

The Order 9771

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Eleventh Heaven, Earthfire Pavilion.

After the wedding, Chen Ping returned to the forbidden area with Huo Ling'er.

The fiery body of Ancestor Earthfire reappeared.

"Ancestor." Chen Ping bowed respectfully.

"Hmm." Ancestor Earthfire nodded, his gaze sweeping over the two of them, satisfied. "Not bad, their auras are intertwined, yin and yang in harmony. It seems you have truly become Daoist partners."

Huo Ling'er blushed and lowered her head.

Chen Ping readily agreed, "Thank you for your kindness, Ancestor."

"Now, can I fulfill your promise?" said the Earthfire Ancestor!

Huo Ling'er looked bewildered at Chen Ping, asking, "What promise?"

"I will help you restore your physical body, Ancestor. Ling'er, you and Senior Crimson Cloud Demon Lord will assist me," Chen Ping said.

Huo Ling'er nodded, "Okay!"

Chen Ping took out the Demon-Suppressing Tower!

The Demon-Suppressing Tower floated in the air, radiating an ancient and vast aura.

The Earthfire Ancestor's fiery body rippled slowly beside him, his golden flame-like eyes filled with anticipation.

"Ancestor, we can begin," Chen Ping said.

The Earthfire Ancestor nodded, "You will help me condense my soul and reshape my physical body within the Demon-Suppressing Tower. In return, I will transmit to you the complete version of the *Earthfire True Scripture* and point out the location of the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk."

"This junior understands," Chen Ping said solemnly.

"Alright, let's enter the tower then!"

The fiery body of the Earthfire Ancestor transformed into a stream of light and plunged into the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Chen Ping followed closely behind, stepping into the tower.

The flow of time inside the tower was a hundred times faster than outside.

The Earthfire Ancestor's fiery body gradually solidified within the tower, transforming into the phantom of an old man with white hair and beard and a kind face.

Although still in a soul form, it was much more solid than before.

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“Good! Good! Good!”

Feeling the increased time flow and unique laws within the tower, the Earthfire Ancestor was excited and praised repeatedly, “The Demon-Suppressing Tower truly lives up to its name! With this treasure’s help, I have hope of reshaping my physical body!”

He looked at Chen Ping: “Little fellow, let’s not delay, let’s begin now. You should first familiarize yourself with the basics of the *Earthfire True Scripture*. Once my soul form has solidified to a certain degree, I will pass on the complete version to you.”

“Yes!”

Chen Ping sat cross-legged and began to comprehend the *Earthfire True Scripture*.

This cultivation technique truly lives up to its reputation as the treasure of the Earthfire Pavilion; it is incredibly profound.

It is divided into nine levels, and with each level cultivated, one’s understanding of the laws of fire deepens.

Upon reaching the ninth level, one can control all the fires of heaven and earth, capable of scorching mountains and boiling seas with boundless power.

Chen Ping already possesses Chaos Immortal Power, encompassing all things, making the cultivation of any technique twice as effective.

Furthermore, with the personal guidance of the founder, the Earthfire Ancestor, his progress is rapid.

Time passes day by day within the tower.

One day outside is equivalent to a hundred days inside the tower.

Chen Ping is immersed in cultivation, forgetting the passage of time.

The Earthfire Ancestor, on the other hand, uses the time acceleration and special laws of the Demon Suppression Tower to frantically condense his soul body.

His soul body, initially illusory, gradually becomes solid, beginning to possess the sensation of a physical body.

At the same time, the Earthfire Ancestor is also preparing to reshape his physical body.

Reconstructing the physical body required a vast amount of rare and precious materials. Fortunately, Huo Fentian was well-prepared, continuously sending the Earth Fire Pavilion's millennia-old treasures into the forbidden area.

"Ten-thousand-year-old Fire Crystal Jade, Earth Core Flame Iron, Crimson Sun Essence Gold, Lava Blood Essence..."

While refining his soul body, the Earth Fire Ancestor directed Huo Ling'er and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord to process these materials.

Although newly married, Huo Ling'er knew the matter was of utmost importance, suppressing her longing and focusing on assisting the Ancestor.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was responsible for guarding the area, ensuring no one disturbed them.

Time flowed silently within the tower.

One day, two days, three days...

A year passed in the blink of an eye. During this year, Chen Ping underwent earth-shattering changes.

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He cultivated the *Earth Fire True Scripture* to the sixth level, reaching an unprecedented level of understanding of the Law of Fire.

