

## **Battlefield 351**

### Chapter 351: Ghost Gun Spirit

Buzz!!!

The barrel of "Shadowstrike" suddenly erupted with a dazzling black light. The previously scorching gun body suddenly became quiet, yet the tremor grew more intense, as if a heart were madly pounding deep within the barrel.

Qin Tian could even hear a faint "clicking" sound, which was the metal undergoing some kind of beyond-reason remodeling.

A thin black ghost appeared half a foot above the gun, its form no more than half a human height, with contours so blurry they were almost transparent, as if a gust of wind could blow it away.

It had no clear features, only two scarlet light dots adorning its head, like two drops of coagulated blood, emitting an unsettling chill.

The ghost was eerily silent, appearing without even disturbing a breath of air, as if it naturally belonged to this darkness.

Buzz...

Energy waves rippled suddenly between the black ghost and "Shadowstrike".

The ghost slowly extended its ethereal palm and lightly pressed it against the gun. At the moment of contact, the gun and the ghost simultaneously erupted with intense resonance—the ghost's silhouette solidified at a visibly rapid pace, while "Shadowstrike" began an astonishing transformation.

The barrel silently extended by three inches. The once-smooth surface revealed spiral dark patterns, which, upon closer inspection, were countless tiny rifling interlocking, becoming a hundred times more complex than before, as if it could tear through the resistance of air.

The muzzle now bore a jagged black metal ring, faintly flowing with shadow energy; the original dark golden patterns of the gun disappeared entirely, replaced by black streams of light matching the ghost, winding down the barrel and finally gathering at the trigger, forming a small black vortex.

Most shocking of all, when the ghost's aura fully melded with the gun, Qin Tian distinctly felt that the presence of "Shadowstrike" seemed to vanish—not physically, but its whole presence erased, even making Qin Tian's action of pulling the trigger completely silent.

The ghost's scarlet light turned toward Qin Tian, conveying a clear intent: try it.

Almost instinctively, Qin Tian raised the gun, his spiritual power extending like a searchlight, locking precisely onto a Magma Demon thirty miles away by the lava shore—a creature napping in the scorching magma, covered in a half-melted rocky armor.

In the past, exceeding twenty kilometers, a bullet's kinetic energy would significantly diminish, struggling to threaten a high-tier demon. Yet at this moment, a warm certainty emanated from the grip on the gun, telling him: this distance means nothing.

He gently pulled the trigger.

There was no gunshot, not even the sound of air as the bullet left the barrel.

But Qin Tian could "see" a bullet imbued with shadow energy being fired from the muzzle, without any flight path, as if instantly traversing the vast distance, ignoring the three hills, two demon energy canyons in its way, even piercing through the steaming screen above the magma, accurately drilling into the Magma Demon's left eye.

In the next instant, a small splash emerged from the lava river thirty miles away.

The Magma Demon's head jerked back violently, a charred black hole bursting open where its left eye had been, the bullet penetrating its brain and extinguishing all life.

Scorching magma poured into the wound, and it didn't even have time to climb out from the lava; its massive body had already lost all life, slowly sinking to the bottom of the lava river, not a trace of demonic qi escaping.

It took three minutes before the surrounding demons noticed something amiss with their comrade, huddling by the lava river with confused growls—they could smell the scent of death, yet found no trace of attack, much less imagined that from dozens of miles away, one gun had already taken the life of their comrade.

"Is this... the power of the Gun Spirit?"

Qin Tian muttered to himself, a jubilant notion conveyed by "Shadowstrike" in his palm, the black stream on the gun body glowing brighter as if awaiting the next command.

The black ghost circled above the barrel once more, fading until it became a single black line, merging completely into the gun.

At this moment, "Shadowstrike" was entirely pitch black, showing only a hint of the crimson glow deep in the barrel when rotated, like a sleeping fierce beast, ready to strike a fatal blow at any moment.

Qin Tian tried infusing spiritual energy into the gun body, the Gun Spirit merging with his soul, instantly understanding the terror of this Gun Spirit—it could erase all traces of attack, allowing bullets to fly in absolute silence; it could distort space, rendering distance and obstacles meaningless; its enhanced shadow bullets had penetration to shred all defenses, even a high-tier demon's energy shield seemed like paper before it.

Qin Tian gripped "Shadowstrike" tighter, a surge of unprecedented confidence rising within him from the gun's cold touch.

He didn't even need to lift his head to aim, merely locking direction with his spiritual sense, casually pulling the trigger.

In the demon group several miles away, the leading Tier Five demon suddenly froze, a gaping blood hole appearing in its forehead, its body subsequently collapsing silently.

"Silent and invisible, disregarding distance, super penetration..." Qin Tian felt the qualitative change brought by the Gun Spirit, a cold curve forming at the corner of his lips.

Tier Five was too weak; it couldn't demonstrate the power of Shadowstrike after the Gun Soul Awakening. He decided to try it on a Tier Six demon.

Swoosh

The Demon King's Wings unfurled, Qin Tian's form turned into a black lightning bolt, charging into the boundless demonic qi.

His target was clear, a Tier Six demon in the number two Demon Cave.

...

Soon, Qin Tian arrived near the second Demon Cave.

Under heat perception, the number of demons in the cave was few, presumably out hunting, but among them was one particularly intense aura.

Qin Tian concealed his aura, entering invisibility as he approached the Demon Cave, his sight penetrating the thick demonic qi, seeing the situation in the valley.

In the valley's center, a dragon-turtle-like demon lay on the scorching black stone, leisurely inhaling and exhaling demonic qi.

Its carapace resembled solidified magma, covered with menacing spikes, each scale flowing with dark red magma, rising and falling with its breath, limbs thick as ancient trees, claws sunk deep into the rock, exhaling wisps of black smoke, its head resembling a western dragon, with skin full of folds embedded with two large yellow eyes like bells, half-closed, enjoying the rich energy of the demon tide.

Most frightening was the scene before it—hundreds of demon remains stacked into a small hill, the dragon-turtle demon flicking its barbed tongue to roll up a corpse into its maw with each breath, the crisp crunch of bones in its mouth echoed throughout the empty valley, dark green blood dripping down the corners of its mouth, corroding smoking pits on the ground.

"Tier Six Demon, very well, it's you."

Qin Tian tightly gripped "Shadowstrike", a slight curve lifting the corner of his mouth, as the ghost gun spirit within the gun sensed the formidable enemy, the barrel slightly heating with excited tremors.

He concealed himself within the demonic qi, spiritual power firmly locking onto the dragon-turtle demon's yellow eye—that was its sole weak point.

Qin Tian's finger slowly pressed the trigger, "Shadowstrike's" barrel silently extended, dark patterns flowing across the body.

At this moment, numerous talents simultaneously activated.

Top Hunter—First attack launched from a stealth state increases damage by 100%, with a chance to bypass the target's defense, dealing true damage directly.

Soul of the Gun God—Endow each bullet with a "Breaking the Boundary" attribute by the will of the Gun God, ignoring 30% of defense rules, causing an additional 200% penetrating damage to flesh/mechanical targets.

Celestial Destiny Critical Strike—350% critical damage

The Gun Soul's power flooded into Shadowstrike without reservation.

The Rune Power on the gun body lit up, Qin Tian's deep eyes locking on with spiritual intent—

He pulled the trigger.

## Chapter 352: x One Shot, Mutual Annihilation

Within the valley

The Dragon Turtle Demon leisurely swung its tail, rolling up half of a Magma Demon's corpse and stuffing it into its mouth, its coarse tongue licking over the shredded meat on the remains, bones being crunched to powder between its fangs, with dark green juice dripping from the corners of its mouth, corroding the black stone and sizzling into small pits.

The skin beneath its shell felt the nourishment of the Demonic Qi, each scale slightly heating up, the energy within its body like magma about to boil, making it let out a comfortable moan.

At that moment, a sharp sense of crisis pierced the mind like an ice pick!

This feeling came without warning—no energy fluctuation, no breath leaking, yet it instinctively sensed the approach of death.

The Dragon Turtle Demon abruptly closed its eyes, tightening every muscle instantly, the magma on its shell suddenly erupting, concentrated Demonic Qi condensing on the surface into a thick shield, strong enough to withstand Tier Six attacks.

It couldn't even turn its head to look for the enemy, only feeling a tingling pain coming from its left eye.

The shield was penetrated!

"Sst..."

The sound of wind as thin as a strand of hair was nearly masked by the flow of Demonic Qi, the next second, intense pain swept through its body like a tsunami!

The bullet pierced through its proud thick eyelid, that layer meant to withstand claw-tearing was like thin paper before this attack.

The scorching projectile drilled into the eye socket with the force to tear everything apart, ignoring the layered nerves and bones, precisely crashing into the brain core.

"Roar—!"

The Dragon Turtle Demon let out a shrill roar that turned distorted, its massive body suddenly springing from the black stone, limbs frantically digging, flipping rocks several zhang high.

But this struggle was futile, the explosion inside the brain reverberated within the skull, consciousness melting like ice tossed into magma, disappearing visibly.

The fierce light in the yellow eyes quickly dimmed, the body thudding back onto the black stone, stirring up a cloud of dust.

The magma on its shell lost energy support, slowly solidifying into a dark brown, its mouth still had remnants of uneaten meat, but those dim yellow eyes had entirely lost their luster.

Until the final moment of death, it couldn't understand—where did that deadly attack come from?

And why could it penetrate its layers of defense, precisely hitting the most fragile part of the brain?

Whho~

The breeze carried a rich scent of blood past the valley entrance, opening a faint red under the dark purple sky.

Deep within the Demon Cave, the Dragon Turtle Demon's presence extinguished like a candle flame, the surrounding demons instantly fell into chaos, their terrified roars causing layered echoes in the valley, even the Demonic Qi stirred by the demon tide was disrupted by this panic.

Outside the valley, Qin Tian's lips had just curved into a smile, when suddenly, an abrupt change occurred.

"Ugh ah!"

A ripping pain exploded in his mind as if countless icy steel needles were drilling from his temples, aiming to churn his brain into mush.

His vision was instantly drowned in blood-red, sharp buzzing filled his ears, even breathing felt like a sharp cut.

