

## **The Order 9401**

Chapter: 9401

Chen Ping was like a grim reaper walking in the cracks of time and space. His sword was faster than the limits of visual perception, more precise than a destiny's arrangement, and ruthless without leaving any room for error.

The supreme swordsmanship, incorporating time slowing, spatial distortion, and the interplay of the five elements, utterly crushed these ordinary Celestial Immortal elders!

Where he passed, there was no fierce confrontation, no dazzling magical clashes, only utterly succinct slaughter!

One sword, one life, like harvesting straw!

“Stop him! Stop him now!”

The Evil Bone Elder, his heart pounding with fear, roared hoarsely, forcibly suppressing his injuries as he brandished his white bone staff.

“The Myriad Evil Immortal-Slaying Formation, activate!”

He and the dozen or so wounded elders quickly converged, ignoring the backlash, and once again unleashed their demonic energy.

Even denser, more malevolent gray-black evil energy surged from their bodies and from the depths of the Myriad Bone Cliff beneath their feet, frantically intertwining and coalescing in the air!

“Roar!”

A roar seemingly from the deepest hell resounded, and a colossal, thousand-foot-tall, three-headed, six-armed, blue-faced, fanged evil god form, its body bound by countless chains of vengeful spirits, suddenly materialized!

This form was far more solid than the one previously formed using arrays, its oppressive aura reaching the level of a mid-stage Heavenly Venerable!

Its six enormous arms each gripped a giant sword formed from vengeful spirits, a bone knife, a poisoned whip, a ghostly lantern, a skull rosary, and a tattered soul-summoning banner.

With an evil will to destroy everything, it slammed down fiercely towards Chen Ping and the dragon army that had stormed into the sect!

“Roar! Your opponent is me, Old Black!”

Old Black roared excitedly, fearlessly charging forward.

Its massive dragon body was no less formidable than the evil god’s form, its claws, covered in thick scales and carrying the power to tear through the void, directly grasped at the giant sword of vengeful spirits!

“Boom!”

The claws clashed, unleashing a deafening clang like metal striking metal. The violent energy shockwave instantly reduced dozens of Heavenly Evil Sect disciples who couldn’t dodge in time to a bloody mist!

“Brothers, tear this monstrous thing apart!”

Another powerful fire dragon, its body covered in crimson scales as if made of magma, roared.

It unleashed a concentrated, almost pure white flame breath, scorching the arm of the evil god’s avatar that was wielding its bone blade.

“Thunder, heed my command!”

A thunder dragon with wingspans that blotted out the sky and blue lightning crackling around its body roared, summoning countless bolts of chaotic divine lightning as thick as buckets. Like whips of thunder, these bolts lashed out at the avatar's other arm.

Several ancient dragons, each possessing strength reaching the Heavenly Immortal realm, unleashed their signature techniques, engaging the evil god's avatar in battle.

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The dragons' ferocity and powerful innate abilities were on full display.

Although the Evil God's Dharma Avatar possessed a higher level of power, it was still tightly entangled by several top-tier dragons, unable to break free to fight the others.

Meanwhile, the other dragons, like tigers among sheep, charged into the chaos of the Heavenly Evil Sect disciples, who had lost their protective formation.

The battle instantly entered its most brutal and bloody phase!

The physically powerful black dragons, coiled dragons, and earth dragons, among others, were at the forefront.

They tore apart their enemies' bodies with their claws, swept across the battlefield with their tails, and withstood stray magical attacks with their formidable bodies, like an impregnable mobile fortress, relentlessly trampling the Heavenly Evil Sect's lines.

The dragons, skilled in elemental attacks, followed behind, unleashing their fury without restraint.

Where the dragon's breath passed, scorched earth remained; where lightning struck, ashes were reduced to ashes; where the icy tide swept in, ice sculptures stood tall; where the storm raged, not a trace of corpse remained...

