

Battlefield 331

Chapter 331: Taking the Superman Potion

The laboratory was filled with faint energy fluctuations, with two rows of neatly arranged potion racks on the cold metal table.

Karsas floated in front of Qin Tian, exuding waves of coldness, his voice hoarse like sandpaper from beneath his hood: "Master, the first batch of 200 Youth Potions and 200 Superman Potions are completed, and after testing, there are no quality issues."

Qin Tian's gaze fell on the potion racks, his fingertips gently brushing over the first row of potion bottles.

The Youth Potion, entirely emerald green, had liquid like flowing morning dew inside the bottle, with subtle sparkling points faintly visible, exuding a gentle life energy.

Qin Tian picked up a Youth Potion, closely observing it in the light. The energy fluctuations inside the potion were stable and long-lasting, without any impurities—this meant the life energy contained within was gentle enough to be safely absorbed even by ordinary elderly people or children.

Of course, the greatest effect of the Youth Potion was to delay aging and maintain beautiful appearance, not suitable for the elderly and children. Its target customers were beauty-loving women and men.

He put down the Youth Potion and turned his gaze to the Superman Potion beside it.

That was a completely different scene, with liquid as red as lava rolling inside the bottle, carrying nearly violent energy fluctuations. Even fine red light condensed on the bottle wall, as if it would break free the next second, each seemed to encapsulate a small, dancing flame.

The Youth Potion contained infinite business opportunities and wealth, while the Superman Potion was the key to the transformation of the Barbarian Army.

Wealth and force, both in hand.

Beside him, Yang Fan asked excitedly:

"Boss, how do you plan to handle this batch of Youth Potions? Do you need me to start marketing strategies right now to increase its brand awareness?"

After repeated experiments and verifications, the Youth Potion truly proved effective in delaying aging and maintaining a youthful appearance. As long as the product itself had no issues, Yang Fan believed the Youth Potion would inevitably cause a huge sensation within the Azure Wood Star Realm and even the entire Empire, at which point wealth would flood in like a breached dam, unstoppable.

He rubbed his hands, his eyes fixated on those potion bottles glowing with emerald light, as if seeing countless gold coins flying before him. Even someone as staid as him could not suppress his inner excitement at this moment:

"Which of the noble dames in the Azure Wood Star Realm wouldn't treat their looks as their lifeline? A bottle capable of maintaining their youthful appearance, regardless of how exorbitant the price, they would snatch it up like mad! Let alone the entire Empire, where the family members of royalty and commercial giants wouldn't bat an eye at spending a fortune for youth!"

Qin Tian looked at him with his uncontrollable joy, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth. Yang Fan was right; youth had always been the most expensive luxury item, especially for those at the pinnacle of power and wealth. A potion capable of delaying aging had a value far exceeding money itself.

However, there were some things Yang Fan thought a bit too simple.

Such immense wealth was not something Lingfeng Trading Company could protect at present. They needed to find a reliable partner to intimidate those potential coveters.

And he had already arranged for this partner in advance.

"Yang Fan, in a few days, a friend of mine will come to Silver Gray Star to discuss cooperation details regarding the Youth Potion. You'll handle the specifics of the cooperation." Qin Tian said.

Yang Fan was stunned for a moment and asked, "Boss, the friend you're talking about is...?"

Qin Tian: "His name is Dongfang Mingyu, a member of the Dongfang Family."

What!

The Dongfang Family!

Yang Fan was shocked. The boss had actually sought cooperation with the Dongfang Family.

Upon learning this news, he was truly caught between joy and concern.

The joy was that, if the cooperation could really be established, then Lingfeng Trading Company could naturally ride the high tide and rely on the influence of the Dongfang Family to quickly expand the sales channels for the Youth Potion. Moreover, several of the raw materials for the Youth Potions were rare herbs, and whether to cultivate them themselves or procure them externally, the volume would be limited and might even be choked.

But if cooperating with the Dongfang Family, this problem would no longer be a concern.

On the other hand, in the face of the Dongfang Family, a Holy Blood Clan, his company couldn't even compare to a small ant. If the Dongfang Family developed a greedy intent, they would surely be swallowed up completely.

Qin Tian could see the concerns in Yang Fan's heart, but he still remained relatively optimistic about the matter.

First of all, the Dongfang Family always had a good reputation; they invested in many promising companies, yet there had never been stories of forceful seizure and plunder.

In fact, among the Nine Great Holy Bloods, the Dongfang Family had always been in the top three in terms of reputation. Their style of work and bloodline ability was similar, gentle, restrained, yet teeming with immense vitality.

Unlike some bloodline clans that immediately resorted to power oppression, the Dongfang Family was better at overcoming rigidity with flexibility—they spanned multiple industries across pharmaceuticals, energy, and interstellar transportation, yet had never initiated a business war. On the contrary, they often stepped in at critical moments to support small and medium enterprises on the brink of bankruptcy, thus accumulating a great reputation in the business world.

Moreover, he had helped the Dongfang Family solve two major troubles before, one with the Blood Demon Cult's chaos during the Genius Battle, and just recently, successfully capturing the Blood Demon for the Dongfang Family.

With this layer of relationship, the Dongfang Family would consider their reputation and not repay kindness with enmity.

Besides, given the magnitude of the Dongfang Family, a small Youth Potion wouldn't be enough to tarnish their brand.

Chapter 332: Taking the Superman Potion (2)

"Draft a contract in advance, and we can discuss the details once the Dongfang Clan arrives."

Qin Tian patted Yang Fan on the shoulder, then waved his hand and stored all the Superman Potions into the Spirit Space.

Business can wait. For now, he wanted to test if the Superman Potion was as miraculous as Karsas claimed.

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Barbarian Encampment

Over a hundred barbarians gathered there, and the silent atmosphere carried a hint of restlessness.

Everyone's gaze was focused on the crimson potion in Qin Tian's hand. The liquid rolled under the sunlight, like a flame trapped within, exuding a force that made their blood race.

"This is the situation. Whether or not to try it is up to you to decide."

Qin Tian explained the effects of the Superman Potion to them—able to break through physical limits in a short period, causing physical abilities to surge several times over. The price was enduring heart-wrenching pain during its effect, a pain that seeped into the marrow and soul, requiring iron-like Will to withstand it.

Fail to endure it, and both body and mind would collapse; even if one survived, they would turn into a mindless lunatic.

When he finished speaking, he stepped aside to calmly wait for the barbarians' decision.

His words were like a giant stone thrown into a calm lake, instantly causing an uproar among the barbarians.

The warriors, who had been eager to try, had their expressions turn solemn at once.

The intense pain didn't deter them, but the prospect of bodily and mental collapse, becoming a lunatic, was terrifying enough to make many ponder carefully.

The field fell silent as death, with only the wind rustling clothing, as each person's breath grew heavy.

At that moment, a low and husky voice broke the silence: "Let me try."

All eyes turned toward the voice. It was a medium-built barbarian named Karen. He usually spoke little, silently following behind the group, with no expression on his face, looking quite unremarkable.

Yet hearing his voice, all the barbarians were stunned, then revealed understanding looks in their eyes.

Karen was one of the few in the tribe with no attachments, having lost all his family during the Barbarian Race's internal strife. He's lived alone to this day, and though he seldom spoke, no one in the tribe doubted this solitary and strong warrior's Will.

At this moment, Karen was slowly walking forward. His steps weren't fast but exceptionally firm. His weathered face remained expressionless, yet his gaze was sharper than ever, like a sword sheathed within.

Just then, Terreda raised a hand to stop him: "No."

Her frost-white hair fluttered in the wind as Terreda walked to the front of the group, her deep brown pupils scanning everyone: "If anyone should try, it should be me first."

"No!"

"No!"

As soon as Terreda spoke, ten-odd voices immediately rang out simultaneously, their tone urgent and resolute.

A warrior with chain tattoos wrapped around his arm stepped forward, blocking Terreda: "Terreda, you're our mainstay now, such risk cannot be taken by you!"

Clap.

Karen placed his hand on Terreda's shoulder, speaking in a seriously earnest tone: "I can endure it."

Terreda stared into Karen's calm and profound eyes, then around at the determined faces, before remaining silent for a moment and saying:

"Karen, survive."

"Mm!"

Karen walked to Qin Tian and extended his rough hand, saying:

"Master, leave it to me."

Qin Tian placed the Superman Potion in Karen's palm, advising:

"If you really can't hold on, let me know, and I'll do my utmost to save your life."

"Okay!"

Karen glanced at the rolling liquid in the bottle, showing not a hint of hesitation, uncorked it, and drank the entire potion in one go.

