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Its form began to stabilize, finally transforming into a blurred, elderly phantom radiating a soft white light.

“So many years... finally... I’ve waited... for the call of the imperial blood...”

The old man’s voice carried endless vicissitudes and relief. He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with complex emotions, “Child... thank you... for awakening this old man...”

This was the true, primal spirit of the Demon-Suppressing Tower!

“Senior...”

Chen Ping breathed a sigh of relief, his body swaying, almost collapsing. Forcing out his heart’s essence had left him extremely weak.

“You did well.”

The illusory figure of the Tower Spirit waved his hand, and an incomparably pure life force surged into Chen Ping’s body, rapidly repairing his injuries and depleting his energy.

“It was that fellow on the upper level who used the long years to erode my intelligence, attempting to control the tower and absorb all the dragon’s power to escape. Fortunately, you arrived in time and awakened me with the blood of the Supreme Emperor.”

With the awakening of the true Tower Spirit, all the violent restrictions within the tower instantly subsided, and the black mist permeating each level vanished.

Cen Biqing and Lao Hei felt a lightness wash over them; the suppressing and eroding power had disappeared.

“Now, it’s time to completely resolve the trouble above.”

The illusory figure of the Tower Spirit looked upwards, his eyes sharpening. “Child, come with me to the heart of the tower. To fully control the Demon-Suppressing Tower and quell this turmoil, we need your power.”

The illusory figure of the Tower Spirit enveloped Chen Ping, and the next moment, they appeared in a strange space.

This place felt like the center of the universe, surrounded by swirling stars and endless spatial networks. Suspended at the center was a crystal that constantly shifted shape, radiating a nine-colored halo—this was the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, the Heart of Spatial Origin!

“Place your hand on the tower’s heart, infuse it with your Golden Dragon bloodline and divine soul imprint,” the tower spirit elder instructed.

“Whether you gain its recognition depends on your fate. This process is also risky; the power contained within the tower’s heart might burst you.”

Chen Ping gazed at the magnificent tower’s heart, brimming with boundless power, his eyes resolute.

He stepped forward, took a deep breath, and slowly placed his palm on the tower’s heart!

Boom!

It was as if billions of volcanoes erupted simultaneously within his body!

An unimaginable flood of spatial laws and energy instantly surged into Chen Ping’s limbs, bones, and soul!

He felt as if his body and soul were being torn apart and burst by this power! The intense pain nearly made him faint!

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“Hold fast to your heart! Guide it! You are the Golden Dragon Emperor, qualified to wield it!”

The elder’s voice, like a resounding bell, echoed in Chen Ping’s mind.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, relying on his unwavering willpower and the noble essence of his Golden Dragon bloodline, desperately guiding this raging power while simultaneously imprinting his divine soul mark, bit by bit, into the deepest part of the tower’s core.

This was an incredibly difficult and painful process, the ultimate test of will and strength.

Chen Ping’s body repeatedly cracked and healed, his clothes soaked with blood, but his eyes remained clear and resolute.

After an unknown amount of time, the raging torrent of energy finally subsided, becoming gentle.

Chen Ping felt a connection, a bond as strong as flesh and blood, an unbreakable link between himself and the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower!

The tower’s core crystal’s light receded, finally transforming into a stream of light that entered Chen Ping’s brow, hovering quietly in his mind, echoing the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

Success! He successfully subdued the Demon-Suppressing Tower!

With Chen Ping’s successful refinement of the tower’s core, the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower was now completely under his control.

With a thought, he could perceive everything within the tower.

He “saw” the seventh level, where a slumbering, colossal ancient dragon was imprisoned;

the eighth level, sealed within was the remains of a Time-Space Dragon that had broken a taboo and attempted to reverse time.

And on the ninth level, he saw the source of this turmoil—a colossal dragon covered in dark golden scales, its eyes like blood-red vortexes, radiating overwhelming resentment and a destructive will!

It was known as the “Dragon Devourer,” a sinful dragon king in dragon history who increased its power by devouring its own kind!

At this moment, it was frantically attacking the final seal, and sensing the change of control over the tower’s core, it roared with resentment and rage.

“You beast, submit to the law!”

Chen Ping’s voice resounded throughout the entire ninth level, penetrating the heart of the tower.

He mobilized the power of the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower. Endless spatial chains and suppressing runes appeared, forming a net that bound and suppressed the Devouring Dragon!

No matter how the Devouring Dragon struggled and roared, it was powerless against the fully-formed Demon-Suppressing Tower. It was ultimately forced back into the depths of its seal, falling into silence.