The roars of dragons, the explosions, the screams, the cracking of bones, the collapsing of buildings... all intertwined to create a bloody and violent symphony of death.

While the disciples of the Heavenly Evil Sect were fierce, in individual strength, fighting spirit, and especially racial talent, they were far inferior to the vengeful dragon army under Chen Ping's unified command.

Moreover, their high-ranking elders were being eliminated one by one by Chen Ping like slicing vegetables, and their greatest reliance, the Evil God Dharma Image, was also tightly bound.

The defeat was swift and devastating!

Panic spread like a plague among the disciples of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

Some attempted resistance, only to be instantly engulfed by the dragon's breath;

Others tried to escape, but found their retreat blocked by highly mobile wind dragons and cloud dragons;

Many more were mercilessly crushed in despair.

Blood stained the pale bone cliffs, forming streams that flowed down the steep walls, tinging the miasma below with a faint red.

The intensely pungent stench of blood even temporarily overwhelmed the millennia-old evil and deathly aura that had accumulated here.

Chen Ping's figure continued to flash across the battlefield. His objective was clear: prioritize eliminating the elders at the Celestial Immortal realm and dismantling the Heavenly Evil Sect's command structure.

Under the Dragon-Slaying Sword, none could withstand a single blow.

His mastery of the laws grew increasingly refined. Sometimes he accelerated time to increase his speed, sometimes he folded space to shrink it to an inch, and sometimes he split the Five Elements Sword Light into countless forms, attacking multiple enemies simultaneously.

The Evil Bone Elder watched as the sect's elite were slaughtered with a heart full of painstaking effort—this was all the wealth he had painstakingly accumulated!

He frantically activated his Evil God Avatar, trying to turn the tide of battle, but Old Black and the ancient dragons cooperated seamlessly, their offense and defense perfectly aligned, holding him back.

They even gradually gained the upper hand, causing the Evil God Avatar to dim its light and become unstable.

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“Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable! Soul Devouring Lord! How long are you going to stand there! If you don't come out soon, we will both perish here! Your plans will be in vain!”

The Evil Bone Elder roared in despair and resentment, his voice filled with unwillingness and a hint of betrayal.

He knew that the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable was definitely nearby, or at least a wisp of his divine sense was attached to this place!

Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to accurately transmit the news of Chen Ping's serious injury earlier.

As if in response to his call, a chilling, malevolent aura, carrying a powerful, soul-corroding force, suddenly emanated from the deepest part of the Ten Thousand Bones Cliff.

Below the altar, constructed from countless skulls and brimming with the most concentrated evil energy, it silently spread.

This aura wasn't particularly powerful, even somewhat weak and elusive, but its essence was extremely high, carrying the unique pressure of a Celestial Venerable's laws. All those with keen senses on the battlefield, including Chen Ping and the top dragons, instantly felt it.

"Hehehe... Evil Bone, you have disappointed me greatly..."

A chilling laugh seemed to resound directly in the depths of everyone's souls, carrying a condescending indifference and mockery.

"Can't even handle this much of a situation? I've wasted my meager expectations of your Heavenly Evil Sect."

An extremely faint, almost ethereal figure, composed of pure shadow and resentment, slowly emerged from above the altar.

It was a remnant soul of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable!

Compared to its peak, this remnant soul was a hundred times weaker, yet the resentment and cunning in its eyes remained undiminished.

"Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable! You've finally shown yourself!"

Chen Ping beheaded a Heavenly Evil Sect elder who attempted a sneak attack with a single sword stroke, his gaze like cold lightning shooting towards the illusory figure, his killing intent locked onto it without concealment.

But he didn't immediately rush forward, because he could sense that this remnant soul wasn't a physical entity, but rather a projection or a megaphone.

"Boy, your life is truly remarkably tough..."

The remnant image of the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable swayed, its voice filled with bone-chilling resentment, "These trash from the Heavenly Evil Sect are indeed more trouble than they're worth! But do you think this is the end? The game has only just begun..."

