

The Order 9831

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These are the last fragments of consciousness of powerful beings captured by the Evil Path Palace, providing the energy to sustain the palace's operation amidst eternal torment.

At this moment, in the center of the hall.

The Soul Devourer knelt on the cold, bony surface, his six tattered wings drooping limply, their edges charred and curled, dark red demonic blood dripping from the broken ends.

His left arm was severed at the shoulder, the wound wreathed in wisps of grayish sword energy—the chaotic sword intent left by Chen Ping, clinging like maggots to his demonic body, preventing healing.

His aura was utterly weak; the once surging, ocean-like Soul Devouring Demonic Flame was now reduced to a faint, flickering dark red flame on his skin, even the pained faces formed from countless souls devoured on his scales were blurred.

He was a completely different person from the arrogant and domineering figure he had been in the Abyss of the Earth's Core just days before.

On the throne, Zhan E slowly opened his grayish-white pupils.

His face was withered like that of an ancient corpse, his skin clinging to his bones, displaying an unnatural bluish-gray hue.

His long, dark robe was embroidered with intricate runes of reincarnation, flickering with each breath. When he gazed at the Soul Devourer, a barely perceptible amusement flashed in his pupil-less, greyish-white eyes.

“Soul Devourer...”

Zhan E spoke, his voice dry and hoarse, like two pieces of withered bone rubbing against each other, each syllable carrying a tremor that unsettled the soul.

“Ten thousand years have passed. The Soul Devourer, who once devoured millions of souls and whose ferocity shook the nine heavens, now grovels before me like a stray dog, begging for mercy.”

He slowly rose, his robes billowing without wind, the aura of reincarnation around him flowing like a living thing, stirring silent vortices in the hall.

“Having his arm severed by a mere Celestial Immortal junior, his demonic flames dissipated, and he fled in a sorry state to this place...”

Zhan E strode down the throne steps, his bone-soled shoes clicking crisply on the ground. “Tsk tsk, if those old geezers who died from the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art ten thousand years ago saw him like this, even the Pool of Reincarnation would laugh.”

The Soul-Devouring Venerable’s face twisted violently, shame, anger, and humiliation gnawing at his soul like venomous snakes.

He gritted his teeth, but finally lowered his head, his voice hoarse as he struggled to speak, “Palace Master Zhan... that kid... is extraordinary.”

“He possesses Chaotic Immortal Power, the primordial power from the beginning of creation, capable of generating all things and returning to the void... and he also has the bloodline of a golden dragon.”

“His physical strength is comparable to that of an ancient true dragon, his regenerative ability is astonishing... and he has cultivated the Earth Fire True Scripture, whose true flames are specifically designed to counter evil and demonic arts...”

With each sentence, the Soul Devourer’s tone grew increasingly resentful: “With these three combined, his combat power... is already capable of defeating an Immortal beyond his level. I... I was merely momentarily caught off guard, ambushed by his strange Chaotic Sword Intent...”

“Chaotic Immortal Power?”

Zhan E’s grayish-white pupils contracted slightly, and the swirling Cycle Qi around his body momentarily froze.

These three words seemed to stir some deep-seated memory. His withered fingers unconsciously traced patterns on his robe sleeves, a barely perceptible hint of apprehension flashing deep within his greyish-white eyes.

But only a moment later, he returned to his usual calm.

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“Indeed rare.”

Zhan E’s voice was still dry, but now held an indescribable depth. “Since the beginning of time, the power of chaos has long since dispersed into all the realms, transforming into countless laws. Those who can re-condense the power of chaotic immortality are truly few.”

He paused, his gaze returning to the Soul Devourer, his tone turning cold: “But defeat is defeat, why say more? Ten thousand years ago, when you mastered the Soul Devouring Demon Art, devouring millions of souls to forge your demonic body, how majestic were you?”

Zhan E walked to the Soul Devourer, his withered fingers gently lifting to touch the edge of his tattered wings.

Wherever his fingertips touched, the energy of reincarnation seeped into the shattered demonic body, causing the Soul Devourer to tremble violently—a tremor originating from the depths of his soul.

He felt the very essence of his demonic power being probed and analyzed by that eerie energy of reincarnation.

“And now?”

Zhan E leaned closer, his greyish-white eyes staring directly into the Soul Devourer's eerie green pupils, filled with humiliation and fear. "After ten thousand years of suppression, upon rebirth, you couldn't even handle a mere junior."

