

The Order 8731

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“How can a seventh-grade Earth Immortal withstand the strength of a Loose Immortal?”

“What a pity! He’s tough, but the difference in strength is too great.”

Hu Mazi’s eyes burned with anxiety. He tried to step forward to help, but was stopped by several Information Building guards. He could only watch helplessly as the fat woman’s massive palm was about to fall on Chen Ping, roaring in frustration.

At this critical moment, a flash of madness flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. Instead of retreating, he advanced, twisting his body to avoid a vital point. At the same time, the Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand, like a spirit snake emerging from a cave, stabbed at the fat woman’s armpit at an incredible angle.

This strike was extremely tricky, risking the enemy’s blow in order to injure him!

The fat woman had clearly not expected Chen Ping’s ferocity. A flicker of surprise flashed in her eyes. She tried to throw back her palm to block, but it was too late. She could only twist her body forcefully.

“Swish!”

The sword flashed. Although it missed the vital point, it still opened a deep gash in the fat woman’s arm, and blood immediately gushed out.

“Looking for death!”

The fat woman was enraged. A mere cultivator of the seventh rank of the Sanxian realm had not only taken two of her attacks but also injured her. This was a humiliating humiliation!

With a furious roar, her attack intensified. Her palms flew, sealing Chen Ping’s escape routes. Each strike carried devastating force.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, relying on his exquisite agility and tenacious willpower to withstand the Fatty Woman's relentless assault.

New wounds continued to appear on his body, blood soaking his clothes. He looked utterly devastated, but his eyes grew brighter, a light of indomitable determination and a refusal to give up.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The sound of weapons clashing was incessant. With each collision, Chen Ping's blood surged, his injuries worsening. But he always found a glimmer of hope in the face of despair and persevered.

One, two, three... Ten moves!

Chen Ping had actually survived ten moves from the Fatty Woman!

This result stunned everyone, including the guards in the Information Building.

None of them had expected that a seventh-rank cultivator in the Loose Immortal Realm could hold their own for so long against a seventh-rank Earth Immortal Realm master. This was beyond their comprehension!

"This... How is this possible?"

"A seventh-rank Loose Immortal Realm cultivator can hold his own against a seventh-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator for ten moves without losing? This kid is a monster!"

"This is terrifying! With such resilience and fighting prowess, his future is limitless!"

The chatter around them grew louder, and their gazes toward Chen Ping were filled with shock and admiration.

The eleventh move!

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The fat woman's massive palm finally broke through Chen Ping's defenses, slamming heavily into his chest.

"Puff!"

Chen Ping, struck hard, gushed blood. His body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, slamming heavily against the wall and sliding down, his life or death uncertain.

"Brother Chen!" Hu Mazi's eyes were bloodshot, and he cried out in pain. He struggled desperately to break through, but was held down by the guards.

The fat woman panted heavily, her eyes flickering with complexity as she looked at the collapsed Chen Ping.

She hadn't expected to go to such great lengths to capture a seventh-grade Loose Immortal Realm cultivator, and even then, wounded. This only made her look even uglier. She stepped closer to Chen Ping, clearly intent on killing him.

Just then, a commanding voice rang out from outside the Information Building: "Stop!"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw a group of cultivators dressed in Sword Sect attire hurried in, led by none other than Mo Chen.

Ling Xue followed him, and upon seeing Chen Ping lying on the ground, her face paled.

Mo Chen glanced around, taking in the injured fat woman, Chen Ping lying on the ground, his life or death uncertain, and the surrounding chaos. His eyes instantly turned cold.

"Master Fat Woman, you're so arrogant!"

Mo Chen's voice was calm, yet it carried an undeniable sense of pressure. "How could a disciple of the Sword Sect be treated this way in your Information Building?"

The fat woman's face changed slightly upon seeing Mo Chen.

She had naturally heard of Mo Chen's reputation; he was one of the Sword Sect's top masters, possessing unfathomable strength. Although both were at the Earth Immortal Realm, she wasn't entirely confident she could defeat him.

However, at this moment, she had the upper hand and naturally wouldn't show weakness.

