

## **The Order 9981**

Chapter: 9981

Chen Ping yelled at the thugs.

“Chen Ping, you’ve only just been released, and you’ve gotten bolder, daring to talk to us like that?”

A bald thug looked at Chen Ping, sneered, and then punched him.

“Beat him...”

The thugs beat Chen Ping, and Tang Hongying could only kneel on the ground, crying and begging for the money.

After the thugs left, Chen Ping lay on the bed, his eyes lifeless, his whole being numb.

He felt his heart was dead!

How could his life have turned out like this?

Just when Chen Ping was about to give up all hope, a voice pulled his dead heart from hell to heaven.

“Chen Ping, it’s time to wake up...”

Chen Ping groggily opened his eyes!

Before him was a blurry figure.

Chen Ping rubbed his eyes hard, and even then, the figure was still blurry, surrounded by a faint white halo.

“Who are you? Where am I?”

Chen Ping asked blankly.

When the figure turned around, Chen Ping froze, then ran over, hugged the figure, and cried.

“Mr. Shi, I...I just had a terrible dream!”

Chen Ping remembered being beaten by those thugs, unable to use his abilities no matter how hard he tried, and he felt extremely scared and sad.

Mr. Shi smiled faintly and patted Chen Ping’s head: “Silly boy, that wasn’t a dream...”

“Not a dream?”

Chen Ping was stunned: “How could it not be a dream? In that dream, nobody recognized me, and everyone dared to hit me.”

“That really wasn’t a dream. That was your other life. If you weren’t in the Golden Dragon True Body, what you just saw was your world.”

Mr. Shi said.

Chen Ping was stunned, somewhat bewildered.

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“If I weren’t in the Golden Dragon True Body, wouldn’t Su Yuqi and Gu Ling’er recognize me?”

Chen Ping looked at his hands.

“Of course. If you weren’t in the Golden Dragon True Body, you wouldn’t have obtained the Heart-Concentrating Technique. Without the Heart-Concentrating Technique, you’d just be an ordinary person.”

“If you were an ordinary person, your life would change.”

Mr. Shi explained.

“I understand. I’ve gotten to where I am now not because I’m so powerful, but because of my Golden Dragon True Body, because my father is powerful.”

Chen Ping finally understood. His ability to reach the Immortal Realm and have so many women was all because he had a powerful father. If he were just an ordinary person, let alone making it to the Immortal Realm, even in the mortal world, young ladies like Su Yuqi and Gu Ling’er wouldn’t give Chen Ping a second glance.

“It’s good that you know. Often, a person’s birth determines their future potential. Just hone your skills!”

Mr. Shi gently patted Chen Ping’s shoulder.

“Mr. Shi, what about the Lord of Reincarnation...?”

“Over there...”

Mr. Shi pointed.

Chen Ping then noticed that not far away, a middle-aged man who looked to be around thirty years old, fair-skinned and refined, was kneeling on the ground, trembling.

Most importantly, there was a puddle of water at the man's feet; he had clearly wet himself!

"He's the Lord of Reincarnation?"

Chen Ping looked at the man before him, his face filled with disbelief.

This person didn't look like the powerful Lord of Reincarnation at all.

A ruthless person who forged his own path!

"Hahaha, he's no 'Lord of Reincarnation,' just a ghost husband, using the Ghost Clan's Gate of Reincarnation to swindle and deceive."

Mr. Shi laughed heartily.

"Ghost Clan?" Chen Ping was somewhat bewildered!

He had never heard of a Ghost Clan.

"The cycle of Heaven and the rebirth of the soul are actually the abilities of the Ghost Clan. Do you remember that I could revive someone whose soul and spirit have been annihilated?"

Mr. Shi asked.

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"Yes, I remember. With a wave of your hand, Mr. Shi can annihilate someone's soul and spirit, and with another wave, revive them."

Chen Ping nodded!