The moment the crimson liquid slid down his throat, Karen's body stiffened violently, and he let out a stifled grunt, restrained to the extreme, as cold sweat instantly drenched his forehead.

At first, it was as if his throat swallowed a ball of fire, but the next moment, the fire spread through his body via his veins, as if countless red-hot knives were wildly stirring within, with every inch of muscle and bone uttering cries of agony.

His skin turned red and hot at a speed visible to the naked eye, even seeping tiny beads of blood. These beads vaporized into a blood mist upon emergence, enveloping him like a burning man.

"Ugh..."

Karen bit his lips so hard they bled, suppressing any further sound. His body trembled violently, and he instinctively clenched his right hand, embedding his nails deeply into his palm. Yet this pain compared to the internal torment was hardly worth mentioning.

His consciousness began to blur, with countless chaotic images flashing through his mind—the way his family fell in pools of blood, the flames devouring his homeland, and the days of being whipped as a slave, sold like livestock... Humiliation, anger, sadness—waves of emotions surged in, nearly drowning his reason.

"Am I... becoming a lunatic?"

A thought flashed by, causing a momentary flicker in Karen's gaze, as the pain within him grew fiercer, almost tearing his body apart while his mind teetered on the brink of breakdown from the relentless torment.

It was then he suddenly recalled Terreda's words—"We must go home, and make those who destroyed our homeland pay."

Yes, go home!

I want to go home!

Karen's eyes cleared instantly. Those humiliating memories no longer served to destroy him, but transformed into his unwavering ironclad faith.

He had no family left, but he still had tribesmen, still had a shared homeland to protect, still had a Sea of Blood vengeance to take!

He couldn't fall here, absolutely not!

"I must... go back..." Karen growled in his heart, exerting every ounce of strength to fight against the pain that nearly swallowed him whole.

He thought of the disdainful gaze of his master when he became a slave; of the helplessness when unable to fight back as his companions were beaten; of the limitless longing for his home when stargazing...

These beliefs were like a lighthouse in the dark, guiding him as he trudged through the abyss of pain.

He felt his body being reshaped, bones creaking as if forcibly elongated and thickened, with muscle fibers repeatedly torn and regenerated, each regeneration more resilient than the last.

Time seemed to stand still, with each second feeling as long as a century.

All the barbarians nervously watched him, while Terreda tightly clenched her fists, eyes full of worry.

After what felt like ages, the red glow from Karen's body began to fade, and the wild forces churning within him gradually calmed, as if a flood finally found its riverbed. The pain tormenting his body eased, replaced by an unprecedented feeling of fullness.

"Huff... huff..."

Karen panted heavily, sweat mixed with blood trickling from his body, pooling on the ground. He slowly lifted his head, and his once clouded eyes were now incredibly bright, gleaming with an intimidating light.

He could clearly sense that his physique underwent an earth-shattering transformation.

The muscle lines on his arm became more fluid and full of Explosive Power, causing a tingling itch over his whole body, as if new power was being nurtured.

The Qi and Blood inside him surged like a roaring river, coursing through every part of his body before soaring into the sky as a visible crimson pillar, piercing through the clouds, exuding an awe-inspiring majesty.

The surrounding barbarians were overwhelmed by this aura, retreating a few steps, faces filled with disbelief.

Karen moved his body slightly, his joints making a crisp ringing sound, every motion carrying an overpowering sense of strength.

He knew he had succeeded.

The Superman Potion had perfectly integrated into his body, and what supported him through it all was that longing for home, hatred for his enemies, and the belief of returning home with his tribesmen.

Karen turned to look at Terreda and the other tribesmen, revealing a smile on his face. Though faint, it brimmed with hope.

Terreda gazed at the towering Qi and Blood emanating from Karen and his visibly strengthened physique, finally relaxing her taut nerves, nodding heavily at Karen with a look of relief in her eyes.

The other barbarians burst into cheers, knowing that Karen's success meant they too had a chance to obtain great power.

Chapter 333: Explosive Power Surge

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Waves of Qi and Blood surged up like wolf smoke.

Following Karen, the Barbarian Warriors successively took the Superman Potion.

Often, the unknown instills fear in people, but once someone overcomes it, the faith of those who follow will multiply.

The Barbarian Race is one that possesses a steel will, and no cruel methods from the slave merchants can break their backbone. Even the old, weak, and women rarely succumb easily.

Karen's success was like a key, unlocking the door of belief in the unknown in their hearts, igniting their desire for strength and hope for the future.

More and more Barbarian Warriors stepped forward, some with resolute eyes, some with determined faces, yet without exception, there was no hesitation.

One batch of Superman Potion after another was consumed, and pillars of Qi and Blood shot up into the sky, transforming the entire Barbarian camp into an ocean of Qi and Blood, stirring people's hearts.

Some warriors howled in pain, their voices filled with defiance; others silently endured the intense pain within, their bodies trembling yet standing tall and straight.

In their minds echoed the scene of Karen's success, thoughts of their homeland, and hatred for their enemies, all transforming into endless strength to support their endurance of the potion's agony.

Previously hesitant warriors, seeing their comrades grit their teeth and endure, became inspired and joined in taking the potion. They encouraged each other, using the unique low growls of the Barbarian Race to convey their belief, infusing the entire camp with a spirit of resilience and determination.

Even the old, weak, and women were not idle, standing by with eyes full of concern and admiration, and some cheered for the warriors.

Though they couldn't fight like the warriors by taking the potion, their cheers still gave the warriors immense strength.

Qin Tian stood at a distance, silently watching everything, his eyes flashing with appreciation. These Barbarian Warriors demonstrated what it truly meant to have a steel will; often, a strong will is more valuable than great strength.

By morning, over 180 Barbarians had all finished taking the Superman Potion. Fortunately, everyone successfully endured the period of pain from the potion, resulting in a significant increase in combat power.

At this moment, the camp surged with Qi and Blood like a raging sea, with each warrior emanating an aura far stronger than before, even causing the air to tremble slightly from this power.

At the forefront of the crowd, only one person hadn't taken the potion—Terreda.

It wasn't because Terreda was cowardly or afraid to take the potion; rather, after over a hundred tests, they found that the stronger a person is, the greater the increase when taking the Superman Potion, but simultaneously, the pain endured would also multiply.

As the leader of the Barbarians, Terreda's strength far exceeded anyone else in the tribe. If he were to take the Superman Potion, the pain would surely be several times that of others, with the slightest slip leading to collapse from the extreme pain.

"Terreda, maybe... forget it?" a warrior, who had just taken the potion and whose aura hadn't stabilized, couldn't help but voice his concern, "You're already strong enough, there's no need to take this risk."

"That's right, better not to risk it." Others chimed in, understanding only too well the horror of the pain magnified several times.

Such pain is almost unbearable, enough to drive one to mental collapse.

Terreda raised a hand to signal silence, his deep brown eyes sweeping over faces filled with concern, then looking towards the distant, calm figure of Qin Tian, and finally settling on the totem tattoo on his chest, which shimmered faintly against his Qi and Blood, as if narrating the glory and trials of the tribe.

"I am the leader now," Terreda's voice was steady and powerful, imbued with undeniable authority, "Everyone's getting stronger, how can I fall behind?"

He turned around, walking towards Qin Tian under the worried gazes of everyone, his steps firm as a rock. Each step caused a slight tremor on the ground, a testament to the power within him inadvertently leaking out.

Qin Tian watched Terreda approach and asked, "Have you decided?"

"Yes."

Terreda nodded, his gaze falling on the Superman Potion. The crimson liquid churned in the bottle, as if impatient to clash with the power within him.

"This pain might be more terrifying than you imagine," Qin Tian warned, "If you really can't endure it, be sure to let me know promptly."

"Alright!"

Terreda picked up the potion, the bottle's temperature was astonishingly hot, yet it couldn't quench the fire in his eyes. He pulled out the cork and drank the entire Superman Potion in one gulp.

As soon as the crimson liquid hit his throat, Terreda's body jolted violently. Pain engulfed him like a tidal wave, as if thousands of giant axes were simultaneously chopping at his bones and muscles, and countless heated steel needles were piercing his soul.

"Ugh—!"

A deeply suppressed groan squeezed out from his throat. Terreda's skin turned bright red, veins bulged like dragons, and the totem tattoo on his chest flickered wildly, bursting into a blinding golden light under the torment of the pain.

The surrounding barbarians held their breath instantly, gripping their fists so tightly that their nails nearly embedded into their flesh.

They could clearly feel the surge of qi and blood within Terreda's body, sometimes erupting like a volcanic explosion, sometimes dwindling like a candle in the wind, as if it might extinguish in the next second.

Qin Tian's gaze slightly intensified, and his fingertips unconsciously tensed.

