

The Order 9621

Chapter: 9621

“Senior, why did you cross the boundary barrier to seek me out in the Tenth Heaven instead of guarding your beloved woman in the Nine Heavens? What brings you here?”

Chen Ping was genuinely curious. Given the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s status and strength in the Nine Heavens, he would never easily leave his base and risk coming to this higher realm unless something of immense importance was at stake.

Moreover, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was also guarding the body of his beloved woman, awaiting news of her resurrection.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord took the teapot, but had no heart for it, simply holding it tightly in his hand.

He took a deep breath, looking at Chen Ping, his eyes revealing a deep pleading and undisguised pain.

“Chen Ping, to be honest, I have come here... I have a request, and I am also desperate, having no other choice but to seek you out.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s voice lowered, trembling slightly, “It’s... it’s for Lingyue.”

“Fairy Lingyue?”

Chen Ping was taken aback.

“Indeed.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s face showed even greater pain. “I had thought that by guarding Lingyue’s body, I could await that slim chance of resurrection.”

“However... recently, Lingyue’s body... has begun to show a barely perceptible sign of decay! Although extremely slow, but... I can feel the draining of life force, the erosion by deathly energy!”

He suddenly grabbed Chen Ping’s arm, the force revealing his inner turmoil: “Chen Ping, you should know that the body is the dwelling place of the soul, and the foundation for future resurrection!”

“If the body completely decays, and there is no soul left, the hope of resurrection will become extremely slim, perhaps even forever! I... I cannot bear to watch Lingyue...”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord could not continue; his breathing became labored with emotion.

He could not watch his beloved woman’s body slowly decay and eventually disappear, with no possibility of resurrection.

Chen Ping’s expression turned solemn.

Although he was unfamiliar with the art of resurrection through ghostly means, he understood the importance of preserving the physical body.

For someone like the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord to lose his composure like this, the situation must be extremely critical.

“Senior, what do you need me to do? Do you need me to find some kind of treasure or method that can preserve the physical body?”

Chen Ping asked in a deep voice.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord nodded heavily, a glimmer of hope igniting in his eyes: “I’ve consulted countless ancient texts and finally discovered an ancient formula—the ‘Nine-Turn Body-Shaping Pill’!”

“This pill doesn’t directly resurrect the body, but rather locks in the body’s vitality to the greatest extent possible, isolating it from the corrosive influence of death energy, strengthening the physical body, and

buying invaluable time for the subsequent true resurrection process. It can even slightly nourish the body!”

“But the materials required for this ‘Nine-Turn Body-Restoring Pill’ are all rare treasures! Several key ingredients cannot be found even in the Nine Heavens! We must travel to a higher level of the world!”

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord took out an ancient jade slip from his robes and handed it to Chen Ping. “The required key ingredients are all recorded here. Especially the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus of the Tenth Heaven, the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk of the Eleventh Heaven, and the Nine Aperture Divine Soul Grass of the Twelfth Heaven! These three are the core of the core; none can be missing!”

Chen Ping took the jade slip and immersed his divine sense within it.

It contained a detailed record of the “Nine-Turn Body-Shaping Pill’s” formula and required materials, each labeled with its characteristics and possible growing conditions—truly rare and unheard-of treasures.

The three core ingredients were further specified as requiring specific, extremely rare locations within their corresponding realms to potentially mature, with incredibly demanding conditions.

“The Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus grows in the Blood Soul Cold Pool deep within the Eternal Ice Plains of the Tenth Heaven’s far north. It requires the absorption of a thousand years’ worth of cold poison and the earth’s vein blood energy to take shape, blooming once every hundred years, with a flowering period of only three days...”

“Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk, produced in the Earth Core Jade Vein at the very bottom of the Lava Demon Abyss of the Eleventh Heaven. Nourished by the purest earth fire and earth spirit for ten thousand years, only a single drop can be obtained. It possesses the divine effects of strengthening the foundation, nourishing the essence, and locking the soul...”