More terrifying was the Qi and Blood in his body—like a ruptured skin bag, the scalding Life Force rapidly draining visibly.

The skin lost its color at an astonishing rate, turning from warm to cold, the dark purple glow on the Demon King's Wings quickly dulled, the edges even beginning to shrink.

"What's happening..."

Qin Tian bit his tongue hard, trying to maintain consciousness with pain, but his awareness flickered like a candle swept by the wind.

He could clearly feel his heartbeat growing weaker, each beat carrying a heavy sense of dying, the fingers holding "Shadowstrike" started to become stiff, consciousness seemingly ready to dissolve at any moment.

This wasn't an injury, it was more like his Life Force was being forcibly drained by some invisible force.

He could even feel his life's fire rapidly shrinking, leaving only a weak spark, ready to extinguish in the next moment.

His body uncontrollably fell from mid-air, the Demon King's Wings drooping powerlessly, even the strength to flap was gone.

Nearby, several demons sensed his presence, eyes gleaming with greed, roaring as they sped towards him.

Just as Qin Tian's consciousness was about to plunge into darkness, with only a thread between him and death, suddenly, deep within his dantian, a thread of faint golden light burst forth.

This golden light initially weak as a firefly, yet carrying an indescribably gentle force, instantly flowing through his entire body along the meridians.

Wherever it traveled, the dispersing Qi and Blood seemed seized by an invisible hand, the draining speed abruptly halted; the intense pain in his mind was like being doused with icy water, the ripping sensation rapidly fading.

"Desolate... Immortal"

A vague thought flashed through Qin Tian's mind, the golden light within him forming an invisible barrier, firmly locking his last bit of life's fire, unaffected by any external tugging.

Then, a more peculiar occurrence took place, the locked Qi and Blood began to slowly recover, the initially cold skin regained color, the heart's beating gradually strengthened, the scattered consciousness rising like from deep sea, gradually clear.

"Whew... ha..."

Qin Tian took a sharp breath of sulfur-scented air, coughing violently, the sputum with blood threads, yet allowing him to genuinely feel the reality of "being alive".

He raised a hand to touch his cheek, warm to the touch, the golden light in his dantian had faded, but the gentle force still slowly mending his body.

He looked down at the "Shadowstrike" in his hand, the black specter of the gun becoming active again, the barrel slightly trembling, as if inquiring his condition.

Qin Tian gasped, a deep sense of lingering fear flashing in his eyes.

"That was close."

Just a bit more, and his life would have been forcibly stripped away.

Luckily at the crucial moment, the immortal effect of the [Desolate Battle Body] activated, instantly restoring 50% of his health when reaching a near-death state, with Life Value below 15%.

Thus, his life was spared.

He was certain, the near-death state just now was definitely related to the Dragon Turtle Demon he killed, as to the reason, he looked at the two purple light spheres he just obtained, and instantly knew the answer.

[Name]Demon Pattern Turtle Shell (Purple)

[Type]Composite Talent

[Introduction]When absorbing surrounding Demonic Qi, dark golden Demon Patterns will appear on the surface, gradually weaving into turtle shell patterns as Demonic Qi accumulates, with physical strength and defense power receiving a qualitative leap.

Active-Turtle Shell Recoil: Consumes internal energy to form a turtle shell armor shield, when attacked, 35% of the damage (including physical, energy, and spiritual attacks) is rebounded to the attacker, during which defense power temporarily increases by 60%.

Turtle Shell Recoil can rebound 35% of the damage, but that's not enough to nearly cause his downfall, the truly deadly part is the second talent.

[Name]Life Resonance (Purple)

[Type]Passive Talent

[Introduction]When you suffer a deadly attack causing your Life Value to drop by more than 40% instantaneously, Life Resonance will automatically activate. The injuries you endure (including physical trauma, energy erosion, spiritual shock) will immediately be synchronized onto the attacker, regardless of the distance, whether they possess a tangible form or not, they will be forcibly affected by the effect. Resonance intensity will weaken with increasing power gap, minimum not less than 60%.

Chapter 353: Kazik Awakens

"Life Extinction Power, this name is spot on~"

Qin Tian sighed with emotion. He didn't expect the dragon turtle demon to have such a disgusting talent, not only reflecting attacks but also ensuring mutual destruction.

His raw power was no match for the dragon turtle demon, so the demon's death state affected him completely.

Luckily, he had the Great Wilderness Immortal and Life Lock, or else he would have been taken down.

Earlier, he had slain hundreds of demons, but regrettably, the talents gained were all blue or lower, which were not very useful at the moment, so he threw them all into the Talent Recovery station.

But these two talents definitely need to be preserved.

The energy ball merged with the body swiftly.

Demonic Qi surged into his body, a tingling sensation spread along his spine, like countless tiny demon patterns were wandering under his skin. He looked down at the back of his hand, dark golden lines were spreading from his heart to his limbs, like living vines, weaving into a tight turtle shell-like pattern at the

wrist bone, skin slightly heated, as if magma was flowing slowly through the veins, the demonic Qi greedily absorbed by these patterns, transformed into an invisible armor attached to the surface of the skeleton and skin.

Then, the power of "Life Extinction" began to awaken.

A chilling aura spread from the heart, forming a miraculous balance with the heat of the demon pattern.

He could feel an invisible contract within him, like a covenant with some rule—once a fatal wound arrives, this contract will automatically activate, returning the pain to the enemy completely.

This sensation was peculiar, like a sword hanging overhead, yet also like a hidden card in hand, giving him confidence against powerful foes.

Vrrr~

The gun barrel's Gun Spirit emitted a call. Qin Tian gripped the gunstock, calming the aggravation of the Gun Spirit; clearly, the earlier scene had also startled it.

"Everything's over."

Qin Tian's gaze penetrated layers of demonic mists, seeing the gradually cooling corpse of the dragon turtle demon, a slight curve formed at the corner of his mouth.

Even the dragon turtle demon, known for defense, couldn't withstand Shadowstrike's fatal blow, indicating that the current Shadowstrike combined with various talents is enough to threaten most Tier Six creatures.

Rustle, rustle

Sounds of rolling pebbles echoed from all directions, like countless claws scratching the ground. Qin Tian suddenly looked up, seeing a black wave rising on the horizon, countless demons charging toward him.

Earlier, due to entering a near-death state, he couldn't continue controlling his aura, causing it to leak.

Demonic Qi mixed with human Spiritual Energy's aura, in the environment of a demonic tide, was like a beacon in the night, instantly attracting all nearby demons' attention.

Leading the charge were countless bone-claw demons. They hunched over, running on all fours, their exposed claw bones sparking on rocks, emitting low growls from their throats, with ghostly green flames dancing in their eye sockets.

On the left side cliff, a group of spider-bodied, human-faced demons were climbing down, their abdominal chelicerae gleaming with metallic sheen, their eight compound eyes locked onto Qin Tian, silk threads spewing from their mouths forming webs between rocks, clearly attempting to cut off his retreat.

And most unsettling were the ghost spirit-type demons surging from the shadows.

They had no physical form, their entire bodies were semi-transparent gray-black, their shapes shifting unpredictably, like clumps of condensed fog, yet carrying a biting coldness, numbering in the hundreds, hovering densely in mid-air, forming a gray-black cloud layer.

"It's like poking a hornet's nest~"

Qin Tian's eyes flickered. Earlier, he had been using Shadowstrike in battle, primarily to awaken the Gun Soul through continuous slaughter, and another important reason was that using a gun caused minimal disturbance, avoiding large-scale demon riots.

But facing such numbers, solving them one by one with Shadowstrike is unrealistic; if tangled by these demons, it might cause unnecessary trouble.

Thinking of this, Qin Tian spread his Night Demon Wings, planning to retreat tactically.

Just then, several intense consciousnesses nearly simultaneously transmitted into his mind.

One from Jie La, unable to hold back the lust for flesh and energy faced with such demon numbers.

One from Karsas in the Netherworld Ghost Cave, setting his sights on the ghost spirit-type demons, aiming to refine them into an army of ghost souls.

The last, from the long-dormant Kazik.

After months, Kazik finally fully digested the Void Dragon's Essence Blood, awakening at this moment.

"Wow, did you three plan this?"

Qin Tian's body suddenly paused, shaking his head helplessly, "Alright, then let's make it a quick battle."

Hoo~~~~

Black Qi erupted like a volcanic eruption from Qin Tian's chest, Karsas' soul body solidifying in the swirling black mist, his bony left hand clutching a thick book with a dark red rune-covered cover, the pages turning automatically, emitting a soul-constraining glow; his right hand wielding a giant scythe taller than himself, the scythe's blade shimmered with frost-like cold brilliance.

As he raised his head, the soul fire leaping in his hollow eye sockets glanced at the ghost spirits, the entire valley's temperature plummeted, as if even the air would be harvested by this scythe.

The vines on Qin Tian's wrist suddenly stretched taut like steel whips, the next moment growing crazily at a speed indistinguishable to the naked eye.

Jie La's main root exploded within the rock layers, countless root hairs plunging like torrential rain into the earth, in an instant, hundreds of vines grew wildly, the thorns on the vines standing like daggers, the entire vine exuding a fierce aura of devouring everything, as if intending to turn this plain into her feeding ground.

On the other side, the void tear opened, scattering starry light.

Kazik's figure slid from the rift, with dark purple carapace flowing like stardust, each step leaving short-lived void ripples on the ground, his scythe limb blades glinting with ominous purple sharpness, joints rotating emitted a soft friction sound akin to space distortion, the surrounding void aura making nearby demons instinctively retreat—that was a primal fear from the core of life, as if the entity before them could drag them into endless void at any moment.

"Hiss hiss hiss~"

Seeing Qin Tian again, Kazik emitted a hissing sound from his mouthparts, his compound eyes suddenly lit with eerie purple light, the scythe limb blades crossed in front forming an arc, emitting fine, urgent friction sounds, conveying his joy of awakening to Qin Tian.

"Kazik, you're finally awake."

Qin Tian gently patted Kazik's carapace, feeling its cool touch, while also sensing the fierce strength of Void Power within Kazik.