His words carried a sinister undertone, as if brewing an even greater conspiracy.

"A cowardly rat hiding its head and tail, dares to talk about games?"

Chen Ping sneered. With a thought, the phantom of the Demon-Suppressing Tower flickered in his palm. Its aura, specifically designed to counter the soul, caused the afterimage of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable to fluctuate violently.

"The Demon-Suppressing Tower!"

The afterimage of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable let out a wary growl, but then transformed into a sinister laugh. "Hmph! This thing may be powerful, but I'm not afraid at all! Besides, how could you easily find my true body?"

It seemed determined not to confront Chen Ping directly; the existence of this afterimage was more of a mockery and a delaying tactic.

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"Finding you is only a matter of time."

Chen Ping's tone was calm, yet carried an undeniable determination. "Today I'll first eliminate your henchmen, cripple your allies, and one day I'll sever your true body, leaving you utterly destroyed!"

"Arrogant!"

The remnant image of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable coldly snorted. "I've cultivated my power in the Nine Heavens for ten thousand years; how could a mere child like you possibly comprehend its depths?"

“Evil Bone, this place is yours now. If you can survive today, one day, when I recover, I will surely help your Heavenly Evil Sect become the true overlord of the Nine Heavens!”

“If not... hehe, that’s your fate!”

With that, before the Evil Bone Elder could react, the remnant image twisted violently, transforming into a wisp of black smoke, about to disappear back beneath the altar. Clearly, there was a special teleportation or concealment array he had set up there.

“Trying to escape?”

Chen Ping’s eyes flashed sharply. How could he let him escape so easily?

He needed to extract the location of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable’s true form from this remnant soul!

“Time Stop! Space Lock!”

The power of the dual laws instantly enveloped the small area surrounding the altar!

The wisp of black smoke attempting to escape suddenly slowed to an extreme degree, as if trapped in an invisible quagmire. The surrounding space also became incredibly solid, blocking its path back.

“Soul Search!”

Chen Ping pointed his fingers like a sword, and a highly condensed stream of light, imbued with powerful divine sense, shot towards the slowed black smoke with lightning speed!

He intended to use his overwhelming divine sense to forcibly search the remnant soul for memories of the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable’s true form!

“Hmph! Wishful thinking!”

The remnant image of the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable emitted a sharp screech, seemingly prepared.

The wisp of black smoke suddenly exploded, transforming into countless even finer, almost invisible soul threads that shot in all directions. Simultaneously, a self-destructive soul shockwave spread out, attempting to interfere with Chen Ping’s soul search.

“Destroy!”

Chen Ping reacted with lightning speed. The illusory image of the Demon-Suppressing Tower suddenly enlarged, casting a clear light that froze the surrounding space. Simultaneously, his Five Elements Sword Intent swept across, annihilating large swathes of the exploding soul threads.

However, the Soul Devouring Venerable was, after all, a powerful figure in the Nine Heavens, and his soul body had existed for ten thousand years. Therefore, his research on the soul was unparalleled, and this remnant soul was a carefully prepared backup plan.

Despite Chen Ping’s swift reaction, a very small number of soul threads, carrying insignificant memories or purely interfering information, still escaped and dissipated into the air.

The main remnant soul consciousness was completely annihilated in the self-destruction, leaving only some incomplete fragments of memory.

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Chen Ping’s divine sense quickly captured and read these fragments.

The information in the fragments was extremely vague and chaotic, mostly concerning trivial matters of the Heavenly Evil Sect, as well as some promises and control methods made by the Soul Devouring Venerable to the Evil Bone Elder.

The core memories regarding the location of his true body’s hiding place seemed to have been placed under a powerful restriction, shattering completely when his remnant soul self-destructed.

However, among these fragmented pieces of information, Chen Ping still managed to glean a crucial fragment of a place name—"Netherworld...Blood Sea...Edge...Burial of Souls..."