He straightened up, shook his head, and said with a hint of regret, "So be it."

The Soul Devourer's heart tightened.

He sensed an ominous undertone in Zhan E's tone; it wasn't merely mockery or contempt.

"Palace Master Zhan!"

The Soul Devourer suddenly looked up, his voice quickening, "If you help me recover from my injuries, I am willing to offer you the complete true teachings of the Soul Devouring Demonic Art! This demonic art was created by me over ten thousand years; it can devour divine souls to strengthen oneself. If one can cultivate it to its full potential, one can even fight against a fourth-grade Upper Immortal!"

Seeing Zhan E's expression remain unchanged, he gritted his teeth and continued, "Furthermore... I am willing to do everything in my power to help you dominate the Twelve Heavens. Although I am injured, my foundation as an Upper Immortal is still intact, and my understanding of the rules of reincarnation is far beyond that of ordinary cultivators..."

"The Soul Devouring Demonic Art..."

Zhan E repeated the word in a low voice, his withered fingers gently tracing the Soul Devourer's tattered wings, the movement as delicate as caressing a precious work of art.

Suddenly, he smiled.

The smile was sinister and eerie, the wide grin revealing grayish-white teeth.

It wasn't the color of a living person; it resembled the erosion of bones by time.

"I do indeed need the help of cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm," Zhan E said slowly, a chilling light flashing in his grayish-white eyes, "However... not to dominate the Twelve Heavens, but..."

He leaned closer, his withered, corpse-like face almost touching the Soul Devourer's, his voice low and menacing, like a viper's hiss: "But to refine a superior... 'Reincarnation Puppet.'"

The Soul Devourer's pupils constricted to pinpoints!

"You...!"

He tried to leap up, but his severely injured body, coupled with the pervasive pressure of the cyclical energy of reincarnation in the hall, made it feel as if he were sinking into quagmire the moment he tried to move; even raising his arm was extremely difficult.

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"Rest assured, I will not kill you."

Zhan E's smile deepened. He extended a withered finger and gently touched the Soul Devourer's brow. "I will merely refine your soul, stripping away unnecessary memories, emotions, and self-awareness."

"Preserving your combat instincts, cultivation foundation, and insights into techniques, making you the sharpest and most loyal blade in my hand."

His voice carried a strange allure: "At that time, you will experience no more pain, no more fear, no more hesitation, only the instinct for absolute obedience."

"Your Soul Devouring Demonic Art will be perfectly utilized, your combat experience will be entirely at my disposal, and you can even use the Qi of Reincarnation to reshape your demonic body, reaching a state even stronger than your prime..."

"Isn't this another form of 'immortality'?"

Before the words were finished, Zhan E's finger, which had been touching the Soul Devourer's brow, suddenly snapped shut!

"Buzz!!!"

The Qi of Reincarnation throughout the entire hall erupted violently!

The bone chains hanging from the dome swung wildly, the divine soul cores suspended above emitting piercing screams.

The countless reincarnation runes on the ground, walls, and pillars simultaneously lit up, their greyish-white light illuminating the hall like a ghostly realm.

Nine greyish-white chains, condensed from pure reincarnation energy, emerged from the void. Each chain was as thick as a bowl, its surface covered with countless ancient, twisted, writhing runes.

The chains tore through space the moment they appeared, piercing through nine major acupoints on the Soul Devourer's body with unavoidable speed.

The Baihui point on the top of the head, the space between the eyebrows, the Tanzhong point on the chest, the Qihai point in the dantian, the Jianjing points on the arms, and the Yongquan points on the feet!

"Ughhhhhh!!!"

The Soul Devourer let out an utterly agonizing scream!

It wasn't just physical pain, but the excruciating agony of his soul being forcibly torn apart and ripped away.

The nine chains of reincarnation, like nine greedy venomous snakes, frantically extracted his demonic power, divine soul strength, fragments of memory, remnants of consciousness... everything that constituted the very essence of the "Soul Devourer" was being mercilessly extracted and refined!

"Zhan E! You dare!!!"

The Soul Devourer's eyes were bloodshot, his eerie green pupils erupting with a final frenzy.

The remaining Soul Devouring Demonic Flame within his body burned desperately, attempting to break free from the chains' restraints. Dark red flames erupted from every pore, turning him into a burning fireball!

