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Chen Ping solemnly accepted the token, sensing an extremely ancient and obscure aura within it.

During the brief moment before setting off, Chen Ping's doubts about the structure of the Celestial Realm resurfaced, especially regarding the origins of Musa and her husband.

He couldn't help but ask, "Senior Mu Sha, I am deeply grateful for your and your wife's help. But may I ask where you two are currently cultivating in the Twelfth Heaven? If there is any important matter in the future, I can pay you a visit to express my gratitude."

Mu Sha and his wife exchanged a glance, smiled gently, but their smiles carried a hint of detachment: "Mr. Chen, there's no need for such formality. We are not long-term residents of the Twelfth Heaven."

"Not long-term residents?" Chen Ping was taken aback.

"That's right."

Mu Sha nodded, slowly saying, "My wife and I actually come from the Thirteenth Heaven."

"The Thirteenth Heaven?"

Not only Chen Ping, but even Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, and the others standing nearby showed surprise.

As leaders of top sects in the Twelfth Heaven, they naturally knew about the Thirteenth Heaven, but they also knew that entering the Thirteenth Heaven was difficult and not simply a matter of strength.

"Fellow Daoist, could you tell me how you got to the Thirteenth Heaven?" Jin Buhuan asked.

“Can’t we just go by opening the void passage?” Chen Ping asked, bewildered, not understanding why Jin Buhuan asked such a question. “I’ve always done it this way, starting from the First Heaven and then arriving here through the void passage.”

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, and the others all shook their heads upon hearing this!

This left Chen Ping completely confused, and even the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was somewhat bewildered.

Musa smiled slightly and explained, “Mr. Chen, the thirty-six heavens of the Celestial Realm are not simply stacked one on top of the other. Rather, they are broadly divided into upper, middle, and lower realms based on the completeness of the laws of heaven and earth, the level of spiritual energy, and the stability of the world.”

“The lower realm comprises the first to twelfth heavens. Your twelfth heaven is already at the pinnacle of the lower realm, with relatively complete laws and abundant spiritual energy. However, compared to the middle realm, there is still a fundamental difference. Within the lower realm, one can traverse using void passages.”

“The middle realm encompasses the thirteenth to twenty-fourth heavens. The space of each heaven is far more vast and profound than the lower realm, the spiritual energy is purer and more active, and the laws of heaven and earth are more rigorous and powerful.”

“In the middle...” Cultivation in the Upper Realm is often faster and more insightful than in the Lower Realm, but it also means fiercer competition, more brutal resource battles, and a higher average strength for the beings living there. My wife and I are temporarily residing in a secluded place in the Thirteenth Heaven.”

“The Upper Realm, on the other hand, extends from the Twenty-Fifth Heaven to the highest Thirty-Sixth Heaven. There... it’s a legendary realm, unattainable without great fortune, perseverance, and luck. Rumor has it that the laws of the Upper Realm are nearly perfect, containing the essence of the Great Dao, truly approaching the ultimate state of immortality. The specifics are beyond my ability to fully describe.”

These words opened a completely new door for Chen Ping. Although he knew the Thirty-Six Heavens of the Celestial Realm were divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower, no one had ever explained the differences to him.

“Senior Mu Sha, since the laws of the Upper and Lower Realms are fundamentally different, is it exceptionally difficult to travel from the Twelfth Heaven to the Thirteenth Heaven? What conditions are required?” Chen Ping asked.

Musa said, “The barriers between layers, especially those crossing realms, are far more difficult than traversing between realms within the same realm.”

“From the twelfth to the thirteenth heaven, seemingly only one level apart, it’s actually a leap from the lower realm to the middle realm.”

“First, simply using enough powerful force to tear open a spatial passage might be feasible within the lower realm, but penetrating the legal membrane between the two realms is almost impossible.”

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“That membrane automatically repels and dissolves forces and life forms that don’t conform to the essential laws of the middle realm.”

“Second, a guide or beacon is needed. There are usually two methods: one is that a powerful force or great being in the middle realm actively opens a stable, law-approved ascension channel for guidance; this is usually for those with exceptional talent in the lower realm or disciples of specific lineages.”