Although the information was incomplete, Chen Ping recognized the name "Netherworld Blood Sea."

It was an extremely dangerous forbidden area within the Nine Heavens, located on the very edge of the lowest level. Legend had it that it was an ancient battlefield of gods and demons, a boundless sea of blood filled with endless vengeful spirits and chaotic laws, a place even Celestial Immortals were unwilling to venture into lightly.

The Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable hiding his true body in such a place was consistent with his cunning, treacherous nature and his ability to exploit perilous environments.

"Netherworld Blood Sea...Burial of Souls..."

Chen Ping murmured to himself, his eyes sharp. "It seems I must make a trip to this most dangerous place in the Nine Heavens."

At this moment, the battle below was nearing its end.

Seeing the remnant soul of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable escape, the Evil Bone Elder's last hope vanished.

With his mind in disarray, his Evil God Dharma Form had an arm torn apart by Old Black's ferocious "Heaven-Splitting Dragon Claw," followed by a series of devastating blows from the fire dragon's breath and the thunder dragon's lightning. Finally, with a mournful cry of despair, it dissipated with a deafening roar.

With his Dharma Form shattered, the Evil Bone Elder and the elders suffered further heavy blows, coughing up blood and their auras weakening to the extreme.

"Surrender! We surrender!"

An elder completely broke down, discarding his magical treasures and kneeling to beg for mercy.

With their high-level combat power exhausted, the remaining disciples of the Heavenly Evil Sect lost their will to resist, kneeling on the ground, trembling.

Chen Ping landed, his gaze sweeping across the chaotic battlefield littered with corpses, finally settling on the Evil Bone Elder, who was being suppressed by several dragons, his face ashen.

“Where is the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable’s true form hidden in the Netherworld Blood Sea? What lies behind ‘Soul Burial’?”

Chen Ping asked directly, his voice icy.

The Evil Bone Elder gave a bitter laugh, blood continuously spilling from the corner of his mouth: “Heh...heh...Chen Ping, you’ve won...but you want to find the Venerable One? Dream on! The Venerable One is all-powerful, his plans flawless; how could you possibly fathom his depths?”

“I know nothing! Even if I did, I wouldn’t tell you!”

A glint of madness and resolve flashed in his eyes; clearly, he had no intention of cooperating.

Chen Ping wasn’t surprised. Demonic giants, especially someone like the Evil Bone Elder, were often fearless, or rather, they knew that surrender meant certain death.

“You will speak.”

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Chen Ping said calmly, the Demon-Suppressing Tower reappearing in his palm, a suction force targeting the soul enveloping the Evil Bone Elder.

He didn't need the Evil Bone Elder to speak; the Demon-Suppressing Tower possessed the ability to refine and search souls, though the process would be slower and more painful than extracting information from a willing or powerless soul. "No! You can't!"

The Old Man of Evil Bones felt the excruciating pain of his soul being torn apart, letting out a terrified roar as he attempted to self-destruct his soul.

"Suppress!"

Chen Ping coldly snorted, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower shone brightly, instantly suppressing all his resistance. It began forcibly extracting and refining his soul, stripping away fragments of his memories.

At the same time, Chen Ping ordered Old Black and the other dragons: "Old Black, lead everyone to thoroughly clean up the battlefield, collect all spoils of war, and inventory the treasury."

"Kill everyone and seize their storage bags. Thoroughly search the entire Ten Thousand Bones Cliff, especially the area around the altar, looking for any clues related to the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable, including scriptures, jade slips, communication arrays, etc. Don't overlook any trace!"

Chen Ping wasn't a saint; regardless of whether they surrendered or not, he killed them all and seized their storage bags.

This massive dragon army required a great deal of resources.

If necessary, Chen Ping would lead the dragon army to sweep across the entire Nine Heavens and seize resources.

