

Battlefield 281

Chapter 281: Insect Surveillance, Hell (Double Chapter)

"Calais, has all the supplies been purchased satisfactorily?"

Ling Jue looked at Calais, his voice cold as if it were an eternal block of ice.

"Second Boss, everything is complete, not a single item missing."

Calais bowed slightly, responding with his soft-spoken tone.

"Good."

Ling Jue scanned the crowd, his gaze sharp, as if trying to see through something among the people.

Meanwhile, several technicians dressed in black were operating precise scanning instruments, silently moving through the crowd. The instruments emitted a ghostly blue glow accompanied by a faint buzzing sound, capturing the full body outline of each individual within the scan.

They were checking to see if anyone was carrying any unauthorized communication devices.

Inside the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' base ship, except for the Big Boss, no one was allowed to carry communication devices, not even Ling Jue.

This was to maximize the prevention of anyone leaking information to the outside world, exposing the Star Thieves' location.

Soon, the scan was finished, and the security check was completed smoothly.

"Take them down."

With the most important inspection done, Ling Jue waved his hand and turned to leave.

In his opinion, whether slaves or key figures like Calais and Poisonous Widow, they were worthless trash. If it weren't for the Big Boss's instruction, he wouldn't waste time on this group of junk.

Watching Ling Jue's disappearing figure, Calais and the others couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

To them, the Second Boss was an existence more terrifying than the Big Boss.

When facing the Big Boss, even if you made a minor mistake, as long as it wasn't too severe, the Big Boss would still give you a chance.

But with the Second Boss, it was different. Once he deemed you useless, he would behead you in front of everyone, showing no mercy.

"Take them away!"

Next, the Star Thieves separated all the slaves by type. Female slaves in one group, capable male slaves in another, and some other purpose-oriented slaves in another group. All slave controllers were collected and then distributed to different departments.

Apparently, Qin Tian belonged to the second category, and he was taken into a small enclosed room.

The room was about 15 square meters, with walls made of cold metal, emitting a dim grayish-white hue. A low-wattage light bulb was embedded in the ceiling, casting a stark and weak light, flickering occasionally as if it might go out at any moment.

In the corner was a rusted toilet, with suspicious yellow-brown stains on the edges, emitting a pungent smell of disinfectant mixed with excrement. Next to it was an equally decrepit sink, the faucet slightly leaking, the dripping sound distinct in the silence.

The floor was made of coarse, anti-slip steel plate, producing a dull metallic echo when stepped on.

The walls bore scratches of varying depths, as if previous occupants had carved them with nails or some hard object, some oxidized black, others still shiny with fresh metal sheen.

There were no windows in the room, the only entrance and exit was a heavy metal door, with a palm-sized observation window through which patrolling Star Thieves occasionally peered inside.

The inside of the door had no handle, evidently designed with no intention of allowing anyone inside the chance to leave on their own.

"Xiong must be feeling stifled here."

Qin Tian turned his head to the side, sensing that Xiong was in the third room to the right.

After sitting quietly for a while, Qin Tian glanced at the micro surveillance camera overhead, then lay sideways, using his back to block the camera's view.

Whoosh

A white petri dish appeared in his hand, and as he injected energy, small black dots emerged on the dish. If observed under a microscope, one would see they were insect eggs.

As the eggs hatched, hundreds of tiny insects were born, their minuscule size escaping detection by surveillance. They buzzed their wings, flying out through the gaps in the door, spreading in all directions.

Simultaneously, Qin Tian used [Spiritual Wisdom Divine Authority] to let these tiny insects become his eyes, moving with their vision.

One tiny insect silently traversed a ventilation duct, eventually squeezing through a gap in the iron mesh overhead, hovering above the arena.

What entered Qin Tian's mind was a scene of madness and bloodshed—

It was a large circular arena, surrounded by towering iron fences, the ground soaked with dark red blood stains, sticky to the touch.

Two slaves were in the midst of a fierce fight, one wielding a broken metal pipe, the other swinging a spiked wooden club, both covered in wounds, blood sliding down their muscular contours, yet their eyes held only numbness and despair.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

"Trash! Stop dodging! Beat him to death for me!"

"Hahaha, his guts are spilling out! Awesome!"

The stands around were packed with Star Thieves, laughing, shouting, some even excitedly standing up, waving bottles and weapons.

The air was thick with the stench of sweat, alcohol, and blood, mixing into a nauseating, suffocating atmosphere.

Thud~

One of the slaves was pierced in the abdomen by the metal pipe, staggering to his knees, blood gushing from his mouth.

The victor, panting heavily, didn't stop, instead pouncing, claspng his hands tightly around the other's throat, until the opponent's pupils completely dilated.

The Star Thieves erupted into deafening cheers, some even tossing a few coins onto the corpse, like rewarding a dog that had completed a task.

This must be the Bloody Arena spoken of by the Poisonous Widow.

Next, the perspective switches to the second insect.

The second insect gently flaps its wings, continuing to delve deeper along the damp corridor, eventually stopping within a spacious cabin.

Here, there was no bloody massacre, but another kind of suffocating oppression lingered—dozens of male and female slaves stood in several rows, their upper bodies bare, and hands and feet shackled, displayed like goods on metal racks.

Their eyes were hollow, bodies covered in bruises and whip marks, clearly accustomed to such inhuman treatment.

Several Star Thieves swaggered through the crowd, occasionally reaching out to pinch a slave's chin, rudely prying open their mouths to inspect teeth or to slap muscles to evaluate physical ability.

"This one's too skinny, can't withstand the ordeal."

"Tsk, this one's good, take them in and try it."

"Hahaha, I want this woman, tonight it's her!"

The selected slaves were rudely yanked from the line and dragged to the adjacent room.

The insect sharply followed, slipping in through the door slit.

The room was dimly lit, the air a mix of sweat, blood, and a disgustingly sweet odor.

Several crude metal beds were fixed against the wall, covered with dirty mats.

The slaves brought in were pressed onto the beds, their limbs locked by shackles, while the Star Thieves grinned sinisterly, pulling out various tools—electric batons, whips, syringes...

Pained groans, desperate sobbing, and frenzied laughter intertwined, like a hellish symphony.

The insect's vision trembled slightly, as if even this tiny creature instinctively resisted the sight before it.

Perspective switches to the third insect.

The insect vibrated its almost transparent wings, flying along the cold and damp passage, eventually slipping through a half-open iron door.

In an instant, through the insect's vision, Qin Tian saw a scene far more twisted than the arena.

This was a spacious basement, the walls lined with rusted torture devices—barbed iron whips, heated branding irons, sharp hooks, even a few buzzing electric shock machines.

The air reeked of burnt flesh, the stench of blood, and the whimpers of despair.

A dozen ragged prisoners were chained to the wall, ranging from frail old men, terrified children, to numb-faced adults. Their bodies bore overlapping scars, some wounds still oozing blood, others already festering and blackened.

"Scream! Why aren't you screaming?!"

A Star Thief with a full-face of flesh swung an iron rod, viciously striking a boy's knee.

"Crack!"

The sound of bone cracking was clear, the boy's shrill scream instantly filled the room.

Yet the surrounding Star Thieves laughed heartily, one even raised a bottle and took a sip, as if enjoying a grand show.

On the other side, a female Star Thief slowly heated a branding iron, a cruel smile on her lips.

She approached a middle-aged man bound to an iron chair, and under his terrified gaze, pressed the branding iron harshly against his chest.

"Sizzle——" The sound of flesh being seared accompanied anguished screams piercing the air, the man frantically struggled, yet only caused the iron chair to make an ear-piercing friction sound.

"Hahaha! Look at his expression! Does he look like a dog being cooked alive?"

The female Star Thief laughed uproariously, casually tossing the branding iron back into the furnace, preparing to select the next "toy."

