

Battlefield 401

Chapter 401: Bombarding the Demon King, Heart of the Earth

"Is this your plan?"

Blaze's voice echoed in Qin Tian's mind, with a hint of barely perceptible admiration, "I must say, you've really succeeded."

Qin Tian smiled slightly, "Luck was on my side. The demons' rage was greater than I imagined."

If it were two Tier Seven Spiritualists, it would be impossible to reach such a mutually destructive situation without understanding the causes and consequences. But demons are inherently brutal; once they step onto the battlefield, their rationality is quickly swallowed by anger, leaving only an obsession for eternal battle.

Luck? This can't be attributed to luck.

Blaze understood well that this plan, like driving wolves to swallow tigers, seemed simple but concealed numerous steps difficult for ordinary people to complete.

For instance, Qin Tian used the tactic of diversion to steal the sole stone, then disguised himself as the Black Flame Lord, precisely simulating its aura, making the Magma Demon King believe that the stone thief was indeed the Lord; and then, despite being chased by the Magma Demon King, he managed to survive and maintained a close yet safe distance, leading the Demon King step by step to Flame Mountain...

Throughout the process, Qin Tian's spatial abilities, disguise techniques, and judgment of demon behavior were executed to perfection.

Blaze really couldn't think of anyone else besides Qin Tian who could accomplish such a setup.

Qin Tian looked down, a satisfied expression appearing on his face.

His plan not only led the two Tier Seven Demon Kings to fight each other, resulting in severe injuries for both, but also used their hands to destroy a Demon Source.

With the Demon Source at Flame Mountain destroyed, the Demon Cave within a radius of thousands of miles would no longer receive fresh blood replenishment. Coupled with demons' habit of mutual slaughter, it is foreseeable that the number of demons in the area will rapidly diminish, lowering the pressure faced by the three major battle regiments and all forces defending Infernal Demon Sea to the minimum.

"What do you plan to do next?" Blaze asked.

"Of course, finish them off!"

Qin Tian's tone was calm, yet held unwavering confidence; the two Tier Seven Demon Kings were already severely wounded, presenting him with the best opportunity.

"Using your sniper rifle?"

"No, I need to borrow your power."

Even though the Tier Seven Demon Kings were injured, they remained formidable opponents. To ensure absolute success, Qin Tian decided to use the Heaven Burning Purgatory to deliver a fatal blow to them.

This time, Blaze did not utter words like "you're too weak"; to deal with two injured Tier Seven Demon Kings, as long as Qin Tian can smoothly activate its power, it would be sufficient.

Swish

Qin Tian left his original position, flashing to a peak made of obsidian dozens of kilometers away, locking his gaze on the direction of the Flame Mountain ruins. Being too close would alert them when activating Heaven Burning Purgatory, a detail he wouldn't overlook.

He raised his hand to press the bracelet on his wrist; his fingertips slightly moved with Spiritual Power, and the bracelet instantly emitted a soft metallic scraping sound, beginning to transform and extend.

Within a few breaths, the bracelet that fit his wrist had transformed into a half-human-sized red hand cannon, its barrel wrapped with flowing flame patterns, resembling solidified magma gently pulsating.

Qin Tian held the cannon with both hands, taking a deep breath, continuously infusing his Spiritual Energy into it.

"Buzz—"

The hand cannon emitted a low humming sound, its muzzle quickly glowing with intense red light, burning the surrounding air into distorted shapes, even the obsidian underfoot started to heat up, giving off a faint scent of scorching.

The rapid consumption of Spiritual Energy made Qin Tian's face slightly pale, beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead, yet his gaze remained sharp as an eagle, fixed steadfastly on the energy readings of the hand cannon.

When the flame patterns on the cannon fully lit up, resembling fiery serpents coming to life, Qin Tian knew that the Heaven Burning Purgatory was ready.

Meanwhile, within the ruins of Flame Mountain, the two major Demon Kings, struggling to breathe, simultaneously shuddered.

What kind of aura is that?

The Black Flame Lord twitched its damaged wing, barely lifting its head, a trace of fear flashing in its dark pupils; the destructive aura from dozens of kilometers away carried a domineering force capable of consuming everything.

The Magma Demon King also abruptly tensed its body, the only eye left fixated on the direction of the aura, emitting a threatening low growl from its throat.

It could feel the might of that force was enough to make it perish in its current heavily injured state.

Despite the alarm bells sounding in their minds, the two Demon Kings still didn't forget their vigilance against each other—their recent deadly combat filled them with intense animosity against one another, unwilling to relax their guard even in the face of unknown threats. This deeply ingrained suspicion became their most fatal flaw at this moment.

Just then, Qin Tian's figure flashed in the sky above Flame Mountain.

He hovered in mid-air, tightly gripping the red hand cannon, the intense red light at its muzzle as dense as it could get, like a small sun about to explode.

The moment the two Demon Kings raised their heads, they met with the scorching muzzle and those cold eyes.

Not good!

The bodies of the two great Demon Kings shuddered violently, as they suddenly realized they might have fallen into a human trap.

But it was already too late.

Qin Tian's lips curled into a cold sneer as he unhesitatingly pulled the trigger.

"Boom—!!!"

A red beam with a diameter of over a hundred meters erupted from the cannon muzzle, descending like a sword of judgment from the heavens, with the might to burn the skies and destroy the earth, it fiercely smashed towards the two Demon Kings below.

Where the beam passed, ripples were burned into the space, igniting the air and transforming it into a flame tunnel that pierced Heaven and Earth.

The faces of the Black Flame Lord and the Magma Demon King changed dramatically, realizing only then that they had both been outwitted.

They wanted to flee, but due to serious injuries, their speed was significantly reduced, and they could only watch as the beam of destruction magnified in their vision.

"Roar—!!!"

The desperate roar was engulfed by the beam.

At the moment the beam crashed down, the entire Flame Mountain ruins erupted in a violent explosion. The ground shattered like glass struck by a giant hammer, forming a deep, bottomless pit that seemed to lead directly to the planet's core, with scorching magma spewing from the cracks, creating a soaring pillar of fire that dyed half the sky crimson.

The terrifying shock wave swept outwards in all directions, from the center of the explosion. The already shattered mountains collapsed completely under this additional destruction, where rocks and flames intertwined into chaos, flattening everything within kilometers, leaving the air filled with the scent of melted metal.

As for the two great Demon Kings, not even their bones remained.

Qin Tian, at the instant the beam was launched, used his Spatial Ability to retreat to a safe distance. He released the tight grip on the cannon barrel while gazing at the scene below that resembled doomsday.

The red hand cannon transformed into a stream of light and retracted back into his bracelet, his face pale as paper, stumbling a bit before regaining his balance. His Spiritual Energy was nearly exhausted, but he still managed a slight smile.

The two Tier Seven Demon Kings were blasted to bits by the cannon, tens of thousands of demons perished on Flame Mountain, the Demon Source destroyed; it could be said that through his actions alone, the threat posed by the Infernal Demon Sea had been reduced by at least thirty percent.

As for himself, aside from acquiring a unique stone, he also obtained several purple talents.

The talent of the Magma Demon King overlapped with those of the Tier Six Magma Demons he had previously hunted, but there was one unique talent named [Heart of the Earth]

[Name]Heart of the Earth (Purple)

[Type]Passive Talent

[Introduction]When you are standing on the ground, your power increases by 30%, during combat every 10 seconds you recover 5% of lost Life Value, when out of combat, you recover 1% of maximum Life Value every 10 seconds.

This is an extremely powerful talent. Knowing that most of the time he lives on the surface, it means his power is almost permanently boosted by 30%. Furthermore, the recovery provided by [Heart of the Earth] is also astonishing, especially in a non-combat state, where every 10 seconds he recovers 1% of max Life Value, meaning no matter how severe his injuries, he can recover to full health in mere minutes.

Equivalent to a talent version of a berserker's Armor.

And the two talents of the Black Flame Lord are both related to flame, integrating them with [Soul Devourer Flame]. To his surprise, these talents perfectly matched the attributes of Soul Devourer Flame, not only enhancing the ability to devour souls, and restore his own Spiritual Power, but also adding a new skill—Black Flame Corrode Armor.

Black Flame Corrode Armor: When Black Flame adheres to the enemy, it continuously weakens their defense power (Armor, Magic Resistance).