“Hahaha, actually, I’m not that powerful. Those whose souls and spirits have been annihilated, those who no longer exist in the Three Realms, cannot possibly be revived.”

“The reason you see people whose souls and spirits have been annihilated still being able to possess others is because after their souls and spirits are annihilated, they haven’t truly disappeared, but have been imprisoned in the Ghost Clan’s Reincarnation Division, which is why they can be revived.”

Mr. Shi explained to Chen Ping.

“Mr. Shi, are you perhaps a member of the Ghost Clan?” Chen Ping asked, looking at Mr. Shi with surprise.

He had never imagined that Mr. Shi would belong to another race.

“I am not a member of the Ghost Clan, but I have a very good personal relationship with the Ghost King!”

After saying this, Mr. Shi glanced at the Lord of Reincarnation: “Considering my personal relationship with your Ghost King, I will spare your life today. However, your Ghost Clan’s current state is also the will of Heaven.”

“Thank you for sparing my life...”

The Lord of Reincarnation hurriedly kowtowed.

“What about the souls of the Hu Clan? Release them immediately!”

Chen Ping asked, looking at the Lord of Reincarnation.

“They have already been imprisoned in the Reincarnation Bureau. I... I cannot release them!” the Lord of Reincarnation said, trembling.

“Mr. Shi, Master Hu has been kind to me. I promised to rescue the souls of his clansmen so they can rebuild their physical bodies.”

“I hope you can help me rescue the souls of the Hu clansmen.”

Chen Ping looked at Mr. Shi with pleading eyes.

“That pockmarked Hu, he only teaches you how to play with women. Now that you’re entangled in love, he’s partly to blame.”

Mr. Shi glared at Chen Ping.

Chen Ping blushed, somewhat embarrassed, and said, “This has nothing to do with Master Hu. It’s just that I’m a womanizer.”

“Sigh...” Mr. Shi sighed, and with a gentle wave of his hand, hundreds of rays of light of various colors shot into the sky from the Land of Reincarnation.

“Alright, the souls of the Hu clan have all returned!”

“Thank you, Mr. Shi.”

Chen Ping was overjoyed, then said, “Mr. Shi, since you’re here, could you also help me restore Wan Jianxing, and teach the God Clan’s patriarch a lesson? Wan Jianxing is the hall master of my Heavenly Dragon Palace.”

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“And Senior Chi Yun’s woman, did you revive her?”

“I don’t care...” Mr. Shi glared at Chen Ping, “You promised to do it yourself. Weren’t you going to find the God Clan’s patriarch and make him release Wan Jianxing?”

“I...”

Chen Ping opened his mouth. With his strength, he didn’t know when he’d be able to defeat that God Clan’s patriarch.

He’d heard the patriarch was a Golden Immortal, while he was just a mere Celestial Immortal.

He could kill him with a single breath.

“The matter is settled. Go to the Thirteenth Heaven. From now on, focus more on cultivation,” Mr. Shi said.

“I’m only at the Celestial Immortal Realm. To ascend to the thirteenth heaven, one needs to be at the Upper Immortal Realm, and I’ve heard...”

Chen Ping’s words were cut short as everything went white!

When he could see clearly again, the gray-white of the Reincarnation Land was gone, replaced by a desolate wasteland.

High mountains, as if trampled underfoot, crumbled instantly.

“Mr. Shi, Mr. Shi...”

Chen Ping shouted, but Mr. Shi was nowhere to be seen!

“Mr. Chen, the powerful being has left!”

A voice startled Chen Ping.

Chen Ping looked and saw the Lord of Reincarnation still kneeling on the ground.

Chen Ping quickly drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, glaring menacingly at the Lord of Reincarnation.

“Lord of Reincarnation, what do you want to do?”

Chen Ping asked.

“Mr. Chen, I just remembered, my legs went numb from kneeling,” the Lord of Reincarnation said.

“Then...then get up!”

Chen Ping took a few steps back.