“The second is finding a treasure containing the aura or coordinates of the middle realm’s laws, using it as a beacon to reach a specific location...” “At a specific point and time, with the aid of a special ritual and powerful energy, a temporary passage is constructed independently. The latter is extremely dangerous, with a slim success rate, and the passage is highly unstable.”

“Finally, and most importantly,”

Musa’s expression was solemn, “the cultivator himself must reach a certain level of life and compatibility with the laws. Simply put, in the lower realm, one must reach the Upper Immortal realm and have a deep understanding of the path one cultivates. One’s physical body and soul must undergo a

certain degree of transformation before one can initially adapt to the pressure of the laws of the middle realm.”

“Not every Upper Immortal realm cultivator can reach the Thirteenth Heaven. Understanding is the most crucial point; otherwise, even if one is fortunate enough to enter, they will be crushed by the heavier and denser laws of the middle realm, or unable to absorb the more refined spiritual energy and will quickly perish.”

Chen Ping understood after listening, and the guidance was somewhat similar to the Heavenly Ladder he had encountered in the Heavenly Realm.

If it weren't for the Heavenly Ladder, Chen Ping would never have been able to reach the Heavenly Realm.

“My wife and I were able to reach the Twelfth Heaven this time because we sensed Mr. Chen's aura and then used a rare treasure we acquired years ago to temporarily conceal and adapt to the laws of the lower realm.”

“However, the treasure's effects are limited. We cannot stay here long, otherwise our cultivation foundation may be eroded by the reverse influence of the lower realm's laws, which would be detrimental to our cultivation.”

Mu Sha glanced at his wife beside him, his eyes filled with apology and tenderness. “Now that we have explained the situation, we should depart. Please take care, Mr. Chen.”

Although Chen Ping felt reluctant to part and had many more questions, he knew it was inappropriate to insist that he stay. He bowed deeply: “Thank you, Senior.” “You've cleared my mind and guided me through my confusion. I will forever remember your kindness, senior.”

Mu Sha helped Chen Ping up, smiling, “Mr. Chen, your fortune is profound, your will is unwavering, and your future is limitless. Perhaps we will meet again in the Thirteenth Heaven or even higher.”

“I hope you take good care of yourself and quickly integrate your power completely. That ancient Qi Refiner's cave may be the beginning of your soaring success.”

Having said this, Mu Sha and his wife did not linger. They nodded slightly to the crowd, and a hazy gray light emanated from their bodies, rippling the space like water. Their figures gradually faded away, finally disappearing without a trace, as if they had never been there.

The valley was silent for a moment, the crowd still reeling from the sheer volume of information.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, suppressing his surging emotions, and turned to look at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord: "Senior, let's prepare to depart."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord licked his lips, his scarlet demonic eyes blazing with battle intent: "I've been waiting impatiently. Let me see what treasures that ancient Qi Refiner's lair holds!"

Chen Ping then said to Jin Buhuan and the others: "Sect Leader Jin, esteemed seniors, I'm going to seek opportunities to break this deadlock as soon as possible. The safety of the valley is temporarily entrusted to you all. Please be careful and discreet, and be wary of the Evil Path Hall's investigation."

Jin Buhuan... "Don't worry, Fellow Daoist Chen Ping, go ahead. We'll guard this place and recover as quickly as possible. You... be extremely careful!"

Li Baichuan patted Chen Ping on the shoulder: "Kid, come back alive! I'm waiting to fight my way back to the Evil Path Palace with you!"

Dugu Ao simply uttered two cold words: "Return quickly."

Chen Ping said nothing more. He exchanged a glance with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and the two transformed into two streaks of light, one golden and one red, breaking through the valley's maze and speeding towards the western horizon, towards the desolate region that Mu Sha had described as near the Void Gale Belt.

Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord left the valley where they were hiding, following the faint guidance of the talisman given to them by Mu Sha, and sped westward.

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The Twelfth Heaven was vast and boundless. Even with their extraordinary cultivation, it took them a full seven days to gradually approach the desolate western region shown on the map.