In the center of the excruciating pain, Terreda's consciousness was uncannily clear. He gritted his teeth tightly, transforming all the pain into a resolute obsession—for his people, for his homeland, for everything he failed to protect, he must endure!

The agony within continued to escalate, as though numerous volcanoes were erupting simultaneously, and every inch of his flesh screamed to be freed from the confines of his bones.

His body trembled violently, veins on his skin bulging and receding again, resembling writhing crimson snakes. Sweat mixed with blood rolled off his body, pooling at his feet, evaporating in a white mist tinged with the scent of blood.

"Roar!"

Terreda could no longer bear it, letting out a deafening roar filled with pain, yet even more so with indomitable fighting spirit.

His body suddenly expanded, muscles swelling until his clothes shredded, revealing a strong body covered in ancient totems.

The totem tattoo on his chest became incredibly bright, golden light intertwining with the crimson qi and blood, forming a unique halo.

The intertwining patterns seemed to come alive, gliding and spiraling across his skin, continuously absorbing the power of the Superman Potion, aiding him in resisting the destructive pain.

Terreda's consciousness rose and fell in the waves of agony, at times almost swallowed by darkness, but every time he saw the anxious and hopeful eyes of his tribesmen, or thought of the devastated sight of his homeland, he gathered strength anew, driving away the darkness.

He felt his will being continuously forged, becoming harder than steel.

Time passed by second by second, each one a torment for Terreda.

The surrounding barbarians watched him nervously, not daring to take a breath, their palms drenched in sweat.

Suddenly, the qi and blood in Terreda's body abruptly paused, as if reaching a breaking point. Immediately afterward, a force far more vast and fervent than before exploded from within him.

"Buzz!"

A low hum resonated, Terreda's crimson qi and blood surged skyward like boiling lava, forming an enormous pillar of light that pierced the clouds, scattering the layers in the sky.

This pillar of light was laced with dazzling golden light, a testament to the perfect fusion of the power from his chest totem tattoo and the Superman Potion.

The pain within him ebbed away like a retreating tide, replaced by an unprecedented sense of fullness and explosive power.

Terreda could clearly feel a radical transformation in his physique.

His bones became harder, able to withstand tons of force; his muscles grew tougher and more elastic, filled with explosive strength; his blood roared through his veins, sounding like the rushing of great rivers.

He slowly opened his eyes, his dark brown pupils shimmering with a daunting light, as if two flames burned within.

He moved his body slightly, joints emitting a series of crisp clicks, each movement carrying a formidable aura, making the air around him vibrate.

Terreda raised his right hand and gently punched a massive rock beside him. Without a thunderous sound, the rock turned instantly to powder, which scattered into the air.

He looked down at his hands, feeling the relentless force coursing through his body, a satisfied smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

The surrounding barbarians were initially stunned, then burst into earth-shaking cheers.

Qin Tian stood in the distance, observing the spirited Terreda and the cheering barbarians, a smile appearing in his eyes.

Chapter 334: Evenly Matched, the Lack of Spirituality

"Terreda, how do you feel?" Qin Tian asked with a smile.

"Good, very good."

Terreda clenched his fist suddenly, a fierce power boiling within his body, almost ready to erupt. The corner of his mouth curved into a smile:

"Boss, just like you said before, I feel like my body has become ten times stronger!"

Hearing this, Qin Tian raised an eyebrow. A tenfold increase—this was nearly the best effect of the Superman Potion.

With Terreda's previous physique, being enhanced tenfold, his robustness would be unimaginable.

"Xiong!"

At this moment, Terreda looked at Xiong, his eyes filled with fierce fighting spirit:

"Interested in a rematch with me?"

Previously defeated by Xiong, he conceded willingly, but after such a surge in strength, he wanted to reclaim his honor.

Xiong, upon hearing this, was initially stunned, then grinned as the same fiery battle intent ignited within his amber eyes, "Alright."

The barbarians exchanged glances, immediately leaving the field to the two, their eyes shining with excitement and anticipation.

They were eager to see, now that Terreda's strength had surged, who would come out on top in a rematch against Xiong?

Bam~

Xiong attacked first, stomping the ground with both feet, causing the hard earth to crack instantly. He charged at Terreda like a heavy tank, his right fist carrying a whistling force, aimed straight at Terreda's face.

This punch gathered the full force of his body, much more ferocious than when he first faced Terreda.

Terreda's gaze intensified, and without dodging, he punched straight back.

At that moment, the Qi and Blood within him surged wildly, the muscles on his arm swelled, and veins bulged under his bronze skin, carrying an unstoppable momentum as it collided fiercely with Xiong's fist.

"Boom——!"

A deafening roar resounded, and a strong shockwave spread out from the two, forcing the surrounding barbarians to stagger back.

The crowd focused their gaze, seeing Xiong step back five or six paces before steadying himself, his right arm trembling slightly, a hint of surprise on his face.

Terreda, on the other hand, took only a single step back before standing firmly, excitement shining in his eyes.

The surrounding barbarians, seeing this, erupted in thunderous cheers. They could clearly feel that Terreda's current strength was far superior to before, as he had overpowered Xiong in a pure physical strength clash!

"Such strong power!"

Xiong shook his right arm, feeling the intense pain from his fist, the fighting intent in his eyes becoming even hotter. Such an opponent was more interesting.

Terreda did not pause, seizing the gap as Xiong adjusted, once again advanced, attacking with fists and feet like a raging storm towards Xiong.

His speed was incredibly fast, each punch and kick carried violent power, forcing Xiong to constantly block.

"I'll give it my all!" Xiong roared, suddenly erupting with rich blood-colored Spiritual Energy, enveloping him like burning blood-red mist.

Xiong was a Spiritualist, but due to his incredibly strong physical body, he rarely used his Spiritual Energy against weaker opponents.

Only against a formidable opponent like Terreda, who could push him to use his full strength, would the blood-colored Spiritual Energy hidden beneath his flesh truly awaken.

"Continue!"

Xiong's voice turned deep, his right fist wrapped in blood-colored Spiritual Energy, punched out fiercely. This punch was mightily powerful, domineering and unparalleled, the air shrieked as it passed.

Terreda dared not be careless. The Qi and Blood within him resonated with the totem tattoos on his chest, bursting into dazzling golden light.

He also punched out, the golden light and blood-colored Spiritual Energy collided, producing crackling sounds, as the two opposing forces devoured and cancelled each other out.

The ensuing battle became even fiercer.

With the enhancement of his blood-colored Spiritual Energy, Xiong's strength increased significantly, making the fight with Terreda evenly matched.

The two exchanged blows relentlessly, each collision erupting with a powerful shockwave, leaving the surrounding ground devastated by their battle, debris flying, dust swirling.

"Ha ha, this is thrilling! Xiong, bring your weapon, let's keep fighting!" Terreda forced Xiong back with a punch, shouted loudly.

He felt his inner strength becoming more and more abundant, wanting to use his most proficient weapon for an even more exhilarating duel.

Xiong grinned widely, "Alright!"

Qin Tian, seeing this, gestured to Feng Mochuan beside him.

Feng Mochuan immediately arranged for Terreda's saber to be brought over. This saber was entirely dark, with a broad and heavy blade, exuding a fierce aura.

This was a Zhanshou saber Qin Tian had crafted using iron essence from a mine, according to Terreda's needs. It wasn't a Spiritual Artifact, but it was sharp, hard, and weighty.

Simultaneously, Xiong also retrieved the giant axe he had seized on Baichen Star, which was of the Spiritual Artifact Level.

Terreda gripped the Zhanshou saber, his eyes bursting with brilliant light. He raised the saber forcefully, resonating his Qi and Blood with its edge, producing a buzzing sound.

"Battle!"

Terreda shouted loudly, charging at Xiong first.

The saber in his hand howled through the wind, slashing towards Xiong's head.

Xiong, unwilling to show weakness, brandished the giant axe to meet him. The blood-colored Spiritual Energy infused the axe blade, making it shine with a layer of eerie red light.

"Clang—!"

The saber and giant axe collided fiercely, producing a piercing metallic clang.

Under the forceful impact, the ground beneath them shattered instantly, forming a massive crater.

Chapter 335: Evenly Matched, Lack of Spirituality_2

Golden light and the red spiritual energy burst again, clashing and extinguishing each other, creating a shockwave that made everyone around involuntarily close their eyes.

This clash was more intense than any before.

Both unleashed their full strength, sparks flew from the collision of blade and axe, illuminating their fierce and excited faces.

Before the sparks extinguished, Terreda flipped his wrist, the black great saber arcing with the rebound force, its blade wrapped in golden qi and blood, like a spirit snake striking towards Xiong's neck.

