

## **Battlefield 361**

Chapter 361: One of the Ten Legendary Firearms – Heaven-Burning Purgatory

"What... what is this!"

The warriors' voices trembled, filled with incredulous shock and fervor as they looked at Yan Song.

One strike, just one strike.

The terrifying Number One Demon Cave, with tens of thousands of demons, a dozen Tier Six demons, was turned to ashes.

All eyes landed on the red ring on Yan Song's finger. They had seen clearly that this ring transformed into a crimson hand cannon, annihilating the demon cave with a single blow.

Such a terrifying hand cannon actually exists in this world!

"Heaven-Burning Purgatory, I know, that's one of the Ten Great Guns, the Heaven-Burning Purgatory."

At that moment, the commander of the Second Battalion, Feng Xiaotian, suddenly exclaimed. As a member of the Silver Clan, his knowledge was far superior to ordinary soldiers.

Recalling the moment when Yan Song pulled the trigger and shouted, he immediately recognized the hand cannon's origin.

It was one of the Empire's Ten Great Guns, missing for hundreds of years—the Heaven-Burning Purgatory.

What!

That's one of the Ten Great Guns!

In an instant, the warriors were in an uproar. Even those who had never heard of the Ten Great Guns understood their terror after witnessing the scene.

Yan Song turned to look at Feng Xiaotian, a faint smile on his lips,

"That's right, it's the Heaven-Burning Purgatory."

He had obtained the Heaven-Burning Purgatory by chance. At first, he did not know it was one of the Ten Great Guns and merely thought of it as a fire-element ring.

However, he inadvertently discovered that the flame spirit stones in his room were depleting unusually fast. After several instances, he grew suspicious. Through covert observation, he finally found the culprit.

It was the ring on his hand.

At this point, the spirit of the artifact finally revealed itself, and he came to know that the ring was, in fact, one of the Ten Great Guns—the Heaven-Burning Purgatory.

Upon learning this, he was ecstatic. Each of the Ten Great Guns had once achieved feats of slaying Tier Seven powerhouses. With the Heaven-Burning Purgatory, his path to resurgence would be unstoppable.

However, he was soon confronted with a harsh reality.

Even having obtained the Heaven-Burning Purgatory, and even though its attributes matched his, the artifact spirit was not cooperative with him, sometimes even dismissive.

It was only when he consumed flame resources to feed it that the artifact spirit would communicate with him.

As for combat, it was even less obliging. On ordinary days, he couldn't command this great gun at all.

After a period of negotiation and communication, he completely gave up on controlling the Heaven-Burning Purgatory and instead approached it with a cooperative attitude.

He provided resources to feed the Heaven-Burning Purgatory, and in return, it would act on his behalf once at agreed intervals.

Initially, he used the Heaven-Burning Purgatory cautiously, fearing discovery. However, as he advanced to Tier Six and his military rank rose, gaining the family's attention, he finally had the confidence to reveal the Ten Great Guns.

The wind carpet slowly descended near the area of the Number One Demon Cave.

The scene before them was apocalyptic.

The terrifying demon cave had been leveled, replaced by a giant crater several kilometers in diameter. The bottom of the crater still churned with dark red lava, and the rising heat distorted the air into strange waves.

Leftover demonic Qi and searing flames intertwined and collided inside the crater, forming patches of dark green tongues of fire that licked the charred rock walls, emitting a "sizzling" noise.

The edges of the crater, once steep cliff faces, had been blasted into sloped inclines. The exposed rock appeared dark red from high-temperature scorching, with some areas even crystallizing into a glassy state, casting a strange luster under the sunlight.

Occasionally, fractured demon bones would float up from the lava, only to be instantly melted into ash by the high temperature, leaving not a trace behind.

The interior of the demon cave was already empty, the tens of thousands of demons and the demonic Qi rift that had once resided here evaporated by a single strike from the Heaven-Burning Purgatory, leaving only raging flames and residual energy fluctuations as testament to the catastrophic destruction that had occurred.

Outside the demon cave, only a few demons survived.

Most of them were demons located further from the core area, now frantically scrambling away. Some had their wings scorched black by flames, others had limbs shattered by shockwaves, their eyes filled with soul-deep terror.

The scorching aura filling the air acted like an invisible barrier, making each step excruciatingly painful for them. Any slight hesitation would result in them being swallowed by pursuing flames, letting out piercing wails.

On the wind carpet, the warriors looked down on the devastated scene below, their eyes filled with deep reverence.

This was the power of the Ten Great Guns, capable of turning the Demon Lair into a fiery purgatory, incinerating all living things.

"Leave the remaining demons to you all."

Yan Song calmly stated as he overlooked the scene below, "Leave none alive!"

Upon hearing this, all the soldiers shuddered, fervor lighting up in their eyes as they straightened their backs and exclaimed excitedly:

"Yes!"

They knew this was Director Yan letting everyone share the fruits of this victory.

Originally, destroying the Number One Demon Cave was all Director Yan's doing, but as long as they participated in eliminating the remaining demons, they could claim a share of the immense battle merits from this event.

The wind carpet landed outside the demon cave, and the warriors from the six battalions split into different paths, determined to capture all of the escaping demons, leaving none from the Number One Demon Cave.

Yan Song stood at the mouth of the demon cave valley, a hint of blood color emerging on his pale face, a touch of playfulness in his eyes.

He was well aware that, in leaving the First and Third Battalions behind to attack the Number One Demon Cave, he risked stirring up feelings of 'if this could happen to them, it could happen to us' among these warriors, potentially causing unease.

However, he believed this issue wasn't difficult to resolve.

All he had to do was demonstrate sufficient strength and let all the warriors reap benefits. With both the carrot and the stick, these people would become even more obedient. Who would still care about the inevitably doomed First and Third Battalions?

Yan Song glanced towards the location of the Number Two Demon Cave, a hint of a cold smile on his lips.

.....

"What on earth happened at the Number One Demon Cave!"

Qin Tian gazed at the distant dark purple sea of flames, a deep shock in his eyes.

Even dozens of kilometers away, he could still sense the destructive aura emanating from there, even making him feel suffocated.

The Number One Demon Cave, was it Yan Song?

But Yan Song was just a Tier Six Spiritualist; even if he had a Golden Level bloodline, he couldn't possibly unleash such power.

There must be something he wasn't aware of.

Whoosh—!

A shadow burst through the air, the sharp claws of the Silver-winged Demon rushing towards him, wrapped in a sharp gust of wind. The tips of the claws shimmered with a metallic glint, slicing through the air painful enough to sting Qin Tian's cheeks.

Qin Tian's pupils contracted, and almost simultaneously, he raised his saber to block. The Black Frost Blade hummed as it positioned in front of him, the blade rapidly enveloped by brilliant Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder. Blue-purple electric serpents writhed frantically, the crackling lightning illuminating his tense profile.

"Clang!"

The claws clashed fiercely with the Thunder Saber, an ear-piercing metallic clang resounding.

The moment the Silver-winged Demon's claws touched the lightning net, they recoiled sharply from the shock, while Qin Tian felt a tingling sensation in his hands from the immense force, cracking the rock beneath his feet. He was forced back half a step before regaining his balance.

In the instant when lightning and claw crossed, a cold killing intent flashed simultaneously in both their eyes.

Chapter 362: Heaven's Execution, Demon Annihilation

Clang clang clang

The clash of claws and Thunder Saber was as dense as a torrential rain, sparks erupted between the two, scattering on the scorched rocks.

Qin Tian blocked horizontally with his saber, being forced to retreat half a step by the claw strike infused with Demonic Qi from the Silver-winged Demon, his foot plowing a shallow groove on the ground.

Taking advantage of the moment when his opponent's old strength was exhausted and new strength hadn't yet arisen, he flicked his wrist slightly, an invisible Hunting Mark silently landing on the Silver-winged Demon.

In an instant, Qin Tian felt a lightness engulf him, as if he had melded into the ambient breeze, a peculiar bloodline power surging through his limbs.

[Top Hunter] — When pursuing prey, the hunter's bloodline within is activated, greatly concealing his aura, increasing speed by 70%, and attack power by 50%; if the prey is isolated, each attack will inflict 120% critical damage.

