

The Order 8971

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The golden-armored guard received the order, and with a flash of spiritual light beneath his feet, he transformed into a stream of golden light and flew off into the distance.

The remaining men sheathed their spears, but remained on guard. One of them handed over a bottle of pills: "This is the 'Qingling Pill.' It will temporarily stabilize your injuries. Take it first. Whether the Fourth Palace Master is willing to see you will depend on word."

Chen Ping accepted the pills, nodded gratefully, and tremblingly took them to his mouth.

The pill melted in his mouth, sending a stream of cool spiritual energy down his throat into his body. While it couldn't repair the damaged meridians, it barely suppressed the worsening of his injuries and allowed him to breathe a little more easily.

About half an hour later, a sound of breaking air could be heard in the distant sky. The golden-armored guards who had departed earlier returned, accompanied by two cultivators with even more powerful auras.

The leader, clad in silver armor and with a stern face, wore a token engraved with the words "Divine King Palace" at his waist. He was clearly the leader of the golden-armored guards.

"The Fourth Palace Master has ordered us to bring him into the palace."

The silver-armored commander spoke in a deep voice, his gaze scanning Chen Ping's injuries. A flicker of surprise flashed in his eyes—to be able to withstand the backlash of the heavens from two realms with the cultivation of a second-level Earth Immortal Realm and still survive—such resilience was truly rare.

Two golden-armored guards stepped forward, carefully lifting Chen Ping to his feet and holding his arms as he stepped onto the flying magic weapon.

The magic weapon transformed into a streak of golden light and soared towards the sky.

Chen Ping looked down and saw the grasslands below spread out like a green velvet carpet. Mountains rose and fell in the distance. The immortal aura was so dense it seemed almost tangible, a stark contrast to the dead silence and darkness of the Sixth Heaven.

After flying for about an hour, the outline of a magnificent palace gradually emerged from the misty clouds ahead.

Constructed entirely of white jade, its roof covered in golden glazed tiles, it shimmered in the sunlight. Countless sacred runes swirled across the palace walls, exuding a majestic aura that suppressed all things.

Nine golden pillars of light surrounded the palace, piercing the sky. Golden-armored guards could be vaguely seen patrolling between the pillars, a sinister aura.

“That’s the Divine King Palace.”

The golden-armored guard beside him whispered, his tone filled with barely concealed awe. “Since the ancient divine war, the Divine King Palace has been the sacred ground of the Eightfold Heaven. Four palace masters jointly preside over it, guarding the temple’s legacy.”

The magical instrument slowly landed on the square in front of the Divine King Palace. In the center stood a massive statue, clad in imperial robes, holding a scepter, and looking down with a majestic gaze. It was the ancestor of the ancient temple.

Assisted by the golden-armored guard, Chen Ping crossed the square. Each step he took on the white jade tiles engraved with runes, and he felt a gentle power envelop his body, easing his pain somewhat.

Passing through the layers of palace gates, they arrived at a large hall known as the “Qingxu Hall.”

At this moment, a woman stood before the hall gate. Seeing her, the silver-armored commander immediately stopped and bowed respectfully toward the hall. “Miss Yunxiu, Sixth-level cultivator Chen Ping has been brought here. Please report to the Fourth Palace Master.”

Chen Ping glanced at Yunxiu and was instantly overjoyed. After all, they were old acquaintances, and Yunxiu had saved him before.

“Miss Yunxiu, how are you...”

Chen Ping grinned.

Seeing Chen Ping like this, Yunxiu said with some surprise, “Your strength has increased too rapidly. You’ve already reached the Second Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm.”

“Miss Yunxiu, you’re joking. Compared to you, my strength is far from impressive.”

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Chen Ping said with deep shame.

“Don’t be so modest. The Fourth Palace Master knows all about your deeds.”

Yunxiu smiled, clearly observing Chen Ping’s every move.

Chen Ping was stunned for a moment, then gave a helpless smile.

“Let him in.” A cold, gentle female voice echoed from within the hall, like the clash of jade, carrying an inexplicable majesty.

Yunxiu waved her hand, and the silver-armored commander departed, then slowly entered with Chen Ping.

The hall was spacious. A white jade chair sat on a high platform in the center, and upon it sat a woman dressed in a pale green palace dress.

She looked no more than twenty years old, her skin white as snow, her features as picturesque as a painting, and a faint green aura lingering around her. Though she emanated no intimidating power, she instilled awe in her—this was Lingxi, the Fourth Palace Master of the Divine King Palace.

