

Battlefield 411

Chapter 411: The Blood Demon Cult Reveals Itself

At the peak of the mountain guarded by the Chijin Battlegroup, the fierce wind swept against Li Qi's combat suit. He sat cross-legged on a dark boulder, his spiritual sense spreading like a dense web, making any movement within tens of kilometers utterly transparent.

"The demons have indeed become too few lately." Li Qi tapped his knee lightly with his fingertips, sensing only dozens of low-tier demons wandering in the distance, their weak auras not even worth the battlegroup's effort to eliminate.

Even so, the vigilance in his eyes did not wane, and the short blade in his hand remained half-sheathed at all times — the longer one stays in the Demon Suppression Abyss, the more they understand that "lowering one's guard" equates to courting death.

Just then, an unexpected surge of warmth rose from his dantian, rushing to his limbs.

Li Qi's face changed dramatically, his eyes snapping open, a wave of incredulous ecstasy swirling in his pupils.

He had experienced this familiar tremor several times before, a precursor to the evolution of his Night Demon Bloodline. The blood in his veins seemed to ignite, each inch of his vascular network throbbing, the dormant power awakening like a volcano, surging wildly along his meridians.

"Has the master's bloodline evolved again?" As this thought flashed by, Li Qi had no time to ponder further.

Bang!

A terrifying dark aura exploded from within him, like ink spilled into clear water, instantly staining the surrounding air black. The bones in his back emitted a clear "crack" sound as the previously folded Night Demon wings suddenly unfurled, nearly doubling in wingspan, the membrane wings bearing dense dark lines meandering like solidified lightning; flowing black demon patterns appeared on his skin, crawling up his neck to his cheeks, adding a menacing ferocity to his gaze; the nails at his fingertips sharpened like blades, gleaming with a cold, eerie luster.

This sudden burst of formidable aura immediately alerted the patrolling team nearby the mountain top.

"It's Captain Li Qi!"

"What happened? This aura... it's so powerful!"

The patrolling warriors gathered toward the boulder, and upon seeing Li Qi with his wings spread, surrounded by dark aura, couldn't help but inhale sharply.

This was no longer the familiar Captain Li Qi, but an awakened nocturnal beast, even the wind carrying a stifling sense of oppression.

"Captain Li, are you alright?" The patrol leader stepped forward cautiously, his voice tinged with caution — he could feel that though Li Qi's aura was fierce, it wasn't out of control, just... exceptionally powerful, almost beyond imagination.

Li Qi did not respond immediately, being too immersed in the shock of his bloodline's transformation.

He could distinctly feel the density of his bones and muscles climbing at a breathtaking pace, the power that once required deliberate operation now moved as easily as an arm and a finger. He attempted to extend his spiritual sense outward, and it expanded several times more than before, clearly picking up even the faint sounds of a Flame Demon gnawing on a corpse over a hundred kilometers away.

Even more shocking was his control over the Power of Darkness, an affinity with darkness that felt almost symbiotic, an experience never felt before, as if he was part of the darkness itself.

Just then, several strong auras rapidly approached from the foot of the mountain, landing on the summit with a rapid swish.

"What's happening?" Lu Sheng's loud voice rang out first, and upon seeing Li Qi's appearance, his tiger eyes widened, the flesh on his face freezing in place.

"Li Qi, you are..."

Poisonous Widow, Xiong, Terreda, Old Ghost, all of Qin Tian's right-hand men were arriving, looking at Li Qi with eyes full of wonder and suspicion.

The other battalion commanders soon assembled as well, and upon seeing Li Qi's condition, couldn't help but gasp.

"It's a bloodline evolution!" one bloodline-bearing battalion commander exclaimed in disbelief.

At these words, the surroundings fell silent. The shock on everyone's faces deepened — how could a bloodline evolution be so easy?

It usually required an extraordinary opportunity or surviving life-and-death battles, but Li Qi had remained stationed at the mountain top for days, not leaving or experiencing substantial combat, so how did he suddenly evolve?

What shocked the battalion commanders with Silver Bloodlines even more was the oppressive feeling, rooted in instinct, evoked by the bloodline power radiating from Li Qi.

