

Battlefield 271

Chapter 271: Subjugation and Shock

"Captain, you're back."

"Hey, why have you brought back another barbarian? Weren't you satisfied last time?"

"Captain! Captain!"

Bang

The door closed.

The Poisonous Widow's subordinates glanced at each other.

What's happening? Ignoring us?

The captain seems to be in a hurry.

"Maybe the last barbarian was so satisfying that the captain bought another one."

"I think that's it. That barbarian is really unlucky; no man favored by the Poisonous Widow has ever left the room alive."

...

Bang

The door closed again.

Inside the room, an amber light turned on, casting a glow on the whip, candles, cuffs, and other objects in the corner by the bed.

There was a blood-stained cross on the wall.

The atmosphere was already

The Poisonous Widow turned and looked at the barbarian. The fiery feeling of near insanity faded a lot, but the desire was still there, just not as urgent as before.

"Let's have some fun."

The Poisonous Widow hooked the barbarian's chin with her finger and commanded:

"Take off your clothes! Get on the ground and lick my feet!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the hunched barbarian slowly straightened his spine. Through his messy hair, those previously lackluster eyes suddenly shone brightly, though the look was indescribably strange.

"Your request...", the hoarse voice suddenly turned into fluent Imperial speech, "is rather heavy-tasting indeed."

Not good!

In an instant, the Poisonous Widow's body bristled, just as the spiritual energy started to gather at her fingertips, the shadows throughout the room suddenly came to life.

Dozens of vines with a ghostly blue glow erupted like venomous snakes, wrapping her up in an instant. Those luminous patterns were like countless greedy little mouths, crazy to suck on every inch of her skin, her inner spiritual energy gushed out like a breached dam.

No, no!

The Poisonous Widow's eyes were filled with intense horror and fear. Suddenly, purple toxic gas burst from her body, engulfing Qin Tian.

Seeing this, Qin Tian smiled faintly, opened his mouth, and sucked in all the toxic gas.

What is he doing, courting death?

The Poisonous Widow was both shocked and pleased at this sight.

Her poison could even corrode a Spirit Shield; anyone who dared absorb it would rot and die instantly, even a Tier Six expert.

He's doomed!

One second, two seconds, five seconds...

The Poisonous Widow's eyes kept widening, what's going on, why is he unharmed!

"Your poison, too weak!"

Qin Tian raised his hand, a wisp of black gas emerged from his fingertip and went straight into the Poisonous Widow's nostrils.

In an instant, tens of thousands of ants surged through the Poisonous Widow's body. Acidity, itching, pain, numbness, eroded her nerves like a tide, making her scream uncontrollably.

"Ahhh!"

Outside the door, a few subordinates exchanged peculiar glances.

This barbarian has some real skills!

A green vine stuffed into her mouth, muting the Poisonous Widow.

Looking at the Poisonous Widow bound tightly, with just her pretty face showing, Qin Tian rubbed his chin, as if thinking of something, muttering:

"Maybe I should let Jie La learn some Japanese bondage in the future."

As soon as these words dropped, the vines on the Poisonous Widow began to move, tying her arms and legs behind her back, with two vines passing over her chest, highlighting her explosive figure.

"Uh, you're quite experienced~"

Qin Tian couldn't help but twitch his mouth.

"My previous master taught me~" Jie La replied.

Previous master?

Was it the Tier Nine expert Dugu Feng?

Turns out such experts have their unorthodox sides too.

At this moment, the Poisonous Widow was already on the brink of fainting. Seeing this, Qin Tian promptly planted a Soul Seal on her before dissolving her poison.

Meeting the Poisonous Widow's beautiful eyes filled with deep fear as they slowly opened, Qin Tian waved his hand, signaling Jie La to release her.

"Mas... Master."

The Poisonous Widow lowered her head and whispered, her eyes a bit teary, looking pitiable.

However, Qin Tian wouldn't be fooled by her appearance; this Poisonous Widow was a cruel and vicious woman, extremely vigilant. If not for Charm and Fall instantly igniting the desires in one's heart, luring her in really wouldn't have been easy.

"Have you seen this person?"

Qin Tian got straight to the point, showing her a photo of the missing scientist.

Upon seeing it, the Poisonous Widow nodded and said:

"Yes, I have."

At the same time, she grasped a realization.

Turns out the master is with the Imperial official

Regarding the man in the photo, she had a deep impression.

Because it was during the first attack of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves on the battleship, many people were worried then, but the leader ordered them to push forward recklessly.

Eventually, they broke into the battleship and captured the soldiers. Among them, only one person wasn't in uniform, wore glasses, and clearly looked like a scholar.

"Is he currently with the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, or has he been transferred to another power?" Qin Tian asked.

For the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, a scientist in the field of weaponry energy isn't as valuable as a millionaire.

Military Department suspected that some powers might have hired the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves to capture scientists, thus obtaining crucial research data and project status.

"I don't know." The Poisonous Widow shook her head.

Seeing this, Qin Tian frowned, it seemed the only option was to infiltrate the base ship of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves to find clues about the scientist.

With this in mind, Qin Tian said to the Poisonous Widow:

"Bring everyone outside in."

"Yes!"

The Poisonous Widow didn't know what her master wanted but obediently followed the order.

"You all, come in."

Hearing the Poisonous Widow's voice, the subordinates thought they were going to deal with the barbarian's corpse as before.

But this time, the captain's speed was much faster than before.

They wondered if she'd already enjoyed herself thoroughly.

When they walked into the room, they saw the barbarian standing by the bed and the Poisonous Widow's clothes soaked in sweat.

What's going on?

He's not dead?

They were stunned for a moment, then suddenly, dozens of green vines rose up and wrapped them into cocoons.

...

"Officer, still no word from Qin Tian?"

Zhao Rui stood by the window, slightly frowning.

Beside him, Chen Wei and Jiang Yihan also felt a bit displeased.

Regardless of the mission, if it involves the team, reporting progress promptly is very important.

Yet Qin Tian had disappeared for over half a day without a trace, such unprofessionalism lowered their impression of Qin Tian even more.

"Not yet, let's wait a bit longer."

Yan Qing appeared quite calm; while Qin Tian had been with the Seventh Bureau for over half a year, he had never attended their training nor performed any task, purely a self-taught wild growth, not understanding the requirements during task execution was normal.

However, he could see Qin Tian had great confidence in this mission, so he was willing to give Qin Tian the space and trust to execute it.

Beep, beep, beep

At this moment, Yan Qing's communication device rang.

"It's Qin Tian calling."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Rui and the others immediately gathered around.

The call connected, and Qin Tian's face appeared in the center of the video.

"Reporting, officer, I have successfully completed this mission," Qin Tian said seriously.

What?

Zhao Rui and the others were in disbelief, something they couldn't solve in a month, Qin Tian finished in half a day?

"Qin Tian, how did you infiltrate their group?" Zhao Rui couldn't help but ask.

"Infiltrate? No, I didn't infiltrate,"

Qin Tian shook his head, stepping aside, revealing the Poisonous Widow and several subordinates kneeling on the ground.

"I directly subdued them."

WTF!!!

Seeing the familiar faces full of respect, the trio's eyes widened abruptly, their hearts surging with huge waves.

Can things be handled this way?

Chapter 272: Seduction and the Superman Potion

"Qin Tian, how did you do it?" Zhao Rui couldn't help but ask.

"Well..."

Qin Tian smiled faintly, "Sorry, it's not convenient to divulge too much. It's related to my abilities."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Rui and the others' expressions froze. Though their hearts were filled with questions, they did not press further.

They were not familiar with Qin Tian, and Qin Tian had no obligation to disclose every detail to them.

Moreover, there was an unwritten rule across various intelligence departments, including the Seventh Bureau, where superiors only concerned themselves with the results of tasks, not the specifics involving the abilities or secrets of intelligence personnel, except in special cases.

Everyone has their own secrets and cards to play; no one can guarantee that these secrets will not leak from higher departments.

If leaked, it could spell disaster for the intelligence personnel.

"Qin Tian, I definitely didn't misjudge you."

A smile appeared on Yan Qing's face, and the irritation and pressure he had been enduring finally vanished in this moment.

Qin Tian was still the Qin Tian who repeatedly surprised him.

He tackled such a tricky mission with ease.