However,

"Sizzle..."

The runes on the surface of the reincarnation chains shone brightly, and grayish-white reincarnation energy surged into the Soul Devourer's body like a tidal wave. Wherever it passed, the Soul Devouring Demonic Flame dimmed and extinguished as if encountering its nemesis.

That reincarnation energy seemed to possess its own will, flowing upwards along his meridians, rushing straight to his sea of consciousness, and beginning to refine his divine soul core even more frantically.

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"Soul Devourer, do you really think I don't know your intentions?"

Zhan E took a few steps back, coldly watching the Soul Devourer struggling frantically within his chains, his greyish-white eyes utterly devoid of emotion.

"Feigning allegiance, you're merely using the Evil Path Palace to recuperate. Once you return to your peak, the first one to turn against you will likely be me, won't you?"

His tone was flat, as if stating a perfectly ordinary fact. "After all, for the Soul Devouring Demonic Art to advance further, it needs to devour even more powerful divine souls... and my divine soul, cultivated through ten thousand years of reincarnation at the Upper Immortal realm, is a tempting tonic for you, isn't it?"

The Soul Devourer's struggling movements faltered.

Because Zhan E was right.

That was indeed his plan: first, to use the Evil Path Palace for protection to recuperate; once he regained his strength, he would seize the opportunity to devour Zhan E's divine soul, seize control of the Evil Path Palace, and then, who in the Twelve Heavens would be his match?

"What a pity, what a pity."

Zhan E shook his head, raising his withered hand to form a complex and eerie hand seal in the air. "I have lived for ten thousand years, and have seen more conspiracies and schemes than you have devoured souls. From the moment you stepped into the Hall of Evil, I saw through your intentions clearly."

"Rather than raise a tiger to threaten me, it's better to..."

His hands, which were forming a hand seal, suddenly pressed down!

"Refine it into a puppet!"

"Boom!!!"

The floor of the hall cracked open!

Countless bone bricks shattered and flew, revealing a bottomless, enormous crater in the center of the hall.

At the bottom of the crater, a pitch-black bone door, hundreds of feet tall, slowly rose. It was a door forged from the molten skulls of countless living beings, each skull's eye socket flickering with grayish-white flames.

The surface of the gate was covered with twisted, writhing reincarnation runes, crawling and rearranging like living creatures on the bone, emanating a terrifying suction force that distorted the entire hall—

The Gate of Reincarnation!

“No!!! Zhan E! I'll haunt you even as a ghost!!!”

The Soul Devourer roared in utter despair, struggling frantically, his fleshy wings flapping desperately, even forcibly regenerating new flesh from his severed arm in an attempt to tear the chains... but all in vain.

The nine reincarnation chains tightened suddenly, dragging his demonic body up, hurling him like a piece of cargo towards the wide-open Gate of Reincarnation!

“Boom!!!”

In the center of the gate, a gray-white vortex, tens of feet in diameter, suddenly appeared.

The vortex was so deep it seemed to lead to another universe, flowing not with matter or energy, but with... rules.

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The most fundamental rules, the rules of life and death, the cycle of reincarnation.

The moment the Soul Devourer's tattered demonic body touched the vortex, it was torn apart and swallowed by an irresistible force.

His screams abruptly ceased, like a wild beast whose throat had been choked.

The Gate of Reincarnation slowly closed.

The runes on the bone gate returned to calm, only the gray-white flames in the eye sockets of the skulls on the gate's surface seemed slightly brighter than before.

The hall fell silent again.

Zhan E walked to the Gate of Reincarnation, his withered hand gently pressing against the cold bone surface, closing his eyes to sense it.

After a moment, a cold, satisfied smile curled at the corner of his lips.

"The Land of Reincarnation... truly profound."

.....

Inside the Gate of Reincarnation.

The Soul Devourer's consciousness gradually awoke amidst the endless fall.

His soul, pierced and torn by the chains of reincarnation, should have been sinking into chaos in extreme pain.

But some external force forcefully maintained his consciousness, allowing him to fully experience every trace of pain and every moment of despair.

He opened his eyes and saw this world.

It was a space entirely composed of gray and white tones.

The sky was gray and white, devoid of sun, moon, and stars, only a thick layer of gray and white clouds that seemed to press down.

The earth was gray and white—cracked soil, exposed rocks, withered vegetation...everything had been stripped of color, leaving only a deathly gray and white.