In the corner, several children huddled together, trembling violently.

Among them, the youngest girl couldn't cry anymore, merely biting her lip hard, with blood dripping down her chin.

There was no battle here, no selection, just pure abuse.

The Star Thieves didn't care about the value of these people, they simply enjoyed the pleasure of torturing the weak.

As these grotesque, cruel, and brutal scenes streamed into the mind, Qin Tian's pupils suddenly contracted, an unprecedented rage exploded like a volcano in his chest!

His fingers dug deeply into his palm, blood seeping through the gaps, yet completely unaware.

His heart pounded fiercely in his chest, each beat felt like a heavy hammer, making his whole body tremble.

The shrill screams, twisted faces, the Star Thieves' hideous laughter, were like countless daggers, viciously twisting his nerves.

"These beasts..."

The killing intent surged like a tide, almost bursting through his flesh.

The Spiritual Energy within him stirred uncontrollably, the surrounding air seemed to slightly warp under his fiery wrath.

Those being tormented, could be parents of some child, the elders of a family, they shouldn't be enduring such an inferno. And those Star Thieves—they no longer deserve to be called human, they're merely a bunch of demons wearing human skins!

"You all must die..."

Qin Tian's gaze turned completely icy, his dark pupils no longer held any warmth, only the purest intent to kill.

Slowly, he closed his eyes, issuing new commands to all the insects through [Spiritual Wisdom Divine Authority]—

Investigate, mark, lock in.

Every abusive Star Thief, every executioner participating in this revelry, their faces, physiques, and scents, were all documented by the insects, deeply imprinted in Qin Tian's mind.

For now, his strength couldn't destroy this demon lair, acting rashly would only alert the enemy.

But once reinforcements arrived, he was bound to make these bastards—

A blood repayment for blood!

Action must be taken quickly.

Qin Tian's eyes were deep, every day of delay would mean many innocent people suffering abuse and torment.

Just as Qin Tian prepared his next steps, his door was suddenly pushed open, a Star Thief pointed at him and said:

"You, come out!"

Qin Tian's gaze shifted, he rose and walked out of the room.

Suddenly, he turned his head, just in time to see Xiong stepping out of his room.

...

Fifteen minutes earlier

In a luxurious room, Sibada sat facing a red-haired man.

"Sibada, how's the quality of this batch of slaves?"

The red-haired man asked casually, while sipping on wine.

"I can guarantee, they're certainly better than Lisen's batch of slaves." Sibada responded placidly.

Their four squads belonged to a procurement group, meanwhile, an additional eight groups were dispatched simultaneously for procurement, to ensure the Star Thieves' material supply wasn't disrupted should any one group encounter issues.

"You seem quite confident~"

The red-haired man smirked, "How about testing their condition now?"

"Of course." Sibada nodded.

The red-haired man was Feilake, the person in charge of the Bloody Arena.

All arrangements, schedules, and betting odds in the arena were subject to Feilake's will.

Sibada picked up his wine glass, gently swirling it, "I have a half-beastman under me, physically formidable, definitely has the potential to become the arena's star."

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, the red-haired man's eyes showed a hint of interest.

In the Bloody Arena, all slaves that were Spiritualists had to be injected with Spiritual Ability Inhibitors, to prevent the overly intense Spiritual Energy combat from damaging the venue and affecting the ship's voyage.

Under such circumstances, slaves with stronger bodies and more skilled techniques could easily stand out.

Half beastmen, being hybrids of humans and Beastmen, were naturally superior in physical abilities than humans.

As long as the schedule was properly arranged, it's easy to turn the half beastman into the Bloody Arena's ace.

"Feilake, by the rules, the half beastman was bought by me, half of the profits he generates, I want to take."

Sibada said, "However, I want to make a deal with you, as long as you agree to one thing, I'll give you an extra share of my profits."

"What thing?"

Feilake asked.

"Soon, arrange a match for a Barbarian slave." Sibada's eyes flashed coldly, "I want to see this Barbarian die in the most miserable way in the arena."

"Barbarian slave?"

Feilake chuckled lightly, "How come, this Barbarian slave annoyed you and still managed to live until now?"

"This Barbarian is the Poisonous Widow's lover, she is exceptionally enamored with him."

Sibada drank down his red wine, a bit of red staining the corner of his mouth, "You know, my relationship with the Poisonous Widow is quite good, I don't want her to become the laughingstock of the entire group over a slave."

Quite good relationship?

Feilake smiled faintly, he easily saw through Sibada's little scheme, but for him, it was just a mere command that could bring substantial profits, why not?

Chapter 283: Bloodthirsty Arena, Walking Into the Trap (Double Chapter)

Ten minutes later, Xiong and Qin Tian were taken to the waiting area of the Bloody Arena, and each was injected with a dose of Spiritual Ability Inhibitor.

A Star Thief walked over, looked at the impromptu arrangement of the matches, pointed at Xiong and said:

"You're next, get ready."

Then, he turned to Qin Tian:

"You'll be after him."

Having said that, he stood beside the two men.

However, unexpectedly, when he announced this arrangement, neither of them showed the panic and fear typical of other new slave fighters. On the contrary, they were unusually calm, as if they were entirely unbothered by the impending deadly combat.

This surprised the Star Thieves who were prepared to break them in, thinking they would have to whip them a few times before forcing them onto the stage, but judging by their demeanor, it seemed unnecessary.

The Star Thief's gaze swept back and forth over the two, he thought for a moment, then quickly ran out to place a bet on the half-beastman.

Within the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, regular currency was useless; life was operated based on something called Blood Points.

To live in a nice room, to enjoy gourmet food, to possess young and beautiful slaves, to go to the punishment area to vent one's perverse desires... all required Blood Points.

Every month, the Star Thieves handed out an amount of Blood Points corresponding to each member's different level, equivalent to wages. However, if one wished to obtain more Blood Points, they either needed to participate in the Star Thieves' hunting missions or gamble at the Bloody Arena to make big wins out of small bets.

After the Star Thief left, Qin Tian stood beside Xiong and whispered:

"Xiong, be careful."

"Hmm."

Xiong nodded, looking towards the end of the tunnel, at that blood-soaked round arena.

Before long, the Star Thief returned

"Half-beastman, let's go."

Xiong said nothing, following the Star Thief.

In the arena, the spotlights that had just been extinguished suddenly lit up, illuminating the central arena as if it were daytime.

The towering stands around were packed with frenzied Star Thieves, waving their bottles and weapons, making deafening roars.

Suddenly, a host dressed in a crimson robe leapt onto the platform, raised his arms high, and his voice echoed throughout the venue:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Let us welcome the next blood-pumping feast of slaughter!"

The audience broke into even more frenzied cheers, the host grinned widely and continued shouting:

"First, let's welcome—The Slave's Nightmare, your carnival, one of the arena's aces—'Skull Crusher' come to the stage!!!"

With a heavy footstep noise, a giant man over two meters tall emerged from the tunnel.

His naked upper body was covered in ferocious scars, muscles knotted like steel, his fists exceptionally large and defined, resembling two steel hammers.

The audience erupted instantly, with many chanting his name as if witnessing another bloody crush.

The host surveyed the arena with satisfaction, then lowered his voice in a mysterious manner:

"And tonight, his opponent... is a bit special."

He deliberately paused, building suspense, then suddenly raised his voice:

"He's a newcomer! A recently captured slave! But—he's no ordinary human!"

"He's a half-beastman, named—Xiong!"

There was a momentarily stunned silence across the arena, followed by a burst of uproar.

"Half-beastman?"

"Really? They actually caught a half-beastman?"

"Hahaha, now this will be a show!"

Amid the noisy chatter, Xiong slowly walked out of the tunnel.

His frame was even more exaggerated than the 'Skull Crusher', with a body as broad as a mountain, arms, legs, and chest covered in brown fur, and those beast-like eyes radiating a cold light that made the front-row audience unconsciously hold their breath.

