

## **Battlefield 291**

### Chapter 291: Arrival of the Warships (2)

"Do you think we've been too cautious lately?" In the cockpit, a pilot lounged with his legs crossed, chewing on a stimulant pill with boredom. "Ever since we finished the last job, the atmosphere has been tense, and no one's mentioned starting work again."

"Shut up." The co-pilot glared at him. "This is the Royal Army. Do you think it's as easy as robbing a merchant ship? If—"

The shrill alarm suddenly blared!

"Beep beep beep—Warning! High-energy reaction detected!"

Both of them jumped simultaneously, lunging toward the control panel. On the radar screen, fifteen scarlet dots appeared abruptly at close range, like blood droplets in clear water!

"This is impossible!" The pilot's face turned ashen, his fingers frantically tapping on the control panel. "Why didn't the long-range radar give a warning?!"

The holographic projection automatically popped up, displaying fifteen sleek, silver-gray warships emerging like phantoms.

Their outer armor was coated with a special wave-absorbing layer, the menacing main cannons at the bow were already charging, the muzzle flickering with dangerous blue light.

"It's the Empire's 'Shadow Blade' stealth destroyer!" The co-pilot's voice wavered with fear.

The 'Shadow Blade' stealth destroyer employed the Empire's most advanced stealth technology. It could shine even in large-scale military warfare, and with the radar detection capabilities of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' base ship, it was impossible to detect the 'Shadow Blade' stealth destroyer in advance.

The main pilot stared at the screen, indeed too close—the projection's distance data showing the nearest enemy ship within a hundred kilometers, a distance in space combat nearly akin to face-to-face proximity!

"Sound the alarm!"

"Woo—Woo—"

The piercing alarm cut through the entire spacecraft like a sharp blade, scarlet warning lights flashing frantically in every corridor and cabin.

Frantic warnings spread to every corner of the ship.

"Empire warships are attacking, all hands prepare for combat!"

In the cafeteria, the Star Thieves dining abruptly dropped their utensils, metal trays clattering to the ground with an ear-piercing crash. Their expressions swiftly shifted from confusion to terror, their faces changing drastically.

...

As the shrill alarm sounded, the Bloody Arena fell into an eerie silence.

The red-haired Feilake's wineglass shattered on the ground, the bright red wine splashing onto his gleaming boots. He stared wide-eyed, incredulously exclaiming, "This... this is impossible..."

In the center of the arena, two bloodied slaves froze mid-grapple. The Star Thieves in the stands were like ducks with their throats clutched, mouths open but unable to make a sound. A Star Thief placing a bet trembled, spilling chips all over the floor.

"Emp... Empire warships?" Feilake's deputy stammered, repeating the alarm, face pale. "How did they find us? Our route was clearly..."

"Stop babbling!"

Feilake gritted his teeth, "Prepare for battle!"

...

At the instant the alarm sounded, Ling Jue's pupils contracted sharply in the Cultivation Room.

The Energy Crystal Stone in his hand shattered with a "crack," blue energy streams seeping through his fingers.

The typically cold and ruthless second-in-command now bore a rare grave expression.

.....

As the alarm's wail pierced the silent chamber, the dark red Blood Pool suddenly churned.

The viscous blood plasma bubbled like boiling liquid, bursting with eerie "gurgles."

Suddenly——

"Splash!"

A figure burst out of the blood!

The scarlet liquid slid down his silhouette but bizarrely evaporated upon touching the black robe, leaving no trace. A blood-red mask covered his face, with only two ghostly lights flickering in the eye sockets. Slowly raising his hand, droplets of blood dripped from the tips, not yet evaporated.

"Empire..."

His voice was low and hoarse, echoing like countless lost souls in an abyss. The tone no longer carried the usual calm but a rare hint of curiosity and suspicion.

...

"Finally, they have arrived!"

In the room, Qin Tian abruptly opened his eyes, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes.

Whoosh~

He teleported in quick succession, casting the prepared Poisonous Widow and Xiong into the Yang Space.

Next, he entered the void again, destination—the cockpit.

...

Amidst the darkness of the Cosmos, fifteen Empire 'Shadow Blade' stealth destroyers fired simultaneously. Blinding energy beams tore through the void like swords of judgment, instantly shredding the outer defense line of the Star Thieves!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The civilian ships, plundered and modified into frigates by the Star Thieves, exploded one after another under the Empire's precise assault.

Blazing fire silently bloomed in the vacuum, metal debris scattering like a cruel fireworks display.

Base Ship, Cockpit

"Shield energy remaining 67%... 59%... 43%..." The mechanical alarm coldly announced the despair-inducing figures.

The main pilot frantically adjusted the ship's posture, trying to evade the artillery fire, but the Empire's attack was too dense.

Each time the shield was hit, the whole ship shuddered violently.

The co-pilot watched the shield energy curve nosedive, face ashen, "At this rate, we won't last three minutes!"

Just as everyone in the cockpit fell into despair, suddenly, three dazzling energy beams burst from the ship's outer shell!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three figures broke through the ship's armor like meteors, entering space directly.

Each was surrounded by their own energy field, tracing brilliant paths in the vacuum.

"It's the leaders!" The co-pilot excitedly pounded the console.

The blood-faced leader donned a dark red Stellar Armor, vast wings of blood spread behind him, holding a blood-red long sword entwined with eerie blood-colored lightning.

Second-in-command Ling Jue's Stellar Armor was pitch-black, blending with the darkness of space. He held a ghostly blue Energy Light Blade in each hand, leaving minute spatial cracks in his wake.

The third-in-command "Frost" Morris wore ice-blue Stellar Armor, wielding a crystalline Ice Staff, surrounded by countless Ice Crystals. Even in the vacuum, the Ice Crystals bizarrely floated, exuding a bone-chilling cold.

The three darted like meteors, avoiding light beams as they headed swiftly toward the warships.

Seeing this, the cockpit crew clenched their fists, eyes filled with intense anticipation.

In interstellar warfare, the role of Spiritualists is crucial.

Tier Six Spiritualists can destroy a warship, Tier Seven Spiritualists can counter ten or even dozens of warships. As for the higher Tiers Eight and Nine Powerhouses, they can challenge an entire fleet alone.

The leader is a Tier Seven Spiritualist; the second and third-in-commands are powerful Tier Six Spiritualists. Together, they could potentially breach these fifteen warships' blockade, carving a path for the Star Thieves' survival.

At that moment, the guards stationed at the cockpit door also entered the cockpit; no one was more critical than the pilots.

"You focus on controlling the ship, leave the rest to——"

Before the guard captain could finish speaking, suddenly, blood sprayed from his chest, a green vine burst through, its tip bearing gory heart fragments. Immediately, a blade flashed, and his head fell to the ground.

Swish swish swish~~

Dozens of vines bound all the guards and pilots like bundles, Qin Tian wielding the Black Frost Blade, methodically severed all the Star Thieves' heads, leaving only the main and co-pilots alive.

He watched the combat footage of the three figures heading toward the warships, a cold smile creeping at the corner of his mouth:

"Overestimating themselves."

In the face of the Military Department's immense power, these three's actions were akin to moths to a flame.

But in a way, this was advantageous; with the three most troublesome individuals absent, the next phase was his time for rampant reaping.

The Hundred Hunt Star Thieves must pay a bloody price for their crimes!

Chapter 292: Talent Recycling Center, Karsas

After taking control of the cockpit, Qin Tian began his massacre.

He grasped Jie La's main vine with one hand, continuously infusing it with inducing toxins.

Whoosh~

In the ventilation duct, emerald vines writhed like living creatures. Jie La's main vine trembled slightly in Qin Tian's palm, and the dark green toxin flowed through its veins, condensing into fine dewdrops on the vine's surface.

"Begin," Qin Tian whispered.

In an instant, tens of thousands of tendrils quivered simultaneously! The subsidiary vines lurking in the ventilation system awakened like venomous snakes and began spewing deadly poison gas into each cabin.