With such a capable general, what more could one ask for!

"Next, use your discretion, stay safe, and keep in touch." Yan Qing said.

He trusted Qin Tian's abilities. As long as the first step went smoothly, infiltrating the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' base ship should be relatively easy, allowing them to investigate the whereabouts of the missing scientist.

"Yes, sir!"

Qin Tian saluted and hung up the phone.

.....

"You guys..."

Qin Tian turned around, looking at the Star Thieves he had just subdued.

The Poisonous Widow was a Tier Five, Two star Spiritualist with a Poison Bloodline, quite a notable figure in the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, serving as a captain.

It was precisely because of the Poisonous Widow's strength and cunning that she was entrusted with important tasks by the Bailie Hunt Mercenary Corps, like going out to procure supplies.

As for the other team members, according to the Poisonous Widow, they were not her confidants but rather drawn from other teams by the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves to supervise her and prevent fund misuse.

These people could only be considered her temporary subordinates.

Their strength ranged from Tier Two to Tier Three.

Feeling Qin Tian's sharp and intimidating gaze, everyone lowered their heads, trembling inside.

Their master was an Imperial officer.

And we are all Star Thieves; what will he do with us?

"Everything will continue as usual."

Qin Tian's expression was indifferent, his voice calm and without a ripple. He slowly swept his gaze over everyone present.

"Do what you are supposed to do. In front of others, I am still the slave in your eyes."

He paused, and his voice suddenly turned icy.

"Should anyone dare to slip up, or say even half a wrong word..."

Before he finished speaking, everyone suddenly clutched their heads and screamed miserably. Their seas of consciousness seemed to be pierced by thousands of ice spikes; the pain made those with weaker cultivation directly kneel on the ground, veins bulging on their foreheads, emitting heart-wrenching wails.

"I will show you what makes life worse than death."

The sharp pain vanished suddenly, but everyone present was drenched as if pulled from water, gasping for air, eyes filled with terror.

"Master, rest assured, we will follow your instructions."

The Poisonous Widow knelt on the ground, her voice trembling as she spoke.

The others quickly echoed, their fear of Qin Tian peaking.

Qin Tian's gaze swept across each face. Honestly, other than the Poisonous Widow having some utility, the others were nothing but cannon fodder in his eyes. Not only were they heinous in action, but their strength was also nothing special. They are only useful for now; once things are over, they will need to be dealt with to avoid revealing his Soul Seal ability.

"Poisonous Widow stays, the rest can leave." Qin Tian ordered.

"Yes!"

The team members, as if pardoned, quickly bowed and left the room.

Now, the Poisonous Widow faced Qin Tian alone, the previous burning desire long gone, leaving only a heart trembling with fear.

"Your ability is poison; can you strengthen your abilities by absorbing toxins?" Qin Tian asked directly.

The Poisonous Widow quickly replied:

"I can, but I usually don't casually try poison. If the toxicity is too high, I find it difficult to protect myself."

It seemed her Talent Level wasn't high, at most Bronze Level.

Let's test her first and see if she's worth cultivating.

Qin Tian raised his hand, and a stream of purple liquid oozed from his fingertip, hovering in front of the Poisonous Widow.

"Swallow this and see if it can enhance your abilities. Rest assured, with me here, you won't be harmed."

"Yes, master."

The Poisonous Widow unhesitatingly opened her mouth, letting the liquid trickle down her throat.

As soon as she swallowed the purple liquid, a searing pain arose in her throat, as if she had ingested molten lava. She let out a muffled groan, her legs buckling, causing her to kneel on the ground, hands clutching her neck, her knuckles turning white from the effort.

"Ugh... Ah!"

Her skin quickly broke out in eerie purple-black patterns, spreading like a web from her neck to her entire body. Her veins bulged beneath her skin as if countless poisonous insects crawled inside, gnawing at her flesh.

She curled up and rolled on the ground in agony, her nails digging deep into the floor, leaving sinister gouges.

Qin Tian watched coldly, his fingertip moving slightly, a wisp of Spiritual Power silently enveloped the Poisonous Widow, ensuring she wouldn't die from excessive toxins.

Suddenly, the Poisonous Widow arched her back violently, letting out a piercing scream—her abdomen suddenly lit up with a ghostly green light, marking the location of the Poison Pill inside her body.

Chapter 273: Seduction and the Superman Potion (Part 2)

The originally slightly dim Poison Pill was now spinning wildly, greedily devouring the highly poisonous substance that Qin Tian provided, with a faint dark purple sheen emerging on its surface.

"Boom!"

A violent toxic gas erupted from the Poisonous Widow's body, instantaneously corroding the surrounding air, and the ground sizzled, eaten away by the toxic mist, leaving countless fine holes.

The Poisonous Widow's eyes turned completely purple-black, with pupils constricted like needles.

Qin Tian squinted slightly, noticing her aura was slowly rising, and he took out an elixir that increased spiritual energy and put it into her mouth.

The elixir melted upon entry, turning into a gentle spirit liquid that slid down the Poisonous Widow's throat. In an instant, the turbulent poison power within her seemed to be soothed by an invisible hand, the violent energy, like rivers merging into the sea, was guided to flow through her limbs and bones.

The Poisonous Widow shuddered all over, only feeling a cool sensation rising from her Dantian, swiftly neutralizing the burning sensation caused by the toxins. Her meridians swelled slightly under the effect of the elixir, with the spiritual energy rushing through every acupoint like a tidal wave.

In no time, the Poisonous Widow's body shook, and a hint of surprise appeared in her eyes.

"Thank you, Master!!!"

The Poisonous Widow knelt on the ground with a plop, speaking respectfully and gratefully.

Just a dose of poison not only significantly enhanced her Poison Pill's toxicity but also inadvertently helped her spiritual energy break through to Tier Five Three Stars.

If she could stay by her master's side for a long time, wouldn't she have the chance to become a Tier Six, or even higher-level powerhouse?

At this moment, the Poisonous Widow's loyalty surged upwards.

She originally had a personality accustomed to relying on others, previously leaning on several husbands, then later on the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, and this time, she just changed the object of reliance.

Moreover, her master not only was handsome with a deep background but also could help her enhance her Poison Ability.

Such a master was simply perfect.

She discreetly raised her eyes, the sunlight streaming through the window lattices and coating her master with a layer of golden radiance, his chiseled profile, the unfathomable strength, and the effortless manner he had controlled the toxin just now—every aspect made her heartbeat accelerate.

"Master, you've had a long day, let me give you a massage."

The Poisonous Widow stood up, her cheeks flushing with a rosy hue, her eyes glowing with a seductive charm.

The small thoughts of the Poisonous Widow had long been perceived by Qin Tian through the Soul Seal.

Goodness, I've painstakingly cultivated you, yet you want to sleep with me?

Truly not willing to take even a single detour!

"Not necessary."

Qin Tian raised his hand to refuse.

The Poisonous Widow's face stiffened, it was her first time being rejected by a man.

What's the situation?

Could it be that her master prefers men?

"I... like women."

Qin Tian's forehead lined with black marks, spoke irritably.

This woman is just too narcissistic!

The Poisonous Widow's heart gave a sharp jolt.

Damn it! Can the master read minds?!

She suddenly realized that those amorous thoughts she just had were probably already seen through completely.

After a brief panic, she instead gave a flirtatious smile, her slender fingers resting on Qin Tian's shoulder, since her thoughts couldn't be hidden, she might as well display them openly.

"Master, am I not good-looking?"

"So-so." Qin Tian said offhandedly.

"So-so? How can that be? Why am I just so-so?"

The Poisonous Widow exploded like a cat with its fur bristled, her eyes widened round, her voice rising several pitches.

She could accept being called malicious at heart, and could accept being scolded for being ruthless, but whoever dared to say she wasn't beautiful enough—she would definitely fight that person to the death.

Is there such a strong reaction?

Qin Tian rolled his eyes speechlessly, "I say, can't you take a look at how you look now first?"

The Poisonous Widow was taken aback, instinctively looking down at herself—

Only to see the originally enchanting gauze dress already soaked with sweat, sticking wetly to her body, her meticulously styled bun loosely hanging down, a few strands of hair glued to her face shining with oiliness, not to mention the mix of poison-salty sweat odor wafting from all over...

"Ah—!"

"M-master, please wait! I'll go bathe and change clothes immediately!"