Lingxi's gaze fell on Chen Ping, her brows furrowed slightly, her clear eyes filled with confusion.

She waved her hand, releasing a stream of cyan spiritual energy that enveloped Chen Ping's body. After a moment, the spiritual energy withdrew, her doubts growing even more intense. "Nearly half of your meridians are damaged, and your soul is corroded by the power of the laws. Your cultivation is only at the first level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

At this level, how could you forcibly break through the barrier between the Sixth and Eighth Heavens? Even for a cultivator in the Human Immortal Realm, breaking through the boundary between the two realms requires the use of a magical tool, and it's a near-death experience."

Chen Ping supported himself and faced the spiritual energy. Xi bowed deeply, her voice hoarse but firm: "Fourth Palace Master, I'm not taking this risk voluntarily. The Sixth Heaven is facing a critical moment.

The Soul Devourer has seized the sacrificial manual and unleashed a hundred thousand demonic souls, slaughtering all living beings. The Divine Kingdom cultivators have been decimated, the Beast Tribe has been annihilated, and even ordinary cultivators are vulnerable.

If I don't risk my life, millions of beings in the Sixth Heaven will be wiped out."

"You mean to risk your life to ask me to save the Sixth Heaven cultivators?" Ling Xi asked!

"Yes, Fourth Palace Master, please help me kill the Soul Devourer and save the Sixth Heaven..."

Chen Ping nodded.

"Why should I save the Sixth Heaven cultivators? They have no connection to me, and what the Sixth Heaven is is none of my business."

Ling Xi smiled.

Chen Ping was stunned and quickly said, "Fourth Palace Master, you are the Fourth Palace Master of the Divine Temple, a member of the Divine Clan. Many of the cultivators in the Divine Kingdom of the Sixth Heaven are also from the Divine Clan. You can't just stand by and watch your fellow cultivators be slaughtered by that demonic spirit, can you?"

"Hahaha..." Ling Xi laughed. "There are hundreds of millions of Divine Clan cultivators. I'm a fellow Divine Clan cultivator from the Divine Kingdom, but we don't have any friendship."

"Whether it's the Divine Kingdom or our Divine Temple, they're just tiny factions within the Divine Clan. Why would I risk my life to save them?"

Ling Xi's words left Chen Ping at a loss for words.

He hadn't expected this outcome, this kind of response from the Fourth Palace Master.

Seeing Chen Ping fall silent, Ling Xi continued, "Alright, let's not talk about this for now. Let's eat and talk..."

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With that, Ling Xi waved her hand, and Yun Xiu ordered a table full of delicious dishes to be served.

Chen Ping took a look and noticed that these dishes were all made with high-quality immortal herbs. Leaving aside the taste, these alone would be extremely beneficial to Chen Ping's recovery.

Seeing this, Chen Ping didn't refuse and simply sat down to eat. His body urgently needed recovery.

Seeing Chen Ping eating, Ling Xi smiled faintly. It was obvious that these dishes were prepared for Chen Ping.

"Do you know how powerful the Soul Devourer was before he was suppressed?"

Ling Xi asked Chen Ping!

Chen Ping shook his head: “He must have been quite impressive...”

Chen Ping knew that the Soul Devourer had been suppressed for ten thousand years, and even in his spirit form, his strength was terrifying. Even at the Human Immortal Realm, he was no match for Wu Hao.

One could imagine how terrifying the Soul Devourer’s power must have been before he was suppressed, in his physical form!

Ling Xi slowly recounted the Soul Devourer’s past to Chen Ping!

Ling Xi tapped her fingertips lightly on the white jade tabletop, her gaze gazing at the mist-shrouded sky outside the hall, her tone a bit distant.

“You’re not wrong to call him ‘awesome.’ However, ‘awesome’ doesn’t even begin to capture his former might. Soul Devourer wasn’t a native demon cultivator of the Sixth Heaven, nor even an Eighth Heaven cultivator—he was once a top-tier demon lord of the Ninth Heaven, capable of wielding power at the touch of a finger. Known as the ‘Burning Heaven Soul Devourer Demon Lord,’ he controlled half of the Ninth Heaven’s territory in ancient times.”

Chen Ping’s hand, which was gripping a leaf of dew-condensing grass, suddenly paused, nearly dropping the Spirit Marrow Fruit in his mouth.

A top-tier demon lord of the Ninth Heaven?