After absorbing half of the Void Dragon Blood, Kazik's power surged directly from Tier Four to reach the peak of Tier Five level, while his bloodline ability significantly strengthened.

Now, he truly deserves the name—Void Raider.

Qin Tian looked at the increasingly dense demon horde in the distance, a slight curve formed at his lips.

"Since everyone is here, let's slaughter to our heart's content today!"

Chapter 354: Summoner's Rift Team Composition

Buzz~

Shadowstrike retracted, Qin Tian switched the weapon in his hand to the Black Frost Blade.

The moment the battle sword was unsheathed, the cold air and demonic qi intertwined into black mist, the sword lightly trembled, emitting an excited buzzing sound.

"Begin—hunting."

Qin Tian folded the Night Demon Wings and let out a low shout, his figure shooting into the demon horde like a cannonball.

The Black Frost Blade in his hand traced a fierce arc, the sword wind carrying demonic qi, severing the three approaching bone-claw demons at the waist, the splattering dark green blood blocked by spiritual power.

He did not use Spiritual Energy, yet his physical body combined with the recently absorbed demonic qi remained terrifyingly powerful.

With every swing, he precisely chopped at the demons' joints, the sound of cracking bones and screams mixed together to form a brutal battle song.

On the other side, Karsas hovered in mid-air, his giant scythe traced a semicircle in front of him, the pages of a book flipped with a rustling sound.

The giant scythe was formed by Karsas using Soul Power, but the book was a spiritual artifact Qin Tian exchanged for with 80,000 Military Merit Points, known as "Ten Thousand Souls Record."

Karsas raised his left hand towards the cluster of ghost spirit demons, runes on the book pages suddenly brightened, countless transparent chains shot from the book, precisely entwining the flickering soul bodies.

The touched ghost spirits emitted a piercing wail, their soul bodies instantly solidified, yet were completely severed by Karsas' scythe.

The broken ghost spirits transformed into gleaming particles, absorbed entirely by the thick book in his hand, with each soul light absorbed, the color of the pages grew deeper, emitting a soul pressure increasingly formidable.

Jie La's vines spread like a tidal wave, hundreds of vine whips frenziedly danced in the air, the barbed tips accurately pierced into the demons' flesh, binding them tightly in place.

The more the bound demons struggled, the tighter the vines constricted, countless small suction cups appeared on the vine, frantically absorbing the dark green blood.

In just a moment, the originally ferocious bone-claw demons shriveled, while Jie La's vines grew thicker, with dark red flowers blooming at the joints after absorbing blood, emitting an energy pulse that was disquieting.

A dark purple figure flickered uncertainly among the demon horde, Kazik's Void Walking making him ghost-like, appearing behind a Magma Hound one second, atop a rotting flesh demon the next.

His scythe limb blades slashed down with void breath, not making a thunderous sound yet capable of instantly slicing through the carapace of high-tier demons, precisely severing the opponent's spine.

The demons targeted by him could not perceive the attacker's location even in death, only falling in the grip of sudden pain.

A ghost spirit attempted to sneak attack Kazik, yet was shredded by the void breath surrounding him, dissipating into nothingness.

Qin Tian cleaved open an oncoming rotting flesh demon, glimpsing Kazik's elusive figure within the enemy ranks, then glanced at the wildly growing Jie La and the endlessly harvesting Karsas, the curve at his mouth becoming more pronounced.

Now his squad has initially taken shape, resembling the Summoner's Rift configuration.

He himself serves as both AD and warrior.

Jie La, tier six spirit plant, both as the team's mage providing control and damage, and able to protect teammates as a super support.

Karsas, soul-type mage, able to deal with ghost spirit creatures, and also showcasing a strong side when facing spirit martial artists with weak spiritual power.

Kazik, ace assassin walking the void, if marked by him, there's almost no chance of survival below tier six.

Seems like they are just missing a tank.

Within the battle group, cooperation began quietly.

Qin Tian swung his blade to force back the Magma Hound lunging from the left, and Jie La's vine whip followed closely, instantly wrapping it like a dumpling, barbs deeply embedding in the hound's body, while the dark green blood was frantically absorbed, also clearing a safe space for Qin Tian.

Qin Tian leveraged this to leap forward, the Black Frost Blade with a breaking sound cleaving towards the spider-bodied demon on the right, while Kazik emerged from the void rift, his scythe limb blades precisely striking the demon's compound eyes, their cooperation flawless, the demon perished without even a scream.

Qin Tian and Karsas also had unique coordination.

When Qin Tian was surrounded by several rotting flesh demons, Karsas drove the "Ten Thousand Souls Record," releasing a spiritual impact causing the demons to momentarily daze. Seizing this brief pause, Qin Tian's Black Frost Blade danced into a flurry of cold light, swiftly slaying all the tier four and five demons encircling him.

Jie La and Kazik's cooperation brimmed with control and harvesting rhythm.

Jie La's vine whips spread like a dense net, ensnaring a large group of demons, restricting their movement, while Kazik then weaved among these bound demons, his scythe limb blades rising and falling, each swing claimed a life, the harvested demon corpses becoming nourishment for Jie La's vines, expanding her control range ever wider.

In this tacit cooperation, the demon horde rapidly reduced like leaves swept by a hurricane.

Qin Tian charged forward, tearing open the demons' defenses; Jie La's vines closely followed, controlling and absorbing energy; Karsas in the air constantly cleared ghost spirits, absorbing soul fragments; Kazik stealthily roamed, precisely harvesting every straggler.

The beauty was, all four could obtain what they wanted while harvesting lives.

Qin Tian acquired talent and Evolution Points, Jie La absorbed flesh and energy, Karsas collected soul fragments, while Kazik enhanced his hunting instinct in continuous kills.

In just a few minutes, the initially densely packed demon horde vanished without trace, leaving only the desiccated demon remnants on the ground, "Ten Thousand Souls Record" glowing with a rich blood-red hue, Kazik's compound eyes flickering with satisfied gleams, Jie La's vines also grew considerably thicker.

Qin Tian flicked the blood off the Black Frost Blade, showing a hint of a smile.

Effortless.

Truly too effortless.

Hundreds of demons, within just a few minutes, were entirely harvested, even under constrained abilities—if all restraints were removed, even if the demon numbers doubled, the outcome wouldn't change.

"Hahaha~"

Karsas closed the "Ten Thousand Souls Record," emitting a low, raspy laugh from his chest, the ghost spirits absorbed into the record would, after his transformation, become loyal undead ghost army under his command.

Moreover, the absorbed soul fragments would turn into nourishment, enhancing his spiritual power.

Currently, among the three summoned beasts, he is the weakest, but the future, who knows.

Sensing the surge of battle fervor from Jie La, Kazik, and Karsas, Qin Tian chuckled, alright, since the three of them wanted to continue fighting, take this opportunity to rampage.

Qin Tian glanced towards the direction of Demon Cave Number Two; according to Li Qi, the tier six demons perceived were more than one, yet now there was only a shot dead dragon turtle demon in the valley, showing that the other tier six demons must have gone hunting.

This was somewhat of a pity~

"Let's go to the next location."

Qin Tian expanded his perception, located a place where demons gathered, and swiftly flew towards it with the three summoned beasts.

Chapter 355: Evolution Points Soar

A few hours later

The dark purple sky seemed to be wiped away with an invisible hand, revealing a faint grey brightness on the edges, as the demonic qi receded like a retreating tide, exposing the eroded and uneven rock walls.

On the ground, the river of dark green blood no longer spread, beginning to seep into the charred soil, leaving dark marks of varying depths.

The sulfur and bloody scent in the air hadn't completely dissipated but was no longer as oppressively suffocating as before.

The roars and howls of the demons gradually diminished, as if their ferocious energy had been drained, and countless twisted figures stopped charging forward, turning instead to head toward the densest core region of demonic qi, dragging injuries of varying severity with them.

The air was filled with the exhaustion that follows a celebration, leaving only trampled vegetation, coagulated filth, and sporadically twitching remains strewn across the wasteland.

The murderous aura that once changed the color of the sky and earth was settling as the demons retreated, leaving a scene of desolation that bore witness to the violent battle and the subsequent calm following the ebb of the demonic tide.

Demon Cave No. 2

Huff~ Huff~

Two figures landed almost simultaneously on the obsidian platform of Demon Cave No. 2.

The magma demon on the left oozed dark red lava all over its body, leaving smoking footprints with each step, its muscular arms pulsing with magma veins as thick as bulging tendons; the silver-winged demon on the right spread two pairs of metallic wings, the edges of its feathers gleaming with a cold silver light, though its right wing trembled slightly at the moment.

When the demonic tide arrived, they knew that the demon nature within their bones would be activated, likely leading to conflicts with other demons, so to avoid such occurrences, they opted to hunt outside, leaving their base to the slow-moving but incredibly defensive dragon-turtle demon.

However, what they saw upon returning made their faces change dramatically.

The dragon-turtle demon was dead!

Its entire body showed no external injuries, except for a gaping blood hole in its eyeball, with the edges of the flesh turned outward, exposing the rotten interior.

The dragon-turtle demon, known for its impenetrable defense, had died in such a bizarre manner, causing a chill to rise abruptly in the two demons' hearts.

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Inside the cave

Sensing the gradual calm of the external demonic qi fluctuations, Lu Sheng whispered, carrying a trace of excitement:

"The demonic tide has retreated!"

Upon hearing this, the tense bodies of the warriors finally relaxed, and smiles appeared on their faces.

"The demonic tide has retreated, but why hasn't the commander returned yet?"

A soldier muttered quietly, casting a glance at the figure in the shadows.

They all knew that the commander had left the cave to save that person.

And he had come to the cave through the void gate.

Back then, when this person appeared with black wings and an eerie presence, they almost mistook him for a demon, nearly causing a riot.

Later, they found out that besides Xiong, Terreda, and Scarlett, the commanders brought another Tier Five Spiritualist.

"Scarlett Commander, the commander hasn't returned yet. Could there be an accident?"

At this moment, Shen Juan approached the Poisonous Widow, asking with a hint of worry.