The spiritual energy flowing in the air was also gray and white, an energy form he had never encountered before.

Cold, deathly, and possessing an absolute sense of order, it was the complete opposite of the chaotic, greedy, and devouring characteristics of the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art he cultivated.

What chilled him most was the omnipresent suppression of rules in this world.

Here, the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art, which he had painstakingly cultivated for millennia, operated at more than ten times the speed; each time he mobilized the demonic flames, it felt like struggling in a viscous swamp.

His divine senses were compressed to within a hundred feet of his body; beyond that, even things visible to the naked eye, were perceived as nothingness.

Even his sense of time was distorted.

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He felt he had been falling for an incredibly long time, long enough for a mortal to experience dozens of cycles of birth, aging, sickness, and death, yet looking up, the gray sky remained far above, the distance undiminished.

“I must... leave...”

The Soul Devourer gritted his teeth, his remaining will driving his shattered divine soul in an attempt to regain control of his body.

He could feel the chaotic sword energy at his severed arm being suppressed in this world, its erosion slowing considerably.

But in contrast, the excruciating pain of his divine soul being torn apart grew increasingly clear.

Although the nine chains of reincarnation had vanished, the wounds they left behind remained. His divine soul was like a leaky bucket, constantly losing the very foundation that constituted his self.

Finally, after a fall that felt both eternal and fleeting, he touched the ground.

There was no impact, no tremor, like a feather falling on water, eerily gentle.

The Soul Devourer struggled to his feet, looking around.

He stood on a desolate plain stretching to the horizon.

The greyish-white soil extended to the very edge of his vision, blurring into the greyish-white sky at the horizon.

Scattered across the plain were twisted, withered trees, their trunks barkless, only smooth, bone-white surfaces remaining, their branches reaching towards the sky like ghostly claws.

Dead silence.

Absolute dead silence.

No wind, no insect chirps, no flowing water, even his own heartbeat was so faint as to be almost inaudible.

“Leave?”

A voice suddenly rang out.

It didn't come from any particular direction, but rather poured directly into the Soul Devourer's consciousness from all sides, dry, mechanical, and cold, like the resonance of some kind of law at work.

The Soul Devourer whirled around.

Three greyish-white figures appeared without warning around him, forming a perfect triangle that trapped him in the center.

They were three humanoid beings, but the Soul Devourer couldn't be sure if they were truly human.

They wore ancient-style greyish-white robes, the sleeves wide and reaching their feet.

Their faces were indistinct, as if shrouded in a flowing mist, only the vague outlines of their features visible.

Most bizarre were their eyes, or rather, their eye sockets.

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There were no eyeballs, only two black hole-like depressions, within which two greyish-white flames flickered. Each flicker of the flames was accompanied by a subtle tremor in the surrounding spatial order.

Their bodies seemed to be formed from pure reincarnation energy, standing there, perfectly integrated with this greyish-white world.

If not for the naked eye, the Soul Devourer's divine sense would be completely unaware of their existence, just as a person cannot "perceive" the existence of air.

"Outsider."

The middle gray-white humanoid spoke, its voice still possessing that mechanical resonance that directly penetrated his consciousness, "The Land of Reincarnation, forbidden to all living beings."

The humanoid on the left continued, its tone utterly flat: "Surrender your soul, enter the Pool of Reincarnation, and you may gain...rebirth."

The humanoid on the right added, each word as cold as iron: "Those who refuse, be refined."

The Soul Devourer's inner alarm bells rang loudly, his soul frantically issuing warnings.

The oppressive feeling from these three beings even surpassed that of Zhan E in his prime!

It wasn't a difference in power, but...a difference in the level of life.

Like an ant facing a dragon, even if the dragon merely gazes down silently, the ant will instinctively tremble.

He suppressed the fear within him, striving to keep his voice calm: "I am the Soul Devourer Demon Lord, I have stumbled upon this place by mistake, with no intention of offense. I humbly request that the three of you...show me a way out."

A brief silence.

Three greyish-white humanoid figures stared at him simultaneously, the greyish-white flames in their black eye sockets flickering slightly faster.

“Refuse.”

The central figure spoke again, its voice now carrying an undeniable authority. “Rules of Reincarnation, Article 1372: Anyone who enters without the permission of the Lord of Reincarnation is considered an intruder, and must have their soul refined, their consciousness stripped away, to complete their reincarnation.”