While he didn’t know the specific realms of the Ninth Heaven cultivators, he knew that the higher the realm, the greater the cultivator’s power. A cultivator in the Human Immortal Realm of the Eighth Heaven would be overwhelming in the Sixth Heaven. A demon cultivator who could control half of the Ninth Heaven’s territory must have been far more powerful than he could have imagined.

“Ninth Heaven... a top-tier demon cultivator?”

Chen Ping put down his chopsticks, his voice trembling with shock. "Then why was he suppressed in the Sixth Heaven's Lei Yin Temple? With his strength, a Sixth Heaven cultivator couldn't possibly contain him, right?"

Ling Xi picked up the jade cup on the table, took a sip of spiritual tea, and continued, "This brings us back to the ancient 'Great War of Gods and Demons.'"

Back then, the Soul Devourer had mastered the 'Heaven-Burning Soul-Devouring Art,' capable of devouring divine souls and refining immortal essence. The cultivators of other clans in the Ninth Heaven... He slaughtered nearly 30{4a30793f4387cdfdf2a195445d9318630d29840a0899dd4e0fbff5948e41cea4} of them.

He even attempted to covet the power of higher dimensions, unleashing a bloody storm in the Ninth Heaven, severely wounding even the then-Ninth Heaven's God King.

"Later, the seven great factions of the Ninth Heaven united, gathering hundreds of celestial immortals and thousands of peak human immortals to engage him in a decisive battle at the 'Meteoric Abyss.'"

That battle lasted for a full three years. Over a hundred of the spatial barriers of the Meteoric Abyss were shattered, four of the seven sect leaders perished, and over half of the celestial immortals perished before he could barely inflict any serious damage on him. Physical body.

But even so, his spirit remained powerful, and even the seven sect masters, exerting their final might, were unable to completely annihilate it.

At this point, Ling Xi's eyes grew more solemn. "If the spirit is not destroyed, it will one day return. To eliminate this threat once and for all, the remaining three sect masters expended their own essence to set up the 'Nine Soul Sealing Formation', forcibly separating his spirit and suppressing it within the Sixth Heaven's Thunder Sound Temple, where the boundary barrier is the weakest. They also invited several top talisman masters from the Ninth Heaven to cast a bell. "Engrave the divine talisman."

This bell is called the Thunder Sound Bell, and the runes on it can suppress the Soul Devourer. They originally thought that the Sixth Heaven's immortal energy was so thin, and with the suppression of the formation, the Soul Devourer's spirit would eventually be completely consumed. However, they didn't

expect that after ten thousand years, the Thunder Sound Bell would be stolen, the Soul Devourer would break free from the seal, and even his subordinates would survive for ten thousand years.”

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Chen Ping’s heart sank upon hearing this. No wonder the Soul Devourer could possess the strength of a human immortal realm with just his soul. It turned out that he was once a formidable figure who could rival the Nine Heavens’ Lord God.

Remembering that the Red Cloud Demon Lord was the great demon of the Nine Heavens, Chen Ping wanted to ask this fellow if what Ling Xi said was true.

Unfortunately, the Red Cloud Demon Lord was now as good as dead, and Chen Ping had no way of contacting him.

Even if Chen Ping searched his sea of consciousness with his divine sense, he could find no trace of the Red Cloud Demon Lord.

“So, you’re not going to the Sixth Heaven to rescue the Divine Kingdom cultivators because you’re afraid of the Soul Devourer and that you can’t defeat him?”

Chen Ping asked Ling Xi.

“Hahaha, are you trying to provoke me?” Ling Xi laughed at Chen Ping. “Unfortunately, provocation won’t work on me. Since you’ve come to the Eighth Heaven, you should recuperate here and then cultivate in the Eighth Heaven. Only when you achieve absolute strength is it truly important.”

“The cultivators of the Sixth Heaven are not even related to you, so why are you so concerned...”

Chen Ping’s face turned slightly cold upon hearing this. In the Sixth Heaven was Taoist Wuji. You have to know that Taoist Wuji was Chen Ping’s savior and Ting’er’s master.

What’s more, in the Sixth Heaven, there were Hu Mazi, Zi Yuan, Ling Yue’s Medicine King Sect, and others.

How could Chen Ping stay alone in the Eighth Heaven and not care about the lives of these people?

“Since you have no intention of saving me, I’ll take my leave. Even if it means death, I’ll return to the Sixth Heaven...”

Chen Ping said this, standing up and preparing to leave!