Metal corridor

A Star Thief who was just loading bullets into a magazine suddenly started coughing violently. He confusedly wiped his mouth, only to see his palm stained with black blood.

"I... cough, cough... why..."

His pupils contracted abruptly, and his skin turned an ashen grey at a visible speed. Over a dozen companions simultaneously collapsed to the ground, some painfully clawing at their throats with nails tearing out chunks of flesh; others bled from their seven orifices, their eyeballs melting in their sockets.

Only three Star Thieves wearing filtration masks stood frozen, their faces deathly pale beneath the masks.

...

Bloody Arena

Feilake stood on the high platform in the center of the arena, his gaze constantly scanning the surroundings.

Behind him stood hundreds of fully armed Star Thieves, the hum of charging plasma rifles echoing, everyone fixedly watching the arena's entrances for potential enemies.

Suddenly——

"Cough... cough, cough..."

A Star Thief standing to Feilake's right bent over suddenly, coughing violently. He instinctively covered his mouth, but thick black blood seeped through his fingers, dripping onto the metal floor with a hissing corrosion sound.

"Hey! What's wrong——"

The nearby companion just reached out to support him, but saw him suddenly collapse to the ground, making choking sounds from his throat. His skin turned grey at a visible speed, his whites of the eyes rapidly filled with black veins, and then, black blood began oozing from his seven orifices!

"Bang!"

He fell heavily, convulsed a few times, and then was silent.

Feilake's pupils contracted sharply. Before he could give an order, painful groans arose around him.

"Ah—my throat..."

"Help... help me..."

"Cough, cough, cough... retch—"

Like a row of falling dominoes, Star Thieves began coughing blood and collapsing one after another.

Someone clawed at their own throat, their nails tearing the flesh to reveal blackened veins inside; someone knelt on the ground, vomiting black blood mixed with pieces of internal organs; others frantically tore off their armor, as if something inside was burning their organs...

In the blink of an eye, nearly a hundred people had fallen around Feilake.

What!!

Feilake's pupils contracted, his face changing drastically.

What on earth is happening?

"Poison! It's poison gas!" a Star Thief shouted in a breakdown, "The ventilation system! The poison gas came from the ventilation system!"

The surviving Star Thieves backed away in terror, some frantically putting on filtration masks, others directly tearing off fabrics to cover their noses and mouths. But more despairing was that even those wearing masks began showing symptoms of coughing blood!

Feilake jerked his head towards the ventilation opening. Under the capture of Spiritual Power, he indeed discovered anomalies in the air. However, what he couldn't understand was why some people died from poisoning while others, like him, had no reaction.

Arena, execution chamber, combat preparation area...

Star Thieves fell one after another, fear spreading like a plague within the spaceship.

Among the thousands of Star Thieves aboard the spaceship, at least thirty percent died in this wave of poison gas attack.

These Star Thieves were mostly Spiritualists or Superpower Users, some had poor Talent, while others possessed special bloodlines or abilities.

On the system panel

Evolution Points surged rapidly.

Meanwhile, white, green, blue... Talent Light Spheres of various colors penetrated the metal cabin walls, as if summoned, swarming towards Qin Tian and entering his body.

"Ugh——"

Qin Tian suddenly groaned, dropping to one knee. He had never received dozens of Talent Light Spheres at once before. After entering, his body had a violent reaction, bizarre patterns emerged on his skin surface, sometimes fiery red like flames, sometimes icy blue like frost. These Talents rampaged through his meridians, repelling each other, causing intense energy conflicts.

"Damn, it still came."

He had anticipated such a scene. When the number of hunted beings reached a certain level, various Talent Light Spheres entering the body could likely lead to conflict between Talents.

But even with foresight, this was unavoidable.

"Just have to tough it out."

Qin Tian gritted his teeth.

Just then, a familiar electronic voice echoed in his mind.

[Warning! Multiple Talent conflicts detected]

[Talent Recycling Station—activated]

In his mind, beside the hundreds of Talent Light Spheres, an icon resembling a trash bin slowly appeared.

At the same time, a stream of information merged into his consciousness.

"Talent Recycling Station."

Qin Tian's eyes gleamed with surprise.

The Talent Recycling Station, as the name suggests, allows temporarily worthless Talent Light Spheres to be thrown into the Recycling Station. Later, if a Talent is deemed useless, it can be smelted into Evolution Points, or if deemed valuable, it can be taken out of the Recycling Station and reintegrated with the body.

The appearance of the Talent Recycling Station solved the massive problem of multiple Talent conflicts now and in the future.

"Recycle, recycle, recycle them all."

Qin Tian tossed all the newly acquired Talent Light Spheres into the Recycling Station. Once everything settled, he would carefully study these Talents and select some valuable, high-potential ones.

Chapter 293: Talent Recycling Station, Karsas\_2

As soon as the talent was recovered, the energy conflict within the body disappeared, and Qin Tian breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm fine now, and next, it's your turn to be doomed."

Qin Tian rubbed his hands, just as he was about to start a killing spree, suddenly, the sensation of a Soul Seal was rapidly fading.

That is... Dr. Karl

Not good!

Qin Tian's expression changed.

...

Two minutes earlier

"Beep beep beep"

An ear-piercing alarm sounded inside the laboratory.

"Empire starship attack, everyone get ready for battle!"

What, the Empire starship is coming!

All the experimenters' faces changed dramatically, panic and fear surged into their hearts.

They knew very well that once the Empire learned of the experiments they had conducted, they would face harsh judgment.

Dr. Karl's eyes flashed, the Empire starship indeed came.

Just as well, he had been dissatisfied with the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' makeshift experimental environment for a long time, if he could enter the Empire's research institute, leveraging the Empire's vast resources for experiments, even at the cost of personal freedom, he would be willing.

Moreover, if he could establish a foothold within the Empire's research institute, it would be a good thing for his master.

The status, resources, and power possessed by a top scientist could even rival those of the military or high officials in other fields.

Dr. Karl walked to the central control panel, closed the laboratory door, then turned to the experimenters and said:

"With the Empire starship's arrival, the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves are doomed, but we as researchers have some leeway to retreat. Immediately clean up the lab and back up all data, perhaps this data can save our lives."

"Yes!"

Upon hearing this, the experimenters seemed to have grasped a lifeline and swiftly followed Dr. Karl's instructions.

Dr. Karl watched the bustling scene and couldn't help but nod slightly.

In fact, he had long since backed up all the information and data, but to make his defection appear more reasonable, he arranged it like this.

"Dr. Karl."

Just then, a female researcher approached and whispered:

"Are you planning to betray the leader and join the Empire?"

Dr. Karl frowned and said in a low voice:

"What do you mean betraying? The leader and I are in a cooperative relationship, there is no..."

Splurt!

Before he could finish, Dr. Karl's head had separated from his body, his bulging eyes filled with deep shock.

Blood spurted out.

The blood-soaked and brutal scene stunned all the other researchers, each standing motionless in place.

"Anyone who betrays the leader must die!"

The once meek female researcher's face now turned icy cold, gripping a silver scalpel with light yellow spiritual energy swirling around its blade, her distinct pupils shimmering with murderous intent.

Swish swish swish swish

The scalpel traced a sharp silver arc in the air, moving so fast it was nearly impossible to discern its trajectory.

In the next second —

All the researchers' movements suddenly froze, their pupils slightly constricted, and an extremely thin blood line appeared quietly on their throats.

The blood line slowly expanded, and then —

"Shhh—!"

Blood burst out like a fountain, splattering onto the white walls and delicate instruments, painting a brutal picture of crimson in the laboratory.

The female researcher retrieved the scalpel unemotionally, blood droplets dripping from its blade leaving tiny dark marks on the ground. Her gaze was cold, as if the massacre was just a trivial matter of dusting.

At that moment, the female researcher's nerves suddenly tightened, a cold murderous intent like a venomous snake struck from behind.

