

## **Battlefield 391**

### Chapter 391: Infiltrating Flame Mountain

Inside the tent, the flickering lights cast the shadows of the people onto the coarse canvas walls.

Qin Tian sat at the head, tapping his fingertips on the table. The eight battalion commanders and several core officers sat down in sequence, the sound of their boots on the ground had just ceased when he spread out a hand-drawn defense map on the table.

The densely packed red dots on the map resembled a prairie fire, spreading along the front lines of the three battle groups, shocking to behold.

"These are the enemies that our three battle groups are currently facing." Qin Tian's fingertip pointed to the densest area of red, "Judging by the deployment, the danger level of the Infernal Demon Sea is much more severe than the front line we previously guarded."

He paused and recounted his experiences in the Xingyuan Battle Group—the relentless demon tide, the warriors fighting while wounded, and the state of the entire battle group stretched to its limits.

"...With nearly ten thousand people, the Xingyuan Battle Group has five Tier Six experts among them, yet they were forced to the brink of collapse."

As his words fell, the tent fell into silence. The orange-yellow lights reflected on the solemn faces of the people around.

Even the battle-hardened battalion commanders couldn't help but feel a chill at the heart upon hearing of such a situation—the peril of the Infernal Demon Sea that could force such a large battle group to the edge was clearly more terrifying than they had imagined.

"I believe that if we only adopt a strategy of strict defense, we will end up in the same predicament as the Xingyuan Battle Group. The demons will attack our lines wave after wave, exhausting everyone and increasing casualties."

Qin Tian paused, speaking in a serious tone: "Therefore, we must take the initiative to attack."

Hearing this, everyone's hearts tightened, but Qin Tian's decision did not seem to surprise them.

Because they knew, compared to other battle groups, the Chijin Battlegroup had an unparalleled advantage: exceptional mobility.

Other battle groups choosing to launch an attack risked being caught in a deadly situation if other demons attacked their camp during their operation—their defensive forces were already thin, and a hasty return would only result in being torn apart by the demons, and once their offensive faltered, they would be stuck between advancing and retreating.

But the Chijin Battlegroup was different.

The leader's space teleportation ability allowed the main force to return instantly, and the rapid mobility seemed like an invisible barrier over the camp.

Even when deep inside the Demon Nest, as long as the leader gave the order, the warriors could quickly retreat to a safe area. Such confidence was beyond the reach of the Xingyuan Battle Group and most other groups.

Li Wufeng leaned forward slightly, speaking with a few degrees of certainty: "With the leader's teleportation skill, our confidence in launching an attack is indeed much stronger than the Xingyuan Battle Group."

Qin Tian drew large circles on the map, encompassing numerous red dots: "Precisely because of this, I have proactively added assault missions in the joint defense plan. Space teleportation is our advantage and must be used effectively; these are our upcoming targets for clearing."

Everyone looked closely and saw that Qin Tian had circled at least 20 red dots, calculating an average of 1,000 demons per red dot, they needed to eliminate at least 20,000 demons next.

Without a doubt, it was a very difficult task, but if completed, everyone's military merits would significantly increase.

Qin Tian glanced around and found no sense of fear or trepidation on their faces, instead, they looked full of confidence; seeing this, he nodded in satisfaction.

However, he was also acutely aware that as long as that Demon Source existed, the demons would be endless; no matter how many Demon Caves they destroyed, new demons would always fill the void.

"So, I still have to go there and take a look~"

Qin Tian thought silently.

.....

The Gate of Space quietly opened at the rugged mountain peak, the edge's silver halo flickering like a breath. When Qin Tian stepped out from it, even the mountain winds were not disturbed in the slightest.

He entered invisibility mode, concealing his aura to the extreme, and looked down at the blazing Purgatory below.

Entire Flame Mountain seemed like a waking Ancient Giant Beast that had been spewing fiery tongues tirelessly for millennia.

The crimson mountains were etched with crisscrossing ravines from overflowing magma, hot rock streams winding down the valleys, converging into bubbling seas of fire at the mountain's base, the searing heat waves distorting the air, even slightly wavering the view.

More astonishing is the pervasive demonic qi. Dense as ink, black fog burst forth from mountain fissures, intertwining with the magma's heat waves into gray-purple chaotic flow, spreading along the mountain slopes, where even tough obsidian was corroded into honeycomb-like holes.

At the very center of the mountains, the mass of seemingly substantial demonic qi spun like a vortex, as if an inexhaustible demonic well lay hidden beneath, tirelessly nurturing the evil on this land.

Countless demons roamed, loitered among the mountains—Little Flame Demons frolicked in the magma, Red Flame Demons patrolled the territory with large clubs, occasionally, gigantic Tier Six Flame Demons poked their heads from mountain dips, growling threateningly from their throats.

The atmosphere was charged with tumultuous energy, entangled with heat waves and demonic qi, forming a suffocating sense of oppression.

In the distance, faintly came the roars of demons battling each other, the crisp sounds of sharp claws tearing flesh mixed with the muffled sounds of breaking bones echoed repeatedly through the valleys, showcasing the most primal law of survival in this land.

Qin Tian's gaze penetrated through layers of demonic fog, landing on that demonic qi vortex at the center, a flash of sternness in his eyes, there lay the Demon Source, where demons were birthed unceasingly.

He descended slowly; as his toes touched the scorching rocky ground, his whole aura abruptly transformed. His bones crackled, muscles swelled and bulged, the previously well-fitted combat suit was torn by the fast-growing body, crimson scales emerged from beneath the skin, layering over the entire body, gleaming with metallic luster under the firelight.

In just moments, Qin Tian had transformed into a nearly five-meter-tall Flame Demon—with curved black horns on his head, ghostly fire danced in his eye sockets, ten sharp claws like knives left deep scorch marks on the ground with a casual swipe.

As he slightly lifted his arms, a flame of black fire sprang up in his palm, licking the air, emitting a temperature more scorching than the surrounding magma, even low-level demons wandering nearby instinctively took a few steps back, treating him as a high-tier entity among them.

Blending in with the demon crowd, Qin Tian deliberately mimicked a Flame Demon's posture to emit a low growl, but his gaze discreetly swept the surroundings, ingraining the terrain of Flame Mountain and demon distribution into his mind.

The Shadow Concealing Ring was nestled between the scales, allowing him to perfectly simulate a Flame Demon's aura, the black fire flickering in his palm akin to his concealed thoughts at the moment—with this disguise, he could infiltrate the most concentrated core area of demonic qi.

Qin Tian raised his head, looking at the center of Flame Mountain, then strode forward decisively.

Chapter 392: Demon Energy Body Refining, Demon Butcher

Bang bang bang——

The Flame Demon form of Qin Tian strode towards the core of the Flame Mountain, his heavy footsteps crushing the scorching earth with every step, leaving deep brown footprints, the edges of which sizzled with white smoke.

Along the way, chaotic roars and muffled explosions rose and fell, black Demonic Qi churned like a boiling turbid wave, tangled with the heat waves of the magma, hitting the rock walls and echoing with a mournful sound.

He completely opened his Spiritual Sense, and demons within a radius of dozens of kilometers instantly transformed into countless clusters of jumping heat sources in his perception, clearly laid out in his mind.

"So many Tier Six Demons..." Qin Tian's heart sank. In his perception, the heat sources of Tier Six Demons exceeded three hundred clusters, and the total number of demons in the whole Flame Mountain had surprisingly surpassed a million.

Such scale would require more than half of the battle groups from the Sixth Battle Zone to join forces to have even a slight chance of striking at this Demon Source place.

He continued to delve deeper, the Demonic Qi so dense it seemed almost liquid, infiltrating through the cracks in his scales into his body.

The surrounding demons grew increasingly formidable, many high-tier demons glimpsed his intrusion and immediately raised spikes, bared their fangs, emitting undisguised hostility—in their view, this core area, rich in pure Demonic Qi, should not be sullied by low-level demons.

