

## **The Order 9811**

Chapter: 9811

He simply stood there, watching the terrifying claw, powerful enough to split mountains and shatter rocks, rapidly enlarge in his pupils.

Then, just as the claw was about to touch his nose,

slowly, he raised his right hand.

Fingers spread, palm facing the terrifying claw.

The movement was casual, as if shooing away an annoying fly.

“Chaos Fire Domain.”

These four simple words, like some ancient, forbidden proverb, were uttered calmly by him.

“Buzz—!”

From Chen Ping’s palm, an invisible yet immense wave instantly spread out!

Within a radius of a thousand feet, space suddenly distorted strangely!

Light bent here, sound became blurred, and even the churning magma below seemed to freeze for a moment.

A hazy, primordial chaos, reminiscent of the very beginning of creation, mingled with the scorching, domineering, and all-consuming crimson-gold true flames of the earth.

Two drastically different, even conflicting, forces intertwined and merged perfectly.

Forming a bizarre domain unique to Chen Ping!

Within this domain, the original laws of heaven and earth were disrupted and suppressed.

Replaced in their place a new set of rules, chaotic and undefined yet encompassing all things.

Here, the laws of fire surged and cheered, while the laws of space twisted and submitted.

The Soul Devourer's determined claw crashed into this chaotic fire domain!

The next moment, something happened that made the Soul Devourer's pupils shrink drastically.

His demonic claw, capable of shattering even high-grade immortal artifacts, seemed to sink into an endless quagmire the instant it entered this hazy domain, its speed decreasing by more than tenfold!

Not only its speed, but also the terrifying demonic energy, the laws of death, and the corrosive power of the soul that had gathered on its claw...

Upon contact with the hazy, chaotic energy and crimson flames, it emitted a hissing, melting sound!

It was like a red-hot iron piercing snow, or thick ink dripping into clear water.

The power he so proudly possessed, the power that could erode everything, was being rapidly decomposed, devoured, and annihilated!

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He could even clearly feel the emptiness of his power draining away!

“What...what the hell is this?!” The Soul Devourer’s ferocious grin froze instantly.

Replaced by extreme shock and a barely perceptible panic.

He had lived for ten thousand years, devoured countless cultivators, and witnessed all sorts of strange and wondrous techniques.

But he had never seen such a bizarre power!

This power seemed to be the natural nemesis of his Soul Devouring Demonic Art!

“Break.”

Chen Ping remained expressionless, but his outstretched fingers gently clenched inward.

The movement was gentle, like plucking a flower.

“Bang—!!!”

A muffled thud, not earth-shattering, yet it sent a jolt through the Soul Devourer’s heart!

His enormous demonic claw, starting from its fingertips, shattered and disintegrated like rock weathered for millions of years!

Fragments of black and red scales, mixed with eerie demonic blood, were rapidly vaporized and vanished within the chaotic fire domain.

Not even a trace remained!

The Soul Devourer groaned, his massive body staggering uncontrollably backward three steps.

Each step left deep cracks in the hard rock.

He looked down at his bare wrist, dripping black blood.

His eerie green eyes were filled with horror and disbelief.

Chen Ping slowly lowered his hand, placing it behind his back.

His green robes fluttered gently in the breeze stirred by his domain, his posture exuding an indescribable composure and elegance.

He looked at the Soul Devourer, his eyes calm and unwavering, as if he had merely dusted off some dust.

“You overestimate your meager skills,” Chen Ping said with a dismissive indifference.

“The power of chaos can create all things, and it can also encompass and decompose all things.”

“Your so-called Soul Devouring Demon Art is only good for devouring ordinary souls; before me, it’s nothing but a worthless chicken and a dog, utterly vulnerable.”

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“Your so-called Immortal Realm cultivation is, in my eyes, only slightly more conspicuous than roadside weeds.”

“Utterly arrogant! Ignorant brat!” The Soul Devourer was utterly enraged.

His remaining rationality was burned away by Chen Ping’s repeated contempt and humiliation.