The Chaos Immortal Power fused with the Law of Fire, its power increasing dramatically.

His cultivation level had broken through from the peak of the first rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm to the peak of the second rank, just one step away from the third rank!

More importantly, his combat power far exceeded his cultivation level.

With the help of Chaotic Immortal Power, the Golden Dragon Bloodline, the *Earth Fire True Scripture*, and treasures such as the Dragon-Slaying Sword and the Dragon-Patterned Bell, Chen Ping was confident that he could even fight against cultivators in the Upper Immortal Realm!

The Earth Fire Ancestor underwent an even greater transformation.

After a year of refinement, his soul body had solidified to its limit, almost indistinguishable from a real person.

The materials for reshaping his physical body were also all prepared; only the final step remained: using a drop of Chen Ping's Golden Dragon Essence Blood as a catalyst to fuse his soul body with the materials and reshape his physical body!

"Little fellow, it's ready."

The Earthfire Ancestor opened his eyes, golden flames flickering within. "My soul has been refined to its peak, and the materials for reshaping my physical body are ready. Now, all that's needed is a drop of your golden dragon essence blood as a catalyst."

Chen Ping nodded without hesitation, biting his tongue and forcing out a drop of golden essence blood.

The moment the essence blood appeared, a sacred and majestic dragon's might permeated the entire tower.

A tiny five-clawed golden dragon could be vaguely seen swimming within the essence blood, radiating boundless vitality.

Excitement flashed in the Earthfire Ancestor's eyes as he carefully collected the drop of golden dragon essence blood into his palm.

"Good! With this drop of golden dragon blood as a guide, my success rate in reshaping my physical body will increase by at least 30%!"

He looked at Chen Ping, "Little fellow, thank you. I will definitely fulfill my promise to you."

"You're too kind, Ancestor."

Chen Ping said, "Shall we begin reshaping our physical body now?"

"No rush."

The Earth Fire Ancestor shook his head, "Reshaping the physical body requires forty-nine days and cannot be disturbed. Moreover... I sense some movement outside."

He calculated with his fingers, his brow furrowing slightly: "The people from the Evil Path Hall... have arrived."

Before he finished speaking, a voice rang out.

"Chen Ping! Chen Ping! Something's happened!" It was Huo Ling'er's anxious voice.

Chen Ping's heart tightened. He exchanged a glance with the Earth Fire Ancestor and simultaneously withdrew from the Demon Suppression Tower.

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Outside the tower, Huo Ling'er's face was pale, her eyes filled with panic: "The Evil Path Palace's army is attacking the mountain! Three vice palace masters have personally arrived, all at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm! The mountain-protecting formation is about to collapse!"

"What?"

Chen Ping's expression changed.

The Earth Fire Ancestor also frowned deeply: "Three peak ninth-rank Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivators... the Evil Path Palace has really gone all out this time."

"Little one, my physical body reconstruction is at a critical moment and cannot be interrupted. Otherwise, not only will all my previous efforts be in vain, but my soul will also be severely damaged. Outside... I can only rely on you."

Chen Ping took a deep breath, his eyes flashing coldly: "Don't worry, Ancestor, leave it to me."

He turned to Huo Ling'er: "Ling'er, you stay here to assist the Ancestor. Senior Chi Yun, come with me to meet the enemy!"

"Alright!" Chi Yun Demon Lord was already rubbing his hands together, "I've been holding back for so long, it's a good time to stretch my muscles!"

Chen Ping then looked at the little fire unicorn Wangcai sleeping by the lava pool.

After a year of growth, Wangcai had reached a size of ten zhang (approximately 33 meters), its golden-red scales gleaming, its four hooves treading on golden flames, exuding a majestic aura.

Its aura had reached the peak of the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

The fire-based spiritual energy here was the most suitable cultivation resource for the little fire qilin.

“Wangcai, let’s go!” Chen Ping patted its head.

“Roar!” Wangcai growled, stood up, its eyes gleaming with excitement.

The man, the beast, and the demon rushed out of the forbidden area, heading straight for the gates of the Earth Fire Pavilion!

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Outside the Earth Fire Pavilion, dark clouds pressed down, threatening to crush the city.

Thousands of cultivators from the Evil Path Hall swarmed like locusts, completely surrounding the Earth Fire Pavilion.

They were all dressed in long, black robes, their faces adorned with demonic masks, and the evil weapons in their hands reeked of a nauseating, bloody stench.