"Don't worry, the commander is fine, he should be back soon," the Poisonous Widow replied with a faint smile.

There was a soul seal from Qin Tian in her mind, allowing her to vaguely sense Qin Tian's position when he was near.

"I see, that's good to know."

Shen Juan let out a sigh of relief; the Third Battalion relied entirely on Camp Commander Qin. Without him, Shen Juan felt uneasy.

Just as his words fell, a silver light suddenly illuminated the cave.

Qin Tian emerged from the void, still carrying the scent of blood not yet dissipated.

"Commander!"

"Commander!"

Seeing Qin Tian appear, the hearts of the warriors finally settled, and they shouted with excitement.

Qin Tian smiled and said:

"I'm fine. I made everyone worry just now. The demonic tide has retreated, and our battalion has successfully weathered the first crisis. Now, everyone, organize your equipment, it's our turn to counterattack the demon cave."

"Yes!"

The warriors responded in unison, their fighting spirit soaring.

Having witnessed Camp Commander Qin's various miraculous abilities, they were filled with confidence for this operation.

Crack, crack, crack

The Earth Element Spiritualist cast magic, and the stone wall blocking the cave entrance quickly collapsed, revealing the open land outside, stained black by demonic qi.

The warriors filed out of the cave, and even the air filled with sulfur and blood seemed particularly exhilarating at this moment.

Qin Tian walked to a corner of the cave, looked down at the silent Li Qi, and slowly spoke:

"What's wrong, losing your confidence after just one operation?"

Li Qi abruptly lifted his head, his disorganized bangs partially hiding his dark eyes, and he stood up, his Adam's apple bobbing before he spoke softly, "Boss, I just feel... after obtaining the Night Demon Bloodline, it's like I've become a different person."

He pressed his hand against his brow, his tone full of self-mockery, "That kind of arrogance, where I felt superior to everything, even I find it unfamiliar."

He was only Tier Five, what made him think he could roam freely amidst the demonic tide without being discovered by demons?

If his boss hadn't arrived in time, he feared he would have been devoured completely by those demons.

"It's normal."

Qin Tian patted Li Qi on the shoulder, saying: "When someone suddenly gains immense power or wealth, their mindset will inevitably change. This operation is a good wake-up call for you. Learn from your mistakes and be more cautious in the future."

"Yes, Boss, I'll remember this lesson."

Li Qi took a deep breath, his eyes gaining a trace of determination.

Seeing Li Qi regain his spirits, Qin Tian nodded in satisfaction. Failure is not terrible; what's terrible is failing to learn from mistakes. Fortunately, the assassin Li Qi would not make such a mistake.

The Third Battalion organized their gear and returned to camp.

During the journey, Qin Tian also assessed the gains from the period of the demonic tide.

The greatest achievement was undoubtedly the awakening of the Gun Soul. With the Gun Soul and various talents combined, he now had the ability to steadily hunt Tier Six creatures.

Additionally, the Evolution Points surged by over 3 million, reaching a historical peak of 5.3 million, with over a hundred talents reaped, though only two had been currently fused into his body.

The two purple talents: Demon Pattern Turtle Shell and Injury to the Enemy

For now, the other talents were not particularly useful to him, so they were temporarily stored in the Talent Recycling Station.

But he remembered the functions of all the talents. If a situation arises where he might need one, he could retrieve and even enhance it with Evolution Points at any time.

Finally, Jie La, Kazik, and Karsas had achieved significant improvements in the hours of high-intensity fighting, especially Jie La, who had devoured a full meal of demon blood and flesh.

If this level of blood and flesh supply could continue, it seemed possible that Jie La might break through to Tier Seven when leaving the Demon Suppression Abyss.

"Commander~"

At this moment, Li Fei nervously approached and said:

"The headquarters instructed our battalion to start moving."

Hearing this, Qin Tian's eyes flashed, and he nodded:

"Inform the headquarters that the Third Battalion has received the order and will set out immediately."

He looked towards the direction of the headquarters, a glimmer of light flashing in his eyes.

Chapter 356: Luring the Enemy, Sacrificing a Pawn

"Before the magic tide arrived, Li Fei suddenly fell into a coma, and by the time he woke up, the third battalion had already relocated to a cave."

Yan Song's lips curled into a cold smile, "This Qin Tian truly does live up to his origins in the Seventh Bureau; he's far more adaptable than that rigid and pedantic soldier Xu Xiong."

Behind him, a figure in a black robe standing in the shadows spoke, their voice deep and aged:

"This person has both means and ability. Fortunately, he's not a Tier Six Spiritualist; otherwise, your position might not be so secure."

Upon hearing this, a cold glint flashed in Yan Song's eyes.

"Tier Six is a major threshold for Spiritualists, not easy to cross. But old ghost, you're right; I cannot let such a time bomb lie hidden beside me."

In order to become the highest-ranking young member of the Yan Family and regain the family's attention and training, he took great risks entering the Demon Suppression Abyss, spending his days in the company of demons.

Whoever became an obstacle on his path forward, or threatened his position, he would remove without hesitation.

"Old ghost, send out the notice: the magic tide has ended. In half an hour, the third battalion will proceed as planned, feigning an attack on the second Demon Cave. The first battalion will be ready to assist, and all other battalions must reach Black Mountain Valley within the next half hour to assemble."

"Yes!"

The black-robed man named Old Ghost nodded, then quietly exited the tent like a phantom.

After Old Ghost left, Yan Song leaned back in his chair, gently caressing a metal-based Red Ruby Ring on his index finger. He infused it with traces of flame Spiritual Energy, speaking softly:

"I've fed you for over half a year, consuming no less than 500 flame spirit stones. This time, I hope your performance will satisfy me; otherwise, I guarantee you will never see the light of day again."

Buzz~

The Red Ruby Ring trembled slightly, emitting a dull hum.

.....

In the valley outside the second Demon Cave, the demonic energy had not yet fully dissipated, but the previous ferocity was gone.

Hundreds of demons lay scattered across the black stone beach. Some sprawled on the ground, panting heavily as the sulfurous wind echoed throughout the valley; others dragged their injured limbs languidly, their claws scraping against the rocks with a feeble sound, clearly not yet recovered from the frenzy of the magic tide.

Suddenly, the skull-winged demon closest to the valley entrance abruptly lifted its head, its nostrils twitching fiercely.

The next moment, it let out a sharp howl, its murky eyes instantly igniting with greedy red light.

Humans... it's the scent of humans.

This howl was like a spark thrown into stagnant water, instantly igniting the demons' instincts. Fatigue seemed to vanish in an instant, with hundreds of demons pivoting in unison toward the direction of the scent, emitting eager growls with dark green saliva dripping from their mouths.

To demons, human flesh is undoubtedly the best nourishment.

"Roar—"

Over thirty agile clawed demons charged out first, their bone claws tapping the black stone with a rapid clatter, leaping toward the dense forest to the right of the valley entrance.

Their figures quickly disappeared from the sight of the other demons, leaving only the increasingly distant howling sounds.

Yet in just a few breaths, those howls abruptly ceased.

The remaining demons halted suddenly, their previously eager eyes now mixed with confusion.

They could clearly sense that the presence of those thirty-odd comrades had vanished completely in that instant — no struggle, no screams, just as if something had forcibly erased their existence.

"Hah~"

The demons grew alert, slowly advancing.

Clickety-clack

A distant, orderly sound of footsteps approached.

As a group of human figures clad in Profound Iron Armor appeared, the pupils of the demons abruptly contracted.

Over a hundred figures stood in a neat phalanx at the forefront, their Profound Iron Armor gleaming with a cold luster in the dim light, the cold weapons in their hands radiating a sharp edge.

Their eyes were as sharp as eagles, locking onto the demons in the valley with precision, and though they made no extraneous movements, they exuded a palpable oppressive aura.

The disappearance of those thirty-plus demons was clearly related to these humans.

Behind the ranks, Spiritual Energy fluctuated violently.

Fireballs, Wind Blades, and Ice Spikes flew over the phalanx, crashing into the demon horde.

Though these Spiritual Ability Magic attacks did little harm, they instantly stirred the demons' inherent ferocity. Anger and the craving for flesh overwhelmed reason, and they bellowed deafening roars, surging toward the human phalanx like a tide.

"Retreat!"

The warriors turned and fled, Spirit Mages continuously casting magic to slow the demons' progress.

Feeling the battle erupting outside the valley and sensing the fluctuations of human Spiritual Energy, the demons inside the valley howled, layers of echoes reverberating. Many demons could no longer contain themselves, rushing out without waiting for the Tier Six demon's command.

Boom boom boom!

Spiritual Ability Magic rained down on the demon horde like a storm, fireballs exploding into flames among them, and the muffled sounds of ice spikes piercing decaying flesh resounded continuously.

But these hideous creatures seemed oblivious to pain, stepping on the remains of their comrades as they pressed forward, their claws nearly reaching the warriors' armor.

At this critical moment, another team of figures suddenly emerged from the slopes on the side of the mountain.

Their presence was as faint as pebbles by the roadside, unnoticed even by the most vigilant skull-winged demons until dozens of beams of Spiritual Energy shot through the air — sharp spikes formed from Metal Spiritual Energy pierced through the eye sockets of three demons, while rock walls erected by Earth Element magic cut off the pursuers. Only then did the demons realize that another group of humans had been hidden on the slopes.

"Kill them all!"

Li Wufeng shouted fiercely, wielding his battle sword wrapped in pale golden Sword Qi, slicing precisely at the neck of a clawed demon.

With a crisp sound of shattering bone armor, the head that was still howling tumbled to the ground, and the dark green blood splattered on his armor, steaming up a pungent white smoke.

To remain stealthy, the warriors of the First Battalion took Breath Concealment Pills in advance.

The sluggishness brought by the elixir slightly decreased their combat power, but as the attacking side, this became an acceptable cost.

The two teams interlocked like gears, with the First Battalion tearing into the demon horde from the flank, while the Third Battalion held firm at the front. Intersecting blades and beams of Spiritual Energy wove a lethal net, harvesting the demons caught in the cracks.

"Roar---!"

A piercing roar penetrated the clouds, reaching deep into Demon Cave Number Two.