Seeing Chen Ping leave, Ling Xi gently waved her hand, creating a barrier in front of Chen Ping. No matter how hard Chen Ping tried, he couldn’t penetrate it.

“Are you determined to return to the Sixth Heaven because there are so many people you care about there?”

“For example, the Medicine King Sect, with over 300 disciples, you’ve slept with them...”

“And that Divine Kingdom aide Zi Yuan, I think you’ve licked her, so she’s considered one of your women.”

“Is it because of these women that you’re determined to return?”

Ling Xi asked!

At this, Chen Ping blushed and asked, “You...were you spying on me?”

“It wasn’t spying. I just wanted to get to know you. I didn’t expect you to be so strong...” Ling Xi smiled.

Hearing Ling Xi’s words, Chen Ping’s face flushed even more.

Actually, having Lingxi see him merging his bloodlines with the Medicine King Sect disciples wasn’t a big deal; it was just for cultivation, after all.

But Chen Ping licking Ziyuan was a bit too embarrassing.

Seeing Chen Ping's face flush even more, Lingxi's smile widened.

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"You should recuperate in the Divine King Palace first. If you crave a woman, you can ask Yunxiu to accompany you. She's still a grown woman."

Lingxi followed Chen Ping and said!

Upon hearing this, Yunxiu blushed instantly and lowered her head slightly, though she still secretly glanced at Chen Ping with an angry look.

It was obvious that Yunxiu had also secretly witnessed Chen Ping's bravery.

"No need. The people in the Sixth Heaven are still waiting for me. I can't just ignore them..."

Chen Ping shook his head and decided to leave.

"Given your current condition, you wouldn't even be able to survive the Void Passage, let alone help them."

"Rest well. Once you recover, if you can block one of my swords, I'll promise you a trip to the Sixth Heaven!"

Lingxi said!

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping nodded in agreement and stayed in the Divine King Palace to recover!

The spiritual energy in the Jingchen Pavilion of the Divine King Palace was so rich it practically became physical. The floor was covered with cold jadeite, a nourishing substance, and in the corners burned ambergris, a calming and calming incense.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged on the jade bed. The healing elixir Ling Xi had sent him transformed into a constant flow of spiritual energy, slowly flowing through his damaged meridians. Combined with the pure spiritual energy of the Eighth Heaven, his internal injuries healed at a visible rate.

Three days passed in a flash.

When the first rays of morning light shone through the window onto Chen Ping, he suddenly opened his eyes, a golden dragon pattern flashing across his pupils.

His meridians had been restored, and the power of his dragon bloodline had become increasingly concentrated. Not only had his cultivation returned to the second rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm, he even showed signs of striving for the third rank.

He stood up and grasped the Dragon Slaying Sword beside him. Golden light shone on the blade, as if perfectly resonating with his aura.

“He’s recovering quite quickly.”

Lingxi’s voice suddenly echoed from the doorway. She was still dressed in her pale blue palace dress, casually clutching a emerald branch in her hand, a hint of amusement in her eyes.

Yunxiu, standing behind her, saw Chen Ping intact, a flicker of joy in her eyes.

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly and bowed to Lingxi. “Thank you, Fourth Palace Master, for the healing resources. I’m ready.”

Lingxi chuckled softly and slowly walked to the open space of Jingchen Pavilion. “Go ahead. Remember, as long as your sword touches me, you win.”

As she spoke, she held the branch across her body, her gesture casual yet exuding an indescribable sense of power.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, channeling all his spiritual energy into the Dragon Slaying Sword. The golden sword energy instantly surged three feet. "Fourth Palace Master, be careful!"

Before he finished his words, he flashed, charging towards Lingxi like an arrow from a bow. The Dragon Slaying Sword slashed through the air with a resounding sound.

The strike was lightning fast, condensing all his current strength and speed. But Lingxi simply leaned sideways, lightly tapping the blade with the branch.

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With a soft "ding" sound, Chen Ping felt a gentle yet overpowering force, his arm numb, and the Dragon Slaying Sword nearly slipped from his grasp.

He used the momentum to step back several steps, filled with shock—Lingxi's speed was so swift that he couldn't even discern her trajectory.

Without waiting for him to regain his balance, Chen Ping struck again, his sword moves shifting with unpredictable speed, sometimes sweeping across the enemy like a dragon's tail, sometimes piercing the vitals like a spirit snake emerging from its lair.

