

The Order 9901

Chapter: 9901

He was wounded in several places, his demonic flames dimming, clearly unable to hold on much longer.

“Senior Crimson Cloud, step back,” Chen Ping’s voice reached the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s ears.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was taken aback, then gritted his teeth: “Boy, these three old ghosts are not easy to deal with...”

“Leave them to me.”

Chen Ping took a step forward, already in the center of the battlefield.

He looked at the Demon King, a two-zhang-tall, blue-faced, fanged monster wielding a giant white bone hammer, its aura ferocious.

“Another one coming to die.” The Demon King sneered, and the giant hammer crashed down.

Chen Ping didn’t draw his sword.

He simply raised his right hand, the five-colored patterns on the back of his hand lighting up, and in his palm, the Five Elements Unity Pearl condensed once more.

But this time, a trace of hazy, chaotic energy appeared within the pearl.

“Five Elements Return to Nothingness... Second level.”

He spoke softly, gently flicking the pearl.

The pearl traced a five-colored trajectory in the air, colliding with the giant bone hammer.

There was no explosion, no impact.

The giant bone hammer, upon contact with the pearl, began... to dissolve.

Like ice meeting fire, the giant hammer, starting from its head, rapidly turned to ash. The speed of dissolution was astonishing, spreading to the Demon King's arm in the blink of an eye.

"No!!!" the Demon King screamed in terror, trying to let go, but it was too late.

The Five Elements Unity Bead, like a malignant tumor, spread upwards along his arm, disintegrating his ghostly body inch by inch wherever it passed.

Three breaths later, the mighty Demon King, a first-rank Immortal... vanished into thin air.

Not even a soul remained.

Silence.

A brief silence fell over the battlefield.

Everyone looked at Chen Ping, at the slowly rotating Five Elements Unity Bead in his hand.

"This... what kind of divine power is this?!" For the first time, horror appeared in Xue Youming's dark pupils.

Chapter: 9902

Zhan E's face turned ashen: "Chaotic Immortal Power...it can actually suppress the Qi of Reincarnation to this extent?"

Chen Ping put away the bead and looked at the remaining two Ghost Kings.

The two Ghost Kings trembled and, in unison...retreated.

"Useless!" Xue Youming roared, about to attack personally.

"Xue Youming, your opponent is me." Dugu Ao's sword blocked his way again.

Chen Ping, however, had already turned and looked towards the other side of the battlefield.

There, the Withered Bone Demon and the Blood Sea Ancestor were attacking the Five Elements Barrier together, and the barrier was on the verge of collapse.

"It's time to end this."

Chen Ping took a deep breath, and the primordial star within his body spun to its limit.

Chaotic Immortal Power, the power of the Five Elements, the Golden Dragon Bloodline, and the True Flame of Earth Fire—all the powers completely merged at this moment.

He slowly raised his hands, forming an unprecedentedly complex hand seal in front of his chest.

Within that hand seal, a scene of creation seemed to emerge, a cycle of birth and death of all things.

"Chaos... Creation."

The moment those four words were uttered, the rules of heaven and earth across the entire battlefield were forcibly altered.

It wasn't a rewriting like the Lord of Reincarnation granting a breakthrough, but rather... a more fundamental "reshaping" of the rules.

Within a hundred miles of Chen Ping, all forces not belonging to the chaotic system—the Qi of Reincarnation, the Nine Netherworld Demonic Qi, Soul Power, Death Qi...—began to disintegrate, collapse, and return to nothingness.

Meanwhile, the forces of the Five Elements, Sword Intent, Beast Soul Power, and other orthodox forces received unprecedented strengthening.

"This is impossible!"

Zhan E exclaimed in shock, "You're only at the Celestial Immortal Realm, how could you possibly achieve this?!"

"The Celestial Immortal Realm... is merely an appearance." Chen Ping's voice was calm, tinged with weariness. "True power originates from the understanding of the 'Dao.'"

He looked at Zhan E, his eyes swirling with multifaceted emotions: "And you, and Xue Youming, and these pitiful worms who have submitted to the Gate of Reincarnation... your Dao is false."

