

## **Battlefield 381**

### Chapter 381: Obsidian Corridor, Divine Weapon Blessing

The Obsidian Corridor is a dangerous passage stretching for hundreds of kilometers.

At times, it's as wide as a plain, yet the ground is riddled with honeycomb-like holes corroded by demonic qi, deep enough to swallow an entire spiritual energy transport vehicle; at other times, it narrows like a path, with slanted black rock walls on either side, and dark red tendrils hanging from the cracks, ready to ensnare the unwary; there are countless forked paths spreading like capillaries, some leading to dead ends with piles of bones meters high, while others wind downward, leading to unknown deeper demon nests.

The wind here is twisted, carrying the smell of rust from the rock walls, the stench of rotten blood, and the burnt scent of spiritual energy, whispering like countless tiny fragments as it blows past.

Sunlight struggles to penetrate the perpetual gray mist, and even if it occasionally falls, it gets absorbed by the black rock layer on the ground, leaving only a faint trace of light at the mountain peak.

Warriors walking through here feel as though the path beneath them is subtly writhing, as if the entire corridor itself were a lurking giant beast, ready to close its jaws and swallow intruders whole.

Just as the battalion crossed a broad area known as "Bone Shard Beach," Qin Tian suddenly narrowed his eyes.

"Stop!"

Qin Tian's voice was not loud, yet it carried undeniable authority, like a huge rock thrown into still water, instantly freezing the advancing troops in place.

The engine noise of the spiritual energy transport vehicle abruptly ceased, the footsteps of the warriors halted suddenly, and only the wind's howl across the Bone Shard Beach continued to echo, swirling the black bone powder from the ground and blurring the view.

Almost simultaneously, over four thousand warriors tensed their bodies, gripping their weapons tighter.

Qin Tian released his spiritual sense, with the heat sources and magnetic fields of hundreds of demons ahead clearly revealing themselves in his mind. This group of demons was very well hidden, fully utilizing their talent to blend themselves into the demonic qi environment, making it possible that even spiritual power scans couldn't detect them, only becoming apparent within a range of a dozen kilometers.

"Ahead lies hundreds of demons hidden in our path."

Qin Tian's voice was calm, "Continue moving forward, slow down a bit. Second Battalion, Third Battalion, prepare for action, wait for my command to eliminate them. Keep it quiet, we don't want to alert other demon nests."

"Yes!"

Upon receiving the orders, the Second Battalion's Captain Feng Xiaotian and Third Battalion's Deputy Captain Shen Juan responded in unison.

The troops continued to slowly advance, while Qin Tian's spiritual network quietly connected to all warriors of the two battalions.

"Eight hundred meters ahead, behind the stone pile on the left, there are more than three hundred demons hidden. Under the moss on the right lies a deep pit with over two hundred demons inside, most likely Shadow Demon Wolves."

Qin Tian's voice resounded in the minds of all the soldiers, who were taken aback but did not utter a sound, thanks to their high military discipline.

"Soon, Second Battalion will handle the demons on the right, Third Battalion on the left. Start by using spiritual ability magic to force them out, then take it from there."

The troops kept moving, the spiritual energy transport vehicle's wheels rolling over the rubble, making sounds quieter than before, as if afraid to disturb the slumbering demons.

The atmosphere within the battalion unknowingly grew tense and heavy, warriors holding their weapons with white knuckles, deliberately lightening their breathing, their vigilant gazes scanning the scenery ahead.

The demonic qi in the air seemed to grow more intense, carrying a faint odor that stimulated everyone's nerves.

When the troops were about five hundred meters from the demons, Qin Tian's eyes sharpened, and his mental command instantly transmitted through the spiritual network into every warrior's mind:

"Take action!"

In the next moment, the mages of Second and Third Battalions simultaneously sprang into action.

The mages of Second Battalion swiftly formed seals with their hands, creating spiritual ability magic imbued with overwhelming energy; fireballs, ice spikes, and wind blades rained down like a meteor shower into the deep pit beneath the moss on the right.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" A series of explosions erupted, blasting open the moss around the pit, with stones splintering and the Shadow Demon Wolves hidden inside caught off guard by this sudden assault, releasing anguished roars.

Meanwhile, the mages of Third Battalion were busy as well, with spiritual ability magic screaming through the air toward the stone pile on the left, exploding it open, exposing the demons hidden behind to everyone's view.

As the magical attacks descended, Qin Tian spread his hands, unleashing the golden energy within him, forming two massive golden shields that enveloped the warriors of Second and Third Battalions.

The power of the [Divine Weapon Blessing] instantly surged into each warrior's weapon, which already sharp, now radiated even more brilliant light, the blades seeming to flow with golden streams, the spear tips flickering with a chilling gleam.

"Charge!"

Following Feng Xiaotian's command, Second Battalion's warriors charged like a fierce tiger down the mountain, toward the deep pit on the right.

Feng Xiaotian, wielding a longsword, led the charge into the Shadow Demon Wolves' lair. His gaze fixed on a Shadow Demon Wolf emanating Tier Five waves, twisting his wrist, the longsword whistled through the air, aimed straight at the heart.

The demon wolf reacted swiftly, its body slipping to the side like a ghost, barely evading the sword tip. Almost simultaneously as it dodged, it raised a claw covered in dark scales, with boiling demonic qi rushing toward Feng Xiaotian's throat, its claw tips tearing through the air with a piercing screech that hurt the eardrums.

Feng Xiaotian's heart tightened, his footwork changed rapidly, his waist twisted fiercely, and the longsword in his hand turned from a stab to a slash, the sword edge precisely colliding with the demon claw.

"Pssh—"

A light sound echoed as the longsword pierced through the hard claw of the demon wolf as if slicing through tofu, deeply embedding into the claw's center, severing the bones within. Dark green blood spurted along the sword blade, splashing onto Feng Xiaotian's armguard, emitting a "sizzle" of corrosion.

Feng Xiaotian's pupils shrank suddenly, his hand holding the sword hilt trembled slightly, his face full of disbelief and shock.

This longsword had followed him for three years, and though it was a top-tier Spiritual Artifact, it had never been so terrifyingly sharp!

Instinctively, he lowered his head to look at the sword body, seeing a faint golden glow slowly flowing along the sword's spine, like a living vessel.

In an instant, Feng Xiaotian had the answer in his heart — this was the ability Qin Tian had just used.

The ability was actually bestowed upon the weapon; it was truly incredible.

On the other side, Lu Sheng dragged a great saber towards the demon wolves, the blade bearing several noticeable small notches — scars from years of battle.

He charged howling into the demon horde on the left, an ominous demon wolf lunged at him, its sharp claws slashing towards his face with a foul-smelling wind.

Without thinking, Lu Sheng swung the great saber, the blade streaking with golden light through the air. With a "pssh" sound, it cut through the demon wolf's neck as if slicing tofu.

"Hey, this power..." Lu Sheng's eyes widened, his gaze inadvertently swept across the blade, and he suddenly froze, his eyes bulging — the small notches were now smooth and clean, the blade gleaming with a cold silver light as if freshly forged from the furnace.

"What... what's going on?" He instinctively touched the blade with his rough fingers, feeling the cold touch but finding no bumps.

Before he could react, a strange warmth surged within his dantian, spreading to his limbs, the muscles on his arms slightly swelling as if a force was about to burst out.

Lu Sheng couldn't help but let out a low shout, swinging the great saber horizontally at a demon wolf trying to sneak attack him. The strike, with a sharp whistle of breaking air, directly sliced the demon wolf in half, the incision emitting a faint golden smoke.

"Damn, is this still my saber!"

Lu Sheng exclaimed in surprise, glancing back at Qin Tian, who observed calmly. In his heart there was only one thought.

Captain, you're awesome!

A young soldier held a Spiritual Energy rifle, charging with the main force. He aimed at a demon and pulled the trigger, firing a bullet that originally would leave just a small wound. Now it directly penetrated the demon's body, making it tremble, just before its head was chopped off by someone.

The soldier opened his mouth in surprise, looking down at the golden glow flowing on the gun, a strong fiery expression emerged in his eyes.

The warriors felt the changes in their weapons, their morale greatly enhanced, charging at the demons more fiercely.

With the blessing of the Divine Weapon on their weapons, they reaped the demons' lives like the scythe of the Death God, the demon wolves' claws only sparking against their armor without leaving any damage.

In just a few minutes, hundreds of demons were swept away without a trace.

At this moment, all the warriors' focus was on Qin Tian.

The sunlight pierced through the grey mist of the Obsidian Corridor, casting a golden edge around Qin Tian's upright silhouette, coating his surroundings with a layer of gold.

The ground beneath him still bore the marks of battle, the black rocks stained with demon blood, emitting a pungent odor, yet he stood there peacefully as if those hundreds of shadow demon wolves were merely scattered dust.

In the eyes of the warriors, shock and excitement surged like a tide.

They vividly recalled the casualties required for a hard-won victory against a similar number of demons last time; understanding that the recent overwhelming attack was not merely accomplished by courage — it was the golden light flowing on the weapons that made this would-be fierce battle so effortlessly won.

Someone couldn't help but touch their weapon, the smooth blade, and the abundant sense of power all silently stating that what just happened was no illusion.