The instant the words fell, the three greyish-white humanoid figures simultaneously raised their right hands.

The movements were slow and stiff, like marionettes, yet possessed a suffocating rhythm.

Just three simple greyish-white palms, fingers spread, pressing down.

There was no overwhelming aura, no earth-shattering energy fluctuations, not even a wisp of wind.

But the Soul Devourer felt the entire world pressing down on him!

It wasn't the crushing force of power, but the oppressive force of rules.

Like a tiny figure drawn on a piece of paper, being gently pressed down from three-dimensional space by an invisible hand.

For the tiny figure on the paper, it was an incomprehensible, irresistible, and even imperceptible attack—a dimensional assault.

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“Roar!!!”

The Soul Devourer roared in despair, his remaining Soul Devouring Demonic Flames burning recklessly, his six tattered wings flapping wildly, trying to break free from the invisible constraints.

But all was in vain.

His demonic flames extinguished automatically upon contact with the invisible suppression of the rules. His struggles were like insects trapped in amber, each movement laughably slow, ultimately freezing completely.

Three grayish-white hands descended seemingly slowly, yet they seemed to transcend the barriers of time and space, inescapable and irresistible.

“Pfft!”

The first hand pressed against his Baihui acupoint on the top of his head.

The Soul Devourer trembled violently, dark red demonic blood spurting from all seven orifices simultaneously!

He felt his core soul being directly “grabbed” by that hand, and then... extracted.

Like drawing water from a well, bucket after bucket, without mercy. The divine soul power accumulated over millennia of cultivation, the soul source condensed from devouring millions of souls, all memories, emotions, and insights... were being ruthlessly stripped away and extracted.

“Ughhhhh!!!”

A piercing, inhuman scream echoed across the gray-white plain.

But the scream lasted only a breath before abruptly ceasing, as a second hand pressed against his chest, specifically the Tanzhong acupoint.

“Crack!”

The sound of his ribs shattering was clearly audible.

A cold, deathly gray-white current surged into his heart through the palm. The demonic heart, beating for thirteen thousand years, froze instantly upon contact with the gray-white current.

Life force drained from his body like a receding tide; his once surging life force withered to the brink of exhaustion within a few breaths.

Then, a third hand pressed against his dantian, his sea of qi.

“Boom!!!”

That was the sound of his foundation crumbling. The Soul-Devouring Demonic Art, painstakingly cultivated for millennia and forged from countless rare and precious treasures, crumbled like a sandcastle under this single palm strike.

The source of the Soul-Devouring Demonic Flame, the core of the Earth Core Demonic Flame, the linchpin of all cultivation techniques... all shattered, disintegrated, and annihilated.

The three hands withdrew simultaneously.

The Soul-Devouring Venerable’s tattered demonic body collapsed to the ground, like a skinned husk stripped of its bones.

The light in his eyes completely faded, his eerie green pupils turned dull and lifeless, leaving only a last wisp of consciousness struggling and sinking in boundless pain and despair.

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He saw the three gray-white human figures stand around him, their hands simultaneously forming an extremely complex and bizarre hand seal.

The instant the hand seal was completed, the cyclical energy of the entire gray-white plain erupted violently!

Endless streams of grayish-white energy surged from the sky, the earth, and the air, converging on him like countless venomous snakes, enveloping him layer by layer to form a gigantic gray cocoon over ten zhang in diameter.

Within the cocoon, the Soul Devourer's last vestiges of consciousness clearly sensed his own demise.

His physical body was dissolving, broken down by the grayish-white energy into its most basic energy particles, then recombining and reshaping.

His demonic soul was disintegrating; memories were extracted and sealed into some unknowable depth, emotions were stripped away and crushed, and his self-awareness crumbled and dissipated like a weathered statue...

But at the same time, something was preserved.

His combat instincts—instinctive reactions honed through millennia of battle and countless life-or-death struggles—were refined, solidified, and imprinted upon his new body.

His cultivation foundation—though his demonic arts were destroyed, his understanding of the first rank of the Upper Immortal realm, his knowledge of the rules of heaven and earth, and his experience in energy circulation, stripped of their "Soul Devouring" attributes, were preserved in their purest form.

The insights gained from the cultivation techniques—the operational principles of the Soul-Devouring Demonic Art, the fusion techniques of the Earth Core Demonic Flame, the core essence of all combat supernatural abilities... were analyzed and reorganized, becoming a program that could be driven.