The turmoil was completely quelled.

With another thought, Chen Ping teleported Cen Biqing, Lao Hei, Qianmian, and all the dragons who were willing to submit and had not committed unforgivable sins out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower by a gentle spatial force, landing them in the Void Rift outside.

Seeing the light of day again, these dragons, imprisoned for countless years, let out incredibly excited roars, their gazes towards Chen Ping filled with gratitude and awe.

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Chen Ping stretched out his palm, and the towering Demon-Suppressing Tower rapidly shrank, eventually transforming into a small, exquisite tower the size of a palm, radiating a gentle spatial fluctuation.

Thus, the Demon-Suppressing Tower, one of the three towers, was finally successfully subdued by him!

Looking at the small tower in his palm, and then at the excited Cen Biqing, Lao Hei, and the others beside him, Chen Ping felt a surge of pride.

With the Demon-Suppressing Tower, his strength and foundation had increased dramatically once again.

Furthermore, behind Chen Ping stood hundreds of dragons, all of whom were now his subordinates.

Chen Ping, holding the exquisite Demon-Suppressing Tower, followed by hundreds of dragons of various forms and imposing auras, appeared in the Void Rift as if a bucket of cold water had been poured into a boiling oil pan, instantly igniting the entire scene!

The cultivators from various factions, who had been somewhat subdued due to the prolonged siege and mutual wariness, now stared wide-eyed in disbelief at the scene before them.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower... disappeared?

No, it was taken away!

That mere fifth-grade Human Immortal not only emerged alive from the tower, but he even subdued it?

The dark mass of figures behind him, radiating powerful dragon might... were the dragons suppressed within the tower?

They were all released?

Shock, bewilderment, jealousy, greed... a complex mix of emotions swirled on their faces, culminating in an uproar!

“The... he subdued the Demon-Suppressing Tower!”

“How is this possible! How did he do that?”

“Those are... dragons! Hundreds of dragons! My god!”

“Just how much fortune did this kid obtain inside?!”

After a brief silence, a volcanic eruption erupted.

All eyes were fixed on the exquisite little pagoda in Chen Ping’s hand, their breathing becoming heavy, their eyes turning bloodshot.

The Demon-Suppressing Pagoda!

This was a legendary innate treasure, containing boundless space and possessing unfathomable power!

Obtaining this pagoda was enough to establish an immortal dynasty, standing at the pinnacle of the Nine Heavens!

Greed instantly overwhelmed reason.

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The elder from the Blazing Sun Sect who had previously proposed a joint effort stepped forward first, suppressing his excitement, and cupped his hands in a respectful bow to Chen Ping, his tone leaving no room for argument:

“Young friend, congratulations on obtaining this treasure’s recognition of your master! However, this pagoda is of paramount importance, a blessing to the Nine Heavens and even the entire Great Thousand World, and cannot be possessed by one person or family alone.

We urge you to consider the greater good and hand over this pagoda for joint safekeeping by our various sects; this is the righteous path!”

His words, spoken with such grandeur, immediately drew considerable agreement.

“Indeed! Such a treasure cannot be monopolized by you alone!”

“Hand over the Demon-Suppressing Tower! Otherwise, you’ll die a horrible death today!”

“And these dragons! They are rare resources, and should be shared!”

The leader of the Blackwater Cave added sinisterly, his gaze sweeping over the dragons behind Chen Ping as if they were a walking treasure trove.

Dragon scales, dragon blood, dragon tendons, dragon souls... each one is priceless!

Even more, some directly shouted to the dragons behind Chen Ping: “You dragons, if you are willing to submit to our sect, you will be safe; otherwise, today is the day of your extinction!”

Faced with this overwhelming coercion and enticement, Chen Ping merely gently stroked the Demon-Suppressing Tower in his palm, a cold smile curving his lips.

Before he could speak, Old Black beside him couldn’t contain himself any longer, letting out a deafening dragon roar that echoed across the land:

“Bullshit! The Demon-Suppressing Tower was subdued by Mr. Chen through his own abilities. What does it have to do with you trash? Want the tower? First, ask your grandpa Black’s fists if they’ll allow it!”

Cen Biqing remained silent, but the aura of a blue dragon swirling around her, her eyes cold and resolute, clearly stated her stance.

The other hundreds of dragons were even more enraged. Their resentment, suppressed for countless years, now found an outlet, unleashing furious roars. Their dragon might merged into a single force, pressing down on the opposing side like a tangible tsunami!

