

## **The Order 9591**

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“The true, complete Chaos Origin Fire might only exist in the legendary Origin Land.”

A tiny spark... created the Li Huo Secret Realm, containing such a vast source of fire and laws, greatly increasing his strength, breaking through to the peak of the ninth rank of the Human Immortal Realm, and even condensing the rudimentary form of the Chaos Fire Lotus!

Chen Ping was deeply shocked.

If he could truly find a larger fragment, or even... the legendary complete Origin Fire...

A strong desire to explore and become stronger quietly rose within him.

Although Ling Shuang was reluctant to see her master leave, she understood it was his choice of path. With tears in her eyes, she kowtowed three times to Ling Yan, saying, “Master, take care! This disciple...this disciple will miss you! May Master find his opportunity soon and achieve the Great Dao!”

Ling Yan helped Ling Shuang up, glanced at Chen Ping, nodded, and said nothing more. His figure transformed into a crimson sword light, soaring into the sky, tearing through the secret realm’s space, and disappearing into the vast void, his whereabouts unknown.

Ling Shuang gazed at the direction her master had vanished, standing there for a long time.

After a long while, she composed herself and said to Chen Ping, “Senior Chen, it’s time for me to return to the sect. I will never forget your life-saving grace and protection of the sect. If you have time in the future, you are welcome to visit the Xuan Tian Sword Sect anytime.”

Chen Ping nodded, “Miss Ling, please take care on your journey.”

Ling Shuang then bid farewell to Lie Tian and the others, and then led the Xuan Tian Sword Sect disciples away from the Li Huo Secret Realm.

Soon, Lie Tian had reorganized the remnants of the Myriad Beasts Sect, solemnly bid farewell to Chen Ping, and set off towards the Myriad Beasts Mountain Range, full of hope and fighting spirit.

In the blink of an eye, the once bustling Li Huo Secret Realm was left with only Chen Ping.

He stood atop the Flame Crystal Mountain, overlooking the world he had changed.

The Chaos Fire Lotus slowly rotated within his dantian, faintly resonating with the remaining fire essence of this secret realm.

“The Myriad Souls Demon Sect... Soul Devourer...”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “It’s time to settle things.”

He chose not to help Lie Tian rebuild the Myriad Beasts Sect, nor did he visit the Xuan Tian Sword Sect.

His goal was clear and direct—to strike at the heart of the matter, kill the Soul Devourer, and completely eliminate this thorn in his side that had plagued him since the Sixth Heaven!

At the same time, he also wanted to see if the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, as a top-tier demonic force in the Tenth Heaven, also harbored anything of value, such as the Chaos Origin Fire.

Without hesitation, Chen Ping’s figure flashed, transforming into a chaotic swan, rushing out of the Blazing Fire Secret Realm and heading towards the deepest part of the Crimson Blood Plains, towards the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect!

...

Deep within the Crimson Blood Plains, the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect.

This place was even more sinister and terrifying than other parts of the Crimson Blood Plains.

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Dense, almost tangible black demonic energy shrouded the area year-round, forming a massive vortex of demonic clouds that never ceased.

The earth was dark red, as if soaked in countless drops of blood. Everywhere, mountains of pale skeletons were piled up, some from demonic beasts, others humanoid, exuding a thick aura of death and resentment.

Grim structures constructed of skeletons, black stones, and demonic iron stood amidst this chaos, their forms twisted and grotesque, like menacing demons.

The air was thick with the stench of blood, decay, and pure yet filthy demonic energy. Ordinary cultivators who stayed here for too long would have their minds affected, even suffering demonic possession.

At this moment, deep within the Demon Sect's headquarters, in the tallest and most imposing "Hall of Ten Thousand Souls," forged entirely from some inky black "Netherworld Demonic Iron," the atmosphere was incredibly oppressive.

Soul Fiend knelt on the cold ground, trembling violently, tears streaming down his face, crying out in a hoarse voice.

"Lord! You must avenge me! That little beast Chen Ping, he must have obtained some evil fortuitous opportunity, his strength has skyrocketed, he's inhuman!"

