

## **The Order 9411**

Chapter: 9411

“No—!!!”

With a final, desperate, and unwilling wail, the Heavenly Evil Sect patriarch, who had lived for countless years and possessed boundless ambition, succumbed.

His last remnant soul was completely purified and annihilated in the golden flame, transforming into the purest soul energy. Part of it was absorbed by the Great Luo Golden Scripture, while the rest dissipated, nourishing Chen Ping's sea of consciousness.

With the threat gone, Chen Ping withdrew his consciousness from his sea of consciousness.

He opened his hand; the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl still lay quietly in his palm, but now, in his eyes, it was no longer a mysterious and unknown object, but a pearl of hope containing infinite possibilities.

“Senior, you can come out and try.”

Chen Ping said softly.

A faint but intensely passionate black-red soul flame flew out from between Chen Ping's brows, hovering before the blood pearl—it was the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

“Boy, I...!” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's voice choked with emotion.

“Senior, please go in.”

Chen Ping handed the blood bead to the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's soul fire. “I will find enough primordial soul liquid for you to help you reshape your physical body!”

“Boy, thank you...”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s soul fire fluctuated violently. Then, without hesitation, he slowly merged the soul fire into the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Bead.

The blood bead glowed slightly, its surface radiating a warm luster. A faint black-red soul fire could be seen burning quietly within, completely different from the violent aura of the Heavenly Evil Sect Ancestor before, becoming docile and full of anticipation.

Chen Ping could feel that he had established a deeper connection with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord within the blood bead; he could sense Crimson Cloud’s state at any time.

He solemnly put away the blood bead, raised his gaze, and looked into the distance, his eyes becoming incredibly sharp and profound.

“Origin Soul Liquid... Soul-Nourishing Wood Heart, Soul-Returning Grass Stamen, Ghost Lotus Seed, Sect Soul Stele...”

Chen Ping repeated these names in a low voice, an aura of domineering dominance and unwavering determination rising from him.

“Old Black!”

He shouted in a deep voice.

“Yes! Mr. Chen!”

Old Black immediately flew over. Although it didn’t know exactly what had happened, it could sense the increasingly terrifying aura and decisiveness emanating from Chen Ping.

“Pass down the order!”

Chen Ping's voice, like the clang of metal, resounded throughout the Ten Thousand Bones Cliff, "All dragons, rest immediately and replenish your strength! Half a day later, follow me on the expedition!"

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"Expedition? Mr. Chen, where are we going? Directly to the Netherworld Blood Sea to find that Soul-Devouring Old Dog?"

Old Black rubbed its hands together, its fighting spirit soaring.

"No."

Chen Ping slowly shook his head, a cold smile curving his lips. "Before we go find the Soul Devouring Celestial Venerable, we need to handle a major matter first."

His gaze swept over the mountains of resources from the Heavenly Evil Sect being confiscated by the dragons below. His tone was calm, yet contained boundless authority and killing intent.

"Notify all the major sects and forces in the Nine Heavens. Tell them to prepare their Ten-Thousand-Year Soul-Nourishing Wood, Nine-Turn Resurrection Grass, Netherworld Ghost Lotus, as well as their sect's Soul Stele and Ancestral Master statue!"

Old Hei was taken aback, somewhat confused: "Mr. Chen, what does this mean..."

Chen Ping stood with his hands behind his back, his robes fluttering without wind. His voice clearly reached the ears of every dragon, and seemed to travel through the void to every corner of the Nine Heavens.

"Tell them, I, Chen Ping, need the Primal Soul Liquid to save lives. Let them voluntarily offer the necessary materials, and I can guarantee the safety of their sects, even bestowing upon them a fortuitous opportunity."

"Anyone who conceals their secrets, feigns compliance, or even attempts resistance..."

Chen Ping paused, his eyes flashing with cold light, his Dragon-Slaying Sword Intent soaring into the sky, stirring the winds and clouds.

“—Slay them without mercy! Destroy their sects, annihilate their clans, seize their treasures!”

“It’s time for a new order to be established in the Nine Heavens! Those who submit to me prosper, those who defy me—perish!”

“Roar!!!”

Hundreds of dragons, sensing Chen Ping’s overwhelming domineering aura and determination, unleashed a deafening dragon roar in unison, their dragon might vast and their killing intent filling the heavens, as if announcing the birth of an unparalleled ruler to the entire Nine Heavens!