Lu Sheng grinned, revealing white teeth, the bloodstains on his face unable to hide the fervor in his eyes; Feng Xiaotian's mouth curved uncontrollably upward, looking at Qin Tian with increased reverence; the young soldier's chest heaved violently, thousands of eyes gathered on Qin Tian, like countless flickering flames, hot and sizzling.

Within those eyes, there was respect for the strong, hope for the future, and an unprecedented cohesion — at this moment, they were extremely certain that following this new captain, the Chijin Battlegroup would definitely go further.

Qin Tian sensed the fiery gazes, slowly turned around, looking at these warriors with bright eyes despite their bloodstained faces, nodded slightly, his voice spreading through the battlefield with Spiritual Power: "Clean the battlefield, continue advancing in five minutes."

"Yes!"

The response was louder than ever before, shaking the stones on the rock wall to fall, carrying the power of breaking clouds and rocks, echoing through the Obsidian Corridor for a long time.

## Chapter 382: Clues to the Fire Elemental Treasure

Two days later, the Chijin Battlegroup, after dozens of large and small battles, finally exited the Obsidian Corridor and reached their destination—the Infernal Demon Sea.

The scene before them suddenly changed.

The Infernal Demon Sea looked like an overturned furnace by the gods, as far as the eye could see were pools of rolling lava. The crimson lava slowly flowed through the rift valleys on the surface, with the steaming heat waves mixed with the pungent smell of sulfur rushing at them, even the air was distorted by the heat.

In the distance, volcanoes erupted one after another, spewing gray-black smoke columns, some were bursting forth fiery red lava, like torches thrusting into the sky, dyeing half the sky into an eerie orange-red.

Even more unsettling was the demonic aura pervading this place—it was more than ten times thicker than in the Obsidian Corridor, so thick it seemed to have become substantial, condensing into rolling black clouds above the lava pools, occasionally ripped by black lightning, reflecting the monstrous terrain below.

Even the sunlight was filtered by this layer of demonic aura into a bleak dark red, falling on the body with no warmth, only a suffocating sense of oppression.

And the Bladed Frontier, stood on the eastern edge of this purgatory scene.

It was a giant mountain range stretching north to south, the main peak like a divine weapon blade cut off by great force, the steep surface as smooth as a mirror, straight up and down, the gray-brown rocks reflecting cold hardness in the lava's light.

The ridges extending from the mountain sides were like serrated edges, clearly separating the Infernal Demon Sea from the area behind.

Standing at the foot of the mountain, looking up, the entire mountain range exuded a magnificent aura of slaughter, as if its purpose was to resist the invasion from the Infernal Demon Sea.

Looking further up along the steep mountain body, one could see the defense works carved out by the warriors before—watchtowers built around the mountain, turrets embedded in the cliff, winding trenches, even the energy patterns of the spiritual energy barrier faintly visible between the rocks.

Most crucially, the terrain of this "bladed" mountain was extremely high, standing on the observation deck at the summit allowed one to take in most of the eastern region of the Infernal Demon Sea at a glance—whether it was the disturbance of the lava pools, the scale of volcanic eruptions, or changes in demonic aura concentration, all could be detected immediately.

This overlooking stance was a natural warning barrier, enabling defenders to capture any dangerous signals from the depths of the sea ahead of time.

Qin Tian stood at the foot of the mountain, gazing at this perilous mountain range, then turned his head to look at the rolling Infernal Demon Sea in the distance, his gaze deep.

"All battalions, attention," his voice transmitted through the mental network to the entire army, "Battalion One and Two, immediately ascend the mountain, take over the watchtower and defense works, establish a three-tier alert system; Battalion Three and Four are to construct temporary camps at the mountain foot, protect the logistics supplies; the remaining battalions follow me to inspect the weak points of the defense line, preliminary deployment must be completed within two hours."

"Yes!"

The warriors' response echoed amidst the heat wave, carrying the fatigue of crossing the Obsidian Corridor, yet adding more determination to hold firm.

The banner of the Chijin Battlegroup fluttered in the mountain wind, intertwined with the rumble of distant volcanic eruptions, announcing that this unit had officially stationed at the Bladed Frontier, beginning to shoulder the responsibility of watching over the Infernal Demon Sea.

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There were many parts of the Bladed Frontier's defense works that were damaged or missing, the Chijin Battlegroup spent two hours to restore the entire fortification.

Qin Tian stood on the lookout tower, looking far into the Infernal Demon Sea ahead, the lava rolling like boiling blood in the rift, the volcano spewing dark red ash, the demonic aura rolling like thick ink above the sea.

This place was several times more dangerous than the previous station.

It was his first close observation of the Infernal Demon Sea, but the scene before him was not unfamiliar, he had seen it in Yan Song's memories.

Yan Song, a Fire Element Spiritualist, carried a Golden Level lineage, after seeing the Infernal Demon Sea on the battle district map, secretly came here to see if there were any fire treasures in this sea of fire.

Ultimately, he noticed nothing, but Blaze sensed the fluctuation of a fire treasure.

Thus, under Blaze's guidance, Yan Song approached the location of the fire treasure, using the simulation aura capability of the Shadow Concealing Ring, he donned demon skin, successfully infiltrated the core area of the Infernal Demon Sea, and finally found the exact location of the fire treasure's existence.

However, unfortunately, there were demons guarding the treasure, and the guardian was a Tier Seven Magma Demon King.

In the first level of Demon Suppression Abyss, Tier Seven Demon Kings or Tier Seven Spiritualists were extremely rare, such top-tier powerhouses mostly gathered on the second and third levels.

Especially Tier Seven Demon Kings, because the demonic aura concentration in the first level was too low, they almost never lingered in the first level of the abyss.

The existence of the Magma Demon King shattered all of Yan Song's expectations.

He knew well, even using Heaven-Burning Purgatory, it was exceedingly difficult to kill the magma demon king with extremely high flame resistance, if the first shot failed to kill, then in the ensuing weakened state, he would have no chance to exit the Infernal Demon Sea.

Nonetheless, he was still unwilling.

It was known that both Magma Demon Kings and Silver-winged Demons, with their talents and potential, found breaking through Tier Seven as difficult as ascending to heaven.

But this Magma Demon still achieved it.

This further proved, from another aspect, that the flame treasure under the lava was indeed extraordinary, not only allowing the Magma Demon King to break through the racial barrier, but also making it linger, unwilling to leave the first level of the abyss for a long time.

Yan Song thought of many methods, even planning to use his "Void Gate".

But, at their first meeting, he concealed the actual transmission distance of the "Void Gate", claiming it was only 20 kilometers, and as the demonic aura concentration increased, the transmission distance of the void gate would continue to be compressed.

Realizing this situation, Yan Song completely extinguished his inner thoughts.

"Blaze, what do you think the fire treasure might be?"

Qin Tian touched the ruby bracelet on his right wrist, using his mind to communicate.

To prevent others from knowing he obtained Heaven-Burning Purgatory, he had Blaze change its form to mimic a bracelet worn on his wrist.

"So, are you interested in that thing too?"

The immature voice of Blaze rang in his mind, "Honestly, I'm not sure what it is either, but I can sense that it's definitely not an ordinary fire treasure, if there's a chance, I still hope you can get it."

"However..."

Blaze's tone became a bit lazy, "You're still too weak now, even worse than that previous guy, even if you use my power to get it, you would find it hard to survive and escape."

Listening to Blaze's undisguised belittlement, Qin Tian wasn't angry, Blaze had been in contact with him for too short a time to understand him well.

In terms of spiritual ability level, he indeed fell short of Yan Song.

But in terms of the diversity of methods and capabilities, across the Empire, no one could rival him.

Qin Tian gazed into the distance, his eyes deep.

Once the Chijin Battlegroup settled down, he planned to set off and explore.

Let me see what is truly hidden beneath that fiery sea!

#### Chapter 383: Tiebi Battle Group and Xingyuan Battle Group

Sixty kilometers west of the Broken Blade Frontline stands a steep, black-red mountain. The rocky surface glimmers with metallic cold light under sunlight, as if formed from solidified lava, creating a natural fortress.

The Tiebi Battalion's base is hidden deep within these red mountains, merging with the surrounding treacherous terrain.

"Haha! Finally, someone is filling the vacancy at the Broken Blade Frontline!"

Rough laughter echoed in the command center. The speaker was Tiebi Battalion commander Luo Yi. This burly man with bronze skin had muscles like forged steel; at the moment, he pressed his single hand on the newly delivered battle report, his eyes filled with relief.

"Old Ji, what's the background of the Chijin Battlegroup? What's their strength like?" He turned to his adjutant Ji Liancheng beside him, his fingertips tapping the desk unconsciously.

Ji Liancheng replied in a deep voice, "I just found out that within the Sixth Battle Zone's hundred battlegroups, Chijin Battlegroup ranks among the lower-middle. The previous commander was Yan Song

from the Golden Clan's Yan Family, but he sadly sacrificed himself a few days ago. Now, taking his place is former Battalion Three commander Qin Tian--but..."

He hesitated, adding a note of gravity in his tone: "This Qin Tian is only a Tier Five Four Stars Spiritualist, but he has a record of slaying a Tier Six Demon, which is why the command elevated him exceptionally."