The further west they went, the thinner and more chaotic the spiritual energy became.

The once clear sky turned a gloomy, yellowish-brown, with numerous gray-black spatial rifts appearing like ugly scars across the horizon, emanating a chilling aura of suction and destruction.

The gale-force winds grew stronger and more chaotic, no longer simple air currents, but carrying fragments of space and eerie energy turbulence, scraping against the skin like dull knives scraping bone.

Even Chen Ping's rebuilt, resilient body and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's demonic form felt waves of stinging pain.

"Good heavens, this godforsaken place is as thin as a desert in terms of spiritual energy, and the wind is even carrying something else."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord swung his demonic claws, dispersing an incoming wind blade imbued with dark red malevolent energy, his crimson demonic eyes flashing with excitement. "However, the more desolate and barren the place, the more likely it is to hide truly valuable things!"

Chen Ping's expression turned solemn; he felt the temperature of the guiding talisman in his hand gradually rising.

The ancient runic markings began to emit a faint but stable glow, pointing towards the most chaotic area ahead, where howling winds resembled the wailing of ghosts.

"It should be just ahead, the edge of the Void Gale."

Chen Ping said in a deep voice. He could feel the chilling spatial fluctuations emanating from ahead, as if the entire world was being torn apart and churned. "Stay close to me, watch out for spatial turbulence."

The two concealed their auras, maximizing their protective spiritual light, and cautiously prepared to fly into the chaotic area.

“Something’s wrong.”

Chen Ping suddenly stopped, then whispered to the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, “Someone’s following us.”

“Following us?” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was taken aback, his demonic senses quietly spreading out. After a moment, he sneered, “Three little tails, two at the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, and one at the peak of the ninth rank.”

“They’re well hidden. If the spiritual energy weren’t so thin in this wasteland, making it difficult to completely conceal their escape techniques, they would be hard to spot.”

In the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s eyes, even a peak ninth-rank Celestial Immortal Realm cultivator was just a little tail, completely unconcerned. After all, given Chen Ping’s current strength, even a third-grade Upper Immortal would only be able to take a beating, so the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord wasn’t afraid at all.

A few mere Heavenly Immortals were simply courting death!

Chen Ping’s gaze swept over several dilapidated stone hills in the distance, and he said calmly, “They followed us shortly after we left the valley. To have caught up here, they’re either spies from the Evil Path Hall, or...”

“They’re also after the ancient Qi Refiner’s cave!” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord continued.

“Smart.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “In that case, let them follow for a while. Once we reach the edge of the Void Gale Belt, the chaotic environment there will be more suitable for dealing with them.”

The two understood each other implicitly, pretending to be oblivious, and continued on their way.

However, Chen Ping secretly expanded the sensing range of his guiding talisman, and sure enough, he detected three extremely subtle auras behind them, almost blending into the wasteland environment, trailing them from afar using some mysterious tracking technique.

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“This isn’t the style of the Evil Path Hall.”

Chen Ping said, “The Evil Path Hall’s techniques often carry the Qi of Reincarnation or the Qi of the Nine Netherworlds. These people have a cold and obscure aura, more like... a sect skilled in concealment and assassination.”

“Who cares who they are? Anyone who dares to try and steal my treasure will be crushed!” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord grinned, revealing his gleaming white fangs.

After traveling a while longer, the scenery ahead suddenly changed.

The dim yellow sky seemed to have been torn open with countless cracks, and gray-black spatial fissures spread like a spider web. The howling of the violent gales could be clearly heard even from dozens of miles away.

The edge of the Void Gale Belt had been reached.

They had now officially entered the Void Gale Belt.

“Let’s wait for them here.”

Chen Ping chose a relatively stable platform, backed by a giant floating rock, and landed, pretending to meditate with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

Sure enough, less than half an incense stick’s time later, three dark figures appeared silently from three directions like ghosts, surrounding the two in a triangular formation.

The newcomers were all dressed in tight-fitting black robes, their faces covered with strange metal masks, revealing only a pair of cold, ruthless eyes.

