

## **Battlefield 191**

### Chapter 191: The Calm After the Storm

The Elf Princess approached the Old Elf King. After inheriting his power, the Old Elf King seemed to have aged decades, his face gaunt, his hair grey and dull, yet his bright blue eyes remained clear, embodying wisdom and a carefree spirit that saw through the world's troubles.

Though she was prepared for this, seeing her grandfather, who cared for her dearly since childhood, become like this, the Elf Princess couldn't help but have her eyes redden, her voice choked:

"Grandfather."

"Child, do not be sad."

The Old Elf King raised his withered hand gently placing it on the Elf Princess's head, his voice weak yet full of kindness:

"From now on, the Elf Race will be entrusted to you and Serranriel. Serranriel is still immature, and many matters will need your assistance in making decisions."

Upon hearing this, the Elf Princess pursed her lips, "Grandfather, I am sorry. I went against your and father's will by cooperating with the Dongfang Family."

The Old Elf King smiled and said:

"Child, you have done nothing wrong. Previously, your father and I were too stubborn. We always regarded Dark Elves as brethren, but in reality, they have long become monsters corrupted by the Evil God. Humans, despite their flaws, are far kinder than Dark Elves. Moreover, there are good people among humans worthy of trust and alliance, like Sarandir's friend."

After saying this, the Old Elf King looked towards Qin Tian standing not far away. He had witnessed the entire battle earlier.

He truly did not expect that a human would go to such lengths to protect the Elf inheritance.

This greatly changed his view of humans.

Additionally, in recent years, he witnessed Aurilia's reforms to the Elf Race. Human technology had indeed altered the original ecology of the elves, but this was not necessarily a bad thing.

The introduction of communication devices greatly enhanced the connection among various elf tribes, and other human commodities improved their living standards to some extent.

The wheels of time roll forward

Since the Elf Race had already aligned with other races, if they continued to close themselves off, even if not swallowed by the Dark Elves, they would eventually be targeted by other forces.

Instead of compromising at the most difficult time, it's better to cooperate with the Dongfang Family now so we can negotiate more favorable conditions.

Upon hearing her grandfather's approval of her decision, the Elf Princess felt immense joy, and the great weight that had been pressing on her heart finally lifted.

"Grandfather!"

At this moment, Alan's anxious voice came from the sky.

A figure clad in blue flew in on a sword like lightning, landing before the Old Elf King in the blink of an eye.

"Grandfather!"

Alan tightly grasped the Old Elf King's hand. Seeing the gaunt face, tears welled up in his eyes.

"Serranriel, you have returned."

The Old Elf King gently patted Alan's hand, his voice growing weaker.

"Grandfather, I am sorry I failed to kill the traitor Morost." Alan said in guilt.

Earlier, they had chased to the border between the Elf Forest and the Dark Forest, just as they were about to proceed further, Eastern Cloud Sea stopped them.

Eastern Cloud Sea deemed the situation at the Dark Nest unclear and warned that more Tier Six Elves might be there, making a rash pursuit too hazardous.

In truth, it was not difficult to annihilate the Dark Race, one could simply involve the Royal Space Fleet.

Of course, Eastern Cloud Sea had more to say. For the Royal Fleet to intervene, the Elf Race needed to offer a corresponding "reward". The Empire wouldn't help those who weren't allies without reason.

After Eastern Cloud Sea's intervention, Alan also calmed down. He then thought of transferring his power to his grandfather, thus hastened back as quickly as possible.

"It's alright, child. I believe soon Morost will perish under the Elf Holy Sword."

The Old Elf King's voice was weak, yet confidence in Alan permeated his words.

"I surely will." Alan nodded firmly.

The Old Elf King smiled and slowly turned to face everyone, Serranriel, Elf Princess, Eastern Cloud Sea, the Tier Six Elf experts, Bear King Bill, Tree-man Maokai, and the young human warrior Qin Tian.

"Everyone, I am going to leave."

The Old Elf King spoke softly.

Upon these words, the elves present all had reddened eyes. The Old Elf King was a great leader. When the previous Elf King died in the battle, and Morost led the Dark Army to invade, it was he who resolutely rose up, shouldered the responsibility of the Elf King again with his frail body, stabilized the morale, fought fiercely with Morost for three days, and finally forced back the Dark Army, allowing the elves to pass through the most perilous time.

For every generation of Elf Kings, they were supposed to return their power to the Tree God before their death, as a thank you for the Tree God's gifts to the Elf Race and Silver Moon Royal Family.

However, due to the existence of Dark Elves, the Old Elf King decided to go against the ancestral tradition and pass his power to Serranriel, nevertheless, this stubborn old man surely bore regret and guilt in his heart.

"The future of the Elf Race, I entrust to you all."

The Old Elf King displayed his final kind smile, and then, his eyes slowly closed as if becoming a sculpture, completely void of life.

"Grandfather!"

"Our King!"

The elves present were overcome with tears.

Silence prevailed

Above their heads, the canopy of the Tree God swayed slightly, scattering blue rain on the Old Elf King, as if the Tree God mourned the old friend who made significant contributions to the elves.

At that moment, the entire Elf Race felt something, everywhere on the planet, all elf people turned towards one direction, faces sorrowful, performing a gesture full of respect, the Elf ceremony.

"Farewell, Old Elf King!!!"

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The war had ended

The once dreamy and ethereal Elf Sacred Land had become severely ravaged, fortunately, the Tree God intervened, soon restoring the environment.

"Tier Seven now, how does it feel?"

Beside the Silver Moon Lake, Qin Tian and Alan stood side by side.

"It feels great, now I can freely pin you to the ground." Alan's mouth curled into a smile, yet there was still some sadness in his eyes, evidently, he hadn't fully emerged from the grief of losing the Old Elf King.

"You brat, biting the hand that feeds you!"

Qin Tian tapped Alan on the forehead, just like old times.

"Ouch, that hurt."

Alan rubbed his forehead, muttering: "Dare to hit the Elf King, beware I have guards seize you."

"Before I get seized, I'll surely divulge all your embarrassing moments, making you, the Elf King, too ashamed to show your face." Qin Tian said, glancing sideways.

"You dare!"

"Just watch me dare!"

The two exchanged a glance, then simultaneously smiled.

"Qin Tian, thank you." Alan said softly.

Qin Tian patted his shoulder, looking out at the beautiful, dreamy Silver Moon Lake; everything was understood without words.

Chapter 192: Signing the Treaty

Inside the Treehouse

Eastern Cloud Sea, Alan, the Elf Princess, and a few Elf Elders sat at the wooden table, beginning the first formal alliance negotiations between humans and elves.

"Let me first mention the conditions from the Empire's side."

As Eastern Cloud Sea spoke, his gaze swept past the young man in the corner. He hadn't expected that, in such an important setting, the Elf King would allow Qin Tian to be present.

It seemed he had far underestimated the importance of Qin Tian in the Elf King's heart.

Eastern Cloud Sea brought out a plan that had long been drafted.

The regular terms, such as opening ports, allowing free trade, and requiring the Elf Race to bear most of the military expenses for the Space Fleet each year.

There were also conditions clearly beneficial to the Dongfang Clan, such as the Elf Race needing to provide a wide variety of Spirit Fruits or seeds annually, the Tree God assisting the Dongfang Clan in improving Spirit Herbs and Treasures, and specially clearing out land near the Tree God for collective cultivation of Spirit Herbs.

In return, the Empire would provide space protection for the Elf Race, help them eradicate Dark Elves, build a communication platform on Elf Star, establish a financial monetary system, and introduce technological products, etc.

In Qin Tian's view, many "favorable" conditions proposed by Eastern Cloud Sea contained obvious hidden risks. For instance, building a communication platform would subject the Elf Race to the Empire's surveillance, leaving no secrets, and establishing a financial monetary system would directly grasp the lifeblood of the Elf Race's future.

As for opening ports, free trade agreements, and shouldering military expenses, it was almost textbook for opening the country's gates, giving him a sense reminiscent of treaties signed under the late Qing dynasty.

Of course, he did not voice his warnings, as currently, it was the elves who sought aid from the Empire. Even if the Empire proposed harsher conditions, the elves would have to grit their teeth and accept it.

Moreover, even if he did alert them, what could change?

Facing the Empire's colossal entity, the Elf Race was still too weak, lacking the qualifications for bargaining.

Additionally, though the Empire would control the Elf Race's lifeline in the future, in some ways, it would tie the Elf Race more tightly to the Empire's war machine, which might be beneficial for them.