He had dominated for millennia; when had he ever suffered such humiliation?

“I’ll see how many of my methods your strange domain can restrain!”

“Can it withstand my ‘Ten Thousand Souls Devouring Heaven,’ condensed from ten thousand years of arduous cultivation and the devouring of countless lives?!”

He suddenly spread his six wings, no longer holding back, unleashing the terrifying demonic energy accumulated within him for millennia!

He chanted ancient, difficult-to-pronounce demonic incantations, filled with endless resentment and curses.

Each syllable stirred up gusts of eerie wind and the wails of ghosts in the surrounding space.

“Soul Devouring – Ten Thousand Souls Devouring Heaven!”

“Rumble—!!!”

It was as if the gates of the deepest hell had been opened.

Countless translucent, twisted, struggling, and terrifyingly grotesque vengeful spirits surged forth like a black torrent bursting its banks.

They poured forth madly from every pore of the Soul Devourer's body, from his gaping maw!

These vengeful spirits, some clad in ancient robes, some with severed limbs, some reduced to mere heads howling.

But without exception, they all emanated a dense aura of resentment and soul power fluctuations at least at the Celestial Immortal level!

In the blink of an eye, a terrifying sea of souls, as black as ink and covering thousands of feet in radius, took shape!

The sea of souls churned, with billions of vengeful spirits rising and falling within it, howling.

They tore at each other, yet frantically tried to pounce on any living beings outside.

That pure, extreme resentment and deathly intent made this scorching abyss seem to have plunged into an icy hell!

This was one of the Soul Devourer's true trump cards, his natal soul sea, forged over millennia through the slaughter of cities and the destruction of kingdoms!

Wherever the Sea of Souls went, all living beings vanished, their very souls annihilated!

The pitch-black Sea of Souls, carrying a terrifying, all-consuming aura, swept towards Chen Ping's small Chaos Fire Domain.

It seemed poised to devour the gray, misty domain and Chen Ping himself within it in the next instant!

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Faced with this overwhelming attack of the Sea of Souls, powerful enough to make even a Celestial Realm expert tremble, Chen Ping's expression remained unchanged.

He didn't even glance at the surging Sea of Souls.

He simply calmly raised his left hand, his index and middle fingers together, forming a sword-like gesture.

At his fingertip, a point of crimson-gold light shone, pure, blazing, and imbued with supreme majesty.

It seemed capable of incinerating all the filth in the world.

"Earth Fire True Flame – Burning Heaven," he murmured, as if stating a simple fact.

"Roar—!!!"

That point of crimson-gold light suddenly erupted!

Soaring into the sky was not ordinary flame, but a hundred-zhang-long fire dragon formed entirely from the purest true earth fire!

The fire dragon was lifelike, each scale clearly visible, reflecting a crimson-gold divine light.

Its head was majestic, its eyes burning with an inextinguishable flame.

A dragon's roar reverberated through the abyss, carrying supreme righteousness that could cleanse evil!

The supremely yang and powerful true earth fire, capable of burning away all evil, was the natural nemesis of the supremely yin and evil Soul-Devouring Demon Art!

The fire dragon fearlessly plunged into the pitch-black sea of souls!

“Sizzle—!!!”

Like hot oil poured onto snow, or like light piercing the deepest darkness!

Where the crimson-gold flames passed, the thick, impenetrable sea of souls was instantly evaporated and purified!

Countless vengeful spirits didn't even have time to scream before turning into wisps of smoke in the supremely yang true fire.

Completely vanished into the world, achieving eternal liberation.

The crimson-gold fire dragon roamed freely within the pitch-black sea of souls, like a red-hot blade slicing through solidified butter, unstoppable!

In just two or three breaths, the seemingly boundless and terrifying Soul-Devouring Sea of Souls

was burned and purified by this hundred-foot-long fire dragon, creating a massive void.

And this void was expanding outwards at an alarming rate!

“No...impossible!!!”