"Oh? Tier Five slaying Tier Six?"

Luo Yi raised an eyebrow, his previously relaxed posture tensing instantly. His fingers paused on the desk, his gaze sharp as a blade: "That's not simple. When I was at Tier Five Four Stars, I wasn't confident in slaying a Tier Six Demon."

"Indeed, it's quite remarkable." Ji Liancheng agreed, flipping open his portable notebook, "Besides Qin Tian, Chijin Battlegroup has a Tier Six Soul Master; their top combat strength is these two individuals. The battlegroup consists of eight combat battalions, with a total force exceeding four thousand personnel."

He closed the notebook, looking at Luo Yi: "Although they can't compare to our Tiebi Battalion, amidst the current surge of Demonic Qi, having such a reinforcements at least eases the pressure on the frontline considerably."

"Exactly!" Luo Yi slapped his thigh, his face breaking into a smile once more, "With Chijin Battlegroup holding the center, Heiyue Highlands, Broken Blade Frontline, and Red Soil Frontline can be linked seamlessly. I bet, Xia Qi from Xingyuan Battle Group, upon hearing this, can finally sleep peacefully."

Ji Liancheng gazed at the continuous red mountains outside, whispering with emotion: "In terms of frontline pressure, Xia Qi over there indeed bears a heavier burden than we do."

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Red Soil Frontline resembles a blood-stained satin ribbon, the dark red soil radiating an eerie glow under the light of the lava, sparse black pines rooting in cracked ground, their trunks turned gray-black by sulfur, moaning in the wind. In the distance, Demonic Qi and volcanic ash entwine into a fog, leaving this land perpetually sunless.

From a high vantage point, Xingyuan Battle Group's camp looks like a rusted nail, embedded tightly within the folds of Red Soil Frontline. The tent canvas has holes scorched by lava, makeshift defenses covered in charred marks, patrolling warriors dragging heavy steps along the frontline's edge, their armor scarred denser than starlight, many with heavy, dark circles under their eyes, hands trembling slightly while holding weapons—they haven't closed their eyes in three days.

In the command center, Xia Qi lay on a sand table strewn with cracks.

His once-proud blond hair now dirty and helter-skelter at his forehead, a patch of thick stubble obscuring what used to be a handsome outline, leaving only bloodshot eyes. He traced the sand table at the "Red Soil Pass" location, its marker blackened by Demonic Qi.

"Commander, Chijin Battlegroup has arrived at the Broken Blade Frontline." The communications soldier's raspy voice carried a hint of surprise and ease.

Xia Qi jerked his head up, a glint shining briefly in his bloodshot eyes before being overshadowed by heavy fatigue. He wiped his face, a low laugh escaping between his fingers, mixed with relief and self-mockery: "Not easy, seeing reinforcements sent by command in my lifetime."

He picked up Chijin Battlegroup's file again, reviewing it.

Qin Tian, Tier Five Four Stars Spiritualist, Colonel Officer of the Seventh Bureau, known for shooting a Tier Six Magma Demon with a Rune Sniper Rifle and reverse slaying a Tier Six Silver-winged Demon in direct combat.

"Rune Sniper Rifle, wouldn't that be among the Ten Great Guns?"

Xia Qi murmured to himself, thinking of sniper rifles capable of slaying Tier Six powerhouses, only the legendary Ten Great Guns came to mind.

If it truly is among the Ten Great Guns, then Qin Tian's value far surpasses that of ordinary Tier Six Spiritualists.

After all, for a Tier Six Spiritualist to slay a Tier Six Demon, even a Golden Level bloodline genius requires several rounds, perhaps even dozens, yet Qin Tian needs only one shot.

In terms of killing efficiency and demon deterrence, it's incomparable to other spiritualists of the same tier.

"Should his in-hand weapon be true to the Ten Great Guns..." Xia Qi suddenly straightened, excitement dispelling much of his fatigue. He had long heard of the renowned power of the Ten Great Guns, each bearing a legendary record of slaying Tier Seven enemies, and if Qin Tian could truly wield such a Divine Artifact, the weight of the Broken Blade Frontline would be entirely different.

He slapped the document down onto the table, grabbing a transmission stone: "Send five transmission stones to Chijin Battlegroup, I want to speak directly with Commander Qin."

"Yes!"

Outside, the wind carried red soil past the tent, the heat of the lava unable to extinguish the light rekindled in Xia Qi's eyes—perhaps this time, the Red Soil Frontline might actually catch a breather.

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Chijin Battlegroup

Inside the tent, Qin Tian reviewed the Tiebi Battalion and Xingyuan Battle Group's information, which was given to Chijin Battlegroup by command through transmission stones after they settled in, recorded by the information officer.

The documents indicated both Tiebi Battalion and Xingyuan Battle Group boast over eight thousand troops, Xingyuan Battle Group having more than ten thousand personnel, with five Tier Six powerhouses. Their documented strength far exceeds Chijin Battlegroup, ranking them among the top battlegroups in the Sixth Battle Zone.

Neighboring such mighty battlegroups, Chijin Battlegroup certainly feels the pressure, too.

"Commander!"

Lu Sheng's loud voice cut through from outside the tent, filled with intensity and urgency: "Xingyuan Battle Group has sent someone, their commander wants to have a word with you!"

Oh?

Qin Tian's eyes flickered; he quickly lifted the curtain and stepped outside.

The camp's winds still carried the sulfur stench of the Infernal Demon Sea, a soldier in gray-black military garb stood outside the tent, his uniform dotted with dark red stains.

Seeing Qin Tian appear, he promptly snapped his heels together, raising a crisp, standard military salute.

"Commander Qin!" The soldier's voice rasped from long journey fatigue, yet held a tension of sincerity, "I am Zhao Feng, communications soldier from Xingyuan Battle Group. Knowing Chijin Battlegroup guards the Broken Blade Frontline, our commander Xia Qi wishes to speak with you personally to discuss subsequent defense plans."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian nodded and replied:

"No problem, however, for such significant matters, it's better discussed face to face."

Face to face?

Zhao Feng froze momentarily, understanding face-to-face talks required one of the two commanders, Qin Tian or Xia Qi, to leave their home camp; should demons attack in their absence, the team without its leader would be immensely vulnerable.

"Let's go."

Qin Tian clapped Zhao Feng's shoulder. With a swing of his hand, a Void Gate opened before them.

Staring at the suddenly torn-open Void Gate, Zhao Feng's pupils shrank to pinpoints.

This is—space teleportation!

#### Chapter 384: Flame Mountain, Demon Source

The camp of the Xingyuan Battle Group was shrouded in a thin layer of volcanic ash when suddenly, a ripple-like spatial fluctuation spread through midair, like a stone cast into still water, accompanied by a subtle yet undeniable energy tremor.

Inside the tent, Xia Qi's heart tightened abruptly. Almost instinctively, like an arrow leaving the bow, he dashed out, his military boots leaving two shallow pits in the red soil.

Almost simultaneously, experts from all over the camp hurriedly came out, each releasing spiritual energy fluctuations.

The next second, everyone was stunned.

A silver Gate of Space was slowly contracting, its edges glowing like a breathing halo.

Standing in front of the gate were two figures. The one on the right was wearing a gray-black military uniform with the Xingyuan Battle Group insignia. The hem, torn and stained with dried black blood, identified him as communications soldier Zhao Feng. His mouth slightly agape, his eyes still filled with shock, as if he hadn't yet recovered from the teleportation.

The man on the left was entirely different. The black military uniform looked particularly sharp on him, his face stern, and his deep oceanic eyes swept over the camp with an undisturbed sense of pressure.

"Zhao Feng!" someone exclaimed softly.

Everyone was familiar with Zhao Feng, the communications officer, but who was the unfamiliar officer beside him? And what was the meaning of this space gate that appeared out of nowhere?

Questions swirled in everyone's minds, yet their hands holding weapons dared not relax in the slightest.

At this moment, Xia Qi stepped forward, eyes falling on the upright colonel's uniform. He took a deep breath, his voice carrying an unmistakable gravity: "Commander Qin, on behalf of the entire Xingyuan Battle Group, welcome to our camp."

As soon as the words fell, Zhao Feng suddenly came to his senses, immediately standing at attention, his voice still tinged with lingering shock: "Commander! This is Commander Qin Tian of the Chijin Battlegroup! Just a moment ago, Commander Qin took me and in the blink of an eye, we were teleported here from the Broken Blade Defense Line!"

In the blink of an eye?

Xia Qi's pupils constricted sharply. The surging turmoil that he had forcibly suppressed earlier now roared in his heart— The Chijin Battlegroup and Xingyuan Battle Group were seventy kilometers apart, along a path full of magma chasms and chaotic demonic qi. Ordinary spiritual ability magic would be severely affected in such an environment, yet Qin Tian was able to open a Gate of Space and achieve stable, precise teleportation?

A thought flashed like lightning through his mind: As long as Qin Tian stayed at the central command, the forces of the Iron Wall, Chijin, and Xingyuan battlegroups could interchange swiftly in times of need.

When the demon tide hits, any defensive line in crisis could receive reinforcements immediately; resource allocation and casualty transport could overcome terrain obstacles... The strategic value behind this is simply immeasurable!