Old Black trembled with excitement, its scales shaking. It finally understood Chen Ping’s grand strategy!

This was not merely revenge, not merely the search for materials; this was a conquest sweeping across the entire Nine Heavens!

The goal was to bring the entire Nine Heavens under Chen Ping’s control!

“Yes! Mr. Chen! I, Old Black, am willing to be the vanguard, clearing away all obstacles for you!”

Old Black roared, his massive dragon eyes burning with fanatical battle lust.

Chen Ping nodded, his gaze cold and resolute.

He originally had no intention of ruling the Nine Heavens, but the situation forced him to.

The Soul Devourer was lurking in the shadows, the Dragon Clan army needed massive resources, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord needed to rebuild his physical body, Liu Xue's Heavenly Gate needed to be rebuilt... all of this required absolute power and control.

Since that was the case, then there was no need for politeness!

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He would completely seize control of the Nine Heavens!

Before he left for a higher world, he had to secure an impregnable empire for his legacy!

Half a day later, the Dragon Clan army, having rested, set off again, carrying the vast resources seized from the Heavenly Evil Sect, and with even more fervent fighting spirit and murderous aura!

This time, their target was no longer a single enemy, but all the sects and forces in the entire Nine Heavens that possessed materials for the Origin Soul Liquid!

Chen Ping stood atop the dragon's head, holding a jade slip listing the required materials, his gaze piercing as he surveyed the mountains and rivers.

His first stop was the Xuanming Sect, the closest sect, renowned for its abundant Netherworld Ghost Lotus!

The Xuanming Sect occupied a vast Netherworld Cold Pool, and its disciples all cultivated techniques of the Yin and Cold attributes.

When Chen Ping led his sky-covering dragon army, appearing like a dark cloud overhead above the Xuanming Sect, the entire sect was instantly awestruck by the overwhelming dragon might.

The sect's protective formation activated in response, emanating a chilling ghostly aura and an icy barrier.

The sect leader of the Xuanming Sect, a beautiful woman at the second rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, flew into the air, her face deathly pale. She forced a smile and bowed, saying, "I wonder what brings you to my Xuanming Sect, Senior?"

Chen Ping didn't waste any words, directly tossing over a jade slip, his voice indifferent: "Hand over ten ten-thousand-year-old Netherworld Ghost Lotuses and all their seeds. I can guarantee the safety of your Xuanming Sect."

The beautiful sect leader took the jade slip and her face immediately turned extremely ugly.

The Netherworld Ghost Lotuses were the foundation of their sect; those over ten thousand years old were their most prized treasures. Ten of them would practically drain their accumulated wealth of thousands of years!

The lotus seeds were even more precious!

"Senior... this... isn't this request too much..." she tried to bargain.

Chen Ping's eyes turned cold. Even before he could speak, Old Black beside him let out an impatient dragon roar, its terrifying dragon might, like a tangible mountain, pressing down heavily on the Xuanming Sect's protective formation!

"Crack!"

The great array's protective barrier instantly became covered in cracks!

At the same time, hundreds of dragons simultaneously released a wisp of killing intent, which converged together, like a cold blade of death, hovering above the heads of every Xuanming Sect disciple!

The beautiful sect leader was terrified, her face paling, and she swallowed the words she was about to say.

She had no doubt that if she dared to utter another “no,” the Xuanming Sect would follow in the footsteps of the Tianxie Sect!

“Give it to us! We’ll give it to you!”

She practically cried out, immediately ordering her disciples to retrieve the treasures from the treasury.

Before absolute power, any struggle is futile.

Soon, ten chilling jade boxes were respectfully presented to Chen Ping. Inside were ten perfectly formed, tenth-century Netherworld Ghost Lotuses, their petals like black jade, their hearts shimmering with an eerie light, along with hundreds of plump lotus seeds.

Chen Ping checked them thoroughly, then turned away without a second thought.

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“Next stop, Qingmu Sect, to retrieve the Ten-Thousand-Year Soul-Nourishing Wood Core!”

The dragon army arrived swiftly and departed just as quickly, leaving behind the still-shaken members of the Xuanming Sect, and their beautiful sect leader with complex emotions.

There was humiliation, lingering fear, and also a hint of... relief?

At least, the sect was saved, and the people were alive.

In the days that followed, the entire Nine Heavens was plunged into unprecedented turmoil and panic!

Chen Ping led the dragon army, like an unstoppable torrent of steel, sweeping across the Nine Heavens!

