

## **Battlefield 321**

### Chapter 321: Astronomical Sponsorship, Shadowmoon Pavilion

#### Inside the Tavern

"Cheers!"

The tavern lights flickered, the crisp sound of clinking glasses mixed with the aroma of alcohol spreading around. Qin Tian, Xiong, Poisonous Widow, and Allen sat around a table, each with a relaxed smile on their face.

"Congratulations on your breakthrough, Brother Qin Tian!"

Allen's hand holding the glass trembled slightly, spilling a few drops on the tablecloth.

Only now did he realize that Brother Qin Tian had just broken through to Tier Five, and upon learning this, he was even more astonished that Brother Qin Tian could kill Tier Five experts with a single strike while in Tier Four and had displayed incredible abilities. Now at Tier Five, his combat power must be even more terrifying.

"Thank you, Brother Qin Tian." Vivian raised her glass, her smile radiant, "Not only congratulations but thanks for saving my life."

If it weren't for Qin Tian, Allen would have fallen into the Black Cloud Commerce Association's ambush, and she and Luo Xiu would have been silenced by Xia Shangji for not revealing the location of the Spiritual Spring.

Qin Tian is the savior of their entire team.

Luo Xiu's fingers tightened around his glass, and those sharp, sword-like eyes rarely softened with warmth: "Thank you."

He was not good with words, but he engraved this sentiment in his heart—Qin Tian not only saved them but also shared the Spiritual Spring with everyone. This generosity is more admirable than strength.

Qin Tian smiled as he clinked glasses with everyone and drank the wine with a tilt of his head.

He had a very good impression of Allen and the others.

Allen was kind and sunny, open with his companions, and a genuine lucky charm; his adventures sounded like the goddess of luck feeding him.

Luo Xiu was silent and taciturn; his nature, like his sword intent, was sharp, cold, and pure. As a fellow swordsman, Qin Tian greatly appreciated Luo Xiu.

Vivian was lively yet meticulous, the manager of the team. Without her, Allen and Luo Xiu would turn into cosmic wanderers before long.

"Allen, what are your plans next?" Qin Tian asked.

"To the Path of Dawn!" Allen's eyes instantly lit up, full of longing in his voice, "I want to become a great adventurer like Columbus and Magellan, to light up new landmarks on the starmap, hopefully a planet that can bear my name!"

During this process, he might encounter various unknown and complex difficulties but will also gain precious experiences and wealth, and make many like-minded friends.

Adventuring through the Star Sea with companions is the life he most looks forward to.

Qin Tian tapped his fingers on the table: "The Path of Dawn is indeed worth exploring, but are you prepared?"

Interstellar adventures seem romantic, but in reality, money flows like water.

A decent spaceship, maintenance costs, professional equipment... all of it requires money.

Without the money, it's not an adventure, it's wandering.

And Allen and his team even planned to sell the location of the Spiritual Spring to the Black Cloud Commerce Association for money, clearly short of funds.

Upon hearing this, Allen and Vivian both drooped, and Luo Xiu's hand holding the glass paused.

Indeed, they were too poor.

Most of Allen's adventures were transformed into cultivation, barely anything that could be materialized; selling the Spiritual Spring location was to scrape together funds for a basic ship.

Seeing their embarrassed appearance, Qin Tian smiled: "Alright, how about I sponsor you with a portion?"

Hearing this, Vivian's eyes lit up.

"Really, Brother Qin Tian, you're willing to sponsor us?"

"Yes." Qin Tian nodded, "Back at the Mining Beast's lair, without Allen luring it away, I wouldn't have smoothly collected the Crystal Stone. In terms of emotion and logic, I should express a bit."

He paused, casually saying, "I'll start with 2 billion."

Two...two billion?

"Two...two billion?" Vivian almost dropped the glass from her hand, and Luo Xiu's Adam's apple bobbed forcefully.

Allen's eyes widened, doubting what he heard: "Brother Qin Tian, how much did you say?"

"2 billion." Qin Tian repeated, "I'll add more if needed."

"That's enough, that's enough! This is too much!" Allen quickly waved his hand, feeling undeserving even for 20 million, and 2 billion felt like a mountain crushing him.

"2 billion is not much, compared to the value of those Energy Crystal Stones, I'm still getting a bargain." Qin Tian laughed.

"That's different."

Allen knew well, even if he hadn't lured away the Mining Beast, with Brother Qin Tian's various miraculous abilities, he would sooner or later collect the Energy Crystal Stones. Moreover, without Brother Qin Tian, their team would have been wiped out by Xia Shangji long ago; they wouldn't be sitting here drinking.

"Alright, no need to refuse, this amount is nothing to me."

Qin Tian laughed: "To be honest, I have a company under me, the annual profit is not that high, but there are hundreds of billions."

Hundreds of billions...

"Hundreds of billions!" Allen's eyes almost popped out, Vivian's mouth formed an "O", and even Luo Xiu looked up sharply, eyes full of shock.

Annual profits of hundreds of billions, Brother Qin Tian's wealth is even more terrifying than the Black Cloud Commerce Association.

At this point, the Poisonous Widow also looked at Qin Tian incredulously; she knew his role as a colonel in the Military Department but didn't realize he was a billionaire-level super-rich.

Can a military man be this wealthy?

No, this must be assets distributed to him by his family.

Indeed, children from wealthy families are different!

The Poisonous Widow was convinced that Qin Tian must come from a mysterious bloodline family, otherwise he couldn't possess various seemingly unrelated magical abilities, let alone that terrifying companion Spirit Plant.

And the company further deepened her belief.

"But..." Allen wanted to decline further, but Vivian pressed his hand down, smiling like a fox that stole candy: "Brother Qin Tian, then we won't feel shy! If we find any business opportunities on the Path of Dawn, we'll definitely notify you first!"

Chapter 322: Astronomical Sponsorship, Shadowmoon Tower (Part 2)

"Good, I look forward to your good news." Qin Tian smiled and raised his glass.

This is one of the reasons he is willing to invest.

Allen is a man of great luck; such a fortunate adventurer is very likely to encounter some opportunities in the future, such as discovering a new planet or finding remnants of civilization, etc. If he can benefit from these, the gains will far exceed twenty billion.

Since Qin Tian had said so, Allen no longer hesitated. His face showed a joyous expression—twenty billion; how should he spend this money? It's a joyful dilemma.

At this moment, Vivian's eyes were shining as if small coins were falling drop by drop.

With this money, the team could not only purchase the top-level adventure ships but also equip them with various weapons and equipment. Luo Xiu's battle sword, her own magic staff, and Allen's armor could all be upgraded. Most importantly, she no longer needed to stress about how to make money all day and lose her hair.

Heaven knows how much this financial manager feels overwhelmed with two carefree companions who easily eat and constantly get into trouble.

"Brother Qin Tian, I toast to you!"

Vivian raised her glass and drank all the wine inside in one go.

Qin Tian smiled and drank along with her.

After his strength surged, even this slightly bitter wine tasted somewhat sweet. He was signaling the bartender to refill his drink when he suddenly felt dizzy.

Did he forget something?

Qin Tian frowned and caught a glimpse of a black-clad bartender walking nearby, his eyes suddenly widened.

Oh shoot, how could I have forgotten him?

...

Thud

The black-robed man collapsed to the ground, his face pale under the robe, too weak to even raise his hand.

"Cough cough."

Qin Tian awkwardly touched his nose; after more than a week of cultivation, he had forgotten about the black-robed man in Yang Space.

Yang Space has the downside of Energy Suction, constantly absorbing the power of beings inside, and the black-robed man was thrown in when his Spiritual Energy and Spiritual Power were nearing depletion.