As the saying goes, "Every man for himself..."

Unless everyone, like Yan Nantian, genuinely submits to their sect.

"Yes! Mr. Chen!"

Old Black grumbled, accepting the order, and immediately began the raid with great excitement.

For the dragons, collecting glittering treasures and uncovering secrets is an ingrained passion.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged beside the altar, simultaneously activating the Demon-Suppressing Tower to refine the Evil Bone Elder's soul and extract his memories, while also sending a wisp of divine thought to carefully examine the eerie skull altar.

He was trying to find traces of the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable's remnant soul and possible hidden coordinates.

He knew that destroying the Heavenly Evil Sect was only the first step, eliminating the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable's greatest visible support.

The real challenge was finding and completely destroying the cunning and treacherous Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable's true form, hidden in the darkest depths! If the Soul Devourer remained alive, Chen Ping knew this guy would definitely return with a vengeance.

Once he left the Nine Heavens, the Soul Devourer would likely be invincible.

Once fully recovered, he certainly wouldn't let him go, and might even hunt him down to higher worlds.

With the Soul Devourer's strength, reaching the Tenth or even Eleventh Heaven would be easy.

Therefore, Chen Ping had to eliminate this guy in the Nine Heavens; he couldn't let him remain a threat.

The clue lay within these ruins, in the memories of the Evil Bone Elder, in the hidden corner of this altar.

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The dragon army was busily clearing the battlefield, their massive bodies weaving through the ruins.

Chen Ping sat there calmly, like the eye of a storm, beginning to unravel the mystery, searching for the path to the final hunting ground.

“The Netherworld Blood Sea, the Burial Ground of Souls... Soul Devourer, your death is not far off.”

Chen Ping’s eyes were filled with excitement.

He desperately wanted to find the Soul Devourer and kill him with his own hands.

The terrifyingly powerful energy within him made Chen Ping want to vent his frustration.

“Mr. Chen, we’ve struck it rich! The Heavenly Evil Sect’s resources are truly abundant. It seems they’ve been robbing and pillaging quite a bit in the Nine Heavens.”

Old Hei excitedly told Chen Ping.

“That’s good. Tell the brothers to recover quickly. We still need to go to the Netherworld Blood Sea.”

Chen Ping said.

“Alright!” Old Hei nodded, then took out a blood-red bead from his pocket: “Mr. Chen, I found this under the statue in the Heavenly Evil Sect’s main hall. I can’t sense any aura from this bead; it’s like an ordinary bead. Take a look.”

Chen Ping took the blood-red bead and examined it with his divine sense, but found no aura whatsoever.

This bead was like an ordinary object, completely useless.

Chen Ping knew that the Heavenly Evil Sect was the number one sect in the Nine Heavens; they wouldn't place a lifeless, useless bead under the statue in the main hall.

"Go and tell the brothers to recover," Chen Ping waved his hand.

Old Hei nodded and left.

Chen Ping stared at the blood-red bead, unsure how to proceed.

Chen Ping gazed at the blood-red bead in his hand, devoid of any aura, his brow furrowed slightly.

With his current cultivation level and spiritual sense, even the highest-level treasures would be difficult to detect.

Yet this bead remained as silent as an ordinary pebble, which in itself was highly unusual.

"The Heavenly Evil Sect hid you in such a secluded place; you are no ordinary object... What secret do you hold?"

Chen Ping murmured to himself, attempting to slowly infuse a wisp of chaotic immortal power into it.

However, the immortal power was like a mud ox entering the sea; the blood bead showed no reaction.

He then tried to bind it to his blood; the blood was instantly absorbed upon landing on the bead, but it remained dormant.

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Just as Chen Ping was considering whether to use a more drastic method, such as forcibly cleaving it open with the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a sudden change occurred!

Deep within his sea of consciousness, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, which had been quietly suspended and emanating a hazy Daoist aura, suddenly seemed to be drawn by some invisible force, its golden light blazing brightly!