She spun around fiercely, her pupils swiftly constricting —

A stern-looking man had appeared behind her at some point, close enough to feel his breath. His eyes were as sharp as blades, the chilling murderous intent nearly tangible.

"You..."

Her voice had barely fallen —

Bam!

The man's fist drilled through the air like a meteor, instantly penetrating her chest, flesh bursting, bones shattering, her body blown open with sheer force into a bloody hole.

The female researcher lowered her head, staring in disbelief at the massive hole in her chest, as blood gushed down like a waterfall.

Her lips trembled, as if trying to speak, but ultimately her eyes quickly dimmed, her body collapsing heavily like a severed marionette.

The man slowly withdrew his fist, shaking off the bloodstains, then fixed his gaze on the corpse on the ground.

Dr. Karl's deformed head had been severed from his body, his wide-open eyes still frozen in disbelief.

Seeing this, Qin Tian's fists clenched with a loud crack, burning with rage.

Dr. Karl was someone he greatly valued, his importance no less than Li Qi or Feng Mochuan, the two first-generation Night Demons.

According to his plan, after the mission ended, he intended to mass-produce the Youth Potion developed by Dr. Karl, thereby creating great wealth. Besides, Dr. Karl's other creations, the Superman Potion, also held promising potential.

Furthermore, Dr. Karl could take this opportunity to infiltrate the Empire's biological research institute, where he might develop more valuable scientific results in the future, bringing even greater benefits.

Yet, it was all destroyed by this woman standing before him.

He hadn't anticipated the leader of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves to have planted a spy beside Dr. Karl, and so decisively executed him by chopping off his head, leaving no chance for treatment or rectification.

What a shame.

Qin Tian sighed deeply, preparing to leave and continue slaughtering the Star Thieves.

However —

Buzz!

A strange psychic disturbance suddenly spread throughout the laboratory, the air seemingly frozen in an instant.

Qin Tian looked up abruptly, his pupils constricting suddenly.

Chapter 294: Talent Recycling Station, Karsas\_3

From the severed head of Karsas, a wisp of ethereal blue misty energy began to drift slowly, twisting and surging, as if drawn by some invisible force, gradually taking shape.

"What is this...?!"

The ethereal blue mist trembled violently, as if struggling, screaming, and finally—

"Hiss—!!!"

A shrill, inhuman shriek suddenly erupted, the mist twisted frantically and instantly transformed into a translucent specter—a gaunt, skeletal body, ragged scholar's robe fluttering without wind, and hollow eye sockets burning with two ghostly blue flames, like a wraith crawling out from Hell!

Qin Tian's breath caught.

After death, Spiritual Power should dissipate into the world.

But perhaps it was Karsas's grievances and bitterness before death that were too intense, perhaps his unique brain development, or the catalysis of the Soul Seal, that caused his spirit to mutate, transforming into one in a million...

Undead!

"Heh... heh..." The undead Karsas slowly raised skeletal hands, ghostly blue flames frantically flickering around it, and the temperature in the lab plummeted to freezing point.

Its "gaze" first fell upon the female researcher's corpse, then turned to Qin Tian, squeezing out a hoarse whisper:

"Is this my new body."

Karsas felt the cold energy surging within him, and suddenly, a strange smile appeared on that skeletal ghost face.

"So this is what death and rebirth feel like, Master, would you call this a different form of immortality?"

"Uh, I suppose it counts."

Qin Tian squinted his eyes, staring at the undead Karsas hovering in mid-air.

Unexpectedly, this mad scientist seemed to adapt quickly to his new form—even from that hoarse whisper, Qin Tian detected a hint of twisted excitement.

"Truly a brain-abnormality madman..." Qin Tian muttered to himself, "Even in death finds joy."

Though Karsas could no longer infiltrate the Empire's research institute, surviving in an evil spirit form, it actually opened new possibilities for his worth. More importantly—

The [Netherworld Ghost Contract] finally found its use!

Qin Tian raised his hand, a dark rune floated in his palm, its patterns squirmed like living creatures, exuding a chilling aura. He gazed at Karsas intently, speaking in a deep voice:

"Karsas, since you're no longer among the living, let's sign another ghost contract."

The ghostly blue flames flickered in Karsas's eye sockets, he slowly turned his head: "A contract? Heh... interesting."

Qin Tian wasted no time, the rune in his palm suddenly burst into a blinding black light!

"With the netherworld as witness, soul contract—establish!"

In an instant, countless black chains shot out from the rune, entwining Karsas's Spiritual Body. The ghostly blue flames intertwined with the black chains, emitting a piercing shriek. Karsas did not resist; instead, he spread his arms wide, allowing the contract's power to invade his Soul Body.

Seconds later, the chains abruptly tightened, transforming into a stream of light and shooting into Qin Tian's body.

Simultaneously, the [Netherworld Ghost Cave] within his chest slightly warmed, a dark vortex slowly unfolded before him, emanating a chilling pull.

"Come inside; this will be your new home, within the ghost cave, your power will grow rapidly," Qin Tian said lightly.

Karsas emitted a low chuckle, his figure transforming into a stream of ghostly blue light, diving straight into the vortex.

Feeling the newly added cold energy within his body, Qin Tian's lips curled into a smile.

"Ghost soul scientist... heh, not a bad start."

"However, since you are now dead and reborn in a new form, how about a new name? How do you feel about Karsas?"

The cold energy within his chest fluctuated slightly.

"I like it. From today, I am the Death Singer—Karsas."

Chapter 295: Frenzied Slaughter

The Netherworld Ghost Cave is the core of the talent [Netherworld Ghost Contract]

The time flow inside the cave differs a hundredfold from reality; the Soul Body undergoes slow transformation and growth, which can be accelerated by infusing Mental Energy.

Moreover, the Soul Sealing Seal in Qin Tian's hand, along with the [Ghost King Secret Scripture], can greatly enhance Karsas's growth speed and combat abilities.

Karsas, with considerable Spiritual Power, reaches the level of a Tier Four Spirit Mage. After becoming undead, instead of diminishing, his Spiritual Power increases. After some cultivation, he can easily break through to the Tier Five level.

With Karsas's backup data placed in the Spirit Space, Qin Tian flashed to the cockpit and took a glance at the battle map first.

The three strongmen from the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves detained 10 Shadow Blade destroyers, but the remaining five continued to attack the ship. Judging by the remaining Energy Shield value, soon the shield will be destroyed, and the hatch will be violently breached.

Before the Spiritualist troops can enter the ship, he needs to kill as many Star Thieves as possible in the limited time available, accumulating talent and Evolution Points.

Whoosh~

Silver light suddenly flickered, and Qin Tian's figure appeared ghost-like in the Bloody Arena.

A hellish scene unfolded before his eyes.

Hundreds of Star Thieves were in chaos; some were kneeling, clutching their throats, coughing blood, others were frantically tearing at their protective suits, while more stood frozen in terror.

Corpses lay strewn across the metal floor, blue-black faces twisted in grimaces, thick black blood formed streams on the ground, emitting a pungent stench.

When Qin Tian suddenly appeared, everyone's gaze fell squarely on him.

"It's you!"

Feilake's pupils contracted; despite the change in attire, he recognized Qin Tian immediately.

This Barbarian, wasn't he already killed by Sibada?

"Feilake, and you bunch of bastards."

Cold killing intent erupted from Qin Tian's eyes, his voice like piercing polar wind: "It's time to settle your sins."

His gaze swept over those distorted faces of fear, each eye contact caused the Star Thieves to feel as if falling into an icy abyss.

"Do you remember the Royal Soldiers you tortured to death?"

"Do you remember the innocent civilians used as experimental subjects?"

"Those slaves slaughtered by you in the arena..."

With each sentence, Qin Tian's voice grew colder.

"Now, it's time to pay your debt."

Feilake roared fiercely, muscle swelling, metallic luster surfacing on his skin—he was a Gold Element Spiritualist, proud of his steel body.

"Stop pretending to be gods and ghosts!"

He roared furiously, charging at Qin Tian, each step leaving deep imprints on the metal floor,

"Die!"