This was not utter destruction.

This was...reconstruction.

The existence of the “Soul-Devouring Venerable” was erased, leaving only the most valuable “materials,” and then, according to a predetermined template, a perfect tool was reforged.

In the instant before the last wisp of consciousness completely dissipated, the Soul-Devouring Venerable finally understood.

This was not a place of reincarnation at all.

This was...a “factory” for the rules of reincarnation.

All beings that trespassed without permission would be ruthlessly refined by the beings here, their consciousness stripped away, their value preserved, and then made into puppets, weapons, materials, or even containers for certain rules for various purposes.

And the three people guarding this place, each of their strength...were probably at the legendary True Immortal Realm, or even higher!

They were not living beings; they were the manifestation of the rules of reincarnation, a part of this world.

“Chen Ping... Zhan E...”

The last trace of resentment dissipated into the gray-white airflow as consciousness completely vanished.

The gray cocoon slowly contracted, gradually compressing from ten zhang in size to the size of an ordinary person, finally transforming into a blurry humanoid silhouette, silently suspended in mid-air.

The three gray-white humanoid figures stood still for a moment.

The one in the middle raised his hand and beckoned, the humanoid silhouette slowly flying into his palm.

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He extended his other hand, his fingertips gently tracing the surface of the humanoid silhouette, the gray-white airflow seeping in like threads, probing every detail within.

“The foundation of a peak first-grade Immortal Realm cultivator is fully preserved.”

He spoke, his voice still mechanical. “The origin of the Soul-Devouring Demon Flame has been stripped of its ‘Soul-Devouring’ attribute, transforming into a pure devouring rule module. The Earth Core Demon Flame core is intact and compatible with the Cycle of Reincarnation.”

“Combat instinct integrity: 97%.” The person on the left added, “The missing part is an explosive combat mode driven by extreme emotions; it’s harmless.”

The flames in the black-hollow eye sockets of the person on the right flickered: “Memories have been sealed in storage unit number 372 of the Cycle of Reincarnation Pool; the emotional module has been completely erased. Self-awareness remains... zero.”

The person in the middle withdrew his finger, the humanoid silhouette slowly rotating in his palm.

“Meets the criteria for a Reincarnation Puppet General.”

He gave his final assessment. “Nourish it in the Reincarnation Pool for three months. Once the body and the rule module are fully integrated, it can be used.”

The man on the left looked towards the Gate of Reincarnation, a subtle fluctuation appearing in his voice for the first time: “An ant outside the gate, quite lucky. A Reincarnation Puppet General of the Upper Immortal Realm is rare even in higher worlds.”

The man on the right was silent for a moment, then said, “Authorization holder Zhan E. Your contribution has reached the standard for receiving a Puppet General. According to the rules, you can receive one.”

“Begin execution.”

The three fell silent, carrying the humanoid silhouette, their figures slowly fading away, like ink dissolving in water, finally disappearing completely into the gray-white world.

Only the endless silence still shrouded this land of reincarnation.

This so-called Gate of Reincarnation, the Land of Reincarnation, wasn't actually for resurrecting people, but rather for creating an identical puppet using puppetry.

This wasn't resurrection at all; it was clearly a scam!

The Main Hall of the Evil Path Palace.

Three months is enough for mortals to experience a full season, but for cultivators with lifespans measured in tens of thousands of years, it's merely the time for a short seclusion.

Zhan E sat cross-legged before the Gate of Reincarnation, his gray-white aura surging like a tide.

For the past three months, he had remained almost constantly here, cultivating the Path of Reincarnation while sensing the subtle fluctuations emanating from behind the gate.

Each fluctuation represented a step forward in the refinement of the Soul Devourer's soul, indicating a further progress in the creation of the Reincarnation Puppet General.

He could feel his understanding of the rules of reincarnation deepening at an astonishing rate.

The fragments of primordial rules belonging to the Realm of Reincarnation seeping through the cracks in the gate were like the most precious nourishment, nurturing his millennia-long arduous cultivation of the Reincarnation Technique.

His cultivation had steadily improved from the initial stage of the Upper Immortal Realm, third rank, to the mid-stage of the third rank, and he was even faintly touching the threshold of the late-stage third rank.

More importantly, his control over the Gate of Reincarnation was increasing.