Luckily, the black-robed man was a Tier Six Spiritualist, and before entering Yang Space, Qin Tian had given the black-robed man some basic healing to replenish his Spiritual Energy; otherwise, the guy would have been completely drained.

"M-Master."

The black-robed man lay on the ground, trembling, filled with awe and fear in his heart.

He came so close, just one step away from dying in that bizarre space.

At this moment, the master released him, perfectly timed at the edge of his collapse, obviously as a warning.

"Hmm."

Qin Tian placed his hand on top of the black-robed man's head, green light emanating.

Life Energy surged into the black-robed man's body like a gentle stream, slowly nourishing his dried-up spiritual veins, and the originally exhausted Spiritual Energy began to circulate again, along with his quickly recovering Physical Strength. Even his practically depleted, teetering Spiritual Power was rejuvenated like a rain shower after a prolonged drought, no longer in a near-collapse state.

"Thank you, Master. Thank you, Master!"

The mighty Tier Six expert was now like a traveler who had wandered through the desert for ages and finally found a sweet spring, his body quivering with excitement, his knees heavily striking the ground, his forehead almost sinking into the floor.

That prostrate stance held not a shred of humiliation, only the gratitude and relief of surviving calamity. His voice trembled uncontrollably, yet each word was clear, as if squeezed from the depths of his heart.

At this moment, gone was any trace of the cold arrogance as the Shadow Division leader; the hostility in his aura completely dispersed, leaving only absolute submission to Qin Tian.

It wasn't forced subservience but heartfelt awe and gratitude after walking through the valley of death.

Yet Qin Tian felt a bit embarrassed by such a display.

"Ahem, since this is our first official conversation, please introduce yourself." Qin Tian said seriously.

"Yes, Master."

The black-robed man did not rise, maintaining his kneeling position, his forehead almost touching the ground, his voice somewhat hoarse from surviving the calamity, yet remarkably clear:

"My name is Ye Chen, a codename in the Shadow Division, Xie Yue."

He paused, then continued: "Currently serving as the third head of the Shadow Division, overseeing the intelligence network across five major star regions surrounding the Hundred Springs Star. If the master has any commands, Ye Chen will die a thousand deaths without refusal."

Xie Yue, the name carries quite an aura.

"Tell me more about the Shadow Division." Qin Tian said.

Ye Chen continued to kneel, his voice much steadier now, evidently well-versed in the structure of the Shadow Division:

"The core high-level of the Shadow Division is divided into three tiers—the highest is the overlord, whose identity is mysterious, reportedly reaching the pinnacle of Tier Seven. Within the division, fewer than five people have seen his true form; below the overlord are three overlord's guards, all top-tier Peak Tier Six experts, directly obeying the overlord, tasked with handling the division's most critical assassination missions; below them are the heads like me, seven in total, each overseeing intelligence and assassination networks across different Star Realms. I am the third head in charge of the eastern five star regions of the Azure Wood Star Realm."

He paused, then continued: "In terms of coverage, the Shadow Division roots itself in the Azure Wood Star Realm, extending its reach to three adjacent Star Realms. Within the Azure Wood Star Realm alone, there are seventy-two intelligence stations and three hundred sixty covert bases. From Star Thief gang movements to the core decisions of major forces within the domain, as long as one is willing to pay the price, even the slightest clues can be uncovered."

"Regarding the number of members..." Ye Chen lowered his voice slightly, laced with a chill distinctive of an assassin organization, "there are three thousand seven hundred registered formal members, with Tier Three occupying sixty percent, Tier Four occupying thirty percent, three hundred twenty-four elite members above Tier Five, and including me, there are ten Tier Six assassins."

He added: "These members usually disperse across different star realms, lurking as ordinary people, only taking action upon receiving secret orders from the overlord or heads. The Shadow Division has stood firm for a century because of its expansive intelligence network and assassins who can transform into deathly ghosts at any moment."

Qin Tian's fingertips lightly tapped his leg, secretly thinking that it was indeed not simple.

A peak Tier Seven overlord, three overlord's guards, seven Tier Six heads, along with nearly four thousand members—such a force is enough to stir up significant waves in the Azure Wood Star Realm.

However, the stronger the Shadow Division's power, the more satisfied Qin Tian is.

Firstly, through Ye Chen, he can leverage the intelligence and assassination resources of the Shadow Division, making it easier to acquire intelligence; later, if he wants to deal with someone, he just needs to place an order with the Shadow Division, without needing Li Qi's subordinate Shadow Division members to travel far for tasks.

Secondly, in the future, when the Shadow Division infiltrates the insides of the Shadow Division and completes the takeover, this powerful organization will then come under his command.

Thus, he can save a lot of time, effort, and finances.

"You will continue in the Shadow Division from now on..." Qin Tian spoke slowly.

Ye Chen raised his head sharply, filled with sincere fear:

"Master, I'd rather serve at your side and ease your burdens."

Qin Tian looked down at Ye Chen, his eyebrow raised slightly, his tone subtle:

"I forgot to tell you something; the Soul Seal in your mind allows me to know your thoughts clearly, so if you want to laugh, go ahead, don't hold it in."

Swoosh

Upon hearing these words, Ye Chen's face instantly froze, cold sweat broke out, stammering:

"M-master, I..."

Qin Tian chuckled softly. For Ye Chen, being able to return to the Shadow Division is certainly best; once back, he remains the influential third head.

But this guy's acting was truly superb. Without the Soul Seal, he might have actually been fooled.

"Memorize my contact information, and you may leave." Qin Tian gave Ye Chen his communication number.

Ye Chen repeated it over and over until the number was indelibly imprinted in his mind. He then respectfully kowtowed on the ground three times.

"Master, should you ever give any command, Ye Chen will thread through fire and water, never abandoning his duty a thousand times."

This statement was indeed heartfelt.

Qin Tian nodded, with the Soul Seal present, Ye Chen's loyalty is unquestionable. However, even the most loyal person will have little thoughts of their own, needing occasional reminders and corrections.

Having dealt with everything, the journey to the Hundred Springs Star finally drew to a close.

Considering, Commander Yan Qing will arrive tomorrow.

Chapter 323: Military Merit Rewards

When Qin Tian and Yan Qing met again, it was at the 27th Army base.

"Director Yan, Qin Tian reporting to you."

Qin Tian stood straight and saluted.

"Qin Tian, you've worked hard."

Yan Qing patted Qin Tian's shoulder, his tone filled with emotion.

He knew that during Qin Tian's infiltration into the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, he must have faced tremendous pressure. Although they ultimately couldn't rescue Dr. Xie, destroying the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves' lair and unexpectedly discovering the Blood Demon Cult's clues was still a major achievement.

Behind Yan Qing, Zhao Rui, Chen Wei, and Jiang Yihan's gazes were complex.

For months they had struggled without success, yet Qin Tian infiltrated the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves within just a few days and completed the mission so successfully.

In contrast, they felt their supposed elite status in the Seventh Bureau was not much different from being useless.

"Qin Tian, this time the Military Department is very satisfied with your performance. After the general assembly's decision, you are rewarded with 300,000 Military Merit Points, and a first-class merit badge." Yan Qing said seriously.

300,000 Military Merit Points

Qin Tian's eyes lit up. Although his current merit points were rather abundant, no one would complain about having too many.

The first-class merit badge was just as rare.

Accumulating several first-class merits, his promotion to Major General would be within reach.

What Qin Tian did not know was that his Major General rank was originally close at hand.

After the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves were eradicated, Yan Qing personally wrote a report to the Military Department, applying for Qin Tian's promotion to Major General.