"Fellow Daoist Mo Chen, your disciple committed murder in my Information Building. Is there anything wrong with me teaching him a lesson?" the fat woman asked coldly.

"Murder?"

Mo Chen snorted. "I believe there must be a reason. Although my disciple is young, he's not one to slaughter innocent people. I think it's best to let this matter go. The Sword Sect is willing to compensate you for the losses incurred by your Information Building. Ten thousand immortal stones, how about that?"

He didn't want to make a big deal out of it. After all, this was the Information Building, not Sword Sect territory.

Upon hearing this, the fat woman's lips curled up in sarcasm. "Fellow Daoist Mo Chen, are you treating a beggar like this? What my Information Building has lost isn't just a maid, but also our reputation! Ten thousand immortal stones? Not enough!"

"Then how much does the building owner want?" Mo Chen asked patiently.

"One million immortal stones!" The fat woman demanded loudly. "Also, if this kid kowtows and admits his fault, I'll consider sparing his life!"

“You’re going too far!” Ling Xue couldn’t help but shout.

Even after Chen Ping had been beaten so badly, the fat woman still made such an outrageous demand.

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Mo Chen’s face darkened. “Is the OP determined to make an enemy of my Sword Sect?”

“So what?”

The Fat Woman was fearless. “Fellow Daoist Mo Chen, don’t think that just because your Sword Sect is famous, my Information Building is afraid of you.

Today, either do as I say, or don’t blame me for being rude!”

“Okay, very good!” Mo Chen nodded, a fierce look flashing in his eyes. “Since the OP won’t give me this favor, then I’ll have to ask for your advice!”

Before he finished his words, Mo Chen moved. His figure flashed, and an aura even more powerful than the Fat Woman’s emanated. Unknowingly, an ancient longsword appeared in his hand. With a flash of light, the sword thrust forward with a fierce momentum.

“Well done!” Seeing this, the Fat Woman stopped talking and waved her giant palm to meet him.

“Dang!”

The sword and palm clashed, emitting an even harsher clash. The violent blast of air spread again, this time sending many weaker cultivators flying. Cracks appeared on the walls of the Information Building.

The two masters instantly engaged in a fierce battle!

Mo Chen’s swordsmanship was exquisite, sometimes nimble and graceful, like an antelope hanging its horns, leaving no trace.

Sometimes fierce and domineering, like thunderbolt, unstoppable. Each strike imbued with profound insights into the Dao of the Sword, sending the blood boiling in the surrounding Sword Sect disciples.

The Fatty's attack was vigorous and powerful, leveraging her Earthly Immortal cultivation and formidable physique to counter Mo Chen's sword moves.

Each of her attacks carried a tremendous force that shook the very air.

The two engaged in a fierce, agonizing exchange, darkening the sky and fading the sun and moon.

Sword flashes and palm strikes intertwined, a relentless roar echoed. Tables, chairs, and benches within the information building were shattered, walls collapsed, and the entire building was on the verge of collapse.

The surrounding cultivators had already retreated outside, observing this clash of top masters from afar, their faces filled with shock.

"Oh my god! Is this a duel between top-tier Earthly Immortal Realm masters? Terrifying!"

"Senior Mo Chen truly lives up to his reputation; his swordsmanship is truly formidable!"

"That Fatty is no ordinary woman either. Her physical strength is insane; she took Senior Mo Chen's sword strikes head-on and was unharmed!"

The battle raged for a long time. Just as the rumors had spread, the two engaged in a full three hundred rounds!

After three hundred rounds, both were breathless and wounded.

Mo Chen's clothes were ripped in several places by the Fatty's palm strikes, and a trace of blood clung to the corner of his mouth.

The Fatty wasn't much better off. The sword had lacerated her body with several deep wounds, deep enough to reveal the bone. She was bleeding profusely, and her breathing was a bit erratic.

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Clearly, both had consumed a great deal of energy in this battle.

"Mo Chen, your strength is only so-so!"

The fat woman panted, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Today, let me witness the true power of your sword sect!"

With that, her aura surged again, clearly preparing to unleash her most powerful technique.

Mo Chen's face was grim; he knew he was nearing his limit.

The fat woman's body was far too formidable. While his swordsmanship was exquisite, it was nearly impossible to completely defeat her.