Whoosh—

Qin Tian's form suddenly blurred, slashing out a thunderous blade as he stepped forward. The blue-purple lightning roared like a wild dragon, the air crackled as the blade light passed through, carrying the momentum to cleave the heavens and earth straight down.

The Silver-winged Demon let out a sharp scream, black Demonic Qi erupted from within like a tide, its wings crossed in front, sharp claw tips wrapped in foul wind, fiercely colliding with the Thunder Saber.

Clang!!

The piercing metallic clash shattered the clouds, the Silver-winged Demon's face changed drastically.

The opponent's power had more than doubled compared to before, the turbulent lightning tore through his Demonic Qi shield, surged through the claw tips and spread throughout his body, the penetrating wound in the abdomen was agonizingly irritated by the lightning, dark green blood gushed from the wound, a pained expression involuntarily appeared on his face.

Yet this was just the beginning, Qin Tian's advantage in talent was only starting to unfold.

"Explode!"

Qin Tian grasped at the air, a low shout announcing, blinding lightning exploded on the Silver-winged Demon's body.

Five Celestial Punishment Marks erupted simultaneously, blue-purple electric serpents rampaged within him, blood mist sprayed out with a scorched scent, he could no longer suppress a sharp, distorted scream, the metallic luster on his wings dimmed slightly.

[Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder] Judgment — When lightning strikes an enemy, a [Celestial Punishment Mark] is applied, when the mark stacks to five layers, it can be detonated, inflicting true damage of 30% of the target's lost Life Value.

Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder could already inflict 1000% extra damage to dark enemies like evil spirits, monsters, and Ghost Spirits, and naturally, the Silver-winged Demon belonged to the category of monsters, inherently restrained by Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder. In addition, the five layers of Thunder Marks erupted within, its aura plummeted significantly.

Seeing the Silver-winged Demon's worsened injuries, Qin Tian would not waste the perfect opportunity he had created, a glint of silver flashed, he flickered behind the Silver-winged Demon, the Black Frost Blade carrying the force of rushing thunder, cleaving straight for its unguarded neck.

However, the Silver-winged Demon, being Tier Six, wouldn't sit idly by.

"Screech!"

It suddenly flapped its wings, a vast amount of Demonic Qi erupted like a black wave, countless sharp Wind Blades mixed in the Demonic Qi, sweeping outward in a fan shape.

The edges of the Wind Blades glimmered with a ghostly light, easily enough to tear through Profound Iron Armor, if Qin Tian insisted on striking with this blade, he would surely have his chest torn apart by the Wind Blades.

Qin Tian decisively chose to evade temporarily, having a multitude of methods himself, there was no need to take damage in exchange for damage.

Swish—

A flash of silver sparkled again, he retreated to a rocky outcrop hundreds of meters away, the Black Frost Blade pointing diagonally at the ground, Thunder Serpent slowly swirling along the blade.

The Silver-winged Demon gasped violently during this interlude, its chest heaving like a bellows, eyes staring at Qin Tian filled with an intense and unshakeable dread.

This human's inherent strength might not be particularly strong, but the lightning seemed to be the bane of the Demon Race, each contact sending chills deep to the bone, the wound in its abdomen worsening from Thunder Power erosion.

Screech!!

The Silver-winged Demon suddenly raised its head, screeching, wings spread to the maximum, each metallic feather standing on end like unsheathed swords.

The Demonic Qi around it began to boil, a faint blood color emerging from the originally black energy, it was the forbidden demon secret art invoked by burning Essence Blood.

Silverwing ▪ Thousand Kill!

Screech~~~

Before the screech even settled, its wings suddenly flapped, thousands of blood-glow feathers rained down like a storm, each feather transforming into a sharp short spear, accompanied by piercing whistles that densely enveloped the entire area where Qin Tian stood.

Qin Tian's gaze sharpened, his feet erupted with thunderous light, and he dashed swiftly among the rocky terrain, blocking with his blade as he moved.

The Black Frost Blade danced into a dense, impenetrable web of thunder, slicing most of the feathers to shreds. Those that slipped through were deflected by the thunder garment on his body, yet left smoking pits on the rocks.

At the moment he dodged, the Silver-winged Demon's figure approached like a ghost, its claws gathering thick blood-colored demonic qi, aiming directly at Qin Tian's back.

Qin Tian did not dodge. A pale blue tortoiseshell-like energy shield instantly formed behind him, with heavy spiritual energy flowing through its patterns.

Almost at the instant the shield formed, he swung his elbow back with steel-like muscles, carrying immense power to smash into the Silver-winged Demon's face.

Squish—

As the claw pierced into the tortoiseshell shield, it felt a sluggish resistance. By the time it struggled through, nearly eighty percent of its force had dissipated, only leaving a few ghastly wounds on Qin Tian's back, deep enough to reveal bone.

And Qin Tian's retaliatory elbow strike solidly hit the Silver-winged Demon's face, the dull sound of bone cracking clearly audible, with dark green blood spilling instantly from its mouth and nose as it staggered back a few steps.

Not waiting for the Silver-winged Demon to stabilize its stance, it suddenly felt an excruciating pain in its back, as though being carved open by an invisible blade.

Immediately after, several strands of blue-purple lightning exploded on its body out of nowhere, the crackling current burrowing into its wounds, causing it to let out a piercing scream.

Tortoise Shell Recoil: Consumes internal energy to form a tortoiseshell armor shield, which reflects 35% of damage (including physical, energy, and mental attacks) back to the attacker, temporarily increasing self-defense power by 60%.

The Dragon Tortoise Demon's talent had now become the Silver-winged Demon's death knell, and the thunder erupting on its body was precisely the divine thunder protection effect of Celestial Punishment—immune to all lightning.

It has a 30% chance to trigger [Divine Thunder Protection] when attacked, negating 50% of damage and reflecting 70% of received injury back to the attacker.

These two reflective damage talents stacked fiercely against the Silver-winged Demon.

Its already cracked facial bone shattered completely under the recoil force, while the wound on its back was torn wider by the lightning, with dark green blood gushing like a fountain, its aura quickly weakening.

The situation grew increasingly favorable for Qin Tian.

Though his level was inferior to the Tier Six Silver-winged Demon, his endless talents and techniques had long bridged the gap in realm.

Dealing with this Silver-winged Demon, wounded by Shadowstrike, the divine thunder's restraint combined with various talent explosions led to its chaotic aura, making its body appear unsteady.

If encountering other Tier Six foes, Qin Tian might not have it so easy, but the tenfold extra damage from Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder against demons was something the Silver-winged Demon, not strong in defense, could not withstand.

"The final blade, to take your life!"

Qin Tian tightened his grip on the Black Frost Blade, a domineering and unparalleled sword intent erupted, invisible waves radiating from him as the surrounding stones were shaken into suspension.

The Seventh-Layer Dominating Blade Intent had already been fully stacked, interwoven with the blade's lightning and domineering sword intent, seemingly ready to awaken a dormant beast.

"Celestial Execution—Judgment!"

With the shout, the Black Frost Blade slashed ferociously.

This strike carried no earth-shattering roar, yet it condensed the strongest strike of Celestial Punishment Nine Strikes and the edge of Seventh-Layer Dominating Blade Intent.

When the blade light first appeared, it was only about a foot long, but as it slashed out it suddenly expanded, transforming into a brilliant lightning light piercing the world, like a thunder bridge connecting the heavens and the earth, wrapped in a domineering sword intent to annihilate everything in its path, the air crushed into a vacuum, even the light swallowed by the blade's glimmer.

The Silver-winged Demon's pupils shrunk, sensing an overwhelming crisis from this strike, desperately flapping its wings to evade, yet found its movements greatly slowed by the sword intent and a power of void lock.

In the end, it could only watch helplessly as the thunderbolt blade wrapped in heavenly prestige approached, with extreme fear filling its eyes.

Squish!

The blade light swept through without hindrance or pause.

The Silver-winged Demon's head flew high, still fixed in a terrified expression, with dark green blood gushing from its neck, forming a mournful blood fountain.