"It's a castle in the air built upon lies and plunder."

"Today, I will show you..."

"What is the true—Dao!"

Chapter: 9903

As the last word fell, Chen Ping's hands slammed together in a hand seal!

“Boom—!!!”

The heavens and earth changed color!

The instant Chen Ping’s hands closed in a hand seal, a deafening roar resounded throughout the world!

That wasn’t an explosion, but rather... the primordial sound of creation, like the dawn of the world, the differentiation of chaos, emanating from the deepest reaches of the universe, carrying the ancient will of creation, shaking the very souls of all living beings within a thousand miles.

Centered on him, space within a hundred miles began to violently distort and reconstruct.

The void, like dough being kneaded by an invisible hand, developed countless shocking cracks, from which surged a hazy, chaotic current—the most primordial, fundamental energy of heaven and earth, containing the ultimate mysteries of the birth and death of all things.

This chaotic current was completely different from the grayish-white energy of reincarnation; it was as thick as lead and mercury, as viscous as liquid, flowing with a thunderous roar like a surging river.

Where the current passed, time seemed to slow down, light was distorted and swallowed, and the entire battlefield was shrouded in an apocalyptic, chaotic mist.

All the Evil Path Temple cultivators touched by the chaotic current felt a fear originating from their very life force. Their power was rapidly dissipating and crumbling.

The Qi of Reincarnation melted like snow meeting the blazing sun, the Demonic Qi of the Nine Netherworlds evaporated like boiling water poured on snow, and all kinds of soul power, death energy, evil arts... all energy systems not of the righteous path were as fragile as castles on a sandy beach before this chaotic current.

“Not good! Retreat!”

The Bone Demon let out a scream that was not human, and his withered body suddenly exploded, turning into billions of tiny white bone fragments, each carrying a wisp of remnant soul, fleeing in all directions.

This was his forbidden life-saving technique, "Thousand Incarnations of White Bones," each lost clone costing a hundred years of cultivation, but he couldn't care less at this moment.

The Blood Sea Ancestor was even more decisive, directly exploding half of his body, turning into a cloud of scarlet blood mist a hundred feet in diameter.

A swirling blood mist erupted, from which came the wailing of countless vengeful spirits. He had used his own life essence and the vengeful spirits he had collected over the years to unleash the forbidden blood escape technique, "Blood Sea Raging Escape," vanishing instantly and leaving only a foul-smelling trail of blood in the void.

But those cultivators with lower cultivation levels and slower reactions were not so fortunate.

Thousands of Soul Hunters were the first to suffer. The soul armor formed from the energy of reincarnation on their bodies began to peel away and dissolve the moment it came into contact with the chaotic energy.

The flesh beneath the armor withered and weathered at a visible speed, eventually turning into handfuls of grayish-white dust that drifted away with the wind. Many didn't even have time to scream before their existence was completely erased from the world.

The disciples of the Nine Nether Palace suffered the same fate. The Nine Nether Demonic Energy they cultivated was inherently inclined towards yin and evil, naturally incompatible with the chaotic energy.

Many disciples, the instant their demonic energy was stripped away, suffered an imbalance of Yin and Yang within their bodies, their meridians ruptured inch by inch, and they died spitting blood from their seven orifices.

Even worse, due to the backlash from their cultivation techniques, their entire bodies were engulfed in eerie black flames from within, and they were burned to a crisp within a few breaths.

The rogue cultivators and minor sect practitioners in the allied forces suffered even heavier casualties. Lacking systematic inheritance, their cultivation techniques were chaotic and disordered, and under the impact of the chaotic energy flow, they couldn't even maintain basic protective true energy.

In an instant, the battlefield was filled with screams of agony, blood and flesh flew everywhere, and severed limbs fell like raindrops.

Chapter: 9904

With just one attack, the Evil Path Palace allied forces lost nearly 30%!

A full five or six thousand cultivators perished on the spot, and the rest were all wounded, their morale completely collapsed.