“Thank you, Mr. Chen.” The Lord of Reincarnation slowly rose. “Mr. Chen, my name is Ming Li. I am not the Lord of Reincarnation; I merely stole the Gate of Reincarnation from my clan.”

“I have offended you greatly, Mr. Chen. Please forgive me.”

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With that, Ming Li bowed ninety degrees to Chen Ping.

Seeing that Ming Li’s attitude was very good, and that he seemed unlikely to attack, Chen Ping sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

“I ask you, where is this place? And what about your Ghost Clan?”

Chen Ping asked Ming Li!

Mr. Shi had left, and Chen Ping still had many questions, so he could only ask Ming Li!

As soon as Chen Ping finished speaking, Ming Li respectfully bowed and began to explain.

“Mr. Chen, this place is the edge of the Northern Wilderness in the Thirteenth Heaven.”

Ming Li pointed to the distant, crumbling mountain range, his voice tinged with a sense of vicissitude and desolation. “And this crumbling mountain range was originally an important ancestral territory of our Ghost Clan in the Thirteenth Heaven.”

“The Thirteenth Heaven?”

Chen Ping’s heart skipped a beat. They’d arrived at the Thirteenth Heaven so quickly?

He was only at the Celestial Immortal Realm, and what about the requirements for reaching the Thirteenth Heaven?

How could he have arrived at the Thirteenth Heaven in such a daze?

He hadn’t even said goodbye to Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others, and he hadn’t even had a chance to tell the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord that he was safe.

And his women...

“Exactly.”

Ming Li nodded, continuing, “As for our Ghost Clan... it’s a long story.”

He paused, gathering his thoughts, before slowly speaking: "In the vast Heavenly Realm, there are billions of living beings, numerous races. Besides common races like humans, demons, and monsters, there are some special ancient races, and our Ghost Clan is one of them."

"The Ghost Clan is not formed from the souls of the dead, but is a race born with a close affinity to the laws of reincarnation, death, and souls."

"Our people are born with the ability to communicate between Yin and Yang, guide the souls of the dead, and wield some authority over reincarnation."

"In the distant ancient times, the Ghost Clan was an important force in maintaining the order of life and death in the Three Realms. Recognized by the Heavenly Dao, they established clan territories in various heavens, guiding and managing the souls of the dead, assisting them in reincarnation and rebirth."

"Then why did..." Chen Ping looked at the surrounding crumbling mountains, the meaning self-evident.

Ming Li gave a bitter laugh, his eyes flashing with pain and resentment: "The rise and fall of dynasties is the natural order. But the decline of the Ghost Clan is not a natural disaster, but... a man-made calamity."

"About thirty thousand years ago, our clan's Ghost King possessed unparalleled cultivation. He comprehended the Great Dao of Reincarnation, glimpsing a trace of the Dao's mysteries, and believed that the existing reincarnation order was flawed, unable to truly realize the principle of karmic retribution and the cycle of cause and effect."

"Many heinous villains, after death, possess powerful souls, or are protected by secret techniques, often escaping punishment, even reincarnating with their memories to continue their evil deeds."

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"While the kind and weak may suffer in reincarnation, even their true spirits may be annihilated."

"The Ghost King of the Underworld cared for all living beings and vowed to establish an absolutely just reincarnation order."

“He began to attempt to forge his own path, breaking away from the existing Dao...” “The Dao Reincarnation System establishes a new, absolutely fair set of reincarnation laws, completely controlled by the Ghost Clan.”

“To this end, he gathered the power of the entire clan to forge several reincarnation treasures, including the reincarnation gate you saw.”

Chen Ping listened intently, then asked, “This is a good thing, so why did it bring disaster?”

“A good thing?”

Ming Li shook his head, his eyes full of mockery. “Mr. Chen, you are too naive. Creating a new path means forcibly separating a portion of the reincarnation laws from the existing Heavenly Dao laws and bringing them under your control.”

“This is tantamount to severing the authority of the Heavenly Dao and challenging its power!”