"Take my last move! Blood Demon Dance!" The fat woman roared, and the blood flowing from her wounds suddenly began to boil, swirling around her body in streams of blood-red air.

Her figure seemed to swell, becoming even more terrifying.

"Not good!" Mo Chen was horrified. He could sense the terrifying power contained within this attack, and dared not be careless. He concentrated all his spiritual energy on his long sword and whispered, "Secret Sword Sect Technique, All Swords Return to the Sect!"

Instantly, countless sharp sword energies burst from his body, converging in the air into a massive sword shadow. With devastating force, it slashed towards the fat woman.

The blood-red air and the giant sword shadow collided with a loud bang!

“Boom!”

A resounding, earth-shattering roar echoed, and the entire Sword Saint City seemed to shake.

A violent energy storm spread, razing the information building to the ground. The surrounding buildings were also affected, causing many to collapse.

A thick cloud of dust filled the air, obscuring everyone’s vision.

The surrounding cultivators held their breath, staring intently at the center of the cloud, eager to learn the outcome of this terrifying duel.

After a long moment, the smoke gradually dissipated.

In the arena, the figures of Mo Chen and Fatty appeared before everyone’s eyes once again.

Mo Chen leaned on his longsword, his face as pale as paper, blood gushing from the corner of his mouth. His breath was extremely weak, clearly severely wounded and unable to fight.

Fatty wasn’t much better off. The blood-colored aura had vanished, and her figure had returned to its original shape. She was covered in blood, a disheveled mess, and her breathing was extremely erratic, but she remained standing, clearly the victor of this duel.

“Mo Chen, you lose!” Fatty’s voice was hoarse, yet tinged with pride.

Mo Chen looked at her, his eyes filled with resentment, yet he felt helpless. He had indeed lost, completely.

The surrounding Sword Sect disciples hurried forward to support Mo Chen, their faces filled with grief and indignation, but they dared not act rashly.

They all knew that even their master was no match for them, and that they would only die in vain if they went forward.

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The fat woman's gaze swept across the Sword Sect, finally landing on the fallen Chen Ping. A hint of murderous intent flashed in her eyes: "Now, it's time to take care of the rest!"

She advanced towards Chen Ping, clearly not intending to let him go.

Ling Xue stood in front of Chen Ping, trembling with fear, but she mustered the courage to speak: "You... you can't touch him!"

The fat woman sneered: "A little girl, you dare to stop me? Get out of here!"

With that, she waved her hand, and a powerful blast of air sent Ling Xue flying.

Just as the fat woman's palm was about to land on Chen Ping, a weak but firm voice rang out: "I... I'm not dead yet..."

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw Chen Ping slowly rising from the ground. He was covered in wounds, seemingly with several broken bones. Every movement made him grimace in pain, but his eyes remained bright, his indomitable will, like a beacon in the darkness, never extinguished.

He looked at the fat woman, a smile even tugging at the corner of his mouth, though it was uglier than tears. "Trying to... kill me... isn't that easy..."

The fat woman looked at him, a flicker of surprise in her eyes, quickly replaced by anger: "You fool! Die!"

She swung her palm again, striking Chen Ping.

This time, no one could stop her. Everyone closed their eyes, unable to bear the sight of Chen Ping's tragic death.

The fat woman's palm, imbued with immense spiritual power, whistled with the sound of wind as it descended upon Chen Ping's head. If it landed, Chen Ping would be dead even if he had nine lives.

The surrounding Sword Sect disciples cried out in despair, and Ling Xue sobbed uncontrollably, turning away, afraid to watch. Mo Chen, overcome with rage, tried to move forward to stop her, but his strength was too great, and he could only watch the tragedy unfold.

At this critical moment, a burly figure suddenly appeared out of nowhere, dashing in front of Chen Ping and blocking the fat woman's palm with his broad back.

"Stop!"

A deep, powerful shout rang out, carrying undeniable resolve.

The fat woman's palm abruptly stopped less than an inch from the figure. She stared at the familiar figure, her eyes, once filled with murderous intent, instantly turning to astonishment, then to incredulous surprise.