"This... what kind of power is this?!"

For the first time, undisguised horror surfaced in Xue Youming's dark pupils.

The Nine Netherworld Demonic Qi surrounding him churned violently under the impact of the chaotic energy flow, and spiderweb-like cracks appeared on the surface of his once solid, iron-like demonic energy shield.

He could clearly feel that the foundation of his Nine Netherworld Demonic Art, painstakingly cultivated for tens of thousands of years, was beginning to shake under the erosion of this power!

This was simply unbelievable!

He, Xue Youming, had traversed the Twelve Heavens for tens of thousands of years; what storms hadn't he weathered?

Even in his life-or-death battle with a fourth-rank Immortal, he had never felt such a tremor in his foundation.

This chaotic energy flow... seemed capable of fundamentally eroding his Dao foundation!

Zhan E's face was ashen, like that of a dead man.

His withered hands gripped the armrests of the bone carriage tightly, his knuckles turning white from the force.

As the controller of the Gate of Reincarnation, he understood the terror of this power better than anyone else; it was a fundamental restraint on the rules of reincarnation!

Just as water can overcome fire, and yang can overcome yin, the power of chaos seems to be inherently opposed to the power of reincarnation, and even suppresses it at a higher level!

“Chaotic immortal power... truly the natural enemy of the power of reincarnation!”

He gritted his teeth, his voice trembling with extreme rage, “Blood Netherworld, stop holding back! If we don't join forces to kill him today, and allow him to truly grow stronger, then you and I... no, the entire Twelfth Heaven will never have peace!”

A flicker of struggle crossed Blood Netherworld's eyes, but it was ultimately replaced by resolute determination.

He had lived for nearly sixty thousand years, his lifespan nearing its end, having placed all his hopes on the Gate of Reincarnation.

If Chen Ping were to leave alive today, then his so-called hope of “immortality” would be nothing but a mirage.

“Fine!”

He nodded emphatically, his dark pupils blazing with killing intent, "Then... utterly annihilate this brat!"

For the first time, two peak-level Immortal Realm experts truly joined forces against a common foe.

Blood Netherworld struck first.

He formed an extremely complex ancient hand seal before his chest, uttering a cryptic syllable with each seal.

Chapter: 9905

The syllables seemed to emanate from the depths of the netherworld, carrying endless resentment and deathly silence, sending chills down one's spine.

"Nine Netherworlds...Yellow Springs...Open!"

As the last syllable fell, the void behind Xue Youming exploded with a deafening roar, revealing a bottomless, pitch-black rift.

From within the rift came the wails of countless vengeful souls, and dense demonic energy from the netherworld erupted like a volcanic eruption, rapidly condensing and shaping in the air.

One, two, three... a full nine ferocious demonic dragons manifested!

Each dragon was a hundred feet long, its body as black as ink, its scales gleaming with a metallic sheen.

Their heads were grotesque, their fangs bared, and their eye sockets burned with eerie green flames.

Most terrifyingly, these demonic dragons were not inanimate objects, but possessed independent consciousness. They were natal demonic dragons forged by Xue Youming from the fragments of his own demonic soul, fused with the deathly energy of the Nine Netherworlds. Each dragon possessed combat power comparable to a ninth-grade Celestial Immortal, and they were perfectly aligned with his will, cooperating seamlessly.

“Nine Netherworld Demonic Dragons – Devouring Heaven!” Xue Youming roared fiercely.

The nine demonic dragons roared in unison, their sound waves materializing into tangible sonic waves, causing the mountains below to collapse.

They pounced on Chen Ping from nine different directions, their dragon claws tearing through the void, their dragon breath spewing poisonous flames, sealing off all escape routes, and even faintly forming a profound “Nine Netherworld Locking Heaven Array,” intending to trap and kill Chen Ping completely.

At the same time, Zhan E also unleashed his trump card.

He didn’t form hand seals, but instead bit his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of his natal blood essence.

The blood essence was a dark red, almost black, emanating an intense, almost impenetrable aura of death, clearly the result of years of contact with the Gate of Reincarnation, causing it to be corrupted.