“Nine-Aperture Divine Soul Grass, growing only in certain Netherworld Ancient Caves or Dream Realms containing innate soul power in the Twelfth Heaven. This grass has nine orifices and can spontaneously absorb and release soul power, making it a supreme treasure for stabilizing and nourishing the divine soul...”

Each item is a peerless treasure capable of causing bloodshed; the difficulty of obtaining them is unimaginable.

Chen Ping put down the jade slip, looked at the expectant Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and understood.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was unfamiliar with the Tenth Heaven, and his strength wasn't top-tier in this realm. Obtaining these treasures would be like searching for a needle in a haystack, potentially even leading to his death.

He came to him because he trusted his character and abilities, and also because of their relationship.

"Senior wants me to help you find these medicinal herbs?" Chen Ping asked.

"Exactly!"

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord pleaded earnestly, "Chen Ping, I know this is difficult, like climbing to heaven! But I truly have no other choice!"

"Ling Yue...she can't wait much longer! If you're willing to help, I, Crimson Cloud, hereby swear a great oath of my heart, that for the rest of my life, I will serve you, go through fire and water, without hesitation!"

"All my resources will be at your disposal! I only ask...I only ask to bring Ling Yue a glimmer of hope!"

As he spoke, this once-powerful demonic figure, who dominated the Nine Heavens, actually bowed to Chen Ping!

Chen Ping quickly helped him up.

He held deep respect for the unwavering love between the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and the Spirit Moon Fairy, a love that transcended the boundaries of good and evil, and endured life and death.

Moreover, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord had helped him many times over the years.

It was only right and wrong that he should help.

“Senior, you don’t need to go to such lengths. Given our relationship, even if it means my own destruction, I will help you.”

“However, my understanding of the Tenth Heaven is limited, especially detailed information about these kinds of rare treasures...”

He pondered for a moment, then his eyes lit up: “But there is someone who might be able to provide us with some clues.”

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“Who?” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord asked hastily.

“Sect Master Ling Yunzi of the Xuantian Sword Sect,” Chen Ping said.

“The Xuantian Sword Sect is a renowned and righteous sect with a long history in the Tenth Heaven. Their understanding of the geography, resources, and secrets of the Tenth Heaven far surpasses ours.”

“Especially the Eternal Ice Plains where the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus resides; the Sword Sect may have some records or even have explored it.”

Upon hearing this, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s face lit up with joy: “Excellent! However... I am a demonic cultivator; going to the Xuantian Sword Sect rashly might...”

“It’s alright.”

Chen Ping waved his hand. “Sect Master Ling Yunzi is not a pedantic person, and I just helped the Sword Sect out of a predicament; I still have some face to offer. Without further ado, let’s set off for the Xuantian Sword Sect.”

Chen Ping's injuries had basically stabilized, and his cultivation level had begun to adapt. It was also a good time to explain the follow-up matters to Ling Yunzi.

The two did not delay any longer. Chen Ping flicked his sleeves, and with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, they transformed into a swift stream of light, flying towards the Xuantian Sword Sect in the Ten Thousand Swords Mountains.

...

The Xuan Tian Sword Sect, after several days of repairs, though traces of the great battle were still visible, had restored order to the sect. The protective array was under intensive repair, and the sect radiated a vibrant, post-apocalyptic energy.

When Chen Ping arrived at the sect gates with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, it immediately alerted the guarding disciples.

However, upon recognizing Chen Ping, the disciples showed expressions of reverence and excitement, quickly bowing respectfully and announcing the arrival.

Soon, Ling Yunzi, having received the news, personally came out to greet them.

His injuries had not yet healed, and his face was still somewhat pale, but his spirits were high. Seeing Chen Ping's safe return, he beamed with joy.

"Senior Chen! It's wonderful that you've returned safely!"

Ling Yunzi bowed respectfully, then looked with a hint of doubt at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord beside Chen Ping, whose aura was profound and who was clearly a demonic cultivator. "And who is this fellow Daoist?"