"This... this aura..." Feng Xiaotian's face subtly shifted, even as someone with a Silver Bloodline, he felt slightly breathless facing Li Qi's current aura.

The other commanders felt similarly, a terrifying thought surging into their minds suddenly.

Could Li Qi be a Golden Bloodline?

Indeed, some people had ancestors with Golden Bloodlines, but possibly due to family decline or other reasons, they were unaware of the bloodline power flowing within them, only for it to possibly awaken unexpectedly in the future.

Just like Li Qi before them.

Moments later, the surging dark aura around Li Qi receded like a tide, and the Night Demon wings he'd unfurled behind him slowly folded back, the gentle sound of bone joints colliding echoing in the wind.

He raised his eyes to the gathering crowd, stood up from the boulder, a faint smile at the corner of his lips: "Sorry for the disturbance, I just made a small breakthrough."

"Captain Li is joking, such a joyous event is no disturbance, congratulations!" Feng Xiaotian was the first to clasp his hands, the astonishment on his face replaced with solemnity, a tone harboring unprecedented respect.

Previously in his eyes, this plain-looking man was just Qin Tian's attendant, rarely showing himself in the battleground, low-key to the point of being easily overlooked.

But now, it was different.

Li Qi, having awakened the Golden Bloodline, had a status entirely transformed.

Throughout the entire Chijin Battlegroup, barring Commander Qin and the Tier Six Old Ghost, in terms of combat power, none likely matched Li Qi.

"Thank you." Li Qi nodded slightly. On the surface, he appeared calm and collected, but internally, he couldn't help but feel a surge of emotion—if his own bloodline could undergo such a transformation, then just how formidable must the boss's bloodline be? It must be the pinnacle of the Golden Bloodline within the Empire.

As for the Holy Blood... he didn't even dare to imagine it.

After all, for thousands of years, the Empire had produced countless heroes, with bloodline families shining like the stars, but no new Holy Blood had ever emerged.

The Nine Great Holy Bloods stood like insurmountable monuments, proudly throughout the river of history, never shaken.

The boss reaching the apex of the Golden Bloodline was already something astonishing.

While everyone was congratulating Li Qi, his expression suddenly changed, and his eyes shot up to the sky. In the next moment, Old Ghost's gaze sharpened, and he looked up toward the horizon.

Swish, swish, swish, swish—

Four figures, like arrows loosed from the bowstring, darted swiftly from the distance. Their black robes flapped in the fierce wind, and their faces were concealed with pitch-black iron masks, even their eyes were covered with thick metal, leaving no gap. They exuded an eerie and cold aura.

"Be careful!"

Old Ghost shouted in a low voice, his soul power surged like a tide, transforming into a powerful soul explosion aimed directly at the four figures. Their disguised appearance suggested ill intentions, and it was better to act first and stabilize them before figuring out any misunderstandings!

However, the lead masked man simply raised his hand, and a light blue soul shield spread open like a bubble, enveloping the group of four within.

Old Ghost's soul explosion struck the shield, only to create a ripple before dissipating without a trace.

Everyone felt a sinking feeling in their hearts, and they gripped their weapons tightly. The battalion members instantly formed a defensive formation, watching the uninvited guests in the sky with vigilance. These four could casually deflect Old Ghost's attack, clearly making them no ordinary opponents.

"Tier Six..." Feng Xiaotian's Adam's apple bobbed as he clearly sensed the terrifying aura emanating from the four individuals, all of whom were Tier Six powerhouses!

Before anyone could think further, the four masked individuals were already on the move.

The lead masked man flickered, turning into a light blue soul shadow, and charged straight towards Old Ghost, his fingers flicking out several soul chains, hissing sharply through the air, and entangling around Old Ghost's body—this was also a soul-type magic.

Old Ghost's eyes narrowed, and layers of soul walls appeared before him, engaging in a clash with the opponent. The muffled collisions of soul magic echoed high in the sky, proving difficult to determine the victor.

Meanwhile, the other three dived down like Black Eagles swooping on their prey, their target unmistakable—Li Qi, who had just completed his Bloodline Evolution!