The blood vessels in Xia Qi's eyes seemed to light up a bit, the fatigue accumulated over several days washed away by a surge of hot excitement.

Around him, the experts of the Xingyuan Battle Group also reacted instantly. Deputy Commander Zhou Ming's grip on his battle sword tightened unconsciously, and Tier Six expert Lin Rui exclaimed: "Seventy kilometers... instant teleportation?"

Everyone exchanged looks, seeing in each other's eyes an irrepressible joy—They had thought the arrival of reinforcements was already a godsend in a time of need, yet never imagined the new commander had such an astounding ability.

The wind over the red soil seemed to soften, even the rate at which volcanic ash fell slowed down a bit.

Xia Qi took two steps forward, extending his hand proactively, the calluses of his palm gripping Qin Tian's hand with a firm and solid strength: "Commander Qin's spatial ability really solved our urgent crisis. Come, let's talk in the tent!"

Just like that, before Qin Tian could say a word, Xia Qi had pulled him into the tent, with several Tier Six experts and battalion leaders eagerly following inside.

"Commander Qin, please have a seat."

Xia Qi personally pulled out a chair, signaling Qin Tian to sit down.

Just after seating on the crude wooden stool in the tent, Xia Qi leaned forward, his tone filled with unspeakable emotion: "Commander Qin, your arrival with the Chijin Battlegroup really breathes life into us. To be honest, without reinforcement stepping up, the Xingyuan Battle Group might truly be unable to withstand this wave of demon tides."

Watching the bloodshot eyes that Qin Tian couldn't mask, he knew every word rang true.

This commander with mixed-blood features was originally like a beacon of light—Golden hair like sunrise, brown eyes akin to amber, with distinct features softened by touches of Dongfang flavor, like a prince from a picture book.

But now, his forehead's golden hair was tangled with dried blood and volcanic ash, matted in strands, as if he spared even the energy to smooth them out; the emerging stubble on his chin was coarse and dense, wearing down the originally handsome lines to a state of sheer exhaustion, his voice scratched like it had been ground by sandpaper.

A Tier Six expert being driven to this state, the anxiety soaked in his bloodshot eyes was telling of the pressure weighing on the Xingyuan Battle Group.

Beside him, several Tier Six experts and battalion leaders nodded vigorously, the fatigue and anxiety in their eyes were indistinguishable.

Only they could truly understand that everyone in the Xingyuan Battle Group was stretched to the limit like a fully drawn bowstrings—Ordinary warriors had less than five hours of sleep in three days, dozing off even while patrolling; among them, even Tier Five and Six experts, the spiritual energy flow was beginning to sputter, just last night's defensive battle, Deputy Commander Zhou Ming, a formidable Tier Six expert, had his shoulder guard ripped off by a Tier Five Flame Demon, something utterly unimaginable under normal circumstances.

If they kept holding on like this, they wouldn't need to wait for the demon tide to breach the defenses, the team would collapse on its own.

Seeing this, Qin Tian spoke with a calm and powerful voice, carrying a reassuring force:

"Commander Xia, my visit this time is to discuss the upcoming joint defense plan in detail with the Xingyuan Battle Group. Rest assured, now that the Chijin Battlegroup is here, we won't let you continue to fight in isolation."

"Commander Xia, could you first give me an introduction to our defensive line situation?"

"Alright!"

Upon hearing this, Xia Qi seemed like he had finally found someone to share his burden, suddenly sitting up straight, reaching for the corner of the table to grab the defense map, a movement that stirred up a

pungent mix of sulfur and sweat—The scent permeates deeply from spending too long on the red-soil defense line.

"Commander Qin, please take a look."

Xia Qi laid the rolled-up defense map out on the table, the coarse parchment steamed by magma to a brittle state, its edges curled with charred fringes.

Qin Tian's gaze swept across the map, seeing densely packed dark red dots, like a scatter of congealed blood droplets. Even before Xia Qi spoke, he could sense the danger lurking behind these markers.

"These red dots represent flame pools or fiery pits." Xia Qi's fingertip pointed to one red dot, nail crevices filled with bits of red soil, "Inside each dwell five hundred to two thousand demons, mainly low-tier Little Flame Demons and Fire Beasts, but sometimes mixed with Tier Five and Six demons."

He paused, his voice low: "Whenever the demonic qi erupts, the demons in these flame pools and fiery pits turn frenzied. They not only turn on one another but also charge the defense line with crazed abandon. Over the past half month, the frequency of demonic qi eruptions has been increasing, and we almost daily face assaults by thousands of demons—sometimes it's a fierce attack, sometimes multiple waves of attritional warfare, leaving no chance to catch our breath."

Qin Tian's fingertip tapped lightly on the tabletop, finally understanding why everyone in the Xingyuan Battle Group exuded an oil-exhausted-and-lamp-dimmed weariness.

Facing unpredictable, varied demon attacks every day, constantly stretched taut like a bowstring, with no withdrawal orders from headquarters, they could only grit their teeth and hold on, anyone in their position would be driven to the brink of collapse.

His gaze finally rested on the center of the map, where a conspicuous crimson flame icon was drawn, three times the size of all surrounding red dots, with its edges sketched in vermilion with three jagged halos.

"And what is this place?"

Xia Qi followed the direction of his finger, swallowing hard, his voice heavy: "That is Flame Mountain, and it is the only demon source within a thousand kilometers radius."

#### Chapter 385: Welcome Gift

This Demon Source is the true origin of the demons, a hundred times more perilous than the Demonic Qi Rift.

If the Demonic Qi Rift can be likened to a wound constantly oozing poison, then the Demon Source is the heart nurturing that poison.

The number of demons spawning from the Demon Source is over ten times that of the Demonic Qi Rift, and the demons spawned are often more aggressive and capable of growth.

In ordinary battalions, having a few High tier Spiritualists in key positions might allow one to bravely destroy a Demonic Qi Rift; however, trying to shake the Demon Source without dozens of battalions working together is merely wishful thinking— the Demonic Qi concentrated there has already formed a natural domain. Not to mention getting close to the core, just the turbulent Demonic Qi in the periphery is enough to shred any Tier Four Spiritualist.

Even more terrifying is that the existence of a Demon Source is like setting a toxic root into the ground, capable of spawning hundreds to thousands of Demon Caves and Demon Nests within a thousand-mile radius, spreading like a web.

Demons emerge continually from the depths of the Demon Source every day; if this Flame Mountain Demon Source is not eradicated, the defenses around the Infernal Demon Sea will never find peace.

Of course, with the strength of their three battlegroups, managing to hold the line is already quite challenging. As for the trouble of the Demon Source, it's better left for the headquarters to worry about.

"Commander Qin, I have an idea now." Xia Qi's fingertips traced across the deployment area of the three battlegroups on the defense map, with a contemplative gleam in his brown eyes, "Can we utilize your spatial teleportation ability to link Xingyuan, Chijin, and Tiebi into a single entity? Once a demon attacks, we can mobilize the forces of other battlegroups for support at any time—this would not only distribute the pressure on each defense line but also minimize casualties."

In his view, although the overall strength of the Chijin Battlegroup was not considered top-tier, it was an indispensable aid at the moment; and Qin Tian's spatial teleportation skill was of inestimable strategic value, even more so than the combined force of two Tier Six powers and four thousand warriors—it could unite scattered forces into one cohesive strength, which is exactly what is lacking in the demon tide-laden Infernal Demon Sea.

"No problem." Qin Tian hardly hesitated, lightly tapping his fingertips on the table twice, "This is a favorable development for every one of our battlegroups. Let's first finalize a preliminary joint defense plan today, and then I'll take this plan to have a detailed discussion with Commander Luo Yi of the Tiebi Battle Group."

A smile bloomed on Xia Qi's face, and the fatigue of recent days seemed to be somewhat alleviated by this decisive response. From Qin Tian's unhesitating attitude, he could see that this Colonel Officer from the Seventh Bureau was sensible and responsible.

If it were certain heirs of mercenary blood families, showing off their capabilities, they would often pose arrogantly, either making things difficult or demanding exorbitant benefits—he had seen too many such individuals.

Fortunately, Qin Tian was not like them.

"Alright, Commander Qin, then let's start from..."

Xia Qi pointed at the map to the Fire Pool nearest to the Red Earth Defense Line. Just as his words began, the communication stone beside him suddenly lit up with a glaring white light, and an urgent voice erupted from it: "Commander! Over a thousand demons have been spotted in the narrow pass on the west side, including one Tier Six Flame Demon leading them, heading towards our defense line, only 30 kilometers away!"

As the last word fell, the air inside the tent suddenly solidified.

Xia Qi's knuckles turned white as he gripped the communication stone, releasing a wearied sigh caught in his throat.

Over a thousand demons plus one Tier Six Flame Demon would have been merely a trivial disturbance when the Xingyuan Battle Group was first stationed; but now, just hearing this number made his temples pulse—this attack was already the third wave today.

The faces of the Tier Six experts in the tent turned grave, and even their breathing became heavier. They understood that with the already taut state of their brothers, even if victory were possible, the casualties would not be minor.