At the assembly, the senior officials of the Military Department reviewed Qin Tian's resume and thought the promotion was too swift, not supporting it. But who would have guessed the Dongfang Clan would speak for Qin Tian, suggesting special talents require special treatment.

In the territory of the Azure Wood Star Realm, with the Dongfang Clan speaking, the Military Department had to treat it prudently. Moreover, this was just an upgrade from Colonel to Major General, not yet reaching the rank of General, so the Military Department promptly approved the application.

However, no one expected the process to be interrupted, with the promotion application being rejected.

The rejector was none other than Marshal Lin, the top boss of the Seventh Bureau.

Even with Dongfang Clan's support, Qin Tian's boss rejecting the application rendered it ineffective.

No one could fathom why Marshal Lin, far away in the Royal Star, would personally reject a small Colonel's promotion from the Azure Wood Star Realm.

For Marshal Lin, Colonels or even Major Generals probably held little distinction from the lowest-ranking soldiers.

Yet Yan Qing could guess Marshal Lin's intention.

The tallest tree in the forest is bound to be destroyed by strong winds.

Qin Tian's growth was too fast, his promotion couldn't be too swift, lest he attract attention.

If people found out that Qin Tian was a clone and had been out of the pod for just a year, such alarming growth would inevitably lead people to associate Qin Tian with the former Marshal Lin.

Within the Empire, almost no one wished to witness the rise of a second Marshal Lin.

Once Qin Tian heads to the Royal Star to work under Marshal Lin, there would be plenty of opportunities for promotion and merit; forget Major General, even reaching Brigadier or Lieutenant General might be a matter of years.

"Qin Tian, in the coming period, I plan to conduct a major internal investigation within the Military Department. Initially, you were supposed to participate in this action, but considering you've just completed a task, you need some time to rest, so I'm giving you a leave. Wait for my notice afterward." Yan Qing said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian was delighted.

An internal investigation is a tedious and offending task, one he had no interest in.

He had many things to do next.

Such as settling Xiong and the Poisonous Widow, handling the batch of Energy Crystal Stones in hand.

But most importantly, he must commercialize Karsas' research results from the Netherworld Ghost Cave.

The Youth Potion that slows aging, what kind of terrifying wealth could it contain?

Just thinking about it made his blood boil.

In addition, he also had plans for another potion Karsas researched, the Superman Potion.

"Thank you, sir!"

Qin Tian saluted.

Zhao Rui and Chen Wei looked on with envy. They also wanted a break, but alas, with unfinished tasks previously, despite months of effort, they had to continue working.

With Dr. Xie's death, the intensity of the internal investigation was escalated several levels.

They had to find out who leaked Dr. Xie's whereabouts, and how much the secret of the anti-Star Cannon project had been compromised.

After bidding farewell to Qin Tian, Yan Qing met Dongfang Yao at the 27th Army base.

"Mr. Dongfang Yao."

"General Yan."

The two shook hands warmly.

"General Yan, the clan has conveyed the Military Department's intentions to me."

Dongfang Yao handed over a prepared paper document to Yan Qing, saying:

"This is the information I got from the Blood Demon concerning Dr. Xie."

He paused before continuing:

"The Blood Demon Cult is always cautious. The Blood Demon didn't know who the mole was; he only received orders to wait near certain coordinates and attack the battleship Dr. Xie was aboard."

"However, we've captured the Blood Demon's superior and extracted some information, hoping it helps in your future investigations, General Yan."

Yan Qing accepted the file with gravity, saying:

"Thank you, Mr. Dongfang Yao, this information is crucial for us."

The beginning is always the hardest.

As long as there are clues, they can follow the trail and ultimately eradicate spies hidden within the Military Department.

"General Yan, please don't mention it. Capturing the Blood Demon was largely thanks to your Seventh Bureau's Colonel Qin Tian."

Dongfang Yao chuckled and, half-jokingly, said:

"Frankly, I came to Baiguan Star partly to interrogate the Blood Demon and partly out of personal interest—having long heard of the young Colonel Qin Tian's extraordinary skills, greatly praised even by the clan's Great Elder. But days ago, I heard that Qin Tian's promotion to Major General was personally dismissed by Marshal Lin. Offending Marshal Lin, I believe Qin Tian won't have better prospects in the Seventh Bureau. If General Yan cherishes talent, why not transfer Qin Tian under my Dongfang Clan? I believe within five years, Qin Tian will certainly become the youngest Brigadier General."

Yan Qing, hearing this, displayed a gentle smile but shook his head slightly: "Mr. Dongfang, you're joking. Qin Tian is a key talent in the Seventh Bureau, having just achieved major feats in the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves mission, and now is the time to entrust him with responsibilities; it's really inappropriate to relocate him. As for the promotion rejection, Marshal Lin has other plans for Qin Tian, and soon, Qin Tian will be transferred to the Imperial Capital to work under Marshal Lin."

Upon hearing this, Dongfang Yao's eyes flickered; Qin Tian's assignment to work under Marshal Lin was a valuable piece of information.

"All right, perhaps I was too forward."

Dongfang Yao smiled faintly, saying: "I believe with Colonel Qin Tian's capabilities, he will shine under Marshal Lin."

"General Yan, I won't disrupt your work further. I hope you quickly find clues to clear the Military Department of those infestations; goodbye."

Once Dongfang Yao and his silver-haired elder left, Yan Qing's smile slowly faded. He walked to the window, gazing at the distant airship, finger softly tapping the window ledge—Dongfang Clan's interest in Qin Tian was stronger than expected.

It seems Qin Tian's transfer to the Imperial Capital needs to be expedited.

Chapter 324: Farewell, Experimental Zone

Hundred Springs Star

Star Port

"Brother Tian, no need to see us off."

Allen and the two others stood at the cabin door, smiles on their faces: "When we arrive at Veal Star, we'll need your advice again on choosing a battleship."

Hundred Springs Star is a newly developed planet, not very commercialized. To purchase advanced warships, one has to go to the neighboring Veal Star.

"No problem."

Qin Tian nodded with a smile. He's not very knowledgeable about warships, but it's easy for him to find a few experts.

Additionally, among the friends he made at the Genius Battle, two come from families in the warship business. They might be able to give Allen a good discount.

Beep beep beep

The cabin door lights up yellow, about to close.

"Brother Tian, we're boarding now!" Allen waved vigorously, with a smile full of anticipation for the future, "Once we reach Veia Star, we'll send you a Star message!"

Vivian stood on tiptoe, pushed Luo Xiu forward, and leaned out halfway to shout, "Brother Tian, take care; we'll be in touch often!"

Luo Xiu nodded slightly to Qin Tian. Though he said nothing, the seriousness in his eyes said it all.

The cabin door slowly closed, blocking the view inside and out.

Qin Tian looked at his reflection on the spaceship's hull until the ship carrying the dreams of the three began to ascend, turning into a streak of light merging into the star port's path before turning to leave.

Allen leaned against the spaceship's window, watching the shrinking outline of Hundred Springs Star, suddenly saying softly, "Always a bit reluctant during farewells."

Vivian poked his arm: "Once we establish ourselves on the Path of Dawn, we'll return to reunite with Brother Tian anytime."

Luo Xiu wiped his battle sword; the light reflecting off its blade fell on his face as he calmly said, "We'll meet again."

Allen laughed, yes, we'll meet again.

Over the years, he had grown accustomed to gathering and parting—all the way from the initial choked reluctance to now being able to wave goodbye with a smile. He gradually understood that farewells on the road of adventure were never the end but rather for a brighter reunion.

Like seeds leaving their soil, it's about growing in more expansive worlds.