"Not good!"

Li Qi's expression slightly changed as the Night Demon Wings unfurled again. With a powerful flap, his form turned into a dark shadow, sliding away just in time to avoid the trio's encirclement.

But just as he turned to prepare for a counterattack, the masked man engaged with Old Ghost switched tactics!

Spiritual Detonation!

An unseen soul wave abruptly spread out, accurately targeting Li Qi's spiritual sea.

Li Qi felt as if his brain was struck by a heavy hammer, excruciating pain rushing in like a tide, causing his vision to blacken momentarily and his movements to freeze for a split second.

It was in this moment of vulnerability!

The three masked individuals moved as swiftly as lightning, simultaneously whisking out black chains embossed with runic glows. The chains, like live snakes, zipped out and instantly coiled around Li Qi's

limbs and wings. The runes on the chains lit up, emanating an aura that suppressed Bloodline Power, causing the dark energy Li Qi had just gathered to disperse like a retreating tide.

"Ugh!" Li Qi groaned, attempting to struggle, only to find the chains tightening further, causing even his bones to emit the sound of unbearable strain.

High above, the masked man battling Old Ghost seized the opportunity and unleashed a powerful palm strike, turning his light blue soul power into a giant hand, aiming at Old Ghost's face.

Old Ghost was forced to defend himself, withdrawing a few steps from the impact, helplessly watching the three masked individuals gather the bound Li Qi and swiftly converge.

The four masked individuals didn't linger in battle. Their spiritual energy surged around them as they transformed into four black shadows fleeing into the distance, vanishing into the dark horizon in a few quick flashes.

Old Ghost watched with a furious expression as they disappeared, while other battalion leaders also caught up, staring at the empty sky with faces full of shock and anger—in the heart of the Chijin Battlegroup's base, right before their eyes, Li Qi had been abducted so easily.

"Blood Demon Cult, they're from the Blood Demon Cult."

Old Ghost's voice was filled with rage. Previously, a report had been issued by the division stating that the Blood Demon Cult had surfaced within the Demon Suppression Abyss, abducting dozens of bloodline individuals, with orders for all battlegroups to remain vigilant. No bloodline individuals were to venture out alone, and any trace of the Blood Demon Cult must be reported immediately.

There were a few bloodline disciples within the Chijin Battlegroup who, upon seeing the report, became extremely cautious, rarely leaving the base.

But no one expected the Blood Demon Cult to target the Chijin Battlegroup, and they didn't abduct any of the battalion leaders, but rather Li Qi, who had just undergone Bloodline Evolution.

"Quick, inform the commander!"

Shen Juan called out anxiously. The division was located on the second level of the Demon Abyss, and by the time rescue forces arrived, Li Qi might have already perished to the Blood Demon Cult's extraction of his bloodline.

Now, there was only one person who could save Li Qi.

Qin Tian, Commander Qin.

Chapter 412: Faceless Men and Human Puppet Golems

When Qin Tian returned to the Chijin Battlegroup, the atmosphere within the camp was so heavy it seemed to wring out water, with anxiety written on everyone's faces.

"Leader!"

"Leader!"

As Qin Tian's figure appeared at the camp gate, the waiting crowd rushed up as if they had found their backbone.

"Leader, Li Qi he..." Shen Juan had just begun to report when Qin Tian raised his hand to interrupt, saying in a deep voice, "I already know."

He had sensed something abnormal when he was in the Dark Demon Realm.

Li Qi was his original Night Demon Apostle, their bloodline connection like an invisible thread. Even across thousands of miles of the Demon Realm, he could clearly sense Li Qi's bloodline suddenly sealed by a strange power, and within moments, the bloodline connection was completely severed.

Because of this, he returned as quickly as possible.

The arrival had taken half a day, but due to a breakthrough in Spiritual Energy, the return trip time was halved.

Poisonous Widow and Old Ghost had already conveyed the cause and effect to him through the Soul Seal. Standing atop the mountain, Qin Tian slightly flared his nostrils, the residual unfamiliar scent in the air intertwined with Li Qi's Dark Energy trail, like an invisible roadmap precisely pointing to the direction of the four masked figures.