The demons, originally lurking, could no longer hold back, and their dark silhouettes surged out from the cave entrance like a tide, roughly numbering near a thousand. Their dark green eyes linked into a ghostly fire in the dimness.

"Retreat! Quick, retreat!"

Li Wufeng sensed the distant, turbulent, and violent aura, adding urgency to his shout.

He swung his sword to force back the decaying flesh demons in front of him, leading the First Battalion toward a preset trap; almost simultaneously, Xiong received a message from Qin Tian, swinging his giant ax to carve a bloody path and leading the team to fight while retreating.

The two teams moved like rotating millstones, first clearing the remaining demons trapped in the middle, and then merging into one.

The Barbarian Warriors under Xiong formed a thick shield wall at the rear, sending flesh flying with each swing of the giant ax. In front, the Spirit Mages laid layers of ice barriers and vine barriers to slow down the demons' pursuit.

Gradually, a distance of several dozen meters opened between the team and the demons, yet the tension remained firm.

When the allied forces retreated to the middle of a small canyon, a sudden change occurred.

Bzzz---!

A vast spatial fluctuation erupted suddenly, like an invisible dome enveloping the entire team.

The warriors only felt a flicker of light and shadow before their eyes, and hundreds of people were collectively transferred to a cliff on the east side of the canyon, overlooking the swarm of demons rushing below.

Then, a dull tremor came from the ground.

Boom boom boom!!!

The Spiritual Energy explosives buried underground in the canyon were instantly detonated; crimson flames accompanied by shockwaves soared into the sky, like fire dragons breaking free from their restraints.

The demons pouring into the canyon were blasted into the air, with severed limbs and debris flying everywhere.

The pursuers outside the canyon fared worse; the chain explosions erupted fire walls from the earth, engulfing the entire demon horde in a sea of flames. Screams erupted one after another in the blaze, only to be crushed in an instant by the roar of explosions.

"Tsk tsk, what a spectacular scene."

Li Wufeng gazed at the fiery sea swirling below the cliff, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips. But as his gaze swept over the area where even rocks were melting, a hint of doubt crept in, "Something's not right. Yan Song clearly said he only prepared thirty tons of Spiritual Energy explosives. This power... it's at least several times greater."

He shook his head to dispel the distracting thoughts. Whether Yan Song secretly added more or not, at least the mission to lure the enemy had been completed. The rest would be handled by the follow-up team.

"Roar---!!!"

From the depths of Demon Cave Number Two, a roar filled with infinite fury shattered the rock walls.

The figure of a Tier Six Magma Demon appeared at the cave entrance, its body flowing with magma, condensing into a pair of dark red flaming wings. The moment the wings flapped, the surrounding air twisted into heat waves, charging towards the canyon like a burning meteorite.

At this moment, outside the cave, the six battalions of the Crimson Gold Legion and Yan Song's personal guard had already assembled.

When the fire pillars that pierced through the heavens rose, the warriors erupted in a deafening cheer, but their cheers were abruptly stopped in shock as the Magma Demon ascended into the sky.

"Commander! The Tier Six Demon has moved out!" The leader of the Sixth Battalion rushed to Yan Song's side, unable to conceal his anxiety in the clashing sounds of armor, "If we don't provide support, Li Wufeng and his men might not hold!"

"It's time for us to set off."

Yan Song raised his hand to interrupt him, his demeanor as calm as if discussing the weather. His hair fluttered slightly in the wind, and a glint of coldness flashed in his eyes as he glanced at the demonic silhouette slicing through the sky.

"Everyone, prepare for liftoff!"

At the instant the order was issued, several Wind Element Spiritualists simultaneously formed seals.

Pale blue Spiritual Energy surged and converged on the ground, finally forming a wind carpet covering several miles. Three thousand warriors stood upon it, the whole team resembling a hovering black cloud, poised to launch.

"Set off!"

Woosh!

The wind carpet suddenly accelerated, soaring forward with a sound breaking through the air.

But before the warriors could become exhilarated, the expressions of several battalion leaders suddenly changed—the direction in which the team was advancing was not towards the canyon of Demon Cave Number Two!

"Commander! The direction is wrong!" The leader of the Sixth Battalion called out anxiously.

"The direction is correct."

Yan Song turned to glance at him, his gaze unwavering and calm, "Qin Tian and Li Wufeng's two battalions are enough to handle the remaining demons. Besides, with Qin Tian's Spatial Ability, even if they are overmatched, he can safely transfer the team. Our target is..."

"Demon Cave Number One!"

"Wha... what?!"

Exclamations exploded on the wind carpet, as the leaders of the six battalions exchanged bewildered looks, and even the warriors of Yan Song's personal guard displayed incredulous expressions.

Chapter 357: Slaying Another Tier 6

"Commander!"

The battalion leaders and their soldiers all turned to Yan Song in unison, their eyes filled with astonishment and disbelief.

The original target was clearly Demon Cave Two, yet they suddenly turned to attack Demon Cave One—this was no different from pushing the First Battalion and Third Battalion, who were deeply entrenched in Demon Cave Two, towards their doom!

Everyone knew that there was more than one Tier Six demon entrenched in Demon Cave Two, and both Qin Tian and Li Wufeng were below Tier Six in strength. Just one Tier Six demon would be enough to crush both battalions completely.

Even if Qin Tian possessed the ability for spatial transportation, how many could he save from the claws of a Tier Six demon?

Even the several battalion leaders whom Yan Song had always valued looked completely bewildered, clearly not expecting him to change his decision at this critical moment.

"Commander!" The Sixth Battalion Leader looked anxiously at the increasingly distant outline of the demon cave below, and spoke urgently, "Doing this..."

"This is a military order!"

Yan Song's voice was cold and commanding, the pressure from a Tier Six powerhouse swept over the entire battlegroup, his gaze as sharp as a knife: "Anyone who dares to question the order will go down to accompany them."

Once his words landed, silence instantly enveloped the surroundings. Although the warriors dared not speak further, their eyes involuntarily reflected the sorrow of seeing someone else's fall and foreseeing their own.

Seeing this, a trace of sinister coldness flashed in Yan Song's eyes.

He had entered the Demon Suppression Abyss with one purpose only—to establish merit.

Only with tremendous military achievements could he quickly advance in rank, becoming the most dazzling presence among the young generation of the Yan Family in the military, regaining the family's focus and resource allocation.

In recent years, because of that incident, his lineage had fallen from the direct to a collateral status, and the resources they could receive plummeted.

He himself, from being the family's rising star showered with admiration, became an object of pity, ridiculed openly.

Those clan members who once bowed and scraped before him now dared to humiliate him publicly; those elders who once saw him as a rough diamond now turned a blind eye to him.

Pain, struggle, despair... ultimately all transformed into a refusal to accept it deeply ingrained in him. He had to rise, by any means necessary, to reclaim everything that belonged to him.

To quickly accumulate military merit, the most direct way was to destroy demon nests and demon caves.

Demon nests were heavily fortified, even the lowest level housed tens of thousands of demons, far beyond what he could currently challenge.

Therefore, he set his sights on the demon caves.

Near the Chijin Battlegroup's station, there were two demon caves.

Through his personal investigation, he found that the number of demons in Demon Cave One had surpassed ten thousand—a demon cave of such scale surely harbored a Demonic Qi rift.

A Demonic Qi rift was the source from which demons emerged endlessly, and anyone who could destroy it would gain military accomplishments so great that they would be astronomical, enough to promote him from Colonel to Major General.

The treasure in his hand could destroy Demon Cave One and the Demonic Qi rift, but activating it would leave him temporarily weakened.

Demon Cave One and Demon Cave Two were not far apart, and once the rift in Demon Cave One disappeared, the several Tier Six demons in Demon Cave Two would likely notice the anomaly and come to aid, making it not entirely safe for him, even if he had a Tier Six powerhouse by his side.

Therefore, he needed a force strong enough to hold the Tier Six demons in Demon Cave Two in place.

Previously, he couldn't find a suitable candidate, leading to the plan's delay.

However, with the arrival of Qin Tian, things finally took a turn.

In terms of strength, Qin Tian alone could kill hundreds of demons with a wave of his hand; among all the battalion leaders, he was undoubtedly the strongest. Tier Five demons couldn't withstand even a few of his heavenly thunders, and even when facing a Tier Six demon, he could certainly hold it off for a while, even if he couldn't win.

Moreover, the combined nearly thousand warriors of the two battalions were an irresistible feast of flesh and blood for a Tier Six demon, enough to make them hesitate between investigating the Demonic Qi rift anomaly and slaughtering humans.

To achieve great things, how could one be soft-hearted?

The nature of a commander is to view thousands of soldiers as chess pieces.

As long as the Demonic Qi rift could be destroyed, some sacrifices were reasonable; even if this matter were reported to the battle zone headquarters, there wouldn't be a flaw found in his plan.

Yan Song looked at the distant, demonically qi-filled sky with a cold smile on his lips.

.....

"Roar!"

A roar containing boundless fury exploded from afar, the terrifying pressure unique to a Tier Six demon crushing across miles of canyon, causing Li Wufeng and his soldiers to change color, their hands gripping their weapons instantly drenched in cold sweat.

"The Tier Six demon has come out." Li Wufeng gripped the knife handle tightly, his knuckles white as bone, his eyes sweeping sharply towards where the Chijin Battlegroup was gathering.

According to the plan, reinforcements should have arrived by now.

The Tier Six demon single-handedly charging towards the canyon was a godsend opportunity for the battlegroup—as long as Yan Song brought the Tier Six expert in time, they could kill the demon two against one, making the subsequent plan to destroy Demon Cave Two much smoother.

But in the next second, his pupils contracted into pinpricks.

The massive battlegroup carried by the wind carpet was moving across the horizon, but instead of heading toward the canyon, they were turning straight to the other side.

"Yan Song!!!"

Li Wufeng's furious roar erupted in the canyon, his eyes instantly blood-red.

He had long known Yan Song had little regard for the First and Third Battalions, so he had always been on edge during missions, afraid that the other side might sabotage the timing of the reinforcements or the use of the Spiritual Energy bombs.