"He killed Elder Ghost Bone with a single sword strike! That was a peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal!"

"Countless elite elders and disciples of our sect have died or been wounded, less than one in ten survived!"

“The Fusion Beast Sacred Sect was also utterly destroyed by him, and Zheng Gu was captured, his fate unknown!”

“This fiend even dared to spout such arrogant words, telling you... telling you to wash your neck and wait! Lord, if this grudge isn’t avenged, how can my Myriad Souls Demon Sect stand in the Tenth Heaven?”

“I... I’m truly unwilling to accept this!”

Above in the main hall, on the Myriad Souls Throne, formed from countless tormented and twisted souls, a blurry figure sat silently.

He was shrouded in a wide black robe that seemed to devour light, obscuring his face, only two deep, abyss-like red lights flickering faintly in the shadow of the hood.

It was none other than the Soul Devouring Lord, who had fled all the way from the Ninth Heaven to this place, hiding and recuperating!

Listening to Soul Fiend’s embellished, fear-filled, and venomous lament, the two points of red light on the Soul Devouring Lord’s head flickered slightly.

Then, a low, hoarse voice, as if produced by countless fragments of souls rubbing together, echoed eerily in the hall:

“Oh? A peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, killed by him with a single sword strike?”

The voice revealed neither joy nor anger, yet it sent a chill down Soul Fiend’s spine.

“Yes...yes, Lord! Absolutely true! I saw it with my own eyes! Chen Ping’s sword energy...was incredibly strange, seemingly capable of devouring everything, even the Supreme Elder’s Netherworld Bone Shield and the Law of Death couldn’t withstand it!”

Soul Fiend hurriedly replied.

The Soul Devouring Lord fell silent.

The two points of red light flickered slightly, seemingly processing this information, assessing something.

From the sixth heaven onwards, this kid named Chen Ping was like an inescapable leech, always causing trouble despite his low cultivation level.

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In the ninth heaven, he even ruined his escape plan, forcing him to abandon part of his recovery power and hastily flee to the tenth heaven.

He thought he could recover peacefully here and slowly plot with the help of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, but he never expected this kid to be so persistent, actually following him!

Moreover, his strength had increased so rapidly!

Peak of the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm... Although someone like the Ghost Bone Elder, whose potential had been built up over countless years and was now exhausted, was insignificant in his eyes, to be able to kill someone with the cultivation of a Human Immortal Realm with a single sword strike was indeed somewhat beyond his expectations.

"It seems... this kid has quite a secret."

The Soul Devourer muttered to himself, a hint of cold killing intent and... a barely perceptible greed finally surfacing in his hoarse voice.

To be able to kill a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal despite being at a higher level in the Immortal Realm—this is no ordinary stroke of luck!

Perhaps it's some kind of heaven-defying inheritance?

Or perhaps some supreme treasure he's never even seen before?

"Lord! That Chen Ping is extremely arrogant; he clearly doesn't take you seriously!"

"He's definitely searching for you everywhere! Please, Your Majesty, immediately emerge from seclusion and use your supreme divine powers to crush that brat to death, extract his soul, and refine it to vent your hatred!"

Seeing that the Soul Devouring Venerable seemed to have murderous intent, Soul Fiend quickly pressed his advantage.

Upon hearing this, the Soul Devouring Venerable's two points of red light swept over Soul Fiend, instantly plunging him into an icy abyss.

"Do I need you to teach me how to do things?"

The icy voice made Soul Fiend tremble like a leaf, repeatedly kowtowing, "I wouldn't dare! This disciple wouldn't dare!"

"Hmph."

The Soul Devourer snorted coldly, "As for Chen Ping, I will naturally deal with him. However, not now."

He slowly rose from the Throne of Ten Thousand Souls, and with his movement, the demonic energy throughout the entire hall seemed to boil and worship!

A soul pressure far deeper, more vast, and more evil and terrifying than that of the Ghost Bone Elder spread out!

That pressure contained the aura of devouring, chaos, decay, despair, and all sorts of negative energies, as if he were the source of all evil thoughts and soul suffering in the world!