Before the words fell, she had already transformed into a residual shadow rushing to the bathroom, knocking over two chairs along the way.

Seeing this, Qin Tian shook his head helplessly.

The Poisonous Widow was considered the first female subordinate he was willing to cultivate.

A Tier Five Spiritualist with a Poison Bloodline, cautious and ruthless by nature, able to evade the Judgement Court's pursuit, enough to demonstrate her capability.

Her strength, mind, and potential were all decent, with a promising future, but she was not very honest, always thinking about shortcuts.

The mistress position is not one you can assume.

Half an hour later, the Poisonous Widow emerged from the bathroom wearing a light gauze nightdress, her hair scented with lavender, a curve playing upon her lips, her demeanor increasingly seductive.

She firmly believed that there wasn't a man in the world she couldn't handle.

Bang

As soon as the door opened, a set of black clothes was directly thrown onto her face.

"Put on clothes and take me to see the supplies you've procured."

Qin Tian left a sentence behind, turned around, and left the room.

The Poisonous Widow's face stiffened, then her teeth clenched tightly, almost audibly.

...

"These are all the supplies we've procured over the past days, with another part arriving tomorrow."

The Poisonous Widow took Qin Tian to the underground warehouse, compared to earlier, now her face was cold, and whenever her gaze fell on Qin Tian, she would be so angry she could gnash her teeth.

What just happened, for a woman who took pride in her appearance, was simply an utter humiliation.

Qin Tian was well aware of the small thoughts of the Poisonous Widow, but letting her take a higher position was out of the question, honestly do the work for me.

His eyes swept around.

The supplies procured by the Poisonous Widow's team mainly focused on energy blocks, food, living supplies, and cultivation resources.

However, among these supplies, Qin Tian also found some peculiar things.

"These are for conducting experiments, right?"

Qin Tian picked up a test tube, asking in puzzlement, "The Hundred Hunt Star Thieves are also engaged in experimental research?"

Hearing this, the Poisonous Widow explained:

"Indeed, there is a lab on the base ship with a lot of experiment staff, and their research direction is bio-gene engineering. Among the captured groups, some are sent into the lab for human trials."

Bio-gene engineering, which has nothing to do with the scientists' weapon energy field.

However, a star thief crew actually set up a gene lab on a ship, what are they trying to research?

"What is its main research direction, and have there been any results so far?" Qin Tian asked again.

The Poisonous Widow thought for a bit, unsure she said:

"The lab is researching a gene bomb, the specifics I'm not clear on, but I heard them say that if the research succeeds, this gene bomb could destroy a city, or even an entire continent in a short period."

What!

Qin Tian's brows furrowed, the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves were actually researching such a terrifying thing, if they truly succeeded and it fell into the hands of those with sinister intentions, the entire Empire would be extremely precarious.

"It's mainly for what purpose? Have there been any results so far?" Qin Tian asked again.

The Poisonous Widow explained:

"There's a particular main experimental agent I've used personally, it's able to significantly slow down the aging of appearance, we all call it the Youth Potion."

Slowing down physical aging could be of great interest to every woman, if not both men and women alike, in the world.

This could be worth much more than selling medicinal herbs or Elf Fruit.

There is no person in this world, man or woman, who couldn't be swayed by me.

Swoosh

The moment the door opened, a set of black clothing was tossed directly at her face.

"Change your clothes and show me the supplies you have procured."

Qin Tian left the words and turned to leave the room.

The Poisonous Widow's face suddenly stiffened, then her teeth clenched tightly in irritation.

...

"This is all the supplies we've procured over these days, and one more batch will arrive tomorrow."

The Poisonous Widow led Qin Tian to the underground warehouse, her face had turned cold compared to just now. Every time her eyes fell on Qin Tian, her teeth would itch with anger.

What had just happened was simply an utter humiliation for a woman such as her who took pride in her beauty.

Qin Tian was well aware of the little schemes of the Poisonous Widow.

But taking the top spot is not an option for you, honestly, better off just working for me.

Chapter 274: Rendezvous and Departure

According to Old Neil's description, the barbarians do not possess Spiritual Energy, nor are they Superpower Users. Their Steel Bones and Iron Flesh come from the totem battle patterns on their bodies.

Moreover, even the women and children among the barbarians can withstand the tortures of slave merchants. The warrior's willpower and endurance are undoubtedly even more astounding.

They completely have a chance to endure the side effects of the Superman Potion.

At this point, Qin Tian suddenly realized that the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves seemed to be a treasure trove.

The Youth Potion for making money

The Superman Potion to boost combat power

And the Star Thief members, one by one, ripe for the picking, who can be turned into Talent Light Spheres and Evolution Points

This mission was truly the right one to undertake!

"Alright, back to the room."

Qin Tian waved his hand.

Back to the room?

The Poisonous Widow's eyes lit up, and she immediately said:

"Master, let me accompany you to rest."

"No need, bring me my meal, and then supervise your subordinates. Make sure nothing goes wrong," Qin Tian said flatly.

You...

The Poisonous Widow was so angry that her teeth itched, rejecting me, rejecting me again.

Do I look very unattractive?

The repeated rejections only sparked a strong rebellious feeling in her heart.

I'm just not convinced there's a man in this world I can't win over.

"Haha, you're overthinking it. Buddy, I'm the man you'll never get," Qin Tian silently murmured in his heart, curling his lips.

...

Over the next two days

Besides learning more about the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves from the Poisonous Widow, Qin Tian also found several other procurement teams to monitor.

The leaders of these teams are all captain-level figures in the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, Tier Five or above experts, and each is a wanted criminal with numerous charges.

Although the Poisonous Widow is vicious and venomous, compared to these people, she's simply like a kind little white flower.

The data shows that these leaders are all capricious and violent individuals who revel in murderous thrills, with over a thousand innocent civilians dying at their hands.

Murder, arson, rape, and robbery, committing every evil deed imaginable.

Some crimes made Qin Tian want to kill them on the spot.

To complete the mission, he'll spare their lives for now, but once the mission is over, these Star Thieves must die.

.....

Today is the day when the four procurement teams regroup for the return journey.

Sibada, accompanied by a subordinate, entered the warehouse, casting his eyes over the slaves wearing bomb necklaces. Among them were men, women, and even children, though predominantly women who were outstanding in appearance and figure.

"The quality of the female slaves is good this time."

Sibada nodded with satisfaction and then said, "What a pity, they're still not as good as that saucy wench, the Poisonous Widow."

Hearing this, the subordinate behind him chuckled, "Captain, I heard the Poisonous Widow bought a barbarian slave, and has been staying in the room with this barbarian almost every day, rarely coming out."

"Oh?"

Sibada looked surprised, "That barbarian is still alive?"

According to the Poisonous Widow's habit, all the men who have had a relationship with her are basically killed afterward.

"Yes, so that barbarian must have some skills to please the Poisonous Widow."

Upon hearing this, the subordinate was filled with envy, jealousy, and hate, thinking to himself, if only he could spend a few days with the Poisonous Widow, he'd be willing to trade ten years of his lifespan for it.

"Ha, then I'd like to see what skills this barbarian has."

Thinking that a lowly slave could spend a few days in intimacy with the Poisonous Widow, Sibada also felt extremely displeased.

"Bring the people and let's go to join them."

Their team's procurement focus was slaves, along with some experimental equipment, weapons, and elixirs.

A medium-sized flying device landed in front of the warehouse, carrying Sibada's team and all the slaves and supplies to the assembly point.

In the afternoon

All four teams gathered in an open area,

Sibada turned his head, noticing that in the Black Widow's team, there were a dozen slaves, both male and female, but he immediately recognized the barbarian slave.

Wearing short clothes, tall and strong, his skin was covered in black tattoos, his unkempt hair framing a rugged masculine face, with a bomb necklace around his neck.

Is it him?

A contemptuous glint flashed in Sibada's eyes. Just an uncivilized barbarian, far inferior to him.

Oh Poisonous Widow, your taste is really getting worse.

Just then, a low rumbling sound came from above.

Everyone looked up to see the heavy clouds churned by airflow, as a pitch-black interstellar transport ship slowly pierced through the cloud canopy, casting an enormous shadow downwards.