As Qin Tian anticipated, the Elf Race didn't realize the risks and hidden dangers, instead feeling that, apart from the annual provision of a large number of Spirit Fruits and seeds being overly greedy, the other aspects were not as harsh as they imagined and even showed a considerable degree of goodwill.

After arguing reasonably over several conditions, the elves and the Empire quickly signed the first alliance treaty.

"Your Majesty the Elf King, Princess, esteemed Elders, the treaty is officially signed. Next, the Space Fleet will fully assist the Elf Race in eradicating the Dark Elves and cleansing the remnants of the Evil God."

Eastern Cloud Sea stated solemnly: "However, if we want to achieve everything in one go, we must first determine the base of the First Battle Group, and that will take some time, but rest assured, the Empire has the most professional forces and will lock in on the target in the shortest time."

Alan nodded, speaking fluently in the Empire's language: "Then we shall entrust this task to Mr. Dongfang."

"Well, I can help with this."

At this moment, a voice came from the corner.

Everyone immediately turned their heads to look.

Qin Tian stood up and stated earnestly: "I can find the main lair of the First Battle Group."

"Qin Tian, you have a way?"

Alan asked with surprise, knowing that if Qin Tian dared to say such a thing, he must be quite confident inside.

Eastern Cloud Sea looked at Qin Tian in surprise, knowing that the Dark Elves always valued concealment and that their nest was hidden underground. Other than Dark Elves and Evil God Followers, anyone entering the Dark Forest would immediately be discovered, let alone find the lair's location.

How did he do it?

Faced with Alan, Qin Tian calmly said: "You know, after rescuing Vinoya, I ventured back into the Dark Forest."

"Indeed."

Alan nodded. At the time, he disagreed, but Qin Tian's resolve was firm, and he couldn't stop him.

Now he recalled that Qin Tian had said at the time that after entering the Dark Forest, there might be a chance to help the elves eliminate the root of their troubles and destroy the Dark Nest in one stroke.

Qin Tian continued: "Back then, I marked a few Tier Four and Tier Five Dark Elves. If I enter the Dark Forest again, I can locate where these marks overlap, which would most likely be the lair of the First Battle Group."

He didn't disclose the capabilities of the Soul Seal and instead offered an alternate explanation.

After all, the ability of the Soul Seal was too overbearing, capable of enslaving even Dark Elves who worshiped the Evil God, and if others found out, it would cause unnecessary trouble.

Of course, even this explanation left everyone astounded.

Not only was he able to leave the Dark Forest unscathed, but he also managed to mark Tier Four and Tier Five Dark Elves without being discovered.

This ability was truly astonishing.

Qin Tian looked at Eastern Cloud Sea and said: "Mr. Dongfang, give me a Miniature Signal Device, and I will place it in the Dark Nest. Once the signal is sent, the Space Fleet can launch an attack on the target."

"No, it's too dangerous."

Alan firmly rejected the idea. He didn't want Qin Tian to enter the extremely dangerous Dark Nest. He already owed Qin Tian enough and couldn't let him risk himself again.

"Boy, don't worry."

Qin Tian's mouth curled into a slight smile, "I will have the Dark Elves personally bring the Signal Device inside."

Upon hearing this, everyone's faces showed a hint of surprise.

Having the Dark Elves bring the Signal Device inside — what kind of method was that?

At this moment, in everyone's eyes, Qin Tian seemed to be shrouded in a faint veil of mystery, even Eastern Cloud Sea couldn't see through him.

"Promise me you won't go in!"

Alan was still uneasy. Despite knowing that Qin Tian had always been cautious and stable, he had performed several actions that, at least in Alan's eyes, seemed quite reckless, like venturing into the Dark Forest alone or withstanding a Tier Six Dark Elf with his Tier Four self.

Though Qin Tian came out unscathed each time, it was evident that he possessed an adventurous nature to the core.

"Relax, I'm not that foolish."

Qin Tian chuckled. He indeed had no intention of entering the Dark Nest, especially considering the presence of Tier Seven Dark Elf Morost and numerous Tier Six experts there. Even a tiny mistake could leave him with no chance to escape.

The Signal Device would be carried into the Dark Nest by a Guide Party member known as Molo.

The preparations he had made earlier finally found their purpose at this moment.

"Also, I'm not helping for free; there has to be a reward." Qin Tian raised an eyebrow and said.

"Of course, the Elf Race will not treat friends poorly."

This time it wasn't Alan speaking, but the Elf Princess making a solemn promise. Qin Tian had helped the Elf Race enough already, and they couldn't take his efforts for granted simply because of his friendship with Serranriel.

The Elf Race needed to not only reciprocate but do so with the utmost sincerity.

Upon hearing this, a smile appeared on Qin Tian's face:

"Then wait for my news."

Chapter 193: Cruiser-class Battleship and Railgun

Once again stepping into the Dark Forest, the damp, decaying scent pierced into his nose.

The night draped Qin Tian in the perfect camouflage, making him invisible to the naked eye, even without using [Light Distortion].

Qin Tian moved through the forest like a ghost, silent and unnoticed. In his perception, each heat source appeared as a red dot on a map in his mind. He easily bypassed all the dark creatures, and after about an hour, finally met with the Guiding Party No. 2, the elf named Moluo.

"Master!"

Moluo knelt on the ground, with utmost reverence.

"Take this into the Dark Nest, as close to the Evil God Altar as possible."

Without wasting words, Qin Tian handed a patch-like miniature signal device to Moluo.

"Yes!"

Moluo took the miniature signal device and, after thinking for a moment, directly stuck it inside his pants.

Seeing this, Qin Tian's eye twitched; the choice of location was indeed unusual.

"Go."

Qin Tian waved his hand, indicating that the moment Moluo picked up the signal device, his fate was sealed.

The Dark Elves were unlike Li Qi and Feng Mochuan.

They held no potential for cultivation; due to issues of skin color and energy attribute, they couldn't serve him in any capacity, their greatest use being cannon fodder.

Of course, as former elves corrupted by the Evil God, death might be the true release for them.

"Yes!"

Moluo nodded respectfully, then quickly ran toward the Dark Nest with the miniature signal device.

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"Eh, Moluo, shouldn't you be patrolling? Why are you back?"

Outside the nest, a guard stopped Moluo, asking with confusion.

Moluo solemnly replied, "I have urgent intelligence to report to the captain as soon as possible."

"What intelligence?"

The guard asked.

"I can't tell you for now." Moluo shook his head.

"Quite the mystery you are, alright, hurry up then."

The guard stepped aside, letting Moluo pass.

Moluo took a few steps forward, and when he reached a certain spot, Evil Energy infused beneath his feet, making the land beneath him glow with a blue-purple light, and he instantly vanished.

Splat

His feet landed firmly on the ground, Moluo subtly glanced around before hurriedly making his way deeper into the Dark Nest.

The nest was a labyrinth with countless branch paths, and one could easily get lost without good memory.

As Moluo walked quickly, the laughter, moans, and loud chatter of dark elves echoed all around; the Dark Nest was not only their stronghold but also the only place they could relax.

Once they stepped onto the ground, the dark elves had to prepare for battle without any moment of slack.

Gradually, the number of guards increased, their expressions serious, and when they saw Moluo passing by, a hint of vigilance flashed in their eyes.

This area was already very close to the Evil God Altar, and Moluo knew that given his skills and level, he couldn't proceed further, so he quietly withdrew.

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Space Fleet

"Reporting to the commander, the signal device's depth is no longer changing, it's 2135 meters from the surface."

Standing before the electronic map, Eastern Cloud Sea focused on the conspicuous red dot.

"Two thousand meters underground, it's hidden quite deep indeed."

Eastern Cloud Sea smiled slightly, "Nevertheless, no matter how deep it hides, it's useless against a cruiser-class battleship."

Beep beep beep

At that moment, he received a message from Qin Tian.

Eastern Cloud Sea's eyes flashed, raising his hand he said:

"Prepare the railgun!"

"Yes!"

At Eastern Cloud Sea's command, the cruiser's hull shuddered abruptly. The armor on both sides of the ship slowly split open like the fangs of a giant beast, revealing the massive railgun array hidden within.

Dark red energy surged wildly within the gun barrels, resembling volcanic lava about to erupt, staining the surrounding space with an eerie crimson hue.

"Charge to 70%!" Inside the command bridge, the voice of the tactical officer carried a touch of tension and excitement, eyes fixed on the ever-jumping data screen.

"Activate gravity calibration system, target lock deviation must not exceed 0.01 arcseconds!" Eastern Cloud Sea placed his hands on the command post, his gaze sharp, closely watching the red dot on the electronic map as if trying to see the target two thousand meters underground through the screen.