The blood essence rapidly twisted and deformed in mid-air, transforming into a palm-sized, blood-red rune covered in eerie patterns.

The instant the rune took shape, the reincarnation energy throughout the entire battlefield boiled, converging on the rune as if paying homage to a king.

“With my blood, I summon the Gate of Reincarnation... to suppress souls and annihilate spirits!” Zhan E’s voice was hoarse as he slammed the blood-red rune into the void.

“Boom!!!”

A gigantic bone gate, three hundred feet tall, slowly materialized above the battlefield!

The phantom was more solid and more terrifying than the real Gate of Reincarnation.

The gate was entirely pieced together from the skulls of countless living beings, each skull's eye socket burning with a grayish-white soul fire.

Thick chains coiled around the doorframe, binding countless twisted and struggling souls—the incompletely refined souls of powerful cultivators devoured by the Gate of Reincarnation!

The illusory bone gate slowly opened a crack.

Behind the gate was not the previously displayed illusion of a “fairylan,” but rather... a pure, profound darkness, seemingly capable of swallowing everything.

Chapter: 9906

From within the darkness, countless pale arms stretched out like a tide.

These arms varied in size, some as thick as pillars, others as thin as branches, but without exception, they all emanated a nauseating aura of death.

The arms clawed and scratched frantically, producing a piercing sound of nails scraping against bone, spreading towards Chen Ping's location—the last vestiges of obsession and resentment of countless souls forcibly driven by Zhan E!

Two deadly attacks, one utterly yin and evil, the other utterly deathly still, descended simultaneously.

Chen Ping stood in the void, his face as calm as a still well.

The Earthfire Ancestor and the others exchanged glances, then simultaneously attacked, unleashing several streams of energy upon Chen Ping.

The righteous energy within Chen Ping's body began to surge rapidly, even his physical form visibly expanding.

Chen Ping alone could not possibly contend with Xue Youming and Zhan E.

Therefore, the Earthfire Ancestor and the others had to fully support Chen Ping, relying on his chaotic immortal energy to suppress these evil forces.

Chen Ping slowly raised his right hand, and the five-colored pattern on the back of his hand suddenly shone with dazzling light.

The five elements—metal, wood, water, fire, and earth—flowed wildly within the pattern, ultimately converging in his palm, transforming into a bead the size of a pigeon’s egg.

But this bead was different from before.

It was no longer clearly five-colored; instead, it had completely transformed into a chaotic gray.

Fine, flowing lines rippled across the surface of the bead. Upon closer inspection, these lines seemed to depict the creation of the world, the birth and death of stars, and the cycle of all things.

An ancient aura, originating from the dawn of the universe, emanated from the bead.

“Chaos... Second Level of Return to the Void – Return of All Things to the Origin.”

Chen Ping spoke softly, gently pushing the bead out.

The bead left his hand, tracing a hazy gray trajectory in the air. Its speed appeared slow, yet it seemed to transcend the limitations of time and space, instantly meeting the nine attacking demonic dragons and the countless pale arms.

What happened next was unforgettable for all the spectators.

The instant the bead touched the nine demonic dragons, time seemed to freeze.

The dragons' ferocious attack abruptly halted in mid-air, like a painting paused on a pause button.

Immediately following, starting from its tail, the dragon's body began to disintegrate and dissolve inch by inch, transforming into the most basic particles of demonic energy.

The disintegration process was silent, yet carried a chilling inevitability, as if this wasn't a battle, but rather... some higher-level "rule" forcibly forcing these things that shouldn't exist back into their proper place.

"Roar!!!"

Chapter: 9907

The dragon roared in agony, the ghostly flames in its dragon eyes flickering wildly, attempting to struggle.

But all was in vain. Their struggles only accelerated the disintegration. In just three breaths, the nine hundred-zhang-long dragons were completely reduced to countless black specks of light, ultimately dissipating into the chaotic energy.

At the same time, the pale arms that emerged from the phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation met the same fate.