“Roar—!”

“Want to enslave us? Dream on!”

“Follow Mr. Chen, and slaughter these greedy bastards!”

The dragons’ momentum instantly pushed back the combined pressure of the opposing forces, even surpassing it!

Chen Ping raised his hand and pressed it down slightly. The roars and howls behind him gradually subsided, and all the dragons fell silent, looking at him with reverence, awaiting his command.

This absolute discipline sent a chill down the spines of the opposing forces.

This kid, how could he have subdued these unruly dragons so completely?

Chen Ping’s gaze calmly swept over the dark mass of people before him. His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears:

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“The tower is mine. The dragons are my companions. Whoever wants it, come and take it.”

His tone was calm, yet it contained unparalleled confidence and domineering presence!

“Arrogant!”

“A mere fifth-grade Human Immortal, relying on a bit of luck and a bunch of beasts, dares to be so arrogant!”

“Kill him! Seize the treasure!”

“Attack together! No matter how powerful he is, he’s only one person... and a group of dragons!”

The last vestiges of reason were completely consumed by greed. Someone made the first move, a ghastly green flame shooting towards Chen Ping like a will-o’-the-wisp!

This was like the sounding of the battle horn!

“Kill!”

“Seize the treasure!”

“Slay the dragons!”

In an instant, countless beams of magical light, flowing light from magical treasures, and sword and blade energy, like a torrential rain, swept towards Chen Ping and the dragon army behind him!

The cultivators from various sects, setting aside past grievances, temporarily united, with only one goal—to kill Chen Ping and seize the Demon-Suppressing Tower and the dragons!

“Form ranks! Prepare for battle!”

Chen Ping gave the order, his voice transmitting through the core of the tower to the minds of every dragon.

In an instant, the dragon army erupted in dazzling light! Led by Cen Biqing, the Azure Dragon lineage swiftly deployed the “Azure Wood Rejuvenating Array,” sending up streaks of azure light that formed a massive life shield, resisting and weakening the incoming attacks.

The Black Dragons and Coiled Dragons, led by Lao Hei, and other physically powerful dragons roared as they stood at the forefront. They used their claws to tear through spells, their dragon breath to counter energy, and their robust bodies to withstand attacks, forming the strongest dam to block the first and most violent wave of impact.

Meanwhile, those dragons skilled in ranged attacks and manipulating water, fire, wind, and thunder, positioned at the rear of the formation, spewing scorching dragon breath, summoning raging lightning, and whipping up icy blizzards... their various dragon innate spells exploded like fireworks within the enemy ranks!

Chen Ping, at the forefront, charged in!

Wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he moved like lightning, directly plunging into the densest part of the enemy formation!

“Five Elements Sword Domain, open!”

Whoosh—!

Embracing him, a radius of a hundred feet was instantly enveloped in multicolored sword light!

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Sword energy crisscrossed, forming a domain of death!

Enemies within its range, whether at the Human Immortal or Celestial Immortal realms, felt their movements hindered, their spiritual energy sluggish, while simultaneously having to withstand the omnipresent, incomparably sharp sword energy!

“Time Slowdown!”

With a thought, Chen Ping caused the flow of time within the sword domain to suddenly slow down!

The enemies’ movements became riddled with flaws in his eyes!

“Die!”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword transformed into a scythe of death; each swing brought a shower of blood, guaranteeing the demise of one or even several cultivators!

He specifically targeted the leaders at the early and mid-stages of the Celestial Immortal realm for decapitation!

Under the lock of his sword intent, almost no one could withstand the power of his single strike!

A second-grade Celestial Immortal elder from the Blazing Sun Sect, wielding a Blazing Wheel, roared as he charged at Chen Ping: “Die, junior!”

Chen Ping didn’t even glance at him. With a backhand strike, his sword tip struck first, piercing the flames and precisely landing between the elder’s eyebrows.

Poof!

The elder froze, life rapidly fading from his eyes, his body plummeting from the sky.

“Elder!”

The Blazing Sun Sect disciples' eyes widened in horror.

Several experts from the Blackwater Cave used their Shadow Transformation Technique, moving like ghosts from the shadows towards Chen Ping's back.

Chen Ping seemed to have eyes in the back of his head; under the influence of the laws of time, their movements were as slow as snails.

“Spatial Distortion.”

He uttered four words softly, and the space around the Blackwater Cave experts suddenly collapsed and distorted!

They didn't even have time to scream before being crushed into a bloody pulp by the terrifying spatial force!