“My injuries have healed by ninety percent. I only need to absorb the last batch of living soul essence from this Myriad Soul Blood Pool to fully recover, perhaps even surpassing my former strength!”

The Soul Devourer’s voice carried an all-encompassing indifference. “At that time, let alone Chen Ping, even a powerhouse of the twelfth heaven will tremble at my feet!”

Hearing this, Soul Fiend was overjoyed and hurriedly said, “Congratulations, Lord! Congratulations, Lord! Your divine skill has reached its peak, you are invincible!”

However, the instant his words fell—

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“Boom—!!!”

A deafening roar suddenly erupted from the outer perimeter of the Myriad Soul Demon Sect’s main altar!

Followed by a continuous barrage of explosions, screams, the sound of collapsing buildings, and the piercing wail of the protective array being forcibly torn apart!

“What happened?!”

Soul Fiend’s face paled in horror.

The two points of red light on the Soul Devourer’s head also suddenly solidified as he looked towards the outside of the hall. A demonic sect deacon, covered in blood and with a severed arm, scrambled into the main hall, his voice distorted with extreme terror.

“Sect...Sect Master! Venerable Master! Something terrible has happened! Someone...someone has broken in!”

“It’s...it’s Chen Ping! He’s broken in! He shattered the outer array with a single sword strike, and countless patrolling disciples are dead or wounded! He...he’s heading straight for the Hall of Ten Thousand Souls!”

“What?! He...how dare he?! How did he find us so quickly?!”

Soul Fiend was terrified, instinctively glancing at Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer’s black robes billowed without wind, the two points of red light suddenly intensifying, and an even colder, more brutal killing intent erupted!

“Good! Very good! I haven’t even gone to find him, and he’s delivered himself to my doorstep!”

The Soul Devourer’s voice was like a chilling wind from the depths of hell. “Since he’s so eager to die, then I... will grant his wish!”

“Soul Fiend, activate all the restrictions on the main altar, gather the remaining disciples, and do everything in your power to hold him off!”

“Once I complete my final recovery, I will personally crush this annoying fly!”

“Yes! Lord!” Soul Fiend hurriedly obeyed, scrambling out of the main hall to make the arrangements.

Although terrified, the thought of the Soul Devourer’s imminent full recovery rekindled a glimmer of hope within him.

The Soul Devourer’s figure flickered, transforming into a jet-black soul shadow, disappearing into the depths of the Myriad Souls Palace, into the Myriad Souls Blood Pool, which reeked of a thick stench of blood and the howls of vengeful spirits.

He wanted to complete his final breakthrough before Chen Ping arrived!

...

Outside the Myriad Souls Demon Sect's main altar.

The scene was now a complete mess, as if plowed by a raging ancient beast.

The once eerie and terrifying buildings were mostly collapsed, the ground littered with massive sword marks and burn scars.

Countless corpses of demonic sect disciples lay strewn about, some cleaved in pieces by sword energy, some charred by chaotic true fire, others seemingly drained of their souls, reduced to shriveled shells.

Chen Ping, wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, strode through the ruins and corpses, advancing unhurriedly towards the core area of the main altar.

A faint chaotic radiance swirled around him; all approaching demonic energy, ghostly spirits, and even poisonous curses and shadowy lightning vanished silently within three feet of him.

He encountered almost no significant resistance along the way. Those demonic sect disciples who had miraculously survived were terrified by his sword strikes outside the mountain gate; they fled frantically at the mere sight of him, not daring to approach and stop him.

A few desperate elders of the Demonic Sect attempted to activate restrictions or self-destruct to obstruct the attack, but Chen Ping easily dispatched them with a casual wave of chaotic sword energy.

Soon, he arrived at the core area of the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect, seeing the towering and menacing Myriad Souls Hall, and the "Myriad Souls Blood Pool" in the plaza before it, churning with viscous blood and constantly surfacing with agonizing faces.

Beside the Blood Pool, Soul Fiend was leading the last batch of trusted elders and elite disciples, forming a dilapidated Myriad Souls Formation, ready for battle.

However, their faces were deathly pale, their eyes filled with undisguised fear, and the light of the formation flickered erratically, clearly showing no will to fight.