The entire sky was dyed a dark red by the dense aura of bloodlust, preventing even sunlight from penetrating. The protective array’s protective barrier trembled violently under the relentless attacks, like a candle flickering in the wind.

The surface of the barrier was covered with spiderweb-like cracks, each attack widening them and producing a sickening cracking sound.

“One more strike! The array is about to break!”

A deacon from the Evil Path Hall roared, wielding a blood-red longsword and slashing at the barrier.

“Boom!”

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The barrier trembled violently, and a fist-sized hole appeared at its center!

Although the hole quickly repaired itself, this plunged the hearts of the Earth Fire Pavilion members into despair.

The protective array wouldn't last much longer.

Before the mountain gate, three black-robed elders stood suspended in mid-air, like three insurmountable mountains.

They were none other than the three vice hall masters of the Evil Path Hall... Soul Fiend, Bone Demon, and Soul Annihilation!

Vice Hall Master Soul Fiend had a withered face, sunken eyes, and eerily blood-red pupils.

He was enveloped in a thick, viscous blood mist, within which countless struggling human faces could be vaguely discerned, emitting silent wails.

The Bone Demon Vice Hall Master was emaciated, resembling a skeleton draped in human skin.

His fingers were long and pale, their tips gleaming with a chilling white bone light; a single stroke could tear through space.

The Soul Annihilation Vice Hall Master was the most bizarre; he had no physical form, his entire being resembling a constantly shifting mass of gray mist.

Within the mist, countless eyes flickered in and out of existence, each radiating a chilling aura that sent shivers down one's spine.

The three of them linked their auras, forming an invisible cage that enveloped the entire Earth Fire Pavilion.

That was the oppressive aura of a peak ninth-grade Celestial Immortal, as vast and overwhelming as a mountain, making it difficult for all the Earth Fire Pavilion disciples to breathe.

“Fire Burns the Heavens, this is the last chance.”

The voice of the Deputy Hall Master of the Soul Fiend Sect was cold and hoarse, like sandpaper being rubbed together. “Hand over the remnant soul of the Earth Fire Ancestor and Chen Ping, and the Earth Fire Pavilion can preserve its lineage. Otherwise... not a single one will be spared.”

Within the protective array, Huo Fentian stood at the forefront, his crimson-gold robe stained with blood—both his own and his enemies’.

Behind him, a dozen or so elders of the Earthfire Pavilion were wounded and their auras weakened.

Further away in the plaza, fewer than a hundred disciples remained capable of fighting, most of them heavily wounded.

The three-day siege had inflicted heavy losses on the Earthfire Pavilion.

Of its nearly one thousand disciples, less than a ten remained.

If it weren’t for the protective array relying on the Heart of Earthfire, possessing virtually inexhaustible energy, it would have been breached long ago.

“Dream on!”

Huo Fentian’s eyes were bloodshot, his voice hoarse yet resolute. “Our Earthly Fire Pavilion has stood for three thousand years, and has never had a traitor! Today, even if we fight to the last man, we will never bow down to you demons and heretics!”

“Stubborn to the end.”

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The Bone Demon Vice Hall Master shook his head, his tone tinged with regret, but his eyes were as cold as knives. “Since you insist on seeking death, then so be it.”

He slowly raised his right hand, his five fingers spread, and gently clenched his fist towards the protective mountain array.

“Bone Prison – Myriad Manifestations.”

“Crack, crack...”

The ground trembled violently, and countless white bone spikes burst forth from the earth, each as thick as a bucket and tens of feet long!

The bone spikes twisted and grew as if alive, instantly covering every inch of land outside the protective mountain array, forming a terrifying forest of bones!

Even more terrifying, these bone spikes began to frantically attack the protective mountain array.

They collided, pierced, and entangled, each attack causing the protective barrier to tremble violently, cracks spreading at a visible speed!

“Hold on! We must hold on!”

An elder roared, burning his life essence to inject immortal power into the core of the formation.

The other elders followed suit, more than a dozen crimson rays shooting into the sky and merging into the protective formation.

The protective barrier stabilized somewhat temporarily, but everyone knew this was merely a desperate measure.

Burning life essence was draining their lives.

At this rate, all the elders would be exhausted within half an hour.

“It’s useless.”

The voice of the Soul Extinction Deputy Hall Master resounded directly in everyone’s minds, cold and eerie, “A trapped beast’s struggle only increases suffering. Why not give up resistance, and I can let you die a quicker death.”

