

The Order 9881

Chapter: 9881

“I’ll do anything to bring my daughter back to life!”

“Give me eternal life! Give me a chance to break through!”

A fervent atmosphere spread like a plague.

In just half a day, the number of those who pledged allegiance doubled, including two previously hesitant mid-sized sects that directly sent their entire sects to join.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the Twelve Heavens.

But what truly shook the entire Twelve Heavens was yet to come.

The fourth day, noon.

Three hundred thousand miles east of the Evil Path Palace headquarters, a “deadly swamp” shrouded in mist year-round suddenly trembled violently!

“Rumble...”

Mud from the depths of the swamp shot skyward, revealing a colossal, unimaginably vast black palace complex below.

The palace was ancient and eerie in style, with countless pale skulls hanging from its eaves. Twisted runes were carved into the walls, emanating a chilling aura that sent shivers down one’s spine.

Most terrifyingly, at the center of the palace complex, nine jet-black demonic energies shot into the sky, coalescing in mid-air into nine hideous demonic phantoms, roaring silently at the heavens.

At the same moment, all the powerful figures of the Twelfth Heaven sensed this terrifying aura.

“That’s... Netherworld Demonic Qi?!”

In the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts, Li Baichuan abruptly rose from his beast bone throne, while the three-headed Flaming Lion King simultaneously roared, “Could it be...”

On the Sword Debate Platform of the Heavenly Sword Pavilion, Dugu Ao’s iron sword trembled and hummed. He looked eastward, his eyes flashing with sword light: “Nine Nether Palace... they’re still alive?!”

In the main hall of the Five Elements Sect, Jin Buhuan’s face instantly turned pale: “Nine Nether Palace... the number one demonic sect that suddenly disappeared ten thousand years ago... they’ve emerged from seclusion?”

All the older generation of powerful figures who knew the name Nine Nether Palace felt a surge of overwhelming emotions.

Nine Nether Palace, the undisputed leader of the demonic path in the Twelfth Heaven ten thousand years ago.

The Palace Master, “Nine Nether Demon Lord” Xue Youming, was a peak third-grade Upper Immortal. His three Ghost Kings were all first-grade Upper Immortals, and his nine Netherworld Envoys were all peak ninth-grade Heavenly Immortals.

The entire palace had three thousand disciples, the weakest of whom was a fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal.

This sect suddenly closed its gates and vanished ten thousand years ago. Everyone assumed they had either been destroyed in internal strife or had found a path to a higher world and left.

But now... they have reappeared in this world, at this time and in this place!

Even more unbelievable is...

Chapter: 9882

The massive black palace complex of the Nine Nether Palace is slowly rising into the air, moving towards the headquarters of the Evil Path Hall...!

“They’re going to... pledge allegiance to the Evil Path Hall?!” someone exclaimed in shock.

“That old demon, Blood Netherworld, is said to have less than a hundred years left to live...”

Another murmured, “The promise of the Evil Path Hall... is a lifeline for him.”

“Even the Nine Nether Palace has pledged allegiance... who in the Twelfth Heaven can stop the Evil Path Hall?”

Panic spread like wildfire.

Those forces that had been observing could no longer remain passive.

“Quick! Prepare generous gifts immediately and head to the Hall of Evil!”

“The Nine Nether Palace has already surrendered, what are we waiting for? To die?!”

“If we’re late, the credit will be snatched away by others!”

In an instant, countless streams of light converged on the Plain of Wraiths from all corners of the Twelve Heavens.

Among them were many ancient monsters who had been hidden for thousands, even tens of thousands of years, all breaking free from their seclusion, clinging to that sliver of hope for eternal life.

On the outskirts of the Plain of Wraiths, those cultivators who had already pledged allegiance to the Hall of Evil were trembling with excitement.

“The Nine Nether Palace... even the Nine Nether Palace has come!”

“We surrendered early, we’ll be elders from now on!”

“Hall Master is mighty! Long live the Gate of Reincarnation!”

Inside the black palace at the very center of the Nine Nether Palace.

An old man, clad in a dark black demonic robe, his face withered like a dried corpse, sat upon a throne of white bones.

His eyes were sunken, his pupils pure black, without any whites, like two openings leading to the abyss of the Nine Netherworld.

A tangible aura of Nine Netherworld demonic energy swirled around him, each breath causing the surrounding space to slightly distort.

This was none other than the Nine Netherworld Demon Lord, Xue Youming.