Seeing Chen Ping slowly approach, Hun Sha's eyelids twitched violently. He forced a shout, "Chen Ping! This is the forbidden area of my Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, the place where our Lord is in seclusion! You have trespassed and killed countless people; you deserve to die!"

"Retreat immediately, or you will disturb our Lord and die a horrible death!"

Chen Ping's gaze didn't even linger on Hun Sha. He looked directly past him, towards the depths of the Ten Thousand Souls Palace, to the very center of the blood pool, where the demonic energy was most concentrated.

He could clearly sense a familiar yet repulsive, powerful and evil soul aura rapidly rising and condensing there, as if some terrifying being was about to break free.

"Soul Devourer, stop hiding."

Chen Ping's voice rang out calmly, yet carried a strange penetrating power, reaching directly into the depths of the Ten Thousand Souls Palace. "I know you're in there. Come out; it's time to settle our score."

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The words had barely left his lips—

"Boom—!!!"

The Pool of Myriad Souls Blood exploded violently!

Thick blood and countless fragments of vengeful spirits shot into the sky!

A tall figure shrouded in churning black demonic energy and bloody soul power slowly rose from the bottom of the pool, standing in mid-air!

It was the Soul Devouring Venerable!

His aura at this moment was completely different from when he was in the Ninth Heaven!

Although he still exuded a sense of weakness at the soul level, his vast and boundless demonic energy and soul pressure far surpassed that of the Ghost Bone Elder, and was even much stronger than any opponent Chen Ping had ever encountered before!

The aura of laws flowing around him even faintly touched upon a mysterious level above the Celestial Immortal Realm!

He slowly raised his head, and two points of red light under his hood, like burning blood moons, locked onto Chen Ping.

“Junior...you’ve finally arrived.”

The Soul Devourer’s voice was no longer hoarse, but instead became exceptionally clear and cold. Every word seemed to carry a soul-shaking impact, reverberating in the minds of everyone present. “I have waited for this day for a long time.”

Chen Ping sensed the Soul Devourer’s powerful aura, but instead of fear, his eyes blazed with fierce fighting spirit!

Chaotic Immortal Power surged and roared within his body, and the Chaotic Fire Lotus in his dantian slowly rotated, radiating scorching fighting intent.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword seemed to sense the aura of a powerful enemy as well, emitting a deep hum.

“Not bad recovery.”

Chen Ping commented calmly, “Unfortunately, you still have to die.”

“Hahahaha!”

The Soul Devourer seemed to have heard the biggest joke in the world, letting out a deafening laugh filled with endless mockery and killing intent. “Die? You? A mere ninth-grade Human Immortal, you think you’re invincible just because you got a lucky break?”

“When I roamed the heavens, devouring the lives of stars, your ancestors weren’t even born yet!”

His laughter vanished, his voice suddenly turning fierce: “Today, I’ll show you what true power is! What despair is!”

Before he finished speaking, the Soul Devourer suddenly raised his hand, grabbing at Chen Ping in mid-air!

“Soul Devouring Demon Claw!”

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A gigantic demonic claw, a hundred feet in diameter, composed entirely of extremely condensed, pitch-black soul power and demonic essence, appeared out of thin air!

On the demonic claw, countless agonizing and wailing soul faces twisted and struggled, emanating a terrifying aura that devoured all life and corrupted all things!

The moment the demonic claw appeared, it sealed off the space around Chen Ping, its force capable of shattering stars and crushing souls as it slammed down!

The power of this attack far surpassed any of the Ghost Bone Elder’s techniques!

It had already faintly touched the threshold of a higher realm!

Chen Ping’s eyes narrowed. He dared not be careless. He unleashed his full power of chaotic immortal energy, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand erupted with dazzling chaotic light!

“Chaos Opens Heaven!”

He shouted, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword slashed upwards!

A condensed sword aura, seemingly capable of separating the pure from the impure and cleaving through chaos itself, carrying the chaotic true fire that incinerates all things and the sword intent to destroy everything, met head-on with the sky-covering, sun-obscuring Soul-Devouring Demonic Claw!