This skill has no numerical representation, but its effect is noteworthy.

Originally, Soul Devourer Flame had the effect of devouring souls and burning bones, with ordinary means struggling to extinguish the flame while it burns the enemy's soul. Now with the addition of Black Flame Corrode Armor, which weakens their defense, the power of Soul Devourer Flame has ascended to a new level.

"The perfect conclusion."

The smile on Qin Tian's lips grew clearer as he raised his hand and opened a Void Gate. Streams of light flickered within the gate; he turned and stepped inside, his silhouette disappearing instantly, leaving only the ripples in space slowly dissipating.

And not long after his departure, on that flattened Flame Mountain ruin, the air suddenly rippled with four subtle fluctuations.

Four figures clad in black robes emerged silently, with dark red Demon Patterns embroidered on the edges of their robes, faintly visible in the twilight. They wore hideous steel masks that concealed all facial features, not even their eyes were exposed.

Strangely, while they stood there, no aura emanated from them—neither Demonic Qi nor Spiritual Energy waves—blending seamlessly into the surrounding ruins, like four silent specters.

One of them slowly raised a hand, fingers spreading slightly. In an instant, intangible perception spread out like a tide, meticulously scanning every inch of scorched earth, every crack, even penetrating the bottomless pit, seemingly searching for something of utmost importance.

Time passed by slowly, with the wind howling in the ruins, scattering black ashes into the sky.

Much later, the lead black-robed figure slowly withdrew his hand, with the other three making no additional gestures, their silhouettes disappearing seamlessly into the darkness like ink drops, leaving no trace behind.

Another gust of wind swept through, lifting stones and dust off the ground, dispersing any residual Demonic Qi completely.

The air left dry with volcanic ash and the desolation of a shattered earth, as if the cataclysmic battle, along with those four mysterious shadows, were just brief dreams that swiftly faded away.

Chapter 402: Preparations Before Breaking Through Holy Blood

Over a thousand kilometers separate Flame Mountain from the Defensive Line, and the soldiers within the line remain unaware—the greatest source of disaster they have guarded against day and night has been completely eliminated.

At the foot of the mountain, warriors from the first and second battalions patrol in neat strides, their armor reflecting a cold, hard sheen in the sunlight; in the outer regions, sentinels from the fifth and sixth battalions hide behind rocks, scanning the distant wastelands with vigilant eyes; the other battalions take their turn to rest, with the sound of snores rising and falling from the barracks as the warriors seize the chance to rest and recharge.

With the demon caves outside the line eradicated one by one, the pressure on the three major battle groups has greatly reduced, no longer requiring all personnel to remain on constant alert against external enemies.

At the peak of the highest mountain on the line, Qin Tian opens his palm, quietly cradling the Unique Stone brought out from the lava cave.

Washed by magma, it once shone with a black-red luster as a peculiar stone. Now, in Qin Tian's hand, it has lost all its brilliance, becoming a nondescript black stone—rough and uneven, about the size of a basketball.

Qin Tian can clearly sense the surging energy within the Unique Stone, as well as a faint, elusive consciousness.

Yet, no matter how he probes it with spiritual energy or communicates through thoughts, the stone remains unresponsive, like an unyielding piece of iron.

"Damn, I'm less appealing than a Magma Demon?" Qin Tian mutters, somewhat speechless, feeling a bit like a "handsome man outshined by a goblin."

But his innate tenacity is fully aroused; his spiritual power, like dense signals, continuously sends messages to the Unique Stone, resembling a "thought-based message bombardment."

Ignoring me? Then I'll annoy you to death.

As if truly annoyed by this stubborn will, the Unique Stone finally transmits a faint consciousness: "Void... enemies."

Void?

Qin Tian's mouth twitches as he suddenly realizes. Having consumed the Essence Blood of the Void Dragon, a trace of void-like breath inevitably remains in his body, causing the Unique Stone to mistake him for a Void Creature.

Having found the crux of the issue, he now has a path to resolution.

A brilliant strand of golden light bursts from his palm, slowly injected into the Unique Stone—it's the power of the [Divine Weapon Emperor], and Qin Tian wants to see if it can move this stubborn stone.

However, the Unique Stone remains unmoved, even faintly emanating a sense of rejection.

Qin Tian is not disappointed. The [Divine Weapon Emperor] is meant to enhance weaponry, and apparently, the Unique Stone doesn't fall under that category.

In the next moment, a faint blood-colored glow radiates from his palm, like flowing clouds, silently merging into the Unique Stone.

This time, the Unique Stone finally responds—its surface trembles slightly, sending a faint yet clear sense of joy from within.

Success!

A smile spreads across Qin Tian's face. This power comes from his early-obtained purple talent [Celestial Guardian Bloodline], which allows him to communicate with various beings freely, fostering closeness, while the unique energy in the bloodline greatly promotes the growth of Spirit Beasts and strengthens their loyalty—every summoner's dream talent.

Normally, he uses this power to nurture Jie La and Kazik. And this Unique Stone, through centuries of refinement, has transformed from an object sealing the Void Passage into an independent entity with spiritual consciousness. The power of the [Celestial Guardian Bloodline] presents an irresistible allure to it.

"Can you shrink a bit?" Qin Tian seizes the opportunity to communicate, "This way, I can carry you with me, and you can continuously enjoy the nourishment of my power."

The Unique Stone trembles slightly, seemingly weighing the pros and cons.

A moment later, its volume begins to shrink, the black stone body compressing as though by an invisible force, finally transforming into a marble-sized black stone, exquisite and intricately polished.

A glimmer of a smile flashes in Qin Tian's eyes as he takes a piece of cold-glowing refined iron from his storage space. A slight thought, and the refined iron automatically peels off a small piece, twisting and transforming in the air, eventually forming a silver necklace—its chain slender yet strong, with a slot precisely fitting the size of the Unique Stone.

Qin Tian inserts the Unique Stone into the slot, matching its size perfectly.

He raises his hand to wear the necklace around his neck, the Unique Stone resting against his heart, imparting a warm sensation; the consciousness within the stone lightly trembles as if expressing satisfaction.

Seeing this, a smile appears on Qin Tian's face. Although the Unique Stone hasn't fully trusted him yet, unlike its treatment of the Magma Demon King where it released the orange aura for body strengthening, at least it's a promising start.

He believes this once void-sealing arbitrary object will undoubtedly shine in his hands in the future.

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Demon Suppression Abyss, Second Floor, Sixth Battle Zone Command Center.

"What! A Demon Source has been destroyed?" The square-faced Major General bolts upright from his seat, struggling to hide the delight on his face. "Is the information confirmed? Which area specifically?"

The adjutant quickly responds, "In the Infernal Demon Sea region."

"Infernal Demon Sea..." The Major General taps his fingers lightly on the table, pondering momentarily before asking, "Is it Flame Mountain, Magma Sea, or Purgatory Fire Pit?"

"It's Flame Mountain," the adjutant adds. "But this likely wasn't done by our men. The Fenghuo Battle Group stationed nearby just reported they detected intense disturbances in the direction of Flame Mountain. Upon investigation, they found the entire mountain leveled, with the Demon Source vanished. According to witnesses, before the disturbance, they saw the Magma Demon King chasing a Black Flame Demon, and both eventually barged into Flame Mountain, likely a result of internal conflict among demons."

Chapter 403: Preparations Before Breaking Through to Holy Blood (2)

"The demons are killing each other and even destroyed the Demon Source?" The Major General's face was filled with delight, unable to suppress a low chuckle. Such a fortunate event of eliminating a major threat without losing a single soldier was a first for him; just thinking about it made him feel utterly comfortable. "This Magma Demon King really is a 'good comrade.'"

He paused and then asked, "What happened afterward? Did the Magma Demon King return to the Lava Sea?"

The adjutant shook his head. "It's still unclear for now; the scouting team didn't dare get too close."

"Forget it." The Major General waved his hand dismissively. "A destroyed Demon Source is already an unexpected joy. As for that Tier Seven Demon King, there will be a day to deal with it eventually."

His tone was full of ease, evidently not taking the Magma Demon King seriously.

"Sir, there's another matter to report." The adjutant suddenly pulled a document from the folder and handed it over, "Please take a look at this first."