The host bellowed with excitement:

"Let's see if 'Skull Crusher' continues his undefeated legend, or if this half-beastman slave can bring us a surprise?"

"Bets continue! The slaughter—begins!!!"

With a sharp horn blow, the arena's gates slammed shut.

"Skull Crusher" grinned hideously, roaring coarsely: "Half-beastman? Hah, nothing but a beast with an extra pair of ears!"

Xiong did not respond, slowly adopting a fighting stance, his gaze cold and focused.

On the stands, Qin Tian watched all this silently, the corners of his mouth slightly lifted.

"Xiong, show them... what a real beast truly is."

The battle begins!

Skull Crusher laughed wildly, charging at Xiong, his massive fist wrapped in the sound of breaking wind, heading straight for Xiong's face.

This punch was enough to smash through steel, many gladiators' skulls had shattered under this blow!

However, Xiong merely shifted slightly, throwing a right punch as well—

"Bang!!"

The moment the fists collided, a bone-cracking sound that made one's teeth ache exploded!

Skull Crusher's expression suddenly distorted, his fist bone instantly cracked at the collision, knuckles shattered, and the muscles of the entire arm twisted and deformed like a heap of mud.

Moreover, the most terrifying thing was, an unstoppable immense force transmitted along his arm, causing his body to be blown backwards by the residual force of that punch, landing heavily several meters away.

"Hiss—"

The arena fell into instant silence.

All the Star Thieves stared wide-eyed, looking at this scene in disbelief.

Skull Crusher... got punched away?!

And his fist—shattered?!

It was known that Skull Crusher's pride lay in those alloy-like fists, which once could smash through steel plates without Spiritual Energy; countless heads had been shattered by those iron fists.

But now they were crushed by a single punch from the half-beastman.

Chapter 284: x Bloody Arena, Walking Into the Trap (Double Chapter, Part 2)

The Skull Crusher struggled to get up, the arrogance on his face long gone, replaced by deep fear.

He stared at Xiong, his throat moved, voice trembling:

"You... What kind of monster are you?!"

Xiong didn't answer, just slowly stepped towards him.

The Skull Crusher finally broke down and turned to run!

"Escaping... Escaped?!"

The audience was in an uproar!

The Skull Crusher, one of the arena's aces, was actually fleeing for his life?!

However, Xiong's speed was faster than he imagined!

Almost in an instant, Xiong's figure appeared behind the Skull Crusher, his thick arm clamping down on his rear neck like a vice, lifting him off the ground!

The Skull Crusher struggled frantically, but Xiong's power made him despair—his resistance was like an ant shaking a tree!

The next second, Xiong's arm muscles bulged and he smashed the Skull Crusher brutally against the ground!

"Boom——!!!"

The entire arena shook violently!

When people looked closely, the Skull Crusher was already collapsed like a piece of mud in a deep pit, all bones shattered, blood flowing from his seven orifices, only the slight twitching of his limbs proving he was still alive—but just barely.

Silence.

Absolute silence.

All the Star Thieves stared sluggishly at the scene, forgetting even to breathe, then excitement and frenzy flooded their eyes, loudly cheering Xiong's name.

"Xiong!"

"Xiong!"

Xiong slowly straightened, shook off the blood on his hands, turned and looked towards the direction of the passage.

In the waiting area, Qin Tian's expression was amazed.

Da Xiong's strength is indeed terrifying.

A few people carried away the almost dead Skull Crusher, and Xiong, guided by the Star Thieves, stepped down from the ring.

Immediately afterward, the host reappeared.

The host took a deep breath, stood again on the high platform, his voice echoing passionately across the arena:

"Ladies and gentlemen! We have just witnessed an astounding battle! The Half beastman, Xiong, crushed the 'Skull Crusher's' myth of invincibility with a dominant posture!"

The audience burst into noisy chatter, many Star Thieves still immersed in the recent shock with eyes filled with undiminished excitement and fervor.

"And now——"

The host suddenly raised his voice, "The next newcomer is about to take the stage! Please welcome—— 'Wolf' Hufu!!!"

From the passage, a slender, sharp-faced man walked out slowly. His face was covered with knife scars, eyes glowing with beast-like ferocity, a cruel grin on his lips.

His finger joints were abnormally large, clearly honed through countless battles.

The audience immediately erupted in cheers, but compared to the previous frenzy, there was now a touch of caution—the previous newcomer slave had given them a huge 'surprise,' no one knew what kind of quality this newcomer would have.

"And his opponent——" The host deliberately dragged out his tone,

"A Barbarian from the wild lands!!!"

Qin Tian slowly walked out from the passage, icy eyes scanning the whole field under his messy black hair. His body was covered in ancient black battle patterns, shining darkly under the lights, emanating a dangerous and primal vibe.

The Star Thieves in the audience whispered, their eyes measuring Qin Tian repeatedly, not daring to underestimate the newcomer like before.

"I think this newcomer isn't too bad, I'll bet on him to try."

"I'll still bet on the Wolf, not every newcomer can be strong."

...

"Battle——begin!!!"

As soon as the host finished speaking, Wolf Hufu exploded! His speed was extremely fast, almost turning into a blur, his right fist suddenly glowing with dazzling Spiritual Energy light, blasting straight towards Qin Tian's head!

"Spiritual Energy?! Wasn't he supposed to be injected with inhibitors?"

The audience instantly exploded, many Star Thieves stood up in shock.

According to regulations, all slaves would be injected with Spiritual Ability Inhibitors before the fight to prevent them from using extraordinary powers and disrupting the fairness of the arena.

But Hufu could still activate Spiritual Energy?

"It's over, this Barbarian is doomed!" Someone exclaimed.

However, just as Hufu's fist was about to hit Qin Tian——

Qin Tian's figure suddenly blurred!

"Bang——!!!"

A muffled sound, Hufu's action suddenly froze.

His fist stopped mid-air, while Qin Tian's right arm had already pierced through his chest.

Blood dripped down Qin Tian's arm, Hufu's eyes widened, disbelievingly lowering his head, looking at the hand covered in blood piercing out from his back.

"How... could you..."

Qin Tian slowly withdrew his arm, Hufu's body fell heavily, kicking up a cloud of dust.

The place was dead silent.

The Star Thieves had their mouths wide open, forgetting to breathe.

"Fi...finished?" Someone murmured.

"One move... Instant kill?!"

Boom!

The audience erupted again, even more intensely than before.

Who could have imagined that the Wolf, already cheating by using Spiritual Energy, would be one-punched to death by a Barbarian using only physical strength.

This Barbarian's physique, is too terrifying.

In the Bloody Arena, who could be his opponent!

Qin Tian shook off the blood on his hand, his cold gaze swept over the audience, finally stopping at a man with a grim expression, whose lips curled into a cold smile.

Sibada, you really never give up~

Haha!

Sibada clenched his fist until it crackled, burning with rage.

Fine!

Fine!

A lowly slave, actually slapping his face time and again.

If others can't handle you, then I'll deal with you myself.

"Feilake, I'm ready to make another deal with you."

Sibada coldly remarked: "I'll take only a tenth of the Half beastman's earnings, the rest is yours, but give me the Barbarian, hand me his slave controller, and prepare a room for me, I want to teach him properly."

"Not enough!"

Feilake shook his head, casually saying: "The value of this Barbarian, I see as higher than the Half beastman, your offer is insufficient."

Upon hearing this, Sibada gritted his teeth and said:

"Plus two Blood Demon Pills, is that enough?"

"Hmm, that's more like it."

Feilake smiled lightly, "Room 306, go ahead."

"Okay!"

Sibada's eyes glared at Qin Tian, his lips curling into a cruel arc.

...