"Commander, let the First Battalion go!" First Battalion Commander Lin Rui suddenly rose, the clash of his armor sounding sharply. The blood in his eyes was even heavier than Xia Qi's, yet there was an undeniable resolve, "We've rested for half a day, our condition is better than the other battalions. Leave this wave to us!"

"We'll back you up with the Third Battalion!" Third Battalion Commander Chang Sheng tore open his unfastened uniform, revealing a black plaster on his left shoulder seeping with dark red stains, the smell of blood qi and herbal medicine mixing and filling the tent, "Brother Rui, I'm not confident letting you handle the Tier Six Flame Demon alone, a companion makes for better support."

"Chang Sheng, what are you doing getting involved?" Deputy Commander Zhou Ming raised his eyes, the red veins in them weaving like a web. He clearly hadn't rested well either, yet he still forced himself to speak, "Your Tier Five cultivation can't withstand a Flame Demon's attack. Leave this Flame Demon to Lin Rui and me."

"Brother Zhou, your injury..." Chang Sheng wanted to continue, but was cut off by Zhou Ming waving his hand: "Don't worry, I won't die."

Xia Qi rubbed his brow, speaking sternly: "Alright then, just as you all said, First and Third Battalions will coordinate defense. Zhou Ming, Lin Rui, you two handle that Flame Demon."

He deliberately slowed his tone, trying to suppress the anxiety in the tent, "This wave isn't that powerful, let's finish it quickly."

"Yes!" The three answered in unison, turning to leave the tent.

"Wait a moment."

A calm voice suddenly resonated within the tent.

They all turned their heads at the sound, only to see Qin Tian standing up, his fingertips still lightly tapping the table, his expression calm, as if the urgent military situation just now was nothing more than a trivial breeze.

"This is my first visit, and I haven't brought any gifts." His gaze swept over everyone in the tent, his tone devoid of the slightest ripple, "Allow me to handle this wave of demons."

What?

Everyone was momentarily stunned, then their eyes burst with surprise—after all, the Chijin Battlegroup was one of the top hundred battlegroups; with their assistance, the brothers could definitely catch their breath.

Zhou Ming even stepped forward, his voice tight with excitement: "Commander Qin, on behalf of the Xingyuan Battle Group, I thank you and the brothers of the Chijin Battlegroup!"

But Qin Tian merely smiled: "There's no need to trouble my warriors, I'll go alone."

These words thundered through the tent like a bolt from the blue, leaving everyone frozen in place, staring at Qin Tian in disbelief—even as the commander of a battlegroup, boasting Tier Six capabilities, facing over a thousand demons and a Tier Six Flame Demon alone seemed overly ambitious.

Zhou Ming was about to voice his dissuasion when he saw Qin Tian already lifting the tent flap. As the volcanic ash mixed with heat surged in, he heard Qin Tian casually remark, "Commander Xia, may I have the honor of inviting you to watch a fine show?"

Without hesitation, Xia Qi nodded.

"Of course!"

He took the lead in stepping out of the tent, with the rest of the officers quickly following behind.

Once they had settled, a spatial fluctuation appeared before them, and out of thin air, a silvery Void Gate unfolded, its interior swirling with halos, vaguely revealing the rolling Demonic Qi on the other side.

The soldiers of the Xingyuan Battle Group paused in their actions, looking at this wondrous portal and the unusual expressions of their commanders, their faces brimming with tension.

"Commander Xia, I'll head off first."

Qin Tian had already sensed the heat source of the demon group rapidly approaching. He flashed Xia Qi a light-hearted smile and was the first to step into the Void Gate.

Xia Qi took a deep breath, suppressing the emotions within him, as he followed in.

Zhou Ming, Lin Rui, and the others exchanged glances and quickly followed in as well.

"Whew—"

The Void Gate quietly closed as though it had never been there, leaving behind bewildered soldiers. The wind swept the volcanic ash over the red earth, as if everything that had just happened was nothing more than a mere illusion.

Chapter 386: Heavenly Thunder Annihilates the Demon Horde

On the wasteland to the west of the red soil defense line, over a thousand demons were charging across the cracked earth.

Red sand kicked up by their stout feet flew in all directions, blending with volcanic ash into a chaotic cloud, the air thick with the pungent smell of sulfur mixed with the unique stench of demons, choking people almost to breathlessness.

"Aoo-oo-"

A cacophony of bizarre cries and roars tore through the sky as the Little Flame Demons leaped and darted through the ranks, the ghostly blue flames burning off their bodies casting flickering light across the red soil; Fire Salamanders glided close to the ground, the fire sparks they kicked up leaving winding scorch marks on the sand; Red Flame Demons swung massive clubs of solidified lava, each step causing the earth to tremble slightly.

Over a thousand demons mixed together, the heat they gave off raising waves of distorted air, like a moving stream of magma, leaving behind the sounds of snapping from the drought-resistant black pines being roasted.

At the heart of this surging demonic tide, one Flame Demon stood out prominently. It was over six meters tall, like a moving volcano, its body covered in red scales, each one gleaming with a metallic sheen, with magma-like Demon Patterns flowing slowly between the gaps as it breathed.

Sharp claws left half-foot deep marks on the red soil, flames of ferocity dancing within its pupils as it gazed far towards the direction of the red soil defense line, two hot jets spewing from its nostrils—it had already sensed the rich life essence there, something even more enticing than magma.

Ssss—

Just as the demon horde was about to reach the pass, a commotion suddenly arose ahead.

A slightly smaller Black Flame Beast was lying lazily by a bubbling magma pool, hot air puffing from its nostrils.

Suddenly, it sensed vibrations from the ground, its eyes like copper bells snapped open, only to meet the gazes of over a thousand pairs of eyes flashing with greed and cruelty.

In an instant, the Black Flame Beast's scales prickled upright, emitting a shrill sound of friction. Never had it seen such a spectacle, letting out a bizarre cry before turning to flee deeper into the pool.

Yet barely three steps away, a streak of fiery light chased it down like lightning—it was the Flame Demon.

Only a "pfft" sound was heard as the Flame Demon's sharp right claw accurately pierced into the Black Flame Beast's back of the head, then with a violent pull, the entire head was forcefully ripped off, black blood gushed forth like a fountain, spraying all over the ground.

The Flame Demon opened its great maw, gulping the still twitching head down in a few bites, dark red blood and white brain matter dribbling from the corners of its mouth, its barbed tongue licking its lips with a satiated purr.

This was only an appetizer; the true feast lay ahead.

"Roar—!"

The Flame Demon threw back its head and unleashed an ear-shattering roar, the wave of sound scattering the nearby Little Flame Demons.

The demon horde behind instantly boiled over, exhilarated cries urging them to speed up the charge, the intertwining blue and red flames surging forward like a sea of fire, sweeping towards the defense line.

But just then—

Bang!

A hefty yet piercing explosion erupted as if from the void.

In mid-roar, the Flame Demon froze, its head covered with impenetrable scales smashed like a watermelon struck by a heavy hammer, with a "boom" scattering red scales, dark brain matter, and boiling blood mixed together raining down like a foul storm, drenching the surrounding demons.

The hefty body wobbled, the massive inertia causing it to stagger forward two steps, before finally crashing to the ground, kicking up clouds of red sand. The magma-like Demon Patterns on the corpse dimmed rapidly, eventually extinguishing completely, leaving only a headless shell radiating astonishing heat.

Time seemed to halt at this moment.

All the charging demons were stupefied, forelimbs suspended in mid-air, roars caught in their throats, unable to comprehend the sight of the fallen corpse.

Their minds couldn't fathom what had just occurred—that was their leading Flame Demon, the overlord in the area, how could it suddenly... beheadless?

Whoosh—

High in the sky, a silver Gate of Space silently opened, its glowing edges pulsing like breathing.

A dozen figures emerged from the gate, landing steadily on a towering rock platform.

Xia Qi, Zhou Ming, Lin Rui, and others just got a footing, their eyes simultaneously swept towards the wasteland below.

Upon seeing the headless demon corpse slumped on the red soil and the surrounding stunned demon horde, shock was etched on everyone's face, as if a giant invisible hand grasped their throats, stopping their breaths.

"One... one shot... took out a Tier Six Demon?" Zhou Ming's mouth agape wide enough for a fist, his voice shrill from excessive shock, rubbing his eyes hard, questioning if he was seeing things.

Just moments ago, they watched Qin Tian transport everyone to this vantage point over ten kilometers from the battlefield, then unearth a seemingly simple black sniper rifle, Qin Tian calmly set up the gun, aimed, pulled the trigger.

A series of fluid actions, carrying an aura of nonchalance.

Who could have imagined, from over ten kilometers away, the Tier Six Flame Demon was actually headshot by this single shot?

Beside him, Lin Rui instinctively tightened his grip on the long blade in his hand, his knuckles whitening from the pressure.

He was acutely aware of the formidable defense of Tier Six demons, especially Flame Demons, their scales tougher than advanced alloys.

Chapter 387: Heavenly Thunder Annihilates the Demon Horde (2)

Even if he teamed up with Zhou Ming, trying to slay a Tier Six great flame demon would at least require a tough battle, costing several wounds in the process.

But what about Qin Tian?

He just moved his finger.