The massive body stiffened on the spot, its metallic wings futilely flapping twice before drooping powerlessly, then fell heavily to the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

After slicing through the head, the blade light didn't dissipate, continuing to strike the ground, carving a trench several feet deep, the thunder rampaging within before slowly fading away.

Qin Tian stood with his blade, panting slightly, as the lightning on the Black Frost Blade gradually subsided, leaving a faint burnt smell. He looked at the twitching demon corpse on the ground and the head rolling aside, a smile tugging at his lips.

### Chapter 363: The End of Battle

"Commander!"

"Commander!"

When Qin Tian descended among the crowd with the corpse of the Silver-winged Demon, the warriors of the third battalion exploded with excitement, the shock and awe in their eyes almost turning into reality.

The commander actually managed to single-handedly slay a Tier Six Demon, and what's even more astonishing is that his Spiritual Ability Level is clearly only Tier Five.

Everyone is aware that Tier Six is like an insurmountable chasm, crossing it signifies a metamorphic transformation.

Even the talented Golden Bloodline warriors, accustomed to overcoming tiers in battle, find it difficult to cross the threshold from Tier Five to Tier Six. Furthermore, the Silver-winged Demon's talent is not weak, particularly his exceptional speed, which makes him the most undesirable opponent in challenging higher tiers.

It seems only the Holy Blood Descendants can reverse kill a Tier Six Demon with their Tier Five abilities.

Yet, Camp Commander Qin did it.

Before the operation began, Qin Tian had informed the entire battalion that he possessed a Rune Sniper Rifle capable of sniping Tier Six powerhouses, and the Dragon Turtle Demon in the Number Two Demon Cave was killed by this rifle.

At that time, although the warriors were shocked and excited, they still felt it lacked a sense of reality—a gun, no matter how powerful, is ultimately just an external tool.

But when they witnessed Qin Tian slashing down the head of a Tier Six Demon with his blade, all the emotions pent up within them finally erupted like a volcano.

A gun killing is certainly impressive, but this moment when Commander Qin breached the Tier Six barrier with sheer power in a face-to-face combat, reverse slaying a Demon, undoubtedly delivered more impact.

Among the crowd, someone shouted "Long live the commander", and the deafening cheers swept through the entire canyon, even the distant flames seemed ignited by the enthusiasm, burning even more intensely.

Qin Tian looked at the excited expressions of the warriors, a relaxed smile appeared on his face. He glanced at the state of the warriors, flipped his palm, and a gentle green light rose from his palm, carrying a fresh breath of life, with a flick of his wrist, it transformed into bits of shimmering light sprinkled over everyone.

"Swoosh—"

The glitter rained down on the injured warriors, and those hideous wounds healed at a speed visible to the naked eye, the scorched skin shed its dead skin, revealing tender new flesh, and even the deepest bone fractures felt a tingling itch.

Though they had previously experienced Commander Qin's healing ability, being embraced by this gentle green light once again made the warriors subconsciously hold their breath, feeling deeply moved.

They had never seen anyone like Commander Qin, mastering so many techniques—fierce thunder, space transmission, Healing Green Light, Rune Sniper Rifle...

It felt like Commander Qin was a mysterious book filled with secrets, each reading brought immense shock and joy.

Thud, thud, thud—

Heavy footsteps echoed from the direction of the canyon, as the warriors of the first battalion, led by Li Wufeng, rushed over, followed closely by the warriors of the third battalion led by Xiong.

When they charged out the mouth of the canyon, the scene before them made everyone abruptly stop in their tracks, even forgetting to steady their breaths.

The Number Two Demon Cave had long been blasted beyond recognition, the surrounding mountains half-collapsed, traces of flames burning still lingered on the charred rocks, and the dense demonic qi was scattered all around.

On the ground, layers upon layers of demon corpses piled up like mountains, dark green blood forming streams, and most notably, was that headless corpse still bleeding from the neck—the signature metallic wings of the Silver-winged Demon reflecting a cold glow under the sunlight.

"This... this is..." A young warrior opened his mouth wide, trembling finger pointing at the corpse of the Silver-winged Demon, unable to complete the sentence.

"The Tier Six Silver-winged Demon...is dead?"

"And the Demon Cave...has been blasted flat?"

Cries of astonishment rose and fell, the crowd erupted instantly.

They had been prepared for assistance, even worried that the third battalion might fall into a hard battle, but never expected to see such a scene—not only was the Demon Cave destroyed, but even the most treacherous Tier Six Silver-winged Demon was beheaded!

Li Wufeng's pupils suddenly contracted, his steps instinctively staggered forward half a step, he stared fixedly at that headless corpse, then looked towards the collapsed Demon Cave, his Adam's apple rolling intensely.

When Yan Song led the Chijin Battlegroup away, his heart was almost filled with despair and fear, after all, neither the first battalion nor the third battalion had a Tier Six Spiritualist, in the face of the Tier Six Magma Demon and Silver-winged Demon, their power was like ants with no room for struggle.

However...

Li Wufeng's gaze shifted from the headless corpse of the Silver-winged Demon to Qin Tian, then back to the ruins of the collapsed Demon Cave, his mind buzzing.

Who would have thought that Qin Tian could snipe the Magma Demon with one shot, then turn around and blast the Demon Cave, finally carrying a blade and forcibly behead the Speed-specialized Tier Six Silver-winged Demon.

It could be said, this time Qin Tian almost single-handedly destroyed the Number Two Demon Cave, whether it was his own first battalion or the third battalion under Qin Tian, they did at most some auxiliary or finishing work.

The Number Two Demon Cave was destroyed, the first battalion and third battalion exceeded the task completion, but this result is certainly not what Yan Song wanted, he can imagine what the reaction will be when the news is relayed back to the Chijin Battlegroup, Yan Song and several other battalions.

With Yan Song's personality, since the face has been completely torn, next he will certainly target himself and Qin Tian even more crazily.

"Camp Commander Qin."

Li Wufeng walked up to Qin Tian, took a deep breath, and said in a low voice:

"This time, although we have overcompleted the task, I'm afraid... trouble is just beginning."

His gaze swept over the mess on the ground, his voice pressed lower: "Yan Song intended to weaken us with the Demon Cave, didn't expect instead you established such a great achievement. With his narrow, extreme character, he will certainly think you are even more threatening to his status."

Speaking of which, he lifted his eyes to Qin Tian, with a touch of solemnity in his pupils: "I know your methods are impressive, but open attacks are easier to dodge, while hidden attacks are hard to guard against. If Yan Song sets us up with another death trap in the upcoming tasks, I'm afraid..."

The wind blew in from the mouth of the canyon, carrying with it the scent of blood from the ground, Li Wufeng paused, his voice tinged with heaviness: "I'm not afraid of him targeting, but the brothers who followed us through life and death can't be sacrificed in vain for power struggles. Camp Commander Qin, we must plan ahead."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian's eyes deepened, he nodded:

"Hmm, I will find a way to solve this trouble."

Qin Tian's tone was calm, yet carrying a bone-chilling coldness, Li Wufeng hearing it, couldn't help but feel chills on his back, but at the same time, a strong anticipation rose in his heart.

He knows that in front of Yan Song, he is nothing more than an ant to be slaughtered.

However, Qin Tian is absolutely the Dragon.

In terms of strength, Qin Tian who consecutively slayed two Tier Six Demons is not weaker than Yan Song.

In terms of methods and temperament, he feels Qin Tian is stronger than the sinister, vicious Yan Song who exudes pettiness.

He can foresee that the following between Yan Song and Qin Tian will surely unfold in all kinds of open and dark battles, and he undoubtedly must stand unwaveringly by Qin Tian's side, until Yan Song is fought down, or—

Let him die!

Chapter 364: Gathering Strength for the Charge (Purple), Night Demon Illusion

Bang bang—

The warriors of the First and Third Battalion quickly mobilized, dragging and gathering the scattered demon corpses: severed claws, charred wings, bodies split in half... Soon, a towering mountain of corpses over dozens of meters rose on the clearing, and the dark green blood flowed through the grooves, forming a fetid swamp on the ground.