The moment the arms touched the chaotic energy, they melted and evaporated as rapidly as snow under the sun.

Even more bizarrely, what remained after the arm melted wasn't water vapor, but wisps of grayish-white mist—the forcibly stripped "marks of reincarnation," the last trace of true spirit left after a soul was refined.

These wisps of mist drifted in the air for a moment, then converged towards the Chaos Returning Void Pearl in Chen Ping's palm, being absorbed and assimilated by the pearl.

With each wisp of mist absorbed, the pearl's light brightened, while the illusory image of the Gate of Reincarnation dimmed.

“No!!!”

Xue Youming’s eyes widened in horror as he let out an utterly shrill roar.

Those nine demonic dragons weren’t just his killing move, but also his natal demonic creatures, crafted over tens of thousands of years, by splitting his own demonic soul.

With each demonic dragon destroyed, his soul suffered a severe blow. The simultaneous destruction of all nine was practically equivalent to stabbing nine bloody holes into his soul!

Excruciating pain! Indescribable excruciating pain!

Xue Youming felt his consciousness being torn apart; black blood gushed from all seven orifices simultaneously, his demonic energy violently surging, and his aura instantly weakened by more than 30%.

Zhan E was in no better shape.

The illusory image of the Gate of Reincarnation was inextricably linked to his soul. Now, as the image was eroded by the power of chaos, the feedback to him was an excruciating pain as if his soul were being torn apart.

What terrified him even more was that after the stripped “Reincarnation Marks” were absorbed by the Chaos Returning to Nothingness Pearl, he felt his control over the Gate of Reincarnation... being weakened!

“This is impossible... Only the Lord of Reincarnation can strip away the Reincarnation Marks... How could he...” A storm raged within Zhan E.

But Chen Ping’s condition was equally dire.

Using the second level of Chaos Returning to Nothingness had consumed far more of him than he had imagined.

He could clearly feel the primordial star in his dantian, which had only recently been lit, dimming at an alarming rate.

Fine cracks even appeared on the surface of the star, signs of overexertion and damage to its origin.

Even more terrifying was the backlash.

In the process of forcibly stripping away and absorbing the marks of reincarnation, the Chaos Returning Void Pearl also absorbed the last resentments, death energy, and obsessions of those departed souls.

Although these negative energies were suppressed and transformed by the power of chaos, the transformation process consumed a great deal of Chen Ping's mental energy and immortal power.

Chapter: 9908

At this moment, his face was as pale as paper, veins bulging on his forehead like earthworms, and blood was constantly oozing from the corners of his mouth, eyes, and ears.

His internal organs felt as if they were being roasted over a raging fire; every breath was accompanied by excruciating pain.

His right hand, gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword, trembled slightly; the tiger's mouth had already split open, and blood dripped down the hilt.

Although supported by the power of the Earth Fire Ancestor and others, Chen Ping withstood the attack from Xue Youming and Zhan E, but his physical body and origin power were suffering from the backlash.

Even with his already formidable physical body, he was still teetering on the brink of collapse.

But he gritted his teeth and persevered.

Because he knew, this attack... he had to hold on.

This was the only chance to break the stalemate and reverse the tide of battle!

“Now... counterattack!!!”

Chen Ping roared with his last ounce of strength, his voice distorted by extreme pain, yet still clearly echoing throughout the battlefield.

Although the alliance was also affected by the chaotic energy flow, Chen Ping had intentionally controlled it, focusing the main impact on the Evil Path Hall's forces.

Hearing Chen Ping's command, everyone's morale soared, and their long-suppressed anger and grief erupted completely!

“Disciples of the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts, heed my command! Surround them with the beast tide and annihilate the remaining enemies! Avenge our fallen comrades!!!”

Li Baichuan was covered in blood, his left arm severed at the shoulder, the white bone exposed at the wound.

He seemed oblivious to pain, his eyes bloodshot, wielding a massive, door-sized beast-bone battle axe, roaring like a wild beast.