This level of efficiency in killing far exceeded their imagination and even overturned their perception of Spiritualist combat.

Chang Sheng opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but found his throat dry and painful, only able to emit a hoarse gasping sound.

He looked down at the wound on his left shoulder and then up at the unassuming black sniper rifle in Qin Tian's hand, feeling a chill from his feet to his skull—if that shot had been aimed at him, there probably wouldn't even be a trace left.

Xia Qi's gaze was fixed intently on the "Shadowstrike" in Qin Tian's hand. The body of the gun was black, without any extra decoration, looking like a modified standard sniper rifle, yet the power unleashed by that shot just now sent a chilling feeling even to a Tier Six expert like him.

This is definitely one of the Ten Great Guns!

Xia Qi was convinced in his heart that only the legendary Ten Great Guns could possess such terrifying penetration and accuracy, able to pierce through the defense of a Tier Six great flame demon from over ten kilometers away, ignoring the interference of demonic qi.

He even subconsciously touched his head, an uncontrollable thought emerging in his mind: if that shot were aimed at him, with his speed and reflexes, could he dodge it?

The answer was no.

This realization caused Xia Qi's heart to contract sharply, and the gaze he directed at Qin Tian changed from shock to a deep wariness.

This new leader of the Chijin Battlegroup, holding what was clearly a life-and-death deciding weapon of mass destruction instead of just a gun!

Qin Tian slowly lowered the gun, his eyes calm and unruffled, as if he had just crushed an ant. He turned to glance at the crowd beside him, who were all staring, dumbfounded, with a faint smile on his face:

"It seems that the demonic qi in this place doesn't affect my gun much."

After [Master of Arms] evolved into [Divine Weapon Emperor], he nurtured several pieces of weaponry daily. Over the past few days, Shadowstrike's basic performance has doubled, and it's far from its limit, with the Ghost Gun Spirit also becoming more solidified, clearly having evolved again.

Now, even without using [Celestial Destiny Critical Strike], Shadowstrike's sharpness alone is deadly enough to threaten Tier Six demons. If combined with the power of [Celestial Destiny Critical Strike], very few Tier Six beings in the Infernal Demon Sea could withstand a shot.

As his words fell, the demon group below finally reacted from their stupor.

Instead of scattering due to the loss of their leader, they fell into even greater frenzy from seeing their leader's tragic death. More importantly, they keenly sensed the human scent from high above—the fresh, warm aroma ignited their deep-rooted craving and greed for life, completely suppressing their dread over the great flame demon's demise.

"Roar—!"

A deafening roar suddenly erupted, and thousands of demons, like an agitated swarm of bees, collectively pivoted, locking their blood-red eyes on Qin Tian and the others on the high ground.

Some were on all fours, digging deep furrows into the red earth as they charged madly towards the high ground; others stood still, opening their mouths wide to spew ghostly blue fireballs and scarlet magma bombs, raining down a barrage of long-range attacks onto the rock platform like a fiery storm.

Xia Qi's eyes flashed sharply as he instinctively activated his spiritual energy defense. Zhou Ming's battle sword gleamed coldly, Lin Rui held his long saber horizontally, and Chang Sheng and others conjured their Spirit Shields. They were seasoned warriors, skilled enough to withstand these attacks without much harm.

Qin Tian watched the surging demon tide below, a cold smile playing on his lips as he tapped lightly with his foot, propelling his form into the sky like an arrow, his attire flapping in the fierce winds.

"Boom—!"

As Qin Tian ascended to a hundred meters in the air, dazzling dark purple lightning erupted around him.

The previously gray sky was instantly shrouded in dark clouds, thunder rolling in waves, with dark purple lightning snakes weaving, rolling, and sizzling within the cloud layer.

Qin Tian hovered beneath the stormy clouds, surrounded by countless tiny purple electric serpents, exuding the overwhelming pressure of a thunder god descended upon the earth.

"Heaven's Wrath!"

Qin Tian uttered a soft yet resonant call, his voice echoing with the laws of heaven and earth.

With his words, the stormy clouds grew even more violent, with dark purple lightning as thick as barrels tearing through the clouds, descending with destructive might, crashing down on the demon horde like a torrential downpour!

"Crackle—!"

The first bolt of lightning struck with precision, hitting a red flame demon charging in the forefront. It let out a shrill scream, and before it had a chance to resist, the demon was reduced to a pile of charred ashes, leaving not a trace.

Subsequently, the second, third... countless lightning bolts continued to fall like dense rain.

Each bolt struck a demon precisely, whether a thick-skinned fire salamander or a ghostly blue flame burning little flame demon—all were as fragile as straw before these dark purple bolts, being struck into ashes with some not even having time to scream.

The lightning created a vast net of death, enveloping the entire demon group.

The initially surging demon tide dwindled rapidly under the lightning's onslaught, turning the red earth a ghostly purple, permeated by the pungent odor of charred remains.

On the high ground, Xia Qi, Zhou Ming, and others stood staring in shock, their expressions even more intense than when Qin Tian shot a great flame demon in the head.

They widened their eyes, fixating intensely on Qin Tian in the sky resembling a thunder god, and the terrifying dark purple lightning.

"What... what kind of thunder skill is this? How can it be so powerful!" Zhou Ming muttered, his voice filled with disbelief. He had never seen such domineering lightning, a true nemesis of demons, capable of incinerating them into ash, leaving no trace behind.

Lin Rui was also utterly astounded. He took a deep breath, speaking with difficulty: "I've seen other Tier Six Thunder Element Spiritualists, but their lightning is far less formidable than Commander Qin's!"

Chang Sheng's gaze was locked tightly on Qin Tian. He keenly felt the spiritual energy fluctuations radiating from Qin Tian, and his expression grew even richer.

After a long while, he finally exclaimed, "Incredible! It's too unbelievable! Commander Qin... he hasn't even broken through to Tier Six yet!"

What!

Upon hearing this, everyone's attention converged on Qin Tian's spiritual energy fluctuations, indeed sensing a rather condensed but still Tier Five aura.

This discovery plunged them into deeper shock, looking at Qin Tian with disbelief.

If Qin Tian were a Tier Six expert, wielding such apocalyptic thunder skill would be surprising but understandable since Tier Six powerhouses should have battlefield-shaking power.

But Qin Tian, while still at Tier Five, displayed such terrifying battlefield destruction ability, a performance totally beyond their understanding.

Among them, only Xia Qi knew of Qin Tian's true prowess. Although his spiritual ability level was not high at Tier Five Four Stars, Qin Tian could, through sheer force, turn the tide against Tier Six silver-winged demons in direct combat.

Initially, he thought Qin Tian might rely on certain tricks or weaponry to challenge beyond his tier, but now it seemed he had underestimated Qin Tian.

This formidable lightning would be overwhelming even for Tier Six demons.

With such an ally, the Xingyuan Battle Group could finally catch their breath and enjoy a well-deserved rest.

Chapter 388: Healing

Boom, boom, boom——

Relentless thunderclaps exploded above the wilderness, dark purple celestial thunder densely falling like a torrential downpour, each bolt precisely locking onto its target.

Sheets of demons vaporized instantly in the thunderlight; Tier Two and Tier Three Little Flame Demons turned to ash without even a chance to scream, and the Tier Four Red Flame Demon struggled desperately but was utterly annihilated by the subsequent second celestial thunder.

On the unseen system panel, evolution points climbed at a frantic pace, and talent light spheres quietly rose from demon corpses, only to be swiftly discarded into the talent recycling station by Qin Tian—these low-tier talents were useless to him.

The 1000% extra damage of Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder against demons seemed tailored for this massacre.

The team mainly composed of low-level demons in front had no resistance at all, and even the occasional Tier Five demon couldn't withstand more than three celestial thunders under Qin Tian's "special care." The violent currents slipped into their bodies through the scales' gaps, destroying all life instantly.

Suspended in the thunderclouds, Qin Tian watched the battlefield below swiftly clearing out, a trace of regret flashing through his mind.

Initially, he only had time to master the Bronze Level thunder skill "Celestial Thunder Fall" and ultimately couldn't completely unleash the power of Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder.

If at this moment he held a Silver Level thunder skill, relying on Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder's innate suppression of demons, plus the percentage damage from the Thunder Seal, he had confidence to contend with Tier Six demons solely through thunder magic.

Crack——

The last celestial thunder struck, turning the final escaping Fire Salamander into charcoal. Qin Tian dispelled the surrounding lightning, and with the retreat of the dark clouds, he descended with the gradually sinking airflow, his military boots making a light sound as they landed on the red soil.

"Mission accomplished."

A faint smile appeared on Qin Tian's face, as though the feat of eradicating thousands of demons was merely equivalent to dusting off the bit of volcanic ash on his shoulder.

Looking at the figure gracefully landing after being bathed in lightning, the apocalyptic scene from earlier formed an eerie contrast with the calm on Qin Tian's body at this moment. Xia Qi and others exchanged glances, seemingly letting go of a heavy burden all at once, their tense nerves relaxing. They realized that the Xingyuan Battle Group had finally welcomed a reliable strong ally.

...

Inside the Xingyuan Battle Group's tent, volcanic ash was whipped by the wind against the canvas, emitting a subtle sound.