“Ancestor, the Hall of Evil Paths is just ahead.”

A pale-faced youth in a black robe bowed and reported, this was the Great Envoy of the Nine Nether Palace, “The Hall Master of the Hall of Evil Paths, Zhan E, is waiting outside.”

Xue Youming slowly opened his eyes, a hint of mockery flashing in his dark pupils.

Chapter: 9883

“Immortality? Resurrection? Ha... nothing but nonsense to fool those fools.”

His voice was dry and hoarse, like two pieces of withered bone rubbing together. “But the Gate of Reincarnation... does indeed contain a trace of the rules of reincarnation. If I can obtain it, perhaps it can truly help me break through my shackles and extend my life by a thousand years.”

He rose, his demonic robes fluttering without wind.

“Let’s go, let’s go see this Palace Master. Hopefully, he... knows what’s good for him.”

The Nine Nether Palace descended upon the Plains of Resentful Souls.

Zhan E personally led his followers to greet them. Under the gaze of countless eyes, the two smiled at each other.

One’s smile was cold and calculating; the other’s was fanatical and greedy.

But at this moment, all those who had pledged allegiance had only one thought in their minds:

“Even the Nine Nether Palace has come... we’ve made the right bet!”

“The Evil Path Palace will surely unify the Twelve Heavens!”

“Immortality... is within reach!”

Frenzied cheers resounded through the heavens.

Meanwhile, at this moment, in the Five Elements Mountains...

Chen Ping stood on the roof of the Five Elements Hall, gazing at the soaring Netherworld demonic energy in the east, his Dragon-Slaying Sword trembling slightly.

Behind him, Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, the Earth Fire Ancestor, Xuanwei True Person... all the high-ranking members of the alliance were gathered, their faces grave.

“Nine Nether Palace... Blood Netherworld...”

Li Baichuan gritted his teeth, “That old demon could fight a fourth-grade Upper Immortal ten thousand years ago. Although his lifespan is nearing its end, his strength is probably even more unfathomable.”

“The entire Nine Nether Palace has surrendered. The Evil Path Hall now has at least six Upper Immortal level warriors,” Jin Buhuan’s voice was dry, “while we... only have three.”

Chen Ping remained silent.

He closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of the five-colored patterns on the back of his hand, feeling the rotation of the primordial star in his dantian.

After a long while, he opened his eyes, his gaze devoid of fear, only a bottomless calm.

The hall was deathly silent.

Originally, the alliance of the three major sects, facing the Evil Path Palace with two peak-level Upper Immortals—Zhan E and the Soul-Devouring Puppet—along with puppets like the Soul-Suppressing Puppet General, already made the outcome uncertain.

Now, suddenly, four Upper Immortals from the Nine Nether Palace have joined the fray, including the old demon Xue Youming...

Chapter: 9884

The balance of power has instantly reversed!

“Report!”

Another scout rushed into the hall. This time it was a beast tamer from the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts, riding a wounded Thunderwing Golden Eagle.

“Urgent message from Valley Master Li!”

The Beast Tamer rolled to the ground, retrieving a beast tooth communication talisman. “The Valley Master says that seventeen small and medium-sized sects have already sided with the Evil Path Hall, including six sects whose patriarchs are all nearing the end of their lifespans—peak ninth-grade Heavenly Immortals! They...they all believed the nonsense of the Gate of Reincarnation!”

“Report!”

A third urgent message came from the Heavenly Sword Pavilion. A sword light pierced the air, transforming into Dugu Ao’s cold voice:

“Chen Ping, the situation has changed. The ‘Old Demon of Withered Bones’ in the northwest of the Twelfth Heaven, the ‘Old Ancestor of the Blood Sea’ in the southeast, and three reclusive old monsters...all have emerged from seclusion. Their target is the Evil Path Hall.”

These three urgent messages, like three heavy hammer blows, slammed into everyone’s hearts.

In the Five Elements Hall, the atmosphere that had just been invigorated by the unification of the Five Elements had vanished. In its place was an oppressive, heavy atmosphere.

The five elders exchanged glances, hesitation flashing in their eyes. They had just resolved to form an alliance, and now they faced such a desperate situation...

Jin Buhuan looked at Chen Ping, awaiting his reaction.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord gritted his teeth: “Eternal life? Resurrection? Bullshit! We know the truth about the Gate of Reincarnation best—it’s a trap that devours the soul!”

“We know, but they don’t.”