Chen Ping was like a tiger among sheep, unstoppable! Wherever he went, men and horses fell, corpses littered the ground!

Not only was his own combat prowess astonishing, but he could also precisely command the entire dragon army's battle formation through the tower's core.

“Left flank, Black Dragon Guards hold! Right flank, Wind Dragons accelerate, disrupt their rear!”

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Thunder Dragons, focus fire, attack that array master in the yellow robe!”

His commands were clear and efficient. Under his command, the dragon army was like a precise and terrifying war machine, driving the numerically superior allied forces into a relentless retreat!

The battlefield descended into chaotic and brutal carnage.

Dragon roars, explosions, screams, the clash of magical artifacts... all intertwined into a bloody symphony of death.

Blood stained the rift valley's ground crimson, limbs and severed bodies flew everywhere, the pungent stench of blood almost nauseating.

The cultivators of the allied forces were horrified to discover that their prized human wave tactics were utterly ineffective against the unified, fearless dragon army!

The individual dragons were already formidable, but now, with their combined strength, they unleashed a terrifying power greater than the sum of its parts.

And the key figure, Chen Ping, was like a nightmare. His sword, his laws, his control of the battle far exceeded their understanding of a "Fifth-Rank Human Immortal"!

"Monster! He's a monster!"

"Run! Run!"

"We're no match for him!"

Finally, some broke down and began to flee desperately.

The defeat was swift and devastating!

Once someone started to run, panic spread like wildfire.

The battle lines that had been barely holding on crumbled instantly.

“Trying to escape? Too late!”

Chen Ping’s eyes were icy. He knew the principle of “if you don’t kill the snake, you’ll only hurt it more.” Now that a blood feud has been formed, the tiger cannot be let return to the mountain.

“Demon-Suppressing Tower, Spatial Imprisonment!”

He summoned the exquisite little tower in his palm.

The little tower spun rapidly, instantly enlarging, hovering in the air, emitting invisible spatial fluctuations!

Buzz—!

The space within a radius of dozens of miles centered on the Demon-Suppressing Tower seemed to freeze!

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Those cultivators who attempted to use escape techniques to tear through space were horrified to find that the surrounding space had become as solid as divine iron, impossible to break through!

“No—!”

“He sealed the space!”

“It’s over!”

Desperate cries echoed across the battlefield.

“Dragon Clan, heed my command! Leave no one alive!”

Chen Ping issued the final kill order.

“Roar!”

“Kill!”

The dragon army, its morale soaring, advanced like a tidal wave, chasing after the enemies who had lost their will to fight and were running around like headless flies.

This was a one-sided massacre.

The battle raged for another half hour, until finally, the entire Void Rift gradually fell silent.

The once noisy and chaotic battlefield was now filled only with the thick, overwhelming stench of blood and mountains of corpses.

Thousands of cultivators from various sects of the Nine Heavens, except for a very few who reacted quickly or possessed special survival techniques, had all perished here!

Sunlight filtered through the pervasive blood mist, illuminating Chen Ping standing amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, and the dragons behind him, weary yet excited, their bodies stained with the blood of their enemies.

Chen Ping held the blood-dripping Dragon-Slaying Sword, his robes fluttering. Despite the repeated battles, his aura had grown ever deeper and more vast.

His gaze swept across this carnage, his eyes calm and undisturbed.

In this battle, he had not only tested his own strength and the fighting power of the dragon army, but also announced his arrival to the entire Nine Heavens, and... his inviolable majesty!

From this day forward, a formidable force would emerge in the Nine Heavens—a new power led by Chen Ping, possessing the Demon-Suppressing Tower and hundreds of dragons!

Old Hei kicked aside a corpse at his feet, grinning, “Mr. Chen, these guys are really weak! They weren’t even enough to stretch my muscles!”

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Cen Biqing walked to Chen Ping’s side and said softly, “Mr. Chen, although we won this battle, we have thoroughly offended most of the sects in the Nine Heavens. The consequences may be...”

Chen Ping sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and the Demon-Suppressing Tower, saying calmly, “It’s alright. We’ll meet force with force. We won’t cause trouble, but we’re not afraid of trouble either.”

He looked at the dragon army behind him, their aura growing even stronger after the bloody battle, and said in a deep voice, “Clean up the battlefield. Distribute all the spoils. Then, come with me... back to the Yama Heavenly Sect!”

“Yes! Your Majesty!”

Hundreds of dragons responded in unison, their voices shaking the heavens!