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The rage on the Soul-Devouring Lord's face was completely replaced by horror.

He even forgot to continue activating his sea of souls, simply staring blankly as his millennia of accumulated energy was rapidly purified by the crimson-gold flames.

"True Flame of Earthly Fire... This is the unique skill of the Earthly Fire Ancestor!"

"You... how could you possibly?!"

"That old bastard, the Earthly Fire Ancestor, is still alive? He passed it on to you?!"

Chen Ping didn't answer, but the half-smile on his lips was incredibly glaring and mocking in the eyes of the Soul Devourer.

The Soul Devourer's answer was a sword light that tore through the heavens and earth!

In the instant the fire dragon purified the soul sea, and the Soul Devourer's mind lost its focus, Chen Ping moved.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was already unsheathed, held in his right hand.

The sword's blade was gray, seemingly ancient and unadorned.

But the moment Chen Ping raised it, a sharp sword intent that severed cause and effect and annihilated all laws soared into the sky!

"Dragon-Slaying – Breaking Army!"

No fancy moves, no lengthy prelude.

Only the simplest, most direct, and most domineering vertical slash!

A sword aura, only ten zhang long, yet condensed to its ultimate form, contained chaotic gray light within and was wrapped in crimson true flames—a golden-gray sword aura.

Like the first ray of light after the creation of heaven and earth, it tore apart the remaining black mist in the Soul Sea.

Ignoring spatial distance, it slashed down directly at the Soul Devourer!

Where the sword aura passed, even the exceptionally stable space of the Earth's Core Demon Abyss, baked by the high temperature,

left a thin, long-lasting black mark!

Fast! Indescribably fast!

Ruthless! Ruthless enough to lock onto the soul!

The Soul Devourer was terrified; his battle instincts as a Celestial Realm expert made him feel a deadly threat!

He had no time to think; his six wings flapped wildly, and black and red demonic light flashed.

At the critical moment, his body was forcibly moved dozens of zhang to the side!

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“Swoosh!”

The sword energy grazed almost half his body, striking the rock wall behind him.

There was no loud noise, no explosion.

Only a deep, smooth, mirror-like, straight chasm, about three feet wide.

It appeared silently on the rock wall, stretching to the horizon.

It seemed to have cleaved the entire cliff in two.

The rocks at the edge of the chasm exhibited a strange crystallization.

This was the result of being instantly melted by the extreme heat and sharp sword intent.

Although the Soul Devourer had avoided a fatal blow, the edges of his three left wings were still struck by the aftershocks of the sword energy.

The incredibly tough wing membranes, capable of withstanding attacks from a Celestial Immortal, were sliced off like paper.

Blackish-red demonic blood sprayed out, landing in the lava below with a sizzling, corrosive sound.

“Ugh!” The Soul Devourer groaned in pain.

Besides shock and anger, his eyes held a deep sense of apprehension and solemnity.

He stared intently at Chen Ping, especially at the seemingly ordinary ancient sword in Chen Ping’s hand and the eerie, hazy gray domain surrounding him.

“Boy...you have indeed surprised me.” The Soul Devourer’s voice deepened.

Gone was the previous rage, replaced by a chilling, venomous coldness: “I admit, I underestimated you.”

“Your power is strange, capable of fusing chaos and earth fire, and that sword...it’s no ordinary weapon.”

“However...”

His tone shifted, his eerie green eyes flashing with madness and determination: “If you think you can defeat me, now restored to the Upper Immortal realm, with just these, you are sorely mistaken!”

“My lurking in the Earth’s Core Demon Abyss was not merely for healing!”

Before he finished speaking, the Soul Devourer’s hands abruptly formed an extremely complex, ominous ancient demonic seal!

At the same time, he opened his gigantic maw, unleashing a series of piercing, ear-piercing demonic howls that seemed to penetrate the very depths of the soul!

“Earth Core Demon Flame... Hear my command! Come!!!”

“Rumble—!!!”