This strike came at an elusive angle, avoiding the giant axe's edge but focusing its force three inches from the knife's edge, clearly integrating the Barbarian Race's combat techniques into the weapon.

"Roar"

Xiong let out a fierce shout, dropped his shoulder, positioning the giant axe beside his neck.

As the axe handle collided with the knife blade, he used the rotational force to twist his body, the red spiritual energy surged through the axe handle, forcefully deflecting the great saber half an inch.

This seemingly simple move dissipating force demonstrated his brute strength to the extreme, forcing Terreda to change his move.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The two resumed their fierce melee.

Terreda's footsteps seemed ghostly, dodging and maneuvering over the uneven ground, each step landing at the most elusive spot.

The great saber in his hand sometimes struck with the density of a raging storm, sometimes steady like deep water, each collision with the giant axe could shift subtly, making Xiong's wild power miss its target.

In a gap between clashes, he utilized the inertia from Xiong swinging the axe, sliding the saber along the axe handle and heavily knocking against Xiong's wrist, almost causing the giant axe to fall from Xiong's hand.

Xiong's fighting style, on the other hand, was flawlessly brutal.

Not dodging or avoiding, relying on his tough physique and spirit shield to withstand Terreda's knife winds, the giant axe each swing carried an earth-shattering momentum, seemingly to pulverize everything in sight.

Red spiritual energy burned on the axe blade, making each collision explode with dazzling red light, forcing Terreda to be fully focused, as a slight mistake could lead to being split in two by the axe blade.

The crisp sound of blade and axe clashing echoed like war drums within the base, reverberating madly, crimson-gold qi and blood and red spiritual energy continuously clashed and extinguished, forming visible energy ripples that shattered surrounding rocks.

Sweat seeped out from Terreda's forehead, his breathing gradually heavy; Xiong wasn't much better off either, his chest heaving fiercely.

Each had their strengths, Terreda's advantage was in his stronger physique and more exquisite skills, while Xiong's mastery of spiritual energy amplified the power of his moves.

After a series of exchanges, neither could suppress the other.

"Continue!"

Terreda shouted, his fighting spirit high; the great saber suddenly transformed into a myriad of blade shadows, attacking Xiong's vital points from multiple angles simultaneously, pushing the Barbarian Race's sword technique to its limit, driven by qi and blood, each strike lethal.

Xiong didn't dodge, roaring, red spiritual energy surged several feet, the giant axe forming an impenetrable barrier before him.

"Clang clang clang——!"

The succession of crisp sounds almost blended into one, sparks erupted between them like fireworks.

Terreda was forced back three steps by the shock, Xiong also retreated two steps, the ground beneath them cracking into web-like fractures.

The two faced each other from a distance, both breathing heavily, yet neither moved further.

Dozens of moves passed in an instant, still difficult to determine the victor.

The surrounding barbarians watched in stunned silence, finally exploding in deafening cheers at this moment.

Magnificent, truly magnificent!

In this battle, they finally witnessed Xiong's true strength; it was evident that in previous fights with Terreda, Xiong held back significantly.

But now, after the Superman Potion's modification, Terreda's strength matched Xiong, definitely reaching the level of a middle-level tribal chieftain.

Clap clap clap~

Just then, Qin Tian clapped with a smile, his eyes filled with satisfaction.

Now, Xiong and Terreda were indeed well-matched opponents, in his view, they both possessed peak Tier Five strength, Xiong had exceptional talent, not inferior to a Silver Bloodline genius, even capable of

contesting with a Golden level genius, while Terreda after the Superman Potion enhancement, both his potential and combat prowess equaled Xiong.

Simultaneously, other barbarian warriors under the Superman Potion's enhancement reached Tier Three to Tier Four strength overall.

Nearly two hundred Tier Three and Tier Four warriors constituted a formidable force.

Terreda relaxed his body, looking at Qin Tian, sincerely speaking in not yet proficient Empire language:

"Boss, thank you."

Although he endured immense pain when taking the Superman Potion, the growth after the pain exceeded his imagination, following normal development, it might take ten or even twenty years to reach his current level of combat prowess.

He was grateful to Qin Tian for providing such a rapid growth opportunity to himself and all his clan members; he also recognized Qin Tian's willingness and determination to cultivate everyone.

Qin Tian patted Terreda's shoulder; he perceived muscles hard as iron and brimming with explosive strength beneath his hand, showing a gentle smile on his face, his tone calm yet powerful: "No need to thank me, this is what you deserve. You all endured the pain of the potion with your will; this growth is earned by yourselves."

Currently, he commanded three armed forces, Feng Mochuan's Hurricane Mercenary Corps, Li Qi's The Shadow Division, and Terreda's Barbarian Battle Group.

In his planning, the roles of these three forces varied.

The Hurricane Mercenary Corps and Lingfeng Trading Company are deeply bound, primarily focusing on security and armed escort.

The Shadow Division members have all been converted by Li Qi into Night Demon Apostles, each mastering assassination and intelligence collection, their duties remaining as such, building intelligence networks and handling some inconvenient public tasks.

As for the Barbarian Battle Group, it would shine on the battlefield—they were the most ferocious siege hammer in his hands, a steel torrent that instilled fear in the enemy on the front battle lines.

"Alright, next, you should rest well, quickly mastering this new power, I will prepare a set of equipment for you." Qin Tian said.

While the barbarians' physiques were already astonishing, pairing them with excellent equipment would make them even more formidable.

Take, for example, the recent duel between Terreda and Xiong; after the battle, Terreda's Zhanshou saber was already showing minor cracks, compared to the spiritual artifact-grade giant axe, this saber was too crude; if continued fighting, within a few moves, the blade would shatter.

The importance of weapons is self-evident.

He planned to find a renowned forging workshop, to tailor a set of equipment for this group of barbarians and Xiong. This included armor and weapons, especially for Terreda, the weapon must at least reach spiritual artifact level.

Additionally, nurtured by the Purple Talent [Master of Arms], at least in terms of weaponry and equipment, they wouldn't fall behind others.

Thinking of [Master of Arms], Qin Tian couldn't help recalling his two weapons, Black Frost and Shadowstrike.

After this period of nurturing, Black Frost and Shadowstrike's performance greatly improved, permanently imbued with four major enchantment powers: sharpness, blood-sucking, demon-slaying, overload, but the predicted spirit awakening hasn't appeared yet.

He could sense that within these two weapons, a faint spirituality was emerging, but remained a step away from true awakening.

This step can't be achieved by continuing to nourish them with [Master of Arms], only through specific opportunities—be it battle or environmental shaping—can Black Frost and Shadowstrike truly awaken their spirituality.

In his view, battle should be the most direct and hopeful path to awakening Black Frost stained with blood, using Shadowstrike to harvest souls, in continuous slaughter and bloodshed to awaken the dormant spirituality.

Unfortunately, he currently doesn't have many combat opportunities.

"After handling matters on hand, I need to find a new battlefield~" Qin Tian murmured inwardly.

Chapter 336: Cooperation Established

"Mingyu!"

"Qin Tian!"

At the exit of the Star Port, Qin Tian finally saw his long-separated friend, Dongfang Mingyu. Both of them had smiles on their faces.

"Mingyu, I'm sorry to have you come all this way," Qin Tian said with a smile.

"No, Qin Tian."

Dongfang Mingyu said seriously, "I'm very pleased that you thought of me first for this. If the Youth Potion truly has the effects you described, then you're doing me a big favor."

In the Dongfang Clan, whether you're from the direct lineage or a side branch, you must contribute to the clan. The greater your contributions, the higher the positions and power you can attain.

He's not particularly skilled in combat, so he's currently mainly responsible for the business section in the clan, and making money is his primary duty.

Based on his current performance, there's been some growth compared to last year, but it's very limited, and in the short term, he can't see any hope of breaking through the current state.

It might be the case that in the next five or ten years, his position will remain unchanged.

But unexpectedly, not long ago, a phone call from Qin Tian brought him tremendous excitement.

Youth Potion

This new product, developed by Qin Tian's team, possesses effects of delaying aging and maintaining beauty.

In fact, within the Dongfang Clan, there are already some spiritual medicines and elixirs with similar effects, but both the cultivation time and costs are sky-high, making large-scale promotion impossible.

However, the Youth Potion is different. According to Qin Tian, the raw materials for this potion are not rare and can be mass-produced through large-scale plantation.

If what's stated is true, then the market potential for the Youth Potion is unlimited and will undoubtedly generate huge profits annually.

Once the Dongfang Clan manages to close this deal, Mingyu, as the primary promoter of the collaboration, will experience a radical change in his status within the clan.

Not only will this year's performance shoot to the top of the clan's business section, but the annual profit share will also exponentially increase his wealth.