Everyone was stunned, their gazes fixed on this sudden, uninvited guest.

The visitor was none other than Nan Batian, who had been guarding the city!

How could he be here?

Chen Ping's mind was filled with questions. When he and Hu Mazi left the city, they hadn't found Nan Batian.

Nan Batian turned and stood before Chen Ping. He looked at the fat woman calmly and said firmly, "If you want to kill him, kill me first."

"Batian..."

The fat woman looked at Nan Batian's sharp face. Her ferocious expression instantly vanished, replaced by a complex blend of shyness, joy, and grievance.

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Her voice also became softer, a stark difference from before. "You... why are you here?"

This sudden change left everyone stunned, their jaws dropping.

Is this still the same ferocious fat woman who dared to attack even the city lord's son?

The tone and the look in her eyes were like a young girl meeting her beloved!

Nan Batian's brow furrowed, clearly troubled by the fat woman's appearance. He said in a deep voice, "I'll take my friend away."

"Friend?"

The fat woman's gaze fell on Chen Ping, standing behind Nan Batian, then returned to Nan Batian's face, her joy growing even brighter.

She took a step forward, unexpectedly extending her plump arms, attempting to wrap her arms around Nan Batian's neck. "Batian, you're finally willing to see me! I thought you'd never want to see me again!"

Nan Batian's body stiffened, and he instinctively tried to move away. But seeing the expectant yet fragile look in the fat woman's eyes, he remained motionless, his expression only growing even uglier.

"Kiss!"

Taking advantage of Nan Batian's moment of hesitation, the fat woman stood on tiptoe and kissed him hard on the cheek, leaving a greasy lip mark.

"Ouch!"

The surrounding cultivators gasped. The scene was truly shocking.

Nan Batian's face flushed crimson, humiliated and furious, yet he couldn't vent his anger. He could only mutter, "Fatty, respect yourself!"

"I don't respect myself, and this is what I'm going to do!"

Fatty, like a sassy little girl, didn't hold back; instead, she became even more excited. She stared at Nan Batian intently, "Batian, I've loved you for so long, why won't you accept me?"

"Do you know how hard it's been for me all those years you've been avoiding me?"

That's it!

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi suddenly understood.

No wonder Nan Batian refused to enter the city. It was because there was this Fatty landlord, who was so devoted to him that he couldn't get away from her!

What a coincidence! So dramatic!

Nan Batian's face paled and sank. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his tone. "Fatty, let's talk about this later."

Chen Ping is my savior. You must give me a favor and let him go today.”

“Savior?”

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Fatty was stunned for a moment, then looked at Chen Ping with curiosity. “He’s your savior?”

Nan Batian nodded, his tone serious. “Indeed, if it weren’t for him, I’d still be trapped inside the Stairway to Heaven. You’ll have to step over my corpse to touch him.”

Fatty saw Nan Batian’s determined gaze and knew he wasn’t joking.

Her eyes rolled, and her expression changed again. The murderous intent she had previously harbored towards Chen Ping vanished without a trace, replaced by a hint of warmth and... flattery?

She first glared at the remaining stunned guards in the Information Building. “What are you still standing there for? Go find this young man the best healing elixir!”

The guards were confused by the fat woman’s sudden change, but they didn’t dare disobey and hurried off to find the elixir.

Then, the fat woman quickly walked up to Chen Ping and forced a smile. Although it looked a little ferocious due to her appearance, it was truly well-intentioned. “Oh, young man, I’m so sorry. It was all my recklessness just now. I didn’t realize you were Batian’s savior. I’m sorry for the offense, but please don’t take it to heart!”

This attitude was a complete 180-degree turn, leaving the nearby Sword Sect disciples and the onlookers dumbfounded.

Chen Ping was also stunned. The plot had developed so quickly that he was a little slow to react.

Nan Batian also breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that things were turning around.

“How are you? Are you seriously injured?”

The fat woman looked at Chen Ping’s scarred body and asked with concern, her tone as if she were caring for her own brother.

Without waiting for Chen Ping’s reply, the guard who had gone to retrieve the elixir hurried back, holding an exquisite jade bottle.