"Fire Element Spiritualists, prepare!" Li Wufeng commanded loudly.

A dozen warriors stepped forward, hands forming seals, as crimson Spiritual Energy gathered into flickering flames in their palms.

They understood deeply that the demon corpses must not remain; these filthy things, even if rotting to mud, would become nourishment for strengthening other demons. Only fierce fire could completely purify them.

Boom!

The flames suddenly spouted like several fire dragons clinging to the mountain of corpses, instantly soaring into pillars of fire tens of meters high.

The demon hides and bones exploded in the high temperature, crackling sharply. The dark green blood ignited and turned into spectral blue flames, wildly intertwining with the crimson Spiritual Energy flames to form a strange web of fire.

The lowest layer of carcasses soon burned and warped, the claws of the demon's phalanges crackling in the fire, transforming into blackened charcoal sticks; even the silver-winged demon's hard metallic wings gradually reddened and softened under the Spiritual Energy flames, the edges curling into eerie arcs.

Thick smoke billowed into the sky with a pungent charred and sulphuric smell, seemingly painting the sky gray and black.

Occasionally, unburned demon limbs rolled off the corpse mountain and continued burning on the ground, sizzling and eventually turning into steaming black ash.

The flames burned ever brighter, as the corpse mountain collapsed and sank under the intense heat, its once hideous outline gradually blurring. The faint Demonic Qi attached to the corpses screamed under the burning Spiritual Flames, as if countless resentful souls were wailing in the fire, yet ultimately they couldn't withstand the Purifying Power, and were completely incinerated into nothingness.

The soldiers gazed at the blazing sea of fire before them, feeling the scorching air mixed with the smell of charred ash, their hearts swirling with complex emotions.

Ten days ago, who could have believed that just the two battalions of the Chijin Battlegroup could tackle the tough bone of the second Demon Cave?

But now, the "miracle" lay in the ashes before them, created by their own hands.

After this battle, everyone in the team could expect a solid military merit award—this was their initial motivation for setting foot in the Demon Suppression Abyss.

Who didn't come here with the determination to risk their life?

If not for earning military merit to secure themselves and change their destiny, who would be willing to coexist with demons every day, living life on a knife's edge?

But earning military merit has always been about "following the right person."

Following Yan Song yields only endless targeting and scheming, the brothers are just disposable pieces on his chessboard; but clinging to Camp Commander Qin's leg not only ensures stable combat under his protection, but the military merits fall into one's lap like ripe fruit.

Everyone was well aware that the First and Third Battalions had long torn face with Yan Song's Chijin Battlegroup, from top to bottom, no one wanted to obey the orders of this commander who viewed human life as mere grass.

But the military has rules like mountains, openly defying orders is a taboo, and ultimately someone has to stand up and bear the pressure Yan Song brings—that person could only be Qin Tian, Camp Commander Qin.

The warriors quietly glanced at the young figure standing by the fire, staring at the flickering flames with a tall and upright silhouette like a pine tree.

Someone took half a step towards Qin Tian, and then more people subconsciously moved closer, as if this figure could shield them from all future storms.

At this moment, Qin Tian didn't notice the anomaly behind him, his attention was nearly all on the system panel.

In this battle, most of the demons in the second Demon Cave were killed by his Explosive Iron Ball, numbering over 2000, adding two Tier Six demons, he gained over 3 million Evolution Points, with the Total Evolution Points breaking 9 million, reaching a staggering 9.17 million.

Such a massive amount of Evolution Points is enough to enhance two or three Purple Talents to Orange, or even possibly elevate a Deep Orange Talent to an even higher level, which is above Gold—Holy Blood.

Currently, the color of the [Desolate Battle Body] is the deepest, having reached Deep Orange, yet not at the critical point of Deep Orange. If all Evolution Points are invested in this Talent, but ultimately can't cross the final step, it would indeed waste this rare resource.

On the other hand, compared to [Desolate Battle Body], Qin Tian is more hopeful to first enhance the Talent [Night Demon King] to Holy Blood Level.

The reason is simple, once [Night Demon King] ascends to Holy Blood, Li Qi, Feng Mochuan, and all Night Demon Apostles will undergo major bloodline evolutions, their power skyrocketing.

This driving effect is something [Desolate Battle Body] does not have.

So currently Qin Tian temporarily doesn't plan to use these Evolution Points, anyway, being in the Demon Suppression Abyss, demons are like leeks endlessly harvested, allowing for more flexible use of Evolution Points.

Besides Evolution Points, he also gained some new Talents, among them the Purple Talents are provided by the Magma Demon and Silver-winged Demon.

The Magma Demon's Talent is—[Magma Rock Demon Physique][Fiery Regeneration]

One is a fire-type constitution Talent, the other is a recovery type Talent.

In terms of Talent level, Purple Talents are certainly not bad, but for Qin Tian now, he no longer wants to blindly stack the number of Talents, but rather focus more on the compatibility of Talents with his own system.

Chapter 365: Power Charge (Purple), Night Demon Illusion\_2

He bases his strength on the two major orange body talents, the [Night Demon King] and [Desolate Battle Body], while incorporating several skill-oriented orange talents like [Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds], [Void Dominator], [Spiritual Wisdom Divine Authority], and [Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder], with other purple talents as support.

The Thunder and Dark elements are his main Spiritual Energy focus, and his cultivation technique is the golden-level secret scripture "Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique," which combines thunder and dark elements.

[Magma Rock Demon Physique] and [Scorching Regeneration], these two talents, don't quite fit his talent system and are difficult to effectively enhance his combat power.

Therefore, he temporarily places these two talents in the recycle bin, so he can reintegrate them when he encounters a scenario that requires fire-based talents.

The Silver-winged Demon's two purple talents are—[Silver Wing Instant Flash] and [Charging Momentum].

The effect of [Silver Wing Instant Flash] highly overlaps with [Void Dominator], and in terms of comprehensiveness, it does not compare to [Void Dominator], so Qin Tian also discarded it into the recycle bin. However, the second talent, [Charging Momentum], is rather interesting.

[Name] Charging Momentum (Purple)

[Type] Active Talent

[Introduction] After active activation, the body shoots out like an arrow off the string, with an initial speed 50% higher than normal. During continuous charging, a spiral airflow vortex forms around the body, entering a charging state. During charging, speed can increase up to 250% of normal, and when the charge is actively terminated or reaches its limit, the condensed kinetic energy will explode all at once, with the next hit's damage increasing based on speed limit and charging duration, capable of achieving up to 1000% power strike.

"This talent is really quite impressive."

A flash of satisfaction crossed Qin Tian's eyes. [Charging Momentum] is a talent of continuous acceleration and can deliver a maximum tenfold explosive strike. It has advantages but also obvious flaws.

First of all, since it's charging, movement is naturally substantial, charging straight towards the enemy, and unless the enemy is a fool, they won't just stand there waiting to be attacked.

And during the charging process, directional changes affect speed, yet if you can't alter direction flexibly, it's hard to hit an enemy.

This is the embarrassing point of this talent.

But for Qin Tian, these problems don't exist at all. He can fully rely on the Void Gate and void flashing to charge at enemies from any direction.

The thought alone is very vivid.

Without hesitation, Qin Tian decisively fused [Charging Momentum] with his body.

While the First Battalion and Third Battalion were conducting their post-battle handling, the battle at the First Demon Cave also reached its conclusion, and at this time, Yan Song received intel from Li Fei and spies stationed in the First Battalion.

...

What!

Yan Song's hand holding the communication stone suddenly froze, and a look of intense shock appeared in his eyes.

The Second Demon Cave was completely destroyed.

Qin Tian, relying on his own strength, continually killed two Tier Six demons, determining the course of this battle.

This result was beyond anything he could have imagined.

In his expectations, Qin Tian might rescue some people through spatial teleportation, but he could not change the inevitable defeat in the original battle.

After all, Demon Cave No. 2 had enough demons in quantity and elite strength to crush two battalions.

Yet the facts proved that he underestimated Qin Tian.

Qin Tian, with merely two battalions in tow, completely destroyed the entire No. 2 Demon Cave and consecutively killed two Tier Six demons, securing his status in the military, while also making his previous actions look like a joke.