"Captain Qin, please have a seat." Xia Qi personally stepped forward to pull open a wooden stool, the calluses on his palm brushing against its rough surface, his face showing a smile that couldn't help but convey amazement,

"Your display earlier truly opened our eyes. I've served in the military for many years, encountered numerous Thunder Element Spiritualists, but never witnessed such domineering celestial thunder—it seems born for demon slaying."

Just as his words fell, Zhou Ming nodded heavily beside him: "The captain is right. Thunder Skill inherently restrains dark creatures, but Captain Qin's thunder..."

He smacked his lips, apparently finding no fitting words to describe it, finally squeezing out, "Unreasonably domineering!"

Lin Rui also nodded, his fingertips unconsciously rubbing the hilt of his long knife: "The defense of Tier Five demons is quite astonishing; ordinary Thunder Skill at most chars a piece. But those Tier Five demons earlier, after two or three celestial thunders, were reduced to flying ash, their souls scattered. Such power, not many Tier Six Thunder Element Spiritualists can achieve."

The others nodded in agreement, the point being Captain Qin is only at Tier Five... if he breaks through to Tier Six, what would be the power of his Thunder Skill?

As Qin Tian took his seat, the wooden stool emitted a slight creak. He looked at the shock in everyone's eyes, smiling lightly: "It's just appropriate suppression."

"Captain Qin is being modest." Xia Qi waved his hand, the smile in his eyes deepening, "After witnessing your capabilities, I'm filled with confidence about the upcoming joint defense. How about we discuss the joint defense plan in detail now?"

"No problem." Qin Tian nodded in agreement.

"Cough... cough cough!"

Just then, a violent coughing suddenly erupted inside the tent, like a broken bellows being abruptly tugged.

Following the sound, they saw Chang Sheng hunched over, tightly covering his mouth, with painful moans escaping through his fingers. When he reluctantly lowered his hand, the sight of dark red blood in his palm caught everyone's eyes—it was blood coughing.

"An old injury acting up, it's no big deal." Chang Sheng forced a hand wave, his face paper-pale, fine sweat beading on his forehead, "You all continue, don't mind me."

"Saying it's nothing?" Xia Qi's brow furrowed into a knot, his tone carrying indisputable severity, "The regiment's healing medicine has long run out, and the demonic qi corroding your wound can't even be cleansed by Wood Spiritual Energy users. You must not step onto the battlefield again in the meantime, or this injury could literally drag you down!"

"I'm really fine..." Chang Sheng attempted stubbornness but was interrupted by Zhou Ming's stern voice: "Don't you know your condition yourself? The fire poison has invaded your organs; if you keep forcing it, once the fire poison spreads throughout the body, not even gods can save you!"

"I..." Chang Sheng wanted to argue when a calm voice suddenly interrupted.

"Leave it to me, I happen to know some healing techniques."

What?

Everyone turned in unison, eyes full of disbelief. Qin Tian, who just showcased overwhelmingly dominant Thunder Skill, was evidently a top-tier Thunder Element Spiritualist, how could he understand healing arts?

This leap was too enormous.

Without much explanation, Qin Tian gently raised his right hand. Instantly, a gentle green light flowed from his palm, cascading over Chang Sheng like an early spring stream.

Chang Sheng's entire body shook, feeling a warmth infiltrate through his pores into his body, transforming into countless streams traveling through his limbs and bones. The burning pain from his left shoulder's wound vanished, replaced by a tingling itch, as though countless tiny hands were softly smoothing out the damaged tendons and bones.

More miraculous was how the fire poison entrenched in his organs seemed to meet its nemesis, dissolving and retreating at a visibly noticeable speed.

Within seconds, Chang Sheng straightened his back abruptly, his pallor replaced by color, even the red filaments in his eyes diminished significantly.

He moved his shoulder; his left shoulder, formerly strained even to lift an arm, could freely rotate now without any stiffness.

"This... it's healed?" Chang Sheng widened his eyes, touching his shoulder as if dreaming.

Inside the tent, everyone watched in wide-eyed astonishment.

Xia Qi instinctively stepped half a step forward, observing Chang Sheng's transformed state, then glancing at the lingering green light in Qin Tian's palm, his Adam's apple rolling forcefully.

On the battlefield, he's the Thunder Skill king who can summon celestial punishment and destroy heaven and earth; off the battlefield, he turns into a divine healer curing severe injuries with a wave of the hand.

Spatial teleportation can cross seventy kilometers of barriers, the Rune Sniper Rifle can remotely headshot Tier Six demons, celestial punishment divine thunder can annihilate demonic tides in sheets, green light healing can instantly clear fire poison...

Since Qin Tian's arrival mere hours ago, the abilities he revealed were each more astonishing than the last, every one sufficient to make people stand in awe.

Xia Qi took a deep breath, suddenly feeling that the division sending Qin Tian to the Broken Blade Defense Line might be the luckiest event in this war.

#### Chapter 389: Life Pulse

"Captain Qin, thank you for your healing!"

Chang Sheng bowed deeply to Qin Tian, his gratitude almost overflowing from his voice. He knew better than anyone about his physical condition—as Zhou Ming had stated, the fire poison left by the Tier Six Demon had long invaded his internal organs, and the System Spiritualist in the battalion had exhausted all means to barely suppress it, like a ticking time bomb inside him that could take his life at any moment.

Yet Qin Tian, with just a lift of his hand, eradicated this deadly trouble in a few seconds. He truly didn't know how to repay this kindness.

Qin Tian extended his hand to help him up, a gentle smile appearing on his face: "We guard the same line of defense, we are comrades, helping each other is only right, no need to be so formal."

With that said, he lifted his eyes to glance around the tent. Xia Qi, Zhou Ming, Lin Rui... everyone had heavy, bloodshot eyes, the dark shadows under their eyes looked as if painted with ink, and even their straight postures couldn't conceal their exhaustion.

Qin Tian's gaze swept across them, and he smiled slightly: "Since you're all here, why don't I help all the brothers of the Xingyuan Battle Group recover?"

At the moment his words fell, an incredible joy erupted in the eyes of everyone in the tent.

Chang Sheng's transformation was right before them—a means that could eradicate even Tier Six fire poison. If it could benefit the entire Xingyuan Battle Group, it would be a lifesaving timely rain.

Xia Qi suddenly lifted his head, the blood streaks in his brown eyes brightened a bit;

Woosh—

As Qin Tian raised his hand, the green light bursting from his palm was as gentle as jade, not blinding, yet it carried a heart-stirring Life Force. The green light surged from his palm, expanding outward like tidal waves, spreading from him as the center, tinting the rough tent fabric with a faint green wherever it passed.

In just a breath, this green light washed over the embankment like a flood, enveloping the entire Xingyuan Battle Group camp and wrapping the thousands of soldiers within.

"Um..."

Gentle moans could be heard from various parts of the camp.

Every soldier could clearly feel a surging Life Energy flowing through their limbs and bones, like the warm sun of spring melting the frozen soil, or like parched plants receiving long-awaited rain, the dried meridians being slowly nourished.

A tingling itch came from their wounds, and horrifying scars faded, scabbed, and fell off at a visible speed, revealing tender new flesh. The fire poison residing in their bodies turned into wisps of black smoke, evaporating within the green glow, with even the burning pain in their bones disappearing without a trace.

The exhaustion accumulated from days of fierce battle melted away like snow under a scorching sun, quickly fading from the depths of their bones, replaced by an indescribable sense of ease.

More astonishingly, a latent power seemed to be awakened, the sleeping muscles emitted a mild hum, the limbs became more agile than ever, and even breathing became several times smoother.

"This..."

Xia Qi looked down at his hands, covered in scars and calluses, now smooth as new, even the thick calluses at his joints had faded away, and his once lead-heavy body felt so light it seemed ready to float away.

He abruptly turned his head, meeting Zhou Ming's shocked gaze—this usually composed vice-captain was rotating his shoulder, which had been torn by the Flame Demon's claws, injuring the tendons. Now he could move freely, and his Spiritual Energy flowed more smoothly than ever at his peak.

"This is a range-wide group healing!" Lin Rui exclaimed, he had been quietly channeling his Spiritual Energy to suppress an old injury, but now felt full of strength,

"It's not just about healing and detoxifying, even my Physical Strength and Spiritual Energy have returned to their peak, and... it seems even my strength and speed have both increased!"

If this skill were suddenly deployed on the battlefield, it could instantly reverse a dire situation, rebuilding a crumbling line of defense into a steel fortress. Xia Qi was internally shaken, looking at Qin Tian with shock mingled with awe—this kind of wide-range, high-intensity healing ability, even a Tier Six Wood Spiritualist specializing in healing might not achieve. Just how many cards was Qin Tian still hiding?

Outside the tent, exclamations were already echoing nonstop, like a pot boiling over:

"My wound scabbed! It was oozing pus just a moment ago!"

"What's happening? Did a god appear? My whole body feels warm, not tired at all!"

"Look at Old Song! The arm the Demon Wolf bit off... my god! It has grown back!"

"This green light just drifted over from the main tent!"

The soldiers were both surprised and delighted, some were touching their healed wounds and giggling foolishly, others were bouncing in place feeling the power in their bodies, yet others were glancing towards the main tent in confusion and excitement.