Yet he never imagined that the other side would be so decisive—abandoning them to face death, leaving nearly a thousand warriors to face the fangs of a Tier Six demon!

This was undisguised murder!

At this point, the other soldiers also saw the wind carpet move away, their faces immediately draining of blood.

"Commander."

The leader of the company beside Li Wufeng grabbed his arm tightly, his voice trembling, "What is this situation, has Director Yan really abandoned us? What should we do?"

The aura of the Tier Six demon grew ever closer, the air so scorching it seemed ready to ignite, shattering rocks on the cliff began to heat up, and even breaths carried sparks.

Li Wufeng's teeth ground with a crackling noise, veins bulging on his forehead like earthworms, his eyes finally filled only with a resolute determination fueled by blood: "There's no choice, we fight! Even if we die, we'll tear a piece off this beast!"

He roared this in his heart: Yan Song, just wait! Even if I become a vengeful ghost, I won't spare you!

Whoosh—

The silhouette of the Magma Demon tore through the air, appearing above the canyon, dragging two fiery trails behind it that charred the sky.

It flapped its flaming wings, looking down from above at the humans on the rocky wall and the demon corpses littering the ground, its vertical pupils swirling with rage.

Boom!

The flames around it suddenly boiled, hundreds of fist-sized lava balls condensed out of thin air, each emitting a heat comparable to a mini sun, lighting the canyon as if it were daylight.

The Magma Demon slowly raised its lava-covered hand, and the lava balls floated upward with its motion, only waiting for a command to completely engulf the humans below.

At that moment, the soldiers' eyes filled with deep despair; in the face of the absolute power of a Tier Six demon, they couldn't mount any meaningful counterattack and could only wait for death like lambs to the slaughter.

Some young soldiers even closed their eyes, their bodies shaking uncontrollably.

At this critical juncture—

Bang!

A muffled thud came from above, as if someone had smashed a red-hot iron bar with a giant hammer.

The Magma Demon's massive body abruptly shuddered, half of its head shattering like a watermelon hit by a sledgehammer, spraying dark green blood mixed with scorching magma into the sky, burning sizzling black holes into the rocky walls.

In an instant, everyone froze in place, staring blankly as the suspended lava balls lost control and fell into the canyon, dragging long fiery tails and bursting into a sea of flames in the canyon's depths.

Silence.

Not a sound came from the walls of the canyon, with only the crackling of burning lava echoing within.

The soldiers looked at each other, their eyes filled with confusion and shock—that was a Tier Six demon, how could it... simply die like that?

Who exactly killed it?

Li Wufeng kept his eyes on the demon's remains at the canyon's bottom, a flash of amazement and doubt passing through his eyes.

This wound...

#### Chapter 358: Shock and Speculation

The company commander of the First Battalion suddenly raised his hand to wipe his face, only to find his hand covered with cold sweat, even the hair at his temples was soaked. He opened his mouth, letting out a hoarse sound from his throat, and after a while, finally squeezed out a sentence: "Alive... We survived?"

As soon as he spoke, it was as if a switch had been flipped, and the deathly silence of the canyon wall was suddenly filled with the sound of gasping for breath.

A young warrior's legs went weak, and he slid down the rock wall to sit on the ground, clutching his chest and gasping for air. His body, which had been tense to the extreme, was still uncontrollably trembling, not from fear, but from the exhaustion of narrowly escaping death.

"What was that just now?" someone asked shakily, their eyes scanning back and forth between the sky and the valley floor, as if trying to find where that life-saving attack had come from.

No one could answer this question, but the once pale faces quietly regained some color. An old soldier even pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes from his chest, his hands trembling for ages trying to extract a cigarette.

Li Wufeng let out a long breath, looked around, and suddenly noticed something strange.

Some veterans from the Third Battalion, much like his own soldiers, were still reeling from the life-and-death moment just now, breathing heavily with cold sweat streaming down their foreheads and cheeks.

But the half beastman company commander of the Third Battalion, along with his barbarian warriors, were exceptionally calm, so calm it was almost frightening.

The half beastman company commander stood in place, his rough skin reflecting a cold hard sheen in the firelight. He merely raised his head slightly, gazing at the fiery sea in the valley. There was no ripple in his beastly eyes, as if the death of the Tier Six demon just now was merely like squashing an ant.

The hundreds of barbarian warriors beside him were also expressionless, their sturdy arms crossed over their chests, hands gripping their weapons with a steadiness showing not the slightest tremor, their breathing even, completely unlike those who had just experienced a life-and-death crisis.

Li Wufeng frowned slightly, stirring up a bit of doubt in his heart.

That was a Tier Six demon just now. Even a powerful warrior would inevitably waver under such pressure. Yet these half beastmen and barbarians seemed to have anticipated it all along, showing no surprise or relief at surviving.

They just stood there quietly, like silent stone statues, starkly contrasting with the warriors around them still calming their minds.

Li Wufeng even felt that the way they looked at the demon's remains in the valley was as if they were gazing at a predetermined outcome. That poise was not forced but an inner tranquility.

What happened just now really seemed to mean nothing to them.

Why?

Is it their nature, or do they have some backing?

Apart from this, he noticed something else.

There were only a little over a hundred warriors present from the Third Battalion, with the only company commander being the half beastman. Where were the others?

Swoosh~

Just then, a Void Gate opened nearby, and a figure stepped out.

"Camp Commander Qin!"

Li Wufeng's face lit up with joy, and he immediately moved over.

"Just now that..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Li Wufeng's voice suddenly paused. Then, as if realizing something, his eyes widened: "Camp Commander Qin, that Tier Six demon just now, was it you who killed it?"

These words made the place fall silent all of a sudden.

Everyone was looking at Qin Tian and Li Wufeng, faces filled with surprise, as if they couldn't believe Li Wufeng would ask such a question.

Everyone knew, though Camp Commander Qin was strong, he wasn't a Tier Six powerhouse. How could he kill a Tier Six demon with one strike?

Qin Tian looked at Li Wufeng's eyes, which were filled with inquiry and certainty, and smiled faintly. Then, under everyone's gaze, he nodded in acknowledgment:

"That's right, I killed it."

What!

These words stirred up an uproar immediately.

Was the Tier Six demon really killed by Camp Commander Qin?

One shot killing a Tier Six, how could that be possible!

Could Camp Commander Qin be a hidden Tier Seven master!

"It's really you!"

Li Wufeng was filled with shock, yet seemed to have expected this outcome as well.

Besides Qin Tian, he couldn't imagine anyone who could have acted in such a critical moment just now.

However, he still couldn't understand by what means Qin Tian killed the Tier Six demon.

Qin Tian noticed Li Wufeng's confusion and said with a light smile:

"Commander Li, have you heard of the Rune Sniper Rifle?"

"Rune Sniper Rifle, I have heard of it."

Li Wufeng frowned slightly, "But as far as I know, even the most powerful Rune Sniper Rifle doesn't seem to threaten a powerhouse above Tier Five."

"Under normal circumstances, that's true, but my gun is rather special, so it has the capability to kill Tier Six." Qin Tian explained briefly, then scanned the crowd of the First Battalion.

With Li Fei in his battalion, there bound to be a similar traitor in the First Battalion as well.

He believed that once the operation ended, these words would definitely reach Yan Song's ears.

And that was exactly what he intended.

Reflecting on the scene of Yan Song leading his troops away earlier, a cold gleam flashed in Qin Tian's eyes.

Yan Song's actions had already crossed his bottom line. He would not tolerate such a threat remaining by his side continually causing him trouble.

Among the crowd, the shock was still spreading. Some warriors couldn't help but whisper among themselves, their words filled with respect and admiration.

"My god, Camp Commander Qin actually killed a Tier Six demon with a gun!"

"I've never heard of a Rune Sniper Rifle that could kill a Tier Six powerhouse. This is the first time I've ever heard of it."

"I previously heard that within the Empire, there are rumors of Ten Great Guns, each having once killed a Tier Seven powerhouse. Could the gun in Camp Commander Qin's hand be one of the Ten Great Guns?"

"Quite possible, very possible indeed!"

"A powerful gun indeed, but it also depends on who uses it. I once used a Rune Sniper Rifle, and forget about killing, it's hard even to hit the target. This thing can't just be used well through good marksmanship or strong power; there must be absolute control over the gun."

"In the end, it's still Camp Commander Qin who's formidable."

The warriors talked fervently, sparing no praise from the bottom of their hearts. Within the ranks of the First Battalion, a medium-built warrior slightly lowered his head, avoiding the crowd's gaze. His eyes paused briefly on Qin Tian before flashing quickly with a hint of complex emotions.

Faced with the surrounding tide of gratitude and praise, Qin Tian merely smiled faintly, then turned his gaze towards the distant Demon Cave.

Although Yan Song had fled, his objective remained unchanged.

That was to kill all the demons in the No. 2 Demon Cave, harvesting Evolution Points and Talents.

From the start, he had never considered relying entirely on Yan Song and the Chijin Battlegroup. It would be best if they could act according to the plan, but even if unexpected incidents occurred, he had contingency plans to obliterate the No. 2 Demon Cave.

Qin Tian's gaze was deep.

As long as the Tier Six demon was gone, dealing with the demons in the Demon Cave would be a piece of cake for him.

Chapter 359: Battle with the Silver-winged Demon, Mutation

Deep in the Demon Cave, the Silver-winged Demon was grooming its wings that glowed with a cold light, each metallic feather reflecting the eerie light seeping from the top of the cave.

Suddenly, its feathers exploded outwards as if an invisible hand had grabbed its throat, halting its breath for half a second—

The aura of the Magma Demon had completely vanished just a moment ago.

How is this possible!

The Silver-winged Demon rose abruptly, its metallic wings scraping a piercingly sharp sound against the top of the cave, sparks flying onto the dark green rock walls, its vertical pupils swirling with incredulous anger.

Though the Magma Demon's defense power was not as impenetrable as the shell of the Dragon Turtle Demon, it was still considered above average among Tier Six demons.

It truly couldn't comprehend who could annihilate a Tier Six demon in an instant.