However, an important piece of information was contained in Li Fei's report.

"You mean, Qin Tian himself admitted that he used a rune sniper rifle to blast the Magma Demon's head?" Yan Song's tone intensified, and information about the Ten Great Guns flashed through his mind.

In his understanding, only the Ten Great Guns could snipe Tier Six powerhouses.

Among the Ten Great Guns, there are two sniper-type famous guns—Obliteration Star Rail and Dark Moon.

According to Li Fei's description, Qin Tian's sniper rifle is very likely one of the Ten Great Guns, "Dark Moon."

At this thought, a fervor appeared in Yan Song's eyes. After obtaining Heaven-Burning Purgatory and witnessing its terrifying power, he realized the significant value of the Ten Great Guns.

Each famous gun represents a legend, each with its unique feature.

The Heaven-Burning Purgatory's power needs no further elaboration, with its cannon-like booms and extended pre-action, more suited for dealing with large-scale enemies, while the Dark Moon sniper rifle's ultra-long range and high concealment characteristics are designed for assassinating high-level individual enemies.

If he could acquire this famous gun, with two famous guns in hand, he would be unstoppable on the first layer of Demon Suppression Abyss.

But he also knew it wasn't easy to take the Dark Moon sniper rifle away from Qin Tian.

The fact that Qin Tian could slash a Tier Six Silver-winged Demon head-on indicates his battle strength is on par with or superior to his own.

Moreover, Qin Tian hails from the Seventh Bureau, with a formidable mind and tactics, bringing his own team, which Li Fei described as a group of elite soldiers.

This guy is like an iron fortress, seemingly without any weaknesses.

To acquire the Dark Moon sniper rifle, long-term planning is necessary.

Yan Song's eyes bore a depth and cold ruthlessness; the more exceptional Qin Tian's performance, the more determined he was to eliminate him. Within the Chijin Battlegroup, he could not tolerate any uncontrolled force, nor any threat to his position.

Chapter 366: Building Momentum for the Charge (Purple), Night Demon Illusion\_3

After obtaining the Dark Moon Sniper Rifle, Qin Tian must not be left behind either.

.....

"Captain, regarding Yan Song's situation, that's all I know."

Li Fei stood respectfully in front of Qin Tian, explaining in detail everything he knew about Yan Song.

"Alright, that's all for now, you can go back."

Qin Tian nodded. Now that Li Fei was planted with the Soul Seal, he could gather information about Yan Song not only from Li but also intentionally convey certain messages to Yan Song through Li Fei's mouth.

"Yes!"

Li Fei exited the tent, and immediately, Li Qi walked in.

"Li Qi, I want to get rid of Yan Song."

Just as Li Qi steadied his steps, he heard Qin Tian's calm and resolute voice.

Li Qi's eyes flickered, and he said in a low voice:

"Boss, I will help you eliminate him."

Even though Yan Song is a Tier Six Spiritualist with Golden Bloodline, no one is without flaws in the eyes of a professional assassin, and Yan Song is no exception.

"No, Yan Song cannot die suspiciously."

Qin Tian waved his hand. He knew Li Qi had the ability to make Yan Song die quietly, with poison being the simplest method.

However, considering Yan Song was the leader of the Chijin Battlegroup, his death would undoubtedly catch the attention of the Sixth Battle Zone's command, and if the upper level detects anything peculiar, it would be trouble for him.

Therefore, he needed a manner of removing Yan Song that was flawless and reasonable.

Currently, he already had a plan, but it required Li Qi's cooperation.

"Li Qi, soon you will awaken a new ability, and I need you to utilize this ability to assist me." Qin Tian said seriously.

A new ability?

Li Qi's eyes lit up, recalling recent events with greater anticipation.

Qin Tian opened the system panel, he had previously fused the talent [Magnetic Sense] into the [Night Demon King], and after successfully fusing it, Li Qi, Feng Mochuan, and some Night Demon Apostles awakened this ability.

Now, he intended to integrate the talent [Illusion] into the [Night Demon King], allowing Li Qi and others to awaken the ability to alter their appearance and physique.

The blue light sphere touched the orange light sphere, and almost instantly, it was absorbed.

Soon, a new ability was added to the introduction of the [Night Demon King]—Night Demon Illusion.

The effect was the same as Illusion, allowing the alteration of body shape, facial features, hairstyles, voice, and other physical traits at will.

Upon awakening this ability, the Night Demon would become every enemy's nightmare.

In a flash, an unfamiliar heat surged through Li Qi's bloodstream, like magma rushing through his entire body.

His body jolted violently, pupils dilated, reflecting his transforming hands—knuckles elongated, skin texture reorganized at a visible pace, even the calluses on his palms subtly shifted.

Crack, crack—

The crisp sound of bones shifting connected like numerous gears turning within his body.

His shoulders abruptly broadened half a foot, spine arched slightly like a snake before settling, his originally medium stature rose several inches in a few breaths, shoulder and back lines matching Qin Tian's silhouette precisely from memory.

Facial skin rippled densely, cheekbones gradually rose then narrowed, jawline became increasingly sharp, even the eye corner curvature adjusted subtly.

Within merely three seconds, the familiar face in the mirror had completely vanished, replaced by one identical to Qin Tian's—mimicking even the subtle sharpness between his brows perfectly.

Li Qi raised his hand to touch his cheek, the sensation under his fingertips felt unfamiliar yet real.

He took a deep breath, attempted to speak, but the voice emerging was no longer his usual tone, but cold and identical to Qin Tian's:

"Boss, am I...?"

With the fall of his words, even he was stunned—the intonation, breath, and even the indistinct heaviness at the end matched Qin Tian's regular speech perfectly, as if he truly had transformed into another person.

Instantly, Li Qi's pupils contracted, followed by a strong surge of joy exploding within his chest.

As an assassin, he understood all too well how terrifying such an ability would make him.

Qin Tian glanced at the "Qin Tian" before him, duplicated almost like a paste, his lips curling slightly.

Yan Song, soon we shall see who is the hunter and who the prey.

#### Chapter 367: Time to Take Action

Chijin Battlegroup Headquarters, the eight battle flags fluttered in the wind.

Inside the main tent, the lights cast the shadows of several camp commanders onto the walls, the atmosphere as heavy as a lead block soaked in water, intermixed with an indescribable awkwardness.

Everyone's eyes flickered as they secretly glanced at Qin Tian and Li Wufeng sitting opposite them while pretending to drink tea—no one expected that these two battalions, deemed expendable, could tackle the tough challenge of the second Demon Cave, let alone that Qin Tian could single-handedly kill two Tier Six demons.

This result struck like a resounding slap, leaving the entire battlegroup somewhat dumbfounded.

The squads considered sacrificial lambs not only survived but also achieved great success, plunging the Chijin Battlegroup into unprecedented embarrassment.

The clear-sighted could tell that the First and Third Battalions must despise Yan Song to the core, and there was no way they would obey HQ anymore; and Qin Tian, a tough character capable of fighting up from Tier Five to Tier Six, armed with genuine battle merits and the army's morale, had the full confidence to stand against Yan Song, who hailed from the Golden Clan.

The air inside the tent seemed to be holding its breath, waiting to see who would reveal their cards first in this fierce contest.

The thoughts of the six camp commanders were clear as mirrors—this matter was unavoidable. Yan Song had the backing of the Golden Clan, and Qin Tian equally hailed from the mysterious Seventh Bureau with many hidden cards in hand. Both were colossal figures not to be trifled with, but in the battlegroup, they ultimately had to place their bets on the scales.

The military merits distributed when destroying the first Demon Cave were still kept in their heart pockets. These tangible benefits forced them, despite despising Yan Song's ruthless tactics, to stand silently behind him at this moment.

Their gazes returned to Qin Tian, seeing him remain as calm as ever, casually stroking the edge of his teacup, as if completely detached from the undercurrents inside the tent.

In stark contrast, Li Wufeng sat upright beside him, meeting everyone's gaze without flinching, his eyes sharp and fierce.