“Boom—!!!!!!!”

The sword aura and the demonic claw collided with a deafening roar!

An indescribable, terrifying explosion occurred!

A violent energy storm instantly swept across the entire Ten Thousand Souls Palace plaza!

The remnants of the array laid down by Hun Sha and his group were torn apart like paper. Countless demonic sect disciples screamed as they were swept into the storm and reduced to dust!

The incredibly sturdy Netherworld Demonic Iron ground was ripped apart, most of the blood in the Myriad Souls Blood Pool evaporated, and even large, unhealable black cracks appeared in space itself!

Amidst the billowing dust, Chen Ping’s figure flew backward dozens of feet before barely regaining his footing. His sword-wielding hand was slightly numb, and his blood surged within him.

The Soul Devourer, on the other hand, only swayed slightly before standing firmly in the air. Although his massive Soul Devouring Demon Claw had been cleaved in two by the sword energy, it was slowly wriggling and repairing itself, its power undiminished!

The difference in strength was immediately apparent!

Chen Ping's heart sank slightly.

His sword strike just now had used almost eighty percent of his power, fusing Chaotic Immortal Power, Chaotic True Fire, and the Sword Intent of Destruction. It was enough to easily kill the Ghost Bone Elder, a peak seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal.

However, facing the Soul Devourer's casual claw strike, he could barely parry, and even fell into a disadvantageous position!

This old demon is indeed powerful!

Even without fully recovering, his strength far surpasses that of an ordinary peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal!

"Hmph, nothing more than that."

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The Soul Devourer's chilling voice rang out, carrying a hint of cruelty, like a cat toying with a mouse. "Is this all you rely on? Truly disappointing."

"Take another move from me—Ten Thousand Souls Devouring the Heart!"

He formed hand seals, his demonic energy and soul power surging wildly around him!

The Soul Devourer's claw, now cracked, exploded violently, transforming into countless jet-black, hair-thin soul chains, like billions of venomous snakes emerging from their holes.

Emitting sharp hissing, they coiled and pierced towards Chen Ping from all directions, penetrating every crevice!

These soul chains not only possess terrifying physical penetrating power but also directly attack the soul. Once entangled or pierced, one's soul is instantly devoured, reducing them to a walking corpse!

Chen Ping's pupils constricted. His Dragon-Slaying Sword swung like the wind, chaotic sword energy weaving into an impenetrable net. Simultaneously, a phantom of a chaotic fire lotus appeared behind him, showering down chaotic true fire to protect his body.

"Clang clang clang clang... Sizzle sizzle sizzle..."

An extremely dense cacophony of collisions and burning sounds rang out! Most of the soul chains were severed by the sword energy or burned by the chaotic true fire, but a few still pierced through the defenses, striking Chen Ping's protective immortal light!

The protective immortal light trembled violently. Chen Ping felt a needle-like pain and dizziness piercing his soul, as if countless vengeful spirits were howling and tearing at his ears!

He groaned, forcibly stabbing at his mind. His chaotic immortal power erupted, dispersing the invading soul power, but his movements were already slightly slowed as a result. "A perfect opportunity!"

The Soul Devourer's eyes blazed with crimson light, and his figure vanished like a ghost.

The next instant, he appeared beside Chen Ping, a demonic hand covered in jet-black scales and burning with eerie soul fire, silently striking towards Chen Ping's back!

Before the palm wind even arrived, the chilling, bone-chilling force, seemingly capable of freezing the soul, had already pierced through his body!

Chen Ping reacted with lightning speed, turning and slashing horizontally with his sword!

"Clang—!!!"

The deafening clang of metal clashing against metal resounded!

The Dragon-Slaying Sword collided with the demonic hand, erupting in blinding sparks!

Chen Ping felt an overwhelming, unstoppable force, accompanied by a strange, chilling demonic energy that relentlessly eroded his immortal power and divine soul, leaving his arms numb and his chest tight.

He couldn't help but stagger back more than ten steps, each step leaving deep footprints on the hard ground. A sweet taste rose in his throat, and a trickle of blood escaped from the corner of his mouth. The Soul Devourer merely swayed for a moment before charging forward again, his attacks like a relentless storm!