After the gladiatorial match ended, Qin Tian didn't exit the passage with Xiong, but was taken to a room.

After entering, a Star Thief forcefully closed the door from behind.

Qin Tian stood in place, looking ahead.

Sibada held the slave controller in one hand and an iron thorn whip in the other, looking at Qin Tian with mockery, speaking:

"Lowly slave, we meet again."

Qin Tian said flatly: "Yes, we meet again."

Seeing Qin Tian's calm demeanor, Sibada's anger intensified.

"Hah, it seems the Poisonous Widow has really indulged you, a slave who has forgotten his status."

Sibada's lips curled cruelly, aiming the slave controller at Qin Tian:

"Today, I'll show you that a slave is always a slave, now kneel!"

Beep

The controller's button was pressed hard.

One second, two seconds, five seconds, Qin Tian stood peacefully in place, nothing happened.

Sibada's face gradually stiffened, what's going on, why does the slave controller have no effect on him, could it be I took the wrong one?

"Sibada, even if I don't seek you out, you dare to come to me voluntarily, perfect..."

Qin Tian tore off the bomb necklace from his neck, his tone indifferent.

"To obliterate the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, I'll start with you."

As soon as he finished speaking, the green vine on his wrist suddenly grew madly, like a dancing serpent, instantly filling Sibada's vision.

"Not good!"

Sibada's pupils shrank dramatically, a strong dread rising from deep inside.

...

Chapter 285: The Bear in Rage and Frenzy

Whoosh~~

Tendrils came from all directions, trapping Sibada in the small room with nowhere to hide. His legs, hands, and neck were entwined by the tendrils, and the more he struggled, the tighter these eerie tendrils squeezed.

Even more terrifying was that the ancient patterns on the surface of the tendrils began to writhe like living creatures, turning into countless tiny suckers that voraciously devoured the Spiritual Energy within him.

He could clearly feel—his power was rapidly draining!

"Uhhh... uhhh!"

Sibada's eyes widened, bloodshot and on the verge of bursting. He wanted to shout for help, but his mouth was gagged by the tendrils, unable to make any sound.

He desperately twisted his body, attempting to ignite the last bit of Spiritual Energy to break free, but the tendrils seemed like a bottomless pit, extracting every ounce of Energy from him completely.

Qin Tian watched calmly, knowing that with Jie La's current strength, dealing with a Tier Five non-bloodline Spiritualist was a breeze, leaving no room for the opponent to struggle.

"You..."

Sibada, wrapped like a mummy, revealed only a pale face, his voice weak, eyes filled with horror and dread.

"Who... exactly are you?"

Qin Tian placed his hand on Sibada's forehead and said calmly:

"Royal Colonel, Qin Tian."

Royal Colonel!!!

Sibada's body trembled violently. He instantly realized why Qin Tian was here.

That battleship, and the person on the battleship.

"Please, Lord Qin Tian, don't kill me. Whatever you wish to do, I can help you."

Sibada hurriedly pleaded, begging desperately.

"Not necessary."

Purple light appeared in Qin Tian's eyes, "Anything you can do, I can do too."

As the words fell, his face suddenly changed, and in an instant, an oddly familiar face appeared before Sibada's eyes.

It was... his own face.

What!!

Sibada's pupils constricted sharply. The next moment, an immense Spiritual Power stormed into his mind, like a sharp blade, shattering his Soul into fragments.

Soul Devourer

Sibada's Soul fragments were devoured by Qin Tian, and the memories within the fragments were simultaneously acquired by Qin Tian.

Evolution Points +12450

Rustle

The Green Vine retracted, turning back into a bracelet wrapped around Qin Tian's wrist.

Qin Tian's gaze was deep as he stripped Sibada's clothes. Immediately, his physique, skin, and even the black moles on his body transformed to look exactly like Sibada.

Switching the clothes between them, Qin Tian used Sibada's steel thorn whip to whip the corpse into a bloody mess. After completing all this, he opened the door.

At this moment, a subordinate guarding the door glanced inside, his heart jolting.

"Dispose of the corpse," Qin Tian said blandly.

"Yes, Captain."

Two subordinates lifted Sibada's corpse, heading to the laboratory's corpse collection depot.

On the base ship, corpses are also a form of resource and can be used as experimental material.

On the way, they happened to encounter two Star Thieves escorting Xiong back to his room.

The two glanced at the bloody corpse and curiously asked:

"Who is this?"

The Star Thief casually replied, "It's that barbarian from earlier, probably offended Captain Sibada and ended up like this."

Hearing this, the two Star Thieves couldn't help but feel somewhat sorry. They had intended to lay a few more bets on the barbarian in the future to earn some bloody points, but did not expect that after just one fight, the barbarian was killed by Captain Sibada.

"Well, we'll..."

Before the two Star Thieves finished speaking, the surrounding air suddenly froze.

Xiong's body jerked violently, as if struck by lightning. His pupils contracted sharply, then instantly expanded into a terrifying crimson red, an indescribable chill burst from him, and the surrounding temperature seemed to plummet by several degrees.

"Qin... Tian...?"

His voice was hoarse beyond recognition, like a growl squeezed from the depths of Hell, every syllable quivering, as if merely pronouncing the name drained all his strength.

Before the Star Thieves carrying the corpse could react, they saw this half beastman's skin start to turn an abnormal dark red, his knotted muscles writhing and expanding like living creatures, his blue-black veins bulging hideously beneath his skin.

"You guys..."

Xiong slowly raised his head, those crimson eyes devoid of reason, only the most primitive desire for slaughter boiling within. His fangs uncontrollably extended, blood trickling from the torn corners of his mouth, emitting a beast-like "clack-clack" sound from his throat.

When the words "all have to die" fell, the two Star Thieves finally realized death was upon them.

They hastily retreated, only to see Xiong's figure suddenly blur—

"Boom!"

The air exploded in a visible ripple.

Xiong's giant hand, carrying an overwhelming force, clamped down on the heads of the two. His nails had mutated into sharp bone claws, deeply embedded into their skulls.

"Bang!"

The sound of a watermelon bursting echoed down the corridor.

The red and white mixture sprayed from between Xiong's fingers, splattering radiant patterns on the metal walls. The two heads crushed like fruit beneath a hydraulic press, instantly turning into two masses of sticky meat paste.

The headless bodies maintained a retreating posture, the carotid artery spraying a column of blood two meters high. The warm blood drenched Xiong's fierce face, yet he didn't blink, letting the fresh blood drip down his chin.

"Ghaa... ghaa..."

Amidst heavy breathing, Xiong slowly knelt before the mutilated corpse.

He hesitantly reached out, but just as he was about to touch "Qin Tian," he froze—his spiked claws twitching uncontrollably, afraid to shatter the fragile remaining body with the slightest pressure.

A drop of murky liquid splattered into the pool of blood.

This half beastman capable of tearing armored vehicles apart with bare hands, now huddled like a lost child, his broad shoulders shaking violently. He bit his fangs tightly, drawing blood from the gums, yet couldn't suppress the whimpering that spilled from his throat, like the mournful cry of a young beast.

Chapter 286: Rampage, Frenzied Xiong (Part 2)

"Qin... Tian..."

Each syllable was wrapped in overwhelming hatred, as if it intended to engrave this name into bones, merging it into every drop of blood.

His only friend, the only person who brought him warmth and kindness, was dead.

Kill!

Kill!

All of you will die!

At this moment, the two Star Thieves escorting Xiong finally realized what was happening.

"Looking for death!"

They shouted angrily, their fists suddenly lighting up with blinding Spiritual Energy, striking left and right at Xiong's vital points.

As members of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, executioners of the Bloody Arena, they were Tier Two Spiritualists, a single punch capable of shattering steel plates.

However—

"Bang! Bang!"