The fat woman snatched the bottle, carefully opened it, and poured out a perfectly round elixir emitting a rich spiritual energy. She held it out to Chen Ping, “Little brother, this is a Qi-boosting elixir, a treasured healing elixir from my collection. Take it quickly, and you’ll recover quickly.”

Many people present had heard of the fame of this Qi-boosting elixir. It was a priceless treasure, and yet the fat woman had taken it out so easily!

Chen Ping examined the elixir, then looked at Nan Batian.

Nan Batian nodded: “Take it. She won’t harm you.”

Chen Ping then accepted the elixir, thanked him, and swallowed it.

The pill melted in his mouth, and a gentle yet powerful spiritual energy instantly flowed through his limbs. The previous severe pain and fatigue were instantly alleviated, and his injuries were healing at a visible speed.

“How is it? Are you feeling better?” the fat woman asked expectantly, her expression afraid that Chen Ping would be dissatisfied.

Chen Ping nodded: “Thank you, host.”

“Hey, what’s the host? You’re being so formal!”

The fat woman waved her hand and said proudly, "Since you are Batian's savior, you are also my friend! From now on, anyone who dares to bully you in Sword Saint City, tell me my name!"

She paused, then looked at Nan Batian again, her eyes filled with tenderness. "Batian, you see, we've become acquaintances now. This little brother is a good man with a strong character. I like him! From now on, we're family!"

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Nan Batian's expression was a little uneasy, but he didn't object.

Mo Chen, Ling Xue, and the others watched this dramatic scene, both amused and embarrassed.

What had seemed a certain death had unexpectedly taken a turn for the worse, thanks to Nan Batian's appearance and his special relationship with Fatty, to the point where they had become "family"?

Fatty warmly greeted Mo Chen and offered him healing elixirs, her attitude much more respectful. After all, Mo Chen's strength was evident, and he was now a "family friend."

She also had the scene cleaned up and generously distributed a large sum of immortal stones to the affected merchants.

The onlookers, seeing there was nothing more to see, dispersed, but what happened today was destined to be a topic of conversation in Sword Saint City for a long time.

A thrilling conflict had finally concluded in such an absurd yet satisfying way.

Chen Ping looked at Fatty, who was busy and concerned about Nan Batian, even occasionally showing a little girl's affection, and then at Nan Batian's helpless expression, wanting to hide but unable to, and doubts surged in his heart. While the fat woman was directing her men to clean up the battlefield and prepare a sumptuous banquet for them, Chen Ping quietly tugged at Nan Batian's sleeve and nodded to a secluded corner.

Nan Batian understood, a subtle flicker of embarrassment crossing his face, but he ultimately followed Chen Ping.

“Nan Batian,” Chen Ping lowered his voice, his eyes filled with curiosity, “What’s going on between you and that fat woman who runs the building...? The way she looks at you is unusual.”

Nan Batian stiffened slightly at the words, as if pricked by a needle. He turned his head and gazed at the bustling, plump figure in the distance. His eyes were filled with a complex mix of guilt, helplessness, and a hint of unspeakable pain.

After a long silence, he slowly sighed and spoke in a low, hoarse voice, “It’s a long story... She and I were childhood sweethearts.”

“Childhood sweethearts?”

Chen Ping’s eyes widened. These four words were so far removed from the image of a fat woman that it was difficult for him to digest.

Nan Batian nodded, lost in memory. “We grew up together in a small village. Back then, she wasn’t Fatty yet; she had a pleasant name, Ah Cui.

Ah Cui, while not stunningly beautiful, was charming and lively. We were inseparable, and everyone in the village said we were made for each other.”

He paused, a hint of tenderness flashing in his eyes, as if he saw again the little girl with pigtails chasing after him, calling out “Brother Batian.”

“Later, we went to the city together to seek apprenticeship. Perhaps I was indeed more talented, my training progressed rapidly, and I soon made a name for myself. Ah Cui, on the other hand, was merely mediocre, and her progress was slow.”

“As my strength grew, my fame gradually spread, and everyone around me praised my promising future.

I could sense that in Ah Cui’s eyes, besides the old admiration, something else gradually emerged: inferiority and uneasiness.