“Moreover, many powerful races, sects, and even individuals, having cultivated to a high level, are no longer satisfied with ordinary reincarnation; they crave...” “They are reincarnated with memories and cultivation levels, or even those who transcend reincarnation and achieve immortality.”

“The Ghost Clan’s desire to establish an absolutely fair cycle of reincarnation means stripping these powerful beings and major forces of their privileges in reincarnation.”

“This touches upon the interests of too many beings. The Heavenly Dao does not allow anyone to challenge its authority, and those major forces will not allow anyone to disrupt their plans for immortality.”

“Thus, a siege against the Ghost Clan began, with tacit agreement from all sides.”

Ming Li’s voice lowered, “First, the Heavenly Dao unleashed a backlash from the cycle of reincarnation, hindering the Ghost Clan’s cultivation and causing their clan’s fortune to decline.”

“Immediately afterwards, led by several of the most powerful divine clans and ancient clans at the time, dozens of major forces united to launch a full-scale purge of the Ghost Clan, citing their attempt to tamper with the Heavenly Dao, disrupt the order of reincarnation, and plot treason.” “...”

“That battle... the heavens and earth shattered, the sun and moon lost their light. Though my Ghost Clan is strong, how could we withstand the combined annihilation of the Heavenly Dao and various forces?”

“Countless territories crumbled, and clansmen perished. To protect his people’s retreat, the Ghost King detonated several Reincarnation Treasures with his own essence, severely injuring the invading enemy, but in doing so, his soul was scattered, leaving only a wisp of his true spirit sealed deep within the Reincarnation Bureau, falling into eternal slumber.”

“Since then, the Ghost Clan has disintegrated. The surviving clansmen scattered and fled, hiding their identities, never daring to call themselves the Ghost Clan again.”

“Most of those powerful Reincarnation Treasures were also damaged or lost. My branch, by sheer luck, escaped to a hidden place in the Thirteenth Heaven with the damaged Reincarnation Gate, barely clinging to life.”

As Ming Li spoke, a tear welled in his eye, but he quickly suppressed it.

“After ten thousand years of recuperation, our branch has barely recovered some of its former strength. But the clan’s experts have dwindled, and its heritage is incomplete; it’s no longer the prosperous place it once was.”

“I am the most talented of this generation, and the elders place high hopes on me, hoping I can repair the Gate of Reincarnation, find a way to restore the Ghost King, and revitalize the Ghost Clan.”

“Before we could repair the Gate of Reincarnation, this place was discovered. The scene you see before you is a remnant of the great battle of that time.”

“Fortunately, my clansmen risked their lives to send me away, thus saving my life!”

“So you took the Gate of Reincarnation to the Twelfth Heaven? And you pretended to be the Lord of Reincarnation, collecting souls to repair the Gate of Reincarnation?” Chen Ping frowned.

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Ming Li’s face showed embarrassment and shame: “Yes... at that time, our clan’s resources were scarce, and repairing the Gate of Reincarnation required a massive amount of soul power. Moreover, we were discovered in our clan’s territory in the Thirteenth Heaven, so it was impossible for me to remain there.”

“The Twelfth Heaven is a lower realm, where the Heavenly Dao’s surveillance is relatively weak, and the highest cultivation level there is only at the Upper Immortal Realm. With my strength and the power of the Gate of Reincarnation, I could act covertly.”

“My original plan was to use immortality and blessings as bait to attract cultivators to voluntarily offer their soul power, or to collect the souls of those who died in battle, accumulating enough energy to repair the Gate of Reincarnation, and then quietly return, without causing any trouble.”

“Those like Zhan E and Xue Youming were merely pawns greedy for power. I used them, and they were willing to do so.”

“I just didn’t expect...” Ming Li looked at Chen Ping, and said with a bitter smile, “to encounter you, Mr. Chen, and the one behind you... Mr. Shi.”

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment.