Beside him, the three-headed Flaming Lion King was equally wounded; two of its heads had half their cheeks sheared off, revealing their stark white skulls.

But this only fueled the beast's primal savagery, unleashing a deafening roar that transformed into tangible sonic waves, sending dozens of Soul Hunters in front of it bleeding from all seven orifices.

“Roar!!!”

Led by the Lion King, the remaining five thousand-plus demonic beasts roared furiously, transforming once more into a raging torrent, sweeping towards the routed Evil Path Palace allied forces.

This charge was even more ferocious and reckless than before.

The Iron-Backed Earth Dragon disregarded its own defenses, directly ramming its massive body into the Soul Hunters' "Soul-Sealing Array."

Each impact shook the earth. Although the earth dragons were shattered and mangled by the backlash of the formation, they sacrificed themselves to create an opening for the subsequent beast tide.

The Gale Wolves transformed into streaks of azure lightning, frantically weaving through the enemy ranks.

They no longer sought to kill with a single blow, but instead used their claws to tear through the enemy's protective true energy, and their fangs to sever the tendons and veins of their limbs, creating chaos and casualties in the most primal and cruel way.

Chapter: 9909

The Thunderwing Golden Eagles swooped down from the sky. This time, they did not unleash lightning, but instead used their sharp talons to grab their enemies, lifting them high into the air before slamming them down.

In an instant, a "rain of people" fell from the sky, accompanied by incessant screams.

"Disciples of the Heavenly Sword Pavilion, heed my command! Nine Heavens Sword Formation, slay demons and destroy evil! The sword lives, the person lives; the sword dies, the person dies!!!"

Dugu Ao's voice was as cold as ice, yet contained a volcanic killing intent.

This usually aloof sword fanatic was now bloodthirsty.

The mottled iron sword in his hand was already stained dark red with the blood of his enemies.

The blade was covered with fine cracks, scars left from his fierce battle with Xue Youming, but the sword remained sharp and deadly.

“The sword lives on, the sword dies, the sword dies!!!” The nine hundred sword cultivators shouted in unison, their voices shaking the heavens.

They no longer maintained a complete sword formation, but instead broke into smaller groups of three or five, forming small “Demon-Slaying Sword Formations,” precisely cutting into the enemy’s weak points like surgical blades.

Sword light flashed, blood blossomed.

The sword cultivators of the Heavenly Sword Pavilion were already renowned for their offensive power, but now, with a death wish, their fighting strength was even more terrifying.

Often, a single thrust of the sword would either pierce the enemy’s brow or sever their neck, swift and merciless.

“Disciples of the Five Elements Sect, heed my command! The Five Elements seal the heavens, suppressing all laws! Today... it’s a fight to the death!!!”

Jin Buhuan’s voice was hoarse from excessive shouting. This usually tactful Five Elements Sect Master now only had resolute determination in his eyes.

He bit his tongue, spitting three mouthfuls of his life essence blood onto the core of the Five Elements Barrier.

The essence blood merged, and the Five Elements Barrier erupted with dazzling five-colored light!

The barrier, which had already begun to crumble, instantly stabilized, and its range expanded again, enveloping even more cultivators from the Evil Path Hall.

Within the barrier, the Five Elements Laws were amplified to their extreme.

Disciples of the Metal Clan manipulated countless metal-attribute magical artifacts, transforming them into a metallic storm that swept across the enemy ranks;

Disciples of the Wood Clan cultivated vines that not only entangled the enemy but also released paralyzing toxins;

Disciples of the Water Clan condensed a raging flood, its waters concealing countless ice spikes;

Disciples of the Fire Clan summoned scorching flames, the fire interspersed with explosive runes;

Disciples of the Earth Clan manipulated the earth, causing the ground to continuously collapse and rise, creating death traps.

The combined forces of the three major sects, coupled with the shock and chaos caused by Chen Ping's creation of chaos, instantly reversed the battlefield situation!

Chapter: 9910

The Evil Path Palace's allied forces, already demoralized by the impact of the chaotic energy, were now completely thrown into disarray by such a fierce counterattack.