Even more bizarre was that it hadn't sensed any demonic qi fluctuations from a Demon King nearby, nor any Tier Seven human warriors' spiritual energy eruptions—it was as if an invisible blade silently severed the life force of the Magma Demon.

The Dragon Turtle Demon's mysterious death had already been baffling, and now the sudden fall of the Magma Demon.

A chill ran down the Silver-winged Demon's spine, panic creeping into its heart like climbing vines: if it continued to stay here, wouldn't it be the next to disappear?

Yet, it dared not escape.

This place was personally designated by the Tier Seven Demon King as a guardian area, with demonic qi dense enough to almost materialize, aiding demons in swiftly increasing their power. If the Demon Cave were destroyed, it would surely incur the Demon King's thunderous rage.

The Silver-winged Demon rushed out of the lair, hovering above the Demon Cave. Its gaze locked onto the direction of the valley, which was where the Magma Demon's aura had vanished.

To stay or not to stay?

As it hesitated, a violent tremor suddenly came from the valley at the bottom of the Demon Cave.

"Buzz—"

Five silver Gates of Space tore through the rock layers without warning, suspending in mid-air.

Immediately, dozens of massive iron spheres, each over ten meters in diameter, shot out from the gates, their surfaces glowed dark red from high temperatures, like falling meteors, crashing towards the crowd of demons at the valley's bottom.

"Splurt!"

The iron spheres instantly crushed a dozen claw demons in the front row into pulp, with their dark green blood and fragmented bones splattering across the rock walls. Two Magma Hounds caught beneath the spheres didn't even have time to scream before they turned into burning meat paste.

At the sight of the iron spheres, the vertical pupils of the Silver-winged Demon constricted sharply—the spiritual energy waves entwining them, though faint, carried an aura capable of annihilating the world!

"Screech!!"

A sharp shriek pierced through every corner of the Demon Cave, the sound waves shattering the passing ghost spirits to some extent; this was the fastest alarm the Silver-winged Demon could give, but it was still a step late.

As the iron spheres hit the ground, their shells turned red hot, like branding irons heated to the extreme. In the next second, they exploded with a loud bang!

"Boom—!!!"

The deafening explosion consolidated into a single sound, terrifying shock waves spreading from the valley's center in all directions, carving away a layer of the rocky walls nearly a hundred meters high, with debris mixed with flames shooting skyward like fountains.

Scarlet fires devoured the entire valley instantly, the waves of flames rolling and roaring, licking every inch of the ground.

The demons closest to the explosion point didn't even manage a scream before being vaporized by the high temperatures; those a bit farther were thrown by the shock waves, crashing into the rock walls and turning into smears of blurred flesh, or burning into charcoal mid-air; even demons hiding deep within the cavities were shattered internally, vomiting dark green blood, writhing and wailing on the ground.

The Silver-winged Demon was thrown dozens of meters by the shock waves, its right-wing's metallic feathers singed black by the flames, several sharp feather tips slightly cracked.

Stabilizing its form, it gazed at the purgatory-like sea of flames below, its vertical pupils filled with deep astonishment, which quickly turned into boundless fury.

"Ahhhhhh."

The Silver-winged Demon let out a piercing shriek, its voice twisted by anger.

In the sea of flames, the few fortunate demons that managed to survive crawled from the debris, yet they had lost their fighting ability, only able to howl hopelessly amidst the fire.

Of the remaining two thousand or so demons inside the Demon Cave, only less than thirty percent survived after this wave of bombardment. Apart from Magma Demons with extremely high flame resistance, only some ghost spirits and demons hiding deep within the caves managed to survive.

With embers still licking the rock walls, deep within the Demon Cave, cries of anguish filled the air.

The surviving demons had long lost their previous ferocity, dragging maimed bodies from the collapsing caves, scrambling and crawling their way out; some had half-burnt bodies, others severed wings twitching on the ground, even the slowest Decay Demons instinctively fleeing this purgatory.

However, just as they rushed to the valley's mouth, their escape was forcefully intercepted by a cold defense line.

Several hundred figures stood poised at the valley's mouth, their Profound Iron Armor glinting with deadly light amidst the flames.

Terreda gripped the Zhanshou saber tightly, its blade as tall as a person, his bronze-colored arms bulging with knotted veins, surrounded by a faint golden Blood Qi; the Poisonous Widow twisted silver spider silk around her fingertips, the silk glimmering with the unique glow of a Spiritual Artifact.

Lu Sheng carried an ordinary broad great saber, its blade free of extravagant patterns, marked only by the nicks of years of battle, now held single-handedly, its edge slanting towards the ground; Shen Juan wielded a longsword, standing at the flank, his gaze cold as ice.

The faint glow of the Void Gate behind them silently faded—the remaining hundred or so warriors of the Third Battalion, through spatial transport, blocked the demons' retreat at the valley's entrance.

"Kill!!"

Terreda roared as he charged out first, golden Blood Qi surging explosively, his Zhanshou saber sweeping sideways, tearing through the air with its gust.

A Decay Demon attempting to charge was cleaved apart along with its heavy fat, its dark green blood mixed with shredded bones spraying onto the rock walls, the residual force of the saber strike cracking the ground with several fine lines.

Each step he took made the rock tremble slightly, his purely physical power exuding dominance over any spiritual energy infusion.

The Poisonous Widow's spider silk darted out like a spirit snake, within moments entrapping the necks of over a dozen claw demons.

The silk's barbs pierced the flesh, simultaneously releasing a faint paralyzing poison; as the demons attempted to struggle, they convulsed to the ground, letting out hoarse sounds from their throats.

With a flick of her wrist, the silk tightened, and over a dozen heads fell simultaneously, actions elegant yet deadly.

Lu Sheng's broad great saber cleaved down fiercely, chopping a Magma Hound along with the stone beneath it into halves, scalding magma splattering onto the blade, which he wiped clean with a sudden motion, flinging it to the ground.

Shen Juan's longsword transformed into a silver streak, each flicker accompanied by a demon's head hitting the ground, clean and efficient without a hint of hesitation.

The demons who had just survived the explosion had no time to react and were utterly routed by this sudden and brutal assault.

The mouth of the valley instantly became a new slaughterhouse, filled with wailing and the crisp sound of weapons piercing flesh, intertwined with the sea of fire behind, resembling a true picture of hell.

"Screech——!!"

A deafening shriek tore through the sky, and the figure of the Silver-winged Demon burst through the smoke, its metallic wings still carrying lingering sparks. It looked at its subordinates being slaughtered at the valley's entrance, then at the human line blocking its retreat, its vertical pupils bursting with flames of rage enough to incinerate everything.

Hoo~

The Silver-winged Demon fiercely flapped its wings, and countless sharp metallic feathers suddenly detached, condensing into a dense mass of Wind Blades in the air, each flashing with a chilling light capable of slicing through steel.

These Wind Blades, with sharp whistles, aimed at the human warriors at the valley entrance, ready to rain down in a devastating volley.

Terreda and the others' expressions changed slightly, just about to defend, when suddenly a mutation occurred in an instant.

The Silver-winged Demon's movements suddenly froze, a deadly sense of crisis originating from its soul exploded like thunder, and it reacted with instinct before conscious thought—its talent "Silver Wing Instant Flash" was triggered in an instant, its entire body pulled upward by an invisible hand, forcibly rising two meters in a millisecond.

"Bang!"

A dull gunshot seemed to echo from the void.

A bullet gleaming with a ghostly light pierced through its abdomen, instantly tearing its sturdy metallic wings, trailing a string of dark green blood beads, exploding into a blood mist at its lower abdomen, though it ultimately missed its head—a blow that should have been lethal.

The Silver-winged Demon staggered to stabilize itself in mid-air, looking down at the gruesome wound on its abdomen, its vertical pupils drained of rage for the first time, replaced by a disbelief of shock.

Now it finally understood how the Dragon-turtle Demon and Magma Demon had died!

Several kilometers away on the mountain peak, Qin Tian frowned slightly, his fingertips still trembling from the trigger pull.

Through the scope, the Silver-winged Demon's embarrassedly elevated figure was clearly visible.

This demon's perceptive and reactive abilities far exceeded those of the previous Dragon-turtle and Magma Demons, dodging the bullet meant to pierce its head with a dangerous escape, only penetrating its lower abdomen to burst open a bloody hole.

Such an injury to a Tier Six Demon was nothing significant.

The next moment, a bone-chilling aura crossed a span of several kilometers, precisely locking onto his position.

Qin Tian sharply raised his head, his gaze penetrating the layers of rock and smoke, colliding directly with the furious vertical pupils of the Silver-winged Demon.

It's him!

The Silver-winged Demon's pupils contracted into pinpoints, its gaze instantly falling on the long firearm in Qin Tian's hands.

Rage boiled within its chest like magma, its metallic wings vibrating violently with anger, realizing that it was this peculiar weapon the human used to kill the Dragon-turtle and Magma Demons; without this, that human was nothing.

Swish—

Qin Tian flipped his wrist, retracting the Shadowstrike Sniper Rifle into the Spirit Space, already holding the Black Frost Blade crackling with lightning in his hand.

He knew very well, facing an agile opponent like the Silver-winged Demon, Shadowstrike only had one chance for a surprise attack; the moment the gunshot echoed, the surprise was over.

"Then let's do this."

Qin Tian gripped his battle sword tightly, his eyes flaring with battle spirit. With so many Gold and Silver Level Talents at his command, fighting beyond his level was no problem.

Although Tier Six was a qualitative leap over Tier Five.

But today, he was going to use his blade to sever a Tier Six demon's head.

Swish!

The air was suddenly torn apart.

The Silver-winged Demon's figure soared through the skies, sharp bone claws whistling through the air, aiming straight for Qin Tian's face, as fast as lightning.

Qin Tian couldn't clearly see its movements, relying entirely on combat intuition to meet with his blade—

Clang!!

The moment the Thunder Saber collided with the claws, a piercing screech erupted.

The lightning entwined on the Black Frost Blade exploded abruptly, scattering feathers from the Silver-winged Demon's right wing; Qin Tian was also thrown back dozens of meters by a tremendous force, feet carving deep furrows in the rock, his grip numbed.