He understood the plight of Mingli and the Ghost Clan; sometimes, extreme measures were necessary for survival and revival.

However, understanding didn’t equate to agreement. It was a fact that the Ghost Clan had caused turmoil in the Twelfth Heaven, resulting in countless casualties, in their efforts to repair the Gate of Reincarnation.

“Were the souls of the Hu Clan truly sent to the Reincarnation Bureau?” Chen Ping changed the subject.

“Absolutely.”

Mingli quickly replied, “Mr. Shi, with his great abilities, has rescued them all and returned them to where they belonged.”

“Mr. Chen, rest assured, the souls of the Hu Clan are intact and undamaged. They have merely undergone a baptism of reincarnation, which may even benefit their cultivation in their next life.”

Chen Ping nodded, a great weight lifted from his heart.

Master Hu’s request had finally been fulfilled.

He looked around at the desolate landscape, feeling the far heavier and purer spiritual energy and the pressure of the laws of the Thirteenth Heaven compared to the Twelfth Heaven, his mind filled with countless thoughts.

“Mr. Shi sent me directly to the Thirteenth Heaven. It seems he thinks I have nothing more to learn in the Twelfth Heaven.”

Chen Ping pondered to himself, “The Thirteenth Heaven, the starting point of the Middle Realm, this is the truly vast stage. But...”

He thought of the people still waiting for news of him in the Twelfth Heaven.

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao—they must still be anxiously waiting outside Reincarnation Peak, right?

And the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, who accompanied him for so long, has now left without saying goodbye. He must be very disappointed, perhaps even thinking he has perished in the Gate of Reincarnation.

“No, we need to find a way to send them a message.”

Chen Ping looked at Ming Li, "Do you have a way to contact the Twelfth Heaven? Or, could you send me back?"

Ming Li looked troubled: "Mr. Chen, traversing the barrier between the two realms is extremely difficult, requiring specific passages or tokens. I was able to descend with the Gate of Reincarnation thanks to a boundary-breaking talisman passed down through my clan, but that talisman can only be used once; it becomes invalid afterward."

"As for sending a message... the laws of the two realms are different; ordinary methods of communication simply cannot penetrate the barrier."

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Seeing Chen... Seeing Chen Ping's disappointed expression, Ming Li thought for a moment and then said, "However, Mr. Chen, there's no need to worry too much. Since Mr. Shi sent you to the Thirteenth Heaven, he must have his reasons."

"Friends of the Twelfth Heaven, perhaps Mr. Shi has other plans. Besides, with your current cultivation and potential, staying in the Twelfth Heaven is indeed somewhat limiting."

"The Thirteenth Heaven offers more opportunities and is more conducive to your growth. Once your cultivation is fully developed, you can easily return to the Twelfth Heaven."

Chen Ping sighed, knowing that Ming Li was right.

Mr. Shi always had his reasons for doing things.

Worrying now was useless; the most urgent thing was to adapt to the environment of the Thirteenth Heaven as quickly as possible and improve his strength.

"By the way, you said this is the edge of the Northern Dark Wasteland? How much do you know about the Thirteenth Heaven? Where should I go now?" Chen Ping asked.

Having just arrived, he knew nothing about the Thirteenth Heaven and needed a guide.

Ming Li's spirits lifted, and he said, "Mr. Chen has come to the right person. Although my Ghost Clan has declined, we have operated here for many years and have a fairly good understanding of the northern region of the Thirteen Heavens."

"The Thirteen Heavens are vast and boundless, more than ten times the size of the twelve lower heavens combined."

"The forces here are intricately intertwined. There are ancient sects and powerful clans, formidable demon kingdoms, mysterious reclusive families, and of course, descendants of fallen ancient clans like ours."