"I will bring Li Qi back. You guard the camp."

Before the words had fully left his mouth, his figure transformed into a blur of black, abruptly vanishing from sight. No spatial fluctuations, no energy eruptions, just speed to the utmost, as if he had never existed.

"So fast..."

The crowd's pupils contracted sharply, gasping in awe.

It was no divine ability of Void Shuttling, rather sheer speed driven by his flesh and bloodline, fast enough that even an afterimage couldn't be captured, only the faint ripples of torn air remaining.

"The leader's strength this time... has probably undergone earth-shattering changes," Feng Xiaotian murmured, slowly loosening his grip on his sword hilt.

Initially, there was concern that Qin Tian's solo action was too perilous—after all, the Blood Demon Cult's notoriety was known to all, a terrifying force that has endured hundreds of years despite the Empire's focused assaults.

But upon witnessing such speed, most of the group's worries eased. Even if the leader encountered the Blood Demon Cult's high-tier forces in an ambush, with such ghostly speed, retreating unscathed was not considered difficult.

"How long until the Hunt Team from headquarters arrives?" Old Ghost turned to look at Shen Juan.

Shen Juan immediately replied, "They've already set out and are passing through the Demonic Qi Passage, heading to the Infernal Demon Sea."

"Too slow," Lu Sheng frowned, "By the time they arrive, Li Qi would likely already be in trouble."

The crowd nodded in silent agreement, but the Hunting Team couldn't be blamed for this.

Everyone knew that traversing from the second layer of Demon Abyss through the Demonic Qi Passage to the first layer, and then rushing from the passage entrance to the Infernal Demon Sea, would take at least a day.

After all, not everyone has Leader Qin's methods of spatial teleportation.

The hope of rescuing Li Qi ultimately rested on the leader's shoulders.

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The black line that Qin Tian had transformed into sped through the darkness. Initially, the trace of Li Qi and the masked figures in the air was still clear, guiding the direction like a distinct trajectory.

However, after pursuing over a hundred kilometers, the trace began to fade at an astonishing rate.

Qin Tian slightly raised an eyebrow, the once-clear scent now faint and indistinct, as if obscured by some special technique.

"Quite a few tricks," Qin Tian's eyes moved, realizing that the precise management of traces during high-speed movement indicated these four masked figures were undoubtedly seasoned hunters.

But they knew nothing of the terror of the Night Emperor Bloodline.

Qin Tian closed his eyes, his spiritual sense spreading like the most precise radar. After awakening the Night Emperor Bloodline, his perception ability had reached its peak — even if the other party erased the scent, the air molecules disturbed by Spiritual Energy still trembled slightly, and the occasional faint stir caused by Li Qi's sealed bloodline did not escape his perception.

In his mind, countless seemingly chaotic pieces of information were rapidly weaving together. These fragments, seemingly unrelated and barely noticeable to ordinary people, were swiftly assembled by him into a crystal-clear tracking route.

"Want to erase traces completely? In front of me, you can't achieve that."

With deep-set eyes, Qin Tian had absolute confidence in his tracking skills, intended to be the foremost in the Empire, after awakening the Night Emperor Bloodline.

He adjusted his course, continuing the pursuit along the concealed trajectory, increasing his speed by another three points.

Crossing the dark lands eroded by Demonic Qi, passing over the raging corrosive liquid of hidden rivers, and soaring over jagged, spiked mountains... the hundreds of kilometers rapidly diminished beneath his feet.

As Qin Tian passed through a valley filled with a dead stillness, he halted abruptly in mid-air, a sharp gleam in his eyes.

Here it is.

The demonic qi within the valley was as thick as paste, sluggishly flowing over the ground, yet there was no sound of demons howling, not even the lowest-tier demonic insects in sight.

More strange was the faintly sweet and bloody scent mingled with the demonic qi, a meticulously concocted poison. It could silently seep through the skin, and even a Tier Five Spiritualist could suffer paralysis of the meridians or even death if inhaled carelessly.

The perfect blend of poison and demonic qi was hardly detectable unless one was a master poisoner.