More importantly, he will be able to rid himself of the "mediocre performance" label and stand tall in front of those direct lineage members who gain status through military achievements or authority—after all, in the Dongfang Clan, those who continuously create wealth for the clan hold irreplaceable value.

Possibly, within less than two years, he could advance from his current role as a regional business leader to a decision-maker within the clan's core business circles, even gaining a chance to access top-level clan resources.

By that time, those once indifferent elders from the direct lineage would start to approach him pleasantly, and the peers who had shone on the battlefield would have to consider his opinion in resource allocation.

Thinking of this, a fervor appeared in Dongfang Mingyu's eyes as he stated:

"Qin Tian, this time I've brought a professional team. We can start testing the potion immediately, and if the effects are as claimed and production is feasible, I can sign the contract with you right away."

Qin Tian smiled and said:

"Rest assured, since I've invited you over, I'm certainly fully prepared. However, Mingyu, as they say, even brothers settle accounts clearly; I won't be lenient on the contract terms just because of our friendship."

Hearing this, Dongfang Mingyu smiled slightly:

"Naturally, I believe we can discuss and arrive at a result satisfactory to both parties."

"Mmm~"

Qin Tian led Dongfang Mingyu and his team to the Lingfeng Trading Company building. At the top floor of the building, Qin Tian handed over 20 Youth Potion samples to Dongfang Mingyu.

Among them, ten samples would undergo on-the-spot testing, and an analysis report would be produced. If the results were as expected, Dongfang Mingyu would discuss the collaboration details with Qin Tian and draft an initial contract. Meanwhile, the remaining ten samples would be sent back to Azure Wood Star for a more comprehensive and detailed examination by the Dongfang Clan's headquarters.

After all, this was a significant deal, with the target clientele mainly being influential figures. There was no room for sloppiness.

Once both the product and contract were approved by the clan, the cooperation would officially commence.

On Silver Gray Star, there was a testing agency partnered with the Dongfang Clan. Three days later, a very detailed test report was released, and the results were completely consistent with those presented by Qin Tian.

Upon conclusion, Dongfang Mingyu immediately began negotiations with Qin Tian.

The negotiation process was intense; both sides clashed over specific collaboration terms, especially on the profit-sharing, with neither willing to budge from their positions.

The team from Dongfang Clan believed that since they provided the bulk of the investment and were responsible for material supply, factory setup, marketing, etc., the profit share should be no less than seventy percent.

But Qin Tian's side, of course, couldn't agree, since the patent and formula were the core – they should receive seventy percent of the profit.

Of course, this was all part of normal business negotiations where sky-high demands and grounded returns were essential steps. Ultimately, the final plan was determined by Qin Tian, Dongfang Mingyu, and the Dongfang Clan behind him.

During negotiations, Dongfang Mingyu's report along with the ten samples arrived at the Dongfang Clan headquarters. This matter immediately drew the attention of the Elder Council. After more rigorous

testing and evaluation by headquarters, it was determined that the Youth Potion product was of acceptable quality with significant commercial potential. Once realized, it would undoubtedly become the highlight of the year's business sector.

The Elder Council engaged in detailed discussions on the matter, and ultimately, it was the Great Elder Dongfang Ke who personally decided to approve the cooperation project, and they were willing to agree to a 50-50 profit-sharing scheme with Qin Tian.

Qin Tian had no objections to this plan, and the cooperation was officially established.

Next, the Dongfang Clan and Lingfeng Trading Company would jointly invest in establishing a new company, with Lingfeng Trading Company responsible for the patent formula and 20% of the startup capital, while the Dongfang Clan provided the remaining funds and took charge of material supply, marketing, construction, and other processes.

Naturally, after the new company was established, many matters, especially in finance, personnel, and supervision of key business lines, needed close attention and staffing from Lingfeng Trading Company.

However, Qin Tian assigned Yang Fan to manage all of these, as professional matters were best left to professionals.

His focus remained on enhancing his strength.

Recently, he spent 100,000 Military Merit Points to exchange for two Spiritual Artifact Level weapons for Poisonous Widow and Terreda, and he also hired a master blacksmith at a high price to custom-make a set of armor for both of them and Xiong.

Additionally, he equipped each Barbarian Warrior with heavy armor and weapons. Although the armor was not of Spiritual Artifact Level, it was forged from high-grade alloy. The chest and arm armor were embedded with energy buffers capable of resisting attacks from Tier Three Spiritual Ability Weapons, and the weapons were customized according to each warrior's combat style.

With the enhancement of these weaponry and equipment, the combat power of the Barbarian Battle Group was further elevated. Already formidable and unmatched, they now possessed an added edge of invincibility.

Originally, Qin Tian was planning to find a group of Star Thieves to give the Barbarian Battle Group some training, but at that moment, a notification sent by the Azure Wood Star Realm's Military Department to all officers at Major General rank and above caught his attention.

Chapter 337: Demon Suppression Abyss Conscription Order

"Demon Abyss Summons Order."

Qin Tian carefully perused this bulletin, a look of seriousness appearing in his eyes.

In the Azure Wood Star Realm, the greatest threat to the realm's security is not the Empire's long-standing foe, the neighboring Beastman Dynasty, but rather a forbidden zone located in the southeastern corner of the Star Realm — the Demon Suppression Abyss.

The appearance of the Demon Suppression Abyss dates back five hundred years.

At that time, the Azure Wood Star Realm was still in a relatively peaceful period, with occasional skirmishes with the Beastmen, but these were mostly localized conflicts with limited impact.

No one expected that a sudden disaster was quietly brewing.

Initially, the Demon Abyss was just an inconspicuous space rift on the edge of a planet in the Azure Wood Star Realm, a rift only as thick as a finger, emitting faint Dark Energy.

At the time, no one realized the risk posed by this rift, dismissing it as a common energy fluctuation phenomenon in the cosmos.

However, it wasn't long before terrifying events unfolded.

From that rift emerged some bizarre, hideous creatures, later known as demons.

These demons were inherently violent, consuming the flesh and souls of living beings, leaving devastation and ruin in their wake.

Initially, the number of demons emerging was small and was quickly eliminated by human strongmen.

But as time passed, the space rift grew larger, from initially the thickness of a finger to several meters, then tens of meters, and eventually over a hundred meters wide.

The number of demons pouring from the rift also increased, not only in quantity but in strength as well, with some capable of intelligent thought and leading low-level demons in battle. It was then that the Empire discovered the source of the demons.

The Demon Suppression Abyss thus got its name.

Faced with the ever-expanding Demon Abyss and the continuous surge of demons, the Empire was compelled to station heavy forces near the Abyss.

At the time, the military's line of defense was still set outside the Abyss, relying on sturdy fortresses and powerful weaponry to attempt keeping the demons within the bounds of the Abyss.

However, such a defensive strategy did not last long.

As the Demon Abyss continued to expand, the Dark Energy it emitted began corroding the planet it resided on, rapidly deteriorating its ecological environment, turning it into a death star unfit for human habitation.

More frighteningly, the demons' assaults grew increasingly ferocious. Not only did they charge directly out of the Abyss, but they also used hidden spatial channels to bypass the military's defenses and launch surprise attacks on neighboring planets.

Stationing forces outside the Abyss was no longer viable, defenses were breached one after another, numerous planets were attacked, and the Empire suffered heavy losses.

In the end, the Empire's leaders realized that to completely eliminate the threat of the Demon Suppression Abyss, external defenses were far from sufficient. More aggressive measures were required — send troops deep into the Abyss, find, and destroy the demon nests, known as the Demon Nests.

The Demon Nests are the source of the demons' breeding and power. Only by destroying the Demon Nests can the continuous emergence of demons be fundamentally curbed.

However, it's no easy task to venture deep into the Demon Abyss.

The environment within the Demon Suppression Abyss is extremely harsh, filled with dense Dark Energy, which corrodes the minds and bodies of living creatures. Ordinary people would become assimilated into mindless zombies within half a day, even Spiritualists have their capabilities suppressed upon entry.

Moreover, the terrain within the Abyss is complex, space is chaotic, demons are ubiquitous, and dangers abound. Even top-tier Spiritualists entering face the risk of falling.

Yet despite this, the Empire has never given up, for everyone knows that abandonment would result in the Azure Wood Star Realm being swallowed by demons.

Therefore, the Dongfang Family personally led the charge, dispatching numerous Holy Blood Descendants deep into the Demon Suppression Abyss. Meanwhile, the Military Department, Bloodline Families, Mercenary Alliances, and other major forces all sent personnel to the Abyss to carry out the task of destroying the Demon Nests.

For hundreds of years, the Demon Suppression Abyss no longer expanded, but the calm came at an exceedingly heavy price.