The whole cruiser began to slowly adjust its stance, thrusters around the ship spewing out blue plasma flames, tracing a brilliant trajectory across the dark cosmos.

Alerts filled the command bridge, red warning lights flashed incessantly, adding a tense, oppressive atmosphere to the space.

"Charging complete! Gravity calibration finished!" The tactical officer reported loudly.

"Fire!" Eastern Cloud Sea unhesitatingly gave the order.

In an instant, the railgun emitted a blinding white light, more dazzling than the sun, seemingly intent on illuminating the entire cosmos. A massive red energy beam shot out with a space-tearing howl, distorting light along its path, leaving a long trail in space like a flaming red dragon diving towards the earth.

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Evil God Altar

"What do we do now? The Dongfang Clan has intervened; our defeat is inevitable."

Morost looked at the hooded man beside him, a high-tier follower of the Slaanesh Cult, also the one who guided him to turn to the Slaanesh Evil God. The hooded man played a crucial role in the development of the dark elves until now.

The hooded man was silent for a moment, then slowly said:

"I did not expect the stubborn Elf Race to choose cooperation with the Dongfang Clan; I've reported this to the headquarters of the Divine Teachings. The headquarters responded that troops will be dispatched at the fastest speed to transfer select elite members above Tier Five."

"Above Tier Five, what about the rest?"

Morost was not satisfied with this response. According to the hooded man, he would only be able to leave Elf Star with a very small number of elite personnel and hand over the occupied territory.

If this were true, then what was all his effort over the past century for?

The hooded man said indifferently, "The rest must naturally be abandoned. Morost, you don't understand the terror of the Dongfang Clan. Not to mention you, even an Evil Demon King of Tier Eight or even Tier Nine wouldn't dare wantonly act within the territory of the Dongfang Clan."

"You should be grateful that the Dongfang Clan's main forces are occupied with the Demon Suppression Abyss and the Beastman Empire, paying little attention to the skirmishes on Elf Star. Otherwise, even dispatching just one Tier Seven Holy Blood could easily crush you, the Evil Demon General, and all the dark elves."

"The Divine Teachings must pay a huge price to enable your escape with the elite; as an elf, you shouldn't be too greedy."

Hearing this, Morost's face flushed with intense dissatisfaction, yet the circumstances forced him to accept it, no matter how unwillingly.

"Triskaya, Aurilia, Sarandir, and that damned human."

The faces of his enemies flashed through his mind, but the one fueling his murderous intent the most was the human who obstructed Kaelan.

If not for him, Kaelan would have destroyed the power legacy long ago, and without the addition of Tier Seven strongmen, the elves couldn't possibly withstand their onslaught.

And if Aurilia were killed, the cooperation between the elves and the Dongfang Clan would naturally end without a trace.

It's hateful that all of this was ruined by that human!

Morost secretly swore to think of every possible way to kill that damned human before leaving.

"Morost..."

The hooded man began to speak, intending to say something, but suddenly, both of them shuddered, their faces showing shock and horror.

No good!!!

Chapter 194: Massacre

The crimson energy beams fell like fiery dragons, crashing brutally against the planet's surface.

Under the dual pressure of extreme heat and intense kinetic energy, the rock layers instantly turned into steaming lava fog. Wherever the energy beams passed, the rocks shattered into sand as if crushed by an

invisible giant hand, accompanied by incandescent light bursting to both sides, carving out molten tunnels hundreds of meters in diameter.

Scorching magma flowed along the tunnel walls, burning through two kilometers of rock layers, filling the air with the acrid smell of sulfur and charred scents.

The energy beams pierced straight into the Dark Nest, and upon contact with the energy, the dome's cerulean barrier cracked inch by inch like fragile glass. The floating magic crystal lamp array inside the nest exploded violently, and the splinters streaked across the dark space like meteors.

The massive stone pillars supporting the nest collapsed amidst the energy's shocks, emitting a thunderous roar.

The dark elves deep in the nest looked up in terror; before they could even scream, the shockwave from the energy explosion swept towards them like a surging crimson tide.

Their fragile bodies instantly twisted and deformed under the intense pressure, skin cracking inch by inch, bones creaking, and dissipating into a mist of blood within the energy vortex.

The Spirit Shields before this force were like thin paper, easily torn apart.

As the energy continued to release, the top of the nest began to collapse on a large scale, with dozens of tons of rock falling from above, completely burying the remaining dark elves.

"Damn it, this is the cruiser's railgun! How did they find the Dark Nest's location!!!"

The man in the black robe raised the Energy Shield to fend off the sweeping energy shock and the giant rocks continuously falling overhead, his voice filled with intense shock and anger.

Morost's face was extremely grim. Not far away, the Evil God Altar had already been buried by boulders, and more rocks were falling. If they delayed any longer, they might not even be able to escape.

Pa~~

Morost grabbed the black-robed man's shoulder, evil energy swirling around, forming into a rotating drill shape, breaking through the rock layers all the way upwards, finally breaking out of the ground.

Pfft~

Pfft~

Pfft~

Silhouettes emerged from the underground, and Morost saw they were all Tier Six experts. Apart from them, the entire army of dark elves in the nest had been wiped out.

"Leader!"

"Leader!"

The Tier Six dark elves approached Morost, each covered in dust, their faces still shaken with fear.

"What is going on?"

"Who is attacking us?"

Morost raised his head, his face grim:

"The human forces have arrived."

The night veiled the entire planet like a massive black curtain.

Above this curtain, dots of light shone like stars at night, those were the small warships of the human fleet diving down from the space orbit, launching a sudden assault with unmatched speed and force.

The Swiftwind escort frigate took the lead, its streamlined hull traced blue light trails across the sky like shooting stars.

Its engines spewed scorching plasma flames, propelling the warship to dive at an incredible speed. The light laser weapons on the ship's surface were already primed, like the fangs of a fierce beast, waiting for the moment to tear apart its prey.

The Starfire Frigate followed closely, its hull emitting a faint silvery glow, indicating the activation of multiple air defense missile systems and close-in weapon systems.

It guarded cautiously like a silver-armored sentinel, ready to intercept any possible long-range weapons or Spiritual Ability Magic threats to the fleet at any moment.

The ship's advanced sonar detection system continuously scanned the Dark Forest below, missing not a single potential threat.

The Ghost Assault Ship operated in its unique manner, quietly blending into the night, its stealth coating perfectly merging with the darkness, as if it was part of the night itself.

High-resolution reconnaissance drones quietly flew out from the ship, like the eyes of a ghost, circling above the Dark Forest, gathering intelligence, with electronic surveillance equipment working to capture any slight sounds and signal fluctuations.

As the fleet entered low orbit, all the ships' electronic radars deployed simultaneously, like pairs of invisible giant eyes, instantly engulfing the Dark Forest.

On the comprehensive radar screens at the back end, numerous biological signals flickered, representing the hidden dark elves in the forest.

With the commanding officer's order, the weapon systems on the ships immediately locked onto their targets.

The Starfire Frigate's air-to-air missiles roared out first, trailing long fiery tails like meteors streaking across the night sky, precisely shooting toward areas where dark elves gathered.

Explosive flares erupted in the forest one after another, illuminating faces filled with terror.

The Swiftwind escort frigate's light laser weapons began their frenzied barrage, beams of blinding light piercing through trees and rocks, vaporizing the dark elves in their path, leaving only wisps of blue smoke.

The Ghost Assault Ship launched a more lethal attack. The energy beams from its Small Pulse Laser Cannon silently penetrated the darkness, striking the dark elves' vital points with precision.

The dark elves didn't even have time to scream before their bodies were torn to pieces by the mighty energy.

Under the warship's intense assault, the Dark Forest was filled with screams, explosions, and wails, transforming the once eerily mysterious forest into a purgatory on earth. The dark elves, facing the overwhelming firepower, were powerless, waiting only in despair for death to come.

Listening to the uninterrupted explosions, screams, and wails from the depths of the forest and looking at the beams of light falling like a downpour overhead, Morost and many dark elves felt a chill through their bodies, stiffening in place.

They could hardly imagine that their formidable dark army, which had driven the Elf Race to retreat repeatedly, was now like lambs to the slaughter before humans, utterly powerless.

The man in the black robe was not surprised at the sight of such devastation.

In the face of the mighty Empire fleet, the dark elves were like primitive people just awakening to civilization— a race that relied on giant eagles for long-distance travel, how could they withstand the fleet's terrifying firepower?