Qin Tian had to release his aura, the crimson scales flickering with black flame. In such a place, any semblance of weakness would invite a group assault; only by displaying sufficient deterrence could he make these bloodthirsty entities momentarily suppress their ferocity.

The closer to the core, the quieter it became.

High-tier demons occupied their respective territories, greedily inhaling and exhaling Demonic Qi with closed eyes, surrounded by visible black cyclones. And at the innermost part of the Demon Source, weak airs were continuously birthed—those were the newly formed Little Flame Demons or other low-level demons, trembling under the oppression of high-tier demons, scrambling madly outward, to become fresh blood in the outer demonic tide.

Qin Tian found a hidden cave behind a jagged rocky mountain; at the cave entrance, thick Demonic Qi gushed incessantly, carrying a pungent sulfur smell.

If it were an ordinary Spiritualist, even a Tier Six Powerhouse, here they would be suppressed to only thirty percent of their strength by the Demonic Qi, while the power of Spiritual Martial Techniques and Magic would sharply decline, and staying too long could even allow the Demonic Qi to erode their meridians, shaking the foundation of their cultivation.

But Qin Tian showed no fear.

The purple Talent [Demon Pattern Turtle Armor] acquired after slaying the Dragon Turtle Demon, not only offered strong Reflective Damage effect but also allowed him to actively absorb Demonic Qi to refine his body.

This death forbidden area, for others, was to him an excellent holy land for body refining.

He stepped deeper into the cave, until reaching the wall at its end. The rock wall was filled with beehive-like cracks, pure Demonic Qi flowing like spring water from the crevices, forming black streams on the ground.

Qin Tian stood firm before the rock wall, his Spiritual Power probing the bracelet embedded between his scales: "Blaze, your full-strength strike, can it destroy this Demon Source?"

The phantom of the Flame Demon appeared on his shoulder, first scanning the surrounding thick Demonic Qi with a glance, then eyed Qin Tian's Flame Demon body, staring for several seconds, eyes filled with undisguised surprise, then slowly shook his head: "No."

He paused, then added: "If you were a Tier Seven Spiritualist, borrowing my strength, you could naturally easily destroy this place. Unfortunately... you are currently only Tier Five. Although I have stored quite a bit of energy, ultimately I am merely a gun, a tool; whether I can unleash maximum power still depends on the user's capability."

The meaning was clear—your strength is too weak to realize my true potential.

"Alright." Though slightly disappointed, Qin Tian had already anticipated this. Relying on the Heaven-Burning Purgatory Cannon to destroy here was unlikely, alternative methods must be sought.

Since he came, he may as well stay.

Qin Tian simply decided to utilize this pure Demonic Qi to thoroughly temper his body.

He remained fixed before the densest crack of Demonic Qi, holding his breath and focusing his mind. In an instant, his body transformed as if into a bottomless black hole, releasing astonishing suction.

The surging Demonic Qi, as if finding an outlet, crazily rushed into his body.

Golden patterns rapidly emerged on Qin Tian's body surface, layered like turtle shells, spreading and deepening with the infusion of Demonic Qi, accompanied by dense cracking sounds inside his body, as if bones and muscles were being relentlessly forged.

His efficiency in absorbing Demonic Qi was astonishingly high; those dense as liquid Demonic Qi rushing into him did not even stir a ripple.

This scene startled the high-tier demons outside the cave—in their knowledge, the stronger one's strength, the faster the speed of absorbing Demonic Qi; yet, in the cave, this Flame Demon's efficiency was terrifyingly comparable to the Black Flame Lord at the Demon Source Center.

Suddenly, the surrounding demons all showed fear, instinctively retreating several dozen meters, not daring to approach.

Hoo~ hoo~

As Demonic Qi crazily poured in, the golden turtle patterns around Qin Tian's body became increasingly brilliant, as if plating the crimson scales with liquid gold.

The infused Demonic Qi, transformed by [Demon Pattern Turtle Armor], into streams of scorching energy coursing through the meridians, the places passed causing micro tremors in muscle fibers, as if numerous little hammers were repeatedly forging.

"Crack... crack..."

From deep within the bones came clear breaking sounds, yet not of damage, but a sign of increasing bone density under Demonic Qi's refinement. He could distinctly feel every inch of muscle and bone expand, compress, becoming tougher,

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The demonic energy outside the cave continued to flow in, forming a visible black vortex that enveloped him entirely.

Blaze hovered by the side, a look of intense astonishment flashing in his golden pupils. He found it increasingly difficult to understand this human, Qin Tian, clearly only had the strength of Tier Five—far weaker than his previous users—but the abilities and strategies Qin Tian displayed were beyond imagination.

Strengthened weaponry, space teleportation, healing green light, ever-changing techniques; even more shocking was that this human could actually absorb demonic energy.

"Truly a strange human."

Blaze muttered to himself, then retreated into the bracelet.

It was unclear how much time had passed.

"Roar——"

Qin Tian let out an involuntary low growl, not intentionally mimicking a Flame Demon, but as an effortless release when the energy within him brimmed to the extreme. The sound wave caused the cave to shake, and the golden turtle patterns on his skin finally ceased to spread, retracting inward and eventually hiding beneath his scales.

Qin Tian opened his eyes, black energy swirling in his eyes, but it soon receded.

"Not bad, my physique has grown stronger once again."

Qin Tian nodded in satisfaction, the effect of the first session of Demon Energy Body Refining had been the best. Even his formidable physique was significantly enhanced after the process.

Additionally, as the number of golden turtle patterns increased, the Reflective Damage effect would also improve. After the recent tempering, the Reflective Damage value on the system panel had increased from 35% to 40%, and the temporary defense boost had risen from 60% to 70%, making the effect quite remarkable.

The first round of body refining came to a temporary conclusion, and Qin Tian slowly retracted his aura. The black vortex of demonic energy surrounding him dispersed like a receding tide, and the golden turtle patterns barely visible on his body retracted beneath the scales, leaving only the crimson scales glinting coldly in the firelight.

He did not continue absorbing demonic energy; refining the body was a gradual process, akin to repeatedly tempering steel, and being overly eager would backfire.

Since this Demon Source was here, he could return anytime. What was more important now was to understand the full scope of Flame Mountain and find a way to completely destroy the Demon Source.

Qin Tian stepped out of the cave, his crimson feet quietly treading on the scorching rocky ground.

He continued to explore deeper along the winding mountain paths, where Tier Six demons were sprawled along the way—some crouched by magma pools, gulping down black demonic energy, surrounded by heat waves that almost ignited the air; others curled in the shadows of rocky cliffs, their scales exuding a malicious aura.

As he passed, these high-tier demons simultaneously opened their eyes, scarlet or ghostly blue pupils uniformly locking onto him, their fierce gazes like tangible blade edges, and several hidden aura strands coiled around him like venomous snakes, with an unabashed warning—this was their domain and not to be trespassed.

Qin Tian's gaze swept past them, landing on the tumultuous black fog at the very center of the Demon Source, where the demonic energy was so dense it nearly solidified, imbuing an intense sense of pressure.

He did not linger, nor did he release his aura to confront them, merely discreetly changing his direction, and slowly exited this core area densely inhabited by high-tier demons.

If the interior of Flame Mountain was a sanctuary for the cultivation of high-tier demons, then its periphery was indisputably a bloody battleground.

Low-level demons tore and slaughtered among the magma and craggy terrain, the crisp sound of claws tearing flesh and the muffled noise of cracking bones echoed continuously. For the sake of claiming a crevice with slightly denser demonic energy, two Tier Three Flame Demons were biting each other with fangs, their boiling blood splattering on the ground, instantly turning to white mist; not far away, a Tier Four Fire Salamander was whipping its tail at a group of Little Flame Demons, driving them into more perilous areas to assert its territory.

All demons were fighting for survival, battling for richer demonic energy, and baring their fangs to gather more followers.