The exterior of the vessel gleamed with a cold metallic sheen, with a crimson emblem of "Black Falcon" painted on the sides—along with the hum of its anti-gravity engines, it hovered steadily a few meters above the ground, its bottom hatch slowly opening to reveal a deep cargo hold inside.

Several mechanical arms extended from the cabin, skillfully seizing cargo boxes piled on the ground. Amidst the clattering of interlocking gears, all the materials were swiftly transferred to the bottom cargo hold.

"Board the ship!"

The four teams, each with their respective slaves, boarded the spaceship one by one.

As the last member boarded, the hatch closed with a hydraulic hiss, the engine's roar suddenly intensified, and the Black Falcon tore through the cloud ceiling, transforming into a streak of light heading into space.

...

"All slaves, take them to the East District."

The ship's captain shouted, he was also a member of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, responsible for receiving the four procurement teams.

Escorted by the Star Thieves, all the slaves were timidly led to the East District.

At this moment, Sibada deliberately lagged a few steps, moving closer to the Poisonous Widow, and softly chuckled, "Poisonous Widow, since when did you take an interest in such inferior goods?"

He glanced at the barbarian's retreating figure, curling his lips, "Or is it that... you're so desperate for a man that you don't even care about livestock?"

The moment he finished speaking, a strong killing intent flashed in the Poisonous Widow's eyes, and her palm glowed with a faint purple light.

"Sibada, you're tired of living, aren't you?"

"What, hit a sore spot? Or are you speaking up for your barbarian boy toy?"

With a smile on his lips, Sibada wasn't really afraid of the Poisonous Widow, despite her being a dangerous woman.

Watching a beautiful woman get angry was actually quite amusing.

The Poisonous Widow stared coldly at Sibada for a moment, then suddenly retracted her killing intent, her red lips curling into a gorgeous arc. She gently caressed her hair, her gaze as if looking at a dead man.

Sibada felt uncomfortable under such a gaze, snorted coldly, and turned away.

...

Qin Tian survey this dark, cramped space, with metallic walls covered in unknown stains, glistening with an oily sheen under the harsh fluorescent lights.

The room is the size of a classroom, yet has no portholes, only a few flickering fluorescent tubes overhead, emitting an annoying buzzing sound.

The floor is covered with moldy anti-slip mats, fifty slaves crammed together like sardines.

In the corner, a few rusty metal barrels give off a pungent smell of urine—this is their only "toilet." The stale air is mixed with body odor, excrement, and metal oxidation, every breath feels like swallowing thick liquid.

Am I going to live in such a place next?

Qin Tian shook his head privately, planning that after this, he must apply for some mental damage compensation from Yan Qing.

Chapter 275: Half Beastman, Xiong (Two-in-One)

The slaves locked in the room with Qin Tian were all male, and most of them were either robust or burly.

According to the Poisonous Widow, most of these slaves, after entering the base ship of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, would be arranged to enter the Bloody Arena to engage in brutal combat with other slaves to satisfy the Star Thieves' perverse entertainment needs.

The Hundred Hunt Star Thieves revered violence and bloodshed; they enjoyed watching slaves struggle on the brink of life and death — the screams, breaking bones, and splattering blood were the best pastimes for these savages.

The surviving slaves would either be cultivated into the Star Thieves' henchmen or thrown into the more brutal "Purgatory Level" arena.

The handicapped were directly thrown into the laboratory to serve as experimental materials, while the bodies of the dead were recycled and drained of their last bit of value.

Among these slaves, there were a few with relatively outstanding appearances, either handsome or delicate, to satisfy those Star Thieves with special tastes.

But the most eye-catching was still the man in the corner.

This behemoth occupied almost a corner of the cargo hold, standing nearly three meters tall, making the other slaves look like children. His robust body was covered with dense brown-black fur, and his muscular neck was almost as thick as his head. That rough-hewn face still retained human features, but the protruding brow ridge and broad jaw made him look more like a bipedal beast.

The most astonishing were his hands — swollen and sturdy palms covered with calluses, short, thick, and powerful fingers with nails that curved unnaturally sharp, resembling real bear paws.

"Half-orc."

Qin Tian's brow slightly raised; a half-orc was a rare hybrid born from the union between humans and beastmen. They were neither as wild as beastmen nor as rational and wise as humans, wandering the fringes of both races, recognized by neither as an "odddity."

In the eyes of the Beastman Tribe, half-orcs were "inferior" due to impure bloodlines, lacking true wildness, unworthy of being called warriors; while in human society, they were viewed as dangerous "beasts," even when doing nothing, they were met with wary and disdainful looks.

In the room, everyone tried to stay as far away from the half-orc as possible. However, this half-orc remained very quiet, sitting alone in the corner, staring blankly at the ground, without uttering a single word.

The room was silent, everyone was aware of the current situation and could guess the fate that lay ahead. Pain, sadness, despair, numbness — these emotions flickered in everyone's eyes.

Time passed, second by second.

Who knows how long had passed when the door suddenly opened.

At this moment, the iron door of the cargo hold was abruptly kicked open, and a Star Thief wearing a black hat strode in. His left eye was fitted with a scarlet mechanical prosthetic eye, a stun baton slung at his waist, and suspicious dark red stains clung to the soles of his boots.

"Scraps, time to eat." He sneered, casually flipping over a metal supply box. Colorful energy bars spilled all over the floor, with some even rolling to the side of a filthy metal bucket.

"Remember, this is your entire quota for these three days." The Star Thief crushed a purple energy bar with the toe of his boot, causing the viscous synthetic nutrient liquid to splatter on the face of the nearest slave,

"First come, first served. Whoever's late... goes hungry."

With the heavy thud of the cabin door shutting, the cargo hold burst into chaos. Dozens of slaves pounced on the scattered energy bars like ravenous wolves, the dull thuds of fists and elbow strikes echoing incessantly. A scrawny slave had just grabbed two bars when a burly man behind him grabbed his neck and slammed him against the wall.

Qin Tian moved his feet imperceptibly, precisely stepping on two high-energy models that had rolled to the corner amidst the chaos. As he bent over, he effortlessly dodged a sneaky elbow strike, and upon standing up, he tripped the attacker, sending him sprawling ignominiously.

Seeing this, the attacker realized that Qin Tian was not to be trifled with and ran off to snatch other energy bars.

The struggle grew fiercer, with punches landing on flesh, and some were already bleeding, teeth getting knocked out.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the cargo hold, the half-orc remained curled in the corner, with two untouched orange energy bars rolling in front of him — not because the slaves were kind, but because none dared approach this volatile and dangerous individual.

Just as the conflict was about to escalate to a life-or-death brawl, the iron door of the cargo hold was violently kicked open with a deafening crash.

"All of you, stop the fuck right now!" The Star Thief in the black hat returned, his stun baton crackling with electricity and flashing with dangerous blue light, his mechanical eye glowing a sinister red in the dim cargo hold,

"If anyone moves, I'll throw them into the reactor as fuel."

The cargo hold instantly fell into an eerie silence. The slaves froze in various twisted positions, even their breathing became cautious. A bloodied sturdy man remained in a punching stance, not daring to even wipe the blood from his fist.

The Star Thief surveyed the scene with satisfaction, his gaze lingering a few seconds longer on the half-orc in the corner.

"Sit down quietly, if I hear even the slightest noise..." He deliberately dragged out the syllables, a cruel smirk curling his lips:

"You'll regret ever being born into this world."

After saying this, he slammed the door shut heavily, but this time everyone heard the sound of the lock clicking from outside — clearly, someone would be monitoring there.

The slaves slowly released each other, silently retreating to their respective spots.

Chapter 276: Half Beastman, Xiong (Double Chapter) (Part 2)

Those who grabbed the energy bars clenched their spoils tightly, looking around vigilantly; the empty-handed ones, on the other hand, stared at the food in others' hands with red eyes but didn't dare to act recklessly.

In the corner, the half beastman picked up the two orange energy bars, tore open the packaging, and squeezed them directly into his mouth.

Idiot!

Seeing this, the other slaves couldn't help but think to themselves, for the next three days, everyone has to rely on the energy bars in their hands to survive. If you eat all the energy bars now, what will you do for the next few days?

Half beastmen are just half beastmen

Clearly brainless

The room regained its previous calm.

Time passed, and the slaves, tired from the day, gradually fell into slumber.