Qin Tian's spiritual sense swept across the surroundings like a searchlight, discovering numerous hidden warning devices among what seemed like natural scenery: the metallic sheen on the edge of certain withered leaves, nearly transparent threads in rock crevices, ice crystals condensing on the rock walls... These devices were expertly designed, their layouts hidden, yet carried obvious signs of human interference—certainly the handiwork of the Blood Demon Cult.

Chapter 413: Faceless Men, Human Puppet Golem (2)

He entered a state of invisibility, suppressing his aura, skillfully avoiding all warning devices, and slipped into a very concealed entrance.

As he went deeper into the cave, the humid air carried faint "clack clack" sounds, like the friction of gears grinding, mixed with the "drip drip" of liquid flowing, resembling the workings of a precision machine.

With every step deeper, the four auras belonging to the masked men became increasingly distinct,

Qin Tian's steps never faltered and before long, the scene before his eyes opened up dramatically.

This was a man-made underground cavern, with a complex metal machine placed at the center, its pipelines resembling a spider's web connecting various bizarre instruments.

Meanwhile, Li Qi was firmly fixed onto the metal frame at the center of the machine, limbs chained by rune-engraved shackles, with seven transparent tubes inserted into his body, carrying dark red blood into a translucent diamond-shaped device, which filtered and then returned it to his body.

Qin Tian's gaze suddenly turned cold—inside that diamond device, a thin layer of pale golden liquid was floating, and with the blood's circulation, the amount of liquid was visibly increasing. Clearly, they were extracting some kind of golden substance from Li Qi's blood, that was... the Origin Power of the Golden Bloodline!

At this moment, Li Qi's eyes were tightly closed, his face as pale as paper, his lips chapped and cracked, his chest's rise and fall so weak it was barely visible, and the once abundant aura of his bloodline had dwindled to the extreme, as if it could extinguish completely at any moment.

The four masked men stood beside Li Qi, quietly waiting for the machine to drain all of Li Qi's Bloodline Power.

Courting death!

Seeing this scene, a murderous intent flashed coldly in Qin Tian's eyes, released without reservation.

In an instant, the bodies of the four masked men trembled and they turned around abruptly, yet there was nothing in sight.

At this moment, a slight sound came from behind them.

When they turned around again, Li Qi was already gone, along with that blood filtering device.

Without hesitation, the four masked men rushed out of the underground cave and into the surface valley.

At this moment, a figure stood high above the valley, looking down at the four of them.

Boom!!

The four masked men simultaneously erupted with terrifying aura, Spiritual Energy burst forth like a volcano, scattering the demonic qi within the valley. Without a word, they launched a fierce assault on Qin Tian.

The leading masked man was a Soul Mage, the soul crystal atop his magic staff abruptly brightened, condensing pale blue soul power into three soul spikes, stabbing straight into Qin Tian's Mind Sea, the sharp spiritual impact piercing through the air caused the rock walls to shake faintly.

The second masked man was a Poison User, releasing an ink-green poisonous mist from his sleeve that formed a scorpion upon hitting the ground, with claws and pincers splattering venom that corroded the stone surface into myriad tiny holes.

The third masked man was a Fire Mage, flames rising from his palm like a fiery waterfall, sweeping towards Qin Tian overwhelmingly.

The last masked man expanded amid the cracking of bones into a three-meter Beastman, mask still adorning his face, scales gleaming with metallic luster, the remnants of claws nearly tearing through space as he lunged first at Qin Tian.

Qin Tian quickly retreated a considerable distance, the devouring soul flame surged forth forming a black wall of fire.

The moment the soul spikes collided with the wall of fire, the pale blue soul power was fiercely burned, yet a thread of sharp pain still pierced into his mind, causing his vision to waver slightly.

Just then, the claws of the Beastman reached his face, Qin Tian flipped his wrist to reveal the Black Frost Blade, slicing through the air in a chilly arc, striking precisely at the opponent's claw tips.

"Clang!"

The crisp sound of metal clashing against metal reverberated, causing the cave to hum, the Beastman masked man was shaken back half a step, while Qin Tian used the momentum to spin around, evading the encirclement of the poisonous scorpion while the Black Frost Blade countered towards the opponent's waist and abdomen.