Qin Tian neither dodged nor evaded, just coldly watched him.

Just as Feilake's fist was about to hit the face—

"Slap!"

A slender hand casually caught the punch strong enough to shatter armor.

"What?!" Feilake's eyes widened, unable to believe his full-force strike was so easily blocked.

Qin Tian's fingers slowly tightened, and Feilake's steel fist emitted a tooth-grinding "creak."

"Crunch!"

Feilake's fist was crushed, white bones piercing through skin, blood gushing out.

Before he could scream out, Qin Tian's knee slammed heavily into his abdomen.

"Urgh—"

Feilake spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with organs, collapsing to the ground.

He was horrified to find his impervious steel body seemed like paper in front of this man.

Qin Tian looked down at him from above without a trace of warmth in his eyes: "Rest assured, I won't let you die too easily."

As he spoke, a green vine slowly wrapped around Feilake's neck...

Witnessing this scene, the Star Thieves around completely collapsed.

Their respected Feilake, who was like a Demon God in their hearts, was powerless like an infant before this man.

Who knows who first took the lead, but the survivors began to flee in all directions, completely losing the courage to resist.

But how could Qin Tian let them have their way?

"Trying to escape?" he sneered, snapping his fingers.

All exits were immediately sealed off by rampant vines, turning the entire arena into a vast death prison. Those trying to break through the walls were invariably caught by the vines.

"Don't rush," Qin Tian surveyed the desperate Star Thieves, his voice gentle yet eerily chilling, "one by one."

"Your blood debt..."

"Shall be repaid with your lives."

Vines pierced the bodies of Star Thieves, extracting their blood and Energy.

"Ugh ugh~"

The Star Thieves struggled desperately, but couldn't shake off Jie La's binding.

Qin Tian held the vine as dark purple Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder quickly conducted along the vine branches, falling on the Star Thieves.

Fizz fizz fizz~

Except for Feilake, all the Star Thieves were electrified, smoke emanating from their bodies, their vitality rapidly fading away.

Those killed by Jie La, Qin Tian couldn't gain any Evolution Points or talents from them.

That's why his current combat strategy was to let Jie La assist, control the enemies, then personally execute them, maximizing efficiency and gains.

On the other side, Feilake's neck was wrapped twice by vines, mouth agape, face reddened like an oxygen-deprived, suffocating fish, dark purple electric light flashing on his body, his internal strength continually extracted.

His eyeballs protruded, showing deep fear and despair, he asked with difficulty:

"Who... who are you really?"

Qin Tian pressed his hand against Feilake's forehead and said calmly:

"The one who will end you."

ZZZZ...

Dark purple lightning burst from his palm, instantly destroying Feilake's cerebral nerves.

At that moment, Qin Tian's chest felt slightly cold; the powerful suction from the Netherworld Ghost Cave absorbed all the mental energy released by the star thief's death.

From the Ghost Cave, a deep, raspy voice of Karsas sounded.

"Only through more death can true eternity be nurtured."

"You, my friend, have truly become a poet."

Qin Tian chuckled.

Jie La extracted flesh and energy, while Karsas absorbed souls; thinking of it this way, the two of them were indeed a perfect match, maximizing the value of the enemy.

Oh, seems like I've forgotten someone...

Ah, there's Kazik too.

Kazik will take charge of the hunt.

With a flash of silver light, Qin Tian disappeared from the scene.

...

Minutes later

"Boom—"

Along with the ear-piercing sound of metal being torn apart, the spaceship's hatch was forcibly ripped open by a special breach device designed by the Royal Military.

Five fully armed spiritualist squads pierced in like sharp blades, followed closely by hundreds of elite warriors, the charging sounds of energy rifles transformed into a continuous symphony within the corridor.

"Team A, take control of the cockpit!"

"Team B, sweep the left-wing passage!"

"Team C, search and rescue any possible survivors!"

The commander's orders were relayed over tactical headsets rapidly, yet when the warriors breached the interior of the spaceship, the anticipated fierce resistance did not occur—

Scattered throughout the passage lay the bodies of star thieves.

These normally ferocious thugs now curled up on the ground in hideous postures, their skin displayed an eerie bluish-gray tint, with black blood dried at the corners of their mouths.

What was even more shocking was that their corpses almost covered every passageway, the deeper into the spaceship, the thicker they were piled.

"Report... Area B clean-up complete, no resistance encountered."

"Area C found a few surviving star thieves, all have lost combat capability..."

"Area D... Oh, heavens, it's like a slaughterhouse here..."

The reports from various teams echoed through the communication channels, each with an unmistakable tone of shock.

Warriors advanced, their boots sticking to pools of thick blood, eyes behind combat helmets filled with vigilance and confusion—how could this infamous group of star thieves have been dismantled from within?

When the main forces pushed to the central region of the spaceship, the sight before them made everyone halt simultaneously—

Within the hundred-meter wide circular hall, the corpses piled up like a mountain.

In the center of this mountain and sea of blood, a tall figure stood with his back to the entrance.

His foot stood atop the last few twitching star thieves, holding a black battle sword in hand. Hearing footsteps, the man slowly turned around, his cold face splattered with a few droplets of undried blood.

"Be on guard!"

Hundreds of energy rifles instantly aimed at this dangerous individual.

Yet the next second—

"Snap!"

The man swiftly performed a Royal Army salute, his voice steady and powerful:

"Colonel Qin Tian of the Seventh Bureau Special Action Team, greetings to fellow comrades."

Dead silence filled the scene.

The leading Lieutenant Colonel's eyes widened, the identity recognition system on his tactical goggles flashing furiously, eventually displaying a bright red "Verification Passed."

Qin Tian.

He was the Seventh Bureau officer who infiltrated the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves and transmitted real-time locations to the command headquarters—Qin Tian.

From the firefight between the battleship and spaceship to this moment, in such a short time, he had nearly annihilated the entire Hundred Hunt Star Thieves single-handedly!

Warriors collectively fell into an almost suffocating shock.

Their hands holding guns trembled slightly, their eyes behind tactical goggles widened like saucers. Several warriors even unconsciously took half a step back, as if standing before them was not a comrade, but a primordial beast cloaked in human form.

"Drip—"

A sweat drop from someone fell onto the metallic floor, unusually distinct in the silent hall.

The Lieutenant Colonel's throat moved up and down; he opened his mouth only to find himself voiceless.

This seemingly lean officer in front of them exuded a bloodthirsty aura so intense it was almost tangible. Those heaps of corpses, the frozen terror on the star thieves' faces... all silently spoke of the brutal massacre that had happened here.

"Snap!"

A sharply distinct sound of metal clashing shattered the silence.

An old soldier at the forefront suddenly clicked his heels together, pressing his rifle heavily against his chest—this was the most honorable battlefield salute in the Royal Army.

Then the second, the third followed...

"Snap! Snap! Snap!"

The sound of orderly salutes echoed through the hall.

Each warrior straightened their backs with all their might, the shock in their eyes gradually transforming into fervent reverence.

Chapter 296: Blood Demon, Blood Demon Cult?

Once the Spiritualist troops entered, Qin Tian completely withdrew.

Most of the Star Thieves had been killed by him, and the task of hunting the remaining Star Thieves was left to this group of Spiritualist warriors.

Qin Tian flew out of the hatch, Stellar Armor covering his entire body, as he flew a distance, observing the battle between the three powerhouses of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves and the military Spiritualists.

The leader of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, nicknamed Blood Demon, had always worn a mask since establishing the group. No one knew what his face looked like beneath it. He was mysterious and powerful, a Tier Seven Spiritualist, and his bloodline level was undoubtedly strong.

The second-in-command, Ling Jue, a Silver Bloodline Spiritualist above Tier Six Four Stars, was cold-blooded and ruthless, skilled in Swordsmanship.

The third-in-command, "Frost" Maurice, a Tier Six Silver Level Spirit Mage, was proficient in ice magic.

