

The Order 8951

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Without the command of the Soul Devourer and stopped by Chen Ping and the two Wushuang Elders, the demonic spirit army was momentarily disorganized and unable to organize a pursuit.

Xue Wuying watched the fleeing cultivators with a flicker of regret in his eyes. The cloth bag in his hand had swelled considerably, filled with souls, but it still fell short of the resources he needed for a breakthrough.

“Forget it, there will be plenty of opportunities to collect them later.”

Xue Wuying put away the bag, turned, and followed the demon soul army in the direction Soul Devourer was pursuing.

After battling the two Wushuang elders for dozens of rounds, Chen Ping gradually felt his spiritual power drain.

His arms began to ache, his forehead was covered with sweat, and the golden light on the Dragon Slaying Sword dimmed slightly.

He looked up and saw that the cultivators had fled far away, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Time to go!”

Chen Ping fainted, and the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed towards the face of the old man on his left. The old man quickly drew his sword back to block. Chen Ping took the opportunity to turn and run in the opposite direction of the cultivators, quickly disappearing into the mountains and forest.

The two Wushuang elders tried to pursue, but were blocked by the golden sword lights left by Chen Ping.

By the time the sword lights faded, Chen Ping had long since vanished.

“Forget it, let’s go after the Lord first!” the old man on the right said. The two exchanged glances and rushed in the direction Soul Devourer had been pursuing.

Soul Devourer, now riding a lion, his hooves cracking the rocks. His eyes fixed fiercely on the stumbling Wu Hao ahead, his roar echoing through the valley: “Wu Hao! Leave the sacrificial manual behind! I’ll spare your life!”

The wound on Wu Hao’s shoulder was still bleeding. Every time he ran, it strained his ruptured meridians, the excruciating pain blinding him.

But he clutched the golden treasure box in his arms. It was the Sixth Heaven’s last hope, and he must not let it fall into the demon’s hands.

He summoned the last ounce of his spiritual energy, increasing his speed even further, but the demonic energy behind him remained a constant shadow, its chilling murderous intent threatening to freeze his very soul.

“If you refuse a toast, you’ll be punished!”

Seeing Wu Hao refusing to surrender, the Soul Devourer’s eyes blazed with murderous intent. He swung his right hand, and a jet of inky demonic energy condensed into sharp claws. With a sharp sound that ripped through the air, it struck Wu Hao’s back.

Wu Hao felt a chill on the back of his neck and tried to dodge, but it was too late.

At this critical moment, a golden sword flash suddenly slashed from the side, with a crisp clang, shattering the demonic claws.

Chen Ping, holding the Dragon Slaying Sword, landed beside Wu Hao like lightning, his face grim. “Lord, I’ll cover your retreat. You leave!”

“Chen Ping! Why are you back?”

Wu Hao was startled and delighted, then overwhelmed by despair. “No way! There are too many demon souls. We can’t escape!”

At this moment, the two Wushuang Elders, along with dozens of elite demon souls, had already surrounded them. Black demonic energy surged around them, forming an impenetrable encirclement. The Soul Devourer, riding a lion, gazed down upon the two men, a cruel smile curling his lips. “Since you’re here, don’t even think of leaving! Today, I will bury you two with the Sacrificial Treasure Book!”

Before he finished his words, the two Wushuang Elders simultaneously swung their swords. Two sharp sword energies intertwined into a web, enveloping Chen Ping and Wu Hao.

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Chen Ping shielded Wu Hao behind him, his Dragon Slaying Sword dancing in a ball of golden light, forcefully blocking the sword energy. However, the immense force from the sword still forced him back two steps, his knuckles aching.

The Demon Soul Elite seized the opportunity to pounce, their bone blades flashing with cold light, piercing the two men’s vital points.

While fending off the Demon Soul’s attacks, Chen Ping monitored Wu Hao’s injuries.

Seeing Wu Hao’s face pale and his breath fading, he grew anxious—if he continued to waste time like this, not only would he be trapped here, but he himself would be trapped as well.