The wind outside the tent suddenly picked up, making the flags flutter loudly, and the candlelight flickered, highlighting the calm on Qin Tian's face and the resolve in Li Wufeng's eyes even more clearly.

.....

"Have they all arrived?"

In the distant central tent, Yan Song pinched a white porcelain teacup, gently blowing the floating tea foam. The Red Jade tea in the cup was a precious product from his hometown, with tea leaves unfolded like sparrow tongues, the steam exuding a fresh orchid scent.

At every critical juncture, he would brew a pot, watching the tea soup change from amber to crimson, which would calm his restless mood, a habit developed since his youth, and an exclusive composure of the Golden Clan's offspring.

"Everyone's here; all eight camp commanders are waiting in the main tent," the adjutant replied with a bow, lifting a silver pot to add some spring water to the teacup, the sound of water hitting the cup walls particularly crisp.

"Good."

Yan Song tilted his head back and drank the remaining tea in one go. The tea was slightly astringent as it went down his throat, but it left a faint sweetness afterward.

Setting down the teacup, his fingers gently tapped his knee, making a light friction sound as his military boots ground the rug beneath them. Straightening his uniform collar's gold embroidery, he suddenly smirked a cold smile.

"Qin Tian, this next stage is yours and mine." His mouth twitched with assurance, eyes alight with determination, "I hope you can take this script."

Before his voice trailed off, he had already strode out of the tent, the sound of his boots hitting the flagstone path steady as drumbeats.

The sunlight fell on his upright silhouette, gilding the uniform embroidered with his clan crest in a layer of gold, but unable to hide the coldness concealed in his eyes—how did it matter if expendables turned the tables?

The power of the battlegroup would ultimately rest with him, Yan Song; Qin Tian, you can't overthrow the heaven.

After Yan Song left, the adjutant quietly tidied up the tea set he used, carefully wiping the white porcelain teacup clean, sweeping the red jade tea crumbs into a copper basin, his actions meticulous, the tent lights flickering, reflecting his face as deeper in the interplay of light and shadow, yet his lips curled into a cold arc.

...

Slam

Yan Song opened the tent flaps, sitting imposingly in the main seat, his gaze sweeping the room like a blade, pausing for several seconds especially on Qin Tian and Li Wufeng.

Under everyone's scrutiny, he began to speak in an even tone:

"The meeting begins, today's session is a post-battle summary."

He paused, his gaze slowly sweeping over the people in the tent, his fingertips lightly tapping on the table, producing a measured, regular sound.

"In today's battle, our battlegroup split into two paths, simultaneously annihilating the first and second Demon Caves, showcasing the iron-blooded battle strength of our Chijin Battlegroup."

Then he unexpectedly shifted gears, his lips curving into a barely perceptible smile: "Especially the First and Third Battalions, succeeding in breaking through under Camp Commander Qin and Camp Commander Li's leadership truly surprised me. It seems assigning you the second Demon Cave was indeed the right decision."

The words seemed to be a compliment, but to Li Wufeng, they stung—Yan Song deliberately glossed over the fact of them being 'expendables,' instead attributing the credit to his own decision-making.

Li Wufeng's fists clenched tightly under the table, his knuckles turning white from the force, almost embedding into his palms. He glanced sideways at Qin Tian beside him out of habit, only to see him remain as calm as a deep pool, his dark eyes slightly narrowed, seemingly focused on some inconspicuous place, ignoring the hidden barbs in Yan Song's words.

He instantly understood what Qin Tian was watching.

It was Yan Song's right index finger with the Red Ruby Ring, and only half an hour ago did he learn from someone else that this seemingly elegant accessory was actually the infamous "Heaven-Burning Purgatory" among the Ten Great Guns, known for its destructive power.

Yan Song used this weapon to destroy the first Demon Cave with a single strike.

"Hmph, to think one of the Ten Great Guns would fall into the hands of such a vile person, such a waste and misuse of heavenly resources," Li Wufeng cursed silently, a wave of uncontrollable anger surging in his chest.

Seeing the undisguised fury on Li Wufeng's face, Yan Song felt the coldness within him deepen; Qin Tian was a hard bone to chew, but what ground did Li Wufeng have to show his teeth at him?

Wait, soon, he would deal with him first!

Yan Song's body leaned slightly forward, elbows resting on the table, preparing to launch an attack, when suddenly a strange weakness shot up his spine to his head, as if all strength had been drained from his body.

His fingers suddenly trembled, the shoulders that had been as steady as a rock wavered, and a layer of white fog suddenly clouded his vision.

"Not good!" Yan Song was shocked to the core, instantly realizing that he had been poisoned.

No time to dwell on when he was poisoned, he instinctively tried to mobilize his spiritual energy to expel the toxin, only to find that his dantian felt as if it had been filled with wet cotton and refused to obey him.

As his face changed dramatically, a storm suddenly roared outside, covering the sky and blocking the sun.

"Boom——"

The sharp sound of canvas tearing pierced through, while the iron support of the tent emitted stressed twisting noises, and the entire main tent was uprooted by a gigantic force, turning into countless fragments, letting the sunlight pour in unimpeded, illuminating the stunned faces of everyone, and lighting up the rapidly approaching expanse of dark demonic qi in the sky.

That demonic qi appeared like a living creature dragged from an abyss, accompanied by crushed stones and dust, emitting a sharp howl, snapping any vegetation it passed. What terrified Yan Song even more was the astonishingly violent energy locked onto him!

"Damn, it's coming for me!" Yan Song's pupils constricted sharply, his face turning pale.

Chapter 368: The Demon King Descends

Ten minutes ago

In the wilderness, the Void Gate opened, and a figure stepped out.

Crack, crack—

With the sound of bones cracking, Qin Tian stretched his body, the features of the adjutant faded away like a tide, returning to his own appearance.

As for the real adjutant of Yan Song, he had already been silently dealt with, his body thrown into the Spirit Space.

Through Soul Devourer, he extracted Yan Song's habits from the adjutant's memories—always drinking red tea before an important meeting.

This seemingly insignificant detail became the key to his breakthrough.

At this moment, the tea mixed with "Lock Spirit Powder" should be taking effect in Yan Song's body.

This poison might not be lethal, but it acted like invisible chains binding the spiritual veins, leaving the Spiritualist exhausted.

Even a Tier Six Golden Bloodline would have to endure a few minutes of weakness—this short time window was enough for him to do what he needed to do.

Qin Tian placed a hand on his chest, and in the next moment, black scales emerged from beneath his skin, instantly covering his entire body. A long tail with bone spurs extended from his spine, and two streams of black mist burst from his shoulder blades as a pair of massive wings with a metallic sheen ruptured from his body, each feather's tip gleaming with frigid light.

His face twisted and deformed, fangs pierced through his lips, and violent Demonic Qi surged within his ghostly green slit pupils, transforming him into the form of a Silver-winged Demon.

The air around him suddenly turned viscous, thick Demonic Qi rolled around him like ink, whipping up dust and stones, the low-level Demons nearby sensed this terrifying aura and were filled with abject terror, fleeing in all directions.

Qin Tian flapped his wings, his body slowly rising. He didn't immediately charge toward his target but flew in circles in the sky.

The frequency of his wing flaps increased, forming a black whirlwind, surrounding sand and stones were swept into it, forming an ever-expanding sandstorm.

His speed continually increased as he circled, the sound of the wind changed from a whistle to a sharp whistle, sonic booms blasted repeatedly, echoing across the wilderness like dull thunder.

With each circle, his surrounding Demonic Qi thickened, and his aura rose step by step, as if absorbing the power of heaven and earth into himself.

The ground below was ripped to shreds by the air currents, and the nearby Demons had long since fled without a trace.

[Charge Gathering]

This was the purple Talent he acquired from the Silver-winged Demon, and this time, he intended to resolve Yan Song under everyone's watchful eyes, as a Silver-winged Demon.

Meanwhile, the "Qin Tian" transformed by Li Qi was sitting beside Yan Song, perfectly clearing him of suspicion.

Woosh~ Woosh~

His speed increased further during flight, [Charge Gathering] increased speed by 250%, the Demon King's Wings by 500%, and the Hunting Mark by 70%, the combined talents rendered his speed incomprehensibly fast, turning the surrounding Demonic Qi into a black storm.