But no matter how fierce his sword's thrusts, Lingxi easily parried them with the help of a branch. Her figure, like willow catkins in the wind, always kept an inch's distance from him, his sword blade unable to even touch the edge of her clothes.

"Too slow, too scattered."

Ling Xi's voice was lightly instructive, and with a flick of the branch, she once again deflected the Dragon Slaying Sword. "You haven't yet fully unleashed the power of your dragon bloodline."

Chen Ping gritted his teeth and unleashed a dozen consecutive attacks, his clothes soaked with sweat.

He knew the disparity in strength between them was like an insurmountable chasm; Ling Xi was clearly toying with him.

In a moment of desperation, he suddenly remembered the hidden essences of space and time within him—his most secret trump card.

“Space Fold!”

Chen Ping shouted softly, and the space around him distorted slightly. Ling Xi’s figure momentarily blurred in his vision.

He seized this fleeting opportunity, and the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed a golden arc, piercing Ling Xi’s heart.

But Ling Xi simply flicked the branch with her fingertips, and a shimmer of azure light shot out, instantly shattering the distorted space. “The Space Essence is impressive, but my control is so shallow.”

Immediately afterwards, Chen Ping activated the Time Essence, attempting to slow Ling Xi’s movements. The air around them grew noticeably stagnant, but Lingxi’s figure remained lithe. The tree branch seemed to come alive, precisely blocking the Dragon Slaying Sword. “The power of time depends on the laws of nature. Forcing it will only backfire.”

Continuously drawing upon his Origin Power sent Chen Ping’s blood surging. He knew conventional means would be impossible to defeat Lingxi.

Observing Lingxi’s composure, a mad thought arose within him—he would take a gamble.

Chen Ping abruptly retreated, pouring his dragon bloodline, spiritual energy, and the last shred of Origin Power he could control into the Dragon Slaying Sword. The blade emitted a sharp humming sound, and golden sword energy coalesced into a succinct dragon form, hurling itself towards Lingxi with devastating force.

This strike nearly exhausted all his strength. If it hadn't worked, he would have collapsed from exhaustion, perhaps even damaging his Origin Power.

A flicker of surprise flashed across Lingxi's eyes, and then she shook her head slightly. She swung the branch, and a cascade of azure spiritual light poured down like a waterfall, instantly crushing the dragon-shaped sword energy.

Just as the sword energy dissipated, Chen Ping, using the recoil, leaped towards Lingxi like a kite with its string cut. The remaining wisp of sword energy from the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed towards her skirt.

This move was completely unpredictable, a sheer, desperate gamble.

Lingxi, clearly unprepared for such a desperate move, was startled for a moment. By the time she realized what was happening, the golden sword energy had already grazed her sleeve.

"Swish!"

With a soft sound, a subtle scratch was made on the pale azure palace dress, and the silk thread fluttered away in the wind.

Lingxi glanced down at the mark on her sleeve, then looked up at Chen Ping, who lay exhausted and gasping for air. The amusement in her eyes faded, replaced by a hint of recognition. "You're quite courageous, after all. You win."

Chen Ping lay on the ground, looking at the mark on Lingxi's sleeve with a weak but satisfied smile.

His bet had paid off.

"Yunxiu, gather the three hundred golden-armored guards and prepare the flying warship."

Lingxi instructed Yunxiu behind her, then walked over to Chen Ping. A cyan spiritual light from her fingertips injected him. "Recover your strength first. We'll head to the Sixth Heaven."

Half an hour later, in the square of the Divine King Palace, three hundred golden-armored guards, clad in armor and holding spears, stood in neat formation in front of a massive golden warship.

Lingxi, dressed in a cyan robe, stood at the bow of the ship. Chen Ping stood beside her, observing the scene before him, his heart filled with excitement.

Ling Xi raised her hand and waved it towards the void. Cyan spiritual energy surged out like a tide, tearing the space ahead as easily as thin paper. A spacious, bright passage appeared before everyone, and at the other end, a faint glimpse of the Sixth Heaven could be seen.

There was no purple lightning flash of laws, no terrifying backlash. Everything seemed so effortless and carefree.

“Let’s go,” Ling Xi said calmly, and she was the first to step into the passage.

Chen Ping followed closely behind. The moment he stepped into the passage, he glanced back in the direction of the Eighth Heaven, a mixture of emotions welling up in his heart.

He had fought tooth and nail to cross the boundary barrier on his way here, enduring a near-death struggle and enduring the heartbreaking backlash of the Heavenly Dao. Now, with a simple wave of her hand, Ling Xi could carve out a safe passage.