He took a deep breath, and golden spiritual energy surged around him. A faint gray light emanated from his palms, and the power of the origin of time quietly circulated.

Under the influence of time, the demon souls’ movements suddenly slowed, and the sword energy of the two unparalleled elders lost its previous swiftness.

Chen Ping seized this opportunity, scooped Wu Hao up on his back, and turned to rush deep into the forest.

“Soul Devourer! Chase them if you dare!”

Seeing this, the Soul Devourer flew into a rage, shouting, “Chase them! Even if it means turning the entire Sixth Heaven upside down, we will capture them!”

With that, he took the lead, the thunder of the lion’s hooves shaking the forest. The demon soul army followed closely behind, a black torrent spreading through the woods.

Chen Ping, carrying Wu Hao on his back, fled desperately through the forest.

But Wu Hao’s injuries were too severe. Blood oozed from his wounds, soaking Chen Ping’s clothes and gradually slowing him down.

The demonic army behind them drew closer, its chilling demonic energy threatening to engulf them.

“Chen Ping, this isn’t a solution...”

Wu Hao lay on Chen Ping’s back, his voice almost inaudible. “There are too many demonic souls. We can’t escape...”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, a vein bulging on his forehead. “Don’t lose heart. We can escape!”

“It’s no use...”

Wu Hao shook his head slightly, a flicker of determination in his eyes. “Chen Ping, listen to me. The sacrificial manual must not fall into the hands of demonic cultivators, but we are now...” There’s no choice anymore.”

He struggled to pull the golden treasure box from his arms and held it in front of Chen Ping. “When I yell ‘Run,’ you rush toward the eastern valley. I’ll throw the treasure book out to draw their attention.”

“No!”

Chen Ping immediately refused. “If that Soul Devourer obtains the Priest’s Treasure Book, the Sixth Heaven will be doomed.”

“There’s no time!”

Wu Hao interrupted him, his voice filled with unquestionable determination. “Only this way can we survive! Only by surviving can we reclaim the treasure book and save the Sixth Heaven!”

At this moment, the Soul Devourer had already caught up, his black demonic energy condensing into a giant hand, grabbing at the two again.

A fierce glint flashed in Wu Hao’s eyes, and he suddenly shouted, “Chen Ping, run!”

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Before he finished speaking, he suddenly threw the golden treasure box in the opposite direction.

The treasure box drew a golden arc through the air and landed in an open space not far away with a soft “crack.”

“Sacrificial Manual!”

When Soul Devourer saw the treasure box, his eyes instantly gleamed with greed. He no longer cared about chasing Chen Ping and Wu Hao. He immediately jumped off the lion and sprinted towards the treasure box.

The two Wushuang Elders and the army of demon souls were also attracted by the treasure box and surrounded it, instantly creating a gap in the encirclement.

“Now!”

Chen Ping's heart tightened. Taking advantage of the moment when the demon souls were distracted, he carried Wu Hao on his back and rushed towards the eastern valley with all his might.

The wind whistled in his ears, and behind him came the Soul Devourer's loud laughter as he opened the treasure box. The laughter was piercing and arrogant, making Chen Ping clench his fists even tighter.

The two of them fled until they could no longer hear the pursuers behind them, and then they dared to stop.

Chen Ping placed Wu Hao under a large tree and slumped to the ground, breathing heavily.

At this moment, the Soul Devourer sat atop a lion, his hands clutching the sacrificial tome in his arms. The light from the golden box seeped through his fingers, but it was tightly engulfed by the demonic energy surging around him, threatening to smother even the sacred light in darkness.

He had no time to care for Chen Ping and Wu Hao. Now that he had the sacrificial tome in his possession, he must quickly release the demonic spirits suppressed in the Divine Capital.

The army of demonic spirits behind the Soul Devourer followed like a black torrent. Wherever they passed, the remaining divine runes on the streets of the Divine Capital dimmed and shattered. The once majestic palace walls were covered with dark purple demonic patterns, and the stench of blood and decay grew stronger in the air.

"Lord, the entrance to the Nine Nether Abyss lies ahead!"