She always said she was afraid she wasn't worthy of me. I dismissed it as just her imagination and kept reassuring her, saying I'd never thought of it that way.

At this point, Nan Batian's tone grew heavy. "But I never imagined she would do such a foolish thing just to catch up with me..."

"She secretly discovered an ancient, sinister martial art. It's incredibly effective, dramatically increasing strength in a short period of time.

But it has a serious side effect. The practitioner's body swells due to the distortion of their spiritual energy, becoming bloated and unable to recover."

"By the time I discovered it, it was too late. Her strength had indeed improved dramatically, even surpassing mine at one point, but her body had also begun to change.

Shocked and enraged, I questioned her why she did this. She just cried and said she didn't want to be left behind. She wanted to stay with me forever, and didn't want others to say she wasn't worthy of me."

"Looking at her expression, both excited and pained, my heart felt like it was being cut by a knife."

I know I'm also responsible for her condition. My rapid growth put too much pressure on her.

But I couldn't accept her increasing her strength in this way, and I couldn't face the enormous price and pain hidden behind her increasingly bloated body.

I couldn't bear it for a moment, and I didn't know what to do, so I... I chose to escape.

"I left her without saying goodbye, wandering around, deliberately avoiding her.

I thought perhaps time would heal everything, perhaps she would understand my painstaking efforts. But I didn't expect this hiding would last for so many years."

"For all these years, she never gave up searching for me. She changed her name to Fatty, established an information building, and grew her influence, all in an effort to find me through various channels.

And I, like a coward, kept running and hiding. I was afraid to see her, afraid to see her in her current state, afraid to face our problems, and afraid to face my own guilt. "

"Before I came to Sword Saint City, I knew she was here. That's why I stayed outside the city, not daring to set foot inside, fearing she'd discover me. I didn't expect... I couldn't escape after all."

Nan Batian's voice was filled with exhaustion and self-blame.

Chen Ping listened quietly, a mixture of emotions welling up in his heart.

He hadn't expected that behind the Fatty's fierce exterior and domineering demeanor lay such a harrowing past.

He looked at the obese figure not far away, commanding his servants and occasionally glancing in their direction. He suddenly felt that within that bloated frame lay a fragile yet devoted heart.

"Nan Batian," Chen Ping pondered for a moment before speaking. "I think the Fatty's feelings for you... Miss Ah Cui, are truly profound. While her methods may be extreme, they're driven by her deep concern for you."

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Nan Batian smiled bitterly. "I know... But so many years have passed, and she's become what she is now. Can we ever go back to the way things were?"

Chen Ping looked at him seriously and said, "The past may be irreversible, but the future isn't impossible. Avoiding the problem won't solve it. Besides, the health of the Fat Lady isn't necessarily beyond repair."

Nan Batian suddenly raised his head, a glint of hope in his eyes. "What did you say? Mr. Chen, do you have a solution?"

Chen Ping scratched his head. "I can't guarantee it, but I might try.

I once read a similar account in an ancient book. Some physical deformations caused by evil techniques aren't completely irreversible.

The key is to find the root cause of the evil technique, analyze the principles of its energy flow, and then use appropriate medicines and techniques to neutralize its side effects."

He paused, then said, "Can I have a proper conversation with the Fat Lady? I'd like to learn more about the specifics of that evil technique."

Nan Batian hesitated, then nodded. "Okay..." "Thank you, Mr. Chen."

He knew this might be Ah Cui's only chance, and also his chance to make amends.

Soon, Fatty Po had arranged everything and came over excitedly, dragging Nan Batian to the banquet.

"Batian, come on, I've had some good food and wine prepared. Let's have a good chat! It's been so long since we last met, and I have so much to say!"

Nan Batian glanced at Chen Ping, who winked at him.

Nan Batian took a deep breath and said to Fatty Po, "Ah Cui... I have something to tell you, and Mr. Chen, he says he might have a way... to help you."

At the sound of the long-lost name "Ah Cui," Fatty Po's body trembled, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She stared blankly at Nan Batian, then at Chen Ping, her voice trembling slightly. "Help me? Help me with what?"