"Generally speaking, the Thirteen Heavens can be divided into five major domains: the Eastern Domain, the Azure Nether Immortal Continent, where human cultivation sects abound;"

"The Western Domain, the Myriad Demon Mountains, is demon territory; the Southern Domain, the Heavenly Fire Continent, has a harsh environment, abundant fire-attribute creatures and mineral deposits;"

" "The Northern Region is the Northern Ice Plains where we are now. The climate is cold, and resources are relatively scarce, but this also makes it relatively peaceful. It's a gathering place for many small forces, independent cultivators, and declining clans."

"The Central Region, Tianyuan Sacred Continent, is the most prosperous, with the richest spiritual energy, and is jointly controlled by several of the strongest forces."

"We are currently on the edge of the Northern Ice Plains. Traveling tens of thousands of miles south, we'll see some cities and markets where cultivators gather.

The largest force in the Northern Ice Plains is the Xuanbing Palace. It's said that its palace master is a powerful expert at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

In addition, there are several slightly weaker sects such as the 'Hanpo Sect' and the 'Frost and Snow Sword Sect.'"

Chen Ping listened attentively, memorizing this information.

A seventh-rank Upper Immortal Realm... in the Twelfth Heaven, that's already a top-tier expert, yet here it's merely the palace master of a regional sect. The overall strength of the Thirteenth Heaven is indeed far superior to that of the Lower Realm.

"Do you have any suggestions? What should I do now?"

Chen Ping asked.

His opinion of Ming Li had changed somewhat. Despite his predicament, Ming Li hadn't forgotten his clan's fate; he wasn't inherently bad, and his familiarity with the area made him a good person to consult.

Ming Li pondered for a moment, then said, "Mr. Chen is new here, and his cultivation is at the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. He's considered a powerful figure in the Northern Underworld Ice Plains, but not top-tier."

"I suggest Mr. Chen find a cultivator city to settle in first, to familiarize himself with the local customs, power distribution, and cultivation resources."

"The common currency of the Thirteenth Heaven is Yuan Crystal, which contains purer spiritual energy than spirit stones in the lower realms. If Mr. Chen has any spirit stones or materials from the lower realms, he can exchange them at the market."

"Furthermore, the cultivation system of the Thirteenth Heaven is the same as that of the lower realms, but the techniques and supernatural abilities are more profound, and the quality of pills and magic treasures is also higher."

"If Mr. Chen wants to improve quickly, he needs to acquire higher-level techniques and resources. He could consider joining a sect, becoming a guest elder, or exploring some ancient ruins and secret realms."

Chen Ping nodded; these suggestions were very pertinent.

He did indeed need to settle down first and understand the environment.

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“And what about you? What are your plans?” Chen Ping looked at Ming Li.

Ming Li’s expression darkened: “The Gate of Reincarnation is lost. I can’t explain this to my clan. My people are all dead or alive. I have nowhere to go.”

Looking at Ming Li’s dejected state, Chen Ping recalled the plight of the Ghost Clan and felt a pang of sympathy.

This clan, once glorious, had fallen to such a state.

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then suddenly said, “If you have nowhere to go, you can come with me. I’m new to the Thirteenth Heaven and need someone to help me get familiar with the situation.”

Ming Li looked up sharply, staring at Chen Ping in disbelief: “Mr. Chen...you...you don’t blame me?”

“One thing at a time.”

Chen Ping said calmly, “What you did in the Twelfth Heaven did indeed cause harm. But you were only acting for the survival of your clan; you weren’t inherently evil.”

“Now that the Gate of Reincarnation has been taken away by Mr. Shi, you have been punished. As long as you don’t commit evil deeds again, I, Chen Ping, am willing to give you a chance.” “...”

Ming Li’s eyes reddened, and he knelt down: “Mr. Chen’s great kindness is unforgettable! I am willing to follow Mr. Chen to repay his mercy and kindness!”

“Get up first.”

Chen Ping helped Ming Li up. "Let's find a place to rest first."

"Yes!" Ming Li nodded. "Thirty thousand miles south of here, there is a city called Hanyuan City, one of the largest gathering places for cultivators in the southern part of the Northern Ice Plains. The city lord is a rogue cultivator at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and the city is relatively fair."