The elder on the left of the two unparalleled elders stepped forward quickly, pointing to a deep ravine blocked by a huge rock, his voice filled with uncontrollable enthusiasm.

The boulder was engraved with demon-suppressing runes left by the ancestors of the Divine Nation. Though its golden glow had faded, it still stubbornly resisted the demonic aura.

Soul Devourer reined in the lion, his hollow eyes scanning the boulder as a sinister smirk played on his lips. "Back then, the Divine Nation's ancestors went to such great lengths to seal it with the boulder, and

now they're trying to cover it up with runes. How ridiculous! Today, I will bring the hundred thousand demon souls from the Nine Nether Abyss back to the light of day!"

He leaped off the lion, holding the sacrificial code and approaching the boulder.

His fingertips traced the ancient patterns on the box, and Soul Devourer muttered something. Black demonic energy coiled around the box like a living thing, colliding violently with the golden light emanating from it.

With a sizzling sound, the pages of the codex automatically flipped open, and lines of ancient golden characters flew out, condensing in the air into a massive rune, emanating a terrifying divine pressure.

"Break!"

The Soul Devourer roared, pressing the sacrificial tome against the boulder with his right hand.

The golden runes instantly collided with the demon-suppressing runes on the boulder. As the two forces intertwined, the entire Divine Capital trembled violently, deep chasms appeared on the ground, and debris rained down like raindrops.

The demon-suppressing runes on the boulder began to twist and shatter, their golden light gradually swallowed by the black demonic energy.

A moment later, with a resounding "boom," the boulder collapsed, revealing the bottomless Nine Nether Abyss below.

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A bone-chilling chill erupted from the depths of the abyss, accompanied by waves of chilling roars. It was the stirring of the demonic spirits suppressed for ten thousand years.

Soul Devourer looked down at the abyss, only to see a vast golden shield hovering in the center of the Nine Nether Abyss. Ancient runes covered the shield, and countless black shadows clashed frantically within it. Each collision caused the shield to vibrate violently, dimming its golden light.

“This is the seal!”

The peerless elder on his right shouted excitedly, “The ancestors of the Divine Kingdom expended great painstaking effort to create this seal. If we break it, all 100,000 demon souls will be released!”

Soul Devourer sneered and raised the sacrificial code once again.

This time, he no longer suppressed the code’s power. Golden light erupted like a blazing sun, illuminating the entire Nine Nether Abyss.

Ancient characters from the code flew out, shooting towards the golden shield like golden swords.

With each ancient character that landed on the shield, the ancient runes on it dimmed a little, and cracks spread.

“In the name of the Soul Devourer, with the power of the Sacrificial Codex, I will break the seal and release the demon souls!”

The Soul Devourer’s voice echoed through the Nine Nether Abyss, carrying an irresistible majesty.

As the last ancient character landed on the light shield, a crisp “crack” sounded, and the golden light shield instantly became covered with cracks, then shattered with a bang.

An even more intense wave of cold and demonic energy erupted from the depths of the abyss. Countless black demon souls surged from the depths like a tide, roaring and charging into the sky.

“Ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand...” The elder on the left of the two unparalleled elders counted the demon souls, his voice growing increasingly excited. “Lord! Fifty thousand demon souls already! And more are coming!”

The first demon soul to burst forth was enormous, its body covered in bone spurs. Its eyes were like blood-red lanterns, and its fangs bared, emitting a suffocating murderous intent.

After landing, they knelt on one knee before the Soul Devourer, their voices hoarse and respectful:
“Greetings, Lord!”

The Soul Devourer nodded with satisfaction, his eyes brimming with pride: “Rise! From now on, you are my subordinates. Follow me to conquer the Sixth Heaven and bring all cultivators to my feet!”

“Yes, sir!” The demon souls shouted in unison, their voices shaking the Nine Nether Abyss.

Soon after, more demon souls surged from the abyss.

Some wielded bone staffs, capable of unleashing strange curses; others were agile and moved like ghosts; still others, petite in size, could silently infiltrate cultivators and devour their souls.