The Major General quickly skimmed through the document, his previously relaxed face gradually becoming grave, eventually turning livid. "It's the Blood Demon Cult again, these mongrels! They're like ghosts that never leave!"

The document unmistakably recorded that in the past ten days, more than fifty officers from various battlegroups had gone missing.

These missing individuals had a common trait—they were all Spiritualists with bloodline levels above silver, including a few scions from the Golden Clan.

Clearly, this was the handiwork of the Blood Demon Cult.

"Relay my orders!" The Major General slammed the table. "All bloodline Spiritualists in the battlegroups must move in pairs, strictly forbidden to venture out alone! As soon as any trace of the Blood Demon Cult is discovered, report immediately. We cannot let them succeed again!"

"Yes, sir!" The adjutant replied in a deep voice, turning quickly to leave.

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A few days passed in the blink of an eye.

"Hey, have you guys noticed that there seem to be a lot fewer demons recently?" In the camp of the Broken Blade Line, a young warrior was polishing his military knife, his face full of puzzlement.

The surrounding comrades all nodded: "Now that you mention it, it's true! Previously, we had to fight at least once or twice a day, and on busy days, we couldn't even stop at five or six battles. But now, it's like this: even when we go out to clear the Demon Caves, we hardly see anything, and the camp hasn't had a demon assault for days, which was unthinkable before."

"I know the reason for this." A soldier with a crew cut suddenly spoke up, intriguing those around as they eagerly gathered.

"Quick, tell us, what's going on?"

The crew cut soldier didn't keep them in suspense, lowering his voice to say: "The Demon Source closest to us has been destroyed."

"What?!"

The warriors were collectively startled. The destruction of a Demon Source was a monumental event, yet they hadn't heard a word from the officers.

"Is that true? If such a thing happened, the Captain should have told us, right?" Someone couldn't help but question.

The crew cut soldier retorted: "Think about it, how long has it been since the Captain was last at the camp?"

Everyone was momentarily speechless. It's true that the Captain had been quite elusive recently, seldom seen in and around the camp. Fortunately, with the demon numbers drastically reduced, the battlegroup felt far less pressure. The Captain's presence seemed inconsequential.

"Where did you hear this from?" someone asked.

"I overheard it by chance during a conversation between the leaders of the second and fifth battalions." The crew cut soldier explained, "But since the officers haven't formally announced it, I didn't dare say anything openly, until now that we brought it up."

"So, this news is likely true?"

The warriors' faces instantly broke into smiles. They finally understood why there were fewer demons—the destruction of the Demon Source meant the demons lost their "blood" foundation, and coupled with their ongoing internal strife, they quickly started showing signs of decline in just a few days.

"You all have quite the keen ears for information."

A slightly amused voice suddenly came from behind, causing the warriors to stiffen. Recognizing the voice, they immediately straightened up, shouting in unison, "Captain!"

Qin Tian walked slowly over, his gaze sweeping across the soldiers before finally settling on the crew cut soldier. He smiled and said, "Luo Ping, I recall you're from the Gold Rat bloodline, no wonder your ears are so sharp."

Luo Ping instantly tensed up, hastily waving his hands to explain: "Captain, I didn't mean to eavesdrop; it just so happened..."

"Alright, no need to be nervous." Qin Tian laughed, patting his shoulder. "It wasn't a secret anyway. I was planning to announce it to everyone. It's no big deal that you mentioned it first."

Hearing this, Luo Ping finally breathed a sigh of relief, showing a simple smile on his face.

Back at the camp, Qin Tian immediately ordered a gathering of all personnel.

As hundreds of soldiers stood in formation on the training ground, he walked up onto the high platform, his gaze sweeping over the weathered faces as he loudly declared, "I have some good news to share with everyone—the Demon Source at Flame Mountain has been completely destroyed!"

No sooner had he spoken than the training ground first fell into brief silence, followed by deafening cheers.

"What? The Demon Source is really destroyed?!"

"That's great! Now we can finally catch a breath!"

"We won't have to be on edge every day, worrying about demon raids anymore!"

The warriors excitedly high-fived each other, some unable to resist swinging their weapons, the clashing armor and cheers mingling and soaring into the sky.

They of all people understood what the destruction of a Demon Source meant—demons in the area would gradually dwindle, losing their ability to regenerate, and the pressure on the Broken Blade Line would drastically decrease, reversing the situation from defense to offense starting today.

Qin Tian watched the boiling crowd before him, and once the cheers subsided a bit, he raised his hand to signal for quiet: "Though the Demon Source is destroyed, everyone should not let down their guard. The task of mopping up the remaining enemies must still be done with full effort."

"Yes!"

The collective response was full of vigor.

Afterwards, Qin Tian gathered all the core officers for a meeting in the command tent.

"I'm going to be leaving for a few days."

As these words left Qin Tian's mouth, the atmosphere within the tent instantly froze.

Worry appeared on everyone's faces—Captain Qin was the backbone of the Chijin Battlegroup; the group had managed to gain a foothold in the perilous Infernal Demon Sea and even achieved numerous feats, all thanks to his strategic masterminding.

His departure felt like losing a crucial pillar to lean on.

"No need to worry, everyone." Qin Tian noticed their concern, speaking lightly, "Recently, I've almost cleared all the Demon Caves around the camp, and the residual demons pose no threat to you guys."

Everyone came to realize—that the Captain's frequent excursions lately were actually in preparation for his departure.

"Additionally, I've already informed the Tiebi and Xingyuan battlegroups. They will move closer to the Broken Blade Line and can be called upon if any difficult situations arise." Qin Tian added, showing that he had considered all contingencies thoroughly.

"Yes!" Everyone replied in unison.

Since the Captain had arranged everything meticulously, they naturally had no objections. Furthermore, if Qin Tian chose to leave at this time, it had to be for an important reason.

"Captain, if I may ask, where are you headed?" Li Wufeng, sharing a personal friendship with Qin Tian, couldn't contain his curiosity.

Qin Tian smiled candidly: "I plan to break through, but I need to find a place rich in dark energy."

As soon as he said this, everyone understood.

The Infernal Demon Sea is brimming with furious fire elements, but dark elements are extremely scarce. As a Spiritualist of both Thunder and Dark elements, Qin Tian needed to find a suitable place to break through.

Nonetheless, everyone couldn't help but ponder—the Demon Suppression Abyss is filled with demonic qi, and any slight misstep during the breakthrough process could lead to foundation damage at best, or deep mental peril at worst.

But since Qin Tian had made the decision, he must have a countermeasure in place, and everyone refrained from questioning further, silently praying in their hearts for his success.

"Captain, we wish you all the best." Li Wufeng was the first to bow.

"We look forward to your successful return!"

The other officers echoed, their eyes full of trust and anticipation.

Qin Tian nodded with a smile: "The battlegroup is in your hands while I'm gone."

Leaving the tent, Qin Tian stood atop the mountain peak, gazing into the distance.

In truth, his departure wasn't just for breaking through, but for fortifying his talent.

Over time, his Evolution Points had surpassed the 30 million milestone; everything was prepared, so the next step was the crucial one.

To evolve into the Night Demon King's bloodline—

Holy Blood

Chapter 404: Dark Demon Realm

The first layer of the Demon Suppression Abyss, the Dark Demon Realm, seems like a piece of rotten flesh gouged out forcefully, embedded at the deepest part of the abyss.

The darkness here is thicker than in other areas of the Demon Abyss, as if it can trap light, with even the light from magic and spiritual energy only managing to tear through a few inches before being devoured.

Underfoot is sticky black soil, sinking half an inch when stepped on, and mixed with the crunch of broken bones, one might occasionally kick against rusted armor fragments—the relics of past intruders.

Ghosts are more agitated here than elsewhere, shrouded in gray-black mist, clashing amidst the ruins. When they hit something solid, they burst into countless light points, only to regroup in an instant. Skeletons are no longer scattered bones but form columns of bone soldiers, patrolling with broken spears in the black fog, their eye sockets containing soul fires that flicker intermittently, their steps as orderly as if driven by invisible whips.

From deeper within, a dull heartbeat resonates, not the pulse of the living, but the echo of demonic qi reverberating in a giant cavern.

Occasionally, a shadow sweeps past the cave ceiling, the sickly wind it raises causing the ghosts to shrink back into balls of dread—that is the shadow demon that has lurked here for millennia.