Qin Tian closed his eyes, looking as if he were sleeping, but in reality, he was communicating secretly with the Poisonous Widow:

"Has the Bailie Hunt Mercenary Corps sent the coordinates for the rendezvous point?"

"Master, I just asked tentatively, and for now, they've only sent a route, but the exact location for the rendezvous is still uncertain. By the way, Master, how's the environment on your side, do you want to come to my room?"

"No need, I can't sleep with you nearby."

"Hehe, is it because you can't sleep with a beauty next to you, due to excitement?"

"You're overthinking, it's mainly because you snore, your snoring is louder than my grandfather's."

"I! Do! Not! Snore! (angrily)"

"Call ended, hanging up."

Qin Tian opened his eyes and chuckled.

This girl, her mischievousness hasn't died, huh~

"Gurgle—"

A thunderous stomach rumble suddenly exploded in the cargo hold, causing the slaves nearby to instinctively shrink their necks. Qin Tian looked in the direction of the sound, only to see the half beastman Moluo f curled up in pain, his three-meter-tall body with his thick bear paw pressing tightly against his abdomen.

"Gurgle—"

"Gurgle—"

The series of stomach growls grew louder and louder, creating an eerie echo between the metal walls. The half beastman's rugged face flushed unnaturally, beads of sweat the size of beans rolled down his thick hair, and he hung his head in embarrassment, unable to control the protest noises from his body.

Starving to this extent?

Qin Tian raised an eyebrow slightly. He had checked the energy bars issued by the Star Thieves, each containing 10,000 calories, enough to sustain a normal adult male for two to three days. Even with a half beastman's massive body, two bars should suffice for most of the day.

But now... it's been less than three hours since the food distribution.

The giant in the corner was already curled up in hunger, his eyes fixed on the uneaten energy bars in other slaves' hands, making suppressed swallowing noises, scaring them into clutching their energy bars tighter.

This metabolism...

Qin Tian thoughtfully rubbed the energy bar in his hand. Consuming such a large amount of energy after just a few hours of inactivity, it seems this half beastman's body structure is far more unusual than it appears.

Snap—

Qin Tian suddenly stood up, and in the stunned gaze of the crowd, he walked over to the half beastman. With a flick of his wrist, two energy bars drew an arc in the air and landed steadily in the half beastman's broad palm.

"Take it."

The entire cargo hold fell into an eerily quiet silence.

The slaves widened their eyes, staring at Qin Tian as if he were crazy—within this law of the jungle cage, someone would actually give away life-saving food to the most dangerous creature?

The half beastman slowly raised his head, with his thick fingers carefully grasping the two energy bars, afraid of inadvertently crushing them. His yellowish beast eyes trembled slightly, as if trying to deeply imprint Qin Tian's face onto his retinas.

"Tha...ank you." The voice seemed to squeeze out from deep within his chest, carrying a rasping texture like sandpaper.

"Don't get the wrong idea." Qin Tian waved his hand casually, "Your stomach was too loud, disturbing my sleep."

The half beastman was stunned for a moment, then suddenly grinned, revealing a smile on his furry face that seemed quite silly despite the expression typically being menacing:

"Xiong... my name is Xiong."

As expected.

Qin Tian glanced over his padded palms and his body covered in dense fur—this naming was so simple and crude that it was amusing.

Returning to the corner, countless gazes felt like thorns on his back.

There were mockeries seeing him as a fool, schadenfreude waiting to see him starve, and a few inscrutable inquiries.

Qin Tian ignored these gazes, casually leaning against the bulkhead.

"Gulpl—"

The sound of swallowing came clearly from behind. Xiong had already torn into the energy bars without properly peeling off the wrapping paper, his Adam's apple moving violently. As the last bit of synthetic nutrient slipped into his stomach, the annoying rumbling from his abdomen finally ceased.

When Qin Tian inadvertently turned his head, he met Xiong's gaze.

Those beastly eyes swirled with indescribable emotions, like a warm current suddenly flowing beneath a frozen lake surface.

The half-beastman clumsily nodded, wiping his mouth corner with his fur-covered hand, and a smile appeared once more on his face.

A few hours later

"Grrrr—"

"Grrr—"

Xiong's stomach rumbled like an alarm clock, going off on schedule, waking those who were in a deep sleep, who looked at Xiong with eyes full of anger.

Damn, is it never-ending or what!

Qin Tian helplessly held his forehead; indeed, two energy bars could only temporarily satisfy the need, this guy's body was simply a bottomless pit.

Really don't know, how his father or mother managed to raise him to this size.

"Poisonous Widow."

Qin Tian communicated with Poisonous Widow using the Soul Seal.

"What's the matter, Master."

A lazy voice came in his mind, as if it hadn't woken up yet.

"I'll come to your room."

"Really, Master, have you come to a decision?"

"What decision, don't misuse words."

Qin Tian glanced at the half-beastman beside him, who was hungry and curling up, his eyes starting to redden, and said:

"Forget it, there's no time, send someone with some stuff to my room."

"What stuff?"

"High-energy energy bars, compressed biscuits, many of them."

"Why prepare these, Master are you hungry, come to my room, I can personally cook a big meal for you."

"Not for me, but for a half-beastman beside me."

"...So my place in your heart is not even as good as a newly met half-beastman."

"Stop talking nonsense, hurry up and do it."

Just as Xiong's breathing became heavier, and his beastly eyes began to show a dangerous glint, the metal door of the cargo hold suddenly emitted a "click" unlocking sound.

The heavy door slowly slid open, and a man wearing a Star Thief uniform pushed in a cart full of supplies.

His gaze quickly swept across the crowd, and the moment it met Qin Tian's, it flickered slightly — it was the very Star Thief branded with a Soul Seal.

"These are extra for you, take them and eat."

He dumped out the whole box of supplies.

Clatter—

Hundreds of energy bars fell like raindrops, compressed biscuits of various packaging, and high-energy nutrient supplements rolled all over the metal floor. But before anyone else could react, a giant brown-black figure had already shot out like a cannonball.

"Roar—!"

Xiong let out a nearly beast-like howl, his three-meter-tall body showing astonishing agility. He lunged into the pile of supplies like a grizzly pouncing on a salmon run, stretching his strong arms to the limit, grabbing handfuls of energy bars into his embrace.

The sharp nails accidentally tore through some packaging, and sticky nutrition fluid covered his fur, but he didn't notice.

Other slaves instinctively stepped back a few steps.

At that moment, the half-beastman was completely in a protective state, fangs exposed, emitting a low warning growl.

No one dared to approach at this time — a starving wild beast is ten times more dangerous than usual.

Xiong impatiently tore open the packaging, his sharp nails easily slicing through the hard composite membrane. He shoved whole handfuls of energy bars into his mouth, his canine teeth easily crunching the solid nutrition blocks, producing a "crack-crack" sound.

Sticky energy gel oozed from the corner of his mouth, which he quickly licked clean with his tongue.

As a large amount of high-energy substance entered his stomach, his emotions gradually stabilized, and when the last compressed biscuit was crushed and swallowed by his paw, the beastly eyes laced with blood finally cleared up.

"Burp—"

A satisfied burp echoed in the cargo hold.

Embarrassed, Xiong covered his mouth, cautiously looking around, and seeing that no one dared to mock him, he slowly retreated back to the corner, curling up like a satiated big grizzly.

He wiped his mouth with his fuzzy hand back, even remembering to gather the scattered packaging paper into a pile — this well-behaved look was completely different from the fierce beast guarding its food just moments ago.

But everyone noticed, when this three-meter-tall giant retreated to the corner, he deliberately stopped at a place closer to Qin Tian.

Chapter 277: Relaying Information and Setting a Trap

Two days passed, nothing happened.

The slaves in the room rarely communicated; most of the time, they sat on the floor with hollow expressions, sitting there all day.

Compared to the room holding male slaves, the room for female slaves was far from peaceful.

Upon boarding, the Star Thieves eagerly pulled the female slaves into their rooms, changing them daily, indulging happily.

Bang.

The metal door opened.

A Star Thief entered the room, pointing at Qin Tian, and said:

"You, yes you, come out."

Qin Tian stood up, walking out of the room under the surprised, curious, and puzzled glances of everyone.

Bang.

The door closed tightly, and the Star Thief immediately lowered his head, about to speak when a cold voice echoed in his mind.

