosing his words carefully, before finally speaking slowly: "In the past, to resurrect my wife, I traveled to many hidden places, and by chance, I glimpsed a trace of the essence of the Gate of Reincarnation."

"That wasn't the original gate of this world; its origin... involves taboos from ancient times and even further back. The so-called Lord of Reincarnation behind the gate isn't a true being, but rather seems to be... an aggregation of rules, or rather, a projection of an ancient, vast, and malevolent will."

He paused, looking at Chen Ping: "Do you know why the Gate of Reincarnation can grant power, allowing one to break through?"

Chen Ping recalled the scene on the battlefield: "Absorbing the energy dissipating from within the gate?"

"Yes and no."

Musa said in a deep voice, "That gate is 'opening its own path'."

"Opening its own path?" Everyone was puzzled.

"The Great Dao of Heaven and Earth has its own laws of operation. Reincarnation is one of these laws, and it has its own order."

"But this Gate of Reincarnation is forcibly altering, stripping away, and monopolizing the laws of reincarnation in this world, severing them from the other laws of Heaven and Earth, and bringing them under the control of the will behind the gate."

Musa's words were astonishing. "The so-called blessing is merely a crude way of reflecting back the stolen Dao of reincarnation that originally belonged to all beings in this world, like forcibly pouring water from an ocean into a stream, naturally causing the stream to swell instantly."

"But if this continues, the cycle of reincarnation in this world will be completely disrupted, the true spirits of all beings will be controlled by it, and the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth will also be damaged."

"The power it bestows bears its mark. The more it uses it, the deeper the dependence, and ultimately... body and mind will be assimilated, becoming nourishment for its own growth, or rather, a puppet."

Everyone felt a chill run down their spines.

So the so-called trap of immortality was actually so terrifying—it was stealing the very foundation of a world!

"What exactly is this Lord of Reincarnation?" Chen Ping pressed.

A deep sense of apprehension flashed in Mu Sha's eyes: "I cannot fully comprehend it either. I only know it is ancient, powerful, and filled with a cold malice towards all living beings."

"Perhaps it was once the lingering obsession of a fallen supreme being, perhaps the will of someone who failed to transcend and fell into depravity, or perhaps a predator from beyond this realm, intending to devour it... Its current state is peculiar; it seems unable to fully descend upon this realm, needing to rely on the Gate of Reincarnation and its followers as anchors and henchmen."

"Zhan E and Xue Youming are merely its more capable pawns."

He looked at Chen Ping, solemnly warning, "Mr. Chen, you possess great fortune and also great karma. The power fused within you subtly possesses the characteristic of restraining the Qi of Reincarnation, especially the power of chaos and the aura of the God-King Bow."

“This may be precisely why it, or its puppets, desires to eliminate you. But now is far from the time for you to confront it directly.”

“The Evil Path Palace will surely receive even greater rewards after this battle. Now, you mustn’t go into this dragon’s den or tiger’s lair.”

Chen Ping remained silent, his heart churning with turmoil.

Mu Sha’s words confirmed many of his suspicions and revealed a deeper terror.

But the flame in his eyes didn’t extinguish; instead, it burned even more calmly.

“Senior Mu Sha, if Mr. Shi were to come, could he destroy the Gate of Reincarnation and the Lord of Reincarnation?” Chen Ping asked curiously.

“This...” Mu Sha was silent for a moment, then gave a bitter smile: “Although I don’t know Mr. Shi’s true strength, destroying the Lord of Reincarnation would be as easy as snapping his fingers.”

“Chen Ping, if Mr. Shi were to help you, let alone the Twelfth Heaven, he could easily wave his hand and send you to the upper levels of the Heavenly Realm,” said the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

He had been within Chen Ping’s sea of consciousness, having seen Mr. Shi several times. While the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord didn’t know Mr. Shi’s true strength, he did know that Mr. Shi’s power was likely far beyond what those in the lower and middle levels of the Heavenly Realm could match.

“Mr. Shi is that powerful?” Chen Ping asked, somewhat surprised.

Mu Sha smiled and said, “Then Mr. Shi can arbitrarily alter the laws, resurrecting those whose souls have been annihilated. In this respect alone, he’s far superior to the Lord of Reincarnation.”