Xiong's fists met them directly, plain and unadorned, without a trace of Spiritual Energy, yet like two heavy hammers, they crushed the opponents' Spiritual Energy defenses as if they were nothing!

"Crack!"

The crisp sound of bones breaking resounded, and the arms of the two Star Thieves instantly twisted and deformed, their bones fracturing inch by inch!

"No..."

They stared wide-eyed in terror, unable to even scream before Xiong's fists slammed heavily into their chests!

"Boom!"

A terrifying force erupted, and their bodies flew out like ragdolls, slamming into the walls of the corridor, creating two deep indentations. Blood mixed with fragments of organs spewed from their mouths, and by the time they slid to the ground, their entire chests had completely caved in, transforming into a blur of flesh and blood!

A piercing alarm sound echoed, and crimson warning lights bathed the metal corridor, making it resemble a Blood Pool.

"Riot in passage B! Repeat, riot in passage B!"

Amid the urgent broadcast, the guards of the Bloody Arena rushed out from the corner.

They held an array of cold weapons—Spiritual Energy War Axes, plasma spears, and shocking chain blades, with various hues of Spiritual Energy entwined around the blades.

The leading captain brandished a giant sword burning with blue flames, shouting sharply, "Target confirmed, it's the half-beastman slave! Formation!"

Twelve Star Thieves immediately formed a battle formation, the Spiritual Energy auras on their weapons merging into one, constructing a death barrier in the corridor.

"Kill!"

The Spiritual Energy War Axe was the first to strike, the lightning Spiritual Energy entwined on the axe blade sufficient to turn a mammoth into charcoal.

Xiong did not dodge, his veined right fist meeting it directly.

"Clang!"

With a crisp sound of shattering metal, the steel-forged axe head was crushed with a single punch.

The Star Thief holding the axe had his grip torn apart, not even recovering from the shock before Xiong grasped his face, smashing him heavily into the ground.

"Boom!"

The sound of a skull shattering was drowned out by the hum of a plasma spear.

Three plasma spears entwined with high-temperature plasma simultaneously thrust towards Xiong's back, but could not advance an inch beneath his skin—Xiong's muscles writhed like living creatures, clamping the spear tips tightly!

"How is this possible?!" The Star Thieves stared wide-eyed in horror.

Xiong slowly turned around, the muscles in his back twisting, with three crisp pops as the special alloy spear tips all snapped. He grabbed the three spear shafts, swinging them like whips to smash the three Star Thieves against the wall.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Three mists of blood exploded simultaneously.

"Don't be afraid! He's injured!" the captain shouted to boost morale.

Indeed, Xiong's body was already covered in wounds—his left shoulder was charred black by Spiritual Energy flames, broken spear tips protruding from his back, but these injuries seemed only to make him more furious.

Five Star Thieves simultaneously activated a Spiritual Energy skill: "Spiritual Energy Strangle!"

Five chains of different colored Spiritual Energy shot from their weapons, wrapping around Xiong's limbs and neck, the barbs on the chains plunging deeply into Xiong's flesh, starting to wildly draw his life force.

"Huh..." Xiong issued a low growl from his throat. His muscles swelled at a visible speed, blue-black veins spreading like webs beneath his skin.

Suddenly, all the chains simultaneously tightened—not from the Star Thieves pulling, but from Xiong exerting force actively!

"Snap! Snap! Snap!"

One by one, the Spiritual Energy chains snapped, the backlash of energy causing the five Star Thieves to spit blood.

They watched in terror as the demon-god-like figure broke free from restraints, leaving deep footprints in the metal floor with each step.

"Monster, monster..."

A half-beastman, using only his body without Spiritual Energy, slaughtered a group of Spiritualist Star Thieves as easily as chickens and dogs.

If this isn't a monster, what is it?

Splat

Xiong grabbed the nearest Star Thief, clasping both hands on his shoulders, slowly pulling apart. Amidst the Star Thief's screams, his body was torn like a rag, spilling viscera all over.

The remaining Star Thieves finally broke down.

They dropped their weapons and tried to flee, only to be chased down by Xiong.

One was snapped in half at the waist, another had his skull crushed, and the last was grabbed by the ankle and swung like a weapon at the approaching reinforcements.

"Boom!"

The twenty Star Thieves who just arrived were thrown into disarray by this human cannonball.

Xiong seized the opportunity to rush into the crowd, his fists and feet transforming into the most primitive killing weapons, without any flashy techniques, only the purest power and speed.

"Bang!" one punch shattered a Spirit Shield, caving in the chest of the Star Thief behind it.

"Crack!" an elbow strike broke an Alloy Battle Saber, the momentum continued, piercing through the wielder's throat.

"Pfft!" a hand as sharp as a blade pierced directly into a Star Thief's abdomen, pulling out a handful of bloody intestines.

The corridor became a slaughterhouse.

This half-beastman was like a tireless killing machine, each attack precisely harvesting lives.

When the last Star Thief was twisted into mince by Xiong using his own chain blade, the entire fifty-meter-long corridor could no longer find a complete metal wall—everywhere were dents, bloodstains, and shredded flesh.

Xiong stood at the center of the corpse pile, drenched in blood. His injuries were horrific: a broken sword impaled his left abdomen, three deep gashes exposing bone on his right leg, but none of this could extinguish the bloody fury in his eyes.

In the distance, heavy footsteps approached, this time the elite guards of the Star Thieves—each donned Spirit Armor, wielding rune weapons.

But Xiong merely bared his teeth, revealing blood-stained fangs.

He bent down to pick up the two largest war axes on the ground, twirling them beautifully in his hands.

"Come on..." he growled hoarsely, his voice as rough as sandpaper scraping metal, "the more the better..."

"This half-beastman has lost control!"

The elite guard captain Kulawn said in a deep voice, "Try to control, if not, kill!"

"Yes!"

The guards' eyes ignited with killing intent.

"Wait!"

Just then, a low voice came from behind the metal corridor.

A figure quickly approached, standing at the forefront of the guards.

"Captain Sibada!"

Seeing Sibada, Kulawn was relieved; after witnessing the half-beastman's violent and brutal slaughter, he too was unsure. However, with the arrival of the Captain Level Tier Five powerhouse Sibada, the half-beastman's fate was sealed.

"Leave him to me."

"Sibada" said deeply; what no one noticed was a flicker of shock and guilt in his eyes.

Qin Tian glanced once, understanding the entire situation.

He hadn't expected that Xiong would happen to see his own "corpse."

His own death had provoked Xiong's furious frenzy, resulting in a bloody outburst, only that Xiong's strength had exceeded his expectations, effortlessly slaughtering fully armed Spiritualist Star Thieves without leaving a trace, one can hardly imagine what terrible strength Xiong possessed in peak condition.

Tap-tap-tap

Amidst everyone's gaze, "Sibada" walked slowly toward Xiong.

Xiong stared directly at "Sibada," his beast-like intuition sensing "Sibada's" terrifying aura. His body crouched slightly, muscles tensing all over, a low beastly growl emanating from his throat.

Just then, a familiar voice suddenly echoed in Xiong's mind.

"Xiong, the person opposite is me, Qin Tian!"

Hearing this voice, Xiong's body gave a sudden shudder.

Chapter 287: Laboratory and Karl

"Da Xiong, the person opposite you is me, Qin Tian!"

Qin Tian looked at the broken sword lodged in Xiong's abdomen, a trace of guilt flashing in his eyes, and continued the psychic communication:

"This is my ability, to communicate with you mentally, undetectable by others."

"The body on the ground is not mine, but Sibada's; I transformed into his appearance."

Xiong stared intently at Qin Tian, the redness in his eyes fading slightly, but he still didn't fully trust Qin Tian.

Qin Tian noticed Xiong's inner doubt and continued:

"You were adopted by a human couple when you were young. At eight, you met your mentor, the half-beastman Gru, who taught you to fight and use Martial Techniques."