The black demon souls poured out continuously, soon filling the entire sky above the Nine Nether Abyss, then spreading throughout the Divine Capital.

When the one hundred thousandth demon soul flew out from the abyss, the entire Divine Capital was completely shrouded in black.

This demon soul is different from other demon souls. It exudes golden demonic energy all over its body, its eyes are deep black, its body shape is similar to that of a human, but it has a pair of huge black wings.

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It flew before the Soul Devourer and knelt on one knee. “I, Mo Yuan, greet you, Your Majesty! The ancestors of the Divine Nation suppressed me here. This hatred is irreconcilable! I will aid you and completely destroy the Divine Nation!”

The Soul Devourer looked at Mo Yuan, a flicker of surprise in his eyes before turning enthusiastic. “Mo Yuan! Back then, I served as the most powerful demon soul commander! I never thought you were still alive! With you here, I am even more powerful!”

He turned and shouted to all the demon souls, "All demon souls, listen to my command! Disperse throughout the Sixth Heaven immediately and capture all surviving cultivators! Anyone who resists will be killed without mercy! Anyone who surrenders will be spared, but must become my slaves!"

"As you command!"

Hundreds of thousands of demon souls and demon cultivators shouted in unison, their voices resonating through the heavens.

Then, like a black tide, the demon souls surged from the Nine Nether Abyss and spread out towards the Divine Capital.

Some demon souls flew toward the eastern mountains and forests, some toward the western grasslands, and still others toward the southern ocean. The entire Sixth Heaven was instantly enveloped in a black shadow.

Soul Devourer stood at the edge of the Nine Nether Abyss, watching the retreating demon soul army, a cruel smile curling his lips.

He glanced down at the sacrificial codex in his hand, his eyes filled with greed. "The power of the sacrificial codex is far more than simply releasing demon souls... Once I have complete control of the Sixth Heaven, I will slowly delve into its secrets. By then, I will be able to defeat even the mightiest from higher dimensions!"

The two Wushuang Elders stood behind Soul Devourer, observing the scene before them, their faces filled with flattering smiles. "Your Excellency is wise! With these two hundred thousand demon souls and tens of thousands of demon cultivators, the Sixth Heaven will soon be within Your control! Then, Your Excellency will be the sole ruler of the Sixth Heaven!"

Soul Devourer remained silent, simply gazing up at the sky.

At this moment, the sky had been dyed inky black by black demonic energy. Sunlight could no longer penetrate the clouds, and the entire Sixth Heaven was plunged into unprecedented darkness.

The source of this darkness was none other than the Nine Nether Abyss, and it was none other than the Soul Devourer, who held the Sacrificial Treasure Book.

In the distance, the cultivators hiding in the ruins of the Divine Capital saw the sky filled with demonic spirits, their eyes filled with fear and despair.

They knew that an even more brutal disaster had befallen the Sixth Heaven.

Chen Ping and Wu Hao gazed at the utter darkness of the Sixth Heaven, their expressions grave.

“It’s over... The Sixth Heaven... It’s over...”

Wu Hao, staring at the black demonic energy of the Sixth Heaven, his eyes filled with despair. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and collapsed limply.

“Lord!”

Chen Ping hurriedly supported him and checked his breathing, finding it almost imperceptible.

Flustered, he hurriedly pulled a healing pill from his pocket, intending to feed it to Wu Hao. However, the bottle he touched was empty—the pills had been used up long ago in the earlier melee.

“What should I do? What should I do?”

Chen Ping stared at Wu Hao’s pale face, his heart pounding with anxiety. Just then, Wu Hao suddenly opened his eyes and weakly grasped Chen Ping’s hand: “Chen Ping... I know... a place... that can save me...”

“Where? Tell me!”

Chen Ping asked hurriedly.

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“To the east... to the east of the Cloud Mist Valley... there’s a hidden dimension there... even if a demon cultivator were right here... they wouldn’t be able to find it...”