Chen Ping stepped forward and said sincerely, "Master Fatty, I'd like to see if I can find a way to remove the side effects of your evil power and restore your body to its original state."

The Fatty was stunned, then burst into laughter as if she had heard a ridiculous joke, though her laughter was filled with bitterness and self-mockery.

"Restore to your original state? Little brother, don't tease me. For so many years, I've consulted countless renowned doctors and tried countless treatments, but nothing worked. The side effects of this evil power are irreversible, and I've long since resigned myself to my fate," the Fatty said.

"I know it's difficult," Chen Ping said firmly, "but how can we know if we don't try? Master Fatty, don't you want to return to your original self? Don't you want to start over with Nan Batian as you were before?"

These words were like a key, unlocking the long-buried desire in the Fatty's heart.

Her laughter abruptly died, and she stared at Nan Batian, her eyes filled with longing and disbelief.

Yes, how could she not? Countless times over the years, she had dreamed of herself transformed back into the delicate A Cui, snuggling up to Brother Batian.

But every time she woke up and saw her bloated body, she was filled with endless despair.

"Really... is there hope?"

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The fat woman's voice was as low as a mosquito's hum, yet it carried a faint glimmer of hope.

“I’m 70% sure,” Chen Ping said, a conservative estimate based on ancient records and his own judgment. “But I need you to tell me the details of that evil skill, including the formula, the route of practice, and the feelings and changes in your body during practice.”

The Fat Woman hesitated for a long time. Then, after glancing at Nan Batian’s encouraging eyes and recalling the pain and self-esteem she had endured for so many years, she finally gritted her teeth and said, “Okay! I’ll tell you! As long as there’s a glimmer of hope, I’m willing to try! Even... even if I fail in the end, I’ll accept it!”

Over the next few days, Chen Ping nursed his injuries while having in-depth discussions with the Fat Woman.

The Fat Woman explained the evil skill to Chen Ping in detail, down to every detail.

Chen Ping discovered that this evil skill was indeed extremely powerful. It forcibly devoured external immortal energy, even the body’s own life force, transforming it into violent power, thereby rapidly increasing strength.

The body’s expansion was precisely because it could not withstand the erosion of this violent force, causing the cells and meridians to distort.

Combining his own knowledge with inspiration from ancient texts, Chen Ping began diligently researching a solution.

He discovered that the key to this evil technique lay in “devouring” and “madness.” If he could find a gentle force to neutralize the violent energy and then redirect it, perhaps he could gradually repair the damaged body.

He compiled a long list of extremely rare and precious herbs, some even on the verge of extinction.

Without hesitation, Fatty immediately mobilized all her connections and resources, searching for it at all costs.

Nan Batian remained by Fatty's side, and the rift between them gradually melted in their shared anticipation.

After several days, all the herbs were finally gathered.

In a secret room in the Information Building, Chen Ping set up a vast and complex formation for Fatty.

"Master Fatty," Chen Ping said solemnly, "the process ahead may be painful, as we'll need to channel spiritual energy backward to flush your meridians and neutralize the power of the evil technique.

Furthermore, once you begin, you can't interrupt, or the consequences will be disastrous. Most importantly, after you succeed, the strength you've gained through years of practicing the evil technique will drop significantly, possibly returning to your pre-practicing level, or even lower. Are you sure you want to continue?"

Fat Lady glanced at Nan Batian, who stood nearby, his eyes filled with both concern and encouragement. A resolute smile appeared on her face. "I'm sure! I can practice again if my strength is lost, but regaining my former self, becoming worthy of him, is all that matters!"

Nan Batian stepped forward and grasped her hand tightly. "A Cui, no matter what you become, I will never leave you again."

Fat Lady's tears flowed again, this time tears of happiness.

She took a deep breath and sat cross-legged in the center of the spirit gathering formation. "Mr. Chen, begin!"

Chen Ping nodded and activated the formation. Instantly, a rich celestial energy converged from all directions and poured into the formation.

Chen Ping formed seals with his hands, guiding the celestial energy along the path he had deduced, slowly injecting it into the fat woman's body.

The fat woman immediately let out a painful groan.

The gentle spiritual energy entered her body, instantly colliding violently with the violent force generated by the evil power.