"Netherworld Ghost Finger!"

"Soul-Seizing Demonic Sound!"

"Blood Fiend Thunder!"

"Bone-Corroding Poisonous Miasma!"

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The Soul Devourer effortlessly wielded various insidious, bizarre, and incredibly powerful demonic abilities.

Combined with his ghostly movements, unparalleled demonic energy, and unpredictable soul attacks, he launched a relentless assault on Chen Ping from all angles!

Chen Ping pushed the Chaos Immortal Scripture to its limit, his Dragon-Slaying Sword transforming into a sky full of sword shadows, the Chaos True Fire blazing fiercely, creating an impenetrable defense. Simultaneously, he used offense as defense, his sword energy crisscrossing, flames raging, fiercely clashing with the Soul Devourer.

"Boom boom boom! Bang bang bang! Sizzle sizzle sizzle!"

Their battle was both incredibly fast and incredibly dangerous!

Each collision triggered an energy storm, obliterating everything in its path.

The plaza in front of the Hall of Ten Thousand Souls was long gone, replaced by a massive crater.

Soul Fiend and the others had long since retreated to a distance, trembling as they watched the battle, their eyes filled with shock and... a glimmer of hope?

The Lord seems to... have the upper hand?!

As time passed, Chen Ping's pressure mounted.

The Soul Devourer's cultivation was simply too profound; his demonic energy seemed inexhaustible, and his combat experience was incredibly seasoned. He consistently seized upon the slightest openings in Chen Ping's attacks, launching ruthless strikes.

Moreover, his demonic arts, imbued with soul-destroying power, continuously interfered with and drained Chen Ping's soul.

Even more troublesome was the Soul Devourer's demonic energy, of extremely high quality, possessing a strange "devouring" and "corrupting" characteristic, constantly eroding and weakening Chen Ping's chaotic immortal power, causing his consumption to far exceed that of his opponent.

Although Chen Ping's Chaotic Immortal Power was strong, and his Chaotic True Fire could suppress some demonic energy, the difference in cultivation level was undeniable.

The difference between the peak of the ninth rank of the Human Immortal Realm and the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm was fundamental!

Moreover, the Soul Devouring Venerable was no ordinary ninth-rank Heavenly Immortal; he was an old demon who had once stood at a higher level, and his application of power and understanding of laws far surpassed the tenth level!

“Pfft!”

Caught off guard, Chen Ping was struck on the shoulder by a strange “Soul-Eating Yin Wind.” His protective immortal light shattered, his shoulder instantly turned black, and his flesh rotted away at a visible speed, while a chilling soul force surged straight into his sea of consciousness!

He hurriedly circulated his Chaotic Immortal Power and Chaotic True Fire to expel the putrid poison and suppress his soul force, but his movements faltered again.

“Hahaha! Boy, do you know how powerful you are now?”

The Soul Devouring Venerable laughed wildly, seizing the opportunity, and unleashed a “Soul-Devouring and Soul-Extinguishing Palm” imbued with ten parts demonic energy!

Even before the palm print arrived, the terrifying soul pressure had already shaken Chen Ping’s soul, making his breathing labored.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword horizontally before his chest, pouring in his Chaos Immortal Power without reservation. The Dragon-Slaying Sword erupted with unprecedented light, instantly forming an incomparably condensed Chaos Sword Shield!

“Boom—!!!”

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The palm print slammed heavily onto the sword shield!

The sword shield trembled violently, groaning under the strain, then cracked with a “crack”!

Chen Ping was struck as if by a heavy blow, his entire body flying backward like a kite with a broken string, spitting out blood, tracing a miserable arc in the air, finally crashing heavily into the ruins hundreds of feet away, sending dust billowing into the sky.

He struggled to stand, but felt as if his bones were about to shatter, his internal organs as if they had shifted, demonic energy surging wildly in his meridians, and his Chaos Immortal Power flowing sluggishly. His injuries were already severe!

Defeated?

Chen Ping wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes still sharp, yet he had to admit a fact.

He was indeed no match for this old demon!