Once the charge was complete, Qin Tian willed the Void Gate to open before him, and without hesitation, he dashed into the Void Gate.

The hum of spatial travel emanated from within, and the next second, the Void Gate opened a few dozen kilometers away from the Chijin Battlegroup headquarters in the barren plains, Qin Tian's figure shot out from it.

He slightly lowered his head, his slit pupils locking onto the direction of the distant camp, his wings suddenly accelerating their flapping.

Whoosh—

The wind tore at his ears, sonic boom clouds trailed down the path through the air, the surrounding Demonic Qi compressed into a sharp cone by the airflow, the entire figure turned into a meteor with a black tail flame, charging toward the Chijin Battlegroup's camp with cataclysmic momentum.

...

"What is that!"

The sentry on the watchtower barely managed to shout before his pupils were filled with the ink-like Demonic Qi surging from the horizon. It wasn't a gradual spread but rather a dam-breaking black tide, rushing with cataclysmic force—the soldiers couldn't even make out the figure shrouded within the Demonic Qi, their fingers just touching their weapon hilts before an invisible force wave knocked them to the ground.

"Quick..." The herald's cry caught in his throat, and the next moment, the camp tents were seized by an invisible giant hand, the canvas lifting into the air with the sound of tearing, wooden poles and frames snapped with crackles, even the base of the main camp, half a foot deep, was uprooted and swirled into the sky by the surging airflow.

The terrifying pressure descended like a black cloud, the thick Demonic Qi flooded into everyone's mouth and nose like slush mixed with ice shards.

Tier Three soldiers' faces turned blue and purple, grasping at the gravel of the ground just to barely lift their heads; those below Tier Two simply collapsed, gasping as if their lungs were being crushed, even breathing became a luxury.

In the blink of an eye—

"Crack!"

The Rune Barrier covering the camp suddenly lit up with blinding white light, countless cryptic runes flowed across the light shield but shattered the instant they collided with the black streak of light.

The moment the Silver-winged Demon broke through the barrier, the shockwave lifted half the camp's defenses into the air, the piercing screech of its metallic wings cutting through the air was more alarming than any siren.

It didn't pause in the slightest, golden slit pupils locked onto the main camp in the center, wings twisting as it dove down like a meteor, tents, fences, and weapon racks shattered along its path, plowing a groove trailing black smoke across the ground.

The main camp was lifted away, the whirlwind dragging sand and stones inside, the wooden table long since disappeared, maps and documents whirled in the air, several commanders' faces turned deathly pale, watching helplessly as the storm of Demonic Qi barrelled towards them.

Chapter 369: Descent of the Demon King (Part 2)

Yan Song raised his head, feeling weak all over from the effects of the Soul Suppressing Powder. As he watched the black storm approaching, his pupils shrank, and his stomach churned—not from nausea, but from pure fear.

"Help..." he had just squeezed out half a word when suddenly a black-robed figure, the Tier Six Soul Master who had been silently standing by his side, stood up.

"Soul Impact!"

The black-robed man thrusts forward with both palms, his eyes bursting with gray-black light. A visible wave of spiritual impact surged towards the silver-winged demon overhead, as if countless trapped souls wailed in the air.

The dive of the silver-winged demon paused for just a moment, like a meteor brushing against a speck of dust in the atmosphere. Its eerily green vertical pupils slightly contracted, and the demonic qi around it formed an automatic barrier, triggering massive ripples upon impact with the spirit shockwave.

The barrier shattered, and the black-robed man spat out a mouthful of blood, a sharp pain coursing through his mind as his pupils shrank. Even though the silver-winged demon's spiritual power was inferior, he inexplicably suffered a spiritual backlash.

And at this moment, the silver-winged demon, like a black meteor, crashed unhesitatingly toward the center of the main camp, precisely where Yan Song was standing.

Yan Song's pupils dilated to the extreme as the spiritual energy within him raged uncontrollably, refusing to obey, even preventing him from curling up.

Just as the claw was about to touch the tip of his nose, a fiery red light suddenly erupted from a pendant on his chest. A red spirit shield abruptly appeared around his body, enveloping him completely, with lava-like patterns flowing across its surface.

Boom——!!!

The silver-winged demon collided solidly with the shield, without any buffer. The tremendous impact caused the shield to cave in instantly, emitting a sound on the verge of shattering.

All Yan Song saw was white, his body felt as though it had been struck by several tons of hammers, merging with the silver-winged demon into a streak of interwoven black and red light, crashing booming into the ground!

The terrifying force erupted from the point of impact, causing the ground to collapse downward as if hit by a meteor.

The entire Chijin Battlegroup's camp was lifted by the shockwave, the six battalion leaders, Li Wufeng, Qin Tian, and the surrounding soldiers were flung out like puppets with their strings cut, tracing parabolas through the air, landing heavily in ruins hundreds of meters away.

The center of the camp split into a massive web-like crack, with concentric grooves spreading outward, sending defensive structures, armories, and tent remnants flying.

Dust and debris rose skyward, forming a gigantic mushroom cloud. In the dusky smokescreen, only the dull collision sounds from underground could be heard, as if a giant beast was stirring the rock layers from deep within.

Only after a long while did the dust settle, revealing a bottomless crater with a diameter of a hundred meters. The ground at its edge was trembling, with hot gusts occasionally spouting from the cracks, leaving the entire Chijin Battlegroup's headquarters in ruins.

The dust was still slowly descending, with bone-chilling bone fracturing sounds coming from the bottom of the pit.

Li Wufeng struggled to rise from the rubble, wiping the bloodstains off his face, his eyes fixed on the pit's bottom.

In sight, the silver-winged demon was kneeling on the fractured rock layers, its right claw gripping Yan Song's neck like an iron clamp, lifting him entirely into the air.

The once invincible leader of the Chijin Battlegroup now appeared as bedraggled as a broken rag doll. His hair and blood clung in matted clumps to his deathly pale cheeks, with dark red froth dangling from his lips, dripping onto the fragmented stones at the pit's bottom.

The military uniform embroidered with his family crest was long torn, revealing a chest covered in hideous bruises, with the fiery red shield having vanished without a trace.

His eyes were half-open, half-closed, with dilated pupils reflecting the cold, emerald vertical pupils of the silver-winged demon. The hissing breath sounds in his throat clearly indicated he was at his last gasp.

"Director...Director Yan!"

The warriors gasped in alarm, their voices filled with disbelief.

Nobody could have imagined this Tier Six powerhouse, bearing the golden bloodline and wielding one of the Ten Great Guns, could have been reduced to such a state with one strike from the silver-winged demon.

The six battalion commanders turned pale, unsure whether to move or stay still, frozen in place.

Li Wufeng gripped the sword at his waist tightly, his fingertips white. He instinctively turned to look at Qin Tian, only to find Qin Tian unusually showing a look of "shock."

The silver-winged demon glanced down at the barely breathing prey in its claw, its vertical pupil devoid of any emotion. It slowly lifted its head, its gaze sweeping over the onlookers at the pit's edge, making them involuntarily shiver as its gaze, tainted with violent demonic qi, swept past them.

At this moment, the silver-winged demon suddenly flapped its wings, whipping up a stream of air and lifting the sand and stones from the pit's bottom.

It was about to leave.

"Don't think of leaving!"

A hoarse shout rang from the pit edge. The black-robed man's withered hands formed complex seals, his eyes bursting with gray-black light once again, condensing his soul power into a thin, black spike, directly shooting towards the silver-winged demon's brain.

The silver-winged demon seemed to sense danger, its movement in mid-air paused for a brief moment, before its body was enveloped by a demonic shield, resisting the attack, and then it wavered slightly before accelerating even faster.

The metallic wings slashed through the sunlight, leaving a mere lingering shadow as its speed increased to only a blurry streak of black light.

In just one breath, its figure shrank into a tiny black dot on the horizon, completely vanishing from everyone's sight, leaving only the bottomless fissure at the pit's bottom, and the lingering dense demonic qi in the air.

A deathly silence enveloped the surroundings of the giant pit, with only the wind whimpering across the ruins.