"Shut up."

The Star Thief shivered, realizing he almost made a mistake.

He straightened his chest, his expression turning serious:

"This way."

Walking along the metal corridor, at the corner, they encountered another Star Thief, who glanced at Qin Tian, his gaze flickering, then quickly walked away.

Ding~~

The room's doorbell was pressed.

The door opened, Qin Tian walked into the room, and the Star Thief escorting him left directly.

"Master!"

Poisonous Widow bowed slightly; today, she wore a black, low-cut gauze dress that complemented her snow-white skin, revealing her attractive figure as she bowed, adding to her allure.

Qin Tian sat in the chair and directly asked:

"Have you figured out the upcoming route?"

Seeing Qin Tian's businesslike demeanor, Poisonous Widow was furious, but she still displayed a bright smile on the surface:

"Of course, I just had to beckon, and they told me the route."

"Next, we will traverse the Sagittarius Star Zone, pass through the Lanyu Star Zone, the Tianhong region, and finally reach the Li Yue Star Zone, but I've heard that Li Yue Star Zone might not be the final destination."

The route is quite complex.

Qin Tian's eyes flickered; the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves were cautious to the core, never disclosing the final gathering location to the procurement team. According to their rules, once anyone boards the ship, they must hand over all smart devices. Additionally, a signal block is activated inside the ship, preventing anyone from connecting to the Star Net or sending signals.

This was the reason he came to Poisonous Widow's room; he needed a secluded place to communicate with Yan Qing.

"Master, you've been stuck in that small room for so long. Now that you're in my room, you can relax..."

As Poisonous Widow was about to finish her sentence, a sudden change occurred!

Strange black substances suddenly seeped out from Qin Tian's skin, crawling over his body like living creatures. The liquid metal transformed its shape in 0.3 seconds, instantly condensing into a streamlined, pitch-black battle armor. The armor's surface shone with a muted metallic luster, its joints embedded with blue energy patterns, and the visor gleamed with two crimson lights.

Stellar Armor.

Poisonous Widow's pupils shrank suddenly; in the next instant, Qin Tian vanished before her eyes.

What!

Staring at the empty room, Poisonous Widow felt shocking waves within.

Spatial Ability has always been seen as the most mysterious and peculiar power by the outside world.

Master is not only a poison expert but also commands spatial abilities—what ancient and powerful bloodline flows within him?

Pitch-black space.

Qin Tian took out a smart wristband, sending all the collected information to Yan Qing.

After finishing this, he shimmered again and returned to Poisonous Widow's room.

"Master!"

Upon seeing Qin Tian again, Poisonous Widow's attitude was more respectful and enthusiastic than before.

"I'll cultivate in your room for a while; you can tend to your own affairs."

With that, Qin Tian swallowed an elixir and entered a cultivation state.

Seeing Qin Tian already closing his eyes, Spiritual Energy emanating from his body, Poisonous Widow was inwardly furious and couldn't help but feel a strong sense of defeat.

...

"Captain, I just saw Poisonous Widow lead that Barbarian into her room again."

At the leisure and entertainment area, a Star Thief whispered to Sibada, who was busy with his arms full.

Upon hearing this, Sibada stopped his activity, a glow flashing in his eyes.

"Poisonous Widow, seems she's really enamored with that Barbarian."

His tone was cold and carried a trace of anger.

To be honest, in the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, who wouldn't want to possess Poisonous Widow, that captivating woman?

But everyone knew that any man who had been intimate with Poisonous Widow had, without exception, died.

No one could constantly guard against her lethal poison, especially at that moment of vulnerability.

Therefore, regardless of their desire for Poisonous Widow, they ultimately could only have the intent without the courage.

However, he couldn't fathom why Poisonous Widow would be so infatuated with a Barbarian.

This feeling was akin to during one's school days—one's adored yet untouchable goddess suddenly eloping with some vivacious guy from outside school. It's difficult to accept, no matter who you are.

"Hmph!"

Sibada looked at the ordinary women beside him, then thought of Poisonous Widow's enchanting face, and felt extremely unbalanced inside, gradually growing angrier, tightening his grip.

The female slave he held showed signs of agony but dared not make any sound.

The lackey noticed Sibada's displeasure and whispered:

"Captain, why don't we call over the Barbarian later and then..."

The lackey made a throat-slitting gesture.

Sibada glanced at him and said, "If Poisonous Widow finds out we killed her little lover, what do you think she'll do? I'm not afraid, but for you..."

"Cough, cough, Captain, I was just joking."

The lackey chuckled awkwardly, shivering at the thought of Poisonous Widow's sinister and deadly poison. He felt uneasy all over.

Forget it, let the gods fight it out; I shouldn't easily join in.

Sibada's gaze was profound; suddenly, his eyebrows twitched, and a smile appeared on his lips.

"Go, bring Squeti and Borne, those two slaves, to me."

"Yes!"

More than eighty percent of slaves were bought by Sibada's team, and they were quite familiar with each one.

Quickly, two male slaves were brought before Sibada—one tall and burly, the other strong and nimble.

"You two do something for me. If done well, I can release you from slavery, letting you directly join my Star Thieves."

At these words, the two slaves' eyes instantly gleamed.

"Lord Sibada, please instruct us, we will certainly accomplish it."

Squeti said respectfully.

"Do it like this..."

Sibada told them his request, and when he finished, his lips curled up.

Next, he planned to send these two slaves into the Barbarian's room, prompting them to start trouble and clash with the Barbarian.

If they could directly kill the Barbarian, that would be best. If they were killed by the Barbarian, he could use this as a justified reason to deal with the Barbarian.

Poisonous Widow, oh Poisonous Widow, when your little lover dies, how will you react~

I am indeed looking forward to it~

Chapter 278: Repaying Kindness with Help

Three hours later, Qin Tian returned to his slave hold.

As soon as he entered the room, everyone's eyes focused on him with curiosity, doubt, and a hint of scrutiny.

Qin Tian calmly walked back to his place, and it was at this moment that he suddenly noticed two unfamiliar faces in the room.

He turned his head to look; one of them had broad shoulders, a scar at the corner of his eye, looking rather fierce, and next to him was a well-built man, with ordinary features but a sharp gaze.

Qin Tian silently sat back in his position. Before long, the scarred thug walked over to the metal bucket, unzipped, and urinated into it.

For a moment, the room was filled with the stench of urine.

Then, in the next moment, the scarred thug, knowingly or unknowingly, shook his pants, and the yellowish water stream splashed in Qin Tian's direction.

Fortunately, Qin Tian retracted his foot in time, otherwise his shoes and pants would have been hit.

Qin Tian slowly stood up, expressionlessly looking at the scarred thug. He could tell this person did it on purpose and was clearly targeting him.

However, he couldn't think of who had instructed them to target him.

"What are you looking at, never seen someone piss before?"

Squeti fastened his pants, face darkening, speaking malevolently.

Qin Tian looked Squeti up and down, could tell from the strong fluctuation of Qi and Blood from him that he must be a Spiritualist. However, every slave had been injected with a Spiritual Ability Inhibitor before boarding the ship, unable to use their Spiritual Energy.

The sturdy man beside him was the same.

"Still looking? Do you not want those eyeballs anymore?" Squeti said coldly.

At this, all the slaves in the room looked over, a look of watching a good show on their faces.

Qin Tian calmly looked at Squeti and said, "Lick the ground clean, and this will be over."

Upon hearing this, a cruel smile appeared on Squeti's face.

This easy, he took the bait.

Good, saves me from continuing the act.

"Kid, repeat what you just said?"

Squeti clenched his fists, joints making a cracking sound.

"I said, lick the ground clean," Qin Tian replied blandly.

"You damn—you looking to die!"

Squeti's eyes blazed fiercely, muscles tensing up like a raging beast as he lunged at Qin Tian.

At the same time, in the corner, Borne ghosted out of the shadows, a dagger glinting coldly, silently piercing towards Qin Tian's back.

In an instant, Qin Tian's body remained still, yet his right leg whipped out like a lash.

Borne felt as if his chest was struck by thunder, his whole body lifted into the air, smashing heavily against the cabin wall, creating a shallow dent, sliding down like a pile of mud, spitting blood foam continuously.

On the other side, just as Qin Tian's right hand was about to grab Squeti's wrist, a shadow as big as a mountain suddenly interposed between the two.