"Sect Master Ling, this is Fellow Daoist Crimson Cloud, an old friend from my time in the Nine Heavens."

Chen Ping gave a brief introduction, not elaborating on the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's background to avoid unnecessary trouble. "I've come to ask Sect Master Ling about something."

Ling Yunzi, recognizing Chen Ping's old friend, despite the latter being a demonic cultivator, politely bowed as well: "So you are Fellow Daoist Crimson Cloud, a pleasure to meet you. Senior Chen and Fellow Daoist Crimson Cloud, please speak freely; I will answer all your questions."

The three entered the main hall and took their seats, as host and guest.

Chen Ping got straight to the point, informing Ling Yunzi of the Nine-Turn Rejuvenating Body-Shaping Pill and the core ingredient, the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus, that the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord needed, and showed him the jade slip containing the pill formula.

Ling Yunzi's expression turned serious upon hearing this.

He took the jade slip and carefully examined the description of the Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus, his brows furrowing slightly.

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"The Thousand-Year Ice Soul Blood Lotus...this thing is indeed recorded in the scriptures of my Xuan Tian Sword Sect."

Ling Yunzi slowly spoke, "Just as the formula states, it only grows in the Blood Soul Cold Pool, the core area of the Eternal Ice Plains in the far north."

"That 'Eternal Ice Plains' is one of the most famous forbidden areas in the Ten Heavens, perpetually frigid, with gale-force winds, an extremely harsh environment; even ordinary Heavenly Immortal cultivators who venture into it face nine deaths perish."

"And that 'Blood Soul Cold Pool' is one of the most dangerous and mysterious forbidden areas in the Ice Plains; it is said that the Cold Pool..." "The water is incredibly cold and contains a strange blood poison that can corrode spiritual power and the soul. Furthermore, unknown powerful beasts may lurk within the pool."

“Fellow Daoist Chiyun, forgive my bluntness, but obtaining this ‘Millennium Ice Soul Blood Lotus’ is extremely difficult and perilous.”

“Moreover, this thing blooms only once every hundred years, and its flowering period is extremely short. If the timing is wrong, even reaching the icy pool will result in returning empty-handed.”

“Our sect’s records state that about three hundred years ago, a senior at the eighth rank of the Celestial Immortal realm ventured into the depths of the icy plains and seemingly discovered the Blood Soul...”

“We searched for the Blood Lotus, but ultimately returned severely injured, failing to obtain it and instead damaging our Dao foundation.”

Upon hearing this, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s face paled slightly, but his eyes remained resolute: “Thank you for informing me, Sect Master Ling. No matter what, even if there’s only a sliver of hope, I will brave mountains of knives and seas of fire!”

Chen Ping pondered, “Sect Master Ling, do you know the approximate location of the Blood Lotus Cold Pool? And approximately when the next Blood Lotus bloom will be?”

Ling Yunzi thought for a moment and said, “The specific location is vaguely recorded in the ancient texts, only mentioning ‘the belly of the icy plains’...” “The place is surrounded by three towering ice peaks arranged in a triangular pattern.”

“As for the flowering period... based on scattered records, the last time the Blood Lotus bloomed and its influence was detected was approximately 280 years ago.”

“If we calculate based on a century-long cycle, the next flowering period might be... within the next twenty years! But whether it’s this year, next year, or a dozen years from now is uncertain.”

“Within twenty years...” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s eyes shone with even brighter hope; for a cultivator, this wasn’t a very long time.

“I possess supreme fire and also have ice-type origins; obtaining that Blood Lotus shouldn’t be difficult.”

Chen Ping was extremely confident.

He possessed supreme fire origins, especially after absorbing the Chaos Origin Fire, which greatly enhanced his supreme fire origins.

A small, icy pool held no fear.