The originally lifeless camp seemed injected with a strong stimulant, bursting into vibrant vitality in an instant, even the sulfur smell in the air seemed to fade a bit.

Qin Tian stood inside the tent, watching the surging crowd outside, a serene smile on his face. To him, it was merely using his ability once, but to the Xingyuan Battle Group, it was without a doubt a salvation in a desperate situation.

This ability, derived from the Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds, was called—Life Pulse.

Life Pulse: Expanding the field with you at its center, friendly forces within the field will receive the "Gift of Life," with rapid healing of bodily injuries, significant boosts in strength and speed, and a constant sense of Life Energy replenishment with every breath. Enemies entering the field will fall into the predicament of "Life Suppression," their actions becoming sluggish and their Life Force continuously draining. Furthermore, you can draw Life Force from the land, water, and various environments and creatures to heal yourself or other targets.

Prior to this, he had never used Life Pulse in field form, and this time, facing nearly ten thousand soldiers, the ability was displayed to its fullest, unleashing the most magnificent Life Energy.

#### Chapter 390: Life Pulse (Part 2)

Xia Qi looked at the camp outside the tent, which had regained its vitality, then turned to Qin Tian's calm side profile, emotions surging in his chest almost about to burst out.

He took a deep breath, his military boots colliding with the red earth made a dull sound, and he raised his right hand to salute: "Commander Qin, on behalf of all the brothers of the Xingyuan Battle Group, thank you for your help!"

His voice carried an irrepressible tremor, and in his brown eyes, a burning light surged — this green light not only healed the soldiers' wounds but also renewed the entire battlegroup's almost snapping tension.

"Swish—"

In the tent, a dozen officers raised their hands in unison, saluting like a forest, their movements perhaps slightly trembling due to excitement, yet conveying the same fiery emotion.

"Thank you, Commander Qin!"

The wind from the red earth front line, filled with the freshness of sprouting grass, drifted into the tent, brushed across the faces of those whose fighting spirit was rekindled, and also across the gentle light in Qin Tian's eyes.

Qin Tian raised his hand in return, then with a faint smile on his face, said, "Everyone, there is no need to be so formal among comrades. I suggest we finalize the joint defense plan; that's the most important thing for now."

Xia Qi dropped his arm, nodding forcefully, his voice carrying the clarity of just being healed:

"Commander Qin is right, let's finalize the plan first, the Tiebi Battle Group is still waiting for our news."

Although the conversation turned to official matters, Xia Qi kept everything Qin Tian had done for the Xingyuan Battle Group today in his heart.

He made a silent vow that if the Chijin Battlegroup ever encountered difficulties, the Xingyuan Battle Group would repay the favor, even if it meant exhausting their resources.

Next, the discussion in the tent officially turned to the main topic.

Qin Tian and Xia Qi sat at the table, fingertips moving over the defensive map's red-earth pass and magma rift valleys, while Zhou Ming, Lin Rui, and others surrounded them, occasionally discussing the troop distribution for certain defensive lines and quietly deliberating the details of setting up teleportation nodes.

The joint defense plan of the three battlegroups gradually became clear through intense discussion, and in the air inside the tent, apart from the smell of sulfur, there was a more pronounced seriousness of strategizing.

Meanwhile, outside the tent, the soldiers of the Xingyuan Battle Group lingered for a long time.

Thousands of gazes were uniformly directed towards the main tent, like a group of devotees looking up at the stars.

The gentle green light from before was so miraculous, not only smoothing their bodies' scars but also dispelling the accumulated fatigue of many days; now everyone was spirited.

"It must have been Commander Qin who did it." A young soldier touched his freshly healed arm, his tone firm.

The people around him nodded in agreement—today, only one outsider came to the Xingyuan Battle Group, precisely that commander from the Chijin Battlegroup.

"I really want to see Commander Qin again." Someone murmured quietly.

Indeed, at least to express thanks face-to-face, everyone held this phrase in their hearts.

The wind on the red soil rose, blowing over faces filled with anticipation, the canvas of the main tent gently swaying in the wind, like containing a secret that could illuminate the entire defensive line.

...

"The plan is tentatively finalized for now; later I will meet with Commander Luo Yi for further discussions on matters involving the Tiebi Battle Group."

Qin Tian stood up, his military boots made a steady sound on the ground, he extended his hand towards Xia Qi: "Commander Xia, and everyone, I still have affairs to handle on the Chijin Battlegroup side, so I won't disturb you any longer."

Xia Qi immediately grasped his hand, his gaze serious: "Commander Qin, thank you for your timely help today; let's guard this defense line together!"

Zhou Ming, Lin Rui, and others also stood up, their eyes intensely watching the two clasped hands. The air in the tent seemed to be condensed into one strong bond, with the previous fatigue and discouragement already expelled, leaving only the fervor to fight side by side.

Qin Tian returned the firm grip, feeling the transmitted determination from the other side with his fingertips, a deeper smile appeared at the corner of his mouth: "Yes, we definitely can."

Xia Qi personally escorted Qin Tian to the tent's entrance, and seeing this, the soldiers in the camp halted, their gazes filled with gratitude and respect.

Someone couldn't help but shout "Thank you, Commander Qin," immediately eliciting a chorus of agreement, forming a tide of thanks that echoed across the red earth sky for a long time.

Qin Tian raised his hand to salute everyone, and shortly after, the silver Gate of Space slowly unfolded before him, yet at this moment, he suddenly paused, turned back to look at Xia Qi, to look at the orderly lined up Xingyuan soldiers outside the tent — those faces that had just been immersed in the green light of life, now with stubborn edges raised in the wind.

Qin Tian raised his hand, a standard military salute fixed in the sunlight.

"Farewell, my comrades."

The moment the words fell, the soldiers' response surged like a wave: "Commander Qin, goodbye!"

The sound waves hit the tent canvas, then bounced towards the distant volcanic clusters.

As Qin Tian's figure disappeared into the Gate of Space, the silver aura gently contracted like a breath, finally condensing into a speck of light, dispersing on the red soil, as if it never appeared.

Xia Qi looked at that empty ground, the wind swept past with volcanic ash, but no longer carried the pungent smell of sulfur, instead mixed with a hint of the freshness of sprouting grass — that was the residual warmth of the Life Pulse, and also the scent of new hope taking root.

...

"Commander!"

"Commander!"

When the Void Gate opened beneath the steep mountain wall, the soldiers of the Chijin Battlegroup guarding nearby immediately straightened their spines, raising their hands to pay a standard military salute, the sound of Armor clashing echoed crisply between the rock walls.

Qin Tian nodded slightly in response, his gaze sweeping over the soldiers' determined faces, then landing on the nearby open ground — where hundreds of demon corpses lay scattered, ghostly blue embers still flickering faintly between their scales.

Evidently, during the time he was away, the Chijin Battlegroup also encountered a wave of attacks.

But according to the Poisonous Widow's Soul feedback, these demons were not particularly strong, at most Tier Five, and with the old Ghost presiding, the Chijin Battlegroup not only swiftly annihilated the invading enemies, but also maintained zero casualties while defending their position.

"Commander." Shen Juan came walking from beside the piled-up demon corpses, his military boots making squeaky noises on the congealed magma, a conspicuous troubled expression on his face, pointing towards those corpses still emitting residual heat, "These fire-type demon corpses are quite problematic. They've soaked in magma for years, devouring flame for sustenance, their resistance is off the charts — even if they're dead, our battlegroup's fire magic can't burn them, piling them here might breed Demonic Qi."

The demons of the Infernal Demon Sea are known for feeding on flames, the scorching rock pools and fiery pits have long tempered their bodies into fire-resistant stones.

"From now on, pile the demon corpses in that large pit on the western side, and I will handle them personally." Qin Tian's gaze swept over the pile of corpses, speaking up.

Dealing with demon corpses was a daunting task for others, but for him, it was effortless — after all, he had the most efficient "cleaner" by his side.

Even though these corpses weren't fresh, the energy quality was a notch below live prey, but they were still suitable as little snacks for Jie La.

Thinking of this, Qin Tian's fingertips unconsciously rubbed his wrist.

Since entering the Infernal Demon Sea, he hadn't planned on exposing Jie La's existence anytime soon, thus he didn't let Jie La devour a single corpse even after conquering a Demon Cave, this little guy was probably sulking by now.

"Yes!" Shen Juan responded, turning around immediately, calling the soldiers to action.

Together, they lifted the demon corpses towards the western pit.

Once the soldiers retreated, Qin Tian stood at the pit edge, gently shaking his wrist.

"Swish——"

Dark green vines suddenly shot out from his wrist, instantly transforming into dozens of thick vines, piercing into the pile of corpses with a subtle sound of air slicing.

The barbs on the vines glimmered with a cold light, greedily absorbing energy from the corpses; within a few seconds, the demon bodies that were piled up like mountains visibly shriveled and dissolved, ultimately leaving only scattered skeletons and scales, reflecting cold light at the pit bottom.

The vines swayed slightly, as if expressing satisfaction, then retreated back into Qin Tian's wrist, reforming into a green bracelet; as for the remaining parts, Qin Tian set them ablaze, turning them to ashes.