The Earth Fire Ancestor slowly said, “Or rather... they don’t want to know. For someone whose lifespan is about to end, even a one in ten thousand chance is worth gambling everything on.”

The Mysterious Mystery True Person sighed: “Such is human nature. The lure of immortality, the promise of resurrection... this has exploited the most vulnerable weakness of all cultivators.”

Chen Ping remained silent.

He walked to the window of the main hall, gazing towards the Plains of Resentful Souls. Although tens of thousands of miles away, he could almost see the terrifying power gathering there.

What kind of insane fighting power would those old monsters, nearing the end of their lives, unleash for that sliver of life?

What kind of utterly depraved acts would the Nine Nether Palace, a demonic behemoth do for the sake of so-called “eternal life”?

And Zhan E... this move was truly ruthless to the extreme.

No need for direct combat; simply by releasing bait, countless people would rush to his aid.

The alliance, before it was even formally formed, was already facing a situation of morale collapse and being surrounded by powerful enemies.

“Young friend Chen Ping...” Jin Buhuan hesitated.

Chapter: 9885

Chen Ping turned around, but his face did not show the panic or despair that everyone had expected.

Instead... there was a calm that seemed to have seen through everything.

“Sect Master Jin, Elders of the Five Elements Sect.”

His voice was clear, “If you want to withdraw from the alliance now, I won’t blame you. After all, the situation has changed. If we continue to fight head-on, the Five Elements Sect may very well... be utterly destroyed.”

The Elders of the Five Elements Sect trembled.

Elder Jin opened his mouth, then gritted his teeth and said, “Elder Chen Ping, what do you take my Five Elements Sect for? A fence-sitter?! Since we’ve already performed the Five Elements Unity Ceremony and acknowledged you as our Protector Elder, then we share the same fate—one for all, all for one!”

“That’s right!”

Elder Huo slammed his hand on the table and stood up. “The Evil Path Hall’s nonsense might fool those cowardly old monsters! Disciples of my Five Elements Sect cultivate righteousness; how could we be accomplices to evil!”

Elders of the Wood, Water, and Earth Paths nodded in unison.

Jin Buhuan smiled, a resolute smile in his eyes: “Young friend, since the Five Elements Sect has made its decision, there’s no turning back. At worst... we’ll all perish together.”

Chen Ping gave everyone a deep look, then cupped his hands in thanks: “Thank you.”

He walked back to the center of the hall, his gaze sweeping over everyone: “Since that’s the case, let’s devise a plan to carve out a path to survival in this desperate situation.”

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Evil Path Hall headquarters, before the Gate of Reincarnation.

Zhan E and Xue Youming stood facing each other, both wearing seemingly warm smiles, but their eyes concealed a cold calculation.

A dense crowd of followers surrounded them, gazing up at these two powerful figures standing atop the twelfth heaven, their eyes filled with awe and fervor.

“It is truly an honor for my Evil Dao Palace that Fellow Daoist Xue Youming has personally led the Nine Nether Palace to join us,” Zhan E said.

Zhan E’s voice was hoarse, but his smile widened. “With your joining us, those clowns of the Anti-Demon Alliance are nothing to worry about.”

Xue Youming’s dark pupils shifted slightly, glancing at the Gate of Reincarnation behind Zhan E before returning to Zhan E’s face: “Palace Master Zhan, you are too kind. The Gate of Reincarnation is infinitely profound; to receive the opportunity for eternal life from you is a blessing for my Nine Nether Palace.”

The two smiled at each other and raised their cups to drink.

But the instant their cups clinked...

“Buzz...”

An unprecedentedly terrifying wave emanated from the depths of the Gate of Reincarnation!

That wasn’t the greedy suction of before, nor the deathly, grayish aura of reincarnation, but... a supreme aura, seemingly from the very beginning of the universe, transcending all rules!

“Crack!”

Chapter: 9886

The bone cup in Zhan E's hand shattered with a deafening crash; the wine evaporated into nothingness before it even hit the ground. He whirled around, his grayish-white eyes fixed on the Gate of Reincarnation, a look of horror appearing on his face for the first time.

Xue Youming's pupils also contracted sharply, his Netherworld demonic energy surging uncontrollably, instinctively contracting his defenses as if encountering a natural enemy.

All those who had pledged allegiance felt their souls swept over by an invisible gaze—a gaze cold, indifferent, like the heavens looking down upon ants, devoid of any emotion, yet sending shivers down the spines of everyone present.