Upon hearing this, Ling Yunzi stroked his long beard, pondered for a moment, and then slowly spoke, his voice tinged with solemnity:

“Senior Chen, even if you are determined to go despite the dangers of the Eternal Ice Plains, there is something else that might be even more troublesome than the frigid winds and the ferocious beasts in the pool.”

“Why?” Chen Ping looked at Ling Yunzi.

“The Eternal Ice Plains is not unclaimed land, or rather, its core area has always been considered a forbidden zone by an extremely special and arrogant race.”

Ling Yunzi paused, then uttered four words, “The Northern Underworld God Clan.”

“The Northern Underworld God Clan?” Chen Ping had never heard of this name before. “Are these people all gods?”

“That’s right.”

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Ling Yunzi nodded. “This race has a long history. Legend has it that they possess the bloodline of an ancient ice god, are naturally close to the laws of ice, have powerful bodies, and long lifespans.”

“They have lived for generations in the deepest part of the Eternal Ice Plains, establishing a power called the ‘Northern Underworld Palace,’ controlling most of the precious resources of the Ice Plains, especially

the core area..." "Located in a secret location, the Blood Soul Cold Pool is likely also under their control or surveillance."

"The people of the Northern Underworld God Clan are cold and aloof, considering themselves divine descendants. They have always disdained dealing with 'mortal' cultivators outside the Ice Plains, and are extremely xenophobic."

"Let alone human cultivators, even powerful individuals from other races, if they trespass into their designated forbidden zones without invitation or special reason, will be either expelled or killed outright, with no room for negotiation."

"Within the Ten Heavens, there have been numerous examples of those who, relying on their superior cultivation, went to the Ice Plains to search for treasures, only to perish at the hands of the God Clan."

After hearing this, Chen Ping understood that the so-called Northern Underworld God Clan was actually a branch of the God Clan.

But their personalities were all the same—incredibly arrogant and disdainful of everyone...

The reason they had this personality was because they hadn't been beaten enough.

A few more beatings, and they'd behave.

Chen Ping himself, with his Golden Dragon bloodline, had never been so arrogant!

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's face turned extremely ugly, his clenched fists turning slightly white at the knuckles.

This was tantamount to adding insult to injury; not only was the environment treacherous and the treasures rare, but he also had to face such a troublesome local tyrant.

"So what if they're gods?"

Chen Ping's voice was calm, yet carried an undeniable firmness. "I'm going to fight the gods. Even if it's not just a branch of the gods, but their actual stronghold, I'll storm it."

"Don't worry, senior. Since I promised you, I will definitely find a way to obtain the Blood Lotus. However, our strategy needs to change; we can't just blindly charge in."

Chen Ping wasn't afraid of the gods, and besides, he needed to find the god patriarch and get him to release Wan Jianxing.

Ling Yunzi, seeing that Chen Ping's mind was made up, knew that further persuasion was futile and would only earn him disrespect.

He pondered for a moment, then said, "Senior Chen is truly righteous and courageous, which I greatly admire. Since you are determined to go, although my Xuan Tian Sword Sect has little connection with the Bei Ming Divine Clan, we at least have records of the terrain, climate changes, and certain potentially dangerous areas in the outer reaches of the Eternal Ice Plains and even parts of the Central Region."

"You are new to the Tenth Heaven and completely unfamiliar with this place. Having someone familiar with the area to guide you may avoid many unnecessary troubles and conflicts."

He looked outside the hall and called out, "Shuang'er, come in."

The hall door opened slightly, and Ling Shuang, dressed in a plain white sword outfit and possessing a cold and aloof demeanor, stepped in. She first bowed to Ling Yunzi and Chen Ping, saying, "Father, Senior Chen."

Her gaze swept over the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, pausing slightly, but without much surprise, clearly having overheard something outside.

"Shuang'er, Senior Chen and Fellow Daoist Chiyun wish to travel to the Eternal Ice Plains in search of a life-saving elixir."

“You once accompanied the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable on his travels throughout the Ten Heavens, so you are quite familiar with the area. You will guide Senior Chen and must assist him wholeheartedly.”