They visited sect after sect, ancient city after ancient city, and secret realm after secret realm.

Those with a good attitude, like the Qingmu Sect, whose sect leader, though pained, had witnessed the fates of the Tianxie Sect and the Xuanming Sect, and obediently handed over three sections of the Ten-Thousand-Year Soul-Nourishing Wood Core.

Chen Ping, as expected, kept his promise and did not make things difficult. Instead, he pointed out the flaws in their sect's protective formation, leaving the entire Qingmu Sect deeply grateful.

Those who were ambiguous in their attitude, attempted to delay, or tried to deceive with inferior products, like the Hundred Herbs Pavilion, when they tried to fob them off with a few five-thousand-year-old Nine-Turn Resurrection Grasses.

Old Black smashed their mountain gate plaque with a single claw, his dragon breath scorching half of the medicinal mountain. The Hundred Herbs Pavilion Master, terrified, scrambled to offer up all his treasured ten-thousand-year-old Resurrection Grass flowers and stamens.

Those who stubbornly resisted, vowing to die rather than submit, like the Fierce Soul Sect, who believed "As long as the Soul Stele stands, the sect stands," resolutely refused to hand over their sect's Soul Stele.

Chen Ping didn't hesitate for a moment, directly ordering—

"Kill!"

The dragon army surged forward like a tidal wave. In just the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the ten-thousand-year-old Fierce Soul Sect's mountain gate was shattered, its disciples were almost all killed or wounded, its sect's Soul Stele was forcibly seized, and the entire sect was reduced to scorched ruins!

The news spread, and all the forces in the Nine Heavens were utterly terrified!

Chen Ping's will, accompanied by the iron hooves and raging flames of the dragon race, was branded into the hearts of every sect leader in the most domineering and bloodthirsty way!

Those who submit to me prosper; those who defy me perish!

This was no longer a slogan, but a bloody reality unfolding before them!

Countless sects opened their long-sealed treasure troves, painfully retrieving precious materials guarded for generations, hoping only to send away this demon god and preserve their sect's legacy.

Many more forces began secretly conspiring, attempting a united resistance, but faced with an absolute disparity in power, any alliance seemed laughable and fragile.

Chen Ping paid no heed to these undercurrents; before absolute strength, all schemes and tricks were futile.

He swept through, collecting everything in his path.

With the infusion of abundant primordial soul liquid materials, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's Soul Fire within the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl grew increasingly vigorous and solidified, even beginning to emit faint life fluctuations.

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Meanwhile, Chen Ping was also fulfilling his promise to Liu Xue.

He chose an ancient blessed land called Tongtian Cliff, rumored to be one of the ancient nodes connecting to the celestial realm, rich in spiritual energy and possessing a treacherous terrain.

He drove out a demonic force entrenched there, then ordered the numerous sects that had submitted to him to contribute manpower and resources to begin a massive reconstruction of the Heavenly Gate!

He wanted to establish the most solid and glorious foundation for Liu Xue in the Nine Heavens!

The entire Nine Heavens trembled, submitted, or were destroyed under Chen Ping's will.

Resources flowed like rivers to the sea, converging on Chen Ping and his forces.

With continuous battles and ample resource supplies, the Dragon Clan army's strength rapidly increased, its momentum growing ever more ferocious.

Chen Ping also sent a large amount of resources to the Yama Heavenly Sect. He knew that although Shen Zhiyan and his group had the help of the Demon Suppression Tower, which could accelerate the flow of time, without sufficient resources, recovery would still be difficult.

After handling everything, Chen Ping led the Dragon Clan army to the Myriad Laws Sect, the last top-tier power in the Nine Heavens to possess a statue of its founding patriarch and which had yet to declare its allegiance!

The Myriad Laws Sect, hailed as the source of magic, boasts an extremely ancient lineage. Within its walls resides a white jade statue said to contain a trace of the founding patriarch's primordial soul power, a symbol of its lineage.

The Myriad Laws Sect's strength is second only to the Heavenly Evil Sect, significantly surpassing the Yama Heavenly Sect.

When the Dragon Clan army arrived at the city gates, the Myriad Laws Sect activated its protective formation, countless disciples displaying solemn expressions, as if facing a formidable enemy.

The Myriad Laws Sect's leader, a white-haired elder with profound aura and having reached the peak of the third rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, led the elders to greet them at the mountain gate.