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“As expected... strength is everything.”

Chen Ping muttered to himself.

The warship slowly entered the passage, followed closely by three hundred golden-armored guards, advancing majestically towards the Sixth Heaven.

The golden warship glided steadily through the void passage, its chaotic air currents on either side shielded by the divine aura emanating from the warship, rendering it impervious to the slightest jolt.

Chen Ping leaned against the railing, his gaze sweeping over the golden-armored guards standing in formation on the deck, finally settling on the four men flanking Ling Xi at the bow.

All four wore dark gold armor, their golden helmets obscuring most of their faces, revealing only a pair of calm, piercing eyes.

Unlike the sacred aura emanating from the other golden-armored guards, the aura of these four men was as restrained as a deep abyss. Standing there, they resembled four silent mountains. Though clearly close at hand, they conveyed a sense of oppression from a thousand miles away.

Chen Ping repeatedly used his spiritual sense to investigate, but only felt the other party's aura was unfathomable, as if a single touch would unleash a monstrous wave.

"Miss Yunxiu, those four guards beside the Fourth Palace Master seem different from the other golden-armored guards?"

Chen Ping, finally unable to contain his curiosity, asked Yunxiu, who was standing by his side.

Yunxiu followed his gaze, her tone filled with awe, "Those are the Fourth Palace Master's personal guards, known as the 'Four Directions Divine Guards.' They are no ordinary golden-armored guards; they were personally selected for the Fourth Palace Master by the Divine King. Each of them has reached the fifth rank of the Human Immortal Realm and is proficient in combined attacks. Together, the four of them can even contend with a sixth-rank Human Immortal Realm warrior."

Chen Ping was shocked. Fifth rank of the Human Immortal Realm?

Such strength would be considered legendary even for the Sixth Heaven Realm. Considering Wu Hao was only at the second rank of the Human Immortal Realm, he hadn't expected them to be merely Lingxi's personal guards.

He increasingly understood Ling Xi's sincerity in sending troops, and he also became more aware of the gulf in power between the Eighth and Sixth Heavens.

At this moment, a thick demonic aura suddenly emanated from the passageway exit in front of the warship, accompanied by a harsh roar: "How dare you, you scoundrel, trespass into the Sixth Heaven! By order of the Lord, anyone entering this place will be killed without mercy!"

A dark figure burst through the dim light at the passageway exit, wielding a massive axe and swirling with demonic energy. It was one of the Soul Devourer's demon generals.

He had recently broken free from the seal and was ordered to guard the vicinity of the void passageway. Seeing the golden warship approach, he attacked without discrimination.

Chen Ping was about to draw his sword, but Ling Xi didn't even raise her eyelids, still gazing at the scenery at the bow, as if the demon general before her were a mere ant.

"How dare you!"

A cold voice rang out from one of the four divine guards. Before he finished speaking, the guard vanished from the spot.

Everyone sensed a flash of golden light. The next second, before the demon general's axe could even chop down, his head soared into the air, black blood splattering into the air, instantly purified by the passage's spiritual light.

The entire process took a fleeting moment, and the first-rank demon general in the Human Immortal Realm didn't even have the strength to fight back.

The golden-armored guards on the deck remained expressionless, as if they had merely crushed a mosquito. Only Chen Ping's pupils shrank slightly, truly feeling the shock of absolute power.

The divine guards flashed back to their original positions, remaining motionless, as if they had never attacked.

Ling Xi then spoke softly, "Shut up."

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The warship passed through the passage's exit, and the dim sky of the Sixth Heaven came into view. A thick demonic aura filled the air, a stark contrast to the warship's divine aura.

Under Ling Xi's guidance, the warship sped toward the snow-capped mountains, soon arriving at the hidden cave.

Outside the cave, Wu Hao, Ling Yue, Zi Yuan, and the others waited anxiously. From afar, they watched the golden warship streak across the sky, their faces filled with wonder and disbelief.

When they saw Chen Ping standing at the bow, waving to them, they were delighted at first, but then speechless by the warship's majesty and the golden-armored guards on deck.

After the warship landed, Chen Ping helped Ling Xi down from the deck. Wu Hao was the first to greet them. Upon seeing the divine aura surrounding Ling Xi and the four terrifying divine guards, he quickly bowed and saluted. "I am Wu Hao from the Divine Kingdom, greeting the Fourth Palace Master! Thank you for your righteous action in saving the Sixth Heaven from disaster!"