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Ling Yunzi instructed, his eyes showing both trust in his daughter and a hint of barely perceptible worry.

Ling Shuang did not hesitate, clasping her hands in a fist salute, “Yes, Father. Your daughter will do her utmost.”

She turned to Chen Ping, “Senior Chen has shown the Sword Sect and Ling Shuang a life-saving grace. Whatever your command, Ling Shuang will obey even unto death.”

Ling Shuang was extremely grateful to Chen Ping. If it weren't for Chen Ping, the Xuan Tian Sword Sect would be gone, and even she might have been in danger.

If Chen Ping asked her to strip naked and serve him now, Ling Shuang would not hesitate.

To be able to serve a great hero like Chen Ping was an honor for her.

To be played with by such a man was also a kind of pride.

Chen Ping looked at Ling Shuang and saw admiration and devotion in her eyes.

Having encountered so many women, Chen Ping could instantly understand their gazes and thoughts; none of them could resist falling for him in the end.

It seemed Ling Shuang was no exception. The journey to the Ice Plains wouldn't be lonely and boring anymore; having a woman to confide in and cultivate together would be quite nice.

“In that case, thank you very much, Sect Leader Ling. I'm grateful for your help, Miss Ling Shuang,” Chen Ping said, bowing in thanks.

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord quickly rose and bowed deeply to Ling Yunzi and Ling Shuang: "Great kindness needs no words of thanks, Crimson Cloud will remember it forever!"

"Time is of the essence."

Chen Ping decisively said, "We shall depart immediately. Sect Master Ling, the sect is newly established and we still need your presence to oversee and manage it. We shall take our leave now."

Ling Yunzi rose to see them off, escorting them all the way to the mountain gate. He gave Ling Shuang a few more words of advice, and finally solemnly said to Chen Ping, "Senior Chen, the strength of the Northern Underworld Clan is unfathomable, especially on their home turf, the Ice Plains, where they are even more formidable."

"If things become unfavorable, please prioritize your own safety. There will be other opportunities in the future. The Sword Sect will always welcome you."

Chen Ping nodded: "Sect Master Ling, rest assured, I know what I'm doing."

With that, the three transformed into a streak of light even faster and more dazzling than before, soaring into the sky and heading straight towards the far north of the Tenth Heaven Continent.

The further north they flew, the more rapidly the temperature plummeted.

The landscape below transformed from verdant mountains and clear waters to barren frozen wastelands, and then to continuous snow-capped mountains and glaciers.

The howling winds began to whip up ice crystals and snowflakes, lashing against their protective aura with a fine rustling sound.

Even ordinary cultivators, without venturing deeper, would need to circulate their magical power to resist the extreme cold.

Ling Shuang was indeed quite familiar with the route, frequently offering directions to avoid known, easily disorienting blizzard zones or hidden spatial rifts.

Her words were concise and clear, displaying the competence befitting her appearance.

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained silent throughout, spending most of his time meditating with his eyes closed, adjusting his state to its peak. Only occasionally, when he glanced at the vast white expanse to the north that seemed to connect with the sky, would a flash of urgency and determination appear in his eyes.

Chen Ping, meanwhile, flew while silently sensing the unique laws of nature in this far north.

Here, the laws of ice and water were unusually active and abundant, while the laws of other attributes were relatively dormant.

The chaotic immortal power within him flowed, simulating and evolving the characteristics of ice and cold, quietly adapting to the environment.

His divine sense occasionally activated, piercing through the swirling snow and wind, gazing into the far distance, attempting to detect any trace of the so-called divine race or any unusual energy fluctuations.

The snow and wind in the far north grew increasingly violent, leaden-gray clouds pressing low over the ice plains, howling winds whipping up ice shards that crackled against the protective auras of the three.

After flying for two full days, Ling Shuang pointed to a natural cave surrounded by giant ice floes ahead: "Senior Chen, Fellow Daoist Chi Yun, that ice cave ahead can shelter us from the snow and wind. Let's rest for the night and continue our journey tomorrow."