Both raised their heads simultaneously, a trace of gravity flickering in their eyes.

Amidst this fraught stalemate, suddenly, a drastic change occurred.

Boom——!!!

A colossal blast, as if to overturn heaven and earth, erupted from afar, its sound wave like a tangible tidal wave.

Qin Tian jerked his head around, seeing the northwestern sky suddenly dyed red, not the red of ordinary flames, but dark purple flames mixed with dark green demonic qi, as if countless fire dragons were rolling within the clouds.

That's where Demon Cave Number One is located!

Qin Tian's pupils contracted sharply.

Beneath that horizon engulfed by flames, the clash of Demonic Qi and Spiritual Energy formed visible shockwaves, shattering clouds dozens of kilometers away, the entire world trembling faintly under that blaze, as if doomsday had arrived.

Such a terrifying energy burst was absolutely not something any ordinary battle could trigger.

The Silver-winged Demon also ceased its assault, its metallic wings stiffly flapping, for the first time showing fear beyond its anger as it gazed towards that sea of fire.

Chapter 360: A Single Shot Annihilates the Demon Cave

The Wind Carpet carried over a thousand warriors towards the first Demon Cave. The closer they got to the area, the thicker and heavier the air became, as if steeped in coagulated ink.

Sweat drenched the palms of the warriors as their breathing grew rapid. Their previous worries about the First and Third Battalions were overshadowed by their own fears — for beneath the first Demon Cave lay a terror tenfold greater than the second.

The number of demons in the first Demon Cave exceeded ten thousand, but what was more deadly were the over ten Tier Six demons entrenched within.

Even with Commander Yan Song's Golden Level bloodline, and another Tier Six Soul Master by his side, the two faced demons five times as powerful.

"Commander... can we really do this?" A young warrior clenched his Battle Sword, his voice trembling.

The veteran next to him said nothing, just swallowed hard.

They understood that Yan Song must have his reasons for deciding this, yet in the face of such a formation, even the firmest resolve would inevitably waver.

At that moment, Yan Song stood at the front of the Wind Carpet, his body aglow with a gold-red halo, eyes locked on the valley shrouded in Demonic Qi, revealing no signs of wavering.

As the Wind Carpet pierced through the final layer of Demonic Qi clouds, all the warriors gasped, and even Yan Song's pupils contracted slightly.

The first Demon Cave wasn't a "cave" at all but a massive valley hollowed out by Demonic Qi.

At the center of the valley, a rift split heaven and earth, its movement violently trembling, like a giant beast's throat opening wide. The rift swirled with ink-black Demonic Qi, at times surging with dark

purple electric arcs and at times spewing gray vapors tinged with the scent of sulfur. The surrounding space warped into eerie curves, and even sunlight could not penetrate the area, casting only a dim halo at its edges.

This was the Demonic Qi Rift — the source from which demons poured ceaselessly, pulsating like a beating heart, every beat amplifying the concentration of Demonic Qi in the heavens and earth.

The surrounding rocks had long been eroded to gray-black, and the ground was filled with deep chasms, flowing with highly poisonous dark green slime. Occasionally, a Low level Demon slipped and fell, instantly corroded into a wisp of black smoke.

What truly numbed the scalp was the demon horde surrounding the rift.

Over ten thousand demons crowded the valley like a tide; Bone Wing Demons hovered at low altitude, the shadows of their flapping wings engulfing the sky. Nearly a dozen Flesh Demons, with bodies as large as Xiaoshan, lay on the ground, tearing into the corpses of their kind, their dark green blood flowing through their folds to form a foul stream on the ground. Countless Claw Demons weaved between them, their sharp claws scraping the rocks, emitting a teeth-grinding noise.

The aura of Tier Six demons was like a slumbering volcano scattered within — a Steel Demon Wolf over ten meters in length licked its claws, each claw-tip gleaming with metallic brightness.

A snake-bodied, human-faced Medusa coiled at the edge of the rift, her golden scales shimmering amidst the Demonic Qi, her gaze solidifying the air wherever it passed.

The Three-headed Magma Giant stood side-by-side, magma coursing over their bare skin, with each breath spewing forth scorching waves.

The roars of over ten thousand demons merged into a low-frequency hum, causing the Wind Carpet to tremble slightly. Warriors gripping their weapons found their hands shaking uncontrollably, some even instinctively retreating half a step, bumping into the comrades behind them.

Yan Song slowly raised his hand, the light of the Golden Bloodline suddenly blazing: "Hold your ground."

The two words thundered, overpowering the distant demon roars.

The warriors drew a deep breath, looking at the commanding figure of their leader, finally gripping their weapons tightly — no matter what kind of hell lay ahead, they had no path back.

Deep within the Demonic Qi Rift, a terrifying existence seemed to be stirred by this external Spiritual Energy, a muffled roar echoing faintly, causing the entire valley to tremble.

Screech~~

From the shadows beneath the Wind Carpet, hundreds of flying demons suddenly burst forth. Bone Wing Demons spread their sky-darkening wings, claws gleaming coldly, while the swarm of dark bats shrieked, crashing against the warriors' Spirit Shields, and several Tier Five Wind Demon Demons manipulated Wind Blades to strike at the Wind Carpet's center.

"Defend!"

With the command, warriors simultaneously released Spiritual Energy.

Earth Element practitioners summoned heavy rock barriers around the Wind Carpet, Fire Mages conjured fire dragons colliding with Wind Blades in showers of sparks, and melee warriors swung their weapons, shredding stray Bone Wing Demons, the luminescence of martial techniques erupting into a brilliant curtain of light at the Wind Carpet's edge.

Amidst the chaos, Yan Song stood at the forefront of the Wind Carpet, his robe flapping wildly, yet his face was eerily calm. He gazed at the rapidly approaching demon horde below and whispered:

"It's your turn to act."

As soon as the words fell, the ruby ring on the fingertip suddenly shone with an eerie red light.

"Buzz—"

Spiritual Energy surged into the ring like a breaking dam, making the patterns on the ruby's surface instantly light up. The ring then expanded and deformed at a speed visible to the naked eye, transforming into a half-human-high fiery red cannon amid the sound of metal friction!

The cannon's muzzle spiraled inward, and one could vaguely see the golden flames rolling inside, as if an infernal giant beast was ready to pounce. Vein-like energy patterns danced on the cannon's body, exuding a scorching aura that distorted the surrounding air.

On the wind carpet, the warriors instinctively stepped back half a step. Their skin felt a stinging burn, and even their Spirit Shields sizzled under the heat wave.

"What is that..." a warrior exclaimed in amazement, watching Yan Song lift the daunting cannon with one arm, aiming directly at the Demon Cave below.

In an instant, the demons on the ground suddenly became restless. The aura of destruction emanating from the cannon instinctively made them feel the threat of death.

A dozen Tier Six demons awoke simultaneously, the steel claws of the demon wolves striking sparks on the rock walls, Medusa's golden scales stood up like arrows, and the magma giant even spewed a hundred meters high column of fire, trying to interfere with the target in the sky—

But it was already too late.

Yan Song's arm muscles bulged, the golden light of the Golden Bloodline intertwined with the red light of the cannon. The golden flames at the muzzle suddenly converged, turning into an extremely condensed beam of scorching light.

"Heaven Burning—Purgatory!"

He shouted loudly, pressing the grim trigger on the cannon.

The warriors on the wind carpet only felt a sudden flash of incandescent divine light before them, followed by a tearing roar in their eardrums—Yan Song's fiery red cannon had already shot out a stream of destruction!

The beam, which was initially only as thick as a tree trunk, exploded into a fire dragon with a diameter of a hundred meters the moment it was fired. The heat wave from the muzzle tilted the wind carpet by thirty degrees, leaving scorch marks on the armor of the warriors in the front row.

Where the light beam passed, the air was compressed into visible shockwaves. The flying demons along the way didn't even have time to scream before they were pulverized in the blinding light, not even leaving a wisp of black smoke.

"Boom——!!!"

When the beam struck the Demon Cave, the entire valley seemed to be gripped by an invisible giant hand, then mercilessly crushed!

First, the central area erupted with a mushroom cloud like a nuclear explosion, crimson gold flames mixed with dark green demonic qi soared into the sky, dyeing it a bizarre dark purple.

Next, the shockwave spread out in a circular shape, turning all rock within a thousand meters to powder, shaking mountains tens of thousands of meters away, and the air burst from the impact sent the

warriors on the wind carpet tumbling over. Clutching tightly to the edge of the wind carpet, they barely stayed afloat.

The tens of thousands of demons on the ground were like ants before the pillar of light that pierced the heavens and earth.

The Tier Six steel demon wolves just attempted to leap skyward but were cut in half by the fiery torrent, their steel-like bones melting into ash in the high heat; Medusa's golden scales instantly lost their sheen, and its serpent body, along with surrounding rocks, was vaporized; even the Three-headed Magma Giant didn't have time to unleash magma before being consumed by the intense light, leaving the ground beneath it glazed like glass.

More terrifying was the demonic qi rift that emitted a shrill screech the moment the light beam touched it. The edges of the rift shattered like broken glass, layer by layer.

The ceaselessly emerging demonic qi was forced back by the flames, the rift dramatically contracting in the intense light, as if a giant unseen hand was forcibly pinching it closed, finally disappearing completely with a muffled detonation.

The explosion lasted an entire incense stick of time.

When the light finally dissipated, a massive crater over five kilometers in diameter had appeared below, with crimson magma flowing at the bottom. The edges of the crater were turned to obsidian by the intense heat, and the air was thick with the acrid smell of sulfur and metallic fumes.

The former Demon Cave, once host to tens of thousands of demons, now was nothing but a steaming giant crater, where even the hardest demon bones had turned to ash at the bottom.

The wind carpet in the sky still trembled slightly. The warriors stared dumbfounded at the purgatorial scene below, many with mouths agape but unable to produce a sound, their hands gripping their weapons shaking uncontrollably.

Yan Song slowly lowered the smoking cannon, the ruby ring shrinking back to his fingertip, his pale face reflecting a sickly flush. He looked at the crater below, a reckless and wild grin forming on his lips.