He pulled out his communicator, looking at Qin Tian's contact, and typed a message on the screen: "Brother Tian, wait for our good news!"

As the success prompt popped up, the spaceship had already rushed out of Hundred Springs Star's atmosphere; ahead is the boundless star sea, with the coordinates of Vea Star and the Path of Dawn subtly glowing on the navigation screen.

Allen knew that no matter how many obstacles to face in the future, as long as he thought of having friends like this whom he could rely on, the road beneath him would never be lonely.

And that day's reunion would certainly be more worth anticipating than today's parting.

Path of Dawn, here we come!

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After Allen left, Qin Tian would be boarding the ship returning to Silver Gray Star.

Before departing, he made some preparations.

First, he went to the Mining Beast nest, utilizing the [Gold Devouring Transformation]'s weapon-casting ability to strip huge amounts of ore from a vein into metallic essence particles and then compressing these particles into blocks of fine iron.

This refined iron is of high quality, which could be sold or used to craft weapons.

In addition, he buried the remaining half-consumed underground Spiritual Spring as well as the underground Spiritual Spring Allen sold to the Black Cloud Commerce Association. Later on, he would arrange for his elite to come here to enhance their Cultivation through the Spiritual Spring.

Before boarding the spacecraft, he took Xiong and the Poisonous Widow back to Yang Space. One is a half-beastman without identification, the other a wanted criminal, unable to board commercial ships. Once back on Silver Gray Star, he would find a way to resolve this issue for them.

...

A week later, Silver Gray Star

"Boss!"

"Boss!"

On the star port's tarmac, Li Qi, Feng Mochuan, and Yang Fan quickly approached. Whenever Qin Tian returns from afar, these three always punctually meet him, which has become a routine.

Inside the flying device, Feng Mochuan looked at Qin Tian, and finally couldn't help but say: "Boss, there's something different about you this time around."

Previously, when Qin Tian was beside him, he mostly felt the suppression of the high-ranking Night Demon bloodline, which, despite being pressuring, allowed him to roughly gauge Qin Tian's power level.

This time, however, Qin Tian simply leaned against the seatback, and even though his aura was perfectly restrained, Feng Mochuan inexplicably felt tense. It wasn't the oppression from the Night Demon bloodline but rather a sheer display of power pressure—blending thunder and darkness with sharpness, like a blade hidden in its sheath. Though it remains unsheathed, a dangerous scent is perceivable.

Li Qi also nodded: "Old Mo's right. When I saw you from afar at Star Port, you seemed cloaked in an invisible edge that made me feel uneasy from a distance."

With Night Demon bloodline, he can very keenly detect dangers from surroundings or other beings; even if someone has purposely restrained their aura, he can sense threats from minuscule energy fluctuations.

At this moment, his boss feels like a thunder bomb wrapped intensely—appearing externally calm but internally surging with power enough to tear through anything. That latent destructiveness naturally tenses his nerves.

Qin Tian faintly smiled: "I've had some recent fortuitous encounters, now reaching Tier Five Spiritualist."

Tier Five!

Feng Mochuan and Yang Fan were surprised by Qin Tian's current strength, while Li Qi experienced an earthquake within.

He distinctly remembered that on the day the master transformed him into a Night Demon, he broke through from Tier Three Nine Stars to Tier Four through the Night Demon's dark bloodline, and at that time, the master was merely a Tier One Spiritualist.

Yet, a year later, while he's still one step away from Tier Five, his master has already taken the step, breaking into Tier Five ahead of him.

Chapter 325: Farewell, Experimental Park (Part 2)

What kind of growth speed is this?

Even the Holy Blood Descendants are no match for the master.

"Old Mo, how's the laboratory I asked you to prepare?" Qin Tian looked at Feng Mochuan.

"Boss, everything is arranged."

Feng Mochuan nodded and said, "And those barbarians, all according to your instructions, are locked up in a secret base. Currently, there are a total of 241 people, 182 adult warriors, and the rest are women and children."

"Good."

Qin Tian was very satisfied. The laboratory was naturally prepared for Karsas. He needed to reconfigure the Youth Potion and Superman Potion and find a way to mass-produce them in the laboratory.

As for those barbarians, they were transported to Silver Gray Star through secret means by the Magnetic Vortex Star's slave merchant Old Nelson and Feng Mochuan.

He also had other plans for the barbarians.

"Let's go to the laboratory first."

"Yes."

The flying device switched destinations, and soon they arrived at a park.

According to Qin Tian's request, Feng Mochuan spent a lot of money to lease this park and transformed one of the buildings into a laboratory building, equipped with all the necessary equipment.

Outside the building, members of the Hurricane Mercenary Corps were patrolling in formation, their blue-black uniforms particularly striking in the sunlight.

Seeing Qin Tian step off the flying device, several veteran members stationed at the entrance instantly brightened up, stood at attention, and saluted, unable to suppress their excitement in their voices:

"Boss!"

"Boss!"

With a gentle smile on his face, Qin Tian stopped and asked the burly man with a stubbly beard at the front, "Old Wang, I heard you encountered a group of Star Thieves while escorting goods and got slightly injured. How are you now?"

Old Wang laughed, rolled up his sleeve, revealing a solid arm where a fierce scar had faded to light pink: "It's healed! Thanks to the company's special healing ointment, it healed twice as fast as expected!"

He deliberately puffed out his chest, catching a glimpse of the new members standing nearby out of the corner of his eye, and unconsciously raised his voice a few notches, "If it wasn't for protecting a brother, those low-level Star Thieves wouldn't have been able to hurt our Old Wang."

The new members standing in the back row curiously examined Qin Tian, their eyes full of inquiry.

Most of them joined for the fame of the "Hurricane Mercenary Corps" as they had heard veteran members speak of this legendary boss—a peerless genius, a brother to the Elf King, with world-shaking influence.

Now that they saw him, he indeed looked young, and their own leader standing respectfully beside the boss was undeniable.

Noticing the sneaky glances from the new members, Qin Tian smiled, patted Old Wang on the shoulder, and said, "Alright, everyone continue standing guard. I'll go take a look inside."

"Hey! Boss, take care!" The old members replied in unison, watching Qin Tian's back disappear into the building with even more radiant smiles on their faces.

Old Wang turned around and raised his brows at the new members, as if to say:

"See? Boss is so close to us!"

Upon entering the laboratory building, Qin Tian headed straight for the largest laboratory.

Closing the laboratory door, Qin Tian addressed Li Qi, Feng Mochuan, and Yang Fan behind him:

"Let me introduce you to two new friends first."

As soon as he finished speaking, Xiong and Poisonous Widow suddenly appeared beside him.

Almost simultaneously, Li Qi and the others' eyes were immediately drawn to Xiong.

Nearly three meters tall, almost reaching the ceiling of the laboratory, his bulging muscles were thicker than Yang Fan's waist. His beast-like vertical pupils glowed amber in the light, and the barely visible mane around his neck and the fur at the tips of his ears all signified his half-beastman identity.

"This, this is..." Yang Fan subconsciously took a step back, not out of fear, but genuinely shocked by the exaggeratedly massive figure.

He had seen many power-type Spiritualists but never encountered such an oppressive presence, like a moving mountain standing there, making even the air feel heavier.

Feng Mochuan's pupils shrank slightly. As a Tier Six Spiritualist, he could more acutely sense the terrifying strength lurking within Xiong—not the fluctuation of spiritual energy, but pure, unbridled physical power, brimming with the wild nature of a fierce beast, instinctively tensing his nerves just by being nearby.

Li Qi's reaction was relatively calm, but his gaze swept over Xiong, still couldn't help but look at Qin Tian, eyes full of curiosity as if asking, "Boss, where did you find such a big guy?"