Too many heroes have permanently fallen within the depths of the Abyss, and the historical records of the Azure Wood Star Realm concerning the Demon Suppression Abyss grow ever thicker, each page soaked in blood.

The names remembered therein are behind countless broken families, and beneath reports of "stable defense lines" lies innumerable piles of white bones.

Qin Tian didn't know when the last Demon Abyss summons order was issued, but this time, the Military Department issued summons to all officers above the rank of Major. Although the bulletin did not mandate participation, instead encouraging registration, it indicates that the situation at the Demon Suppression Abyss is undoubtedly grim.

Should he go to battle?

Qin Tian fell into deep thought. Coincidentally, he had indeed been considering finding a training ground lately.

On one hand, the Barbarian training system is different from that of Spiritualists. They need to constantly temper their bodies and in battle, nourish the totem Battle Pattern on their chests with the enemy's blood.

The Battle Pattern is a mark passed down from their Barbarian ancestors, usually just a black tattoo but can be activated by the foe's blood during fierce combat — the stronger the enemy, the denser the Life Energy contained in their blood. Once integrated into the Battle Pattern, it can cause the Barbarian Warrior's physique to dramatically increase, even awakening new combat talents.

According to Terreda, after an Ancient Barbarian War God slaughtered a fearsome Fierce Beast, the totem on his chest transformed into a tangible battle soul, possessing world-destroying power.

On the other hand, he also wanted to awaken the spirituality of Black Frost and Shadowstrike through the battlefield slaughter while harvesting some Evolution Points in the process.

Chapter 338: Demon Suppression Abyss Conscription Order (Part 2)

At first, his target was the Star Thieves.

Thanks to the intelligence resources of the Shadow Moon Tower, it wasn't difficult to locate a few Star Thief groups.

But now, a more challenging task lay ahead.

The Demon Suppression Abyss

Speaking of it, he did have some connection with the Demon Suppression Abyss.

The martial technique he cultivated, "Dark Prison Demon-Suppressing Fist," originated from General Jiang Ming, a Tier Nine powerhouse from the Demon Suppression Abyss.

This fist technique contains the ultimate truth of darkness and Demon Suppression Power, a Silver Level fist technique crafted specifically for slaying demons, consisting of three forms — Dark Prison Capturing Heaven, Demon Shadow Shattering Void, and Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment.

Additionally, his Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder was specially effective against demons.

It seems that the Demon Suppression Abyss is indeed an ideal battlefield for him. There, he can slay demons, earn Evolution Points, and hopes to elevate his Orange Talent to a higher level while earning military contributions more easily than on other battlefields.

However, Qin Tian dared not underestimate the dangers of the Demon Suppression Abyss, as even Tier Seven, Eight, and Nine powerhouses have fallen there. He, a mere Tier Five Spiritualist, despite his many means, couldn't guarantee his safe return.

Also, he is an officer of the Seventh Bureau, and even if he wishes to apply to join the battle, he needs the approval of his superior.

Qin Tian wasn't in haste to make a decision but instead ordered Ye Chen of Shadow Moon Tower to compile detailed information on the Demon Suppression Abyss.

In less than half a day, Ye Chen sent a highly detailed report to Qin Tian.

After reading the report, Qin Tian pondered for a long time and finally called Yan Qing.

...

"You want to go to the Demon Suppression Abyss?"

Yan Qing's tone carried a hint of gravity: "Actually, the Seventh Bureau also received a notice from the Military Department, and according to higher orders, we must send some personnel in support of the Demon Suppression Abyss. If you actively apply to participate, theoretically, I should not stop you; instead, I should encourage it. But as your superior, I still hope you will consider carefully. The Demon Suppression Abyss is extremely dangerous, far more so than any battlefield you have participated in before."

Hearing Yan Qing's words, Qin Tian felt warm inside and said:

"Commander, thank you for your reminder, but my Night Demon bloodline allows me to grow stronger amidst the battlefield slaughter. I hope to temper myself in the Demon Suppression Abyss and climb to a higher realm."

Hearing this, Yan Qing was silent for a moment. Qin Tian had always been the most special subordinate to him.

He personally witnessed how Qin Tian, from a cloned soldier who freshly came out of the cabin, grew into a Tier Five military elite with a mutant bloodline in just over a year.

Moreover, Qin Tian had made significant contributions in numerous incidents, with abilities, strategies, and intellect far surpassing many geniuses from bloodline families.

During this period, Yan Qing did not provide much assistance, as Qin Tian carved out a path largely on his own.

Therefore, when Qin Tian made his decision, despite his internal disagreement, Yan Qing didn't want to interfere too much.

What kind of path Qin Tian wants to embark on should be his choice.

"Alright, since you've made your decision, I won't say much more. The Demon Suppression Abyss is extremely dangerous. You must prepare adequately and return safely," Yan Qing said slowly.

"Thank you, Commander."

Qin Tian saluted and then said, "Commander, I have another question."

"Go ahead."

"Recently, I've trained a group of Barbarian Warriors and intend to take them to the Demon Suppression Abyss with me. Is this feasible?" Qin Tian asked.

"Of course, it is."

Yan Qing's tone carried some surprise, but he still explained:

"Actually, the recruitment order for the Demon Suppression Abyss is mainly aimed at the bloodline family descendants. Some people enlisted later, with lower ranks and positions. If they can leverage family resources and lead a team to the Demon Suppression Abyss, all military contributions will be credited to them personally. When they safely return, regardless of rank, position, or power, they will be rapidly promoted. If anyone leads a team to the Demon Suppression Abyss, the Military Department will not only not stop them but will strongly support them."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian suddenly understood.

From the Military Department's perspective, it naturally hopes the bloodline family descendants actively lead teams to the Demon Suppression Abyss to reduce pressure, while bloodline families can rapidly enhance the ranks and positions of the younger generation.

From this view, it's a win-win situation.

Of course, for those powerless officers relying solely on themselves, such a "shortcut" for bloodline descendants is undoubtedly glaring.

They often climb from the bottom through realistic military contributions, step by step. They can't even mobilize a squad without layers of approval, unlike leveraging family resources.

On the battlefield of the Demon Suppression Abyss, they might risk their lives slaying several demons for a few points of military contributions, whereas bloodline descendants can simply command their family-provided squads to slay demons, pocketing hundreds or thousands of military contributions.

Is it fair?

It's indeed somewhat unfair.

But in this world, there is no absolute fairness.

"When do you plan to set off?" Yan Qing asked.

Qin Tian: "I'll make some more preparations in the coming days and officially set off in five days."

"Alright."

Yan Qing nodded and said, "I will greet those on the Demon Suppression Abyss side to try to assign you to a relatively safe zone."

"Thank you, Commander."

A smile appeared on Qin Tian's face. He was going to the Demon Suppression Abyss to improve his strength, not to recklessly take risks, so being able to slay demons in a relatively safe environment was naturally a good thing.

...

A few days later, in the research park

Qin Tian watched the few generals about to enter the Demon Suppression Abyss with him: Xiong, Terreda, Poisonous Widow, and Li Qi.

Xiong, Terreda, and Poisonous Widow were all Tier Five powerhouses.

While Li Qi had just returned from Hundred Springs Star a few days ago, he successfully broke through to Tier Five with the help of an underground Spiritual Spring.

Additionally, accompanying him on the expedition were those more than one hundred eighty Barbarian warriors.

In fact, his strongest war general was Feng Mochuan, a Tier Six powerhouse, who also wanted to follow him into battle. However, the cooperation between Lingfeng Trading Company and the Dongfang Clan had just started, and as the company's legal representative, Feng Mochuan had many matters to attend to. Besides, a Tier Six powerhouse in the open could serve well as a deterrent.

After all, the temptation of the Youth Potion was too great. Even with the Dongfang Family as backing, some forces would have ideas about it.

As for the Shadow Division members under Li Qi, more than half had successfully integrated into the Shadow Moon Tower and become registered assassins. They would rigorously implement the "Parasite Plan," continuously consuming the resources of Shadow Moon Tower until achieving domination.

"Is everyone ready?"

Qin Tian surveyed the group, having introduced the dangers within the Demon Suppression Abyss, yet there was no sign of tension or worry on their faces.

Xiong was peaceable and carefree, willing to go anywhere as long as there was enough food, though he still had the warmongering genes of a Beastman deep down.

Terreda, without much ado, was more excited than anyone at the mention of combat. Rather than staying idle in the mountains, he preferred fighting on dangerous battlefields. Only by becoming stronger could he confidently face invaders when returning home in the future.

Li Qi was a killer cultivated by the Wen Family from childhood, maintaining a calm and cautious heart regardless of how formidable an enemy he faced.