To be honest, if the Dongfang Clan didn't highly value the ancient and mysterious Tree God and were reluctant to provoke the Elf Race, the Elf Star would have been filled with the Empire's golden dragon flags long ago upon discovery.

There would be no existence of dark elves.

The annihilation of the dark elves was inevitable, and the dark elf experts, including Morost, would hardly survive the night.

The Evil God Cult's century-long plan on Elf Star had already failed.

Next, he needed to consider how to protect himself and escape from Elf Star.

Swish swish swish~~~

Light and shadows descended from the sky, carrying an irresistibly powerful momentum.

Eastern Cloud Sea, Alan, Elf Elders, Fleet Guard...

Over twenty Tier Six and above fierce presences locked onto all the dark elves, including Morost.

Alan stood in the center, staring directly at Morost, his calm voice carrying the supreme authority belonging to an Elf King.

"Morost, the feud with the Elf Race ends tonight. Your life— I am claiming it!"

Chapter 195: Morost, Death!

Dark Forest, the shadowed corners

Qin Tian looked up at the sky, small warships skimmed past, spitting beams of fire, screams and explosions echoed through the forest.

"This really is a dimensional reduction strike~"

Qin Tian couldn't help but sigh, in front of the Royal Fleet, the Dark Elves were just like the Indians of the past, only to be slaughtered by endless artillery fire.

Moreover, the space fleet of Elf Star was not fully assembled, with only a cruiser-class battleship accompanied by a batch of assault ships and frigates, this was merely a task group configuration in a real space battle.

The Empire's most terrifying fleet was centered around a main ship, paired with multiple Titan class battleships, countless other warships filled the ranks.

Of course, such an invincible fleet only existed in the Central Star Realm, firmly held by the royal family.

At this moment Qin Tian suddenly thought of the war on Alpha 7 Star.

Back then the Empire's enemy was the Beastmen.

Beastmen also had a long history, despite their technology being inferior to the Empire, they too had their own space fleet.

The target both sides fought over was the Flame Crystal Ore, and the Flame Crystal Marrow that could aid Tier Seven Fire Element Spiritualists in their breakthroughs.

Though precious, it was not worth an all-out war.

Therefore, both humans and Beastmen exercised restraint in deploying forces, mostly engaging in ground warfare, with low intensity.

But against Dark Elves lacking air superiority, even just the frigates and assault ships were enough to bathe them in blood.

"The Dark Elves are done for, now it depends on whether Alan and the others can successfully slay Morost."

Qin Tian gazed at the distant sky, the terrifying energy fluctuations even from afar made him feel alarmed, the grand melee of Tier Six and Tier Seven wasn't something he could partake in.

"I should honestly focus on harvesting evolution points."

Qin Tian restrained his aura and body temperature, in the night, even the Empire's warship's advanced radar system couldn't detect his presence.

The Dark Forest was vast, with countless Dark Elves and Black Beasts, even if the fleet had high killing efficiency, it wasn't something that could be accomplished in a short time.

Furthermore, at the border, there were many Tier Four, Tier Five, and even Tier Six Dark Elves stationed, who wouldn't be easily killed by the warship's beams, and even had the capability to shoot down small warships.

In this situation, the surviving Dark Creatures were elites, which was advantageous for Qin Tian's precise hunting.

Bam~

A bullet easily pierced through the head of a Tier Five Dark Elf

Qin Tian glanced up at a frigate with its cockpit pierced by arrows yet still flying steadily, he nodded slightly and then disappeared into the shadows.

Inside the warship's cockpit, the pilot Liu Lei looked at an arrow stuck just an inch from his eyes, trapped by the electromagnetic energy shield, breaking into a cold sweat instantly.

"Close one~"

Liu Lei pushed the lever, guiding the warship upwards to avoid a second arrow.

However, to his surprise, arrows no longer appeared, and the red dot representing life energy on the radar quickly dimmed.

Liu Lei switched the map view, clearly seeing a headless corpse below on the display screen, with a bow clutched in its hand and arrows scattered all over.

"Dead?"

Liu Lei was puzzled, nearby was only his frigate, so who killed that powerful Dark Elf?

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Qin Tian moved through the forest, hunting while observing the battle.

Under the firepower strikes of the warships, Dark Elves and Black Beasts below Tier Four had no means of resistance, whether they weren't blasted apart by missiles, they were turned into sieves by various laser weapons.

However, those above Tier Five, especially those Dark Elves skilled in archery, or Elf Mages, not only could they protect themselves, but they could also pose a threat and even destroy warships.

Powerful Spiritualists were not lambs to be slaughtered by warships.

In this world, Spiritual Energy and technology coexist, at lower levels, technological means could crush Spiritualists, but at higher levels, the importance of Spiritual Energy became increasingly prominent.

The topmost Spiritualists could single-handedly face an entire fleet, technological means could no longer threaten them, only Spiritualists were qualified to stand against them.

Evolution Points +2498

Evolution Points +3477

Evolution Points +5690

...

On the system panel, the evolution points continuously refreshed

The barrel of the Shadowstrike was slightly warm, while it emitted a faint strange fluctuation, nourishing the firearm with the Soul of the Gun God amidst constant slaughter, enhancing the overall material performance.

On a future day, when the slaughter has accumulated to a certain degree, the Shadowstrike will awaken its exclusive Gun Spirit, and the metallic material will possess extraordinary properties.

By then, with the enhancements from Shadowstrike and various talents, even a Tier Seven warrior could be instantly killed with one shot.

"Take it slowly, I believe this time won't be too far away."

Qin Tian gently caressed the delicate, cold barrel, his gaze looking into the distance.

There, too, ought to reach a verdict of victory.

...

Alan's Moon Silver Longsword sliced through the void, seven strands of Moonlight Sword Qi emerged like silver dragons from the sea, heading straight for Morost's face.

Simultaneously, Eastern Cloud Sea formed a seal with both hands, a massive Azure Wood Rune Array appeared beneath the feet of the Wooden Great Buddha, whose wooden fist, carrying the force of ten thousand pounds, crashed down towards Morost's back.

The evil energy around Morost surged madly, condensing into a black shield, attempting to resist the dual attack.

"Boom!"

The Moonlight Sword Qi and the Wooden Fist simultaneously struck the shield, exploding into a dazzling light.

The black shield instantly became riddled with cracks, Morost was shaken by the powerful impact, causing his qi and blood to surge, black blood oozing from the corner of his mouth. He roared, swinging the Evil Energy Long Halberd towards Alan in an attempt to first eliminate this nearby threat.

Alan nimbly leaped, the longsword drawing a graceful arc under the moonlight, piercing precisely at the weak point of the halberd.

The long halberd and the longsword clashed, sparks flew, Alan used the force to spin, with the sword's edge leaving a long scratch on Morost's Evil Armor.

Eastern Cloud Sea seized the opportunity, shooting a cyan light beam from the Great Buddha's forehead, piercing through Morost's defenses and sending him flying into the air.

Before Morost could regain his footing, Alan was already closing in like a shadow, the Moon Silver Longsword transforming into thousands of moonlight strands, forming a net of light that enveloped him.

Morost swung the long halberd wildly, trying to cut through the light net, but Alan's swordsmanship was impeccable, each attack precisely finding his weaknesses, the net tightened around him, leaving numerous wounds on his body.

With the joint efforts of the Tier Seven Elf and Tier Six Holy Blood, Morost's situation grew increasingly dire, now at the brink of life and death.

Boom!

The Wooden Great Buddha, controlled by Eastern Cloud Sea, was suppressing his left shoulder, while Alan's Moon Silver Longsword pierced through his right rib, where Forest Green Spiritual Energy and the Power of Holy Blood were fiercely shredding the wounds.

Morost roared, shattering the longsword and reaching with his black claw towards Alan's throat.

Alan dodged aside, the sword's edge tracing seven phantom images, instantly tearing five bone-deep wounds across his chest.

At the same time, Eastern Cloud Sea's condensed Azure Wood Light Arrow pierced the Evil God's phantom, pinning him to the seething mountainside.

"Cough, cough!"

Morost coughed up blood crazily, the chaotic evil energy rampaging within him, worsening his wounds.

"Sarantir, Eastern Cloud Sea."

Watching as the two figures drew closer, Morost displayed a grim, resolute smile, hundreds of years of memories passed like a carousel in his mind: his frustrated youth, the elf girl he fancied marrying another, the clan leader position originally his given to his more talented younger brother...

He was unwilling, angry, desperate, finally lured by the Evil God Followers, turning to Slaanesh Evil God, thus beginning a century-long internal war among the elves.