They looked at Chen Ping’s retreating figure, their eyes filled with fervor and loyalty. It was this young man, bearing the blood of royalty, who rescued them from endless oppression and led them to this glorious victory!

Following him might be the beginning of the Dragon Clan’s resurgence!

Chen Ping led the Dragon Clan army, carrying overwhelming murderous aura and countless spoils of war, leaving the blood-stained rift valley in a grand procession towards the Yama Heavenly Sect.

It is foreseeable that when news of this spreads, the entire Nine Heavens will be shaken!

And Chen Ping's name will surely resound throughout the universe!

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Yama Heavenly Sect!

Yan Nantian, Liu Xue, and Shen Zhiyan are still recovering inside the Demon Suppression Tower.

Before the Yama Heavenly Sect's mountain gate, the once lingering aura of the underworld has been replaced by a thick stench of blood and a chilling atmosphere.

Hundreds of figures fought a desperate battle at the foot of the mountain. The light of spells clashed with the cold glint of weapons, and the air was filled with explosions, roars, and screams. The violent energy surges caused the space to tremble, and the ground was riddled with craters and bloodstains.

The disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect, led by Guan Jun, formed a shaky defensive formation, desperately resisting the surging tide of black-robed enemies.

Each of them knew that within their sect, Sect Master Yan Nantian, Liu Xue, Shen Zhiyan, and other core members were critically recovering in the Demon Suppression Tower. Their lives could not be allowed to be lost!

Moreover, the Demon Suppression Tower itself was a treasure of the sect; how could it fall into enemy hands?

"Hold on! For the Sect Master! For the Yama Heavenly Sect!"

Guan Jun roared hoarsely, wielding his ghostly spear with impenetrable precision. Each thrust was accompanied by a piercing ghostly howl, forcing back several enemies.

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Guan Jun was already wounded; a deep, bone-revealing gash on his left arm bled profusely, staining half his robe crimson.

However, the enemy was clearly superior in strength and numbers.

These black-robed cultivators used bizarre techniques, their attacks ruthless, carrying an aura of pure destruction and plunder.

Disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect were continuously struck by the cruel spells in their resistance; their protective aura shattered, their bodies either corroded into bones or torn apart by the violent energy, staining the sky with blood.

The cries of the wounded and the grief of their fallen comrades intertwined to create a desperate lament.

“Hehehe...”

From the enemy camp, a tall, thin man with a sinister face and sunken eyes like a skull, wearing black robes, let out a piercing laugh. “Lord Guan, why resist so stubbornly? We are both demonic cultivators, but look at your Yama Heavenly Sect now!

You’ve actually submitted to a human cultivator, wagging your tail and begging for mercy! You’ve utterly disgraced our demonic cultivation!”

Guan Jun blasted away the enemy in front of him with his spear, his eyes bloodshot as he glared at the leader: “Bullshit! Trash from the Heavenly Evil Sect! Mr. Chen is a distinguished guest of our Yama Heavenly Sect, and even more so, our benefactor!

How dare you despicable scoundrels who only know how to take advantage of others slander him! The path of demonic cultivation also has its principles of honor and righteousness! It is not like you, acting like bandits!”

The black-robed leader was the person in charge of this operation for the Heavenly Evil Sect, known as “Ghost Bone Daoist.”

Upon hearing this, his mockery deepened: “Trust? What’s that worth? Power is eternal! A wise man submits to circumstances, Guan Jun. For the sake of our shared demonic path, if you surrender now and hand over Yan Nantian and Chen Ping, I might spare the lives of you lowly disciples.

Otherwise... today is the day the Yama Heavenly Sect is wiped out!”

“Keep dreaming!”

Guan Jun cursed, his demonic energy blazing wildly. Ignoring his injuries, he charged forward again, spear in hand. “Yama Heavenly Sect disciples, we’d rather die than surrender! Kill!”

“Stubborn fools! Kill them all!”

The Ghost Bone Daoist sneered, waving his hand to signal his men to intensify their attack.

An even fiercer assault came like a storm.

The Yama Heavenly Sect’s defensive line crumbled, and disciples fell one after another.

Guan Jun’s forces were dwindling, and he himself was at his limit, newly wounded and weakened, his defenses on the verge of collapse.

Just at this critical moment—

“Roar—!”

A dragon’s roar, piercing through metal and shattering stone, imbued with supreme majesty and fury, exploded from the distant sky like a thunderclap!

This roar was so immense that it instantly drowned out all the noise of the battlefield, causing everyone's eardrums to ring and their hearts to tremble!