Soon after, their attention was drawn to the Poisonous Widow standing next to Xiong.

The woman wore a black gauze dress, outlining an exquisite figure, her skin as white as snow, lips as red as fire, exuding a dangerous yet captivating allure.

"These two are..." Feng Mochuan's voice hesitated, his gaze subtly shifting between the Poisonous Widow and Qin Tian.

The half-beastman was unmistakably a power-type warrior, likely another potential recruit from the boss, but this woman was different, especially being so stunningly beautiful and kept by the boss's side—it was hard not to imagine her relationship with the boss.

Qin Tian introduced:

"This is Xiong, a friend I made during a mission. This is Scarlett, a master of toxic arts and a Tier Five Spiritualist."

Feng Mochuan's and Li Qi's eyes sharpened—they hadn't expected this stunning woman to be a Tier Five Poison Element Spiritualist, no wonder she exuded an underlying sense of threat.

"Mr. Xiong, Miss Scarlett, hello."

Being a businessman, Yang Fan was impeccable in manners and immediately bowed politely after Qin Tian's introduction.

Xiong nodded slightly at Yang Fan in greeting.

The Poisonous Widow parted her red lips, her voice carrying a hint of lazy allure, "Hello."

"Old Mo, Yang Fan, there's something I need you two to handle."

Qin Tian spoke seriously, "As you can see, Xiong is a half-beastman and currently lacks Empire ID, and Scarlett's identity is even more complicated. She was previously a Star Thief and is still wanted by the Empire. In the coming days, find a way to resolve their identity issues."

Star Thief?

Their eyes flashed with surprise—this woman, possessing both beauty and power, was also a Star Thief.

How peculiar.

But they did not show disdain or contempt for the Star Thief identity, given that Li Qi also had a not-so-clean past, and Feng Mochuan, as a mercenary, had committed his share of extreme and even illegal acts—none of them were in a position to look down on others.

"Boss, leave it to me, there's a black market where such business can be handled." Feng Mochuan took the initiative to take on the task.

"Alright."

Qin Tian nodded, knowing that while dealing with identity issues could be difficult, it could be manageable if you found the right channels and were willing to spend money.

"Next, let me introduce you to the true owner of this laboratory."

Qin Tian paused, as a strand of rich black energy emerged from his chest, coiling upward like a living creature, gathering into a swirling shadow before him. As the shadow slowly formed, the surrounding light seemed to be sucked away, leaving the air tinged with a sharp chill.

"His identity is even more unique. His name is Karsas, a... necromancer."

As he finished speaking, the shadow suddenly dissipated, and a tall figure appeared in the spot.

The person was cloaked in a tattered gray-black cape, the hood pulled tightly over his head, concealing his face in shadow, with only a glimpse of gnarled, bark-like skin beneath the chin, where deep brown patterns could faintly be seen.

He floated a few inches off the ground, without touching it, with the hem of his cloak hanging empty, several chains gleaming with a skeletal sheen trailing below, gently swaying with his movement, making a subtle clinking sound that carried an unsettling sense of stillness.

Surrounding him, black specks floated like stardust, slowly swirling, and upon closer look, seemed to contain countless tiny wails, yet suppressed by some force, unable to emit the slightest sound.

"Heh heh heh, hello."

Karsas slightly turned, and from beneath the hood came a raspy voice, like rusty iron scraping—soft yet directly penetrating one's ears, impacting everyone's mind:

"I am Karsas."

Chapter 326: Barbarian—Terreda

Hiss~

When Karsas appeared, the only ordinary person among them, Yang Fan, instantly turned pale and subconsciously shrank behind Feng Mochuan. He had never seen such a bizarre existence before; just standing there was like a moving tomb, emanating an almost tangible aura of death that tightened his throat.

Feng Mochuan's pupils contracted sharply, and the perception of the Tier Six Spiritualist quickly captured the vast soul power within the other party—pure, cold, lacking any warmth of a living being, coupled with a detached indifference to life and death.

A necromancer, Karsas, is he really the future master of this laboratory?

Can necromancers understand science?

Xiong's amber-colored vertical pupils suddenly contracted, and his burly figure instinctively stepped forward, standing beside Qin Tian.

The combat instinct of a half beastman gave him an almost beast-like sensitivity to danger. The aura on Karsas that bordered the line between life and death made a low growl rumble in his throat, as though he was wary of some unknown threat.

It wasn't until Qin Tian gently patted his arm that he slowly backed away, but still kept his eyes fixed on the shadow under Karsas's hood, his muscles ready to explode at any moment.

Poisonous Widow slightly pursed her red lips, a hint of seriousness and faint fear flashing in her always captivating eyes.

She had seen many cruel and murderous thugs, but had never encountered such a bizarre necromancer—within the black light around Karsas, countless tiny soul fragments were hidden, emitting waves of despair and pain, evidently forcibly confined.

"Don't worry."

At this moment, Qin Tian spoke, his voice calm and carrying a power that soothed people's hearts, "To be precise, Karsas counts as my summoned beast. He was once a very skilled biologist, but due to an accident, he transformed into a necromancer, though the knowledge in his mind hasn't been forgotten."

"Next, he will create the two potions he previously developed in the laboratory: one named Youth Potion, and the other called Superman Potion."

Qin Tian explained the functions of these two potions.

After listening, Yang Fan's eyes immediately sparkled with delight, directly suppressing his fear of Karsas.

He foresees the terrifying business potential that Youth Potion holds. If handled well, it could absolutely become a pillar business at a level far beyond mere Elf Star trade.

Li Qi and Feng Mochuan, however, focused more on the Superman Potion. They finally understood why Qin Tian took in that group of barbarians. Now it seems, the Superman Potion is tailor-made for the barbarian race.

Qin Tian continued, "From today onwards, no outsiders are allowed to enter this experimental building. All equipment and materials should be delivered to the warehouse, and the rest will be handled by Karsas."

Karsas is a Tier Four necromancer skilled in manipulating soul power. Previously, he needed an assistant to help prepare for some experiments, but now, the tasks an assistant could do, he can achieve perfectly by multitasking and controlling materials mentally.

"Yang Fan, the job of communicating with Karsas is yours. Prepare whatever Karsas needs, and strive to produce the first batch of Youth Potion and Superman Potion within half a month."

"Yes."

Yang Fan nodded, his eyes full of anticipation.

Qin Tian turned to look at Karsas, his tone slightly heavier: "Karsas, let me remind you once more: you may conduct experiments, but must adhere to reasonable and compliant boundaries, never recklessly as before."

Karsas bowed slightly and replied in a hoarse, deep voice:

"Yes, my master."

"Alright, I'll leave this to you." Qin Tian looked at Feng Mochuan, "Next, I want to meet that group of barbarians."

He's a thorough scientific novice, completely clueless about biotechnology, continuing to stay here would be a waste of time.

"Old Mo, where are they being kept."

Qin Tian opened the full satellite map of Silver Gray Star, and Feng Mochuan input a coordinate. The next moment, the map instantly zoomed in hundreds of times, locking onto a highly remote area.

"This place is quite nice."

Qin Tian nodded, saying:

"Yang Fan, there may be a battle later, so I won't be taking you with me. Your focus from now on is these two potions. Notify me immediately if any issues arise."

"Yes!"

Even though Yang Fan didn't dare be alone with Karsas, considering the vast potential of Youth Potion, he suddenly felt that this eerie necromancer seemed rather charming.

...

Shua

In a flash of silver light, five figures appeared inside a ruined and desolate factory.