Morost did not regret his decision, he had already exacted a bloody price from those who hurt him.

This life—was enough.

"Sarantir, junior, you are not yet qualified to kill me."

Morost looked at Alan, his eyes bloodshot, then the rampant evil energy surged within him, unleashing a terrifying wave.

"Not good, he's going to self-destruct!"

Alan and Eastern Cloud Sea's expressions changed, without a moment's hesitation, they immediately activated their Spirit Shields.

Boom!!!!!!!!!!

A blinding violet light tore through the firmament, Morost's body transformed into countless blades within the evil energy vortex, where space collapsed inch by inch.

Alan's Moon Silver Shield rippled layer upon layer, cracks spread like a spider's web rapidly, while Eastern Cloud Sea's Wooden Spiritual Shield sizzled as it was corroded by the evil energy.

The two were blown away by the shock wave, crashing into the distant mountain like kites severed from their strings, their Spirit Shields shattered upon impact.

The entire area of a hundred miles trembled violently, trees were pulverized, magma spewed from beneath the earth, intertwining with the surging evil energy into a black and purple sea of flames.

In the shattered space, numerous black rifts exhaled chaotic breath, grinding everything on the surface into dust.

The giant black hole formed at the center of the explosion greedily devoured the lingering energy, and long after, only a scorched, barren, deathly silence remained here.

Chapter 196: Interstellar Warriors Mobilized

Hoo~

Alan pounded his chest and exhaled a deep breath.

He looked at the scorched, barren ground in the distance, a complex expression in his eyes.

Morost, the eternal villain of the Elf Race, was finally dead, and it was self-destruction. Originally, this should have been a cause for great celebration, but he couldn't feel the joy.

Whenever he thought of the suffering the Elf Race had endured for nearly a century, his heart was filled with hatred, not just for Morost, but for the root of all this evil, the Evil God, Slaanesh.

"Your Highness, the Elf King, are you okay?"

Eastern Cloud Sea flew over, expressing concern.

"I'm fine, Mr. Dongfang."

Alan shook his head.

"That's good to hear."

Eastern Cloud Sea looked towards the intense Tier Six battle in the distance and said:

"This war is also coming to an end."

The involvement of top masters like Alan and Eastern Cloud Sea caused the already disadvantaged Dark Elves to collapse instantly. The Tier Six experts in the nest were wiped out in no time.

However, the war was not yet over.

Some Tier Six Elves were still holding various checkpoints in the Dark Forest, leading remnants in stubborn resistance and causing no small trouble for the fleet, which still needed their intervention.

"Ground troops can enter the field now."

Eastern Cloud Sea gave the command.

A low rumble tore through the night sky, like the roar of an Ancient Giant Beast.

Three "Iron Wall Fortress" class transport ships descended from orbit with a thunderous crash, their surfaces glimmering with a mysterious azure Energy Shield, like a mystical aura shrouding a steel beast.

As the ship's bow plowed through the clouds, the tumbling clouds were ignited by the tail flames, leaving three scarlet trails across the night sky, as if chains of divine judgment had descended from the heavens.

Amidst the harsh screeching, the transport ship's bottom hatch opened wide like a giant mouth, extending several magnetic slides from within. Fully armed Interstellar Warriors poured down the slides like a black torrent.

They were clad in heavy Power Steel Armor, the sharp angles of the armor plates gleaming with a cold metallic luster, each inch bearing the Legion's emblem.

The Explosive Bomb Guns slung across the warriors' chests had barrels shimmering with faint electrical arcs, foretelling the impending deadly firepower.

Upon landing, the warriors' boots emitted recoil flames, firmly anchoring them on the scorched earth.

They swiftly formed a battle formation, the red sights of their Explosive Bomb Guns scanning the surroundings, vigilantly observing every movement in the darkness.

"Move out!"

With a command from the captains, the warriors moved out, forming small groups of three, with every ten groups making up a battalion, and each battalion equipped with several elite Spiritualists.

They scattered like fish thrown into the deep sea, tackling the tough Dark Creatures.

Da-da-da~~

The roar of the Explosive Bomb Guns thundered like a storm.

The steel line formed by the Interstellar Warriors advanced steadily; with each pull of the trigger, the gun barrels spat fire, and arm-thick explosive bombs howled with death.

A Dark Elf that had just emerged from the shadows was blasted open in the chest and abdomen, a scarlet mist blooming under the moonlight, with shattered limbs flying like puppet strings cut.

Above, warships cruised, radars locked on.

On the ground, an iron flood of Interstellar Warriors swamped all enemies.

Alan and the Elf Elders witnessed the entire war process; logically, seeing the slaughter of Dark Elves should have pleased them, yet at this moment, they felt a chill.

The Empire's power is terrifying.

In their presence, the Dark Elves were like livestock, slaughtered wantonly. If one day, the Elf Race had to confront the Empire, how much better would their situation be?

Eastern Cloud Sea noticed the change in Alan and the others' expressions and couldn't help but smile faintly.

This battle today was not only to help the Elves eliminate the Dark Elves but also to show the Elves the muscle, letting them see the gap between themselves and the Empire.

The Empire needs a cooperative ally.

The Dongfang Clan also needs the Elves to cooperate wholeheartedly.

"Let's go, let's first deal with the Dark Elves."

Alan said in a deep voice.

The gap between the Elves and the Empire is enormous, so immense that it's despairing.

However, the Elf Race will not resort to despair because of this.

Once they've decided to embrace the Cosmos, they must face the disparity head-on and strive for development.

In the future, the Elf Race will also have its own fleet and make their name famous in the Star Sea.

.....

"This is what true Interstellar Warriors are~"

Qin Tian couldn't help but sigh as he watched the soldiers equipped with chain-swords and Explosive Bomb Guns in the near distance.

Compared to these elite soldiers before him, the soldiers back on Alpha 7 Star seemed like recruits fresh out of boot camp, overwhelmed in both mental resilience and tactical quality.

Even though they aren't Spiritualists or Superpower Users, with the advantage of their weapons and seamless tactics, they can easily slaughter Tier Two and even Tier Three Dark Elves.

When facing higher-level stronger enemies, the Spiritualists in the battle formation would promptly act, intercepting and encircling the strong foes.

The entire operation went smoothly, step by step, perfectly showcasing the flair of the Empire's elite forces.

"If only one day, I could have such a force."

Qin Tian couldn't help but wish secretly.

Of course, achieving this aspiration would not be easy, as he's not from the Conducting Department personnel. Working in the Seventh Bureau, most of his time is spent executing intelligence or secret missions.

To command military power, especially a Space Fleet, requires relevant experience.

For now, this wish could only remain in his thoughts.

But no one can predict the future.

Perhaps in the not-so-distant future, he might have the chance to become a general or even a marshal.

"Better go snatch the targets quickly, or they'll kill them all first."

Qin Tian gripped his Shadowstrike and continued his hunting journey.

The resistance from the Dark Elves was fierce. Unfortunately, in the face of the Empire's formidable power, all resistance was futile.

After a whole night's battle, more than 95% of Dark Elves in the First Battle Group were eliminated, with the remaining few escaping to more remote places.

Qin Tian didn't rest for a moment throughout the night, racing against time to hunt before the Empire soldiers, killing countless Dark Creatures, and gaining over 600,000 Evolution Points overnight.

His Total Evolution Points reached 1,700,000, not only compensating for the consumption of evolving the Barbaric Dominator Body but also setting a new record in Evolution Points.

Quietly returning to the Elf Sacred Land, Qin Tian overheard Alan and Eastern Cloud Sea's conversation.

"The First Battle Group has been annihilated. Next, we need to seize the victory and destroy the Second Battle Group and Third Battle Group."

"After the news of the First Battle Group's annihilation spreads, these two battle groups will hide deeper, and it might take some time to locate their positions."

Second Battle Group, Third Battle Group

Qin Tian raised his eyebrow slightly, standing at the treehouse entrance, lightly coughed twice, and said:

"I know where the Second Battle Group is."

In an instant, the treehouse fell into silence.

Chapter 197: Purification Ritual

"Qin Tian, can you also find the second battalion's base?"

In the room, everyone turned to look at Qin Tian who had just walked in.

Qin Tian nodded:

"The method is the same as this time, just give me a day and that's enough."

Alan asked: "Is it dangerous?"

Qin Tian smiled: "I've already taken care of the First Battle Group, what does the second battalion count for?"

The First Battle Group was the strongest main force unit of the Dark Elves, led by Tier Seven Morost, with many Tier Six Dark Elves.