The onlookers stared in the direction where the silver-winged demon vanished, unable to speak for a long time—this surprise attack came swift, but its departure was even more abrupt, yet it engraved an indelible fear in everyone's hearts.

"Come quickly and help me save him!"

The black-robed man shouted hoarsely, his voice carrying the raspiness of a broken bellows, but also an undeniable urgency.

However, his call was only met with silence.

The six battalion leaders glanced at each other, avoiding his gaze one by one.

No way, even a Tier Six expert like Yan Song was nearly killed in one strike by the silver-winged demon. What could we accomplish by chasing after, just to offer our heads?

Moreover, aside from Yan Song's confidant battalion leaders, the others bore no goodwill towards Yan Song, with grudges even festering over time. Who would risk their life to save him?

As for those few confident battalion leaders, each hailed from bloodline clans; shrewd individuals one and all. They knew the real reason why Yan Song sought their allegiance, but theirs was purely a transaction of interests—they wouldn't perform a fool's act of self-sacrifice for him.

Seeing this scene, the black-robed elder felt both anxious and enraged. Just then, a calm voice suddenly sounded:

"I'll go with you."

Everyone's head jerked up, only to see "Qin Tian" already standing at the edge of the giant pit at some unknown time, his military uniform covered with some dust, yet his expression remained so tranquil, it revealed no emotion.

He brushed the dirt off his sleeves, his gaze falling on the black-robed elder as he spoke in a calm, unwavering tone: "Though the silver-winged demon's speed is fast, the demonic qi remnants haven't dissipated. I can locate his position."

Upon hearing this, everyone froze momentarily, disbelief plastered on their faces.

Qin Tian actually volunteered to save Yan Song?

Am I hearing things?

Li Wufeng was also stunned, subconsciously wanting to speak up against it, but was met with a reassuring glance from "Qin Tian." In that glance, there seemed to be a sense of certainty that he couldn't comprehend.

The black-robed elder was taken aback, surprise flitting through his eyes before an expression of intense joy erupted: "Good! Good! Lead the way!"

"Alright! Let's go!"

"Qin Tian" nodded, with a pair of black wings suddenly unfurling from his back. Immediately, he transformed into a dark shadow, chasing in the direction where the demonic aura lingered.

The black-robed elder swiftly rose into the air, following closely behind.

The two silhouettes, one ahead and one behind, swiftly disappeared into the wilderness's dust cloud.

Beside the giant pit, the battalion commanders gazed at each other. After a long time, someone timidly asked, "Did he...actually go?"

No one could answer that question. Only the wind, carrying the dust, swept over the bottomless giant pit, as if whispering the profound meaning hidden behind this sudden change.

Chapter 370: Soul Devouring Hellfire (Orange)

Whish—

The fierce wind felt like knives, mercilessly slicing across Yan Song's face, bringing with it the gravel and chill unique to the wastelands. He was held by the cold claws of the Silver-winged Demon, its scaly surface like needles tempered with ice, piercing the skin on his neck, making his breathing intermittently painful.

"Let go... let go of me!" Yan Song struggled violently, limbs flailing aimlessly, but the strength of the Silver-winged Demon was overwhelming, its grasp like iron pincers unmoved.

Fear entwined his heart like tendrils, especially when he saw the emotionless, emerald vertical pupils of the demon. A despair deep enough to reach the bone shot from his soles to the top of his head—he had never imagined he would be nearing death in such a humiliating manner.

At this moment, the Silver-winged Demon suddenly lowered its head, its nose almost brushing his forehead, and in its vertical pupils, his distorted face was clearly reflected.

Then, under Yan Song's incredulous gaze, an almost indifferent voice calmly escaped from that mouth full of sharp teeth:

"There's no need to struggle, you're dead."

Yan Song's pupils shrank suddenly, as if struck by a bolt of lightning.

This wasn't the demon's usual hoarse howl, but the articulate Empire's common language, each syllable crisply clear.

What chilled him even more was that this voice... had an indescribable familiarity, as if he'd heard it somewhere before.

Was it an illusion?

Before he could ponder further, the demonic Qi surrounding the Silver-winged Demon suddenly surged, and there seemed to be a hint of human mockery in its vertical pupils.

Whish—

A silver Void Gate opened out of thin air in front of them, revealing an abyss of endless darkness behind.

Yan Song's eyes widened in shock, countless fragmented memories exploded in his mind—his mysterious poisoning, the precise lethal intent of the Silver-winged Demon, and that infuriatingly familiar voice...

"Qin Tian!!! You're Qin Tian!!!" He screamed with all the strength left in his body, his voice hoarse and distorted from suffocation, yet filled with utmost shock and disbelief.

With the instant they passed through the Void Gate, the fierce wind suddenly ceased, and the scene around them switched rapidly.

The ravaging demonic Qi dissipated, replaced by the dry air characteristic of plains, the distant skyline clear to see, even the wind gentled.

"Thud!"

Yan Song was thrown to the ground with force, landing face-first into the mud; he lay on the muddy ground, coughing violently, greedily inhaling fresh air, the pain in his neck reminded him of the near-death experience just moments ago.

"Qin Tian, it is you!!!" He laboriously propped up his upper body, raised his head, and fixed his gaze on the Silver-winged Demon before him, eyes filled with venom and madness, "You dare turn into the form of a Silver-winged Demon to kill me! Aren't you afraid that once this is exposed, the Military Department and the Yan Family will destroy you?"

The Silver-winged Demon stood in place, its emerald eyes quietly observing him without attacking immediately.

After a moment, the demonic Qi surrounding it began to recede, the metallic wings slowly folded, and the black scales retreated like ebbing tides, revealing skin that belonged to a human.

Qin Tian's face gradually surfaced in the sunlight, he looked at the disheveled Yan Song on the ground, a cold curve appeared on his lips: "Military Department? Yan Family?"

He squatted down slowly, his gaze leveling with Yan Song, his voice full of unapologetic sarcasm: "Everyone saw that the one who killed you is the Silver-winged Demon. What's that got to do with me, Qin Tian?"

"You..."

Yan Song jerked his head up, his chest heaving violently, feeling as though a lump was stuck in his throat.

He realized—during the Silver-winged Demon's assault and his abduction, everything happened under everyone's watch; at this moment, Qin Tian should even still be in the ruined camp.

Even if his body is discovered, the vendetta would only be pinned on the demon, who would suspect the Qin Tian who was sitting right next to him then?

A cold sweat instantly drenched his back, his prior arrogance and venom frozen by a wave of icy fear.

He looked into Qin Tian's eyes, seeing the unmistakable intent to kill devoid of warmth, and suddenly realized—the other had never planned to let him return alive, and had no regard for the Yan Family from the start.

"Qin... Qin Tian," Yan Song's voice suddenly softened, he even tried to pull a flattering smile, appearing especially distorted due to the blood on his face, "I was wrong, I shouldn't have used you, nor should I have opposed you."

He struggled to rise, knees barely bending halfway before Qin Tian stomped his back down, slamming him heavily into the ground.

Mud invaded his mouth and nose, humiliation surged over him like a tide, yet he dared not utter a sound.

"Mercy, please!" Yan Song's voice carried a sobbing tone, showing not the slightest arrogance of the Golden Clan's genius, "I'm willing to give you Heaven-Burning Purgatory, it's one of the Ten Great Guns, no less than your Dark Moon. Moreover, I'm willing to offer you the position of commander of the Chijin Battlegroup, just let me go, I promise to never pursue this matter again."

He pleaded incoherently, fingers clawing at the dirt, his nails filled with dead grass. The fear of death coiled around his heart like a poisonous serpent, all those identities, bloodline, and power he once proudly held, became laughable props in the face of life and death.

Qin Tian looked down at his trembling back, the body beneath him still twitching from fear.

He slowly withdrew his foot, nudging Yan Song's cheek: "Now you know how to be afraid?"

Yan Song quickly flipped himself over, kneeling on the ground, knocking his forehead against the rocks repeatedly, until blood seeped through, "I'm scared! I'm truly scared! Qin Tian, have mercy, consider me a dog, just spare me this once!"