"Mr. Chen, we can go there first." Ming Li pointed in a direction.

"Alright." Chen Ping nodded.

The Thirteenth Heaven, a new journey begins.

Chen Ping looked at his storage ring. Inside, there were not only a vast amount of resources obtained from the ancient Qi Refiner's cave and the Youquan Sect, but also the \*Primordial Qi Refining True Scripture\*.

This was his capital to establish himself in this new world.

"Senior Chiyun, Sect Master Jin, Valley Master Li, Senior Dugu... I apologize for leaving without saying goodbye. Once I have established myself in this realm and achieved sufficient cultivation, I will definitely return to find you."

Chen Ping silently recited these words, a resolute glint in his eyes.

Without further hesitation, he leaped into the air, transforming into a streak of gray light and speeding away.

The biting wind whipped his robes.

Ahead lay an unknown world, stronger opponents, and a far wider stage.

Meanwhile, at this moment, in the Twelfth Heaven, at the ruins of the Evil Path Palace.

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On the altar atop Reincarnation Peak, the hundred-zhang-tall phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation, three days after Chen Ping stepped through, began to fluctuate violently without warning at noon.

Then, like a bubble, it rapidly faded and dissipated, finally vanishing completely without a trace.

“The Gate of Reincarnation... has vanished?!”

Jin Buhuan, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and the others waiting outside the peak abruptly stood up, their expressions drastically changed.

They had waited for three whole days, but Chen Ping hadn't emerged, nor had the Gate of Reincarnation shown any unusual activity.

Unexpectedly, what they witnessed was the complete disappearance of the Gate of Reincarnation!

“Where's Chen Ping? Why didn't Chen Ping come out?!” Li Baichuan exclaimed anxiously.

Jin Buhuan's face was pale. His divine sense frantically scanned the altar and the surrounding space, but he could no longer sense any aura related to Chen Ping or the Gate of Reincarnation.

“Could it be...” A terrifying thought arose in everyone's minds.

“No! Impossible!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord roared, his scarlet demonic eyes filled with disbelief. “That kid is incredibly resilient! Even the ancient Qi Refiner's cave couldn't trap him, how could the Gate of Reincarnation possibly...”

But he couldn't finish his sentence. The mysterious disappearance of the Gate of Reincarnation, and the vanishing of Chen Ping, were definitely not a good omen.

Several more days passed, and the group even risked entering the altar to investigate, but still found nothing.

Ultimately, they had to accept the cruel reality: Chen Ping had likely vanished along with the Gate of Reincarnation, his fate unknown.

The alliance was filled with grief and indignation.

The leader who had just given them hope for revenge, the one who led them to destroy the Evil Path Hall, had left in such a way.

"Fellow Daoist Chen Ping is a hero of our Twelve Heavens!"

Jin Buhuan, suppressing his grief, announced to the group, "From this day forward, the Twelve Heavens enter a new era. We must uphold Fellow Daoist Chen Ping's legacy, restore order, and protect this realm!"

"Furthermore, increase manpower and establish permanent outposts near Reincarnation Peak to monitor for any anomalies. Report any news of Fellow Daoist Chen Ping immediately!"

With the orders issued, the alliance began to systematically take over the sphere of influence left behind by the Evil Path Hall and restore order to the Twelve Heavens.

The turmoil caused by the Gate of Reincarnation gradually subsided with the disappearance of the Gate of Reincarnation and the fall of Chen Ping.

But some people will never forget the young figure who led them to fight back in a desperate situation, used the cultivation base of the immortal realm to slay the giants of the upper fairyland, and finally broke into the gate of reincarnation alone.

Demon Lord Chiyun stayed outside the Reincarnation Peak for several more days.

Every day, he looked forward to the familiar figure suddenly appearing, and said with a smile that deserved a beating: "Senior, I've been waiting for a long time."