In the first layer of the Demon Suppression Abyss, every place has battle groups stationed, except here, which is a forbidden zone.

After all, in a place with no light, the darkness seeps into thoughts like ink, causing unexplained agitation, suspicion and dread, making one feel as though something is breathing behind them even when alone—it is difficult for even the strongest spiritualist to withstand the pervasive psychological erosion.

Buzz—

In the darkness, a figure appeared without warning, like a silhouette wrung out from thick black ink.

His appearance did not stir the slightest ripple, with no spatial ripples or aura leakage, and even the ghosts crashing into the broken walls several meters away remained oblivious.

"Finally arrived."

Qin Tian lifted his eyes to survey the surroundings, a spectral light dancing in his pupils.

The Night Demon King bloodline had fully activated the moment he stepped into this demon realm, and the darkness not only didn't weaken his perception but wrapped around his body like the most obedient armor—his night vision ability made the surroundings clearer than daylight, and every speck of floating dust and every crack in the bones were visible in minute detail; his keen sense spread like a spider web, presenting everything within a hundred kilometers in his mind, even the flow of demonic qi was clearly discernible.

For him, this place was not a devouring forbidden zone but a home field where his combat power could surge several times.

From the Infernal Demon Sea to the Dark Demon Realm, even though he had continuously opened Void Gates to hurry, it took him half a day.

The gradual thinning of fire elements along the way and the increasingly dense dark aura had long stirred the dark spiritual energy within him.

At this moment, the rich dark elements pouring into every fiber of his being caused Qin Tian's pores to slightly open, emitting a silent sigh of comfort, like a parched sponge encountering a clear spring, feeling a sense of ease and fluidity.

He raised his hand, brushing past a wisp of drifting black fog, the dark spiritual energy at his fingertips touched the fog, and the distant ghosts seemed to sense something, turning blankly in this direction, only to see nothing but impenetrable darkness—Qin Tian's aura had long merged with this demon realm, becoming a part of the darkness itself.

"This is the place." Qin Tian's lips curled into a faint smile, the spectral light in his eyes growing more intense.

Since he was here, he wasn't in a hurry to strengthen his bloodline; first, he would take a tour and gather some interesting talents.

Just then, his chest suddenly felt a slight heat, and a ghost emitting a green glow emerged from the necklace, none other than Karsas.

"Heh heh, I like this place,"

Karsas's skeletal face split into a grim arc, the soul fire in his eye sockets leaping fiercely.

As soon as he appeared, he sensed the massive group of wandering ghosts nearby, the various soul auras making him like a shark smelling blood, exuding a strong desire.

With a flick of his wrist, his bone sickle cut a cold arc through the darkness.

Dozens of ghosts wandering aimlessly ahead were suddenly cut in two, transforming into wisps of pale blue soul power that, as if drawn, poured into the Ten Thousand Souls Record he held. As the pages turned, they issued a soft rustling sound, as if rejoicing in a new harvest.

Qin Tian paid no mind to these weak ghosts; relying on the Night Demon King bloodline's powerful perception, he had long locked onto more valuable targets.

"Let's go."

Before Qin Tian's words were finished, he activated spatial flicker with Karsas, and in the next second, they appeared on a hill dozens of kilometers away.

Before they were stable, the scene below unfolded before their eyes—a small hill made of piled white bones, upon which sat a demon whose entire body was rotting.

Its withered hand held tightly onto a white bone magic staff, with an eerie green crystal stone embedded at the top, emitting a sinister glow.

Around it, ghouls, night demons, skeleton commanders, and other demonic creatures patrolled back and forth, numbering in the tens of thousands, with aura fluctuations ranging from Tier Two to Tier Five, forming a chilling herd of demons.

Although Qin Tian and Karsas had already done their utmost to hide their aura, at the moment they appeared, the demonic mage sitting on the bone hill suddenly whipped its head around, its rotting face turning towards the hill's summit.

In the next heartbeat, a terrifying momentum from within its body erupted, the unique oppressive force of a Tier Six demon surging like a tangible black cloud, crashing towards Qin Tian and Karsas.

Seeing this, Qin Tian remained calm, even curling his lips into a slight smile.

Ever since entering the Demon Suppression Abyss, the Tier Six demons that perished at his hands were numerous, more than he could count, and a mere Tier Six demonic mage no longer posed a threat to him.

Boom!

In an instant, a dense, ink-like dark aura burst forth from Qin Tian's body, spreading outwards like a tidal wave.

The already pitch-black demon realm seemed to be drenched in deeper ink, with an oppressive atmosphere suffusing the air.

"Demon King Domain—Open!"

With Qin Tian's low shout, an invisible domain unfolded centered around him.

The body of the demonic mage shuddered violently, its senses becoming sluggish and blurred as if a stone had been thrown into a mire, and the demonic qi roiling inside it became abruptly sluggish.

The tens of thousands of surrounding demons were thrown into chaos—ghouls clawed the ground in terror, whimpering with fear; night demons charged blindly, only to be rebounded by an invisible force at the domain's edge; the weapons in the skeleton commanders' hands clattered to the ground, their soul flames flickering violently as if on the verge of being extinguished.

Bang!

In the next instant, a muffled explosion tore through the chaos. The demon mage's head exploded without warning, like a watermelon smashed with a heavy hammer, rotting brain matter mixed with black blood splattered, sizzling onto the bone hill.

However, as the corpse toppled, the eerie green crystal stone atop the white bone magic staff suddenly burst forth with a dazzling glow, and a translucent spirit broke free from the body, still clutching the staff, its hollow eye sockets full of terror, scanning its surroundings in bewilderment.

Swoosh—

At that moment, a large hand covered in dark spiritual energy materialized out of thin air, seizing the magic staff like a robber, forcibly wrestling it from the spirit's grasp.

Immediately afterward, black flames ignited around the spirit's body, appearing peaceful yet carrying the terrifying power to scorch a soul.

"Ah—!!!"

The spirit let out a shrill scream, the sound sharp and ear-piercing as if it could pierce through one's eardrums.

It desperately channeled soul power to suppress the black flames, yet the pure soul energy, upon contact with the black flames, was like fuel added to a raging fire, causing the flames to burn even more fiercely. The black flames rapidly spread along the spirit body, leaving a charred, burnt soul smell lingering in the air.

Within just a dozen seconds, the spirit was burned to ashes, leaving only a cluster of pure soul energy hovering in midair, like flickering fireflies, inhaled in one breath by Qin Tian, and completely absorbed into his body.

With the death of the Tier Six demon, the remaining tens of thousands of demonic creatures within Qin Tian's Demon King Domain were akin to pigs and sheep awaiting slaughter, utterly drained of the strength to resist.

Qin Tian and Karsas immediately loosened their restraints, unleashing carnage upon the horde of demons.

Qin Tian's figure flickered, each spatial jump accompanied by scores of falling demons, where the sound of bones cracking and wails echoed in succession; Karsas's soul scythe transformed into a gray-white stream of light, each swing reaping a large number of spirits, shattering them and collecting them into the Ten Thousand Souls Record, with the sound of its pages turning especially clear amidst the chaos.

The shrieks, screams, and roars intertwined into a symphony of despair, echoing across the dark demon realm, but gradually, these sounds weakened, like the tide receding, until they finally fell into silence.

Chapter 405: Holy Blood—Night Emperor (Gold)

The domain gradually dissipated, and the remaining Soul Devourer Flames, like greedy tongues of fire, burned all the demon corpses on the scene to ashes, leaving only a ground littered with scorched black soil.

Karsas held the Death God's Scythe, and with a gentle twist of his bone-fingers, the Ten Thousand Souls Record flipped through its pages. Ghostly blue and pale white light dots danced and whirled between the pages, eventually solidifying into miniature soul shadows—each light shadow represented a harvested soul body.

These soul bodies will undergo transformation and refinement by death energy within the Ten Thousand Souls Record, ultimately turning into an absolutely obedient Death Army, becoming the sharpest blade in Karsas' hand.

Qin Tian looked down at the system interface, eyeing the numbers of Evolution Points that had suddenly surged, and the addition of dozens of new talents in the list, a satisfied curve hung on his lips.