The air was thick with the stench of rust and dust mingled together, and damaged steel girders crookedly framed overhead. Sunlight beamed through holes in the ceiling, illuminating a scene in the center of the factory that sent shivers down the spine.

Over a hundred barbarians were roughly chained to rusted iron pillars, slave collars around their necks.

Each was burly, the shortest nearly two meters tall, with exposed arms and chests covered in crosshatching scars. Most striking were the black tattoos—some snaking from neck to cheek like twisted

vines; others sprawled across entire backs forming beast head patterns; and some wrapped around arms in chain-like forms, lines so dense they nearly obscured the skin's original color. In the dim light, these tattoos glinted faintly with a dark glow, exuding an air of primitive and savage ferocity.

At the sound, the imprisoned barbarians all raised their heads, their rough faces laden with vigilance and anger.

Despite their chains, they still exuded the fierce aura of trapped predators, with several impulsive ones already struggling, shaking the chains with a raucous clatter that reverberated with dull metallic clashes, shouting out guttural barbarian language—its syllables terse and fierce, like cursing or perhaps a show of defiance.

At this moment, most barbarians' gazes were inevitably drawn to Xiong.

In the simple and direct perception of barbarians, size almost equates to strength.

Xiong's physique, akin to a small mountain, seemed even more formidable than the strongest warriors of their own tribe. This visceral impact made several barbarians pause and watch Xiong with wary eyes.

Just then, a calm voice simultaneously resonated in the minds of all the barbarians.

"Who is your leader?"

To the barbarians' immense shock, although they didn't understand the language, they could grasp its meaning.

Instantly, all the barbarians turned to look at one particular individual.

Standing at the forefront was a barbarian whose stature stood slightly taller than his companions, hair pure white, like frost and snow hardened by polar winds, casually tied behind his head, with strands falling beside his face accentuating his bronzed skin.

Most conspicuous was the tattoo on his body—stretching from collarbone to waistline, formed by countless robust black lines intertwined, resembling both the shadow of a dancing war axe and the totem of a charging beast herd, with jagged ends appearing sharp enough to tear through air. Among these primary lines, small runes were interspersed, seemingly etched in barbarian ancient script signifying "power" and "rage," reflecting a primal ferocity.

"I..."

The white-haired barbarian spoke, though in the Empire's common language, the tone carried a distinct barbarian accent—crude and robust like war axes carving into stone slabs.

"Barbarian... Terreda."

Chapter 327: Xiong vs Terreda, Subduing the Barbarians

Terreda

Qin Tian's gaze fell on this white-haired barbarian. His eyes were sharp as a hawk's, his pupils a deep brown, carrying the vigilance of long hunts in the wilderness, yet utter calmness, assessing the situation more than other barbarians. His chin was covered with thick beard, making his angular face appear more wild.

"My name is Qin Tian, and I am the buyer of you barbarian slaves." Qin Tian's calm voice resonated in the minds of every barbarian warrior.

At the word "slaves," the barbarians' eyes flared with angry humiliation, glaring fiercely at Qin Tian.

If it were other slave owners, seeing their slaves dare to glare at them, there wouldn't be a lack of electrotherapy sessions in store.

But Qin Tian remained indifferent, not angered, looking at Terreda, he said:

"Now, I give you an opportunity. If you can defeat anyone beside me, I will set you free. But if you lose, while I shall still release your slave status, you must fight for me with all barbarians for five years."

"By the way, you don't need to speak aloud. Just speak in your mind, I can hear."

Hearing these words, all the barbarians' eyes refocused on Terreda.

Terreda's pupils suddenly contracted, emotions surged within his deep brown eyes.

Being a slave was inscribed into the bones of the barbarian race as disgrace, and the man before him now, offered freedom with a mere duel — it felt unreal, yet carried fatal temptation.

The totem tattoo on his chest heated slightly due to emotional turmoil, seemingly urging him to agree. Behind him came the suppressed breaths of his companions, he could feel the yearning in their gazes — the yearning for freedom, the hope of returning home.

Seconds of silence seemed interminably long.

Terreda slowly lifted his head, his frosty white hair fell to the sides of his cheeks, covering half his face, revealing only pursed lips and sharp eyes.

He did not speak aloud, he uttered a deep roar in his mind, carrying a warrior's courage unique to his race: "I agree."

This thought clearly transmitted to Qin Tian's mind and, through some invisible connection, allowed those around to sense his determination.

"Good!"

As Qin Tian raised his hand, a gentle green glow burst from his palm, scattering across Terreda.

Suddenly, Terreda felt a surge of exuberant life pour into his limbs and bones, pain from torn wounds melted away like snow. Broken tendons and bones felt an itchy numbness, a signal of frenzied regrowth.

Even more astonishing, weakness induced by enforced injections was visibly receding — like a blocked river suddenly cleared, a torrent of strength rushed from his Dantian to his head.

"Roar—!"

Terreda suddenly tilted his head back and roared, causing the steel frame of the factory to hum. His muscles bulged with exaggerated amplitude, beneath bronzed skin, veins rolled like coiled dragons. The alloy chains tied around his shoulders and waist emitted crispy sounds under the brute force.

"Creak! Creak!"

The chain links snapped one after another, fragments scattered in all directions, hitting the ground with piercing collision sounds.

The totem tattoo on his chest shone brightly, resonating with the eruptive force inside him, snow-white hair flaring without wind, rustling loudly, wild red glow surged within his deep brown pupils — this was proof of power's return, the might a barbarian warrior should possess.

In a few breaths, the once frail slave had transformed back into an imposing warrior.

Terreda rotated his fully restored neck, producing a series of crisp cracks, and once again looked at Qin Tian with complex affirmation in his eyes.

"Choose someone." Qin Tian said lightly.

"I choose him." Terreda's thought came again, his gaze locked unwaveringly on Xiong, within his deep brown pupils, battle-ready fire burned brightly.

Now that he had recovered, he chose to fight the strongest.

In his view, Xiong, due to his formidable physique, was the strongest.

For Terreda's decision, other warriors of the barbarian race had no objections, for this tradition of challenging the strongest had always been their way — a sign of respect towards the opponent and confidence in their own strength.

Even though Terreda bore everyone's hopes and the path home, they never thought he'd exploit loopholes, selecting the weakest.

One who lacks self-confidence cannot become a leader of the barbarian race.

Xiong saw this, grinned broadly, stepped forward, his hefty body causing the ground to quiver slightly, speaking in a booming voice: "Come!"

At this moment, the air seemed to freeze, two powerful auras collided, interweaving, forming an invisible storm within the dilapidated factory, urging those around to hold their breath, their eyes fixed tightly on the two who were about to duel.

Bang!

In almost the same instant, two surges of vigorous qi and blood erupted.

Around Xiong rose visible waves, his pale golden qi and blood, like boiling magma, was a sign of extreme physical cultivation.

Terreda's qi and blood were crimson like blood, burning like wildfire, steaming from his pores, harmonizing with his chest's totem tattoo, exuding a wild and dominant aura.

Two streams of qi and blood collided in mid-air, emitting a dull roar, invisible pressure spread to the surrounding.

This was not a clash of spiritual energy, but the most primal, pure confrontation of physical strength, raging like two prehistoric giant beasts wrestling.

## Chapter 328: Xiong vs. Terreda, Subjugating the Barbarians (Part 2)

"Roar!"

Xiong took the lead, stomping his right foot fiercely on the ground, causing the steel plate to instantly crack with web-like patterns. His right fist soared out, tearing through the air with a sharp whistle, and a faint golden Qi and Blood gathered on the fist's surface into a vague bear paw shadow, squeezing the air into a painful groan.