As for the second battalion and the third battalion, their opponents were those of the Great Elf Tribe. Although their strength should not be underestimated, with several Tier Six Elves among them, they posed no significant threat to Qin Tian.

The first Dark Elf he captured, Anila, was now in the second battalion.

This time, he could replicate the Golden Oak Tribe's feat, personally infiltrating the base, blowing them up, and harvesting a massive amount of Evolution Points.

"Since young friend Qin Tian is confident, this matter becomes much easier."

The Eastern Cloud Sea smiled and said: "I suggest a three-day rest. Let the Elf Race collect the bodies and complete the cleansing ceremony, then destroy the second battalion in one fell swoop."

"I agree!"

"Alright!"

Alan, the Elf Princess, and the Elf Elders all agreed to the plan.

The defeat of the First Battle Group left a large number of corpses. According to the tradition of the Elf Race, they needed to pile these corpses together for the Tree God to purify their bodies and souls.

This process would take at least one to two days.

At the same time, they also wanted to restore those areas of the Dark Forest with the Tree God Seed as soon as possible.

Three days, just right.

.....

The downfall of the First Battle Group and Morost's death

When the news came, the entire Elf Race was in an uproar.

They cheered, shouted, cried... The century-long civil war had caused the Elves immense suffering — homes destroyed, relatives fallen in battle, tribesmen sacrificed.

The once beautiful and serene Elf Star had now turned into a bloody slaughterhouse.

Even though Morost was dead and the First Battle Group eradicated, those who had passed away would never return.

When the Dark Elves' bodies were transported before the Tree God, the gathered Elf Race members were frighteningly silent.

As they looked at those familiar faces, the Elves couldn't help but feel sorrow well up inside.

These were once relatives and friends they had spent every day with, now they had to meet them in this way.

Why must the Elves endure such suffering?

What did we do wrong?

Onsite, many Elves' eyes reddened, silently sobbing.

Alan stood at the center, feeling the spread of sorrowful atmosphere, he pursed his lips, suddenly recalling a sentence Qin Tian had once told him.

Weakness is original sin.

Because of weakness, they were targeted by the Evil God.

Because of weakness, so many tribesmen died as a huge price, and only with the Empire's help could they resolve this civil unrest.

If their strength were strong enough, if there were a Tier Eight master within the tribe, this unrest would have been suppressed immediately at the start.

"Grandfather, Father, Mother, I will definitely shoulder the responsibilities of the Elf King, protect the tribesmen, and lead the Elf Race to rise again."

Alan looked up, the Elf King's necklace lightly swaying in the sunlight.

The breeze wrapped in the fresh scent of forest vegetation gently lifted the strands of hair by his ear. He squinted his eyes, gazing at the turbulent clouds, in a trance, three blurry faces slowly emerged from the depths of the clouds.

Grandfather's eye wrinkles hidden stories of time, now brimming with joy; Father's heroic eyebrows stretched, that comforting smile, just like when he carried Alan on his shoulder through the forest as a child; Mother's dimple at the corner of her lips shallow, her gentle smile the same as when she coaxed him to sleep in childhood.

These three faces carried familiar warmth, as if time had never passed, returning to those carefree days.

Alan's eyes slightly moistened, the strength surging within his chest, like ancient forest roots ever-growing, spreading.

At this moment, he further understood the significance of the Elf King, the crown on his head grew heavier, yet his spine was straighter than ever.

"The ceremony begins!"

The Elf Elder lifted a leaf-covered clay pot, slowly pouring moonlight wine mixed with dew onto the scorched earth, chanting ancient elegies in a low voice: "In the cycle where moonlight and tree shadows intertwine, may you break free from the shackles of darkness and return to the river of life."

Other Elves all knelt on one knee, their foreheads touching the ground, murmurs rising and falling, like wind passing through forest leaves.

Rustle~~

The Tree God around them blossomed with gentle yet vast green light, its sturdy branches like ancient arms slowly rising, reaching toward the sky. As the Tree God moved, the light grew more intense, seemingly lighting up the entire dark sky.

Soon after, strands of green thread spread out from the Tree God, like lively vines, quickly sweeping toward the Dark Elves' corpses.

The moment these threads touched the corpses, they seemed to come alive, starting to entwine and wrap around them. The Dark Elves' corpses originally emitted a strange black aura, but under the green thread's embrace, the black aura began to gradually dissipate, like snow melting under warm sun.

Then, a stunning scene appeared.

The Dark Elves' corpses started to become transparent, transforming into countless sparkling light points. These light points were like stars on a summer night, emitting a faint yet warm glow.

They broke free from the constraints of the ground, slowly ascending, drifting toward the sky. Each light point left a faint trail as it rose, like a meteor streaking across the sky.

The Tree God's light still shone, it seemed to be guiding these light points. The points gathered in the air, forming a spectacular belt of light, then all merged into the ground.

As the light points merged, leaves rustled, plants grew, the breath of life spread widely.

The Dark Elves had caused great damage to the forest, but the Tree God used their bodies to replenish the earth anew — this was the best redemption for those fallen souls.

Alan placed one hand on his chest, silently murmuring:

"Farewell, my tribesmen."

.....

Three days later

Qin Tian stepped into another part of the Dark Forest, that familiar decaying smell came rushing in.

Light Distortion

Qin Tian entered invisibility mode, leisurely heading deeper into the forest.

One by one, Dark Elves swiftly passed by him, every face carrying deep vigilance, the defeat of the First Battle Group had already reached them, they knew their doom was near, but now they could only fight to the end.

Soon, Qin Tian stopped somewhere.

Very quickly, light footsteps came from nearby.

A slender, tall figure walked out from the forest, and when she saw Qin Tian, she immediately knelt down, respectfully saying:

"Master!"

Qin Tian looked down at his first Soul Seal subject, the Dark Elf Anila.

When leaving the Golden Oak Tribe, he did not let Anila join the First Battle Group, avoiding her meeting with her former superior, Kaelan, and instead she infiltrated the second battalion.

Today was her chance to again play the role of Guiding Party.

This time, he wanted the Evolution Points to break through the 2 million threshold.

Chapter 198: Exclusive Distribution, Billionaire

Boom!!!!

The deafening roar tore through the underground space, and a terrifying explosion erupted in the underground cave. The crimson sea of fire boiled furiously like a raging tsunami, with scorching waves carrying hot debris spreading out with a mountain-crushing force.

The rocks overhead shattered instantly under the powerful impact, and massive stones fell densely like raindrops, making a heart-stopping crashing sound.

Soon after, a scarlet light tore through the darkness above the rock layers, as a red railgun descended from the sky like an apocalypse judgment. With the force of thunder, it pierced through thousands of meters of solid rock, vaporizing them with intense heat, creating a path of scarlet smoke.

The railgun precisely hit the center of the nest, and in an instant, a violent explosion resounded once more, its blinding light illuminating the nest bright as day.

Inside the nest, the Dark Elves let out agonizing screams. Some were blown away by the blast's impact, crashing heavily against the rock walls, immediately losing their breath; some were mercilessly struck by falling boulders, their bodies crushed and bloody; others were consumed by the searing flames, turning to ash in their painful struggles.

The once dark and mysterious nest had now become a purgatory on earth. Limbs and body parts were scattered everywhere, and blood flowed down the rock walls, with the pungent smell of blood mixing with the smoke, pervading the entire space.

Evolution Points +3299

Evolution Points +1233

Evolution Points +3200

...

On the system panel, lines of information flowed like a waterfall.

Qin Tian stood on a clearing dozens of kilometers away, unable to stop a smile from forming at the corner of his mouth.

What a bountiful harvest~

Woo~~~~

In the sky, warships dived down from their space orbit, beams of light piercing through clouds, locking onto their targets accurately.

A massacre against the dark creatures unfolded once more.

.....

A month later

Silver Moon Lake

"Hey kid, I'm leaving tomorrow."

"I know~"

Alan's eyelids drooped. Even though he knew that Qin Tian would leave sooner or later, his heart was still filled with reluctance and sorrow when the day finally came.

"Hey, don't look so down, it's like I'm abandoning you or something."

Qin Tian patted Alan's shoulder, saying, "Don't forget, I have business dealings with you, and if you dare to cheat me out of my money, I'll fly over anytime."

"Then you'd better be careful, I've recently learned quite a few tricks from your human merchants." Alan chuckled.

"You rascal, you're planning to use your cunning on me, huh." Qin Tian teased with a smile.

Over the past month, the second and third Elf Star battle groups, as well as various smaller Dark Elf groups, had been swept clean. The dark creatures were nearly wiped out; even if some Dark Elves hid deeply and escaped this purge, they would surely be discovered when the forest returned to normal.