Chen Ping nodded, and with a flick of his sleeve, a gentle surge of chaotic immortal power broke through the swirling snow and wind, escorting the three to the entrance of the cave.

The cave was unexpectedly dry, the ground covered with a thin layer of ice crystals, and icicles of various shapes clung to the corners, emanating a faint chill.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained silent, finding a corner to sit cross-legged, closing his eyes to regulate his breathing, his body enveloped in a faint demonic aura, isolating him from external interference.

Ling Shuang took out several pieces of warm jade and spread them on the ground, then took out spiritual fruits and water from her storage bag, handing them to Chen Ping: "Senior Chen, you must be tired from your journey, please replenish your spiritual energy."

Her movements were gentle, her slender white fingers gleaming in the dim light. Her eyes held a hint of barely perceptible unease as she spoke, and the lingering blush of travel on her cheeks made her even more radiant.

Chen Ping took the spiritual fruits, his fingertips inadvertently brushing against the back of her hand, feeling only a cool touch.

"Thank you for your trouble, Miss Ling Shuang," he said softly, his gaze falling on her slightly shy face.

Ling Shuang quickly withdrew her hand, twisting the hem of her clothes, and said softly, "Senior is too kind. You have done me a great service to the Xuan Tian Sword Sect; this is what I should do."

She paused, as if gathering her courage, and then asked, "Senior, are you confident in facing the Northern Netherworld Clan on your journey to the Eternal Ice Plains?"

"We'll meet force with force," Chen Ping said calmly, yet with unwavering confidence. "They're just some arrogant branches of the divine race; they can't stop me."

A hint of admiration flashed in Ling Shuang's eyes as she said softly, "Senior is indeed incredibly powerful. Actually... I've heard of the Northern Netherworld Clan's domineering nature when I traveled with the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable. Almost no one dares to provoke them on the Ice Plains. Senior, you must be extremely careful on your journey."

Her voice was filled with genuine worry, her eyes fixed on Chen Ping, full of concern.

Chen Ping understood.

Since their departure from the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, every time they rested, Ling Shuang would find various topics to chat about with him, from the sect's past to her cultivation insights, and even the local customs and traditions along the way. Her admiration and affection were obvious in her words.

With his experience, he naturally understood the girl's feelings.

Looking at Ling Shuang's flushed cheeks and evasive eyes, he suddenly spoke, "Miss Ling Shuang, is there something you want to tell me?"

Ling Shuang stiffened, abruptly raising her head to meet Chen Ping's deep gaze. Her cheeks instantly turned bright red, like a ripe apple.

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She opened her mouth, but hesitated, unsure how to respond. Her eyes darted away in a flustered manner, her voice barely audible: "I...I just felt that Senior's cultivation was profound, and I wanted to ask you more questions about cultivation."

Chen Ping chuckled, his tone playful but not frivolous: "Ask about cultivation? I think you want to cultivate with me, don't you?"

"Ah!"

Ling Shuang exclaimed in surprise, as if her secret had been exposed. She was instantly flustered, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Senior...I...I didn't mean it..."

She hurriedly explained, "I just felt that Senior is a genius, and if I could cultivate with you, not only would my cultivation improve rapidly, but I could also better assist you in finding the Ice Soul Blood Lotus...I didn't mean anything else. If you don't want to, just pretend I didn't say anything..."

Looking at her incoherent, tearful appearance...

Chen Ping's joking expression vanished, his tone becoming serious: "Ling Shuang, you don't need to be shy. On the path of cultivation, it's common for cultivation partners to accompany each other. I can see you're interested in me; and I have no aversion to you either."

He paused, then continued, "We are both cultivators, and strength is paramount. Dual cultivation can both enhance our relationship and rapidly improve our cultivation—a win-win situation."