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Below, the previously slowly flowing river of dark red magma suddenly roared and churned like an enraged primordial beast!

It roared and churned wildly!

Then, streams of viscous, blood-red flames, radiating an aura a hundred times more terrifying than ordinary magma, surged forth from the depths of the magma river, as if summoned by a supreme being!

These dark red flames were none other than the Earth Core Demon Flame, feared even by those at the Upper Immortal Realm!

They contained extreme heat, toxic earth core fire, and a chaotic, destructive will.

They could erode immortal power, corrode magical treasures, and incinerate divine souls!

At this moment, this vast quantity of Earth Core Demon Flame did not attack indiscriminately.

Instead, drawn by the Soul Devouring Lord's demonic seal, it surged wildly towards his mangled body like a hundred rivers flowing into the sea!

"Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle..."

A teeth-grinding sound rang out.

The moment the Soul Devouring Lord's black and red scales came into contact with the Earth Core Demonic Flame, they seemed to be activated, glowing with eerie demonic patterns.

The dark red demonic flames did not burn him; instead, they seemed to have found their home.

Thin by thin, strand by strand, they seeped into his scales, merging with his demonic energy.

A terrifying fusion began to occur between them and his own Soul Devouring Demonic Power!

“Ugh... Ahhh!!!”

The Soul Devouring Lord let out a painful roar.

His body swelled and twisted uncontrollably, his scales becoming even thicker and more ferocious.

Their color also changed from black and red to dark red, with dense, eerie patterns appearing on them, like flowing magma.

The tattered fleshy wings on his back were rapidly filled and repaired by dark red demonic flames, becoming larger and more ferocious.

Substantial dark red flames burned along their edges.

His aura surged wildly, like a rocket!

From the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, he broke through the mid-to-late stages of the first rank, reaching the peak of the first rank!

He even faintly touched the threshold of the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

Even more terrifying was the new aura emanating from him, a mixture of the insidious poison of the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art and the violent chaos of the Earth Core Demonic Flame.

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That aura was filled with destruction and ominousness.

Even Huo Ling'er and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, merely sensing it, felt a stinging pain in their souls, their demonic arts becoming stagnant.

"Hehehe... Did you feel it? Boy!" The Soul-Devouring Venerable's voice became hoarse and repetitive.

It was as if countless voices were speaking at once, filled with manic triumph: "Based on the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art, I have fused with the Earth Core Demonic Flame, nurtured for billions of years in the Earth Core Demon Abyss!"

"After expending immense effort, I have finally created my own supreme demonic path—'Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame'!"

He raised an arm that had completely turned dark red, burning with raging demonic flames, his five fingers clenched loosely.

The space in his palm was slightly distorted by the scorching flames.

"This flame possesses both the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art's ability to erode the soul and devour life force, and the Earth Core Demonic Flame's power to incinerate all things and cause chaos and destruction!"

"It can corrode your immortal power, burn your magical treasures, and scorch your soul."

"It will turn you into nourishment for me amidst endless pain and madness!"

"Chen Ping, can your strange domain and Earth Fire True Flame withstand this?!"

Chen Ping's expression was no longer completely calm, but rather tinged with solemnity.

He could clearly sense the "Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame" emanating from the Soul-Devouring Lord.

Its energy level and eeriness far surpassed the previous simple Soul-Devouring Demonic Power or Earth Core Demonic Flame.

This was a qualitative change, a product of the fusion of two top-tier evil powers—truly troublesome.

But, it was only troublesome.

The flames in his eyes didn't extinguish; instead, they burned even more fiercely.

Those weren't flames of fear, but rather the excitement and fighting spirit emanating from the depths of his soul when facing a truly worthy opponent!

"Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame?" Chen Ping softly repeated the name.

Then, he slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand, its tip pointing at the Soul-Devouring Lord, whose aura was overwhelming.

He licked his slightly dry lips, a smile mixed with anticipation and coldness appearing on his face.

"Sounds pretty intimidating."