"Chen Ping!"

The Sect Master of Wanfa Sect bowed, his tone neither humble nor arrogant. "I am fully aware of your actions along the way. The statue of our Wanfa Sect's ancestral master is a symbol of our lineage, concerning the sect's destiny. I cannot comply."

"If you insist, my Wanfa Sect will fight to the death!"

Behind him, thousands of disciples roared in unison, their magical light soaring into the sky, coalescing into an indomitable will.

As a long-established top-tier sect, they had their own pride and bottom line.

Chen Ping looked at the heavily armed array before him, his eyes remaining calm.

He slowly raised his hand, and in his palm, the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl appeared.

Within it, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's soul fire had solidified to a critical point. Only this final drop of pure soul power from the ancient sect's ancestral master statue was needed to completely trigger the opportunity to reshape his physical body!

To help the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord restore his physical body, Chen Ping had no other choice.

"I said it," Chen Ping's voice resounded clearly throughout the surrounding area, "Those who submit to me prosper, those who defy me perish!"

"Your Myriad Laws Sect, will you choose prosperity or destruction?"

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With his words, hundreds of dragons behind him simultaneously stepped forward, their dragon might like a tangible tsunami, crashing into the Myriad Laws Sect's protective array!

In the sky, dark clouds gathered, lightning flashed and thunder roared, as if the end of the world had arrived!

A great battle was about to erupt!

Before the Myriad Laws Sect's mountain gate, the air froze like solid ice.

Chen Ping's words, "Those who submit to me prosper, those who defy me perish," exploded like thunder from the heavens in the hearts of every Myriad Laws Sect disciple, bringing endless oppression and chilling cold.

The terrifying dragon might of the dragon army, continuous and overwhelming, crashed wave after wave against the Myriad Laws Sect's radiant, rune-covered protective array, causing the light barrier to ripple violently and hum under the strain.

The Sect Master of Wanfa Sect, his white hair flying wildly, his robes fluttering in the clash of their raging auras.

A resolute glint flashed in his eyes; he knew there was no turning back. Handing over the ancestral statue would be tantamount to destroying the sect's lineage, rendering the Wanfa Sect's millennia-old foundation adrift.

Refusing meant facing this demonic figure before him, wielding the power of thunder, who had already crushed countless sects!

"Chen Ping!"

The Sect Master's voice suddenly rose, carrying a tragic and resolute tone, "Our Wanfa Sect has stood for ten thousand years, weathering storms, its lineage unbroken!"

"Today, even if the sect is destroyed, even if rivers of blood flow, we will not allow the ancestral statue to be dishonored! Disciples, heed my command!"

"Yes!"

Thousands of disciples responded in unison, their shouts soaring to the heavens, filled with a fierce determination to die for their cause.

"All laws return to their origin, protect my lineage!"

The Sect Master of the Myriad Laws Sect changed his hand seals, and all the elders and disciples behind him simultaneously poured their own magical power into the great formation!

The protective light shield instantly shone brightly, countless ancient runes appeared and flowed, condensing into chains of laws, radiating an indestructible aura!

At the same time, deep within the sect, the white jade statue of the ancestral master seemed to sense the crisis, emitting a hazy, clear light, merging with the entire great formation, increasing its power by another threefold!

“Stubborn to the end.”

Chen Ping’s eyes remained unmoved, only cold indifference.

What he needed was only the pure soul power contained within the statue; the survival or demise of the Myriad Laws Sect was of no consequence to him.

He slowly raised his right hand, not using the Dragon-Slaying Sword, but instead making a grasping motion in the air.

“Laws, strip away.”

His words became law! An invisible, intangible power, yet surpassing ordinary energy, poured forth like mercury, instantly enveloping the entire protective array of the Myriad Laws Sect!

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That was Chen Ping’s deeper application of the fundamental laws of heaven and earth contained within the Great Luo Golden Scripture!

Under the horrified gazes of everyone in the Myriad Laws Sect, their protective array—its dazzling light barrier, flowing runes, and condensed chains of law—began to rapidly crumble and dissipate from its edges, as if wiped away by an invisible giant hand!

It wasn't brute force that shattered it; rather, it was fundamentally negated, stripped of its very foundation of existence!

"This... what kind of power is this?"

The Myriad Laws Sect Master's pupils constricted sharply. He felt his connection to the array being forcibly severed; the absolute difference in the level of power sent a shiver down his spine!