Wu Hao’s voice was intermittent, each word consuming immense effort. “Inside that dimension... there’s a Medicine King Sect... whose leader is the former imperial physician of the Divine Kingdom... only she... can heal my wounds...”

Chen Ping, overjoyed, quickly helped Wu Hao to his feet. “Okay! Let’s go to Cloud Mist Valley now!”

He once again carried Wu Hao on his back and headed eastward toward Cloud Mist Valley.

But just then, dozens of demon cultivators suddenly appeared. Upon seeing Chen Ping and Wu Hao, they became excited!

“Capture them, our Lord will reward you handsomely...”

A demon cultivator general shouted, leading his men in pursuit of Chen Ping and Wu Hao.

Seeing this, Chen Ping, carrying Wu Hao on his back, stumbled and fled through the mountains and forests.

Wu Hao’s wounds were still bleeding, the warm liquid soaking Chen Ping’s back. Every step felt like treading on the edge of a knife.

Struggling to avoid the relentless pursuit of the demon cultivators from behind while also protecting the unconscious Wu Hao on his back, his spiritual energy had already been largely depleted in the previous battle, and now he was relying on only a single ounce of determination to sustain him.

“Don’t run! Surrender obediently, and I’ll make your death even quicker!”

The roar of a demon cultivator leader echoed from behind him. Black demonic energy spread through the forest like a venomous snake. Several sharp demonic blades grazed Chen Ping's shoulders and shattered nearby tree trunks.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, not daring to look back. He desperately channeled his remaining spiritual energy, quickening his pace.

Ahead lay the direction of Cloud Valley, but the demon cultivators were closing in. Seeing the threat of being surrounded, his heart sank—was he really going to die here today?

Just then, a deafening beastly roar suddenly erupted from the side!

Over a dozen beast cultivators clad in animal skins and armed with bone spears burst out of the dense forest.

Leading the charge was a burly bear cultivator, covered in thick brown hair. A bone spear gleamed with a sharp, cold light as he snarled at the demon cultivators, "A bunch of cunning demon bastards! How dare you run wild in my Beast Tribe's territory!"

"It's the Beast Tribe!" Chen Ping exclaimed, surprised and delighted, a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

The demon cultivator leader's face darkened upon seeing the Beast Tribe cultivators. "How dare you, these ignorant Beast Tribe cultivators, block our path? Kill them!"

Dozens of demon cultivators immediately turned and charged at the Beast Tribe cultivators.

The bear leader roared, charging forward, his bone spear fiercely piercing a demon cultivator's chest.

The demon cultivator quickly blocked with his magic blade. With a crisp clang, the blade was knocked away by the bone spear. Before the demon cultivator could react, the bear leader kicked him to the ground, and the bone spear pierced his throat.

“Kill!”

The other beast cultivators also launched their attacks.

The wolf cultivators, nimble and agile, moved among the demon cultivators like ghosts, their bone knives continuously harvesting their lives.

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The fox cultivators unleashed illusions, throwing the demon cultivators into disarray and creating openings for their companions to attack. For a moment, the forest was a cacophony of flashing swords, the roars of beasts, and the screams of the demon cultivators.

Chen Ping knew the beast cultivators were buying them time.

He took a deep breath and shouted to the bear leader, “Thank you, brothers! We have something important to attend to, so we’ll leave these demon cultivators in your care!”

The bear leader glanced back at him, grinning, his sharp fangs bared. “Fellow Daoist Chen, go with confidence! As long as we’re still breathing, we won’t let these demonic creatures catch up to you! Remember, stay alive. We’ll be rebuilding the Sixth Heaven and destroying these demonic cultivators later. It’s all up to you!”

It was clear that the bear leader knew Chen Ping and Wu Hao, and that’s why he showed up to help.

However, he also knew that the Sixth Heaven was now dominated by demonic cultivators, and that suddenly showing up to help Chen Ping would only result in his own death.

Chen Ping’s eyes instantly moistened.

He nodded solemnly, and without hesitation, carrying Wu Hao on his back, he ran towards the Cloud Valley.