Hearing this, Xiong's doubts disappeared, as this was something he had only shared with Qin Tian, impossible for others to know.

"Da Xiong, I have something important to do next, so I might need you to endure a bit of grievance while we put on an act..."

"Okay!" Xiong fully trusted Qin Tian.

Bang~

Qin Tian propelled himself forward, rushing in front of Xiong. Xiong clenched his fist and swung it at Qin Tian's head, but Qin Tian sidestepped, easily dodging the punch, and retaliated with a heavy punch to Xiong's abdomen.

Bang!

With a massive body, Xiong flew backward, crashing heavily against the metal wall, causing it to tremble.

Xiong quickly got up, roaring angrily as he charged toward Qin Tian again.

However, Qin Tian, like a matador in an arena, easily evaded Xiong's charge, sweeping him to the ground with a powerful kick.

Perhaps due to exhaustion or severe injuries, Xiong coughed up blood, struggled a bit, and could no longer stand up.

Seeing this scene, the members of the elite guard couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief, silently marveling.

Truly worthy of a captain-level expert, taking him down with just a punch and a kick.

Thud, thud, thud

At this moment, Feilake, the manager of the Bloody Arena, arrived with a team. Seeing the metallic corridor littered with corpses and blood, his face turned extremely grim.

"Sibada!"

Feilake's voice was cold, "Is this the slave you trained? Do you owe me an explanation?"

"Feilake, I apologize."

Qin Tian had learned the identity of this red-haired man from the soul fragments; he was Feilake, the manager of the Bloody Arena.

"I didn't expect the death of that barbarian would so greatly upset the half beastman, causing a frenzy."

A hint of apology appeared on Qin Tian's face, "How about this, for every subordinate you've lost, I'll replace them with my men, and add an extra Blood Demon Pill."

Hearing this, Feilake's expression softened slightly.

"Alright, I'll give you some face today, but..."

Feilake looked at Xiong, who was kneeling on the ground, gasping heavily, and sneered:

"You're still too inexperienced in training slaves, I'll take this half beastman and turn him into a qualified slave."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian slowly spoke:

"Feilake, I've tried all your methods, but for half beastmen, pain only stimulates their inherent wildness, making them harder to tame. However, there is one thing that half beastmen cannot endure, and that is - hunger."

"I suggest starving him for a few days first; training will surely go more smoothly then."

Upon hearing this, Feilake thought for a moment and nodded:

"Alright, let's try it your way first."

Sibada was right, different slaves require different training methods.

Some slaves need only violence to make them comply.

Some slaves, with wills of iron, can be threatened using those around them to make them yield.

And some slaves, like the half beastman before us, fear not pain but other things, like hunger, or long-term confinement... with the right approach, anyone can be conquered.

"Take him down for treatment, then lock him up in the confinement room, and starve him for three days." Feilake ordered.

"Yes."

The subordinates cautiously approached, shackled Xiong's legs and feet with fine iron cuffs, and took him away.

Qin Tian watched as Xiong's figure gradually receded, a subtle glow flashing in his eyes.

This was merely a stopgap measure; he certainly wouldn't sit idly by and watch Xiong suffer from hunger.

With his abilities, there were plenty of ways to get food into Xiong's hands.

"Feilake, I'm heading back to my room now, have someone deliver the three Blood Demon Pills to you."
Qin Tian said.

"Alright."

Feilake nodded, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

The Blood Demon Pill, an elixir personally refined by the big boss, not only enhances physique but also boosts Spiritual Energy, a valuable cultivation resource even for Tier Five experts.

After obtaining these three Blood Demon Pills, his Spiritual Ability Level might advance even further.

...

Following his memory, Qin Tian found Sibada's room. A scan of his face opened the door automatically.

Qin Tian took the iron box from the back of the cabinet, input a series of complex passwords, and opened it.

Inside the box was a porcelain bottle containing only three Blood Demon Pills, now all belonging to Feilake.

However, before turning them over, he added a "little extra" to the pills.

"Go, give this to Feilake."

Qin Tian handed the porcelain bottle to a subordinate, then called over two teams to report to Feilake.

After completing all this, he finally set about the most important matter.

According to Sibada's memory, the scientist was taken onto the spaceship by the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves and went straight into the most mysterious laboratory, never to come out again.

Therefore, to find the scientist, he must infiltrate the laboratory.

Uncertain about the laboratory's guard strength, Qin Tian didn't want to use Void Shuttling to rashly enter.

He entered into invisibility mode, staking out near the lab door. Two hours later, a lab technician in a white coat emerged.

The technician headed straight to a nearby warehouse, retrieving newly purchased lab equipment.

Placing the equipment on a transportation robot, the technician immediately returned.

However, just as he passed a blind spot in the surveillance, the technician suddenly felt intense pain at the back of his head, blacking out and losing consciousness.

Moments later, the "technician" continued alongside the robot, heading toward the lab.

"Beep—identity verification passed."

With the confirmation of a mechanical voice, the alloy door of the lab slowly slid open. The "technician" pushed the equipment-laden transport robot inside.

A huge ring-shaped space equivalent to half a football field greeted the eyes.

Shadowless lamps dangled from the ceiling, their cold white light illuminating the laboratory brightly.

The air was filled with the acrid scent of formaldehyde, mingled with the ozone scent produced by some electronic equipment, making one instinctively hold their breath.

The left area was lined neatly with dozens of cylindrical cultivation tanks, each filled with a pale green nutrient solution.

Suspended within were various beings—there were humans, alien races, and even a few genetically modified grotesques. Their bodies were pierced by an array of conduits, some already sprouted extra limbs or organs, twitching unconsciously in the nutrient solution.

The right side was the dissection area.

Dark red bloodstains lingered on the stainless steel operating table, with several fresh corpses not yet processed, their chests brutally cut open, internal organs exposed to the air. Nearby trays piled with removed organs, one still pulsating faintly.

The "technician's" gaze swept over the central console—five researchers in white coats buzzed before a holographic projection, which displayed complex gene maps and data streams.

Among them, one person particularly stood out.

He crouched with hunched shoulders, shorter than the others by half a head. Most notably, he possessed a deformed, disproportionately large head.

The head was almost twice the size of a normal person's, covered in writhing worm-like blood vessels across his ash-gray scalp, pulsating continuously with his thoughts.

Qin Tian's eyes flickered; this man with the grotesquely large head was the chief scientist of this lab—Karl.

Chapter 288: Bad News, Invisible Hand

"Gene sequence G-1147 is showing signs of rejection..."

Dr. Karl stared at the holographic projection, muttering to himself. His voice was unnaturally sharp, more like the noise of metal scraping, "Need to increase the dosage of the Spiritual Power Stabilizer..."

His fingers flew across the holographic keyboard, the blood vessels on his deformed skull pulsating in rhythm with his thoughts. The gene chain in the projection began reorganizing, displaying a dangerous red warning.

"Doctor, the sample's tolerance is already at its limit," a female researcher softly reminded, "Increasing the dose might..."

"Shut up!" Karl suddenly screamed, his eyeballs bulging menacingly, bloodshot, "What do you know? This is groundbreaking evolution! The pain is only temporary!"

He turned sharply, his mechanical prosthetics beneath the lab coat tapping rapidly on the holographic keyboard, the projection instantly switching to show a figure bound to a surgical table—a young man, his body pierced with tubes, eerie lumps moving beneath his skin as if something was growing inside him.

"See?"

Karl's voice trembled with excitement, "Just adjust the Spiritual Energy resonance frequency a bit more, and we can make history by perfectly integrating Spirit Beast genes into a Spiritualist's genes, thereby creating the first Beast Spirit Warrior."

His mechanical arm suddenly twitched, emitting a piercing "ZZZ" noise.