"I wonder if it's as easily punctured as your boasts?"

Chen Ping's tone still carried that damned, infuriating taunt: "Come on, old man, let me see just how good your work, tinkering in the lava, really is."

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"Don't disappoint me. I hate nothing more than a bunch of weaklings who are all bark and no bite."

“You’re asking for death!!!” The Soul Devourer went completely mad, his last shred of reason crushed by Chen Ping’s nonchalant humiliation!

His already somewhat berserk mind, fused with the demonic flame, was now consumed by a single thought: to tear this despicable brat before him to shreds!

“Soul Devouring Demonic Flame – Ten Thousand Souls Burning the Heavens!”

His six wings flapped wildly, transforming him into a shooting star trailing a long, dark red tail of flame.

His speed was more than twice as fast as before!

Almost as Chen Ping finished speaking, he had already traversed hundreds of feet, appearing above and to the side of Chen Ping!

This time, he didn’t engage in direct close combat.

He simply thrust both palms forward!

“Boom!”

Endless dark red demonic flames erupted from his palms!

These flames twisted and deformed rapidly in mid-air, transforming into thousands upon thousands of ferocious fiery ghosts!

These fiery ghosts were more solid and terrifying than the previous vengeful spirits.

They howled, carrying the scorching heat of burning souls and the chilling cold of eroding life.

From above, below, left, and right, they attacked Chen Ping like a torrential rain!

Each ghost locked onto Chen Ping's soul.

As if they wouldn't rest until they dragged him into the hell of demonic flames!

Even before the attack arrived, the eerie feeling of extreme heat and soul-freezing sensation had already completely enveloped the space around Chen Ping!

Chen Ping took a deep breath, his eyes instantly becoming as sharp as a hawk's.

He held nothing back, his chaotic immortal power surging and roaring within him at an unprecedented speed.

The golden dragon bloodline in his dantian emitted a resounding dragon roar.

The circulation of the Earth Fire True Scripture reached its peak, as if a blazing, crimson-gold sun was burning within his heart!

At this moment, the three powers were forcibly unified by his will, flowing into the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand!

"Chaos as the foundation, golden dragon as the soul, earth fire as the blade..."

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"Three Absolutes united!"

“Slash!!!”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted a clear, resounding sword cry that shook the heavens!

A sword aura, only a few feet wide yet indescribably condensed, suddenly erupted!

This sword aura was no longer a single color.

Its core was a deep, undefined, chaotic gray, seemingly containing the primordial power of the beginning of creation.

Within the sword aura, a lifelike phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon coiled and swirled, emitting a majestic and awe-inspiring dragon roar.

It offered an invincible edge and impenetrable protection.

On the surface of the sword aura, crimson-gold earth fire flames burned fiercely like the most loyal guardians.

It radiated a scorching heat capable of incinerating the entire world and a sacred power to purify evil!

This sword strike was the culmination of Chen Ping’s three hundred years of seclusion.

It was the strongest sword strike he could unleash with his current cultivation level!

It was a perfect unity of skill, power, will, and the Dao!

When the sword was drawn, heaven and earth paled in comparison!

The raging energy turbulence in the abyss seemed to freeze before this sword!

The sword aura swept across, without any grand momentum, only an absolute and undeniable “annihilation”!

“Sizzle sizzle sizzle sizzle!”

Like a red-hot knife slicing through butter, or like sunlight dispelling morning mist.

The thousands upon thousands of Soul-Devouring Demon Flame vengeful spirits that rushed towards him, upon contact with this three-colored sword aura...

No matter how solid it was, no matter how bizarre its power,

it was as if it had encountered its natural enemy, unable even to struggle, before collapsing, evaporating, and annihilating!

The sword energy continued its relentless advance, like a comet streaking across the night sky, directly striking the Soul Devourer’s true form!

The Soul Devourer’s face finally revealed a look of horror!

He hadn’t expected that one of his strongest divine abilities after fusing with the demonic flames would be so easily broken by his opponent!