"This journey to the Eternal Ice Plains is fraught with danger. The more strength we have, the more secure we are. If you truly have this intention, there's no need to hide it; just come directly."

Ling Shuang was stunned, staring blankly at Chen Ping, seemingly not expecting him to be so direct.

She had originally thought there would be more buildup, and had even prepared herself for rejection, but she hadn't anticipated Chen Ping's straightforwardness.

After a brief moment of astonishment, overwhelming joy welled up within her. Her eyes lit up instantly, her tears dried, and she nodded vigorously, "I...I do!"

Her voice trembled with excitement, but a relieved smile spread across her face. Her previous shyness and awkwardness vanished, replaced by determination and anticipation.

Seeing this, Chen Ping raised his hand and cast an isolation array, completely separating the cave from the outside world, preventing the wind and snow from entering and isolating any aura.

"This place is simple, but it's sufficient for now," he said, then sat cross-legged, emanating a gentle, chaotic immortal power. "Come here."

Ling Shuang took a deep breath, suppressing the pounding in her heart, and slowly walked to Chen Ping, sitting cross-legged as well.

She closed her eyes, slowly removing her plain white sword armor, revealing her exquisite figure. Her skin, reflected in the ice crystals, resembled solidified white jade, gleaming with a faint luster.

“Miss Ling Shuang, be prepared, I’m a bit fierce.”

Chen Ping finished speaking and attacked!

Ling Shuang trembled. Their auras had already merged. Chen Ping’s vast and all-encompassing Chaotic Immortal Power nourished her meridians and guided her sword essence to become purer;

Ling Shuang’s sharp and pure sword essence, in turn, stimulated Chen Ping’s immortal power, making it more agile.

Within the cave, the two forces intertwined and formed a faint halo, enveloping the two.

On the icy ground, subtle spiritual energy patterns quietly emerged, drawing in the surrounding spiritual energy, which continuously flowed into their bodies.

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Ling Shuang felt a warm sensation throughout her body. The spiritual energy consumed in resisting the wind and snow quickly recovered, her meridians became wider and stronger, and even the bottleneck that had been difficult to break through in her cultivation showed signs of loosening.

She could clearly feel Chen Ping’s immortal power flowing gently within her body, carrying a reassuring strength that drew her in irresistibly.

Chen Ping also sensed something amiss.

Ling Shuang’s sword essence carried a unique aura. During their dual cultivation, their powers nourished and promoted each other, causing their cultivation levels to steadily rise.

The Chaos Fire Lotus and True Dragon Blood within his dantian, after absorbing the pure power from Ling Shuang's sword essence, circulated more smoothly, and his immortal power became increasingly refined.

A night passed quietly.

As the first rays of dawn pierced through the ice cracks into the cave, the formation slowly dissipated, and two dazzling beams of light erupted from Chen Ping and Ling Shuang, then quickly subsided.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes, his gaze gleaming.

After a night of dual cultivation, his first-grade Heavenly Immortal realm was more stable, his total immortal power had increased further, and his mastery of the Chaos Laws was now much more adept.

Ling Shuang opened her eyes, her aura much stronger than before!

Her eyes were brighter, her skin more radiant, and her overall demeanor retained its cool elegance while gaining a touch of allure.

"Miss Ling Shuang, how are you feeling?" Chen Ping asked!

"I feel great," Ling Shuang said softly, her cheeks slightly flushed, quickly putting on her clothes. "My legs are a little sore!"

"That's normal at first, it'll get better!"

After saying this, Chen Ping helped Ling Shuang up and continued on their way!

The two glanced at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord in the corner. He was still meditating with his eyes closed, seemingly oblivious to what had happened the previous night, though the fluctuations of his demonic energy were more stable than before.

Only Chen Ping knew that the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was already used to this.

Back when the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was in his sea of consciousness, he had experienced far too much.

The three rested briefly before setting off again for the Eternal Ice Plains.

In the following days, every evening during their rest, Ling Shuang would proactively come to Chen Ping's side, and the two would engage in dual cultivation in perfect harmony.