He didn't dare look back, knowing that every time he looked back, the guilt would only grow—those Beast Clan cultivators, who could have stayed out of the fight and hidden themselves, chose to fight to the death with the powerful demon cultivators to save them.

The sounds of fighting behind him intensified, and occasionally the screams of the Beast Clan cultivators reached him, each one like a hammer hammering down on Chen Ping's heart.

He clenched his fists, his nails digging deep into his palms, blood dripping through his fingers.

He vowed silently in his heart: I, Chen Ping, will never forget the favor you have shown me today! Sooner or later, I will make those demon cultivators pay double for the blood debt they owe me!

After running for an unknown amount of time, Chen Ping finally saw the outline of Cloud Valley.

The valley entrance was shrouded in mist, and faint traces of spatial fluctuations could be seen—that was the forbidden spatial technique Wu Hao had mentioned.

He felt relieved, quickened his pace, and carried Wu Hao to the valley entrance.

Just then, the sounds of fighting behind him suddenly ceased.

Chen Ping's body froze. He slowly turned around and saw that the black demonic energy in the dense forest in the distance had dissipated, leaving only the corpses of a dozen or so Beast Tribe cultivators lying on the ground.

The bear leader's body was nailed to a large tree, a bone spear lodged in his chest, his eyes still wide open, as if glaring furiously at the demon cultivators.

“Ah—!”

Chen Ping let out a stifled roar, his eyes bloodshot. He bowed deeply in the direction of the Beast Tribe cultivators' corpses, his voice hoarse but resolute: "Brothers, rest assured. I will avenge you! I will drive the demon cultivators completely out of the Sixth Heaven!"

Wu Hao, as if sensing Chen Ping's emotions, slowly opened his eyes and asked weakly, "Chen Ping... what's wrong?"

Chen Ping wiped the tears from his eyes and forced himself to remain calm: "It's okay. We've reached Cloud Mist Valley. Just hold on a little longer, and we'll soon find someone from the Medicine King Sect to heal you."

He supported Wu Hao and walked to the valley entrance.

Wu Hao struggled to reach out his hands, forming complex hand seals while muttering something.

As he chanted, the space at the valley entrance began to distort, and a transparent curtain of light slowly emerged. Chen Ping supported Wu Hao and stepped into the curtain. The valley entrance behind them gradually returned to its original state, blocking out all the sorrow and hatred.

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The moment they entered the Cloud Valley, the scene before them suddenly changed—birdsong, flowers, and the aroma of medicinal herbs filled the air, a stark contrast to the blood and darkness outside.

But Chen Ping's heart was heavy, almost breathless. Images of the beast cultivators who had died in battle recurred in his mind. Those vivid faces, those resolute eyes, were deeply engraved in his heart.

He knew that from this moment on, the responsibility on his shoulders had grown even heavier.

Not only did he have to heal Wu Hao, reclaim the sacrificial manual, and save the Sixth Heaven, but he also had to seek justice for the beast cultivators who had sacrificed their lives to protect them.

"Demon Cultivator... Soul Devourer..."

Chen Ping muttered softly, a fierce glint in his eyes. He clenched the Dragon Slaying Sword, its blade trembling slightly, as if echoing the rage within him.

Just then, several women in white dresses hurried over, medicine boxes in hand, their faces wary. “Who are you? Why have you come to the Medicine King Sect?”

“We’re here for medical treatment!”

Chen Ping hurriedly said, hugging Wu Hao tighter. “He’s seriously injured and in urgent need of treatment. Please be patient, ladies!”

The women exchanged glances, and one, seemingly the leader, stepped forward, carefully examining Wu Hao’s injuries. Her brow furrowed. “He’s so severely injured, and he’s been infected by demonic energy... Come with us. The Sect Master is in the front hall. Whether or not to save him depends on his decision.”

Chen Ping hurriedly thanked them, carrying Wu Hao, and followed the women toward the front hall.

Along the way, he discovered that the Medicine King Sect was surprisingly filled with women—some were picking herbs, some were refining elixirs, and some were teaching medical skills. Each one wore a focused expression, a stark contrast to the chaos outside.