Even if the old demon hadn't fully recovered!

The Soul Devourer slowly descended from the sky, landing on the ruins, looking down at the disheveled Chen Ping. His two points of red light were filled with mockery and cruelty.

"How is it? Junior, do you still think you can kill me?"

The Soul Devourer's voice carried the scorn of a victor. "Your opportunities, your inheritance, I'm very interested in. Hand them over obediently, and I might consider letting you die a quick death."

In the distance, Soul Fiend and the others, seeing this, finally couldn't help but erupt in wild cheers!

"Lord, you are mighty! Lord, you are invincible!"

"Kill him! Avenge our fallen comrades!"

"Extract his soul! Refine his spirit!"

Chen Ping slowly stood up, his back still straight despite his disheveled state.

He coldly stared at the Soul Devourer, at the cheering Soul Fiend and his group in the distance. His heart felt no fear, only an icy killing intent and... a trace of unyielding fighting spirit.

“Old Demon, don’t be too happy yet.”

Chen Ping’s voice was hoarse from his injuries, but still resolute. “I, Chen Ping, will remember this humiliation. When I break through to the Celestial Immortal realm, I will come back to take your dog’s life!”

“Trying to run?”

Just as Chen Ping activated the Chaos Fire Lotus Origin, preparing to use a secret technique to escape, the Soul Devourer’s cold, mocking voice, like a chilling wind from the depths of hell, exploded directly in the depths of his consciousness!

Chen Ping felt the space around him suddenly solidify and collapse, as if he had instantly fallen into incredibly viscous, millennia-old ice!

The newly ignited Chaos True Fire and spatial fluctuations were forcibly suppressed and extinguished by an even more vast and domineering invisible soul force and spatial laws!

“Trying to use spatial escape techniques in front of me? Trying to teach a fish to swim!”

The Soul Devourer remained motionless, only slowly closing his five fingers towards the distorted space where Chen Ping was.

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“Spatial Imprisonment – Soul Devouring Cage!”

“Crack crack crack—!”

Centered on Chen Ping, the space within a hundred feet radius seemed to be gripped tightly by an invisible giant hand, emitting a teeth-grinding sound, like glass shattering under the weight!

Countless jet-black chains, formed from the purest soul power and fragments of space, suddenly extended from the void, instantly binding Chen Ping and the chaotic true fire surrounding him tightly!

On the chains, countless hideous vengeful faces appeared, frantically devouring Chen Ping's protective immortal light and divine soul, emitting a sizzling, corrosive sound.

“Ugh!”

Chen Ping groaned. The backlash from the interrupted escape technique and the corrosive effect of the chains aggravated his injuries, causing blood to spill from his mouth again.

He frantically circulated his Chaos Immortal Power, attempting to break the chains, but they were incredibly tough and continued to devour his power, tightening even further!

Even the Chaos True Fire could only slightly redden the chains, failing to burn them off.

“Come back to me!”

The Soul Devourer coldly snorted, his clenched fingers suddenly pulling back!

“Whoosh—!”

Chen Ping was like a kite pulled by an invisible rope, helplessly dragged back from the confined space.

He crashed heavily onto the ground not far from the Soul Devourer, sending shards of stone flying and dust billowing.

“Cough cough...”

Chen Ping coughed violently, blood gushing from his mouth, staining the rubble beneath him.

He tried to struggle to his feet, but the chains of the Soul-Devouring Cage remained tightly bound, relentlessly eroding his strength and will, making even standing difficult.

“Run? Did I grant you permission to run?”

The Soul-Devouring Lord slowly strode forward, looking down at the disheveled Chen Ping. The mockery and cruelty emanating from the two points of red light almost overflowed. “I haven’t had enough fun yet, junior.”

Before the words were finished, the Soul-Devouring Lord raised his right foot, the sole covered in jet-black scales burning with eerie green soul fire, and stomped down hard on Chen Ping’s back!

“Bang—!!!”

A dull thud, accompanied by the clear sound of bones shattering!

“Pfft!”

Chen Ping felt as if he had been struck by a giant hammer, his entire body almost crushed into the ground, a searing pain shooting through his back.