The leader was tall and slender, his aura reaching the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. He toyed with a pair of dark, curved short blades, their edges faintly glowing with blue light, clearly coated with potent poison.

The two on either side each wielded two oddly shaped daggers, one long and one short, their positioning perfectly coordinated, indicating they were skilled in combined attacks.

“The Nether Spring Sect, the Shadow Killing Trilogy.”

The leader, a man in black robes, spoke, his voice hoarse like the scraping of metal. “Gentlemen, hand over the clues you possess about the ancient Qi Refiner’s cave, and you may be spared.”

Chen Ping slowly rose, his expression calm. “The Nether Spring Sect? Never heard of it. How do you know we have clues?”

“We were just wandering around, we stumbled upon this place.”

“Bullshit! We actually knew there was an ancient Qi Refiner’s cave in this area, but we couldn’t find its exact location.”

The man in black robes on the left said coldly, “And you two have traveled tens of thousands of miles to get here, how could you just be wandering around? Don’t take us for fools!”

“Boy, obediently hand over the clues, and the three of us can let you leave,” the man in black robes on the right threatened Chen Ping.

“I see.”

Chen Ping suddenly understood. "Looks like you've been watching us for a while. But, you three little trash think you can snatch food from a tiger's mouth?"

"Tiger's mouth?"

The leader of the black-robed men sneered. "One is a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal, and the other is an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal. You dare call yourselves tigers? Killing you would be a matter of moments."

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Chen Ping laughed, his face also full of disdain. "One is a peak ninth-grade Celestial Immortal, and two are ninth-grade Celestial Immortals. I can handle you three trash myself."

"I think so too. Then I'll just watch the show from the sidelines."

Saying this, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord actually walked to the side and sat down, then said, "It would be nice if there were some melon seeds and drinks later!"

Chen Ping rolled his eyes at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord speechlessly.

"Kids, you're too arrogant. Today we'll show you the power of the Shadow Killing Trio!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the three black figures moved simultaneously!

Without afterimages, the three seemed to vanish into thin air, appearing beside Chen Ping in the next instant. Six poisoned blades, like venomous snakes striking, aimed straight for vital points!

Even more bizarrely, their attacks were completely silent; even the sound of air being torn apart was almost swallowed up by some secret technique. An ordinary cultivator would likely not even have time to react before death.

However, they had encountered Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

“Childish tricks!” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord laughed wildly. “Chen Ping, don’t kill him too quickly. Have some fun, let me enjoy the show.”

Chen Ping nodded, then moved.

He didn’t use a sword, but merely pointed his right index finger in the air.

A gray light flashed at his fingertip.

That gray light was inconspicuous, yet it seemed to contain the power of a black hole that could devour everything.

The surrounding light, sound, and even spiritual energy collapsed towards it!

The three incoming blades were no exception, uncontrollably deflecting towards that gray light!

“What the hell?!”

The leader of the black-robed men was utterly horrified. He had never seen such a bizarre move before, one that could directly distort the trajectory of an attack!

But Chen Ping was even faster.

A moment later, he flipped his hand, his five fingers forming a fist.

“Chaos – Return to Nothingness.”

Boom!

Centered on that point of gray light, a hazy gray vortex, about ten feet in diameter, appeared out of thin air, unleashing a terrifying suction force!

Not only were the three blade lights sucked into the vortex and pulverized, but the three black-robed men were also pulled unsteadily, their protective spiritual light fluctuating violently!

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“Not good! Form the Shadow Three Talents Formation!”

The leader of the black-robed men shouted sharply. The three figures blurred, transforming into three wisps of black smoke, constantly shifting positions within the smoke, trying to escape the vortex’s suction force.

At the same time, countless black poison needles, as fine as cow’s hair, shot out from the black smoke, covering Chen Ping’s entire body.

“Quite a few tricks up your sleeve.”

Chen Ping’s expression remained unchanged. His left hand formed a hand seal, and the nascent chaotic power within him surged forth, transforming into a chaotic energy shield before him, shimmering with four-colored light.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The poisoned needles struck the energy shield, but were like mud oxen entering the sea—they didn’t even create a ripple before being decomposed and devoured by the chaotic energy.