This mountain range shrouded in flame and demonic energy obeyed the most primal law of the jungle from inside out—survival of the fittest, the victor becomes the king.

Among them was Qin Tian transformed as a Flame Demon, his crimson scales inconspicuous in the firelight.

He mimicked the posture of high-tier demons as he advanced slowly, simultaneously extending his spiritual sense to its maximum, imprinting the terrain, demon distribution, and the demonic energy nodes hidden in the cracks and caves along the way in his mind.

"An excellent hunting ground indeed."

A sudden fierce red gleam appeared in Qin Tian's Flame Demon-transformed eyes. The outer ring of Flame Mountain was teeming with demons, and fighting each other was just commonplace; even if thousands were slaughtered, it would only be seen as a result of territorial disputes, without raising any suspicions.

Moreover, the demon density here far exceeded that outside the defense line, which could significantly enhance his killing efficiency.

"If that's the case, then let's kill to our heart's content."

Qin Tian slowly turned his head, sweeping his spiritual sense radar-like around the vicinity, instantly locking onto a group of demons in the northwest.

It was a black stone terrace encircled by magma, with a crack a yard wide in its center, where pure demonic energy surged like a fountain, condensing into a black mist in mid-air.

Hundreds of demons stood around the fissure, greedily inhaling the diffusing demonic energy.

In the very center of the obsidian platform stood a nearly four-meter-tall Tier Five Flame Demon, sitting cross-legged with closed eyes. Its scales had turned a dark golden hue, each trembling slightly under the wash of demonic energy, occasionally ejecting fine sparks from the gaps between scales.

Its aura rose and fell like a tide, sometimes as violent as a volcanic eruption, and at other times as restrained as a deep pool, seemingly striving to break through the Tier Six barrier, while the surrounding demons remained cautious, fearing to make any disturbance.

Qin Tian transformed into a crimson shadow, stepping onto the black stone terrace in just a few strides. The boiling magma surged at his feet, and the splattered sparks bounced off his scales instantly.

"Roar—!"

The Tier Five Flame Demon abruptly opened its eyes, its golden vertical pupils fixed fiercely on the intruder, and a deafening roar erupted from its throat. It could clearly sense the dangerous aura from the opponent, though in the same Flame Demon form, yet more ferocious than itself.

The Flame Demon raised its bone-spurred arm, pointing to the edge of the terrace, obviously warning Qin Tian to leave its territory.

The Flame Demon that was Qin Tian transformed suddenly grinned, revealing two rows of sharp fangs, a cruel curve appearing at the corner of his mouth.

The next second, he raised his hand, and black flames in his palm burst forth in an instant!

"Boom—!"

Pure Soul Devouring Flames swept across like a black tsunami, burning the air so intensely it crackled. The low-level demons didn't even have time to scream before being engulfed by the black flames.

Their proud Flame Resistance was futile against the Soul Devouring Flames—this fire incinerated souls, its dark flames penetrating through their orifices, instantly igniting their soul essence.

"Zzz—!"

A Tier Three Lava Hound rolled frantically within the black flames, but its body rapidly shriveled at a pace visible to the naked eye, ultimately turning into a flickering soul flame, absorbed by the black flames in Qin Tian's palm.

A Tier Four Red Flame Demon Soldier swung its bone blade at the flames, only to have the black flames spread over its entire body through the weapon, its soul emitting silent wails of torment as its form collapsed, swiftly disintegrating into ashes within the fire.

Terror flashed in the eyes of the Tier Five Flame Demon, which spewed out a mass of crimson demonic flame in an attempt to ward off the black flames.

However, at the moment the two flames collided, the crimson demonic flame melted away like ice under the sun, while the Soul Devouring Flames clung to its body like a ravenous parasite.

"Roar—!!!"

The Tier Five Flame Demon let out a horrific scream, its dark golden scales flaking off bit by bit in the black flames, the soul-searing pain made it thrash wildly, yet it could only watch helplessly as its consciousness gradually faded into darkness.

Within merely two minutes, the hundreds of demons on the black stone terrace had all become soulless husks, which then, along with their corporeal forms, were consumed entirely within the Soul Devouring Flames, leaving behind only a ground covered in faintly shimmering ashes.

Qin Tian raised his hand, retracting the black flames, the fire in his palm licking at his fingertips, seemingly savoring the taste of souls. He glanced at the demonic energy fissure, feeling the rapidly soaring Evolution Points on the system panel, the smile on his lips deepening.

Chapter 394: Shocking Upheaval, Tier 7 Black Flame Lord

In the days that followed, Qin Tian barely set his feet on the ground, spinning on an endless track that left him with pitifully little time to rest.

Most of the time, he stood guard at the Broken Blade front line, leading the soldiers of the Chijin Battlegroup to clear the surrounding flame pools and fire pits.

On the battlefield, he rarely took the initiative to charge, more often playing the role of support and reinforcement—where the blessing of divine weapons enhanced the quality of the warriors' weapons, increasing the power of enchantment, so each slash carried a sharp gleam that destroyed demons; the green light of life pulse transformed into an invisible protective barrier, capable of healing wounds, dispelling the fatigue of battle, and enhancing the soldiers' combat power.

Only when Tier Six demons breached the front line would he personally take action, using Shadowstrike or Thunder Skill to eliminate the enemies.

He also transformed into a master strategist, firmly controlling the troop maneuvering along the three major front lines.

When demons attacked, he would quickly muster strength according to the joint defense plan, transporting warriors to the battlefield to create a scenario where the many faced the few. Often, before the demons could form an encirclement, they were already shredded by human warriors from three sides.

Under the close cooperation of the three battlegroups, the demon caves near the front line were eradicated one by one.

The once continuous demon assaults visibly decreased in frequency, and even more invigorating was the casualty situation. Unless torn apart immediately by demons, even if left with just a breath, Qin Tian could snatch the person back from the Death God. Consequently, the casualties among the battlegroups decreased significantly, and morale soared higher.

After handling battlegroup affairs, Qin Tian would take a few hours each day to infiltrate Flame Mountain.

First, he sat quietly in a cave dense with demonic qi, allowing the "Demon Pattern Turtle Armor" to convert the black demonic qi into body-tempering golden patterns, listening to the crisp sound akin to

steel quenching from the bones. Then, he transformed into a wandering demon butcher, hunting in the ravines interwoven with firelight and demonic fog.

Initially, thousands of demons died at his hand every day.

Until one day, he sensitively sensed a cold gaze from the center of the demon source, carrying an overwhelming pressure far exceeding ordinary Tier Six demons.

He immediately decided to adjust his strategy, intercepting the demonic army leaving Flame Mountain, or besieging small demon caves rooted at the mountain's periphery, thereby avoiding potential risks and continuously reaping evolution points.

After spinning on this track for over half a month, the evolution points on the system panel broke through the mark of 25 million, with the digits jumping on the system light screen, emitting a heart-pounding luster.

Based on the past escalating pattern of evolution points, such an amount of evolution points might just be enough to further advance the nearly deep orange "Night Demon King" bloodline.

However, he still felt uncertain—within the Empire, hundreds possessed the golden bloodline, yet those of the holy blood level throughout history numbered only nine, a count unchanged for thousands of years.

The conditions for ascending from orange quality to a higher tier must be unimaginably rigorous, likely requiring a staggering number of evolution points.

"Better to save up more to be sure."

Still, Qin Tian remained calm, satisfied with the current pace—strategizing at the front lines by day, watching as warriors steadily advanced under the blessing of divine weapons and life pulse, eradicating demon caves one after another; then infiltrating Flame Mountain by night, tempering his body with demonic qi while collecting evolution points using Soul Devourer.

The dual approach allowed both the battlegroups and his personal strength to advance simultaneously, leaving him rather content.

The demons of Demon Suppression Abyss are fundamentally inexhaustible, and given enough time, multiplying evolution points several times or even dozens of times hardly seemed difficult.