If these three were allowed to charge at will, the 10 Shadow Blade destroyers would be unable to withstand them. Fortunately, several top powerhouses were also dispatched for this encirclement operation.

...

In the starry sky, an energy storm raged.

Six figures clashed in the void, each engagement stirring terrifying ripples of Spiritual Energy.

The Shadow Blade class destroyers had already retreated to a safe distance, with the ship's cannons locked onto the battlefield but hesitant to fire—this level of combat was beyond the realm of mundane weapons.

"Blood Demon" was enveloped in a bloody aura of Spiritual Energy, each wave of his hand raising a surging wave of blood.

His opponent was the deputy commander of the 27th Army in the Li Yue Star Zone—"Iron Wall" Lawson, also a Tier Seven Spiritualist.

Lawson's arms were covered in thick armor of Spiritual Energy, blocking Blood Demon's bloody palm head-on, and the resulting shockwave shattered nearby floating asteroids into dust.

"A coward who hides his head and shows his tail!" Lawson sneered, his fist gathering a blinding golden light, "Let me see your true face!"

Blood Demon remained silent, a peculiar gleam flashing in his eyes beneath the mask.

His figure suddenly blurred, transforming into nine bloody shadows attacking Lawson from different angles. Each shadow carried corrosive energy, even burning the space into distorted traces.

...

Ling Jue's sword light poured down like a galaxy, each slash carrying the power to sever space.

His opponent was Tier Six Swordsmanship Master Bai Ye, blades clashing and Spiritual Energy sparking brilliantly in the starry sky.

"Your blade is too slow." Bai Ye suddenly changed tactics, the sword tip tracing a profound trajectory.

Three bloody marks instantly appeared on Ling Jue's sleeve, yet he showed a sinister smile instead.

"Interesting, now you are worthy to be my sharpening stone!"

...

Surrounded by a freezing current of absolute zero, Maurice seemed to freeze even the starlight.

Meanwhile, his opponent—fire element Spiritual Master Yan Jin, controlled flames that could incinerate everything, the clash of ice and fire forming a magnificent and deadly vortex of energy in space.

"Your ice..." Yan Jin formed a seal with both hands, a giant fiery bird's illusion appearing behind him, "is not cold enough!"

...

As the battle reached a stalemate, Lawson's tactical headset suddenly sounded:

"Report, commander! The Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' ship has been completely controlled, all hostages safe!"

A sharp light shot from Lawson's eyes: "Close the net!"

Almost simultaneously, three new powerful auras shot up from the nearest Shadow Blade ship!

"Chain" Hodl, a Tier Seven Spiritualist;

"Shadow Dance" Xue Qingshan, a Peak Tier Six assassin;

"Rock" Wu Kelei, a top-tier defensive powerhouse.

Dr. Xie's death had angered the military, and the high command issued a strict order to annihilate the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves with overwhelming force.

Upon learning of the strengths of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' three leaders, the military naturally dispatched not just three top experts but six in total, two at Tier Seven, four at Tier Six.

Moreover, all four Tier Six powerhouses were Silver Bloodline, and the two Tier Seven were Golden Bloodline.

Earlier, Lawson had been concerned that Blood Demon might have left some trick on the ship, and if Blood Demon found escaping hopeless, he might just blow up the ship or massacre the hostages onboard, causing unnecessary trouble.

Therefore, he only let Bai Ye and Yan Jin join the fray, primarily to entangle, giving the enemy the illusion that perhaps they could break through.

However, once the Spiritualist warriors successfully controlled the ship, it would be the end for Blood Demon's trio.

The void trembled, six terrifying auras enclosing Blood Demon's trio like an inescapable net.

Faced with such a formation, a flash of crimson light gleamed in Blood Demon's eyes beneath the mask.

"Form the formation!" Blood Demon shouted sharply, and the three of them instantly formed a triangular battle formation back to back.

Ling Jue's blade shone with blinding silver light, Maurice's body congealed into crystalline ice armor, and Blood Demon forced out three drops of Essence Blood from his palm, drawing a blood-red rune in the void.

"Blood Prison Great Formation, activate!"

The blood-red rune suddenly expanded into a kilometer-wide crimson barrier. Lawson's golden fist seal slammed onto the barrier, only creating a ripple.

"Interesting." Hodl sneered, his chains slithering like a spiritual snake, "Let's see how long you can hold out!"

Six powerhouses attacked simultaneously.

Bai Ye's sword light poured down like a galaxy, each slash carrying the power to sever space; Yan Jin summoned a Heaven Burning Fire Phoenix, its scorching flames twisting the void; Wu Kelei transformed into a Steel Giant, each punch carrying the force to shatter mountains and split the earth.

"Boom!"

The first wave of attacks landed, causing the blood-red barrier to shake violently, yet it remained unbroken.

Blood Demon seized the opportunity to retaliate, nine bloody shadows splitting from the barrier, each carrying seventy percent of his power, attacking in different directions.

"Tricks of the trade!" Lawson's fists collided, sweeping golden waves in all directions, instantly crushing three blood shadows, but the remaining six had already approached the various Shadow Blade ships.

Chapter 297: Blood Demon, Blood Demon Cult? (2)

"Protect the warship!" Hodel hurriedly redirected the chains, slicing through two blood shadows with a flash of silver light.

Xue Qingshan and Wu Kulei each intercepted one.

In that critical moment, the three Blood Demons suddenly erupted!

"Sea of Blood!"

The Blood Demon formed a seal with both hands, and a torrential blood wave swept across the battlefield.

Ling Jue seized the chance to advance, swinging his blade in a slash:

"Thousand Blades·Space Severance!"

Morris then fully activated the Ice Law, transforming the surrounding kilometers into an absolute zero domain.

"Boom!"

Bai Ye was forced back three steps by Ling Jue's blade light, a fine crack appearing on his breastplate.

Flaming's Fire Phoenix was also suppressed by the ice domain, the flames dimming slightly.

But the advantage still lay with the military side.

Luo Sen and Hodel, the two Tier Seven powers, quickly stabilized the formation, the golden fist seals and silver chains weaving into a web of death.

"Puff!"

In the second round of confrontation, Ling Jue was the first to falter.

Hodel's chain pierced through his sword net, leaving a bowl-sized bloody hole in his abdomen.

Morris's ice domain was also broken by the combined forces of Flaming and Wu Kulei, blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

Seeing this, the Blood Demon suddenly bit his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of essence blood:

"Blood Sacrifice-Ten Thousand Souls' Lead!"

The void suddenly cracked open with countless fine seams, from which countless vengeful spirits wailed and surged out.

Luo Sen's face changed ever so slightly: "Be careful!!!"

As the military powers were distracted by the vengeful spirits, the Blood Demon suddenly turned into a blood light, rushing toward the nearest Shadow Blade ship.

However—

"I've been watching out for you!"

Xue Qingshan appeared like a ghost, his dagger aimed straight at the Blood Demon's throat.

"Clang!"

The Blood Demon hastily blocked, the backlash leaving a crack on his mask.

Luo Sen seized the opportunity, his golden fist seal slamming squarely into the demon's back.

"Cough!" The Blood Demon spat a mouthful of fresh blood, staggering.

Hodel's chain struck like a whip, lashing across the demon's face.

"Boom!"

With the final blow, the Blood Demon's mask shattered completely.

A pale face, as if never seeing sunlight, was revealed.

Qin Tian had been using his spiritual power to monitor this heart-pounding battle. As he saw the Blood Demon's true face, his pupils suddenly contracted.

He recognized this person!

No, to be precise, it was the "Ghost" Examiner, whom he had Soul Devoured, who recognized the Blood Demon.

The Blood Demon, back then along with "Ghost", had infiltrated the Blood Demon Cult, successfully undergoing the bloodline transplant surgery. Just a few years ago, the two had met at a secret meeting held by the cult.

It turns out the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves are a pawn secretly cultivated by the Blood Demon Cult, and killing Dr. Xie is very likely the idea of the Blood Demon Cult.