At the entrance to the front hall, the leading woman stopped and called inside, “Master, two guests have come seeking medical treatment. One is seriously injured, having been infected by demonic energy.”

“Let them in.”

A gentle, steady voice rang out from inside.

Chen Ping carried Wu Hao into the front hall and saw a woman in a purple dress sitting in the main seat. She looked to be in her thirties, with an elegant demeanor and a healer’s composure between her

brows. She was the Master of the Medicine King Sect and the former imperial physician of the Divine Kingdom—Ling Yue.

Ling Yue stood up and walked over to Wu Hao. Seeing the injured Wu Hao, Ling Yue asked in surprise, “Lord? What happened? How did the Lord sustain such severe injuries? And who are you?”

Hearing Ling Yue’s question, Chen Ping quickly explained, “Master, my name is Chen Ping. The Lord was seriously injured by the Soul Devourer while covering our retreat. Now the Sixth Heaven has been taken over by the demonic spirit. Only you can heal the Lord. Please help!”

Ling Yue looked at Wu Hao’s pale face, her eyes filled with solemnity. She immediately instructed her disciples, “Quickly carry the Lord to the quiet room. Fetch the Soul-Clearing Pill and the Pulse-Renewing Grass. I need to heal him immediately!”

The disciples quickly responded and carefully carried Wu Hao to the quiet room.

Ling Yue turned to Chen Ping and said, “Come with me. I need to know the details of the King’s injuries so I can adjust his treatment plan.”

Chen Ping followed Ling Yue to a study, where she recounted Wu Hao’s battle with the Soul Devourer, his forced abandonment of the sacrificial manual, and the pursuit of the demonic cultivators.

Ling Yue listened and sighed softly, “I never imagined the Sixth Heaven would be reduced to such a state. With the Soul Devourer obtaining the sacrificial manual and releasing a hundred thousand demonic souls, reversing the situation will be difficult!”

“But as long as the King can recover, we still have hope!”

Chen Ping said firmly.

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Ling Yue nodded, “I will do my best to treat the King, but his injuries are severe. It will take at least two weeks for him to recover. Don’t be idle during this time. I see your spiritual energy is greatly depleted. It

would be better for you to cultivate in peace in the Medicine King Sect and prepare for future battles against the demonic cultivators.”

Chen Ping, who had just this thought in mind, quickly thanked her.

In the days that followed, Chen Ping tended to the unconscious Wu Hao while cultivating in the Medicine King Sect’s training room.

The Medicine King Sect was rich in spiritual energy, and with the aid of various rare herbs, his spiritual power recovered extremely quickly, even improving further than before.

That day, Ling Yue suddenly approached Chen Ping and said solemnly, “Chen Ping, I’ve discovered that you possess dragon blood, and it’s of exceptional purity, correct?”

Chen Ping was startled. He hadn’t expected Ling Yue to discern his lineage. “Master, you have a keen eye. I do possess dragon blood.”

A flicker of excitement flashed in Ling Yue’s eyes. “That’s an easy solution! The Medicine King Sect’s disciples are all women, with unique physiques. If they could fuse with your dragon blood, not only would their cultivation level rise, but they would also gain the power to fight against demonic spirits.

I’d like to discuss a plan with you. I’d like to have the Medicine King Sect’s disciples fuse with your bloodline in batches. In return, all of the Medicine King Sect’s immortal herbs and elixirs will be at your disposal to aid your cultivation. What do you think?”

Chen Ping was stunned. He had never imagined the Sect Master would make such a request.

But thinking of the beast cultivators who sacrificed their lives to protect them, and the peril of the Sixth Heaven, he knew he couldn’t refuse. This would not only enhance his own strength, but also cultivate more power to fight against the demonic cultivators.

He took a deep breath and nodded. “Okay, I promise!”

Ling Yue was overjoyed and immediately gathered the disciples of the Medicine King Sect to explain the bloodline fusion.

Although the disciples were somewhat shy, they all agreed, thinking of contributing to the fight against the demonic cultivators.