However, this calm was thoroughly shattered one night.

"Boom—!!"

A muffled sound akin to arising from the earth's core abruptly exploded from the depths of Flame Mountain.

Different from the usual rumble of demonic tides, this sound bore a crushingly terrifying pressure, like the collapse of the sky, causing the entire Flame Mountain to tremble violently.

At the time, Qin Tian was absorbing demonic qi within Flame Mountain, and when the tremor occurred, he quickly ceased his cultivation state, his gaze locked onto the center of Flame Mountain—where the demonic qi was boiling and surging at an inexplicably rapid pace, and the demonic fog condensed into thick black liquid, like an agitated ink pool, forming a constantly rotating vortex in mid-air.

"That is..."

Qin Tian's pupils contracted sharply.

At the vortex's center, a colossal shadow rose slowly. It was a Black Flame Lord—standing fifty meters tall, its wings spread like bat wings covering the sky, with every wing bone coursing with lava-like dark red patterns; its body covered in layers of obsidian scales, from which the black flames spray out thick as ink, silently dissolving even the hard volcanic rock beneath its feet, seemingly capable of devouring light.

Even more spine-chilling was its active absorption of the entire energy of the demon source!

Those freshly born Little Flame Demons emerging from the demon source crevices were pulled towards the Black Flame Lord by an invisible force before they could even spread their wings.

They emitted shrill screeches mid-air, their bodies withering and disintegrating visibly, ultimately converging into strands of crimson energy, pouring into the Lord's body as rivers join the sea.

The giant crevice spewing demonic qi from the demon source center seemed like a drained pool at this moment, with the flow speed abruptly accelerating, and the black mist forcibly withdrawn, pouring entirely into the energy core between the Lord's wings.

"Roar——!!!"

The Black Flame Lord let out a roar that pierced the heavens and earth, with the sound waves fracturing the volcanic groups into cobweb-like cracks, magma spurting forth like startled serpents.

The black flames around it expanded sharply, enveloping half of Flame Mountain, with the original Tier Six peak's aura soaring as if rocket-propelled—half a step into Tier Seven.

And—still rising!

This was a terrifying pressure completely surpassing Tier Six, like a tangible mountain, suffocating the demons throughout Flame Mountain.

Qin Tian's gaze was serious, the Turtle Pattern Golden Light on him flickering frantically, seemingly warning of some catastrophic disaster.

"It's advancing to Tier Seven..." Qin Tian clenched his fists tightly, his knuckles turning white from exertion.

Tier Seven, this was an absolute powerhouse within the first layer of the demon source.

If this Black Flame Lord successfully advanced to Tier Seven, not only the three battlegroups but all forces stationed near Infernal Demon Sea would be in trouble.

Even though the Black Flame Lord would not remain long on the first layer of the Demon Abyss, entering the second layer of the demon source would pose significant problems for the division stationed there.

"Blaze, I need to borrow your strength." Qin Tian communicated with calm yet resolute determination, convinced that his only means of stopping the Black Flame Lord's advancement was the Heaven-Burning Purgatory.

"Too late."

Blaze's voice came from within his mind, with a rare gravity in the childish tone, "It's already succeeded."

Before the voice fell completely, a dazzling black light erupted at the center of Flame Mountain!

The Black Flame Lord suddenly raised its head, its wings expanding to the fullest, seemingly concealing half the sky. The dark red patterns once coursing along the wing bones fully illuminated, like billions of lava rivers converged, forcibly ripping the surrounding demonic qi vortex apart.

"Roar—!!!"

A roar penetrated the clouds, the Lord's chest heaving violently, with the final strand of pure demonic qi from the demon source center completely absorbed into its body, leaving those newly formed low-level demons as mere dust before they could even scream.

The obsidian scales covering its body began to fall and rearrange, with the newly formed scale armor emanating a dark golden sheen, each seeming composed of solidified darkness, with bone spurs growing at the ends of the bat wings, reflecting chilling rays capable of slicing through space, creating a black energy storm with each flap, shaving nearby peaks in half.

Most daunting was its aura—the once rampant energy now fully restrained but even more terrifying, as if turned into a bottomless black hole, causing light, sound, and even space around it to collapse inward.

Tier Seven!

This Black Flame Lord, it had broken through.

Chapter 395: Magma Sea and Solitary Stone

At the instant the Black Flame Lord broke through, a terrifying pressure swept across the entire Flame Mountain like a tsunami, spreading in all directions.

The demons, who were just fighting and struggling moments ago, instantly fell silent. Tier Three and Tier Four demons collapsed onto the scorching rocky ground as if their spines had been extracted, bodies uncontrollably trembling, lacking even the courage to lift their heads and gaze upward.

Even those usually arrogant Tier Six demons now prostrated themselves, their heads tightly pressed against the ground, scales opening and closing violently from fear, emitting subtle collision sounds—in the face of the pressure from a Tier Seven lord, their once proud strength was like a joke, not daring to entertain even a sliver of resistance.

Qin Tian stood inside the cave, feeling the overwhelming momentum, his heart squeezed as if by an invisible giant hand, even breathing became labored.

At such close proximity, he truly experienced that the gap between Tier Seven and Tier Six was not merely a difference in energy intensity, but rather a leap in the hierarchy of life.

Human Spiritualists must undergo the Celestial Human Three Tribulations—Celestial Thunder Tribulation, Body Burning Tribulation, and Heart Demon Tribulation—to transition from Tier Six to Tier Seven; Spirit Plants and Spirit Beasts must also experience the Spirit Plant Tribulation and Spirit Beast Tribulation respectively.

Though the cultivation system of demons differs from humans, the principles converge, presumably involving similar trials, and upon passing them, a true life transformation is complete.

At this moment, the Black Flame Lord in the center of Flame Mountain suddenly let out a roar, and its body underwent a bizarre transformation.

The colossal body, standing tens of meters tall, seemed like compressed flames, rapidly shrinking within dark golden light, bones crackling, scales stacking layer upon layer, finally stabilizing at around three meters in height.

Yet this seemingly "petite" body was even more chilling than before.

Its surface was covered with dense dark golden scales, each flowing with a ghostly black flame, no longer as chaotic as before but instead as concentrated as ink, seemingly capable of devouring all light.

Its Black Wings retracted mostly, with the edges faintly shimmering with spatial ripples, occasionally flapping, causing tiny black sparks to drift down, transforming into deep pits upon contact with the ground.

Most terrifying were its eyes, where the once-burning dark golden flames had been extinguished, replaced by two pure abysses of eerie light, as deep as cosmic black holes, a mere glance would seem to draw in one's soul.

The current Black Flame Lord shed the grotesque of a Giant Beast but gained a demonic and majestic aura befitting a Demon King. It hovered in mid-air, surrounded by quietly burning black flames, yet more oppressive than the wildfire that swept hundreds of miles before—a repression so restrained it seemed ready to unleash world-destroying power at any moment.

It glanced down at the prostrate demons beneath it, the shimmering eyes devoid of emotion, as if looking at a group of insignificant dust particles.

Then it retracted its Black Wings, returning to the center of Flame Mountain, where the vast Demonic Qi emerged once more from the Demon Source, with the Black Flame Lord absorbing the Demonic Qi to adapt to its new body.

Qin Tian watched the vanished dark shadow, cold sweat already soaking his back.

"Tier Seven."

Qin Tian's brows knitted tightly; if this Black Flame Lord stabilizes through the post-breakthrough adaptation period, whether it led a demon army to sweep across the Infernal Demon Sea or delved into the second layer of the Demon Abyss, it would result in enormous casualties for the Military Department—no one could predict how many warriors would become engulfed in those black flames.

"Inform your human experts." Blaze's voice echoed in his mind, somewhat nonchalant, "Just a Tier Seven demon, nothing overwhelming for you all."