No wonder the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves chose to kill Dr. Xie directly after capturing him, rather than trying to leverage him for more benefits as everyone speculated.

It now appears that the Star Thieves' goal is very clear: to follow the Blood Demon Cult's command, kill Dr. Xie, and forcefully interrupt the military department's key scientific research project.

Thinking of this, Qin Tian decisively used the remote communication capability of [Spiritual Wisdom Divine Authority] to relay his findings to the Tier Seven powerhouse, Luo Sen.

"Sir, this is Colonel Qin Tian from the Seventh Bureau. I recognize the Blood Demon; he's with the Blood Demon Cult."

A voice echoed in his mind.

After hearing this, Luo Sen's eyes flashed.

Qin Tian

This name wasn't unfamiliar to him.

The military was able to have this encirclement operation today, all thanks to Colonel Qin Tian infiltrating the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' ship in secret and sending the location to the military.

He was inclined to trust the words of this elite from the Seventh Bureau.

The Blood Demon is a member of the Blood Demon Cult.

Luo Sen snorted coldly; in that case, the Blood Demon couldn't die easily.

It's known that not long ago, the scandal caused by the Blood Demon Cult during the genius battle embarrassed the Dongfang Clan, and although the genius battle ended smoothly without issues, the Dongfang Clan wouldn't let it slide.

If he could hand over the Blood Demon to the Dongfang Clan and extract more crucial information about the Blood Demon Cult from him, Luo Sen believed the Dongfang Clan would reward him accordingly.

"The Blood Demon is with the Blood Demon Cult."

Luo Sen mentally communicated with the other five, "Ling Jue and Morris may die, but try to capture the Blood Demon alive."

What?

The Blood Demon Cult?

Hearing the words Blood Demon Cult made the other five realize the complexity behind this situation.

"Understood!" Five spiritual responses resonated simultaneously.

Hodel's silver chain struck first, countless chains of runes coiling around Ling Jue like living creatures. Each chain contained the Power of Imprisonment, and wherever they passed, even space twisted slightly.

"Get off!" Ling Jue shouted fiercely, crossing his battle sword for a slash. The blade's edge shone with dazzling silver light, his sword technique as fast as lightning, slicing through dozens of chains amidst the Sword Qi.

But at that moment—

"Your sword has a glaring weakness." Bai Ye's voice whispered like a ghost in his ear.

Panic surged in Ling Jue's heart, his battle sword spinning to block, but Bai Ye's sword was faster than he anticipated!

A brilliant sword light flashed by, piercing through Ling Jue's protective spiritual energy, his left shoulder erupting in a spray of blood!

"Puff!"

Blood solidified in the vacuum into eerie blood beads.

Ling Jue let out a muffled grunt, a hint of madness flashing in his eyes: "Let's die together!"

Blood vessels bulged all over him, spiritual energy erupting like a volcano, his skin cracking as if lava flowed through the fissures.

"Blood Burning Secret Technique"

This secret technique is only used at desperate times, capable of unleashing several times the battle power within a short period.

"Be careful! He's going all out!" Xue Qingshan warned sharply.

Ling Jue's eyes glowed crimson as he swung his sword, unleashing a gigantic blood-red longsword.

This strike encapsulated all his cultivation, fusing sword intent with secret technique perfectly, actually slicing a kilometer-long blood-red blade light in the void!

Chapter 298: Blood Demon, Blood Demon Cult? (3)

"Thousand Blades · Together Till the End!"

Facing this desperate strike, the six had no choice but to temporarily retreat.

Rowan and Hodel, two Tier Seven powerhouses, acted simultaneously, golden fist seals and silver chains intertwining into a defensive net.

At the moment Ling Jue used the Blood Burning Secret Technique for a last-ditch effort, a determined glint flashed in the Blood Demon's eyes.

He fiercely bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of essence blood, rapidly forming seals with both hands: "Blood Shadow Escape!"

In an instant, nine blood shadow clones separated from his body, each emitting the same aura as the original.

These blood shadows broke out in different directions, attempting to confuse and distract.

Morris gathered two ice spears with his hands, their tips bursting with a dazzling blue light.

"Trying to run?" Rowan sneered, bringing his palms together, "Golden Cage!"

Brilliant golden light erupted from his body, instantly forming a massive golden cage in the void, while Hodel acted simultaneously, silver chains splitting into thousands, pursuing each blood shadow like living creatures.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Seven blood shadows were smashed by the chains in succession, but the remaining two were close to the edge of the cage.

At this critical moment, Bai Ye's figure suddenly appeared in front of the true Blood Demon.

"Your tricks are too old-fashioned," Bai Ye said coldly, the longsword drawing a mysterious trajectory, sword light pouring like moonlight. Although with his strength he couldn't kill the Blood Demon, he forced the Blood Demon to abandon his escape technique and focus entirely on defense.

On the other side, Morris's ice spear was already before Yan Jin.

Wherever the spear tip passed, even space itself froze with fine ice cracks.

"Bring it on!" Yan Jin neither dodged nor evaded, forming seals with both hands, the spiritual energy necklace on his neck radiating a blazing glow:

"Heaven Burning!"

Seething waves of fire erupted from his body, colliding head-on with the ice spear.

Ice and fire clashed, unleashing a deafening roar, Morris's expression changed, his Power of Ice was unexpectedly suppressed!

Swish

Vu Kle had unknowingly appeared behind Morris, his iron fist blazing with a mountain-crumbling force striking towards Morris's back.

Morris turned hastily, an ice shield instantly forming.

However—

Crack!

The shield shattered on impact, the residual force of the iron fist pounded heavily on his chest, Morris spat out a mouthful of blood, his body staggering back.

"Die!"

Xue Qingshan appeared behind Morris like a ghost, a flash of black light, and Morris's head flew high, his face frozen in disbelief.

On the other side, Ling Jue unleashed his greatest strike, his aura rapidly fading, as a chain struck out like a venomous serpent, piercing his heart instantly.

Ling Jue, Morris

The second and third leaders of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves—dead.

Seeing this scene, the Blood Demon's gaze turned icy, blood energy surging wildly around him,

"Blood Demon Disintegration!"

His body suddenly swelled, dense blood-colored runes appearing on his skin, the terrifying energy fluctuations causing the surrounding space to distort.

"Be careful! He's going all out too!" Hodel warned sharply.

Rowan, however, just snorted coldly, "Struggling before death!"

He pushed his palms out, his Golden Bloodline erupting with all its might, a golden pillar of light a hundred meters wide descended from the sky, enveloping the Blood Demon completely.

Hodel acted simultaneously, silver chains winding like dragons and serpents wrapping around.

Boom!

A terrifying blood beam erupted from the Blood Demon's eyes, his blood qi exploding like a volcanic eruption.

"True Blood Demon Form!"

With a roar, his body swelled to over three meters tall, his skin transforming completely to a dark red, two sinister bone horns sprouting from his forehead.

Behind him unfurled a pair of wings made entirely of pure blood energy, each flap bringing a bloody gale.

The Blood Demon howled to the sky, sound waves spreading as tangible bloody ripples.

Xue Qingshan, the closest, groaned, blood seeping from his seven orifices as he retreated rapidly, even Rowan's golden pillar fluctuated under this sound wave.

"Die, all of you!"

The Blood Demon flapped his wings, moving with extreme speed, leaving dozens of afterimages in the air, his sharp bone claws tearing open Hodel's chain defense, leaving five deep wounds on his chest.

Puff! Hodel spat out a mouthful of blood, his body retreating rapidly.

The Blood Demon, relentless in his assault, turned to attack the Spirit Mage Yan Jin, whose defenses were weakest, but fortunately, Vu Kle responded in time, standing in front of Yan Jin, blocking the Blood Demon.

"Form up!"

Rowan shouted, forming seals with both hands, "Golden Demon Suppression Seal!"

The other five immediately understood, each taking a position, six different attributes of spiritual energy interwoven into a net, trapping the Blood Demon in the center. Golden runes appeared in the void, wrapping around the Blood Demon like chains.