With the war over and the Curse of the Evil God lifted, it was time to leave Elf Star.

However, before leaving, Qin Tian had arranged a good business deal for himself and the Hurricane Mercenary Corps.

Exclusive selling rights for ten types of Spirit Fruits and seven types of Spiritual Medicine.

These Spirit Fruits and Spiritual Medicine, some suited for ordinary people, could help them improve their bodies, strengthen their qi and blood, or calm the mind, or enhance beauty, with high output yet the prices would definitely not be low.

Several types of Spiritual Medicine and Spirit Fruits were suited for Spiritualists, helping to strengthen physique, increase spiritual power, or directly enhance spiritual energy, heal injuries, targeting the high-end market.

Going forward, the Hurricane Mercenary Corps would set up a subsidiary company, specifically for the procurement and sale of these Spirit Fruits and Spiritual Medicine. Though Qin Tian had never done business before, he could foresee the enormous wealth this exclusive agency would bring him.

He estimated that in less than half a year, he could become a billionaire.

Once, as a commoner, he hated those wealthy people who monopolized business through connections, thinking it wasn't fair at all.

But now he just wanted to say—

How delicious!

Of course, it's not a loss for the Elf Race either.

Firstly, the agreement signed with the Hurricane Mercenary Corps was a distribution agreement. In addition to the regular purchase price, 20% of the final profit would be returned to the Elf Race—the more they sold, the more the Elf Race earned.

Secondly, by cooperating with the Hurricane Mercenary Corps, the Elves would roughly gauge the market value of Spiritual Medicine in the Empire, avoiding selling gold at the price of glass, like those African tribes.

Lastly, the Hurricane Mercenary Corps could help the Elves acquire much-needed human supplies at reasonable prices, preventing exploitation by unscrupulous merchants.

Actually, with Qin Tian and Alan's relationship, this business could grow even larger, but Qin Tian knew that with his and the Hurricane Mercenary Corps' current size and strength, they couldn't handle such a large market.

If they got too greedy, they might be targeted by those big financial groups and powerful forces.

In front of those people, he, an Imperial Colonel, wasn't much.

Meals should be eaten bite by bite, work done step by step.

First, lay a solid foundation, develop talent, and strengthen the team. When the time is right, the company will undoubtedly experience explosive growth, then he could become a billionaire or even a trillionaire.

"Hey kid, remember what I told you, you must read more books and learn about the history of humans and the various races."

Qin Tian said earnestly, "Since the Elf Race has already opened up to the outside world, you're bound to encounter all kinds of troubles in the days ahead, but most of these problems can be solved by looking into history."

"And don't easily sign any agreements. Imperial officials and those merchants are the type who can rip you off without batting an eye. One inconspicuous clause in the agreement can cause you huge losses."

"I suggest you find some professionals, but of course, they could also be bribed, which will test your skills. If you're really not at ease, you can come to me. Although I'm not an expert in this field, I can find some reliable people to advise you."

"And..."

Listening to Qin Tian's various admonitions, Alan pressed his lips together, deeply moved. He knew that besides Qin Tian, no other human in this world would sincerely think about him like this.

"Hey kid, why are you in a daze, did you remember it all?"

Qin Tian knocked on Alan's forehead.

"Ouch!"

Alan covered his forehead, "I remember, seriously verbose."

"Hey, brat, are you asking for a beating again?" Qin Tian glared at him.

"I was wrong."

Alan surrendered with raised hands. He smiled and said,

"Qin Tian, before you leave, I have a big gift for you."

"What big gift?" Qin Tian raised an eyebrow, feeling a hint of expectation.

It should be some precious Spirit Fruit or Treasure Materials, right?

Alan looked at him solemnly and said,

"The Tree God's Life Baptism."

Chapter 199: Tree God's Life Baptism, Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds (Orange)

"The Tree God's Life Baptism?"

Upon hearing this name, Qin Tian was momentarily stunned; the answer was unexpected.

However, compared to some spirit fruits and spiritual medicines, the Tree God's Life Baptism made him feel even more surprised and expectant.

Alan: "Qin Tian, what you have done has not only been watched by us but has also constantly been monitored by the Tree God. This time, it was the Tree God himself who proposed using the Life Baptism to thank you for your contributions to this planet."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian's lips curved into a smile:

"Then I shall graciously accept."

"Follow me!"

Alan led Qin Tian closer to the Tree God, standing on the gargantuan tree roots like mountain ranges.

"Tree God, I have brought Qin Tian."

Alan slightly bowed, looking up at the towering treetop that reached into the clouds.

Swish

The leaves rustled, the surrounding air became suddenly heavy, as if the consciousness of a god was awakening.

The next moment, the sky suddenly split open with a river of jade light, and the ancient treetop that reached into the clouds burst forth with spiritual radiance.

Qin Tian was lifted by an invisible force, suspended mid-air, as the emerald life force gushing from the crevices of the bark poured down like a waterfall. This essence of life, bursting with vitality, transformed into countless streams of light upon touching his skin, burrowing into his pores. His bones cracked like frying beans, blue-gold veins began to boil beneath his muscles, each drop of blood burning.

Vines thousands of feet long descended from the treetop, entwining around Qin Tian to form a cocoon of life; countless light dots seeped from his seven orifices, condensing in the air into ancient life runes.

As the runes flickered, his internal organs were injected with vigorous vitality, and the rhythm of his heartbeat gradually synchronized with the Tree God's pulse. Each beat sent out a transparent ripple of spiritual energy; with each breath, he could inhale and exhale a dense, life-rich emerald spirit mist.

The surface of his bones gleamed with a crystalline luster, their density continuously rising, and tree bark-like pale golden patterns appeared on the surface of his skin, with emerald energy flowing through them. With each breath, he could influence the growth of plants within a ten-mile radius.

His pupils emitted an emerald glow, and the spiritual energy within him erupted like a volcano, breaking through the bondage. The originally calm dantian transformed into an overflowing spiritual sea, and the surging spiritual energy stirred up monstrous waves within.

The color of the light sphere of the [Desolate Battle Body] began to slowly deepen, transitioning from light orange to medium orange.

At the same time, the color change of two other light spheres was even faster.

[Plant Assimilation] (Green), [Spirit Essence Healing Ability] (Purple)

The former leaped directly from green through blue, reaching purple, and within a minute, surged to deep purple.

The latter reached the extreme of purple in just two breaths.

Seeing this, Qin Tian did not hesitate and directly fused the two major talents, investing 500,000 evolution points, allowing the talents to simultaneously complete their final evolution.

Buzz

A faint orange appeared within the light sphere, and with the infusion of life force, the color of the light sphere continued to deepen. When the last trace of life force was injected into his body, the light sphere ultimately, like the [Desolate Battle Body], was fixed at medium orange.

[Name] Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds (Orange)

[Type] Composite

[Introduction] You are the supreme ruler of the Plant Kingdom, the embodiment of life on earth. When you descend, countless flora bow their heads in submission. Roots surge underground, vines grow wildly, flowers bloom with deadly sharpness. The entire verdant wilds will become your weapon and unyielding fortress for conquest, and you have the following abilities:

1. Verdant War Hymn: When the battle horn sounds, a mere wave of your arm can awaken the battle instincts of surrounding plants. Grass can harden like steel needles in an instant, erupting densely from the ground to form sharp traps; vines can burst from the ground like flexible long whips, entangling and strangling enemies; trees can uproot with a roar, their trunks twist and reshape, becoming tree-man warriors clad in bark armor and wielding immense wooden spears. These battle plants not only possess incredible strength and defense but can also freely change form and attack methods according to your will. You can even imbue them with the Power of Elements, making every combat plant an enemy's nightmare, unleashing a green tempest on the battlefield.

2. Life Carving: You are a top-tier life engineer, able to unravel the secrets of growth, accelerating a plant's life cycle to turn a seed into a towering tree in seconds; or guide plants to mutate, bestowing them with special abilities and spirituality. The plants you cultivate not only possess immense power but are also able to establish a spiritual connection with you, obeying your silent commands to become your most loyal partners. As your ability progresses, you can even cultivate self-aware spirit plants that can fight alongside you, wielding unique skills.

3. Life Pulse: By invoking 'Life Pulse,' a field expands centered on you, bestowing allies within the domain with the 'Gift of Life,' rapidly healing bodily wounds, significantly enhancing strength and speed, each breath filled with life energy. Enemies stepping into the field fall into the predicament of 'Life Suppression,' their actions slowing, and their vitality continuously draining. Additionally, you can draw on life force from the earth, water sources, and various environments and creatures to heal yourself or other targets.