Qin Tian's eyes flickered. Indeed, throughout the Empire, even in the Azure Wood Star Realm and within the Demon Suppression Abyss, there were numerous experts capable of slaying a Tier Seven demon.

But with the forces in the Demon Suppression Abyss stretched thin, experts above Tier Seven had long been transferred to the second and third layers to suppress even more terrifying demon tides, making it as difficult as climbing the heavens to siphon personnel back to support the first layer.

Rely on himself?

Facing the Tier Seven Black Flame Lord was akin to throwing eggs against stone.

What should he do?

Qin Tian fell into contemplation, numerous trump cards and information swiftly flashing through his mind. Suddenly, a previously overlooked detail forcefully entered his thoughts, his eyes slightly widening, as if grasping a thread of hope.

"Blaze, do you remember the location of that fire-element treasure you and Yan Song found?"

"I remember." Blaze paused, instantly realizing, "Are you thinking of...?"

Its tone grew a tad heavier, "You better think this through; if you mess this up, not even your bones will be left. I wouldn't want to be buried in such a ghostly place for another few hundred years."

"Don't worry." Qin Tian's voice carried undeniable confidence, "I may not dare to claim expertise in other areas, but when it comes to escaping, I'm definitely a pro."

"Alright... fine." Blaze fell silent for a moment, ultimately agreeing. Besides, it was also curious to see what kind of treasure the one guarded by the Tier Seven Magma Demon King was.

"Go, hurry up."

Qin Tian no longer hesitated, swiftly withdrawing from Flame Mountain.

With Blaze's guidance, he dashed northbound, the Gate of Space continuously opening and closing, covering hundreds of kilometers in an instant.

When he halted, the scene before him sent a shock through his heart—

Having just escaped from the Purgatory of Flame Mountain, he had now stumbled into a vast sea of magma.

As far as the eye could see, countless large magma pools spread like shattered mirrors on the crimson mountain plains, connected by scalding lava streams, stretching endlessly into the distance.

The viscous magma roiled and boiled within the pools, shimmering with a gold-red luster, every bubbling burst exploding into a sky full of sparks, the steaming heat waves distorting the air, even causing the vision to waver slightly, as if threatening to scorch the very soul to ashes.

Chapter 396: Magma Sea, Dushi Fragment 2

At the very center of this sea of lava lies a gigantic lava lake, stretching nearly a hundred miles across. The surface resembles molten gold, with massive waves crashing against the black stone walls, sending lava splashing dozens of feet high, raining down a fiery storm.

Occasionally, giant shadows glide across the lake bed, followed by hideous demons emerging from the lava—some with crocodile-like jaws, some with spiraling bone spikes on their backs, and others like massive worms engulfed in flames, stirring enormous waves on the lake surface.

These are high-tier demons of Tier Five and Tier Six, yet they seem so insignificant here.

And in the deepest part of that lava lake, there is a presence comparable to, if not even more domineering than the Black Flame Lord's, resembling an ancient giant beast in slumber, silently commanding the entire sea of lava to submit.

"The aura of the Tier Seven Magma Demon King..." Qin Tian held his breath, his spiritual sense slowly unfolding, "Is the fire elemental treasure at the bottom of this lake?"

"Yes." Blaze's voice carried a tinge of barely detectable excitement, "Right below."

Qin Tian gazed at the roiling lava lake, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes. He took a deep breath, and the scales on his body suddenly surged, the crimson color rapidly fading into an inky black texture. The black flames within the seams became more condensed than before, and even the ghostly fire in his eye sockets turned a dark gold.

In just a moment, he transformed into a demon indistinguishable from the Black Flame Lord, only slightly slender in build—this was his most convincing disguise.

As he leaped into the lava lake, the scorching waves immediately swallowed him.

Unlike the crimson fire of Flame Mountain, the lava here was as thick as molten metal, laced with sulfur and fierce energy, seeping into the gaps of his scales. Fortunately, with the Soul Devouring Flame protecting him, he held no fear, simulating the Black Flame Lord's aura as he slowly sank towards the lake bed.

Just under a hundred meters deep, a Tier Five Magma Beast with crocodile jaws swam past from the rear side, its toothy mouth opening and closing, releasing bubbles.

Catching sight of Qin Tian's figure, its golden pupils abruptly contracted, and it fled like a startled school of fish, without the courage to approach.

As he continued downward, the lava's color deepened, changing from golden red to dark brown.

A Tier Six Flame Demon with spiral bone spikes on its back lay sleeping on a piece of obsidian. When Qin Tian swam by, it suddenly awoke, growing alert at the sight of the black flames surrounding him, baring its teeth and growling lowly.

Qin Tian ignored it, continuing to sink downward.

The lava at the deepest point had almost solidified, as viscous as black syrup.

Qin Tian could sense something enormous slumbering further below; the domineering presence denser than the Black Flame Lord's, sending minuscule ripples through the lava with each breath—surely the Tier Seven Magma Demon King.

Holding his breath, he edged along the stone wall, patiently diving deeper. Just as he was about to reach the lake bed, the lava beneath suddenly thinned, as if he had fallen into an invisible passageway.

The sensation of weightlessness lasted only a moment before the scene before him opened up dramatically.

An underground lava cave lay revealed.

Without the lake's fury, the heat underground was even more startling. The lava streams coursing through the rocky walls pulsed like golden veins.

Countless lava stalactites hung from the cave ceiling; what dripped from their tips wasn't water, but scalding oil that, upon hitting the ground, ignited into ghostly blue flames, illuminating the cave as if it were daylight.

More alarming was the demonic aura here—denser than at the center of Flame Mountain, almost liquid in its thickness, flowing down the rock face cracks, collecting in pools of black on the ground. Evidently, this was another Demon Source location.

Qin Tian released his spiritual sense; the lake's heat somewhat impaired his heat source perception, but fortunately, he could still use the magnetic field to determine the demons' number and location.

The demons within the underground cave were far more numerous than in the upper lava lake, yet surprisingly, the Tier Seven Magma Demon King was not in the Demon Source center.

Qin Tian immediately reined in his presence, a subtle glow enveloping him, merging his form seamlessly into the shadows, entering a state of invisibility and breath suppression.

His toes lightly touched the scorching rock wall, making virtually no sound as he quietly approached the Magma Demon King's location.

The heat grew ever more oppressive, the lava seeping from the rock face flowed through grooves, weaving a golden fire net on the ground.

Many demons were encountered along the way, but none sensed his presence.

Rounding a bend, the space suddenly broadened before him.

A creature the size of a small mountain came into view—it was the Tier Seven Magma Demon King.

It lay crouched at the very deepest point of the cave floor, its body clad in layers of ash-gray armor plates, each segment like solidified lava, etched with grooves and glowing with a dark red sheen, occasionally sputtering sparks from its crevices, lighting small patches of ghostly fire on the ground.

Its head was nestled between its forelimbs, breathing long and heavy, each inhalation stirring the flames and air currents within the cave, and as it exhaled, billowing out blistering white mist laced with sulfur, the very air around it warped slightly.

Beside the Magma Demon King stood an abrupt, towering black platform. Scalding lava washed over the grooves along the platform walls, hissing persistently yet never flooding the surface.

At the center of the platform stood a lone black-red stone, steadfast under the relentless lava flow.

Qin Tian's gaze was instantly drawn to this stone.

He keenly felt the continuous convergence of the cave's fire and earth energies towards the stone—the lava currents from the rock walls, the heat surging up from the depths, even the sulfur scent in the air, all channeled as invisible threads into it.

Simultaneously, the stone's top released threads of orange vapors, light as molten gold, exuding a blend of warmth and weight, drifting towards the slumbering Magma Demon King.

The demon king's nostrils twitched slightly, inhaling those orange vapors, further deepening the intensity of its aura.

That aura fused the fierce heat of fire with the solid steadiness of earth, two disparate forces perfecting a chilling harmony within its body.

"It's it." Qin Tian felt a stir within, his gaze locking tight on the black-red stone.