"Ah!"

The Blood Demon struggled madly, blood-colored wings flapping incessantly, the golden runes flickering, on the verge of shattering.

At this moment—

"Now!" Bai Ye drew his longsword, white light blazing on the blade. The sword strike, swift as lightning, pierced from the Blood Demon's back, through his chest!

"Ah!"

The Blood Demon let out a wretched scream, his movements abruptly halted.

Hodel seized the opportunity, silver chains wrapped around like a venomous snake, binding him tightly.

Rowan slammed a palm onto his crown, golden spiritual energy surged like a tide, forcibly suppressing the rampaging blood energy within him.

Puff!

Facing the assault of six strong individuals, even with Blood Demon Disintegration, it was to no avail.

The Blood Demon spat a mouthful of blood, his blood-colored wings crumbling inch by inch, the blood glow in his eyes gradually dimmed until finally, his head slumped, completely unconscious.

With this, all members of the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves were executed.

## Chapter 299: Recognition from the Military Department Bigwigs

After capturing the Blood Demon, Rosen turned his head, his gaze landing on Qin Tian several kilometers away.

Feeling Rosen's gaze, Qin Tian immediately flew over, arriving before six powerful individuals from the Military Department, and saluted with a standard military gesture.

"Colonel Qin Tian of the Seventh Bureau, reporting to all commanders."

"Colonel Qin Tian."

Rosen revealed a smile on his face, "Yan Qing mentioned you to me many times. You deserve credit for the successful completion of this operation."

He looked at the distant ships of the Star Pirate Group, his tone full of emotion: "The Hundred Hunt Star Thieves have been wreaking havoc in the Azure Wood Star Realm for over twenty years, repeatedly raiding cruise ships and caravans, their crimes innumerable. The Judgement Court has sent out dozens of special task teams to investigate and track them down over the years, but they have always come up empty-handed."

Hodler put away his chains, nodding in agreement: "This group of Star Thieves not only has formidable power but is also exceedingly cautious and cunning in their actions. The ships never land on the ground, and every person entering the ship's interior undergoes strict scrutiny to prevent any leaks of their location."

At this point, the Tier Seven expert revealed a look of appreciation:

"Colonel Qin Tian infiltrated the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves alone, not only escaping unscathed but also creating an excellent opportunity for us to ambush them. Such courage and strength are truly impressive."

"You flatter me. Without the support of the Military Department, it would have been difficult for me to accomplish this task." Qin Tian slightly bowed, his tone sincere.

Upon hearing this, Rosen's eyes showed even more admiration. He patted Qin Tian's shoulder and laughed heartily: "Good! Not arrogant nor impatient, a true talent!"

Then, he turned to the other powerhouses, "Look, this is the kind of talent our Military Department needs!"

The others nodded in agreement:

"To achieve so much at such a young age while maintaining humility is indeed rare."

Afterward, Rosen's tone became solemn: "Qin Tian, regarding the Blood Demon Cult intelligence, if verified, the Military Department will surely reward you."

He paused, adding meaningfully: "Moreover, after the Blood Demon interrogation, I believe the Dongfang Clan will also have something to express."

Everyone present nodded slightly upon hearing this.

Everyone knew that with the Dongfang Clan's methods and abilities, not to mention the Blood Demon being just a Tier Seven Spiritualist, even a Tier Eight powerhouse couldn't keep secrets under their interrogation.

The Dongfang Clan had suffered a loss of face in the recent genius battles and was desperate to find clues about the Blood Demon Cult. Once they follow the Blood Demon line to locate the Blood Demon Cult headquarters, Qin Tian, as the primary provider of the intelligence, will surely receive generous rewards from the Dongfang Clan—not something ordinary military merits can compare to.

Qin Tian's expression remained calm as he saluted once more with a standard military gesture: "Yes, thank you, sir, for your guidance."

His voice was neither humble nor arrogant, neither excessively expectant, nor did he feign aloofness.

Rosen nodded in satisfaction, increasingly admiring Qin Tian's performance. This young man was not only outstanding in ability but also mature and steady in conduct, indeed a rare talent.

Unfortunately, if Qin Tian wasn't part of the Seventh Bureau, Rosen would truly want to bring this young officer under his command.

...

When Rosen and the others stepped inside the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' ship, a heavy stench of blood assaulted them, and one horrifying scene after another gradually unfolded before their eyes.

In the Bloody Arena, mottled blood had seeped into every crevice of the metal flooring, in the area where slave gladiators were held, cages littered with broken shackles and bones, and the walls displayed a variety of cruel instruments of torture, many still stained with fresh flesh and blood.

The execution room was even more terrifying, with a variety of precise yet brutal instruments neatly arranged. The walls were adorned with "souvenirs"—victims' fingers, ears, and even entire human skins. A massive furnace continued running inside, with several half-melted corpses floating within.

In the deepest part of the execution room, a dozen prisoners, barely clinging to life, had just been rescued by the warriors. They were covered with horrific wounds; some had their nails removed, some had their eyes gouged out, and the most tragic had all limbs amputated, discarded like rag dolls.

"These beasts..." Yan Jin's fists clenched tightly, flames rising uncontrollably around him.

Bai Ye's hand unconsciously rested on his sword hilt, his always stoic expression now frighteningly grim: "These Star Thieves... dying is too cheap for them."

Rosen's face was equally grim. He crouched down, carefully inspecting the survivors' wounds, his voice low and suppressed: "Medical team! Immediately transport the wounded to the warship! Quickly!"

Hodler's chains moved uneasily in the air, reflecting the master's inner fury: "Over twenty years... who knows how many innocents met their end here."

Xue Qingshan stood silently to the side, his gaze sweeping over the "trophy" photographs hanging on the walls—each photo representing a life brutally murdered.

They were seasoned soldiers accustomed to the realities of life and death, but the cruel and bloody torture and killing before them truly shattered the boundaries of humanity, inciting exceptional anger and discomfort.

"Commander, gather the wounded together. I can heal them."

At this moment, Qin Tian suddenly spoke up.

"You possess such abilities?"

Rosen's tone carried surprise and amazement.

Qin Tian was undoubtedly a master of stealth, but he did not expect that Qin Tian also possessed healing abilities.

"Yes, it is also one of my bloodline abilities." Qin Tian nodded.

"Good!"

Rosen did not ask further and immediately ordered the soldiers to gather the wounded together.

Soon, in the central hall of the spaceship, hundreds of disabled, injured people wearing slave collars gathered. Looking at the surrounding fully-armed warriors, they felt no fear or terror, only numbness and confusion.

Many of them had already survived in this living hell for years, long accustomed to despair, and in their empty eyes, they had even lost the yearning for freedom.

Qin Tian stood in the center of the hall, looking at these survivors who had been tortured beyond recognition.

A little girl who had lost both legs curled up in her mother's arms, but her mother's eyes were just two bloody holes; a middle-aged man had both arms broken at the shoulders, with the insignia of the Star Thieves burned into his chest; several young people had slave collars on their necks that had grown into their flesh, forming hideous scars.

"Please make way." Qin Tian said softly to the surrounding soldiers.

He slowly walked to the center of the hall, took a deep breath, and slowly raised his hands.

In an instant, a vibrant green light burst from his body, spreading like ripples, enveloping the entire hall.

"Hymn of Life."

With Qin Tian's deep voice, a miracle occurred—

The blind mother suddenly trembled, raising her hand to touch her empty eye sockets. Newborn eyes were regrowing at a speed visible to the naked eye, with crystalline tears sliding down the newly forming corners of her eyes. The little girl in her arms emitted soft whimpers, and her stumps began to writhe, with bones and muscles growing and extending like plants.

"Ah! My... my hand!" The man with the severed arm exclaimed, watching his newborn arm, with its coarse fingers opening and closing as if to confirm that this wasn't an illusion.