Terreda's eyes focused, advancing instead of retreating. His feet slightly parted, crimson Qi and Blood suddenly surged, his entire aura reaching its peak, unleashing a punch as well.

This punch seemed simple and unadorned, yet incredibly swift, the crimson Qi and Blood on his fist nearly solidifying, leaving a faint trail in the air.

"Boom!"

At the instant their fists collided, it was as if a thunderclap exploded in the warehouse. The faint golden and crimson Qi and Blood collided fiercely, exploding into a visibly tangible shockwave, blasting the surrounding dust into the air.

Xiong's body swayed slightly, the steel plate beneath his feet sank another half an inch, yet his fist remained steady as a mountain.

Terreda was forced to retreat three steps, leaving clear footprints on the ground with each step, his tiger's mouth faintly numbing, and a hint of astonishment flashed in his eyes — the opponent's strength was far stronger than when he had unleashed his Fury Power.

Yet he did not retreat, instead advancing again. The crimson Qi and Blood surged once more, his fists and feet raining down like a storm on Xiong, each punch carrying the force to shatter mountains, each kick swift as lightning.

Though his strength was slightly inferior, he excelled in an absurd speed, with every strike precisely landing in Xiong's defensive gaps, a maddening combination of deadly accuracy.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The continuous sounds of collision were relentless.

Xiong crossed his arms in front of him, the faint golden Qi and Blood forming a solid barrier, forcibly enduring Terreda's fierce assault.

He occasionally countered, each punch an overwhelming force, forcing Terreda to evade the sharpness temporarily.

Beside them, Qin Tian's eyes moved slightly, he hadn't expected Terreda could contend with Xiong to such an extent, especially with an attack combining both strength and speed. Any Spiritualist below Tier Five would have been pulverized already.

Without cultivating Spiritual Energy, the physique could still be so formidable; the Barbarian strength system is indeed peculiar.

Bam~

After another clash, Terreda leveraged the counterforce to retreat several meters, the crimson Qi and Blood slightly receding. He observed Xiong's seemingly unscathed figure, a flash of realization in his pupils — continuing in this manner would lead certainly to defeat.

The opponent's Qi and Blood were like a bottomless abyss; in a pure power duel, he stood no chance.

Bam

Terreda suddenly strode forward, stamping out cracks in the ground, his left hand clawing Xiong's wrist while his right hand slid up along the opponent's arm to the shoulder, using the twisting force from his waist to try and flip this giant man with finesse.

The Barbarian Warrior's combat technique was never about brute force collision but the ultimate artistry of combining strength with Martial Techniques.

Terreda's joints seemed unrestricted by bone, his movements were relaxed yet cunning, each exertion precisely landed on Xiong's force nodes, like the most delicate lever prying open a mountain.

However, Xiong's resilience far exceeded his expectations.

No matter how Terreda twisted and turned, Xiong's body remained steady as a rock, his muscle-bound arms like steel, despite his opponent locking, gripping, twisting, pressing, there was no movement whatsoever. Instead, as Terreda's old force waned and new force hadn't risen, suddenly he exploded with power—

"Arise!"

Xiong's left arm abruptly lifted, Terreda felt an irresistible force pulling him off the ground. Reacting swiftly, he leveraged this force to twist in mid-air, his feet chopping toward Xiong's neck like a war axe.

This was a Barbarian's death-defying move, willing to injure oneself to inflict a serious blow upon the opponent.

"Bang!"

His feet landed solidly against Xiong's neck side, yet only made Xiong sway his head, as if bitten by a mosquito.

Terreda himself was bounced off by the counterforce, somersaulting in mid-air to land steadily, the totem tattoo on his chest glowing fiercely, evidently deploying his full strength.

"That defense..." Feng Mochuan gasped, perceiving the power of Terreda's kick, if it were him, without using Spiritual Energy, his neck bones would surely break, possibly threatening his life.

Yet Xiong endured the kick unscathed, his physique incredibly strong.

The situation in the field shifted once again.

Terreda ceased the head-on confrontation, he now circled around Xiong, his figure erratic, his fists and feet like a storm landing all over Xiong's body — sometimes striking at joints, sometimes aiming at the throat, sometimes using his elbow to bash ribs, each move precise and ferocious, showcasing the Barbarian fighting art's agility and ferocity to the fullest.

But Xiong was like a moving fortress, his arms swung like a windmill, blocking all attacks, the heavy collision sounds echoed ceaselessly in the warehouse, he occasionally countered, each punch carried the power to split mountains, forcing Terreda to evade temporarily.

"Hah!"

Xiong suddenly growled low, stepped forward abruptly, his massive form breaking Terreda's attack, arms closing like iron clamps, wanting to hold Terreda tightly.

This was the most brutish yet effective move; once locked, no matter the finesse, escape would be nearly impossible.

Terreda's pupils contracted sharply, he quickly bent down, attempting to slip out from under Xiong's armpit.

Yet Xiong's reaction greatly exceeded his expectations, his left arm sank, the elbow tip hammering toward his spine.

Terreda could only roll his head backward, narrowly dodging the blow but losing the best chance to escape.

At this moment, Xiong's right fist arrived.

### Chapter 329: Xiong vs. Terreda, Subduing the Barbarians (Part 3)

This punch carried no fancy techniques, only pure strength and speed, whooshing through the air straight towards Terreda's chest.

Terreda had no way to dodge. He could only cross his arms in front of his chest, while pushing his totem power to the extreme, causing the tattoo on his chest to erupt with a blinding red light.

"Boom——!"

The punch and palm collided, and Terreda, as if hit by a heavy blow, flew backwards like a kite with a broken string, fiercely crashing into a steel pillar behind him with a dull thud, then slowly sliding down to the ground, a trace of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth, and the totem tattoo on his chest dimmed.

Xiong stood still, his chest heaving slightly, but his expression was calm.

Qin Tian could see that Xiong was still holding back, not exerting his full strength. Moreover, this time Xiong was fighting purely with his physical body. If he used his spiritual energy, Terreda wouldn't last even two moves.

Terreda struggled to stand up, but Qin Tian raised a hand to stop him: "You lost."

Terreda lowered his head to look at his numb arms, then at Xiong's still upright figure, a hint of reluctance flashing in his eyes before ultimately turning into acceptance.

He hadn't lost unjustly; the physical strength of that guy was probably only comparable to a strong individual at the middle level tribal chieftain level.

He was still far off.

"I lost." Terreda's voice echoed in everyone's mind, with the straightforwardness unique to barbarian warriors, "From now on, my people and I will follow your command for five years."

"Good."

Qin Tian's face broke into a smile, then suddenly unleashed a powerful surge of spiritual power from his brow, spreading like an invisible tide, instantly enveloping the entire factory.

This spiritual power seemed gentle, yet carried an irresistible dominance. As it passed, the alloy chains binding the barbarians began to tremble violently.

"Crack... crack crack!"

The sound of shattering continued incessantly, as hundreds of thumb-thick alloy chain links shattered like fragile glass under the invisible pressure of the spiritual power, scattering pieces onto the ground.

The barbarians were momentarily stunned before erupting into incredulous joy—they hadn't even seen what Qin Tian did, yet the shackles that had bound them for days had already turned to dust.

Simultaneously, a green light gathered in Qin Tian's palm, showering down on every single barbarian like spring rain.

The wounds on the barbarian warriors, which were still hurting, healed at a speed visible to the naked eye under the nourishment of the green light, and their qi and blood, sapped by long-term captivity, were rekindled.

"Roar—!"

Over a hundred excited howls rang out simultaneously, their red-hot qi and blood rising like flames from their bodies, casting a red glow over the dilapidated factory.