The energy fluctuations it emitted far exceeded expectations; no wonder the Tier Seven Magma Demon King remained to guard it outside the Demon Source's core—this was no ordinary fire element treasure but more akin to a core, fusing fire and earth essence, with each energy cycle stirring the cave's entire aura.

"Eh, I think I've seen this kind of stone before."

Blaze's voice, slightly surprised, suddenly echoed in Qin Tian's mind.

"You've seen it?" Qin Tian's heart tightened; he asked softly.

"But it can't be... How did it end up here in this form?" Blaze's voice was full of bewilderment, as if faced with something incomprehensible.

"Stop beating around the bush, what exactly is it?"

Blaze was silent for a moment, then finally spoke: "It's called the Singular Stone. Six hundred years ago, during the Void invasion of the Central Star Realm, the Human Empire used a city-sized Singular Stone to block the Void Passage. It should have been only one piece this whole time, so it's unexpected to see it here; this appears to be a fragment."

Singular Stone! Void invasion!

Qin Tian's gaze tightened. He had read historical accounts of that battle in military archives—its severity was among the Empire's top five wars, with dozens of Tier Eight and Nine powerhouses falling.

And given that the Singular Stone could seal the Void Passage by itself, its contained primal energy was imaginable.

Thus, it's understandable why such a fragment would be deemed a treasure by the Tier Seven Magma Demon King.

The orange vapors it emitted after absorbing fire and earth energies were undoubtedly a supreme treasure for refining primal essence, enough to drive high-tier demons to madness.

"Be careful, the Singular Stone seems to have awakened a consciousness; taking it won't be simple," Blaze reminded.

"Yes, I sensed it too."

Qin Tian's gaze was profound; regardless, he must take this Singular Stone, and he intended to use it as a catalyst—

Drive the wolves to devour the tiger!

To best destroy both Demon Source sites completely.

Chapter 397: Feint in the East, Furious Wrath

"What are you planning to do?" Blaze's voice held curiosity, "Are you going to use your spatial ability to steal it directly?"

"No." Qin Tian shook his head gently, his gaze sweeping over the sleeping Magma Demon King, his tone cautious, "The perception of a Tier Seven Demon King is too keen. I'm not confident I can retreat with the Obsidian before it wakes."

"Then what do you intend to do?" Blaze pursued, anticipation growing in his voice.

"Just watch." Qin Tian held back, his figure blending into the shadows like a drop of ink, silently retreating from the depths of the cave.

He didn't pause for a moment, he rushed towards the direction of the Demon Source Center. In invisibility mode, even the magma beneath his feet showed no ripple. It only took him a short quarter hour to reach his destination.

The Demon Source before his eyes was more spectacular than he had imagined.

It was a gigantic vortex with a diameter of hundreds of meters, pitch-black demonic qi like boiling ink gushed from the underground, entwined with falling magma above, condensed into a grey-purple chaotic stream, swirling endlessly in mid-air.

The demonic qi was extremely dense, even forming black crystals at the edge of the vortex, which fell to the ground emitting a clear sound before melting into the heat waves.

Around the vortex, dozens of Six Tier Demons were occupying their territories, greedily consuming the demonic qi.

Fire Demons with three pairs of wings who, with each breath, made the black flames around them surge three feet; Lava-armored Demon Tortoises burying their heads in the densest part of the vortex, the patterns on their shells glowing under the demonic qi wash; and Flame Pythons coiled on stone platforms, their hundred-meter-long bodies wrapped around Obsidian Pillars, scales flowing with magma-like red light, forked flaming tongues flickering, raising the temperature whenever they moved.

They maintained a delicate distance between each other, none daring to cross the boundary — in this Demon Source Center, even Six Tier Demons must obey the most primitive rules, any provocation could trigger a bloody battle.

Hidden behind a huge obsidian, Qin Tian watched this scene, a cold gleam flashing in his eyes.

This was the spot.

"Buzz——"

Dozens of solid iron balls with diameters exceeding ten meters emerged out of thin air, their surfaces flickered with intense red glow, their scorching aura causing the surrounding demonic qi to rage violently as if ignited.

They fell from directly above the Demon Source vortex, like stars appearing out of nowhere, instantly breaking the silence of the Demon Source Center.

The three-winged Fire Demon was the first to notice the anomaly, stopping its demonic qi inhale, its golden pupils fixed fiercely on those iron balls, the black-flamed wings slightly flapped, carrying a wary anger.

The Flame Python also raised its head, the forked flaming tongue swiftly flickering, clearly puzzled by the origin of these iron balls carrying a destructive aura.

However, before they could react—

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The continuous explosions sounded like rolling thunder, with dozens of fireballs exploding simultaneously!

In an instant, the violent explosive flames swept out in all directions like fire dragons breaking free from chains. These flames were different from the demons' controlled black flames or magma fire, carrying the explosive power infused by Qin Tian, every inch of the flame fiercely trembling, where it passed, the air seemed torn into countless fragments, emitting sharp squeals.

The low-level demons at the periphery of the Demon Source became the primary sacrifices of this explosion.

Lava Hounds were blown away by the airwaves, smashing against the rock walls and turning into pools of meat; Little Flame Demons were shattered to pieces in the explosion as the flames swept through.

Further away, the dense low-level demons fell like leaves in a storm, some were directly blown to death, others were shattered internally by the shock, wails resounding endlessly, staining the land around the Demon Source instantly red.

In contrast, the Six Tier demons, though affected by the explosion, did not suffer substantial damage.

The Fire Demon spread its three pairs of wings, rolling the black flames around it to block the explosive flames outside, only forced back half a step by the airwaves; the Flame Python's scales tightly shut, its hundred-meter body slightly trembled to dissolve the impact, only uttering low roars of anger; the Demon Tortoise remained unmoved, the patterns on its shell flickered slightly, dissipating all the shocks into invisibility.

Even though unharmed, their fury ignited instantly.

At that diameter hundreds of meters Demon Source vortex, under the impact of explosive power, it began to tremble intensely.

The formerly stable gushing demonic qi was like a deep pond thrown with a giant stone, instantly raised roaring waves, black demonic qi no longer spewing out orderly, but turning agitated, sometimes condensing into a sturdy wall of air, sometimes thinning into mist, swirling and colliding madly in mid-air.

Even more bizarre, the vortex center showed tiny cracks, demonic qi gushed out through the cracks carrying unstable energy fluctuations, sometimes scorching like magma, sometimes chilling like ice, causing the surrounding temperature to fluctuate, chaotic.

The Tier Six demons that had originally been absorbing demonic qi suddenly panicked; they could clearly feel that the Demon Source, the fundamental support of the demon's existence, had suffered noticeable damage in this explosion, and was boiling in a highly unstable state.

The intense shock at the Demon Source was like a thunderbolt thrown into the deep sea, instantly piercing through rock layers and reaching the deepest part of the cave.

"Boom—!"

The Magma Demon King, previously lying on the ground, suddenly opened its eyes, its magma-filled pupils abruptly lighting up like two core lights of the earth ignited without warning.

Awakened from slumber, its bulky limbs covered by heavy lava armor slowly supported its body as every movement caused the entire cave to tremble violently, and the magma streams on the rock walls jumped like frightened snakes.

It could clearly feel the manic and chaotic aura of the Demon Source, an anomaly never seen before!

Without a hint of hesitation, the Magma Demon King stood up and strode toward the Demon Source. Despite its seemingly heavy body, its speed was astonishing; as it traversed the cave, the rock walls automatically opened a path, and each step left a giant, smoking footprint on the ground, with the

scorching aura scaring low-level demons along the way into shivering, lacking even the courage to glance upward.

On the stone platform, the solitary black-red stone still stood quietly, unmoved while being continuously washed by the magma.

Moments later, the Magma Demon King appeared at the Demon Source Center.