This demon mage-guarded Demon Cave, though only possessing a Tier Six in battle strength, commanded a demon count of twenty thousand—mostly comprised of low-tier Skeleton Soldiers and Ghouls. Though each provided meager Evolution Points, when combined, the total was substantially richer than the sum he had amassed from sweeping through Demon Caves over the past days.

"Finding a few more such places, and the Evolution Points for the Desolate Battle Body could be accumulated." Qin Tian tapped the interface lightly with his fingertip, his gaze swiftly scanning the talent list, finally settling on two items.

The first was the Purple Talent from a Tier Six demon mage—Dark Puppetry.

[Name] Dark Puppetry (Purple)

[Type] Active Talent

[Introduction] Using dark energy as a guide, it is injected into the body of a dead being, transforming it into a "Shadow Puppet." The puppet retains part of its pre-death abilities (dependent on the condition of the corpse), wounds are forcibly bonded by dark energy, can be remotely controlled for combat; can also detonate the puppet's corpse, releasing a dark shockwave, causing area corrosion damage to surrounding enemies.

Qin Tian's eyes flashed with a keen light. Undoubtedly, this is a signature kill move of necromancers, a battlefield tool that could be called "an army in one person."

Especially when dealing with hordes of Insect Race and fodder beast soldiers, controlling a puppet troop to charge head-on, supplemented by self-destruct strategies, could instantly tear through the opposing formation.

The second was the Blue Talent from a special Ghoul—Damage Transfer.

[Name] Damage Transfer (Blue)

[Type] Active Talent

[Introduction] Using oneself as a medium, forcibly transfers three-tenths of the negative state and damage from the designated target to oneself.

Qin Tian rubbed his chin, deep in thought.

The Ghoul possessing this talent was evidently cultivated as "consumables"—used to share deadly wounds for high-tier demons. But for him, this could be completely treated as an alternative healing divine technique: lethal negative states on teammates, transferred to him, would be instantly dissolved by the Overlord Body effect of the Desolate Battle Body; even if it were heavy injuries, his formidable recovery ability could easily endure.

"A quite decent talent."

Qin Tian chuckled lightly and fused these two talents with his body.

Afterward, his Spiritual Sense unfolded like a dense spider web, meticulously sweeping over the hundred-mile radius of darkness, confirming no hidden threats remained, Qin Tian slowly faded his aura, sitting cross-legged on the scorched earth.

Finally, he reached the core of his journey—Ultimate Evolution of the Night Demon King Bloodline.

Silver light flashed, Kazik's shadow appeared beside him like a specter, the black-purple scythe limbs slightly trembling, each blade armor stood erect, entering highest alert status.

On his wrist, the Green Vine suddenly erupted, hundreds of thick vines grew madly centered on Qin Tian, instantly weaving into an impenetrable dome, the vine surfaces flowing with the black light of darkness origin, even the slightest energy fluctuation could not leak outside.

Karsas stood silently on the other side holding the bone scythe, the Ten Thousand Souls Record hovering in the air, death aura spilling from its flipping pages.

The three summoned beasts formed a triangular protective formation, unless a Tier Seven Demon King was present, any demon lured by breakthrough noise would only become their nourishment.

"It begins."

Qin Tian took a deep breath, gazing at the system interface's Orange-glowing Night Demon King Talent Light Sphere, without any hesitation, he tapped it, injecting ten million evolution points like a breached flood into the light sphere.

Buzz——

The orange light sphere suddenly brightened, its color turned deep orange, the next second, a violent force exploded within him, bones crackling sound like "crack-crack," as if countless little hammers were simultaneously forging, density skyrocketing visibly; muscle fibers forcibly torn and elongated by this force, reorganized at even greater speed, each fiber becoming as tough as steel wire, yet imbued with explosive elasticity.

Qin Tian instinctively operated the Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique, as soon as the cultivation technique activated, the surrounding dark energy found an outlet, pouring crazily into his limbs and bones.

Within him, the dark spiritual energy guided by the cultivation technique ignited like fuel, boiling suddenly, rushing along the veins, its passage plating the vessel walls with a layer of faint glow, instantly doubling its carrying capacity.

He could distinctly sense the spiritual energy continuously rising—Tier Five Four Stars, Four Stars Mid-tier, Four Stars High-tier...finally halted at Tier Five Four Stars Peak.

But it wasn't enough. Qin Tian stared at the still adamant deep orange light sphere, injecting another ten million evolution points.

Boom!

The light sphere emitted a deafening hum, its internal chaotic airflow surging madly, as if a head of Ancient Giant Beast was about to hatch. More tumultuous energy swept through his entire body like a tsunami, this time, the force wasn't limited to muscles and bones, it permeated into his organs—each heartbeat spurted dark golden energy waves, absorbed dark elements transformed by the Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique into refined spiritual energy, integrated into the body.

Chapter 406: Holy Blood—Night Emperor (Gold) (2)

The Demon King's Wings behind him unfurled uncontrollably, with fine demon patterns emerging on the wing membranes. As energy was infused, the patterns seemed to come alive, flowing and wandering. The dark spiritual energy within him, driven by his cultivation technique, completely went berserk, surging through his meridians, impacting every blocked node, and producing popping explosions.

"Ugh..." A muffled groan escaped Qin Tian's throat, not out of pain but from the swelling pain of overwhelming power.

Under the high-speed operation of the "Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique," the spiritual ability level soared wildly—Tier Five Five Stars, Six Stars, until it slightly slowed down at the pinnacle of Six Stars.

Yet, the barrier leading to the Holy Blood remained unbreakable.

"Still not enough..." A flash of harshness appeared in Qin Tian's eyes as he abruptly invested the last ten million evolution points.

Three loud blasts almost aligned in a single line, and the orange light ball shattered abruptly under the extreme energy impact!

In an instant, an unimaginable and terrifying energy burst from the remnants of the light ball, like the singularity at the beginning of the cosmos, carrying the breath of destruction and creation, crazily pouring into Qin Tian's entire body.

The "Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique" automatically operated to the extreme, forming a massive dark vortex around him. The dark energy within a hundred miles was forcibly pulled in, frantically pouring into his body through his seven orifices and pores.

His bones emitted a dragon's hum, with density instantly increasing tenfold. The surface was covered with dark golden imperial patterns, as if forged from a star core; his muscle fibers were completely torn apart and then recombined under the catalysis of dark energy into a more advanced form, with each muscle strand containing the power to shatter mountains, moving lightly with a sonic boom.

The most astounding was the dark spiritual energy within him—under the refinement of the "Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique," the previously boiling energy at this moment transformed into a liquid torrent, surging through brand new meridians. Wherever it passed, the meridian walls were plated with a thick spiritual membrane, increasing their capacity dozens of times.

The spiritual ability level numbers leaped crazily: Tier Five Seven Stars, Eight Stars, Nine Stars!

When the spiritual ability stabilized at the peak of Tier Five Nine Stars, the spiritual energy torrent within Qin Tian abruptly halted, then explosively burst open, transforming into countless streams of light, permeating every cell.

The surface of his skin displayed the same imperial patterns as the Demon King's Wings, emitting a sovereign pressure of ruling the world; his eyes completely turned into two dark moons, with pupils reflecting the flowing of the star river, merely glancing around, causing the surrounding dark elements to recede like the tide.

The Holy Blood fully awakened, a terrifying aura emanated from Qin Tian's body—that was an imperial pressure that dominated over all dark existences, like an eternally sleeping Night Emperor suddenly awoke.

Within a hundred miles, the demons wandering in the darkness instantly froze, whether it was a Tier Three ghoul, a Tier Five nightwalker demon, or even a Tier Six demon general, the energy within them violently trembled uncontrollably, as if they encountered a natural nemesis.

"Awoo—!"

A sharp-clawed demon tearing rotten flesh let out a terrified cry, its limbs went limp and collapsed to the ground, with the demonic energy within retreating like a tide, lacking the courage even to look up; in the distance, the Skeleton Legion was in disarray, soul flames flickering violently, weapons clattering to

the ground, orderly bowing towards the direction where Qin Tian was, akin to subjects paying homage to their king; further away, fleeing phantoms were madly escaping, yet bound in place by formless pressure, only able to emit desperate whimpers, their soul bodies slowly dissolving under the emperor's aura.

The dark elements within a hundred miles frantically gathered, yet stagnated a hundred meters around Qin Tian, bowing to the ground like citizens paying homage to their king.