Before he finished speaking, gray mist suddenly spread, transforming into countless fine threads that seeped into the cracks of the protective formation!

“Ah...!”

Several disciples of the Earthfire Pavilion were entangled in the gray threads, letting out piercing screams.

Their bodies visibly withered, their life force rapidly drained, until they collapsed as desiccated corpses.

Their souls were dragged out by the gray threads and absorbed into the Soul Annihilation Deputy Hall Master, becoming part of his power.

“You beast!”

Huo Fentian's eyes widened in fury, and he slammed his palm down on the gray threads.

Crimson flames erupted, burning the gray threads into wisps of smoke.

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But more gray threads surged in from the cracks, impossible to defend against.

Despair, like an icy tide, engulfed everyone's hearts.

"It's over..." A young disciple knelt on the ground, sobbing uncontrollably, "We're all going to die here..."

"The protective formation can't hold..."

Another elder, tears streaming down his face, cried, "Sect Master, please take the princess and escape! We'll fight to the death to buy you time!"

Huo Fentian smiled bitterly: "Escape? Where to? Since the Evil Path Hall has come out in full force, they won't leave us any way out."

He looked deep into the Earth Fire Pavilion, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes: "I only hope... Chen Ping and Ling'er can escape."

Just as he finished speaking, a crisp cracking sound suddenly came from the center of the protective formation.

"Crack...!"

A huge crack spread from top to bottom, like shattered glass.

Then, a second, a third... cracks spread like a spiderweb!

The protective formation had broken!

“Kill!”

The eyes of the Vice Hall Master of the Soul Fiend Sect blazed with bloodlust. “Leave no one alive!”

“Kill!” Thousands of Evil Path Hall cultivators surged towards the gates of the Earth Fire Pavilion like a tidal wave.

Huo Fentian took a deep breath, his body engulfed in raging flames: “Earth Fire Pavilion disciples, heed my command! Fight to the death!”

“Fight to the death!” The surviving disciples roared with tragic heroism, preparing for a final, desperate struggle.

Just then!

“Roar!!!”

A deafening dragon’s roar echoed from the depths of the Earth Fire Pavilion!

The roar was high-pitched, majestic, and sacred, containing an undeniable imperial pressure!

Where the sound passed, space trembled, and time seemed to freeze!

All the Evil Path Hall cultivators froze, as if struck by a spell.

Those cultivators rushing towards the gates were struck as if by lightning, letting out a muffled groan as they were sent flying backward, blood streaming from their seven orifices.

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The three Vice Hall Masters' expressions changed simultaneously.

"What is that sound?" The Bone Demon Vice Hall Master frowned.

"A dragon's roar...and an extremely pure dragon's roar!"

The Soul Annihilation Vice Hall Master's voice was grave. "How could there be a dragon in the Earth Fire Pavilion?"

The Soul Fiend Vice Hall Master narrowed his eyes, looking in the direction the sound came from: "Whatever it is, it must die today!"

Before he finished speaking, a golden streak of light shot out from the depths of the Earth Fire Pavilion!

The streak of light was extremely fast, instantly traversing dozens of miles and arriving before the mountain gate.

The golden light dissipated, revealing three figures.

The leader, dressed in a flowing blue robe, with black hair, a handsome face, and calm, serene eyes.

He stood with his hands behind his back, his feet treading the void. Despite only being at the peak of the second rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, he gave off an unfathomable aura.

To his left, a three-headed, six-armed demonic cultivator stood proudly, his demonic energy surging. Each of his six arms held a demonic weapon, his aura reaching the peak of the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm—it was none other than the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord!

To his right, a towering, golden-red Qilin, ten zhang tall, stood proudly, its four hooves treading on golden flames, its dragon-scale armor gleaming in the sunlight.

It roared to the sky, its dragon might awe-inspiring, its aura clearly that of a peak seventh-grade Celestial Immortal!

“Chen Ping?!”

Huo Fentian was first stunned, then his expression changed drastically. “Why are you out here? Go back! This is not a place for you!”

He was frantic with worry.

Although Chen Ping was exceptionally talented, he was only at the peak of the second grade Celestial Immortal.

Facing three vice hall masters at the peak of the ninth grade Celestial Immortal was like throwing an egg against a rock!

“The young master is here!” The disciples of the Earth Fire Pavilion were initially delighted, but then filled with worry.

“Young master, run! Don’t worry about us!”

“Yes, young master, you and the princess must escape!”