Upon arrival, it immediately sensed the chaotic aura pervading the air. The whirlpool of the Demon Source was churning violently, with black demonic qi constantly colliding and exploding like boiling water; though the crack at the center of the whirlpool gradually shrank, the unstable energy fluctuations were subtly distorting the surrounding space.

"Roar—!!"

The Magma Demon King let out a thunderous angry roar filled with violent fury. It could sense that the Demon Source had suffered some damage, an unforgivable provocation for demons relying on the Demon Source for survival!

It searched for the anomaly in the surroundings, swearing to tear apart the culprit who disrupted the Demon Source.

The Tier Six demons, sensing its fury, lay prostrate on the ground, not daring to make any movement.

However, in the next second, the expression of the Magma Demon King suddenly froze, and the molten flames in its eyes danced fiercely, filled with incredulous shock and fear.

"Roar!"

It let out a sudden roar, filled with urgency and distress.

Its massive body no longer focused on the Demon Source status, instead turning and racing toward the deeper parts of the cave.

Along the way, rocks were shattered by its impact, magma streams splashed wildly, and low-level demons that couldn't dodge in time were crushed to pulp, yet it didn't pause at all.

Soon, the Magma Demon King returned to the deepest part of the cave.

But the scene before its eyes was like a bolt from the blue—

The stone platform was empty, the black-red stone that had quietly stood there was nowhere to be found. Only the magma continued to scour the grooves in the platform, making sizzling sounds as if mocking its negligence.

"Roar—!!!"

A heaven-shattering roar erupted from the Magma Demon King's mouth, filled with extreme wrath and violence, causing the entire cave to tremble violently, the magma streams on the walls gushing out like boiling, while stalactites of magma on the ceiling fell crashing to the ground, igniting fierce fires.

Its lava armor exploded instantly, with scorching magma and shards scattering everywhere, distorting the surrounding air with burning fervor.

The treasure it had guarded for a century, aiding its continuous advancement, had disappeared within a brief absence!

This feeling of provocation and being toyed with drove this Tier Seven Demon King into insanity.

Suddenly, the Magma Demon King raised its head sharply, its magma-burning eyes fixed upward; it sensed the aura of the gem appearing above and swiftly moving towards the distance.

You can't escape!!!

"Roar!!"

The furious roar once again resonated throughout the cave, this time infused with a few more degrees of determined madness.

Chapter 398: Demon King Showdown, Both Defeated

"Boom——!!"

The several-meter-thick rock layer instantly shattered under this tremendous force, debris mixed with scalding magma pouring down like a torrential rain.

The Magma Demon King did not pause at all, continuing its upward surge, smashing through dozens of meters of rock layer before finally bursting into the magma lake above.

The lake's thick and boiling golden-red waves wrapped around it, but to the Magma Demon King, this was nothing. It swung its massive body, moving straight upwards, surrounded by a crimson blaze, like a rising rocket. Any demon swimming in the lake, whether Tier Five Flame Demon or Tier Six Magma Beast, was easily crushed if too slow to dodge, turning into a wisp of smoke in the magma.

Soon, the Magma Demon King surfaced from the lakebed, charging upward mightily, breaking the lake surface with its massive body and soaring through the air, landing heavily on the black stone ground on the shore.

Upon landing, it immediately picked up a familiar scent, moving rapidly not far away.

The Magma Demon King's magma-burning eyes instantly locked onto the direction of the scent's origin. It strode forward, sprinting furiously, its speed astounding, like a moving shadow. Every step caused the earth to tremble violently, the hard rocky ground left with gigantic smoking footprints.

Everything along its path was ruthlessly destroyed; hills smashed to pieces, rocks turned to dust, paving a path of destruction.

Before long, it saw a silhouette ahead—a winged Black Flame Demon, swiftly flying with a gem.

"Roar—!!!"

The Magma Demon King's roar was like thunder from the earth's core, shaking the heavens and the earth.

With this roar, the ground beneath its feet collapsed suddenly, the thousand-meter diameter surface shattering like glass. Numerous columns of magma shot up from the cracks, piercing the clouds, dyeing the sky crimson.

Where the magma columns passed, the air sizzled and cracked, even space rippled with distortions, as if the entire world was being torn apart by this power.

Yet the Black Flame Demon darted like a black lightning, deftly weaving through the dense magma columns.

Its wings flapped rapidly, creating afterimages, sometimes skimming past spewing magma, its black wingtips brushing the column edges, setting off sparks; sometimes diving quickly, slipping through gaps between columns, the rocks below just scorched into a glassy state, but its figure was already a hundred meters away.

Each evasive maneuver was fraught with danger, seemingly moments from being engulfed by a column, yet always escaping by a hair's breadth, like dancing on the edge of a knife.

Seeing this, the Magma Demon King's fury erupted entirely, the fiery blaze in its eye sockets raging.

It raised a giant claw fiercely, waving towards the sky, as countless burning magma shards seemed to gain life, turning into an overwhelming meteor fire rain, descending with sharp piercing whistles.

The fire rain was dense enough to nearly obscure the sky, each shard carrying terrifying heat, creating tens of meters deep craters upon impact, black smoke billowing, forming a domain of destruction.

However, the Black Flame Demon remained as elusive as a ghost.

It weaved through the fire rain, its body sometimes curling into a ball, dodging the straight-on attack of fire shards; sometimes spreading its wings wide like a black leaf, using air currents to drift sideways, letting several fire shards graze past, crashing on the ground behind, triggering fierce explosions.

More impressively, while dodging, it kept accelerating, gradually widening the distance from the Magma Demon King.

The Magma Demon King roared in rage, charging forward with its limbs.

This chase lasted for hours, disturbing half of the Infernal Demon Sea—the demons along the way crouched in fright, trembling as they watched the moving wave of destruction; the human soldiers at the defense line grasped their weapons tightly, faces full of fear as they looked at the far-off red glow in the sky, even breathing cautiously.

Both demons and humans were overwhelmingly intimidated by the Magma Demon King's rampage; no one dared approach this fire-engulfed zone.

Before long

A towering Flame Mountain appeared on the horizon, its eternally burning flames flaring in the wind like flag.

The Black Flame Lord suddenly let out a sharp screech, black flames on its wings roaring mightily, speed escalating several times, its silhouette transforming into a black beam, disappearing from the Magma Demon King's sight.

The Magma Demon King glared ahead, clearly sensing the gem's aura rapidly approaching the center of Flame Mountain, already within its range.

It roared furiously, charging towards Flame Mountain heedlessly, its massive body breaking all giant rocks and hills along the way, leaving a long trail of destruction.

...

The depths of Flame Mountain, at the center of Demon Source.

The Black Flame Lord, stabilizing Tier Seven powers, suddenly opened its eyes, a flash of gravity in its luminescent pupils.

Clearly feeling an immensely terrifying aura rapidly approaching Flame Mountain, the aura containing volcanic heat and earthly weight, sharing its Tier Seven level but even more immense and furious.

The aura carried world-destroying power, seemingly intent on engulfing all of Flame Mountain.

Chapter 399: Demon King Battle, Both Suffer Defeat (Part 2)

The Black Flame Lord felt a chill in its heart; it could sense the opponent's hostility, an undisguised fury that wanted to tear everything apart.

Without the slightest hesitation, its black wings suddenly spread wide, spanning dozens of meters in an instant. Dark flames leapt at the tips, creating rippling waves in the space.

With a "whoosh," the Black Flame Lord transformed into a black streak of light, shooting straight out of Flame Mountain, hovering in mid-air.

As soon as it appeared, it saw the gigantic creature charging towards it—the Magma Demon King.

The opponent was covered in blistering lava armor, surrounded by steaming heat, each step causing the earth to quake, and the raging aura seemed almost to ignite the air.

The Magma Demon King also halted its steps at that moment, raising its head, its magma-burning pupils meeting the gleaming eyes of the Black Flame Lord in the air.