“Buzz—!”

A pure and vast golden light uncontrollably emanated from Chen Ping’s forehead, a tangible pillar of light instantly enveloping the blood-red bead in his hand!

This golden light seemed to contain the ultimate principles of heaven and earth, the origin of the universe, carrying a supreme majesty and purifying power.

The blood bead, enveloped by the golden light, could no longer remain silent!

“Ah—!”

A shrill, piercing scream, filled with endless resentment and an ancient aura, suddenly erupted from within the blood bead!

This sound did not travel through the air, but acted directly on the soul, causing Old Black and the other dragons, who were counting their spoils nearby, to turn around in horror.

The previously lifeless blood bead, under the pressure of the golden light, churned violently on its surface like a boiling sea of blood.

An incomparably solid, blood-red soul shadow, far more powerful and ancient than the remnant soul of the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable, was forcibly forced out from within the bead! This soul shadow was a dark red, its face blurred but its ferocity and madness still faintly discernible. It emanated a terrifying evil aura and a savage, ancient malevolent energy!

“Who is it? Who has disturbed my slumber? How dare you desecrate my sacred soul with such power!”

The crimson soul shadow roared in fury, attempting to resist the golden light's restraint.

Its soul power fluctuations were extremely strong, reaching the Heavenly Venerable realm, and it exuded a profound sense of weight and age!

"The Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor?"

Chen Ping's gaze sharpened, instantly recognizing the remnant soul's identity.

He hadn't expected the Heavenly Evil Sect to harbor such an ancient monster!

It seemed this blood bead was a vessel for nurturing such an ancient remnant soul!

The Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor's remnant soul struggled, its scarlet eyes instantly locking onto Chen Ping, who was closest to it, its eyes blazing with extreme greed and ecstasy.

"What a perfect body! What boundless vitality! What a youthful soul! Hahaha! Heaven hasn't forsaken me! Boy, this body of yours, I'll gladly accept!"

It completely ignored the source of the golden light that instinctively terrified it, perhaps due to long slumber, or perhaps due to an intense longing for rebirth.

It transformed into a streak of crimson lightning, rushing directly towards Chen Ping's brow and sea of consciousness, attempting to forcibly seize his body!

"Seeking death!"

Chen Ping coldly snorted, not stopping it, but instead releasing the defenses of his sea of consciousness.

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He wanted to see what kind of waves this old ghost, who had lived for who knows how long, could stir up in his turf!

The crimson soul shadow rushed into Chen Ping's sea of consciousness without hindrance.

It had expected to face a fragile soul, easily manipulated, and was prepared to enjoy the pleasure of devouring and possessing it.

However, when it truly entered this vast and boundless sea of consciousness, what it saw was not Chen Ping's soul, but rather the Great Luo Golden Scripture suspended in the center of the sea of consciousness, radiating boundless golden light, seemingly existing since ancient times, suppressing all heavens and myriad realms!

The Golden Scripture slowly rotated, its golden light like chains of divine order, permeating the entire sea of consciousness.

Before that golden light, the Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor felt like a tiny ant gazing up at the colossal pillar supporting the heavens and earth!

No, not even as small as an ant! It was an absolute crushing force in terms of life level and fundamental laws!

Its soul, which had accumulated ten thousand years of evil power and considered itself invincible, began to melt rapidly under this golden light, like snowflakes under the sun!

An indescribable, immense fear originating from the very source of its soul instantly overwhelmed all its greed and madness!

“No!!! This...what is this?! What kind of supreme artifact is this?! Spare me! My lord, spare me!!!”

The remnant soul of the Heavenly Evil Sect's ancestor let out a scream and plea for mercy ten times more shrill than when it was forced out earlier.

It no longer cared about possession or rebirth; only the most primal fear of utter annihilation remained!