Karl impatiently slapped it a few times, then turned to yell at the female researcher: "Get the new stabilizer! Now!"

As he finished speaking, he noticed the "experimenter" who had just returned from behind, angrily shouting:

"What are you dawdling for? Get the equipment ready, the next experiment is about to begin."

"Yes, Doctor."

Qin Tian began arranging the experimental apparatus based on the memories from the researcher's soul fragments.

The female researcher, hands trembling, brought over a test tube shimmering with a ghostly blue light, its contents a viscous Spiritual Power Stabilizer.

Karl snatched the test tube, his mechanical arm precisely loading it into a syringe.

"The moment to witness history has arrived!" Karl whispered fervently, inserting the needle into the experiment subject's neck vein.

As the blue liquid was slowly injected, the young man on the surgical table suddenly arched his back, emitting a howl that was not human. His skin started to take on an eerie gray-blue hue, muscles pulsating and expanding like living creatures.

"Gene fusion rate is climbing!" The female researcher stared at the monitoring screen, voice trembling, "65%...72%...80%..."

Karl's bulging eyes were fixed on the experimental subject, a twisted smile spreading across his lips: "Look! This is the power of evolution!"

The subject's nails began to elongate and harden, transforming into sharp bone claws; his spine bent unnaturally, the coccyx extending into a hideous bone tail; facial bones distorted, snout and nose projection shifting towards canine traits.

"90%...95%..." The female researcher's voice became increasingly terrified, "Doctor, the fusion rate has exceeded the safety threshold!"

"Shut up! Hold on just a bit longer to break the critical point!" Karl frantically adjusted parameters on the control console, shouting loudly.

Suddenly, the data on the monitoring screen started to fluctuate violently.

"No... impossible..." Karl's expression froze, "How could the gene chain..."

The subject let out a heart-wrenching scream, his body beginning to deform visibly—the skin erupted with countless tumors, joints twisted in reverse, new bone spikes piercing out from within.

"Bang!"

An eyeball exploded from its socket, floating in a pool of blood. Immediately after came a second muffled bang, the subject's right arm bursting like an overinflated balloon, fragments of flesh and bone littering the entire surgical table.

"Quick, activate the suppression program!" Karl hysterically shouted.

The female researcher frantically operated the console, but it was too late.

The subject's chest cavity burst open like a blooming blood-red flower, internal organs dissolving into a pool of viscous pus before their eyes. With one final crash, the entire body detonated like a bomb, leaving nothing intact.

Blood rained down on every corner of the laboratory.

Karl stood dumbfounded, his lab coat stained dark red, his grotesque head covered with bits of flesh.

"Again... failed again..." he muttered, suddenly raging, pounding the surgical table, "Why is it always just a little short?!"

What a madman!

Qin Tian witnessed everything, understanding that Karl's goal was to create gene warriors through genetic technology that rivalled bloodline spiritualists. Were he to succeed, the balance within the Empire and even the Cosmos would shift dramatically.

Fortunately, no experiment had succeeded thus far.

Karl removed his lab coat, heading straight for the nearby washroom, leaving a remark:

"Norvan, you're next. Get ready for your experiment."

"Yes, Doctor."

...

Stepping into the washroom

Karl washed his face, then looked out beyond the doorway, murmuring:

"Such an amazing ability, to transform completely. If it weren't for your off magnetic field, you might've fooled your way in."

Finishing his sentence, Karl took out an internal communicator, just about to press the dial button after entering the number when his body suddenly stiffened, his soul seemingly frozen, unable to move.

"Off magnetic field? Honestly, it's my first time being seen through; didn't expect it to be for such a reason."

A figure emerged from the void.

"Dr. Karl, seems your abilities are quite something too."

Qin Tian walked up, still wearing the face of Experimenter Norvan, slowly approaching Karl, his gaze probing:

Chapter 289: Bad News, The Invisible Hand (Part 2)

"Magnetic field, is this your ability? Are you a superpower user?"

"Who are you?"

Carl asked sharply, his voice was loud, trying to alert those outside.

"Stop shouting."

Qin Tian pointed around, the space warped, as if ripples were moving through the air.

"This is my ability, spatial force field, in the field, no sound can travel out."

Hearing this, Carl was silent for a moment before speaking:

"You are from the Royal Military."

Qin Tian nodded and said:

"That's right, it seems you've already guessed why I'm here."

Carl shook his head, "You're late, Dr. Xie is already dead."

What!!!

Hearing this, Qin Tian's expression changed slightly, he immediately grabbed Carl's collar and asked sternly:

"Dead, when did he die, who killed him?"

Carl: "The day Dr. Xie entered the spaceship, the leader brought him to me, injected a shot of truth serum, and then took him to the next room. When the door opened, Dr. Xie was already dead."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian's heart sank.

The military had expended great manpower, financial resources, and material to try to rescue Dr. Xie, and he himself had sacrificed much for this mission.

But who could have thought that Dr. Xie would be killed by the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves on the very first day of capture.

"Why is it like this."

Qin Tian was baffled, everyone thought the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves had kidnapped Dr. Xie for his knowledge, technology, and involvement in key scientific projects, intending to use him for greater gains.

However, the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves did not do so but instead killed Dr. Xie outright.

But doing so, they gain nothing and draw focused attention and attacks from the military.

Qin Tian's eyes were deep, he needed to report this news to Director Yan Qing as soon as possible, but before that, he had to deal with the person in front of him.

Sensing the sharpness flashing in Qin Tian's eyes, Carl quickly said:

"I'm willing to surrender, I've made some scientific achievements over the years, using them in exchange for my life, the Empire will definitely profit."

Qin Tian knew this, just one youth potion could create unimaginable economic value, not to mention, Carl could indeed be considered a genius scientist, albeit too aggressive, the Empire would surely not refuse his allegiance.

However, Qin Tian could not fully trust Carl, what if he pretended to surrender but secretly informed the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, the situation would then be troublesome.

Qin Tian placed his hand on Carl's forehead and activated his ability—Soul Seal.

To his surprise, Carl's body was completely ordinary, but his spiritual power was exceptionally strong, even comparable to a Tier Four Spirit Mage.

Such powerful spiritual power, yet contained in an ordinary body, no wonder his head was distorted like this.

Of course, despite Carl's strong spiritual power, he had no resistance before him.

The Soul Seal smoothly embedded in Carl's soul.

"Ma... Master."

Carl lowered his head, obviously still somewhat uncomfortable with calling someone master.

"Carl, did your head become like this because of innate spiritual power or was it caused by external factors?" Qin Tian asked.

Carl explained: "Decades ago, I inadvertently researched a potion that could enhance brain development. After multiple clinical trials, the potion was deemed safe, but it had significant side effects, namely head distortion."

"But for me, brain development is far more important than appearance. I injected this potion and turned out like this, but simultaneously gained the ability to sense human magnetic fields."

So that's how it is.

Qin Tian nodded slightly, no wonder even Tier Six and Tier Seven powerhouses couldn't see through his disguise, yet Carl could easily see through it. It turned out he had the ability to sense magnetic fields.

"I heard you've been researching a gene bomb in recent years?" Qin Tian asked.

Upon hearing this, Carl suddenly laughed,

"That's just a ploy to fool them, researching a gene bomb does no good for me, my only goal is to uncover the life and death secrets hidden in human genes, thereby achieving true—immortality!"

Immortality~

Carl's words revealed a deep ambition, yet throughout history, countless people pursued immortality—ancient emperors, spirit mages, top biologists, and so forth. But none have truly touched this forbidden realm.

"Carl, I can tell you, the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves are doomed, within three days, the Royal Army warships will definitely arrive."

Qin Tian said seriously: "During this period, your only task is to back up all research data and results, and also, cease all human trials."

"Yes!"