They moved their fully restored muscles and bones, which cracked with a series of crisp sounds, and looked at Qin Tian with newfound eyes.

Feng Mochuan, seeing this, pressed a button on the controller in his hand.

With a slight mechanical whirr, all the slave collars around the barbarians' necks released their clasps and fell to the ground, creating a dense clamor.

Those collars, symbols of humiliation and control, fell to the ground, their sound more exhilarating to the barbarian warriors than any war drum.

Terreda looked at the collar fragments at his feet, then at his excitedly shouting clansmen, a complex emotion flickering in his eyes.

"Thank you." His voice echoed in Qin Tian's mind, short but sincere.

Qin Tian waved his hand, his spiritual power and green light slowly retracting: "From today onwards, you are no longer slaves."

He swept his gaze over the group of newly freed barbarians, his voice steady and powerful, "In five years, I will provide you with the most sophisticated weapons and resources to make you even stronger. After five years, I will personally arrange for your return to your home star."

These words exploded like thunder in the barbarians' minds. They had thought that five years of service was just a way to barter for freedom, never expecting to receive such generous terms.

For a moment, the roars in the factory became even louder; this time, it was not a release of wildness, but an acknowledgment and allegiance to their new master.

Only sincerity can win true loyalty.

Qin Tian's series of actions earned the respect of all the barbarian warriors.

## Chapter 330: Loyalty from the Heart

After settling the barbarian warriors, Qin Tian allowed them to reunite with the other women, elders, and children.

Compared to the strict control over the warriors, Feng Mochuan was much more lenient in managing these women and children. Apart from the slave collars on their necks and restricted movement, there were no chains or weakness potions.

Moreover, Feng Mochuan provided quite good meals, and some children even gained a little weight during this time.

Under his deliberate arrangements, at this moment, the children were holding clay bowls, squatting in the corner and eating heartily, with rice grains sticking to their faces, not bothering to wipe them off.

A few women sat nearby by the haystacks, keeping an eye on the children while whispering to each other. Although there was still worry between their brows, the terror of the past was gone.

The elders leaned against the wall, basking in the sun, with a trace of peace in their cloudy eyes.

And when the barbarian warriors saw this scene, their tense bodies instantly relaxed, and their eyes simultaneously welled up.

The bearded warrior with a beast head totem on his chest rushed over to a little boy holding a clay bowl and hugged the child tightly.

The little boy was stunned at first, then recognized him and burst into tears, "Dad!"

The warrior's rough hand awkwardly patted the child's back, a suppressed sob coming from his throat. This man, unafraid of death in tribal wars, now had eyes red like they were about to bleed—he had thought his family was long lost, never expected to see his child here.

A few young warriors rushed toward the women who were sewing, and as they embraced, the sounds of the women's sobs and the warriors' comforting words intertwined.

An elderly man with gray hair was helped to stand, trembling as he caressed the warrior's cheek before him, muttering in the ancient barbarian tongue, probably inquiring about these past days. The warrior shook his head repeatedly, signaling with his eyes that "all is well."

Terreda stood at the edge of the crowd, seeing a familiar uncle being supported by a warrior, holding half a loaf of bread, his face weathered but in good spirits; seeing the naughtiest little girl in the clan waving a piece of jerky at him, the jerky shiny with grease, clearly just distributed.

He had expected the women and children to suffer inhumane treatment, for in the slave trade, the old, weak, and women have always been the least valuable commodities, surviving was a luxury.

Yet the scene before him was entirely different—no beatings, no starvation, the children could even chase and play in the open space, with collars yet devoid of bloody stench.

"Hohulu..." a warrior suddenly shouted toward Qin Tian's direction, with no hostility in his voice, only complex gratitude.

He had just seen his wife holding a bowl of warm meat broth, food only free citizens could enjoy.

Terreda took a deep breath and walked up to Qin Tian, his heartfelt voice carrying unprecedented seriousness: "Thank you."

These two words were a hundred times more sincere than any previous "thanks."

The warrior's submission might have stemmed from fair dueling, but seeing his family well, this submission now held a heartfelt loyalty.

Qin Tian looked at the group of clan members embracing and crying, with a faint smile.

He knew that compared to military deterrence, what truly earned the barbarians' loyalty were precisely this bowl of hot rice, the children's smiles, and the still alive look in the eyes of women and children.

Feng Mochuan's lenient management might seem merciful, but in reality, it was the smartest strategy—winning hearts has always involved more than just fists.

At this time, Feng Mochuan stepped forward and handed over a controller: "Boss, should we unlock these women's and children's collars too?"

Qin Tian nodded.

With a light sound, the collars on all the women's and children's necks fell off in response. The children picked up the collars curiously, playing with them, while the women bowed deeply in Qin Tian's direction. The motions were clumsy yet conveyed the most sincere gratitude.

Terreda watched this scene, suddenly raising his hand to thump his chest, producing a dull sound.

The surrounding warriors followed suit, over a hundred sounds of chest-thumping resonating in unison across the open space—this was the highest ritual of the barbarian race, representing an oath of loyalty sealed by blood lineage.

Qin Tian stood still, receiving this silent respect.

He knew that from this moment on, this group of barbarians truly became a force he could rely on.

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Thereafter, Qin Tian assessed the strength of the barbarians.

Except for Terreda, the strength of the other barbarian warriors was mostly between Tier Two and Tier Three. They did not possess Spiritual Energy, but their physical strength was astonishing, skilled in

unarmed combat and cold weaponry. Moreover, the totem battle patterns on their skin could grant them various strange buffs, further enhancing their combat abilities.

As for Terreda himself, his combat strength could reach the level of a normal Tier Five.

This result made Qin Tian quite satisfied.

The overall combat strength of these barbarians was not inferior to the initial Hurricane Mercenary Corps. More importantly, once the Superman Potion emerged, the strength of the barbarian warriors would experience explosive growth.

An increase by several, even tenfold, was not out of the question.

Additionally, he had instructed Old Nelson to purchase as many barbarians as possible from the slave market and send them to Silver Gray Star. Afterward, the barbarian force would gradually grow, becoming an unignorable power in his hands.

After subduing the barbarians, Qin Tian did not rush to incorporate them into the existing system. Instead, he had Feng Mochuan transform the abandoned factory into a temporary residence for the barbarians.

After all, these barbarian warriors had distinct figures, skin tones, hair colors, and totem tattoos different from the Empire's citizens. Without legal identity documents and with language barriers, entering the city rashly would only bring unnecessary trouble.

However, in terms of living conditions, Qin Tian offered them the utmost kindness.

Every morning, cartloads of fresh meat, grains, and fruits and vegetables were delivered to the camp's gates on time. Beast legs roasting with sizzling oil remained on the bonfire, and high-proof liquor brewed in clay jars, with elders and children able to hold steaming bowls of meat broth every day, no longer needing to risk their lives for a meal.

Qin Tian also specifically set up a makeshift training ground, bringing in a large batch of equipment and weapons.

The barbarian warriors, already obsessed with martial arts, now had ample food and fitting tools, spending almost all day in the training field. The sound of fist meeting flesh, the clanging of weapons clashing, and thunderous roars intertwined, becoming the most common background noise at the camp.

To overcome the language barrier, Qin Tian hired professionals to input the barbarian language into translators and provided each person with a translator. At the same time, under Qin Tian's request, the barbarians earnestly learned the Empire's language.

Within a few days, the barbarian warriors could awkwardly utter simple terms like "weapon," "training," and "full."

In a flash, two weeks passed.

Karsas did not disappoint Qin Tian and successfully produced the first batch of Youth Potion and Superman Potion.