As the frequency increased, their coordination grew increasingly seamless, and their affection deepened.

Ling Shuang was no longer as shy as she had initially; occasionally, she would snuggle close to Chen Ping, discussing her insights into cultivation or sharing secrets of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect.

Chen Ping also enjoyed communicating with her. Ling Shuang came from a prestigious family, possessed extraordinary knowledge, and had extensive understanding of the cultivation world of the Tenth Heaven. Even a few words from her could bring Chen Ping new insights.

The improvement in strength brought about by dual cultivation was even more significant. Chen Ping's cultivation steadily advanced towards the second rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, while Ling Shuang also made rapid progress, only one step away from the sixth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained silent throughout, ignoring their intimate actions, his heart filled only with concern for Ling Yue and his eagerness for the Ice Soul Blood Lotus.

He could sense Chen Ping and Ling Shuang's rapid increase in strength, and instead of feeling resentful, he felt even more at ease—only with greater strength could they forge a path through the Eternal Ice Plains.

As they ventured deeper into the far north, the surrounding environment became increasingly harsh.

The wind and snow were so fierce that they almost obscured visibility; the ice-elemental laws of heaven and earth were so dense as to be almost tangible; the air was filled with a bone-chilling cold that ordinary Celestial Immortal cultivators could not withstand.

However, after days of joint cultivation, coupled with Chen Ping's Chaotic Immortal Power protecting him, Chen Ping and Ling Shuang encountered little obstacle along the way.

One day, Ling Shuang pointed to a boundless white wasteland ahead and said solemnly, "Senior Chen, Fellow Daoist Chi Yun, the core area of the Eternal Ice Plains is just ahead."

"Beyond this, further in, lies the territory of the Northern Underworld God Clan."

Chen Ping looked up and saw that the ice plain ahead was flat and boundless, covered with a thick layer of ice. Beneath the ice surface, dark purple patterns were faintly visible, radiating a dangerous aura. The wind and snow in the sky grew even more violent, even carrying streaks of ice that howled across the heavens, their power comparable to an attack from a Celestial Immortal cultivator.

"We've finally arrived."

A resolute glint flashed in the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's eyes, his clenched fist trembling slightly. "Lingyue, wait a few more days, I will definitely retrieve the Ice Soul Blood Lotus for you!"

Chen Ping patted his shoulder: "Don't worry, I'm here."

He looked at Ling Shuang beside him, his gaze softening. "Next, there might be a tough battle ahead. Are you afraid?"

Ling Shuang shook her head, her eyes shining with determination: "With Senior here, I'm not afraid. No matter how many dangers lie ahead, I will fight alongside you."

Chen Ping smiled slightly, saying nothing more.

He activated his divine sense, carefully probing the icy plain ahead, trying to find the three towering ice peaks arranged in a triangular pattern that Ling Yunzi had mentioned.

Meanwhile, a faint aura of dragon might and chaos emanated from him, a constant vigilance against the appearance of the Northern Netherworld Gods.

The three stood side by side at the edge of the Eternal Ice Plains, with towering snow-capped mountains behind them and the treacherous, unknown forbidden land of the ice plains ahead.

The wind and snow whipped at their robes, but could not dispel the unwavering resolve in their eyes.

The path to the Blood Soul Cold Pool had only just begun. And the threat of the Northern Netherworld Gods was already imminent.

After flying for about ten days, the scenery before them finally became utterly monotonous and magnificent.

An endless white ice plain stretched to the horizon, almost merging with the greyish-white sky.

Massive glaciers, like silent dragons, snaked and crawled, the howling winds whipping up millennia-old snow dust, forming white curtains that blurred the vision.

The chill here was bone-chilling, enough to freeze mortal iron instantly. An ordinary True Immortal cultivator, without a powerful protective magic weapon or special cultivation technique, would likely not last more than a few hours.

“Senior, we have entered the outer edge of the Eternal Ice Plains.”