It curled up, desperately trying to suppress its soul power, attempting to reduce the area illuminated by the golden light, its voice trembling like a candle in the wind:

"I...I was blind! I offended you, my lord! Please forgive me! I am willing to serve you as my master, my slave for eternity! Please spare my life, my lord!"

Chen Ping's consciousness condensed in his sea of consciousness, coldly gazing down at the trembling, blood-red soul shadow.

"Now you know to beg for mercy? Too late."

"No! Not too late! My lord! I'm useful! I know many ancient secrets! I know the many treasures of the Nine Heavens! I..."

The Heavenly Evil Sect patriarch hurriedly revealed his value.

"I ask, you answer."

Chen Ping interrupted him, his tone leaving no room for doubt, "What exactly is this blood bead? What is its use?"

Sensing the killing intent in Chen Ping's tone lessen slightly, the Heavenly Evil Sect patriarch grasped at a straw.

He hurriedly spilled the beans: "Reporting to my lord! This bead is called the 'Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Bead,' a rare treasure passed down from ancient times! It... its greatest effect is that it can nourish remnant souls, and... and it can reshape the physical body of remnant souls!"

"Reshape the physical body?"

Chen Ping's heart stirred.

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"That's right!"

The Heavenly Evil Sect patriarch explained eagerly, "As long as the remnant soul isn't completely annihilated, even if only a trace of its essence remains, it can enter this Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl and absorb enough primordial soul liquid."

"When the soul liquid's energy accumulates to a certain level, it can be used as a base, with the blood pearl as a catalyst, to reshape a perfectly compatible, infinitely potential physical body! This is equivalent to a perfect rebirth!"

"Primordial soul liquid?" Chen Ping caught this key term. "What is this? Where can I obtain it?"

"Primordial soul liquid isn't naturally occurring; it's a refined substance!"

The Heavenly Evil Sect patriarch dared not conceal the truth. "It needs to be obtained from natural resources containing abundant primordial soul power." "Refining from treasures!"

"For example, the heartwood of the ten-thousand-year-old Soul-Nourishing Wood, the stamen of the Nine-Turn Resurrection Grass, the lotus seeds of the Netherworld Ghost Lotus, and... and the faith-based soul power condensed within the ancient sect soul tablets or ancestral statues of various sects! These are the best materials for refining the Origin Soul Liquid!"

"These materials are all the most prized treasures or core assets of their respective sects!"

"Especially the sect soul tablets and ancestral statues, which carry the fortune and faith of a sect, containing the purest and most powerful soul power!"

"But they are also the most difficult to obtain, unless... unless one forcibly breaches the sect's gate and seizes them!"

The words of the Heavenly Evil Sect's patriarch made Chen Ping's eyes gleam.

He instantly understood the value of the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl, and why the Heavenly Evil Sect's patriarch, though only a remnant soul, had managed to survive until now.

At the same time, a plan quickly took shape in his mind.

Just then, a voice, almost trembling with excitement, rang out from the other side of Chen Ping's sea of consciousness:

"Boy! Did you hear that? Origin Soul Liquid! Myriad Transformation Blood Soul Pearl! I... I have a chance to regain my physical body!"

It was the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord who spoke!

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was reduced to a mere wisp of remnant soul, believing he had no hope of ever regaining his physical body. Hearing this incredible news, how could he not be overjoyed?

Reconstructing his physical body, to live again—this was his long-cherished dream!

Chen Ping looked at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's excited soul flame, nodded, and then his gaze turned coldly back to the remnant soul of the Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor.

"My lord! I have told you everything I know! I beg you, my lord..."

The Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor felt the chill in Chen Ping's gaze and pleaded again.

"Your value has been used up."

Chen Ping said indifferently, a thought flashing through his mind.

Within his sea of consciousness, the Great Luo Golden Scripture shone even brighter, and a golden flame composed purely of laws swept out, instantly enveloping the remnant soul of the Heavenly Evil Sect's patriarch.