Compared to the others, Poisonous Widow perhaps had the weakest mindset, but after witnessing Qin Tian's miraculous abilities, she believed sticking close to him would at least ensure her survival, thus not feeling overly anxious.

"Ready."

The crowd replied in unison.

"Alright, let's depart!"

Qin Tian led the four out of the research building. Outside, over one hundred eighty Barbarian warriors, fully equipped, awaited them. Their black heavy armor gleamed cold and matte in the sunlight, each gripping a tall alloy shield in the left hand with an energy buffering crystal embedded in its center, emitting a dark red light, while holding different weapons like axes, spears, and great sabers in the right according to combat habits.

Qin Tian walked to the center of the formation. His gaze swept over the rugged faces, then he raised his hand and shouted:

"Board the ship!"

The hatch opened as the one hundred eighty warriors surged toward the assault ship like a black tide. The clanking of armor, the clinking of weapons, and the heavy breathing intertwined, forming a song for the indomitable warriors setting out on an expedition.

Roar!

The engine hummed a deep rumble, as the black ship shot into the sky like a sailing giant beast.

Chapter 339: Chijin Battlegroup Battalion Commander

Three days later, the spaceship landed on Tie Mu Xing, the closest star to the Demon Suppression Abyss.

All Spiritualists heading to support the Demon Suppression Abyss must first assemble on Tie Mu Xing. After the Military Department finalizes the personnel allocation plan, they will be transported to the Demon Suppression Abyss in a unified manner.

Tie Mu Xing could be described as a super-large war fortress, with military bases spread across the planet. In orbit, countless battleships, like silent iron giants, encircle the entire planet in an impenetrable iron shell, constantly prepared for potential unrest in the Demon Suppression Abyss.

This planet lacks the noise of commerce, with every inch of space filled with the tense atmosphere of war—this is the first line of defense of the Azure Wood Star Realm against the Demon Suppression Abyss, where any slack could mean utter destruction.

Following the coordinates sent by Yan Qing, Qin Tian went directly to the reception area of the Sixth Battle Zone of the Demon Suppression Abyss to report.

When nearly two hundred people stepped off the flying device, they attracted the attention of those nearby, like a branding iron plunged into boiling water.

The black heavy armor worn by the Barbarian Battle Group glinted coldly under the sunlight, the collision of armor plates creating a dull metallic symphony. Each step on the alloy ground resonated with

subtle vibrations. The giant axes on their shoulders, the javelins on their backs, and the flails at their waists all exuded a battle-hardened aura.

At the side of the team, the half-beastman Xiong was bare-armed, his bronze muscles well-defined, standing over three meters tall, his mountain-like physique forming a stark contrast with Qin Tian's upright figure beside him.

The Poisonous Widow, in contrast, wore a tight combat suit that accentuated her alluring curves, with silver spider silk entwined around her fingertips, faintly visible in the sunlight, radiating a lethal beauty that seemed out of place with the solemn atmosphere around her.

"Tsk tsk tsk, another scion of a bloodline clan brushing up military merits." A mercenary squatting on the ground, wiping a battle sword, clicked his tongue, his gaze sweeping over the Barbarian Battle Group's equipment, his tone full of bitterness, "Look at this armor, all forged from star iron, they sure are wealthy."

His companion spat on the ground: "It's no use being envious. They were born in Rome, where hundreds of people would shed blood for them at the snap of a finger, while we can't even reach their starting point, no matter how hard we fight."

"Isn't that the truth," another mercenary scoffed quietly, looking at the Poisonous Widow, "Coming to the Demon Suppression Abyss with a beauty—can't forget to enjoy himself for a moment. I remember last time, a member of the Golden Clan brought seven maidservants and got devoured by demons in the Three Layers of the Demon Abyss, not even bones remaining."

"Mind your own business," someone quietly reminded, "These bloodline scions have clans backing them, we can't afford to offend them. Better watch what you say, or you might stir up unnecessary trouble."

The whispers around him buzzed into Qin Tian's ears like mosquitoes, but he didn't even lift an eyelid. Although these words were harsh, they confirmed what Yan Qing had said—the privilege of bloodline clans had long become an open secret.

Entering the reception building, a Lieutenant Colonel in uniform quickly approached Qin Tian in the hall.

"Hello, is this Colonel Qin Tian?"

The Lieutenant Colonel's gaze swept over the group behind Qin Tian, his tone very polite.

"I am."

Qin Tian nodded.

"Colonel Qin Tian, hello, my name is Wang Hai. Regarding the documents you submitted, our department has completed the review. Let's have a detailed discussion over here about your specific duties."

Wang Hai led Qin Tian into a small conference room. After sitting down, Wang Hai got straight to the point:

"Colonel Qin Tian, I need to verify again, you are a Tier Five Spiritualist, accompanied by four Tier Five subordinates and nearly two hundred Barbarian Warriors with Tier Three to Tier Four strength. These Barbarians do not wield Spiritual Energy, but their physical bodies are extremely powerful. Is this information accurate?"

"Accurate!"

Qin Tian nodded, "The Barbarian cultivation system is quite unique. If you're not assured, feel free to have someone verify it."

"That's best,"

Wang Hai explained, "Colonel Qin Tian, the strength of your troops determines the level of position you can undertake after entering the Demon Suppression Abyss. Therefore, verification is a necessary process, please don't overthink it."

Wang Hai remained respectful throughout. From the documents, it appeared that Qin Tian was already a Colonel Officer at a young age, accompanied by a strong team, indicating his background was not simple—at least a member of the Silver Clan.

"No problem, it's your job."

Qin Tian instructed Terreda to accompany three Barbarians to undergo the strength examination with the officer.

After about fifteen minutes, Wang Hai was summoned out of the office. Upon returning, his enthusiasm was even more pronounced.

"Colonel Qin Tian, every one of your men is a top fighter ~"

From Wang Hai's words, it was not hard to discern that the Barbarians' combat performance was impressive, earning their approval.

Wang Hai continued, "There's something I need to clarify in advance. Within the Demon Suppression Abyss, all combatants are Spiritualists, so the position assignment will be downgraded compared to outside. For instance, your Colonel rank would at least be a regimental commander in a regular unit, but in the Demon Suppression Abyss, you might have to start as a battalion commander."

Truthfully, Wang Hai withheld that if Qin Tian had come alone, obtaining even a deputy battalion commander position would be in question.

"No problem, I accept," Qin Tian said frankly.

"That's good. As for which battalion you'll be specifically assigned to, we need to contact the Demon Suppression Abyss battle zone headquarters to confirm. Please wait for the next couple of days," Wang Hai said solemnly.

"Alright."

After leaving the reception building, Qin Tian headed straight to the base hotel.

Here, staying at the hotel does not require payment. All rooms are reserved for the warriors about to head to the Demon Suppression Abyss.

In this way, Qin Tian waited for three days in the room.

Three days later, the Sixth Battle Zone reception area gathered all registered personnel together.

At a glance, Qin Tian saw that the number of people had exceeded ten thousand.

Over ten thousand Spiritualists, this was an immensely powerful force, yet, this was only the first batch of support personnel for the Sixth Battle Zone. More Spiritualists would continuously arrive to report.

"Colonel Qin Tian, this is your military tag."

Wang Hai handed a dark golden token to Qin Tian. The token was rectangular, with carefully polished edges, heavy in the hand, seemingly forged from some high-density alloy.

The front of the token was laser-engraved with his name and position, the characters "Qin Tian" sharp and incisive, evoking a metallic coldness. Below, the words "Captain of the Third Battalion of the Chijin Battlegroup" were clearly visible, each character distinct, gleaming faintly gold under the sunlight.

The edge of the token had a ring of fine lines engraved, a unique anti-counterfeiting symbol of the Military Department, said to be capable of verifying the holder's identity information through energy sensing, preventing forgery.

Qin Tian received the military tag, his fingers gently caressing the smooth surface, feeling the subtle relief brought by the engraved characters.

This small token was not only his identity proof for operations in the Demon Suppression Abyss but also a symbol of this team's recognition by the Military Department under his command.

Qin Tian watched as the battleship slowly descended overhead, a sharp glint appeared in his eyes.

To the Demon Suppression Abyss, I come.

Chapter 340: Bullhorn Demon

In less than half a day, the warship arrived outside the Demon Suppression Abyss.

The scene outside the porthole instantly became menacing—countless warships formed three concentric protective nets in space, enveloping the entire area tightly.

The main cannon of the warship was aimed at the chaos ahead, ready to tear apart any darkness that tried to rush out. Patrol ships shuttled through the gaps in the net, and the beams of the searchlights pierced through the void, yet they couldn't fully illuminate the edge of the Demon Suppression Abyss.