"Fourth Palace Master!"

Daoist Wuji, Zi Yuan, Ling Yue, and the others also stepped forward to greet him, their eyes filled with excitement and awe.

They hadn't expected Chen Ping to actually invite the Palace Master of the Divine King Palace, let alone that he would bring such a formidable team.

Zi Yuan quickly walked over to Chen Ping, looking him up and down, her eyes slightly red. "I'm glad you're okay. We were so worried sick."

Chen Ping smiled and patted her hand. "With the Fourth Palace Master's help, what can I possibly do?"

Ling Xi raised her hand to signal everyone to stand, her tone calm: "Enough of the small talk. Where is Soul Devourer now?"

Wu Hao quickly replied: "Palace Master, Soul Devourer has occupied Divine Capital City and is aggressively plundering resources in an attempt to restore his peak strength."

"Since that's the case, let's go straight for him."

Ling Xi had barely finished her words when she turned and boarded the warship. "Wu Hao, gather all surviving cultivators and follow me to Divine Capital City."

"Yes!"

Wu Hao was overjoyed and immediately sent a message to the scattered survivors.

In just one day, the remaining cultivators of the Sixth Heaven arrived one after another.

Though the tens of thousands of surviving cultivators were few in number, each one's eyes burned with a rage for revenge.

As tens of thousands of cultivators boarded the warship, it unexpectedly began to grow in size.

As they advanced towards Divine Capital City, escorted by three hundred golden-armored guards, a ray of hope seemed to rise in the gloomy sky.

The warships pierced through layers of demonic energy, slaying any demonic cultivators they encountered along the way by the Four Directions Divine Guards, ensuring a smooth passage.

Standing at the bow, Chen Ping gazed at the gradually clearing outline of Divine Capital City below. A dark aura rose from the city, and faint, shrill wails could be heard.

He clenched his grip on the Dragon Slaying Sword, his eyes gleaming with murderous intent.

Ling Xi walked over to him and said calmly, "When the battle begins, the Golden-Armored Guards will contain the demonic cultivator army, while the Four Directions Divine Guards will follow me to deal with the Soul Devourer. You and your men will eliminate the remaining demonic cultivators."

Chen Ping nodded in agreement, understanding that Ling Xi was protecting them. He turned to look at Zi Yuan, Ling Yue, and the others beside him, and said in a deep voice, "Everyone, today is our day to retake the Sixth Heaven and avenge those who have perished!"

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"Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!"

Aboard the warships, tens of thousands of cultivators roared in unison, their voices piercing the clouds, drowning out the wails of the city and echoing lingeringly throughout the Sixth Heaven.

The golden warships, like sharp swords, slashed through the demonic energy, speeding towards the Divine Capital, now occupied by the demonic cultivators.

At that moment, a black aura swirled above the Divine Capital, like a massive black dragon circling in the sky.

The cultivators' heads that had once hung on the city walls had long since vanished, replaced by lines of black runes that shimmered with an eerie light, shrouding the entire city in a gloomy and terrifying atmosphere.

Inside the city, the once bustling streets were now deserted, with only the occasional screams and the wild laughter of the demonic cultivators.

The buildings lining the street had long been corroded by demonic energy, becoming dilapidated. Black cracks covered the walls, threatening to collapse at any moment.

Inside the palace, an even more eerie scene unfolded.

In the center of the hall, Soul Devourer hovered in mid-air, his body swirling with countless black soul threads. These threads connected to the thousands of black soul urns placed around the hall.

Within the soul urns, countless white soul lights flickered continuously, emitting mournful wails. These were the souls of the deceased cultivators captured by the demonic cultivators.

Soul Devourer's once ethereal and transparent soul had become much more solid. Although still in its spirit form, his features were clearly visible.

His face was as pale as paper, his eyes sunken, his lips blood-red, and he exuded a suffocating, evil aura.

Around him, the four demon generals were also absorbing the power of the deceased souls.

Demon General Mo Yuan's body had solidified by nearly 60{4a30793f4387cdfdf2a195445d9318630d29840a0899dd4e0fbff5948e41cea4}, his previously blurry figure now distinct. He wore black armor and wielded a massive black spear, its shaft engraved with eerie runes and emitting a terrifying aura.

The other three demon generals were in a similar situation, their bodies solidifying at a visible speed, their strength steadily increasing.

In a corner of the hall, Xue Wuying, the elder of the Evil Path Hall, watched this scene with a heartache.