“If the Lord of Reincarnation had this ability, he wouldn’t need the Gate of Reincarnation, immortality, or resurrection.”

Chen Ping thought about it and agreed. Mr. Shi could casually resurrect someone whose soul had been annihilated; compared to the Lord of Reincarnation who used the laws of reincarnation to resurrect people, and even resurrected puppets, he was far superior.

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“I understand your meaning, Senior.”

Chen Ping took a deep breath. “I will postpone my actions and continue to improve my strength. However, the Evil Path Hall won’t give us much time. Once they recover, they will definitely return with a vengeance.”

Although Mr. Shi was incredibly powerful, Chen Ping knew that Mr. Shi wouldn’t help him easily. He didn’t know if Mr. Shi had encountered difficulties after arriving in the Heavenly Realm, or if there were other reasons, but he had never shown his face again.

Musa nodded. “That’s right. So, we need to make more preparations. Contact all available forces, find the weaknesses of the Gate of Reincarnation, and at the same time... Mr. Chen, you need to grow faster.”

His gaze swept over the lines on Chen Ping’s hand. “The fusion within your body seems to have entered the basics, but it’s still far from truly perfect and able to unleash its supreme power. I might be able to lend you a hand, but you’ll need to find your own opportunities.”

Just then, Musa’s wife, the gentle woman, spoke softly, her voice like a clear spring: “Brother Sha, have you forgotten the clue to that ancient Qi Refiner’s cave? Perhaps it will be useful to Mr. Chen.”

Musa suddenly realized, “That’s right...” “I almost forgot!”

“Mr. Chen, I once obtained a clue in an ancient ruin, pointing to a cave dwelling left behind by a group of cultivators known as Ancient Qi Refiners from ancient times.”

“Their cultivation methods were ancient and powerful, especially adept at harmonizing and fusing various exotic energies. Perhaps it can help you completely integrate the power within your body, or

even... find an opportunity for further rapid advancement. However, that place is quite secluded and fraught with danger.”

A glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. If he could find the inheritance of the Ancient Qi Refiners, accelerate the fusion of his four energies, and even break through to the sixth or seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm... then, facing the restored Evil Path Palace and the Lord of Reincarnation, he would truly have the power to fight, and even the possibility of beheading them!

“Senior, where exactly is that cave dwelling?” Chen Ping’s gaze was intense as he looked at Mu Sha.

Mu Sha did not answer directly, but instead raised his hand and pointed in the void, and a very simple map outlined by faint starlight appeared.

Most of the area was blurred, except for one corner, marked with an ancient and strange runic symbol. The symbol’s shape resembled a swirling cloud or some kind of primordial furnace.

“This place is located on the western edge of the Twelfth Heaven, in a crevice near the Void Gale Belt.”

Mu Sha pointed to the runic mark, his tone grave. “The spatial structure there is fragile and chaotic, constantly eroded by the gales and spatial turbulence, forming countless spacetime fragments and natural labyrinths. Ordinary cultivators find it extremely difficult to find the correct path, and even if they do, they may not be able to withstand the environment.”

“The entrance to that cave is hidden within a tranquil spacetime fragment known as the Eye of Return to the Void. It appears to be a secluded paradise, but within lies treacherous danger.”

He looked at Chen Ping: “Mr. Chen, your internal power is special, perhaps able to resist some of the environmental erosion.”

“But I must warn you, that cave is ancient, its restrictions unpredictable. The methods of ancient Qi cultivators are vastly different from our current cultivation methods. Their trials often target the very source, and are extremely dangerous.”

“Opportunities are found in danger; this junior understands.”

Chen Ping cupped his hands, his eyes unwavering.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord grinned, his demonic eyes gleaming with a mixture of warlike excitement and curiosity. “Sounds interesting. I’ll come with you.”

Chen Ping nodded. Having the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord along might help them find the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass.

Musa nodded, condensing the illusory star map into a pale gray token—neither gold nor jade—and handed it to Chen Ping. “This is a guiding talisman. Infuse it with your unique spiritual power to activate it. It will guide you as you approach that area.”

“But whether you can truly enter the Eye of the Ruins and find the cave depends on your own fortune and strength.”