His aura was no longer that of a raging Demon King's pressure but sedimented into an unfathomable imperial demeanor—that was an absolute authority above all dark existences, making even Karsas unable to refrain from lowering his head, his soul scythe slightly trembling as if in salute.

Qin Tian slowly clenched his fist, his fingertips tracing a dark golden trajectory, causing the dark elements in the air to gather into a small sword about an inch long as if at his command.

He could clearly feel that with just a thought, he could mobilize the power of darkness within a hundred miles. He glanced at the system panel, murmuring:

"This is... the power of the Night Emperor."

Amid the talents, a golden light sphere hovered above all others.

[Name]Night Emperor (Gold)

[Type]Composite Talent

[Introduction]You have transcended the realm of the night's dominion, ascending to the throne of the Night Emperor. The Night Demon Bloodline has been elevated to the ultimate realm. The body bears cosmic-level dark mysteries, within the darkness, all attributes soar by 300%, the aura's stealth reaches its pinnacle, integrating completely with the darkness, becoming nearly undetectable; capable of seamlessly adjusting body temperature to harmonize perfectly with the surrounding environment, perceptual ranges expand geometrically, able to discern the subtle movements of every heat source and blood qi within the range and energy fluctuations, even capable of predicting the next move of a target, accurately discerning magnetic field changes. When locking onto a blood source target, the power

within unleashes a dark tempest, speed instantly soaring by 300%, transforming into a deadly phantom traversing shadow fissures, ignoring partial physical barriers.

Active:

1. Apostle Dominator: Greatly increases the number and quality of Night Demon Apostles that can be converted and borne, the absolute mental control upgrades to a Soul Brand, the life and death of apostles hanging by a thought; can perfectly share all apostles' perceptions and views, constructing a full-angle, seamless battlefield information network, and can further temporarily infuse one's power into an apostle, greatly enhancing their combat power for a short time.

Chapter 407: Holy Blood—Night Emperor (Gold) (3)

2. Demon King's Wings: Deploy the imperial-level Demon King's Wings, increasing speed by 800%; as it flies, the Power of Darkness clings like a bone-eating maggot, eroding and shattering all material and energy defenses.

3. Illusion Demon Avatar: Capable of manifesting hundreds of powerful Demon King Avatars, each possessing 50% of the body's physical strength, and having independent rights to use certain active abilities; avatars and the main body can switch positions instantly, perfectly coordinating to launch unpredictable lethal assaults, confounding the enemy's judgment with ease.

4. Demon King Domain: Activate the exclusive imperial-level domain where eternal night descends, and Dark Elements condense into substantial fluid; all attributes of oneself are additionally increased by 100% within this domain, while Night Demon Apostles increase their power by 50% and gain rapid regeneration of Dark Energy; enemies entering the domain will have their actions constrained by Dark Law, with speed reduced by 60%, Spiritual Energy and magic continually devoured by Dark Elements, and life value rapidly depleting, as well as suffering the mental shock of "Night Emperor's Oppression," causing those with weak will to collapse directly.

5. Night Demon Illusion: Not only can it arbitrarily change body size, appearance, hairstyle, and voice but also perfectly mimic the target's aura and spiritual energy fluctuations.

6. Shadow Manipulation: Absolute control over all surrounding shadows, capable of condensing shadows into weapons, shields, chains, spikes, etc., with hardness and sharpness far surpassing any divine weapons, and containing devouring energy properties; can also infiltrate the target's shadow,

achieving perfect concealment and assault, or directly tear the target's shadow, causing equivalent damage and soul shocking to the body.

7. Eternal Night Dominator: In a dark environment, you can exert absolute suppression on all Dark Element targets -- forcibly locking their internal dark energy and preventing absorption of any dark energy from the outside world.

"Night Emperor."

Qin Tian silently recited this name symbolizing the pinnacle of darkness; transitioning from Night Demon King to Night Emperor was not just a change of title, but an evolution from dominion to emperor, an eternal mark of Dark Law etched within him.

He slowly closed his eyes, fingers tracing the dark golden imperial marks flowing on his arm, feeling the surging black Dark Energy within.

Every inch of muscle beneath the skin emitted a faint hum, the sound of cells continuously activating under the nourishment of dark essence—what once required full effort to achieve in speed could now be realized effortlessly with a mere thought; punches that previously required charging now contained the power to shatter mountains with a single casual strike.

Qin Tian gently clenched his fist, and the moment his knuckles collided, the surrounding Dark Elements spontaneously gathered into a miniature vortex.

Every part of this body was completely reshaped by Holy Blood: bone density increased tenfold compared to Golden Bloodline, with the surface dark golden imperial marks acting like natural defensive runes, strong enough to withstand a full-force strike from a Tier Six Demon; blood transformed into a dark gold energy fluid, circulating a hundred times faster, able to instantly deliver Dark Energy to every limb and organ; even pores could independently inhale and exhale Dark Energy, completing what used to take hours of cultivation with just a breath.

"This is the power of Holy Blood..." Qin Tian opened his eyes, a trace of awe flashing in his pupils.

Only at this moment did he truly understand the insurmountable chasm between Golden Level bloodline and Holy Blood.

Golden Bloodline enhances the body, while Holy Blood completely elevates the form of life; Golden Bloodline can make one surpass the mundane, but Holy Blood allows one to touch the edge of the law.

Just like now, with a simple thought, the black Dark Energy within could transform into an unbreakable shield or an indomitable blade; if willing, even transform oneself into pure Dark Energy, traversing shadows freely.

This level of control has long surpassed the realm of "enhancement," reaching a stage of "mastery" over Dark Law.

Qin Tian slowly stretched his body, the Demon King's Wings on his back gently flapping, causing energy ripples that made the space subtly wrinkle.

He knew that from this moment forth, he stood at a pinnacle unreachable by all possessors of Golden Level bloodline—this is not an accumulation of quantity, but a leap in quality, the unique glory bestowed by the original Holy Blood upon the Night Emperor.

Chapter 408: Night Emperor's Might, Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment

"Tier Five Nine Stars."

Qin Tian felt the surging spiritual energy within him, roaring like a raging black sea through his meridians.

The awakening of the Night Emperor's bloodline not only gave his body and talent a complete transformation but also pushed his spiritual energy to the peak of Tier Five Nine Stars.

As for why he couldn't break through to Tier Six instantly, it was mainly due to the "Nine Nether Thunder Brilliance Technique" he was cultivating—this dual-element cultivation technique of dark and thunder required a strict balance of energy; any single element being too strong would disrupt the delicate equilibrium of the spiritual energy within.

To breach the Tier Six gate, he must find the ultimate treasure of the Thunder Element to enhance the Power of Thunder, compensating for the shortfall.

Qin Tian estimated that this endeavor might have to wait until he returned to the Silver Gray Star to start.

Having broken through, it was natural to find some targets to test his combat power and get familiar with his newly awakened abilities.

Unfolding his spiritual sense, the range of perception increased several times over, and within a radius of hundreds of miles, heat sources flickered like fireflies, demonic qi flowed like water, even the brittle sound of skeleton joints rubbing and the ghastly gasping of ghouls were clearly discernible, weaving a three-dimensional biological map in his mind.

Qin Tian raised a hand, and the vines on the ground receded like a tide, transforming back into the Green Vine bracelet on his wrist; Kazik did not return to the Beast Taming Space, its scythe-like arm blades swinging excitedly, emitting a faint swishing sound as if urging for battle.

"Alright, this time I'll fight alongside you."

Qin Tian lightly caressed Kazik's cold shell with his fingertips, and black dark energy transformed into three ribbons, quietly linking him with Kazik and Karsas.

The next second, the Demon King's Wings fluttered gently, leaving a faint afterimage on the spot as he soared into the sky.

"So fast..."

A trace of amazement flashed in Qin Tian's eyes; he had not used Void Shuttling, merely flying naturally, yet the scenery below fled by like a revolving lantern, the speed so startling that he himself was astonished.

More incredible was that even at such high speed, there was no sound, not a whisper of wind, as if he had merged into the darkness.

Momentarily, his destination lay below.

It was at the edge of a rift spewing demonic qi like a fountain, where numerous skeletons and ghouls mixed with Tier Four and Tier Five demons formed a chaotic demon horde.