He had painstakingly collected these souls, intending to use them to cultivate his evil arts and enhance his own strength. He had never imagined that the Soul Devourer would forcibly appropriate them.

He watched the soul light within the soul urns grow dimmer and dimmer, furious but unable to voice his anger.

The Soul Devourer was too powerful for him to contend with. He could only stand by silently, watching his hard work being plundered.

"Hahaha..."

Soul Devourer suddenly burst into a wild laugh, his voice filled with excitement and satisfaction. “The power of these souls is truly formidable. It won’t be long before I can fully solidify my physical body and restore my peak strength! By then, not only will I reach the Sixth Heaven, but even the Ninth Heaven!”

Demon General Mo Yuan and the others also stopped absorbing the souls, feeling the growing power within their bodies, smug smiles on their faces.

“Your Excellency is wise!”

Mo Yuan said respectfully, “As long as Your Excellency returns to peak strength, no one in the Sixth Heaven can stop us!”

The other three demon generals echoed, their arrogant laughter filling the hall.

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Just then, a loud roar suddenly echoed from the sky, followed by a golden light that broke through the dark aura shrouding Divine Capital City, illuminating the entire city.

The Soul Devourer and the demon generals’ expressions changed, and they all looked up at the sky.

A massive golden warship slowly emerged from the clouds. Aboard, three hundred golden-armored guards lined up in neat formation, spears in hand, a sacred aura surrounding them.

At the bow of the warship, Ling Xi, clad in a turquoise robe, resembled a fairy from the Ninth Heaven, her gaze as cold as ice as she gazed silently at the Divine Capital below.

Beside her, Chen Ping, Wu Hao, Ling Yue, Zi Yuan, and the others also gazed down with solemn eyes.

When they saw how much the Soul Devourer and the Demon Generals’ bodies had solidified, their faces darkened.

“I didn’t expect this Soul Devourer to recover so quickly!”

Wu Hao said solemnly, his eyes filled with worry. "At this rate, it won't be long before he's fully recovered to his peak strength!"

Ling Yue also frowned. "These demon souls have absorbed a large number of deceased souls, and their strength has increased significantly. It looks like this battle won't be easy."

Zi Yuan gripped her sword tightly, her eyes filled with nervousness. "Chen Ping, you must be careful!"

Chen Ping nodded and tightened his grip on the Dragon Slaying Sword. Golden spiritual energy enveloped him, ready for battle.

The warship slowly landed in the square outside the Divine Capital. Ling Xi led the others down the ship, facing the Soul Devourer and the others from a distance.

Ling Xi looked at Soul Devourer, her brows furrowed slightly. A hint of solemnity lingered in her cold voice: "Soul Devourer, I never thought you could absorb the souls of the dead to restore your strength. I guess I underestimated you."

Soul Devourer sneered, his eyes filled with disdain: "Ling Xi, don't think you can defeat me just because you brought so many people with you! When I fully recover, not only you, but even a Divine King won't be my match!"

"Arrogant!"

A Four-Directional Divine Guard beside Ling Xi shouted coldly, a powerful aura erupting from him. "Fourth Palace Master, let me meet this ignorant demon cultivator!"

Ling Xi nodded slightly: "Alright, let him witness the might of our Divine Temple."

The Divine Guard flashed and instantly appeared before Soul Devourer, his spear pointed directly at his chest. Divine spiritual energy surged out like a tide, carrying devastating power.

Soul Devourer's face changed. He hadn't expected the other party's speed to be so fast. He didn't dare to be careless and immediately released the demonic energy within him, forming a black shield to block the Divine Guard's attack.

"Boom!"

With a resounding explosion, the sacred spiritual power and the black demonic energy collided, generating a massive shockwave that caused the surrounding ground to collapse.

The Divine Guard's spear was deflected, and he took a few steps back, his face slightly pale. Soul Devourer was also in pain, his body trembling violently, a trickle of black blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"I didn't expect a mere Divine Guard to be so powerful!" Soul Devourer stared at the Divine Guard in shock, his eyes filled with disbelief. "It seems I really underestimated your Divine Temple!"

Soul Devourer's body wasn't fully solidified, and his strength wasn't at its peak. He could easily defeat a cultivator from the Sixth Heaven, but facing a Divine Guard from the Eighth Heaven, Soul Devourer felt a bit of a struggle. After all, the other was a fifth-level Human Immortal.

He now had to buy time until his body was fully solidified. Then, he would be fearless.