The next day, the bloodline fusion officially began.

The first female disciple entered the fusion room, dressed in a white dress, a hint of nervousness on her face.

Seeing this, Chen Ping advised, "Don't be nervous, you'll be in ecstasy soon!"

"The Sect Master said, I'll obey you completely, Fellow Daoist Chen..."

With that, the female disciple lay down!

Chen Ping, an experienced practitioner, began a series of small moves. The female disciple blushed and gasped.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, that's enough. Let's fuse quickly..."

The female disciple was a little overwhelmed.

Chen Ping nodded, then entered the female disciple's body and began the fusion!

He then activated his dragon bloodline, and a golden spiritual energy surged from his body, slowly infusing into the female disciple.

The female disciple shuddered, then closed her eyes, a look of comfort on her face—the power of the dragon bloodline not only nourished her meridians but also brought her an unprecedented sense of joy.

Half an hour later, the first disciple's fusion was complete. Her cultivation level had unexpectedly increased directly from the sixth level of the Earth Immortal Realm to the seventh level, her face filled with surprise.

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"Great! I've been stuck in the Sixth Rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm for years. I never expected Fellow Daoist Chen to break free..."

The female disciple was overjoyed.

With the first disciple's success, the others became even more enthusiastic, lining up to merge.

Chen Ping's physique was far superior to that of an average person. Even after constant bloodline fusion day and night, he only felt slightly fatigued.

Ling Yue prepared nourishing elixirs and immortal herbs for him every day, allowing him to quickly recover.

In this way, day after day, the female disciples of the Medicine King Sect took turns merging with Chen Ping. Each of them saw a significant improvement in their cultivation, and Chen Ping's dragon bloodline became even more refined through the continuous fusion, steadily increasing his cultivation.

After half a month, all the ordinary disciples of the Medicine King Sect had completed their bloodline fusion, leaving only Ling Yue.

At this point, Chen Ping's cultivation had reached the peak of the First Rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm, just one step away from a breakthrough.

That evening, Ling Yue entered the fusion room. She was dressed in a purple dress, her demeanor elegant, a stark contrast to the previous female disciples.

"Next, it's my turn."

Ling Yue finished speaking, slowly removing her clothes.

Chen Ping nodded, and without any prelude, he connected the two.

Golden spiritual energy surged into Ling Yue's body, causing her body to tremble slightly. Her cultivation had already reached the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, and when she merged with Chen Ping, the energy generated was far more intense than that of an ordinary disciple.

The two powerful forces intertwined in the fusion chamber, illuminating the entire room with golden light.

This fusion took far longer than any of the previous ones.

One day, two days, three days... After three full days and three nights, the fusion finally concluded.

When the golden spiritual energy was withdrawn, Ling Yue's cultivation had unexpectedly broken through to the first level of the Human Immortal Realm. An even more powerful force surged within Chen Ping's body—his cultivation had successfully broken through to the second level of the Earthly Immortal Realm!

Ling Yue looked at Chen Ping, a relieved smile on her face. "Great! Your cultivation has improved even faster than I expected. With you here, our chances of defeating the demonic cultivators are even greater!"

Chen Ping felt the surging power within him, his heart brimming with confidence.

He knew he now possessed the strength to fully compete with the demonic cultivators.

He looked toward the quiet room and silently said, "Lord, don't worry. When you wake up, we will definitely retake the Sixth Heaven and avenge those fallen cultivators!"

At this moment, Wu Hao in the quiet room twitched his fingers slightly, awakening.

When the news of Wu Hao's awakening spread throughout the Medicine King Sect, the entire sect was in an uproar.

As he emerged from the meditation room, supported by Chen Ping, he saw the pure spiritual energy swirling around the Medicine King Sect disciples and heard the story of their bloodline fusion. His eyes filled with emotion: "Fellow Daoist Chen, you are in such good health! So many women..."

"Lord, as the ruler of a country, you must have thousands of beauties in your harem. Mine is nothing compared to that," Chen Ping said modestly.