It was a Half Beastman—Xiong.

The massive body of Half Beastman Xiong, nearly three meters tall, collided with Squeti. In the face of this brute force, Squeti was like a rag doll, pinned to the ground directly.

Before Squeti could struggle, a giant palm covered in black fur whistled through the air.

"Pa!"

With a crisp crack, Squeti's head jerked to the side, four bloodied teeth tracing an arc through the air, his left cheek swelling visibly, becoming unrecognizable in an instant. His fierce eyes rolled back, completely losing consciousness.

A deathly silence fell over the cargo hold.

The slaves stared in shock at the horrific scene: Borne writhing on the floor like a dying fish, each breath bringing out more blood foam; Squeti's entire face twisted and deformed, pressed against the cold floor, life or death unknown.

Qin Tian looked at Half Beastman Xiong, surprised Xiong would help him.

At this moment, Xiong happened to turn his head, beast-like eyes locked with Qin Tian's, a simple smile appearing on his face, speaking with a thick voice, "You help me, I help you."

The rough voice accompanied by this simple life philosophy made Qin Tian smile despite himself.

This seemingly ferocious Half Beastman understood gratitude better than many humans.

"Bang!"

The cabin door was suddenly kicked open violently, metal door panels slamming heavily against the wall. A Star Thief with a face full of scars strode in, leather boots clanging harshly on the metal floor.

His sinister eyes swept through the cabin, freezing upon seeing the limp Borne and disfigured Squeti.

"Who's causing trouble?" The Star Thief drew a crackling electric baton from his waist, blue arcs sparking in the air, "Tired of living, huh?"

The cabin fell into absolute silence, all slaves shrinking heads low, except Qin Tian and Xiong, who remained upright.

The Star Thief's eyes flickered between the two before grimly smiling and pressing the baton switch, "You two bastards?"

"It's just me," Qin Tian calmly replied, while quickly explaining the situation to the Poisonous Widow through the Soul Seal.

The Star Thief's scarred face spasmed intensely, "You think I'm blind?"

The electric baton buzzed menacingly, slicing towards Qin Tian's temple.

"Pa!"

A furry giant palm intercepted the baton mid-flight.

The high-voltage current, enough to knock down a full-grown mammoth, danced madly over Xiong's paw but couldn't make it budge. The Star Thief shockingly found he couldn't pull the weapon back an inch.

"You..." The Star Thief stared at Xiong, pupils contracting fiercely, then dyed red with rage.

How dare this lowly slave resist?

He forcefully pressed the maximum power switch, the baton emitting a teeth-gritting hum.

Chapter 279: Repaying Kindness with Help (2)

Zzzzzz

Electric light shines

Xiong's giant paw remains motionless, letting the stun baton burst with a dazzling blue light. High voltage current flows through its rough fur, yet it is like a clay ox entering the sea, not even making it frown.

"Crack!"

With a crisp sound of metal twisting, the stun baton made of refined steel shatters like a biscuit in Xiong's paw. The plastic casing flies off, the internal circuit board emits smoke, and parts scatter all over the ground.

The Star Thief's face turns instantly pale. He instinctively steps back two paces but bumps into the icy wall of the cabin.

"You... you..."

Xiong's massive body slowly leans forward, casting a shadow over him like a mountain.

The Star Thief's pupils contract violently, and a strong sense of fear rises in his heart.

"What are you doing!"

Just then, a furious voice comes from behind.

Sibada walks over with a few subordinates, scanning the scene before speaking coldly:

"A group of lowly slaves, dare to rebel against heaven!"

"Captain!"

The Star Thief immediately finds a pillar of support, pointing at Qin Tian and Xiong while cursing:

"These two bastards are causing trouble."

Sibada looks at Qin Tian and Xiong, especially pausing on Xiong for two seconds, a trace of ghostly light flashing in his eyes.

His target was the Barbarian, unexpectedly involving this half beastman.

The half beastman was a high-end product he bought from the Slave Merchant at a great price. He believed that once they entered the base spaceship, the half beastman would shine brightly in the bloody arena, bringing considerable profit.

"Take both of them away!"

Sibada orders.

"Yes!"

The subordinates bypass Sibada, weapons already prepared in their hands, stun batons, hooks, sharp blades, spiritual energy bursts, all walking towards the two with cold smiles.

No matter how strong slaves were before, under the suppression of spiritual energy, merely physical strength couldn't possibly be their match.

Moreover, the slave controller of the half beastman is still in the captain's hand.

Xiong steps forward, like a mountain blocking Qin Tian, beast eyes staring straight at the Star Thieves, letting out a low growl.

"Hmph, this guy still needs training."

Sibada's eyes flash coldly, taking out the controller from his pocket, aiming at Xiong's chest, and pressing the switch forcefully.

"Beep——"

The piercing electronic sound rings out. At the moment the controller is activated, Xiong's massive body suddenly convulses violently. It lets out a heart-rending howl, kneeling on the ground with a thud, its sharp claws scratching out five deep grooves on the steel plate, sparks flying.

"Roar——!!"

The painful roar shakes the cabin walls with a buzzing sound. Xiong's eyes are filled with bloodshot veins; the fur on the back of its neck faintly reveals a coin-sized bulge—where a slave chip is embedded deep into the brainstem, now releasing high-frequency electricity, like thousands of red-hot steel needles piercing into the nervous system.

The bomb necklace is the key deciding slaves' life and death, whereas the slave chip is the controller making them submit.

Seeing this scene, Qin Tian's eyes flash with an extremely cold gleam.

"Sibada!!!"

Just then, Poisonous Widow hurriedly runs over upon hearing, her beautiful face rarely showing some panic.

Once her gaze passes through the crowd and she sees Qin Tian standing unharmed, her tense shoulders barely relax, exhaling a breath softly between her red lips.

Seeing the Poisonous Widow arrive, Sibada releases the controller.

With the cessation of electricity, Xiong's huge body trembles violently once, the thick neck fluctuating, breathing heavily, saliva mixed with sweat dripping continuously from the corner of its mouth.

Its dense fur is drenched with sweat, under the cabin's cold light, a faint white mist rises. The pair of ferocious beast eyes are now filled with bloodshot veins, the pupils contracting and expanding intermittently, clearly still enduring the leftover pain from electric shock.

"Sibada, you dare to touch my people!!!"

Poisonous Widow glares at Sibada, the palm emitting a faint purple energy.

"Your people? What, is this half beastman also your lover? Poisonous Widow, your taste is quite heavy now." Sibada sneers contemptuously.

Upon hearing, a violent killing intent flashes in Poisonous Widow's eyes.

Just when everyone's attention is drawn to Poisonous Widow and Sibada, Qin Tian places a hand on Xiong's back—the healing power of Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds activates, like the gentlest stream in spring, silently seeping under Xiong's fur.

Xiong suddenly opens its eyes wide, the scorching pain wreaking havoc in its brain unexpectedly dissolves when this green light flows through. The cool energy travels along nerve pathways, wherever it passes, the nerve endings burned by electricity unfold like receiving gentle rain, heavy breaths gradually steady, and the bloodstains in its pupils quickly fade.

He turns to look at Qin Tian, Qin Tian silently nods at him.

"What are you two doing?"

As Sibada and Poisonous Widow are in direct confrontation, a soft voice comes from the end of the metal corridor.

This voice is intensely soft to the point of eeriness, like a snake hissing as the tip of its tongue flicks. Everyone simultaneously turns their head and sees a slender figure slowly approaching.

The newcomer is dressed in a precisely tailored dark purple uniform, the collar adorned with a blood-dripping rose-shaped brooch. The most eye-catching is his pale face—under slender eyebrows, eyelids brushed with dark blue eyeshadow drowsily droop, as if perpetually unfazed, yet as he raises his eyes, everyone feels a chilling cold.

Sibada's Adam's apple visibly rolls, his previously arrogant spirit instantly vanishes. Poisonous Widow's crimson nails unconsciously dig into her palm, yet she quickly releases, her face regaining a charming smile.

Both take a half-step back almost simultaneously, this subtle movement revealing their genuine inner dread.

Calais, nickname, Viper

Of the four procurement teams' captains, the strongest one.