In a mere three breaths, the Wanfa Sect's protective array, powerful enough to withstand the onslaught of a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal, vanished silently and without a trace, like a bubble in the sunlight!

The backlash from the array's destruction caused all the Wanfa Sect disciples who had maintained it to cough up blood, their auras instantly weakening!

Without the array's protection, they were directly exposed to the undisguised ferocity of hundreds of true dragons!

"Roar—!"

Old Black seized the opportunity, letting out a deafening roar, and was the first to charge down!

His massive dragon body crashed down like a mountain, directly slamming into the magnificent gate tower of the Wanfa Sect!

"Boom!"

Jade and stone shattered, dust billowed into the sky!

The gate, symbolizing the Wanfa Sect's millennia-long glory, was reduced to dust under Old Black's brute force!

“Kill!”

Chen Ping’s icy voice was like a final judgment.

The dragon army moved! Like a flood bursting its banks, like a sophisticated and terrifying war machine, it instantly engulfed the Wanfa Sect’s mountain gate!

The fiery dragon’s breath ignited the pavilions and towers, the lightning summoned by the thunder dragon shattered the meditation chambers, the storm whipped up by the wind dragon tore apart the disciples’ attempts to form a defensive formation, and the icy breath exhaled by the ice dragon turned areas into frozen wastelands...

The Wanfa Sect disciples fought desperately, their various exquisite spells gleaming, talismans and magical artifacts flying everywhere, but before the absolute power, defense, and innate divine abilities of the dragon race, they appeared utterly pale and powerless.

The vast difference in individual strength, coupled with the overwhelming dominance of their fighting spirit, made this battle a one-sided massacre from the very beginning.

Chen Ping did not participate in the melee below; his gaze pierced through the obstacles, locking onto the deepest part of the Wanfa Sect, specifically the main hall enshrining the white jade statue of the ancestral master.

He took a single step, his figure like a ghost, ignoring all attacks and obstacles in his path. Space seemed to lose its meaning before him; in the next instant, he appeared in the solemn and majestic hall.

Inside the hall, dozens of white-haired elders, their auras powerful, formed a mysterious formation, guarding before the white jade statue.

The statue was about three zhang tall, its surface warm and smooth, its face indistinct yet exuding a Daoist aura of universal enlightenment, its body flowing with pure and boundless faith.

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“Demons and heretics, do not even think of blaspheming the Ancestor!”

The leading purple-robed elder, his eyes bloodshot, summoned a Bagua mirror, its light blazing, shooting towards Chen Ping.

Chen Ping didn't even glance at it, merely flicking his sleeve casually.

“Bang!”

The seemingly extraordinary Bagua mirror, along with the purple-robed elder, was struck as if by an invisible giant hammer, instantly exploding into countless points of light, their forms and spirits annihilated!

The other elders were horrified, and before they could react, Chen Ping had already reached out and grabbed at the white jade statue.

“Suck!”

An invisible suction force enveloped the statue.

The statue trembled violently, its surface shimmering wildly in an attempt to resist. Within it lay a trace of the original soul power left by the founder of the Myriad Laws Sect and the faith accumulated over millennia—it had become sentient!

“A mere wisp of remnant will dare to obstruct me?”

Chen Ping's eyes turned cold. The Great Luo Golden Scripture in his sea of consciousness stirred slightly, and a supreme aura of law emanated from it.

Like a subject encountering an emperor, the statue's will to resist instantly crumbled!

A highly condensed, pure, milky-white pillar of soul power was forcibly extracted from between the statue's brows, flowing like a hundred rivers into the sea, and projected towards the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl that appeared in Chen Ping's palm!

"No—!"

The remaining elders in the hall cried out in despair, watching helplessly as the symbol of their sect, the source of their lineage, lost its spirit and became dull and lifeless before their eyes.

Chen Ping ignored them, focusing intently on the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl.

With the infusion of this final, and extremely high-quality, portion of primordial soul power, the blood pearl suddenly erupted with an unprecedentedly brilliant crimson light!

"Buzz buzz buzz—"

The blood pearl trembled violently, and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's soul fire within expanded and solidified at an unprecedented speed!

A powerful life force, like a heartbeat, emanated from within the blood pearl, growing stronger and faster!

"Crack..."

A tiny crack appeared on the surface of the blood pearl!

Then, the crack spread rapidly like a spider web!

Chen Ping knew the crucial moment had arrived!