His figure had just appeared by the cliff edge when three Tier Six auras locked onto him like poisonous snakes, replete with undisguised malice and murderous intent.

Qin Tian scanned downward, spotting three formidable Tier Six demons: a Shadow Demon lurking in the crevice of darkness, its form like liquid ink, its contours indistinct; a Black-Scaled Giant Beast covered entirely in black scales, nostrils snorting fiery demonic qi, its footsteps causing the ground to tremble lightly; and a Corrupted Demon Mage wielding a white bone magic staff, much like the one he had slain before—at least to him, both rotting bodies looked the same.

Previously, dealing with three Tier Six demons would require him to first launch a sneak attack from the shadows, using Shadowstrike to eliminate one, then rely on Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder or Soul Devourer Flame to grapple with the remaining two, undoubtedly a tough battle.

But at this moment, with Holy Blood awakened and spiritual energy reaching Tier Five Nine Stars, he faced these three Tier Six Dark Element demons with ease.

Roar——!

The Black-Scaled Giant Beast made the first move, roaring as it charged like a battering ram; the Shadow Demon's form flickered, instantly merging into the darkness and vanishing; the Demon Mage silently raised its staff, sending a black ripple spreading in the darkness like ink in water, silently enveloping Qin Tian.

A chilling sensation suddenly came from behind, as the Shadow Demon materialized, its darkness-condensed spikes piercing toward the back of his head with a sharp scream of tearing air.

Surrounded on three sides, Qin Tian's face remained unmarred by panic, instead showcasing a serene smile.

In the next moment, a terrifying imperial pressure erupted from his body like a sudden rise of a dark moon, casting the surrounding darkness with a dignified golden edge.

"Eternal Night Dominator."

As his consciousness flowed, the Shadow Demon's spike froze in mid-air, its internal dark energy turning muddy and viscous, even its thoughts slowed a beat; the charging Black-Scaled Giant Beast went weak in the limbs, its massive body staggering forward, and the expelled demonic qi congealed in the air; the Demon Mage's black ripple hit a freeze three meters from Qin Tian, shattering completely.

Qin Tian slightly sidestepped, like a calm stroll through the dark, easily evading the three near-simultaneous attacks.

In this darkness, he was the emperor of all dark creatures, wielding control over their energy and life.

Swoosh!

In a flash, Qin Tian appeared atop the Black-Scaled Giant Beast's head. He merely stepped down nonchalantly, and with a muffled "thud," the beast's skull burst like a watermelon struck by a heavy hammer, bone-cracking mingling with the wet splattering of brain matter, and the massive corpse collapsed with its life force swiftly dissipating.

Then, he waved a hand, and the "Shadow Control" talent activated. From all directions in the darkness, numerous black chains emerged, like spirit snakes binding the Demon Mage, instantly wrapping it tight.

The chains tightened, snapping bones with a relentless crackling, ending the Demon Mage before it could utter a spell, its body torn apart by the entwining force, sending rotten flesh and fragments of bone flying.

The last Shadow Demon, under the suppression of "Eternal Night Dominator," had already lost most of its combat power; faced with the ensnaring chains, it merely struggled futilely before being securely bound.

Qin Tian couldn't even bother with another glance, and with a mere thought, the chains drew the Shadow Demon's body into the darkness.

Chapter 409: Night Emperor's Might, Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment (Part 2)

Another share of evolution points and talent recorded.

From the start of the battle to its end, it was merely a matter of moments.

Three Tier Six demons were annihilated, even with the factors of attribute restraint, such a crushing victory sufficiently showcases the terror of the Holy Blood awakening.

"No wonder the Nine Great Holy Bloods could rule the Empire for thousands of years, the power of the Holy Blood is indeed terrifying."

Qin Tian couldn't help but sigh. Without awakening the Holy Blood, one would never know the chasm-like gap between the Holy and Golden Bloodline, a gap that no Golden Bloodline can ever bridge.

A Holy Blood descendant with a sufficient bloodline concentration can easily slaughter more than five Tier-equal Golden Bloodline Spiritualists, and those below the Golden Bloodline are like ants before the Holy Blood.

Take, for instance, the three Tier Six demons before him. Their talents were all purple, equivalent to Silver Bloodline, and despite being a tier higher, they were killed in a matter of breaths. Even if they weren't Dark Element demons, this time would just be extended by a few seconds at most.

Of course, not everyone in the Holy Blood clan can wield this power.

Some descendants have thin bloodline concentrations, their talents not even matching the geniuses within the Golden Bloodline; countless others can never awaken the Holy Blood in their lifetime, indistinguishable from ordinary people.

Qin Tian stood in the center of the Demon Cave, watching the howling demon horde below, he shouted in a low voice: "Demon King Domain, activate!"

The moment the words fell, darkness around him for thousands of meters thickened like ink.

The already dim Demon Cave plunged into total darkness, with only the dark gold imperial patterns flowing at the domain's edge, like a moat encircling a royal city.

Within the domain, it seemed as if the gravity doubled instantly, and the charging demons abruptly halted, as if their limbs were bound by invisible shackles—the low-tier Skeleton Soldiers just raised their Bone Blades, then stumbled and knelt on the ground, their soul fires flickering violently; the ghouls, roaring and trying to pounce, found every step as heavy as a thousand pounds, their bodies as if filled with lead.

Even more despairing for them was the demonic qi within them was visibly draining away, as if forcibly extracted by this darkness. Tier Four demons' claws lost their luster, Tier Five demons' roars turned hoarse, and ghosts dissipated into wisps of blue smoke under the Night Emperor's will.

"Is this... a new Demon King Domain?" Qin Tian felt the absolute control within the domain, a cold arc appearing on his lips. With a thought, the Shadow Control talent was instantly activated.

Shadows around him surged wildly according to his will.

First, dozens of pitch-black long whips shot from the ground, lashing like venomous snakes at the dense skeleton crowd. The whips carried a sharp whistle as they tore through the air, each strike shattering bones into fragments, scattering bone shards mixed with black earth.

Next, shadows in front of him coalesced into hundreds of short spears, their tips flickering with a cold, ominous light.

Qin Tian raised his hand and pointed, the short spears shot like a rainstorm at the flying demons in the air, piercing their wings with precision, pinning them to the rock walls, their anguished screams echoing within the domain.

Against the charging ghouls in clusters, shadows morphed into a massive war axe, the axe blade over ten feet wide, Qin Tian gripping the invisible handle and slashing down fiercely, the axe blade swept through, felling the ghouls like harvested wheat, bodies cleaved in two, black blood splattering on the dark gold imperial patterns of the domain, burnt away in an instant.

Kazik could no longer hold back, its scythe-like arm blades carving arcs of black-purple light in the darkness. Concealed by shadows, it weaved ghostly through the demon horde, each swing of its blades raised a trail of blood, Tier Four, even Tier Five demons were like paper, easily sliced in half before it.

Karsas's Soul Scythe radiated a gray-white deathly glow with each swing raising a wave of soul fire. Demons struck by the Soul Scythe had their bodies instantly petrified, souls forcibly wrenched from within, transforming into light points flying into the Ten Thousand Souls Record.

The rustle of turning pages amidst screams was particularly clear, as if Death God tallying souls, soul power automatically condensed into dozens of small soul shields, blocking incoming magic missiles.

Jie La had also joined the fray, green vines wildly spreading, traversing the viscous darkness like giant serpents with life. The thorns on the vines flickered with black light, tangling demon limbs and squeezing until their bones shattered; some vines bore dark purple flowers at the tips, the emitted poison mist corroding demon scales instantly, making Tier Five demons writhing painfully on the ground.

Within the domain, roars, screams, and bone-cracking sounds intertwined into a symphony of despair.

The demons, suppressed by the domain, their speed drastically reduced, with energy within continuously depleting, stood powerless against Qin Tian's unpredictable shadow weapons and the slaughter of the three summoned beasts.

Qin Tian, like a king in the dark, stood in the battlefield's center, calmly manipulating shadows.

The shadows sometimes turned into sharp blades of rain, sometimes into heavy shields, sometimes lengthened into spears piercing the hearts of high-tier demons, and sometimes into chains binding struggling prey.

He could even have the shadows crawl along the demons' own shadow, ripping them apart from the inside—this bizarre attack method made already terrified demons further crumble, many low-tier demons collapsed on the ground in fright, lacking even the courage to resist.