Those old monsters who had surrendered, seeing the dire situation, no longer cared about any promises of "eternal life" and scrambled to escape.

The Bone Demon, the most cunning of all, had already secretly laid dozens of "bone escape tunnels" underground.

Seeing that the tide had turned against them, the remaining half of its body exploded, transforming into countless bone fragments that burrowed into the ground and vanished without a trace.

The Blood Sea Ancestor was even more ruthless. He grabbed two disciples of the Nine Nether Palace beside him, using a secret technique to drain their life essence to replenish his own depleted life force. Then, he once again used the Blood Escape Technique, transforming into a streak of blood and escaping thousands of miles away.

The other reclusive old monsters also displayed their supernatural abilities. Some vanished into the wind, some detonated their magical treasures to create chaos, and some even burned their lifespans to use forbidden techniques to escape.

When the tree falls, the monkeys scatter!

In just half an incense stick's time, the Evil Path Palace's side had lost more than half its men!

The allied army, originally numbering over 20,000, now numbered less than 10,000, all wounded and utterly demoralized.

But just then...

"Boom!!!"

A deafening roar resounded from the center of the battlefield.

That was the Chaos Returning to Nothingness Pearl... it finally couldn't withstand it any longer.

Chen Ping groaned, his body flying hundreds of feet backward as if struck by an invisible giant hammer, blood gushing from his mouth like a fountain.

The Chaos Returning to Nothingness Pearl in his hand, after forcibly absorbing too many reincarnation imprints and negative energy, had finally reached its limit.

The surface of the pearl was covered with spiderweb-like cracks, from which blinding gray light shot out, and then... it exploded!

The instant the pearl exploded, terrifying chaotic turbulence swept in all directions like a burst dam.

That wasn't a conscious attack, but a pure, uncontrolled rampage of chaotic energy.

Where the turbulence passed, all matter, energy, and even space itself were pulverized into the most basic particles.

Within a ten-mile radius, it was as if an invisible hand had completely wiped them out.

The hundreds of Alliance cultivators and Evil Path Hall cultivators who had been fighting in this area didn't even have time to react; they were reduced to nothingness in the chaotic turbulence—not death, but utter non-existence, leaving not even a speck of dust behind.

The earth was leveled by ten zhang (approximately 33 meters), revealing the scorched rock layers beneath.

The air was completely sucked out, creating a brief vacuum.

Light distorted and fractured in the turbulence, presenting the entire area with a bizarre and surreal spectacle.

“Pfft...”

Chen Ping slammed heavily against the rock face of a mountain peak, creating a three-zhang (approximately 33 meters) deep, human-shaped crater in the hard rock.

He struggled to climb out of the pit, each movement accompanied by a creaking sound from his bones as they succumbed to the strain.

The wound on his chest, inflicted by the backlash from the chaotic currents, had now expanded to the size of a palm, deep enough to expose the bone.

The flesh around the wound was an eerie grayish-white, remnants of chaotic power, relentlessly eroding his life force.

Blood flowed like a stream, staining half his body red.

Even more severe were his internal injuries.

His internal organs were all displaced, multiple meridians were severed, and the primordial starlight in his dantian had dimmed to a minimum, its surface riddled with cracks, as if it might shatter completely at any moment.

His chaotic immortal power was almost completely depleted, making even basic flight impossible.

“Young friend Chen Ping!” the Earthfire Ancestor exclaimed, trying to escape the battle to rescue him.

But he was held back by Zhan E.

Although Zhan E was also seriously injured, he was in much better condition than Chen Ping.

Seizing the opportunity when Chen Ping was exhausted, his eyes blazed with murderous intent: “Xue Youming, don’t give him a chance to breathe! If this brat isn’t eliminated today, he will surely become a major threat in the future!”

Xue Youming wiped the black blood from the corner of his mouth, his dark pupils also surging with killing intent.

With his nine natal demonic dragons destroyed, his soul was severely damaged, and his cultivation level had dropped by at least 30%.

This blood feud could only be repaid with Chen Ping’s life!