He is a Spiritualist of Tier Five, Eight Stars, carries Bronze Bloodline, appears soft and slim, yet Calais is actually the most sinister and ruthless among everyone, his methods, even the villains of the Star Thieves tremble when seen.

"Sibada, Poisonous Widow."

Calais wears a soft smile, "Is it because slaves are causing your dispute?"

"Calais, you judge."

Sibada snorts coldly, saying, "These two slaves are unruly, injured other slaves, tell me, should I teach them a lesson."

"My purchased slaves, what right do you have to teach them?" Poisonous Widow retorts, showing no weakness.

"Oh, so the matter is that simple~"

Calais raises his hand, fingertips glowing with a dim blue light, "Kill both of them that'll settle it."

"No way!"

Poisonous Widow and Sibada say in unison.

Poisonous Widow naturally cannot tolerate Qin Tian suffering any harm.

While Sibada has spent a high price on the half beastman, expecting returns; disciplining is fine, killing him outright isn't an acceptable option.

"You both are quite protective of them."

Calais's mouth curls upward, "Since neither of them can die, let's choose two others then, someone must be held accountable."

"Go, throw those two into the reactor."

"Yes"

Calais's followers take action, lifting the unconscious Squeti and injured Borne, heading towards the reactor.

Borne knows what he faces, looking at Sibada with eyes full of terror, shouting:

"Lord Sibada, Lord Sibada, save me!"

"Lord Sibada, I've been following your instructions!"

"Lord Sibada!...Sibada!!! I won't let you go even as a ghost."

Borne's venomous hollers disappear at the end of the metal corridor. At this moment, everyone is watching Sibada. From Borne's words, it's evident Sibada played a disgraceful role in the matter.

"Sibada, so you are the one instigating!"

Poisonous Widow narrows her eyes, sneering coldly.

Sibada's face turns unpleasant: "A slave's desperate accusation, you actually believe?"

"Heh~"

Poisonous Widow's red lips curl up; she sees the icy gleam in Qin Tian's eyes.

She knows, Sibada is doomed

No one can save him.

Chapter 280: Friendship, Joining the 100 Hunters Star Thieves

With the arrival of Calais, the matter was left unresolved.

The troublemakers Squeti and Borne were thrown into the reactor, turned to ashes, while Qin Tian and Xiong were held in a smaller cargo hold, seemingly as if nothing had happened.

But for Sibada, the Poisonous Widow, and Qin Tian, the matter was far from over.

"Master, should I secretly get rid of him?" The Poisonous Widow communicated with Qin Tian through the Soul Seal.

"No need, we can't alert them now."

Qin Tian responded calmly, "After entering the base ship of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, I'll personally finish him."

"Yes."

After ending the communication, a glimmer of cold light flashed in Qin Tian's eyes.

He had a vague guess why this Sibada was targeting him.

"Beauty brings trouble," that saying truly has its merit.

"Thank you."

At this moment, Xiong, sitting next to Qin Tian, turned his head and said in a muffled voice.

Qin Tian knew that Xiong was thanking him for the treatment.

"You suffered because of me, I should be the one thanking you."

Qin Tian extended his hand and said, "Qin Tian, my name."

Xiong's face showed a simple smile as his furry large hand shook Qin Tian's hand.

He wasn't good at socializing but had a keen sense of external danger and the attitudes of those around him.

From childhood, he had mostly felt disdain, dislike, and fear, with Beastmen seeing him as an outcast and humans seeing him as a beast, living like a person abandoned by the world, his life illuminated by only a few glimpses of warmth.

However, after boarding this ship, he felt an extremely rare sense of friendliness and kindness from a stranger.

That person was willing to give him precious food and immediately treated him when he was injured.

He did not understand why he was treated kindly.

But he knew that there was too little warmth in this world, so whenever encountered, one must hold onto it tightly... even at the cost of life.

Xiong's rough fingers tightened slightly, as if trying to clutch the rare kindness into his palm, never letting go.

Looking at this silent giant beast, Qin Tian suddenly found it somewhat amusing yet also somewhat sorrowful.

He had seen too much deceit and betrayal, yet he didn't expect that on this malicious slave ship, the purest emotions would come from a half-beastman viewed as a monster by everyone.

"Xiong, I'll call you Da Xiong from now on," Qin Tian smiled.

"Okay."

Xiong nodded heavily.

Next, Qin Tian and Xiong were kept in the small room, watched by many eyes, as Qin Tian never entered the Poisonous Widow's room again, spending his days quietly cultivating and occasionally chatting with Xiong, their bond growing closer.

Each day, the Poisonous Widow would have someone deliver several sumptuous meals to him and Xiong.

Sibada did not object, as the half beastman was his future cash cow, a little preferential treatment was no problem.

Day by day passed

In the blink of an eye, a whole month had passed

This was the longest time Qin Tian had spent on a ship, and according to what the Poisonous Widow found out, the ship had been circling between various star zones as directed by the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves.

Finally aligning with the base ship in the Li Yue Star Zone after ensuring no tails were following them.

The starlit sky outside the window was shrouded by a giant shadow—a commercial main ship the size of a city, the transport ship Qin Tian was on appearing like a leaf floating beside a whale.

The transport ship was being guided into a secondary hangar within the belly of the main ship, and with the gradual closing of the hangar door, the ship body completed docking with a slight shudder.

The hatch opened with a roar as the atmospheric pressure indicator lit green. In the blinding white light, two squads of fully armed guards had lined up in wait, wearing uniform black and red armor, their whips occasionally crackling with dangerous blue sparks.

Calais, Sibada, the Poisonous Widow, and a captain named Feng Shu led their teams out, while the slaves obediently followed behind them, trembling as they observed their surroundings.

As the team slowly moved forward, more and more Star Thieves gathered around them, leaning against metal railings or squatting atop shipping containers, their eyes flickering with the excitement of predators.

"Yo! This batch looks pretty good!" A tattooed Star Thief suddenly whistled, his sharp voice echoing through the cabin.

With the incitement, the entire place erupted instantly.

Star Thieves slapped the metal railings, producing deafening noise; when those attractive female slaves walked by, the cacophony of jeers reached its peak.

"That blonde chick is mine!"

"Bullshit! I saw her first!"

"The one with the best figure is mine, no one else is to compete with me today."

The female slaves turned pale, with some of the younger ones so terrified their legs gave out, continuing only with the help of their companions. A red-haired girl was suddenly struck on the shoulder by a flying metal can, letting out a scream which only drew more laughter.

Xiong's muscle-bound arms instinctively tensed, his eyes glinting with ferocity, while Qin Tian signaled with a look to remain calm, quietly observing the surroundings.

He noticed that while these Star Thieves were unruly, they all tacitly maintained a safe distance—clearly wary of the whips held by the guards.

The captains watched the farce coldly, too familiar with this routine—this was the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' special "slave taming ceremony."

By publicly humiliating and mockingly degrading the new slaves step by step, they would break their mental defenses until they completely gave up their dignity, becoming the living dead who follow orders.

The team struggled forward amidst the jeers, eventually reaching a relatively quiet area after passing through several thick gates.

Under the dim red lights, a tall figure stood turned away at the end of the corridor.

That person slowly turned, revealing a chiseled Asian face. He wore black tactical attire, a rustic short blade hanging at his waist, and when he turned, his eyes were as cold as if looking at lifeless objects, devoid of any warmth.

"Second in command." The captains immediately composed themselves, bowing respectfully.

The slaves instinctively held their breath, for even if they didn't know this man, they could feel an overwhelming sense of oppression from him—as if the prey being stalked by a predator, blood freezing.

He walked slowly, his black combat boots pounding the metal floor, producing a heart-palpating thud.

As he passed, the slaves unconsciously backed away, as if coming too close would taint them with death, stopping in front of the team, his icy gaze sweeping over every terrified face.

Qin Tian pretended to be as fearful as the other slaves, lowering his head not daring to meet his eyes directly, while mentally recalling his profile.

Second-in-command of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, Ling Jue.

Eleven years ago he was a Tier Six Four Stars expert, his current strength unknown.

Ling Jue was once a member of the Silver Bloodline Clan, the Ling Family, and joined the military as an adult with a promising future. However, his cold-blooded nature saw him end the life of an injured comrade he deemed to be dragging him down during a mission. When the matter was exposed, he became wanted by the Empire, eventually joining the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves after a pursuit.