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Without hesitation, he poured the pure Chaos Immortal Power within his body into the blood pearl like a torrent, providing it with its final energy support!

“Boom—!”

An indescribable, intensely fiery crimson flame erupted from the cracked blood bead, illuminating the entire hall in a blood-red glow!

The terrifying energy surge swept in all directions, sending the remaining elders flying, crashing into the walls, their fates unknown.

The light slowly faded.

The Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Bead had vanished from mid-air.

In its place was the silhouette of a figure enveloped in dense crimson energy.

The figure slowly unfurled, the crimson energy peeling away and dissipating like a cocoon, finally revealing its true form—

It was a man eight feet tall, with jet-black hair cascading over his shoulders.

His eyes were closed, his eyelashes long, and his body possessed a fluid, powerful physique; every inch of his skin seemed to contain explosive energy and an ancient, demonic allure.

More importantly, the aura emanating from him was no longer the illusory fluctuations of a soul, but a real, vibrant, and fervent life force!

And an incomparably powerful fluctuation of cultivation!

He slowly opened his eyes.

What kind of eyes were they?

Deep as the ancient starry sky, with crimson demonic clouds churning within them, carrying the vicissitudes, excitement, and uncontrollable ecstasy of someone reborn after countless tribulations!

He looked down at his solidified hands, clenching them slightly, feeling the long-lost sense of fullness and power connecting him to his flesh and blood. His body trembled slightly with excitement.

Then, he raised his head, his gaze passing over the shattered hall, and saw Chen Ping standing before him, hands clasped behind his back, a hint of a satisfied smile on his face.

Without hesitation, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord stepped through the air and stood before Chen Ping, his face filled with excitement.

“Boy, you have given me a second life! This kindness and virtue are comparable to heaven and earth!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s voice was powerful and resonant, filled with a soul-stirring piety and excitement, echoing in the empty, dilapidated hall.

He was grateful to Chen Ping from the depths of his heart.

Chen Ping looked at the solidified Crimson Cloud Demon Lord before him, and could clearly feel the boundless vitality and powerful strength within him.

“I didn’t expect you to be quite handsome after regaining your physical body...” Chen Ping smiled faintly, “You’ve helped me a lot, and you evened out with me.”

“For my sake, you destroyed so many sects in the Nine Heavens. Everyone considers you a great demon. Was it worth it?”

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord asked gratefully!

If it weren't for restoring his physical body, why would Chen Ping have become an enemy of the Myriad Laws Sect, and why would he have been labeled a heretic?

"Hahaha, do you think I care about these things?"

Chen Ping laughed loudly.

"You're increasingly showing the aura of a future Demon Lord!" Crimson Cloud Demon Lord laughed.

"How do you feel now?" Chen Ping asked.

"Unprecedentedly good!"

Chi Yun clenched his fist, a flash of crimson light in his eyes. A powerful demonic aura naturally emanated from him, yet it carried a balanced and peaceful essence—a strange effect resulting from the reconstruction by the Myriad Transformations Blood Soul Pearl and numerous righteous soul power materials.

"This physical body has immense potential, and because it has fused with multiple primal soul powers, I feel its resistance to soul-type attacks is extremely high, and it might even... awaken some special talents."

Chi Yun Demon Lord exclaimed excitedly.

Chen Ping nodded, satisfied. "Very good. My sweeping through the Nine Heavens to gather materials for you was not in vain."

Just as Chen Ping finished speaking, his storage ring suddenly stirred, and the little Devouring Beast rushed out.

Upon seeing Chi Yun Demon Lord, the little Devouring Beast hurriedly approached and licked him.

Chi Yun Demon Lord also stroked the little Devouring Beast, his eyes filled with guilt.

His mount, the Devouring Beast, had died in battle.

Unexpectedly, an egg was laid at the last moment.

The little Devouring Beast is still very young, but it already knows how to recognize its master.

“Now that I’ve recovered, I won’t make things difficult for the Myriad Laws Sect anymore...” Crimson Cloud Demon Lord said to Chen Ping.

Chen Ping was slightly taken aback. He hadn’t expected the bloodthirsty Crimson Cloud Demon Lord to say such a thing.

“That’s not like you at all,” Chen Ping laughed.

“It’s just that I’ve been spending so much time with you, I caught your style.” Crimson Cloud Demon Lord rolled his eyes.

“Hahaha...”

The two laughed simultaneously.

“Old Black, retreat...”