The hall was filled with sobbing, exclamations, and words of gratitude; those numb eyes regained brilliance, and deathly faces once again glowed with vitality.

Rosen and others watched this scene in amazement. If they hadn't known Qin Tian's identity, they might think he was a Holy Blood descendant from the Dongfang Clan.

The green light lasted for about a few minutes before gradually dissipating.

When the light completely faded, there were no more injured people in the hall. Everyone stood up, touching their new limbs, looking at each other incredulously.

"My eyes... I can see again!"

"These hands... these hands really grew back!"

"Oh God, this isn't a dream..."

The mother, who was the first to regain her sight, trembled as her hands gently caressed her daughter's newly grown legs. The little girl timidly stood up, took a tentative step, then threw herself into her mother's arms, both crying and embracing.

The mother raised her tearful eyes. Upon seeing the visage of their savior, she pulled her daughter down and deeply kneeled to Qin Tian.

"Benefactor... benefactor..." She choked, unable to form complete sentences, only bowing repeatedly. The sound of her forehead hitting the ground was especially clear in the hall.

Soon after, like a toppled domino, waves of sobbing and words of gratitude echoed in the hall.

A middle-aged man staggered forward, wanting to touch Qin Tian but dared not, finally just bowing three times heavily: "Sir, I've been in this hell for two years, never thought I could get out alive, let alone... stand up again..."

Behind him, a young man trembled as he touched his newly grown left arm, his tears mixed with snot covering his face: "My... my arm grew back... Mom, can you see from heaven..."

In a corner, several rescued experimental subjects huddled together, with the mutated parts of their bodies restored to normal. One of them suddenly burst into loud sobs: "We finally... finally look like people again..."

Qin Tian quickly stepped forward to help that mother: "Please stand up, everyone, this is what I should do."

His voice was not loud, but it quieted everyone down. The mother insisted on not getting up, only holding her daughter tightly, as tears soaked her clothes: "Sir, my daughter is only eight... They were about to send her to that place... It's you who gave her a second life..."

The burly man with regenerated arms, eyes red, said: "From now on, my life is yours!"

"No," Qin Tian shook his head, helping up an elderly man with white hair, "your lives are your own. Now, you are free."

This sentence seemed to open some sort of floodgate, unleashing a torrent of long-repressed emotions. Some laughed up at the sky, some cried with their head in hands, and some knelt on the ground, kissing the earth, as if to confirm that this was not a dream.

Rosen looked on at all this and couldn't help but sigh inwardly: "The Seventh Bureau really found a treasure."

Chapter 300: Formless Martial Arts (Purple), Master of Arms (Purple)

After everything was over, Qin Tian returned with Luo Sen and others to the first base of the 27th Army, Baiquan Star, where the people would also be resettled on this planet.

Inside the spaceship, his treatment was the same as Bai Ye, Xue Qingshan, and a few other Tier Six experts, all enjoying separate cabins.

After a nice shower to wash off the smell of blood, Qin Tian lay on the bed, habitually tallying the gains from this mission.

Nearly seventy percent of the Star Thieves from the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves were killed by him alone, which pushed his evolution points, originally depleted, back up to over 2 million, reaching 2.15 million.

As for talent light spheres, it was even more exaggerated.

There were a total of 87 new talents in the recycle bin, mainly white and green, with only a few blue talent light spheres.

The talents of Xue Yao, Ling Jue, and Mo Lisi were definitely above the silver level, which is purple talent. Unfortunately, Ling Jue and Mo Lisi's corpses were recovered on the spot, and he didn't have time to search them.

However, for him now, one or two purple talents don't matter anymore.

In fact, he doesn't want to integrate too many talents into his body now. To a certain extent, it's better to refine a few primary talents to orange or higher levels than having dozens of low-level talents.

He reviewed the new talents, and honestly, few caught his eye.

Most were some water control, fire control, body mutation, or ordinary bloodline abilities, which wouldn't be very useful even if upgraded to a high level.

However, the few talents that caught his eye were certainly unique.

The first is Carl's talent [Magnetic Field Sensing].

This talent can sense the magnetic fields of different humans, creatures, and even objects, allowing Carl to see through his disguise at a glance with this talent.

[Magnetic Field Sensing] is similar to [Thermal Source Sensing], so Qin Tian integrated [Magnetic Field Sensing] into the [Night Demon King] talent.

The integration went smoothly, and the ability to perceive and distinguish magnetic fields also appeared in the talent introduction of [Night Demon King].

It's just uncertain if this integration will cause Li Qi, Feng Mochuan, or other night demons to awaken magnetic field sensing.

This is an experiment of his. If Li Qi and others can truly awaken successfully, he will integrate more talents into [Night Demon King] in the future. For instance, [Light Distortion], which is a talent that fits very well with night demons.

The second talent is the long-awaited martial arts talent.

[Martial Insight Awakening]

The talent level is the lowest white, and the introduction is just one sentence, "Slightly improves efficiency in cultivating basic martial arts and enables faster mastery of basic maneuver techniques."

Low talent level doesn't matter, as long as the direction is correct, the evolution points will take care of the rest.

Qin Tian directly invested 200,000 evolution points to upgrade this talent to purple.

[Name] Formless Martial Practice (Purple)

[Type] Passive Talent

[Introduction] You naturally resonate with martial arts, with extraordinary comprehension. Any martial art can be quickly mastered, and you can autonomously perfect maneuver flaws during training and in real combat; when observing others' actual combat martial arts, your eyes can instantly dismantle

maneuvers and analyze their core essence, constructing a "Martial Hall" in your mind, imprinting the opponent's martial arts therein. Within the "Martial Hall", you can simulate martial techniques countless times, deducing their changes, flaws, and internal force movement paths until thoroughly mastering their essence. After mastering a martial art, you can not only perfectly perform it but also further improve and optimize, even integrating features of other martial arts to enhance its power.

After awakening [Formless Martial Practice], Qin Tian suddenly had an enlightening feeling, gaining new insights into several already mastered cultivation techniques, [Thunderbolt Saber], [Celestial Punishment Nine Strikes], [Dark Prison Demon-Suppressing Fist], [Ninefold Thunder Flash], [Bone-Eroding Hand].

Soon after, a spark of inspiration lit up deep within his consciousness.

He found himself inadvertently stepping into a grand ancient hall—

Martial Hall.

The dome of the hall was boundless, like the starry sky hanging upside down. Countless true meanings of martial arts flickered like fireflies; the four walls were inscribed with obscure ancient martial patterns, each seeming to breathe; the ground mirrored myriad silhouettes, all practicing different martial arts.

And in the center of the hall, a semi-transparent little figure stood in mid-air—

It was a distinctly miniaturized version of Qin Tian himself.

"What is this? A martial dao primordial spirit?"

Before he could think more, the little figure started moving—

Saber light flashed, thunder surged, and the originally robust [Thunderbolt Saber] now suddenly had a nimble touch. Each saber stroke echoed heavenly principles; in the cross of fists and palms, the true intention of suppressing demons in [Dark Prison Demon-Suppressing Fist] transformed from a restrictive form to an invisible snare of heaven and earth, even vibrating the void; when shifting body technique,

the trajectory of the lightning in [Ninefold Thunder Flash] became even more arcane, the ninefold boundary completely shattered, as if truly embodying thunder, freely traversing between heaven and earth...

Each move and style practiced by the little figure seemed to delve into the essence of martial arts.

The original fixed framework of maneuvers was completely broken, replaced by an almost instinctive martial dao true meaning.

Qin Tian could clearly feel that these martial techniques were undergoing a transformation of some kind—they were shedding the constraints of "form" and gradually returning to the most authentic "essence."

Within the Martial Hall, time seemed to lose its meaning.

When the little figure eventually finished and stood still, all the practiced martial intents converged into a splendid ring of light in the center of the hall, slowly rotating, emitting a heart-palpating ripple...

Swoosh~

Qin Tian opened his eyes, his pupils seemingly flowing with thousands of martial dao true meanings, yet returning to silence in an instant.