“My turn.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and his right fist, which had been loosely clenched, suddenly opened wide.

The hazy gray vortex suddenly exploded, but not outwards; instead, it rapidly contracted inwards, transforming into a fist-sized, pitch-black singularity, and then...

Buzz!

The singularity vanished, and an invisible spatial shockwave swept out at a speed beyond the reach of divine sense!

“Ah!”

“Pfft!”

Three plumes of black smoke dissipated simultaneously, revealing the disheveled figures of three black-robed men.

Their masks shattered, blood gushing from their mouths, their eyes filled with terror.

The spatial shockwave ignored their protective aura and Shadow Technique, directly impacting their physical bodies and souls. Had the three not possessed solid cultivation and quick reflexes, that attack would have been enough to severely injure them!

“Damn it! This kid isn’t even a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal!”

The leading black-robed man was both shocked and furious. Chen Ping’s displayed strength and bizarre methods completely exceeded their expectations.

“Now you realize? Too late.” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord laughed loudly.

“Shadow Escape!”

The three black-robed men were, after all, elites of the Nether Spring Sect. In this life-or-death situation, they simultaneously used their life-saving escape techniques, their figures transforming into black smoke once more, shooting off in three different directions.

“Trying to run?”

Chen Ping coldly snorted, lightly stomping his foot.

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Buzz!

A visible layer of gray ripples spread out from him, instantly covering an area of a hundred feet.

Where the ripples passed, space seemed to be coated with a layer of hazy gray paint, becoming viscous and stagnant. The three black-robed figures, transformed into wisps of black smoke, slowed their movements by more than tenfold upon entering the gray area, like mosquitoes trapped in amber!

“A domain?! This is impossible!”

The leader of the black-robed figures roared in despair.

A domain—that’s a power that only a High Immortal Realm expert can initially grasp. How could a Celestial Immortal Realm cultivator possibly wield it?

They didn’t know that after Chen Ping fused with the Chaos Origin Seed, his control over power had reached the edge of the laws. This Chaos Slowing Domain, while not a true High Immortal Domain, already possessed some rudimentary form, more than enough to trap cultivators of the same level.

“It’s over.”

Chen Ping pointed three fingers in the air, like swords.

Three extremely refined Chaos Sword Qi burst forth, ignoring spatial distance, instantly catching up with the three wisps of black smoke.

Pfft!

Pfft!

Pfft!

Three soft sounds rang out, and the black smoke dissipated. Each of the three black-robed figures had a bowl-sized, transparent hole in their chest; the edges of the wounds were smooth as a mirror, yet no blood flowed.

All life and flesh had been instantly annihilated by the chaotic sword energy.

The corpses fell from mid-air.

Chen Ping waved his hand and collected the three men's storage rings.

A sweep of his divine sense revealed that the storage rings contained not only a large quantity of spirit stones and pills, but also numerous secret manuals, poisons, and hidden weapons from the Youquan Sect, as well as... a tattered, ancient leather map.

The map was made of a peculiar material, neither leather nor silk, with burn marks on the edges. Simplified terrain was outlined on it using some kind of dark red pigment.

One of the markings bore a striking resemblance to the runes on Musa's guiding talisman, only more blurred and lacking crucial directional guidance and entry methods.

"Sure enough, they had clues, but not complete."

Chen Ping put away the map. "No wonder they were following us."

"You brat, you moved too fast! I didn't even get a good look!" Crimson Cloud Demon Lord stood up and examined the three corpses.

Suddenly, he pulled a jet-black jade talisman from the robes of the leading black-robed man. A hideous ghost head pattern was engraved on the talisman.

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"The Nether Spring Sect's distress talisman. He crushed it during the fight," Crimson Cloud Demon Lord said.

"That means the others in the Nether Spring Sect will soon know they're dead, and they'll also know we're here."

Chen Ping frowned slightly. "Troublesome. We must enter the Eye of the Ruins as soon as possible."

The two didn't delay any longer, quickly leaving the platform and venturing deeper into the Gale Belt.