Swoosh~

Qin Tian opened his eyes, green light swirling in his gaze, the surging life force boiling within, qi and blood like dragons, strength pulsating with intensity. The spiritual energy that had just broken through to Tier Four also reached the new height of Tier Four Three Stars under the infusion of life energy.

He descended slowly, Alan immediately approached, curiously asking:

"How is it? Has your body changed greatly?"

He had also experienced a Tree God's Life Baptism when he had just come of age, which had brought about a transformative change in him, greatly enhancing his power.

He believed that this baptism would also have an extraordinary effect on Qin Tian.

"Of course, not only has my physique greatly improved, but my abilities have also evolved."

Qin Tian raised his hand and made a virtual fist, the green grass on the ground rapidly growing at a visible speed, rapidly mutating into wrist-thick vines, dexterously weaving a crown shape in midair.

A faint scent of vegetation wafted by his nose, every leaf's tremor, every root's growth clearly imprinted in his perception within a hundred-meter radius, as if he had gained thousands of eyes and feelers.

"Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds, a truly domineering name."

Qin Tian quietly thought, his lips involuntarily curving upwards.

The new orange talent integrates combat and healing while also offering great commercial potential, for instance, he could completely gather spirit fruits and spirit medicine seeds for mass planting, then use his abilities to accelerate cultivation. One can imagine the wealth this could bring him, perfectly complementing his business ambitions.

Moreover, the abilities of the Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds bear some resemblance to the Dongfang Clan's Qingmu Bloodline, so in the future, could he perform some strategic maneuvers?

Qin Tian stroked his chin, a peculiar light flashing in his eyes.

Chapter 200: The Dongfang Clan's Invitation

Seeing the vine growing wildly under Qin Tian's feet, Alan's eyes widened, incredulous:

"Plant control? You have this ability too?"

His tone was surprised, with a hint of jealousy.

It's known that only some Elf Mages and Druids within the clan can manipulate plants in battle, even someone like him, the Elf King, can't do it.

Qin Tian has all sorts of strange abilities, which he can accept, but plant control too? That's something he really couldn't stand.

He felt a pang of jealousy in his heart.

"Yeah, isn't this quite simple? Could it be that you, the Elf King, can't control plants?" Qin Tian feigned surprise.

"Who said I couldn't? I can~"

Alan blinked, "Do you think I can't?"

Qin Tian smiled and said, "Perfect, let's have a little contest to see who's better."

"Sorry, Elf Secret Techniques are never shown to outsiders." Alan refused righteously, then pushed Qin Tian's shoulder.

"The Life Baptism is over, you can leave now. Goodbye, no need to see you off."

"Alright, alright, I'm leaving."

Qin Tian waved his hand as he turned his back on Alan, "Kid, I'm leaving tomorrow morning at nine, remember to see me off."

"We'll see, I might be busy then." Alan called out to Qin Tian's retreating figure.

Qin Tian smiled, said no more, and walked away.

.....

"Young friend Qin Tian."

Upon returning to the guest area, Eastern Cloud Sea, not far away, waved to greet Qin Tian.

Qin Tian nodded in response and quickly walked over.

"Mr. Dongfang."

Eastern Cloud Sea smiled, "Young friend Qin Tian, I noticed some movements by the Tree God earlier and wanted to ask if it had anything to do with you?"

Qin Tian shook his head solemnly:

"It was an internal ceremony of the Elf Royal Family. I was just invited to watch."

"I see~"

Eastern Cloud Sea smiled slightly, but inside he thought, this young man is really slick; his expression doesn't change when he's lying.

The unusual life fluctuations around Qin Tian could not escape his perception, giving him a sense of 'similarity,' something Qin Tian didn't have before.

He was certain that the Tree God's disturbance was definitely related to Qin Tian, but since Qin Tian didn't want to elaborate, he didn't press further.

Over the past month, he had grown more interested in Qin Tian.

This was a young man with exceptional talent, meticulous thoughts, and mastery of various special abilities. He had the family's intelligence agency investigate Qin Tian, resulting in a report.

As expected, Qin Tian's registered identity on Elf Star was fake. In reality, he was a first-year student at the Eagle Military Academy on Silver Gray Star.

But what puzzled him was that other than this, he couldn't find any information about Qin Tian. There was no family, no relatives, and his history before entering the military academy was completely blank, as if he had popped out of thin air.

To know, in the Azure Wood Star Realm, the Dongfang Family's intelligence network was practically all-seeing. To investigate someone could usually be done in minutes, detailing their life from birth to the present.

However, even applying for higher-level permissions didn't yield any background information on Qin Tian's family.

But intelligence officers on Silver Gray Star gave him some clues.

Not long ago, there was an Evil God Sacrifice incident on Silver Gray Star that shook the Star Realm, and Qin Tian played a crucial role in disrupting the sacrifice. Additionally, he had close ties with Yan Qing from the Silver Gray Star's Seventh Bureau.

Intelligence personnel suspected that Qin Tian might be a member of the Seventh Bureau.

The reasoning was straightforward: Seventh Bureau members' records were not kept in the Azure Wood Star Realm but managed uniformly by the Empire's Seventh Bureau Headquarters, inaccessible to outsiders, even the Holy Blood Clan.

Eastern Cloud Sea agreed with the intelligence personnel's speculation, but it didn't mean he lost interest in Qin Tian. On the contrary, a young man with a Golden Level bloodline, outstanding abilities, mind, and tactics, who also had the Elf King's trust, was a target any force would want.

"Young friend Qin Tian, if I'm not mistaken, you should be from the Seventh Bureau." Eastern Cloud Sea said with a light smile.

Qin Tian's expression remained unchanged, unsurprised that Eastern Cloud Sea had discerned his identity.

"That's right, I'm a Colonel Officer of the Seventh Bureau, Qin Tian."

Colonel?

A look of surprise flashed in Eastern Cloud Sea's eyes; to have such a rank at such a young age, it seemed he underestimated how much the Seventh Bureau valued Qin Tian.

Eastern Cloud Sea smiled and said:

"Young friend Qin Tian, would you be interested in working for the Dongfang Clan? Though the Seventh Bureau is directly under Marshal Lin, its power is limited. Even if you reach Yan Qing's position, you won't have many soldiers under you. Don't you feel the Seventh Bureau can't fully allow your talent and abilities to shine?"

"But the Dongfang Clan is different. Here, you can meet many outstanding young people like yourself, exchange ideas, and improve together. Moreover, the Dongfang Clan can offer you resources, connections, platforms, and future development opportunities that the Seventh Bureau can't match."

"I believe that with your abilities, coupled with the cultivation of the Dongfang Clan, you could become a new star in the military world, leading a Legion and being promoted to Major General within ten years."

Is this an attempt to recruit me?

Wanting me to switch allegiances

Qin Tian's eyes moved.

Too bad, if it were someone else, they might genuinely consider it.

After all, Eastern Cloud Sea wasn't wrong; at least in the Azure Wood Star Realm, the Dongfang Clan indeed had more strength than the Seventh Bureau.

It's just a pity that I'm a Clone.

Within the Empire, who could be more fitting as my patron than Marshal Lin, also of Clone origin?

"Mr. Dongfang, thank you for your recognition, but this matter is significant, and I need to think it over carefully."

Qin Tian's tone was tactful, neither agreeing nor outright refusing.

Eastern Cloud Sea also understood that switching allegiances was a major decision; it was impossible for Qin Tian to agree immediately, and if he did, it would actually make him hesitate and doubt.

"Alright, no rush. I think you should discuss it with your family since it concerns your future development. Be very cautious when making such decisions."

Eastern Cloud Sea smiled, "I won't disturb you any longer. I hear you're leaving tomorrow. I'll arrange a special plane to take you to the ship."

Qin Tian bowed slightly, "Thank you, Mr. Dongfang."

After bidding farewell to Eastern Cloud Sea, Qin Tian returned to his spacious and bright tree house, where several people were already waiting.

Li Qi, Feng Mochuan,

The Vice Commander of the Hurricane Mercenary Corps, Xu Ze, and several core members.

Upon seeing Qin Tian enter, everyone immediately stood up and respectfully said:

"Boss!"

"Boss!"

"Hmm."

Qin Tian nodded, gesturing with his hand for everyone to sit down.

His gaze swept over the faces of the Hurricane Mercenary Corps members, this was his first core team, the future of the company's success and whether he could command a loyal and powerful private militia depended on these people.