And in the center of the protective net, that space rift spanning the sky was exuding a heart-pounding aura.

It was like a wound in the cosmos cleaved open by a giant axe, with black demonic qi continuously gushing from the rift's edge, twisting and whirling in the air, sometimes forming grotesque demonic faces, other times condensing into claw shapes, as if countless eyes were peering through the depths of the rift, and the surrounding starry sky was a bizarre dark purple.

"That is the Demon Suppression Abyss."

Qin Tian's gaze was fixed on the rift, feeling the Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder within him trembling slightly, as if instinctively opposing the dark demonic qi from the rift.

At this moment, Wang Hai's voice came through the communicator, with a noticeable electric noise: "Colonel Qin Tian, a reminder, the concentration of demonic qi inside the Demon Suppression Abyss is extremely high, the magnetic field is chaotic, all electronic components will malfunction once inside, the warship can't go deeper, you'll need to transfer to the 'Star Feather Beasts' to proceed."

Qin Tian understood, no wonder he hadn't seen any warships approaching the core area of the rift earlier.

He turned to look out the porthole, seeing a dozen gigantic creatures hovering beside the fleet of warships—those were the Star Feather Beasts.

These spirit beasts were incredibly large, nearly a hundred meters long, their spread wings like clouds plated in silver armor, their backs wide enough to accommodate a thousand people with ease, like flying fortresses in the sky.

"All units, transfer." Qin Tian ordered in a deep voice, and was the first to head towards the hatch.

The group stepped out of the warship, cold wind mixed with demonic qi hit their faces.

The Star Feather Beasts were guided by the beast tamers to the edge of the platform, gently lowering their necks. The alloy saddles on their backs were arranged in a grid pattern, each seat equipped with reinforced safety locks, clearly designed as military equipment for large-scale transport.

Terreda took big strides onto the back of a Star Feather Beast, his footfall on the alloy plates echoing with a dull thud. He walked a couple of steps between the seats, clicking his tongue in amazement: "These big guys, can they really be tamed?"

Qin Tian flipped into the command seat near the head, with Poisonous Widow and Li Qi seated on either side. Around them, the Spiritualists were boarding the beasts in an orderly manner, with tens of thousands of warriors spreading across the backs of the dozen Star Feather Beasts, without appearing crowded at all.

Some warriors were checking their weapons, others calibrating their purification masks, while some leaned against the saddles with their eyes closed, each face bearing the gravity of heading into battle.

As the last Spiritualist fastened their safety lock, the beast tamers simultaneously blew the horns. The dozen Star Feather Beasts spread their wings in unison, their silvery wing surfaces unfurling in the dark starry sky, their bodies instantly emitting a faint blue energy shield, isolating the chaotic starry sky

magnetic field outside, the shield like a massive bowl covering the entire Star Feather Beast and the warriors on its back.

"Hold on tight!" The beast tamer's shout came through the energy shield.

Qin Tian felt the safety lock around his waist tighten sharply, and the Star Feather Beasts simultaneously dipped their heads, diving towards the space rift spanning the sky.

The wind howled past their ears, the energy shield clashed with the demonic qi, emitting a fine sizzling sound, the darkness in the rift like an open giant mouth, swallowing the view in an instant.

The Star Feather Beasts let out an ear-shattering screech, the blue shield flaring violently, forcefully carving a path through the twisted demonic qi.

Qin Tian looked down, below was a churning dark purple cloud layer, faintly visible were jagged obsidian peaks and ravines flowing with ink-green magma—that was the purgatory landscape inside the Demon Suppression Abyss.

"The battle is about to begin finally!" Terreda's eyes were filled with fiery determination and battle intent, as the Zhanshou saber within the shield radiated a scorching golden light.

The dozen Star Feather Beasts darted into the space rift like a stream of silver meteors, a brief moment of weightlessness followed, and the surrounding light disappeared completely, leaving only the dull thud of demonic qi against the shield and the thunderous flapping of the Star Feather Beasts' wings.

Qin Tian grasped the Black Frost at his waist tightly, feeling the increasingly clear turmoil of the Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder within him, fiercely opposing the demonic qi outside.

He looked up at his companions beside him, Terreda was staring fixedly into the darkness ahead, Xiong's hand resting on the handle of the giant axe, Poisonous Widow's fingertips' Spider Silk trembling slightly, Li Qi's gaze warily scanning the shield's edge—everyone was preparing for the impending bloody battle.

"Officer, may I ask, where is your assigned location?" The beast tamer looked at Qin Tian.

Qin Tian: "Chijin Battlegroup, Third Battalion."

"Chijin Battlegroup."

The Beastmaster nodded, then asked the others behind him for their assignments and immediately mapped out the shortest route, clearly very familiar with each battlegroup's location.

"First destination, Chijin Battlegroup."

The Beastmaster shouted, and the Star Feather Beast beneath him suddenly accelerated.

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In the camp, the atmosphere was oppressively tense, and everyone's breath was weighed down with a heavy oppression.

Outside the temporary medical tent, the bandaged wounded leaned against a broken wall, the smell of blood mixing with the stench of Demonic Qi, forming a nauseating odor in the air.

"Commander Shen, it's been ten days now, and still no reinforcements."

A burly man with a buzz cut thrust his wide Great Saber heavily into the ground, the hilt vibrating with a hum. At this moment, he looked at his comrades around him with broken arms and legs, and at the light in more people's eyes that was about to extinguish. His voice involuntarily rose, filled with fiery anger:

"I just want to know, how long do we have to hold here? Does Director Yan's guarantee of support mean anything at all!"

"Old Lu, don't get anxious just yet."

Shen Juan raised a hand to press against his brow, his knuckles turning white from the pressure. The epaulet on his military uniform was half torn off, a mark from when he fought a Demon in close combat a few days ago: "You should have heard that the Military Department has already issued a call to arms; reinforcements are definitely on the way. As for when they'll arrive... I believe it won't be long."

"Not long?"

Lu Sheng clenched his fists abruptly, his knuckles cracking, his chest heaving like a bellows, "Then why don't we wait for reinforcements before advancing? That Yan fellow had us hold this stronghold to the death, and brothers are now over half dead or wounded, even the former battalion commander sacrificed himself. And then what? His promised support was nothing but hot air! A dignified Colonel Officer, and his word doesn't even hold up to us mercenaries!"

He kicked over the ammunition crate beside him, and Spiritual Energy grenades rolled all over the floor: "My brothers can't be sent in vain like this anymore! You tell him for me, if reinforcements don't arrive soon, I'll immediately withdraw with my men! I want to see if the enforcement team really dares to hang my head at the camp gate!"

"Old Lu!"

Shen Juan's voice dropped, his face helpless yet resolute and indisputable.

He knew Lu Sheng was speaking the truth—Director Yan indeed did not fulfill his promise, causing the third battalion to suffer heavy casualties.

But he touched the military badge on his chest, the words "Chijin Battlegroup" still glimmering coldly: "Wearing this uniform means abiding by military rules. Retreating without orders is no different from desertion."

Just as Lu Sheng was about to argue, suddenly, a sharp wail came from the front of the camp, a sound unlike any known creature's roar, like rusty iron scraping harshly across glass, piercing the eardrums painfully.

In an instant, Shen Juan, Lu Sheng, and all the warriors were like cats whose tails had been stepped on, their bodies tensing instantly, readying their weapons.

"It's... it's Horned Demons!" The lookout's voice came from the watchtower, "So many... a vast swarm!"

Shen Juan kicked off with both feet, leaping up the watchtower, only to see under the dark purple sky outside the camp, hundreds of twisted black shadows crossing the obsidian ridge.

They were unusually tall and robust, covered in slick black scales, their heads adorned with crescent-shaped horns glistening with a cold light. Reeking saliva dripped from their fangs, corroding the ground into little pits that sizzled with smoke.

"Thud, thud, thud"

Heavy footsteps resonated from the ground, shaking the makeshift defensive fortifications.

"It's over... there are too many this time..." A young warrior's voice quivered, his hand on his rifle trembling uncontrollably.

Lu Sheng's face turned pale instantly, but he still gritted his teeth and roared, "Fear nothing! My blade hasn't drunk enough Demon blood yet!"

Despite his words, his hand holding the saber trembled slightly—he knew very well that with the current strength of the third battalion, they absolutely couldn't withstand this horde of Horned Demons.

Shen Juan drew his Longsword from his waist, the blade glimmering coldly in the dim light. He looked at the Demon army drawing ever closer, listened to the labored breathing of the warriors behind him, and felt his heart gripped by an icy hand.

If reinforcements don't arrive soon, the third battalion will be completely annihilated here.