Following Mu Sha's instructions, Chen Ping activated the guiding talisman, struggling through the chaotic Gale Belt.

With the Nether Spring Sect as a variable, they had to speed up; many dangers that could have been avoided now had to be faced head-on.

Half a day later, both men, injured, finally arrived at the outer edge of the distorted space.

Just as Chen Ping was observing the environment and preparing to find the Stabilizing Stone to set up an array, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord suddenly whispered, "Someone's coming, many, and very fast!"

Chen Ping spread his divine sense and indeed sensed more than ten powerful auras rapidly approaching from behind.

The weakest among them was at least a ninth-grade Celestial Immortal, and the two strongest had reached the second-grade Upper Immortal!

Moreover, their auras were of the same origin as the three from before, clearly indicating that the main force of the Nether Spring Sect had arrived.

“They’re truly persistent.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “They’ve come at the perfect time.”

“You want to use them?” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord instantly understood Chen Ping’s plan.

“It’s too risky and time-consuming for the two of us to set up an array to cross this distorted area,” Chen Ping said calmly.

“Since the Youquan Sect possesses the incomplete map, they must have also studied the ancient Qi Refiner’s cave dwellings. Perhaps they have a more reliable method. Let’s hide and see what they do.”

The two quickly concealed their auras, hiding inside a huge, cracked floating rock, using chaotic energy to conceal themselves, seemingly merging with the rock.

Shortly afterward, more than ten dark figures broke through the gale and appeared at the edge of the distorted area.

The two leading figures were one tall and one short. The tall one was an old man with a withered face and deep-set eyes, wielding a white bone staff, exuding a sinister aura.

The short one was a dwarf with an unusually large head, his eyes glowing with an eerie green light, toying with a string of skulls in his hand.

Both were at the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

Behind them followed ten powerful-looking men in black robes.

“Elder, Third Elder, the soul lamps of the Shadow Assassins have been extinguished. The last location they transmitted was nearby,” a black-robed man reported respectfully.

The withered old man, the First Elder of the Youquan Sect, scanned the surroundings with his cloudy eyes, his gaze lingering on the distorted area for a long time. He said hoarsely, “The Shadow Assassins are cautious. If they hadn’t encountered an unexpectedly powerful enemy, they wouldn’t have been unable to escape. The person who killed them has likely already gone inside.”

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The dwarf Third Elder licked his lips, a greedy glint in his green eyes: “To kill the Shadow Assassins, their strength is not to be underestimated. Could it be someone from the Evil Path Hall? The Twelfth Heaven is teeming with the Evil Path Hall’s influence, and they’re actively recruiting.”

“No, we have no grudge against the Evil Path Hall, and our Youquan Sect has always remained hidden. The Evil Path Hall wouldn’t attack us,” the First Elder said.

“Then who killed the Shadow Assassins? In the entire Twelfth Heaven, there aren’t many who could kill those three,” the Third Elder frowned.

“Never mind, let’s go in and take a look first. Someone might also be eyeing this cave!”

“A map.”

The First Elder held out his hand.

A man in black robes quickly presented the tattered leather map, identical to the one Chen Ping held, only much older.

The First Elder and the Third Elder carefully studied the map, then observed the distorted space ahead, whispering amongst themselves.

After a moment, the Third Elder took out a black gourd riddled with holes from his robes, uncorked it, and began chanting.

Instantly, countless black beetles, about the size of soybeans with transparent, thin wings on their backs, surged out of the gourd, buzzing as they flew towards the distorted area.

These beetles were incredibly fast and seemed extremely sensitive to spatial fluctuations. They hovered at the edge of the distorted area for a moment, then formed a peculiar formation and flew in along a winding path.

Miraculously, wherever they passed, the raging spatial turbulence and hidden fissures seemed to be soothed by some force, becoming much calmer.

“The Tracking Insects are indeed effective!”

The Third Elder said proudly, “This spatial vortex, though seemingly chaotic, actually conforms to the principles of the ancient Qi Refiners’ Chaotic Return to Truth Formation. Every so often, a relatively safe insect path will appear. Follow the Tracking Insects, and we can find the entrance to the Eye of Return to Nothingness!”