Carl nodded. Actually, he doesn't need any storage devices; all data and results are imprinted in his mind, he remembers even the slightest failed experiment clearly.

"Also, this experimenter named Nofan is already dead. I won't appear in the lab next. Find a suitable excuse to prevent suspicion from those outside." Qin Tian continued.

"Yes!"

.....

Qin Tian left the lab under the guise of sickness, returned to Sibada's room, and immediately used void shuttling to enter space, then dialed Yan Qing.

"Director Yan!"

"Qin Tian!"

Qin Tian wasted no time and said immediately:

"Director, Dr. Xie is dead, killed by the leader of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves!"

"What!"

Yan Qing's expression changed dramatically.

He knew all too well the serious repercussions Dr. Xie's death would have, how many would face accountability for negligence, and most importantly, losing Dr. Xie, an energy field top expert, would mean an inevitable halt to that vital scientific project.

"Qin Tian, where are the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves now?"

Yan Qing's voice carried a trace of coldness.

With Dr. Xie dead, the most important thing now is to ensure there's accountability.

As the culprits, the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves must be annihilated, leaving none behind.

Qin Tian sent the location to Yan Qing and said:

"Director, I'll keep sending real-time location updates to you. However, there are many innocent civilians on board, I hope the warships minimize bombardment to avoid heavy civilian casualties."

"Alright, civilians are also under our protection, I will notify them. Qin Tian, at most one day, the Empire's warships will arrive. During that time, you must first protect yourself, and if possible, create chaos inside the ship, to expedite our boarding assault."

"Yes, Director!"

Qin Tian nodded.

After the call ended, Yan Qing immediately reported the situation to the Military Department. As anticipated, upon learning of Dr. Xie's death, the Military was extremely outraged, immediately dealing with many people, and mobilizing the 27th Army stationed in the Li Yue Star Zone to encircle the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves.

...

"Director, what are you thinking about?"

Zhao Rui asked, unable to hold back, seeing Yan Qing deep in thought, with a heavy expression.

Yan Qing snapped back to reality, shook his head, and said:

"Nothing, just recalling some past events."

Dr. Xie's death reminded him of the Seventh Bureau meeting he attended in the Imperial Capital twenty years ago, hosted by Marshal Lin, where Marshal Lin mentioned something.

For centuries, the Empire's scientific research in fields like space aviation, celestial communications, and planetary modification had been booming, technological levels continually advancing. Yet in one field, there's never been breakthrough progress.

That field is highly destructive interstellar weapons.

For instance, the Star Annihilation Cannon project Dr. Xie participated in, or the quasi-developed psionic bomb by the Royal Research Institute, these projects were always abruptly halted just as they neared breakthrough.

Not only the Empire, but the Spirit Race also faced the same situation internally.

It's as if an invisible hand consistently suppresses the emergence of high-powered weapons throughout the cosmos.

"Is the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves group also one of your pieces?"

Yan Qing muttered in his heart.

Chapter 290: Arrival of the Warship

According to Yan Qing, the Empire forces will arrive within a day.

To ensure the capture operation goes smoothly, Qin Tian first thought of focusing attention on the spaceship's pilot cabin.

If the cabin cannot respond promptly when the forces arrive, the warship can easily break through the spaceship's hatch, allowing the Spiritualist forces to board and initiate a melee.

However, the inside and outside of the cabin are protected by guards, and the guarding forces are strong, so preparations are needed to breach the cabin.

...

Swoosh.

Qin Tian shuttled through the void, entering the Poisonous Widow's room.

"Empire forces will arrive soon."

Qin Tian spoke, and the Poisonous Widow felt a tightness in her heart, with a trace of worry appearing on her face.

She is a wanted criminal of the Empire, and even though she has pledged allegiance, her past wrongdoings cannot be compensated for. She worries that after the Empire annihilates the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, she will still have to pay for her past crimes.

For instance, imprisonment!

Through the Soul Seal, Qin Tian knows what is worrying the Poisonous Widow. Indeed, as merely a Royal Colonel, he does not have the power to absolve her of her crimes. Moreover, she is not like the past Li Qi, who once made an indelible contribution during an Evil God Sacrifice that nearly destroyed the entire continent, thus turning her crimes into merit and gaining a new identity.

However, if the goal is merely to protect the Poisonous Widow, he does have a way.

"Soon I will send you to an alternate dimension where you can live normally, but your physical strength and energy will gradually be extracted and you cannot stay for too long," Qin Tian said.

What!

The Poisonous Widow's eyes revealed deep shock, knowing the master possesses such remarkable ability to control a space where living people can survive.

"Get ready!"

Qin Tian placed his hand on the Poisonous Widow's shoulder and activated his ability, sending her into the Yang Space.

This was his first time sending a living person into the Yang Space, and he wanted to see the feedback from her after entering.

"Buzz—"

A peculiar buzzing sound occurred beside her ears, and the Poisonous Widow felt her vision blur as the surrounding scenery instantly changed.

The previously dim cabin vanished, replaced by an endless pale golden space. There was neither sky nor earth, only a gentle golden radiance filling every inch of space, as if immersed in liquid sunlight.

"This..."

The Poisonous Widow instinctively reached out to touch the surroundings, feeling slight resistance at her fingertips, like being immersed in some viscous liquid, yet still able to breathe freely. She looked down at her body, surprised to find a faint golden glow shimmering on her skin, as if coated with a thin veil.

Suddenly, a peculiar sense of extraction arose.

She clearly felt her spiritual energy slowly but steadily being drained, like sand in an hourglass, gradually absorbed by this space.

More bizarrely, this extraction was not painful, but carried a certain odd comfort, like the whole body being cleansed.

"The master was right..." muttered the Poisonous Widow, trying to move her limbs. Her movements were slower than in the outside world but entirely within an acceptable range.

She attempted to operate spiritual energy, discovering that although energy was slowly draining, it did not hinder her from exerting abilities in the short term.

In the distance, amid the golden "mist," some vague outlines could be glimpsed—these were items and materials Qin Tian had stored in the space, quietly suspended and similarly covered with a faint golden glow.

Further away, the space seemed endless, with only eternal golden light.

Swoosh.

The Poisonous Widow returned to the room.

"How about it, how long do you think you can last there?" Qin Tian asked.

The Poisonous Widow thought for a moment and said, "Five to seven days shouldn't be a problem."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian nodded slightly.

In the Yang Space, there exists an "Energy Suction" mechanism that continuously extracts energy from living beings present there. The stronger the power, the longer the stay. Using the Poisonous Widow, a Tier Five Spiritualist as a reference, he could roughly estimate the survival time for individuals with various levels of power in the Yang Space.

"Prepare yourself, bring your stuff." Qin Tian said seriously, "When the forces arrive, I will send you into this space and bring you out when it's safe around."

"Yes, master."

The Poisonous Widow's eyes glimmered with delight, knowing this would allow her to escape smoothly.

After leaving the Poisonous Widow's room, Qin Tian used invisibility to sneak into the ship's kitchen, where hundreds of intelligent robots were working, with a Star Thief Squad patrolling.

But given their strength, they naturally couldn't detect Qin Tian.

Qin Tian added a colorless, odorless poison mixture into the ingredients. This poison would cause no reaction upon entering the body, but when combined with another inductive toxin, it would instantly cause massive damage within the body.

Qin Tian was not worried about innocent slaves being harmed by the poison.

On the spaceship, slaves were only given the most ordinary energy paste and energy bars, even the ace warriors of the Bloody Arena only had energy paste with better flavors.

After that, Qin Tian opened the Void Gate and quietly delivered some food to Xiong.

All preparations were complete, now begins the waiting phase.

"Hundred Hunt Star Thieves."

Recalling those bloody and brutal scenes, a surge of murderous intent erupted from Qin Tian's eyes.

"Your death day has come."

...

The next day

Spaceship pilot cabin