Chen Ping, however, seemed not to hear them, his gaze calmly sweeping over the army of the Evil Path Hall, finally settling on the three vice hall masters.

“The three of you, daring to act so recklessly in my Earthfire Pavilion, did you even ask my permission?”

He spoke calmly, his voice not loud, yet clearly reaching everyone’s ears.

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The entire hall fell silent.

Everyone was stunned.

A moment later...

“Hahaha!”

The Bone Demon Vice Hall Master laughed loudly, his laughter filled with mockery and disdain. “Boy, who are you? Peak Second Grade Celestial Immortal? You dare speak to us?”

He pointed at Chen Ping, as if watching a joke: “You think bringing a Qilin and a demonic cultivator can change anything? In my eyes, you’re nothing more than a slightly stronger ant.”

The Soul Fiend Vice Hall Master also sneered: “Huo Fentian, is this your Earth Fire Pavilion’s hope? A mere Second Grade Celestial Immortal junior? How laughable.”

The Soul Extinction Vice Hall Master stared at Wangcai, his gray mist surging violently: “A pure-blooded Qilin descendant... what a treasure! Boy, offer up this Qilin, and I can give you a quick death.”

The Evil Path Hall army also erupted in laughter.

“Second-grade Celestial Immortal? Is he here to die?”

“The Earth Fire Pavilion is truly out of talent, actually sending out a mere second-grade junior to fill the ranks.”

“What a pity for that Qilin, it followed the wrong master.”

Faced with the barrage of mockery, Chen Ping remained unmoved, even a faint smile playing on his lips.

“Peak second-grade Celestial Immortal...”

He repeated softly, then raised his eyes, a golden glint flashing within them, “Killing you all is enough.”

“Arrogant!” the Soul Fiend Deputy Hall Master roared, “Boy, since you’re courting death, I’ll grant your wish!”

He waved his hand: “Everyone, listen up! Continue attacking the Earth Fire Pavilion! Leave this brat to me!”

Before his words even finished, the Soul Fiend Deputy Hall Master had already transformed into a blood-red afterimage, instantly traversing a thousand feet and appearing before Chen Ping!

His speed was like teleportation!

“Soul-Slaying Palm!”

A gigantic, blood-red palm, obscuring the sky, materialized out of thin air. Its palm lines were clearly visible, each line formed from countless vengeful spirits!

The giant palm, carrying overwhelming soul-slaying energy, slammed down towards Chen Ping!

This palm strike was delivered with seventy percent of the Soul-Slaying Palm's power.

In his view, seventy percent of his strength was more than enough to deal with a junior at the peak of the second rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

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The power of this palm strike was enough to instantly kill any cultivator below the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm!

"Chen Ping, be careful!"

Huo Fentian cried out in alarm, wanting to help, but he was locked in place by the Bone Demon Vice Hall Master's aura and unable to move.

The hearts of everyone in the Earth Fire Pavilion were in their throats. Some female disciples even closed their eyes, unable to bear witnessing Chen Ping being smashed into a bloody pulp.

The Evil Path Hall cultivators revealed cruel smiles, as if they could already see Chen Ping's gruesome death.

However, facing this earth-shattering palm strike, Chen Ping remained calm, not even lifting an eyelid.

He slowly raised his right hand, fingers spread, and gently clenched it against the sky-obscuring, blood-red giant hand.

The movement was casual, as if catching a fly.

"Chaos Fire Domain."

He uttered four simple words.

“Boom—!”

Within a thousand feet of Chen Ping, space suddenly distorted!

The hazy chaotic energy intertwined and merged with the crimson-gold true flames of the earth, transforming into a unique domain.

Within the domain, the laws of fire boiled, and chaotic energy permeated the air, as if forming its own world!

The blood-red giant hand slammed into the domain, its speed drastically reduced, its power greatly diminished, like a giant beast stuck in mud, unable to move an inch!

Even more bizarrely, the vengeful spirits within his palm, upon contact with the chaotic energy and the true flames of the earth, emitted shrill screams, melting away rapidly like ice and snow meeting the scorching sun!

“What?!”

The Vice Hall Master of the Soul Fiend Sect’s expression changed drastically.

He felt his Soul Fiend Palm power being rapidly decomposed, devoured, and annihilated after entering that domain!

That domain was like a bottomless pit, capable of swallowing all energy!

“Break.”

Chen Ping uttered a single word, his right hand clenching into a fist.

The movement remained casual, as if performing a trivial task.

“Bang...!”