The First Elder nodded slightly: “Hurry up, the insect path won’t last long. Everyone, follow the Tracking Insects closely, no mistakes allowed!”

At his command, the Youquan Sect members immediately lined up and, led by the Third Elder, carefully stepped into the distorted area, proceeding along the path opened by the Tracking Insects.

Inside the Floating Rock, Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord witnessed everything clearly.

“Excellent methods! They’ve even managed to cultivate spirit insects specifically for breaking spatial mazes.”

Chen Ping transmitted his voice, “Follow them, have them clear the way for us. We’ll make our move once we find the entrance.”

The two stealthily followed, relying on the concealment of the chaotic energy and Chen Ping's keen spatial perception, always staying about a hundred feet behind the Youquan Sect's group, undetected.

The path cleared by the tracking insects was indeed miraculous. Although the surroundings remained chaotic and dangerous, the path itself was relatively stable.

However, this path wasn't straight; it constantly twisted and changed, sometimes requiring them to wait in place for a moment until the spatial fluctuations subsided before continuing.

Clearly, the insect path wasn't fixed, but constantly shifting.

After walking for about an hour, the distortion ahead reached its peak. Light was completely twisted into a pretzel, and even divine sense revealed only chaos.

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But guided by the tracking insects, the group passed through an almost imperceptible spatial membrane, and suddenly, the view opened up before them!

A tranquil space, utterly different from the outside windswept area, appeared before them. The sky was azure, the mountains and waters verdant, birdsong filling the air with the fragrance of flowers—this was the "Eye of the Ruins" Mu Sha had spoken of, the seemingly idyllic paradise within!

"Found it! It truly is a blessed land!" The Third Elder's voice trembled with excitement.

The First Elder's eyes also flashed with a sharp light, but he remained cautious: "Don't be careless. An ancient Qi Refiner's cave must have protective barriers. Everyone, conceal your auras and carefully probe."

The Youquan Sect members suppressed their excitement and cautiously stepped into the paradise.

They clearly sensed the unusually ancient spiritual energy here and felt a strange sense of danger, daring not to act rashly.

“Chen Ping, we’ve found the place. Let’s kill them first, and this ancient Qi Refiner’s cave will be ours!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was becoming increasingly impatient.

“Don’t rush, I have a feeling something’s off about this place!”

Chen Ping frowned slightly. He had a feeling things weren’t so simple; this seemingly peaceful world before them didn’t seem real.

“Let them scout ahead. This paradise appears tranquil, but it’s fraught with danger,” Ling Feng said.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord nodded, and the two continued to cautiously follow.

Sure enough, not long after the Youquan Sect group entered the jade bamboo forest, a sudden change occurred!

A burst of emerald light erupted from the bamboo forest!

Countless jade bamboo leaves fell, transforming into a rain of azure blades that shot towards the Youquan Sect group like a storm!

At the same time, dark green vines surged from the ground, wrapping around their ankles like living creatures!

“Enemy attack! Form a defensive formation!”

The Grand Elder shouted sharply, slamming his bone staff heavily on the ground. A ring of grayish-white death energy spread out, corroding and dissolving the incoming bamboo leaf blades.

The Third Elder shook the skull bracelet, which emitted a brilliant green light, transforming into a shield of light to protect everyone.

The other black-robed figures employed various methods, unleashing a barrage of poisonous mists, hidden weapons, and sinister fire against the bamboo forest's protective barrier, creating a series of booming explosions.

The Youquan Sect, as expected of one of the most powerful evil sects in the Twelve Heavens, was ruthless and coordinated. Led by two second-rank Immortal Elders, they withstood the first wave of attacks from the bamboo forest's barrier and began to counterattack.

The First Elder's white bone staff was clearly a formidable evil magic weapon; each swing unleashed a dense aura of death, causing the jade bamboo to wither and decay rapidly in its wake.

The Third Elder's skull-like appendage continuously spewed forth eerie green flames, burning the vines.

But the bamboo forest's restrictions seemed endless; damaged bamboo quickly regenerated, and even when severed, more vines appeared.