In an instant, two terrifying Tier Seven auras collided outside Flame Mountain, invisible thunder seemed to exploded in the air, temperatures around sharply fluctuating, demonic energy and flames intertwining and colliding, forming a chaotic and dangerous energy turbulence.

It's it, it's definitely it!

The eyes of the Magma Demon King surged with magma, its roar carrying a bone-corroding hatred.

Although the aura of this Black Flame Demon before it was many times stronger than before, already stepping into the same level of Demon King as itself, that unique scent was unmistakable, it was the despicable thief that stole the gemstone it had guarded for countless ages!

At that moment, its heart suddenly emptied.

The gemstone's aura had vanished abruptly inside Flame Mountain, as if it had never existed. This was the sign of the gemstone's complete stealth, indicating it might be lost forever.

"Roar——!!"

The Magma Demon King could no longer restrain itself, the pent-up fury erupted like a super volcano that had been dormant for billions of years. It charged forward, each step causing the ground to shudder violently, as if an Ancient Giant Beast was awakening.

Its right claw, carrying immense power and billowing magma, struck fiercely towards the Black Flame Lord.

Even before the claw wind reached, the ground was already torn open with several tens-of-meter-deep ravines, the scorching heat wave twisted and deformed the surrounding air, even refracting the light.

The Black Flame Lord hadn't expected the opponent to be so aggressive, starting off with a lethal attack.

It dared not be the slightest bit negligent, its black wings sharply flapped, the dark flames instantly converging into a massive flame wall, with ink-like flame patterns flowing on the surface, exuding an aura of consuming everything.

"Boom—!"

The magma giant claw and the flame wall collided with a deafening thunderclap, as if two planets had crashed here.

The violent energy shockwave spread outwards, rocks several kilometers away shattered like fragile glass, and rain-like debris fell from the sky.

The flame wall trembled violently, its surface cracked densely like a spider's web spreading.

The Black Flame Lord was rocked back repeatedly by the immense force, its wings stirring up gusts to barely stabilize its form, a trace of black blood seeping from its mouth.

"Roar!"

The Black Flame Lord roared in fury, since the opponent acted without hesitation, neither would it hold back.

With a flap of its wings, countless dark flames shot towards the Magma Demon King like sharp swords, these flame swords carried intense corrosiveness, burning the air with crackling sounds, leaving black marks on the ground.

The Magma Demon King was not to be outdone, its lava armor suddenly lit up, emitting dazzling red light, blocking all those flame swords.

The flame swords clashed against the lava armor with sizzling sound, only leaving shallow imprints.

It opened its mouth and spewed an immense pillar of magma like an angry fire dragon towards the Black Flame Lord. Wherever the magma pillar passed, the ground was burned into charred glass-like state, emitting a pungent sulfur smell.

The Black Flame Lord folded its wings around itself, black flames formed a thick armor on its body surface. The magma pillar hit the flame armor with violent sound, yet failed to cause any harm to the Black Flame Lord, only making its form waver.

Thus, the two Tier Seven Demon Kings engaged in battle, wide and bold moves, every collision unleashed devastation.

The Black Flame Lord moved nimbly like a ghost in the night, with wings flapping, countless black flames fell like meteor showers, scorching the earth.

These flames did not extinguish upon landing, but spread as if alive, forming a black sea of fire, engulfing everything around.

The Magma Demon King, endlessly powerful, its enormous body made the earth tremble with each movement. As its giant claws swung, mountains cracked, lava gushed, seemingly wanting to overturn the entire world.

Suddenly it stamped on the ground, causing instant collapse, numerous lava geysers erupted from underground, forming a magma forest, encircling the Black Flame Lord.

Seeing this, a harsh gleam flickered in the Black Flame Lord's eyes, its wings fiercely flapped, the black flames around its body instantly surged, forming a giant black fireball.

The fireball spun continuously, generating powerful suction, drawing in the surrounding lava geysers, then erupted suddenly, rebounding all the magma.

Splattered by the rebounded magma, the Magma Demon King's body emitted sizzling sounds, though uninjured, it only grew angrier. It charged forward, its huge form like an out-of-control tank, crashing towards the Black Flame Lord, shattering all obstacles in its path like paper.

### Chapter 400: Demon King War—Mutual Defeat (Part 3)

The Black Flame Lord deftly avoided the impact, its wings flaring as it soared above the Magma Demon King, then suddenly swooped down, its claws engulfed in ghostly black flames, reaching for the Demon King's head.

The Magma Demon King reacted swiftly, raising its head abruptly, meeting the Black Flame Lord with its hardened skull.

Once again, they collided, producing a loud bang.

The Black Flame Lord was sent flying backward from the collision, while the Magma Demon King received a claw that left a crack on its lava armor.

The area affected by the battle expanded further and further; the mountains of Flame Mountain continuously collapsed under their impacts, countless burning boulders tumbling down, crashing towards the base.

The demons on the mountain were in dire straits; whether they were low-level demons or high-tier Tier Six demons, all were caught in the midst of this Tier Seven Demon King clash.

Some low-level demons were burned to ashes by the flames, leaving not a trace; some Tier Six demons were turned to ash by the falling black flames; others were engulfed by magma, turning into a pool of pus in their painful wails, suffering heavy casualties.

The Demon Source at the center of Flame Mountain was also affected, as the ceaseless energy impacts rendered the once-stable demonic qi turbulent and restless, the vortex trembling violently, like a bomb about to explode, at any moment on the verge of collapsing.

The space around the Demon Source began to warp, and some low-level demons who approached were instantly torn to pieces by the twisted space.

As the battle continued, the two Demon Kings were fighting with blood-ridden eyes, having completely lost their senses.

The Black Flame Lord no longer held back, pushing the black flames within to their utmost, becoming a black fiery meteor, surrounded by countless black flaming halos, exuding an aura of destruction, crashing towards the Magma Demon King.

The Magma Demon King also fought with abandon, condensing the lava power throughout its body onto its fists, the magma on its fists roiling incessantly, forming two gigantic lava vortexes, charging towards the Black Flame Lord with unyielding momentum, smashing fiercely.

"Boom—!!!"

A tremendous earth-shattering noise echoed as the two collided fiercely.

The horrific energy erupted instantly, forming a huge energy mushroom cloud, soaring into the sky, dyeing the heavens a dark red. The energy shockwave spread in all directions, causing the ground to collapse, the mountains crumbled, Flame Mountain collapsed under the impact of this energy, leveling the entire mountain, leaving only a massive crater.

The Demon Source was thoroughly destroyed in the explosion, black demonic qi gushing out like a flood, forming a giant black smoke column in the air, then dissipating into nothingness.

The destruction of the Demon Source made the demonic qi throughout the Infernal Demon Sea chaotic, countless demons felt this change, plunging into panic.

Boom boom boom!

The battle reached a fever pitch, the two Demon Kings had lost all sanity, solely intent on killing each other.

It's unknown how long it lasted, the battlefield a complete wreckage.

The Black Flame Lord lay on the ground in a sorry state, its wings burned away, leaving only half on each side, the remaining parts still smoldering, its left arm reduced to ashes, revealing the white skeleton.

Its body covered in wounds deep enough to see the bone, black blood coursing from the wounds, its breath greatly diminished, like a candle in the wind, any moment ready to be extinguished.

The Magma Demon King wasn't faring much better, one eye burned to a hollow, molten lava flowing steadily from the hollow eye socket. Half its body scorched black, the originally thick lava armor now dilapidated, exposing the equally charred muscle tissue. It knelt on the ground, each breath a painful gasp, its breath greatly diminished.

The two once-unmatchable Tier Seven Demon Kings now mutually devastated, amidst these ruins, only the heavy breathing remained, seemingly recounting the epic battle's brutality.

Around lay deadly silence, only occasionally interrupted by falling rocks, adding a touch of desolation to the wasteland.

Just then, a mysterious figure silently appeared high above, witnessing the scene below, a slight curve of a successful scheme playing at his lips.