Minutes later, the last scream dissipated within the domain.

Qin Tian slowly retracted the Demon King Domain, viscous darkness receding like the tide, revealing a ravaged ground—where once stood a dense mass of demons now vanished without a trace, leaving only black blood and scattered bone shards, gradually purified by the domain's lingering power.

Chapter 410: The Might of the Night Emperor, Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment (Part 3)

Kazik licked the bloodstains on his arm blade, while the Ten Thousand Souls Record of Karsas emitted a vibrant aura, and Jie La's vines gently swayed as if stretching.

The fissure that continuously spewed demonic qi was shrinking at a speed visible to the naked eye. Losing the nourishment of demonic qi, the dark energy at the edges of the fissure rapidly dissipated, finally turning into a wisp of smoke and vanishing into the air as if it had never existed.

Qin Tian's eyes were deep, sensing the slightly boiling dark energy in his body and the rapidly increasing Evolution Points on the system panel, he nodded in satisfaction.

Using [Shadow Control] in conjunction with [Demon King Domain], clearing a Demon Cave of this level was as easy as retrieving something from a bag. Especially in the already dim and lightless Dark Demon Realm, their power was amplified to the extreme.

"Still not satisfying enough."

Qin Tian sighed; the previous battle didn't even count as a warm-up. The Tier Six demons were too weak, neither making his bloodline tremble with excitement nor forcing out the full might of the Night Emperor's power.

He simply expanded his senses to the maximum, spreading it out like a giant net in the darkness. Quickly, an overwhelmingly powerful aura far beyond the previous demons entered his sensing range—it was the strongest existence within a hundred kilometers, at Peak Tier Six, perfectly serving as his touchstone.

Whoosh—

The darkness flowed like water, and Qin Tian, along with Kazik's three beasts, transformed into a shadow, speeding towards the source of the aura.

It wasn't long before a silhouette emerged from the darkness ahead, the Peak Tier Six demon.

This was a "Night Shadow Falcon," resembling an owl, its entire body covered in streamlined black bone armor. The exposed shoulder and shin guards had serrated edges, reflecting a cold, hard light in the dark.

Its back bore two pairs of membrane wings, with membrane veins covered in dark purple vascular-like patterns. When retracted, they lay flat against its spine, and when unfolded, they were like two sharp scythes. Its head was bird-like but featherless, consisting instead of smooth black bone. Flames of blue soul-fire flickered in its eye sockets, its beak curved and sharp like an eagle's, and its claws were four-toed, hooked talons with black corrosive liquid at their tips.

The most horrifying feature was its tail vertebra, which extended into a half-meter-long bone spur, entwined with twisted dark currents, clearly a deadly weapon.

Before Qin Tian could fully approach, the Night Shadow Falcon suddenly turned its head; the blue soul-fire abruptly contracted, and a cold determination instantly locked onto Qin Tian.

It seemed surprised by this prey delivering itself to its doorstep, yet it hesitated not in the slightest—

Scree!

A sharp screech cut through the darkness, and the Night Shadow Falcon's two pairs of membrane wings flapped fiercely, its body transformed into a pure black lightning bolt, hurtling towards Qin Tian with a piercing whistle.

Its speed was ridiculously fast, leaving a trail of afterimages in the air, almost making it impossible to capture its true form.

"Good timing!"

Fire of excitement ignited in Qin Tian's eyes; this was the opponent he wanted.

He did not use the suppression of Eternal Night Dominator, even deliberately restraining part of his imperial aura, relying solely on the pure speed granted by the Night Emperor's lineage to meet the charge.

Boom!

The two figures collided suddenly in the darkness, but there was no earth-shattering explosion, only the continuous "pop pop" sounds—the clashes of bone armor and fist winds, the sharp whistles of claws tearing through the air.

Qin Tian's form flickered ghost-like, with each change of direction coming at unbelievable angles, dodging the Night Shadow Falcon's tricky claw strikes and tail spikes; while the Night Shadow Falcon closely pursued like a tracking missile, its membrane wings flapping so rapidly they became a blur, claws and beak leaving no gaps in their assault, compressing Qin Tian's evasion space to the utmost.

In the darkness, only two blurred shadows moved at high speed, colliding, separating, with occasional black claw rays and golden fist seals erupting for brief moments, only to be swallowed by the darkness.

Kazik's three beasts wisely stayed at a distance, keeping watch—intervening rashly in this level of high-speed battle would only be a hindrance.

The fight gradually reached a fever pitch.

The Night Shadow Falcon's assaults grew more frenzied, the dark currents stirred by its flapping wings forming small storms, trying to disrupt Qin Tian's movements.

Qin Tian fought with increasing fervor, the physical strength bestowed by the Night Emperor's lineage allowing him to withstand the talons' hits. Each clash left clear fist marks on the enemy's bone armor.

He purposely left an opening, and just as the Night Shadow Falcon's talons were about to hit him, his body suddenly dropped, right fist clenching tight as dark energy condensed and compressed madly on his fist.

"Dark Prison Demon-Suppressing Fist—Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment!"

Qin Tian uttered softly, his right fist, carrying the momentum to shatter the air, suddenly shot upwards.

No dazzling brilliance accompanied his fist, only darkness compressed to the utmost; yet as the fist was unleashed, it spurred an intense resonance with the surrounding dark elements, as if an invisible heavenly might descended.

The Night Shadow Falcon realized something amiss too late, its talons mere inches from Qin Tian's head, instead face-to-face receiving the fist blow, forcefully striking its chest.

This punch did not explode with a thunderous boom, only a profound, heavy pressure—dark energy on the fist's surface, now dotted with dark golden patterns, the power of "Heavenly Punishment" merged with the will of suppression.

The moment the fist force touched the Night Shadow Falcon's body, it didn't rip apart as expected, but sank like a sledgehammer into a quagmire, an irresistible suppressive force infiltrating its bone armor's gaps.

"Scree—!"

The Night Shadow Falcon emitted a piercing screech never before heard, more than a cry of pain, it was a terror resonating from the soul's depths. The churning dark energy within it melted away intensely like snow under a blazing sun upon contact with the fist force, the demonic qi signifying destruction and chaos encountering a natural nemesis in the word "suppress," began uncontrollably disintegrating.

Crack—!

Crisp bone-cracking sounds followed one after another, yet carried a strange "purifying" connotation.

The Night Shadow Falcon's chest armor did not shatter and splatter but peeled layer by layer into dust under the erosion of the dark golden patterns; the moment the fist force pierced through its body, its demon core lit brightly, yet the next instant was crushed by an unseen force, the dissipated energy, upon mere contact with the fist force remnant, was completely purified to nothingness.

Most terrifying was the soul-fire in its eye sockets, the demon's essence flickered violently as the fist force surged in, as if bound by invisible chains, it visibly dimmed, ultimately fading into two wisps of smoke, dragged out and entirely obliterated in the darkness by the fist force.

The massive body flew back like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily onto the black earth, yet no demonic qi dissipated from the stirred dust—the Peak Tier Six Night Shadow Falcon, not only was its body struck through with a fist hole front and back, even the fundamental demonic qi was erased entirely by the "Demon Suppressing Celestial Punishment," as if it had never existed.

Qin Tian slowly retracted his fist, the dark golden patterns on it fading quietly, leaving only a heavy weighty feeling.

The "suppress" characteristic contained in this fist technique had a natural restraint against demons, akin to sunlight against shadows, inherently carrying judgment and the meaning of an end.

This is the demon-suppressing martial art within the Demon Suppression Abyss.

The Dark Prison Demon-Suppressing Fist is a Silver Level martial art with only three movements, but against demons, it wields more power than the Golden Level martial techniques.

The Peak Tier Six Silver Level demon was no match for him, and now among the Tier Six, only those with Holy Blood, along with the most top-level Golden Bloodline talents could spar with him.

Next, Qin Tian continued leading the three beasts to sweep the Dark Demon Realm, focusing on destroying the Demon Caves with demonic qi fissures.

The Evolution Points, which were about to be depleted, rose at a very substantial rate, and Qin Tian completely mastered the power of the Night Emperor's bloodline through rounds of battles.

However, just as he was reveling in the extermination, suddenly, his gaze sharply condensed.

No good, Li Qi is in trouble.