“What’s going on?” someone asked, their voice trembling.

“The Gate of Reincarnation... is trembling!”

“A hundred times stronger than before!”

On the surface of the hundred-foot-tall, pitch-black bone gate, the greyish-white flames in the eye sockets of all the skulls simultaneously surged, erupting from their sockets and weaving into a gigantic and eerie pattern in the air: a humanoid silhouette with closed eyes, composed entirely of greyish-white flames, suspended high in the sky.

The next moment, the silhouette slowly opened its “eyes.”

They were eyes entirely composed of swirling greyish-white vortexes, without pupils, without whites, only endless emptiness and depth.

When those eyes opened, the sky over the entire Plain of Wraiths dimmed, as if all light had been swallowed by those eyes.

“I am... the Lord of Reincarnation.”

A voice resounded directly in the depths of everyone's souls, a voice beyond description.

It was like the whispers of billions of living beings, yet also like the very rules of heaven and earth proclaiming—ancient, majestic, and unquestionable.

Zhan E knelt on one knee, cold sweat beading on his forehead. Although he had controlled the Gate of Reincarnation for many years, he had never truly seen the so-called "Lord of Reincarnation."

He had always thought it was just a concept, a personified symbol of the rules of reincarnation, but now...

Xue Youming was even more stiff. He had lived for nearly 60,000 years, witnessed countless powerful figures, and even fought against a fourth-grade Upper Immortal without defeat.

But at this moment, facing those eyes, he couldn't muster the slightest thought of resistance!

It was absolute suppression on a life level!

"What do you all seek by gathering here?"

The Lord of Reincarnation's voice rang out again, his gray-white, swirling eyes sweeping over the tens of thousands of cultivators below.

After a brief, deathly silence, someone cried out:

"Eternal life! We want eternal life!"

"Resurrection! Resurrect my loved ones!"

“Breakthrough! I must break through this bottleneck!”

Chapter: 9887

Fanatical shouts rose and fell, all those who had pledged allegiance knelt, frantically kowtowing towards the fiery silhouette in the sky.

The Lord of Reincarnation remained silent for a moment.

A hint of...amusement seemed to flash in his greyish-white, swirling eyes.

“The request is simple.”

His voice remained indifferent, “But there will be a price.”

Before the words were finished, He raised a hand, an arm entirely composed of greyish-white flames, and gently waved it downwards.

There was no earth-shattering display, no world-destroying power.

But with that single wave...

“Buzz...”

The entire order of the Plains of Wraiths was forcibly rewritten!

Countless streams of grayish-white energy surged from the Gate of Reincarnation, like billions of tiny tentacles, precisely piercing the brows of each who had submitted!

“Ahhh!”

A agonizing roar instantly echoed through the heavens!

Everyone felt their souls invaded by some icy power, that power rampaging through their bodies, tearing apart meridians, burning flesh and blood, reshaping their foundations... The excruciating pain was like a thousand ants gnawing at their hearts, causing some lower-level cultivators to faint on the spot.

But just as the pain reached its peak...

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

One after another, bursts of breakthrough aura soared into the sky!

“I...I broke through! Eighth Rank of Celestial Immortal Realm! The bottleneck I’d been stuck on for three thousand years has finally been broken!” A white-haired elder roared to the heavens, tears streaming down his face.

“Me too! I broke through from the peak of the fifth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm directly to the seventh rank!”

“My hidden injury... the Dao injury I sustained three hundred years ago, is completely healed!”

“Lifespan! I feel my lifespan has increased by at least five hundred years!”

Exclamations, cries of joy, and sobs rose and fell... one after another.

Chapter: 9888

Those old monsters who were originally nearing the end of their lifespans and whose auras were decaying, now had all their decaying aura swept away, their withered skin regained its plumpness, their gray hair turned jet black, and they were as if they had been rejuvenated!

Even more astonishing were those old monsters at the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm.

“Boom!!!”

An unprecedentedly terrifying aura erupted from Xue Youming’s body!

His bottleneck of the peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, which had been stuck for nearly ten thousand years, shattered at this moment...!

Fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

And not just the initial entry, but directly reaching the mid-fourth rank!

Xue Youming looked down at his hands, his dark pupils filled with disbelief.

He tried circulating the Nine Nether Demonic Art and discovered that not only had his cultivation level broken through, but the speed of his cultivation, the purity of his demonic energy, and his understanding of the rules of heaven and earth... had all increased to a whole new level!

“This... how is this possible...”

He muttered to himself, his voice trembling.

Meanwhile, the other old monsters at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, although they hadn’t broken through to the Upper Immortal Realm, had all reached the half-step Upper Immortal Realm, just one step away from the true Upper Immortal Realm!

With a mere wave!

Tens of thousands of cultivators broke through collectively!

At this moment, all doubts, all hesitations, all calculations... vanished into thin air.

Thump!

Xue Youming was the first to kneel, his forehead slamming heavily against the cold ground. His voice was filled with unprecedented piety and fervor:

“Lord of Reincarnation above! Xue Youming of the Nine Nether Palace vows eternal loyalty, to go through fire and water, even unto death!”

“Thump! Thump! Thump!”

Like toppled dominoes, tens of thousands of followers knelt in unison, the sound of their kowtows like a tsunami:

Chapter: 9889

“We vow eternal loyalty to the Lord of Reincarnation!”

“To go through fire and water, even unto death!”

“Long live the Lord of Reincarnation!”

The fervent shouts almost shook the heavens.

Zhan E also knelt on the ground, but unlike the fervor of the others, his eyes flashed with deep apprehension and...fear.

This power...was beyond his comprehension.

With a wave of his hand, he rewrote the cultivation realms of tens of thousands of people—something even the legendary Golden Immortals might not be able to do!

Just how powerful was the Lord of Reincarnation? What horrified Zhan E even more was the familiar aura he sensed from the Lord of Reincarnation's wave of his hand.

It was the aura of the three gray-white humanoid figures from the Land of Reincarnation, but countless times more powerful, profound, and terrifying!

Could there be an even more terrifying existence above those three "Guardians of the Pool"?

The Lord of Reincarnation's gray-white vortex-like eyes slowly swept over the kneeling masses below, finally... settling on Zhan E.

Just one glance.

Zhan E felt his soul almost freeze; all his secrets, all his thoughts, all his memories... were laid bare before that single look.

"You... did well."

The Lord of Reincarnation's voice echoed deep within his soul, "Continue collecting souls. When the time is right... I will grant you true immortality."

After saying this, the fiery outline in the sky slowly dissipated.

Those gray-white vortex-like eyes took one last look at the world before closing.

The tremors of the Gate of Reincarnation gradually subsided, and the flames in the skull's eye sockets returned to normal. But the entire Evil Path Palace had completely changed.

Tens of thousands of cultivators knelt on the ground, unwilling to rise for a long time.

Feeling the new power within them, looking at their youthful skin, they were all moved to tears.

Chapter: 9890

"The Lord of Reincarnation...it's real!"

"With a wave of his hand, he changes the world! This is a true god!"

"We've chosen the right person! We've chosen the right person!"

Xue Youming slowly rose, his dark pupils devoid of any doubt or mockery, only absolute devotion remained.

He turned to Zhan E, solemnly clasping his hands in a fist salute:

"Palace Master Zhan, from this day forward, the entire Nine Nether Palace will obey the Lord of Reincarnation's every command. If there is any need, we will brave mountains of knives and seas of fire without hesitation!"

The other newly-broken old monsters also expressed their agreement, their attitudes as respectful as if facing a teacher.

Zhan E suppressed his shock and unease, a smile returning to his face: "Fellow Daoists, you flatter me. Now that we've entered Reincarnation, we're family. Next...it's time to let those who don't know their place witness the power of Reincarnation."

He gazed towards the Five Elements Mountains, a cold light flashing in his greyish-white eyes.

"Order the army to march and crush the Anti-Demon Alliance!"

"Crush the Anti-Demon Alliance!"

"Crush the Anti-Demon Alliance!"

The shouts, like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami crashing, echoed through the heavens.

Meanwhile, deep within the Gate of Reincarnation, in that desolate, gray-white expanse,

three gray-white human figures knelt before a towering, impenetrable gray-white bone tower, their demeanor utterly respectful.

Atop the Bone Tower, a blurry figure slowly withdrew its gaze from the doorway, letting out a faint sigh:

"The aura of chaos... is growing stronger."

"That variable... is growing faster than expected."

"It seems the plan needs to be moved up."

From within the gray-white figures, the central one mechanically responded: "Master, should we intervene?"

The blurry figure remained silent for a moment, then slowly shook its head:

“It’s not time yet.”

“Let the ants outside... tear each other apart first.”

“When chaos matures... it will be harvest time.”