The Beastman responded extremely quickly, twisting his body and scraping his scales against the blade to cast a trail of sparks, his tail whipped like a steel lash towards Qin Tian's head.

Qin Tian did not look back, planting his left foot and spinning to evade, maintaining his right hand's sword momentum, and with a ghostly flash, the blade slashed diagonally at the Fire Mage's face.

Boom!

A wall of flames suddenly rose before the Fire Mage, but was cleaved open by Qin Tian with a single stroke, yet taking the opportunity to swiftly retreat.

The Poison User, seeing Qin Tian handling the four's siege with ease, sent more poison needles from his sleeve, forming a green line shooting towards Qin Tian's throat.

As if he had eyes on his back, Qin Tian slightly tilted his head, the poison needle grazing his earlobe and embedding into the rock wall, exploding into a cloud of poison mist. The black aura around him flashed, activating the Poisonous Snake Body, the poison mist touching the aura was like water drops into the sea, not harming his skin at all.

In these brief moments of entanglement, Qin Tian had already seen through the four's strengths: the Beastman was fast, with strong defense but slightly lacking agility; the Soul Mage had uncanny spiritual attacks but lacked close combat defense; the Poison User was sinister, but to face his Poisonous Snake Body was utterly futile; the Fire Mage had fierce attacks, but his flames were restrained by the devouring soul flame.

"This battle should end."

Cold light flared in Qin Tian's eyes, no longer holding back.

The Black Frost Blade suddenly surged with crackling thunder, the blade seemingly entwined with a small storm, releasing a domineering and unparalleled Sword Intent with abrupt ferocity.

The Beastman masked man charged once more, claws driving a tearing pressure.

Yet Qin Tian advanced instead of retreating, his figure suddenly turned into a fleeting shadow, almost twice as fast as before!

"Die!"

A thunderous low roar exploded within the cavern, the Black Frost Blade dragging dazzling lightning, slashing out as fast as lightning.

This strike combined the extreme speed of the Night Emperor's bloodline, the rampage of thunder and lightning techniques, and the Armor-Breaking power of the dominant Sword Intent, at such an angle that the Beastman had nowhere to dodge.

Chapter 414: Faceless Ones and Human Puppet Golem (Part 3)

At the critical moment, the Beastman barely twisted his body.

Splurt!

Blood sprayed as the entire right arm of the Beastman masked man, with its claws, flew into the air. Thunderlight rushed into his body through the wound, halting his movements instantly.

It's now!

Seizing this fleeting opportunity, Qin Tian vanished from the spot like a phantom, and in the next second, he appeared behind the Fire Mage.

Assassins first take out the squishy mage.

The soul mage sensed something was wrong and hurriedly launched a soul attack towards Qin Tian's sea of consciousness, the sharp mental assault making his temples throb sharply.

But Qin Tian endured the blow, reversing the Black Frost Blade for a horizontal slash.

Thud!

The Fire Mage's head, with burning hair, rolled to the ground, but, strangely, no blood spurted out.

In the instant the Fire Mage was dealt with, the remaining Soul Mage, Poison Master, and Beastman trembled and quickly regrouped to confront Qin Tian.

Just as Qin Tian was about to pursue the victory and deal with these three, an extremely powerful presence suddenly swept in from outside the valley, more terrifying than the combined presence of the four masked men before.

Qin Tian abruptly turned his head to the side, only to see a figure in a blood-red robe standing there at an unknown time, half a face exposed beneath the hood, pale as paper, playing with a spinning blood-red bead, its aura so chilling that the temperature of the entire valley dropped a few degrees.

"I didn't expect a big shark to break into my little valley~"

A slightly sharp voice echoed eerily within the valley.

Qin Tian's gaze swept over the newcomer and then back to the decapitated body of the Fire Mage.

The cut on the neck was as smooth as a mirror, the edges encrusted with white frost frozen by the Black Frost Blade. Strangely, not a drop of blood flowed out, the muscle tissue at the wound solidified like wax.

Even more peculiar was that after the kill, he gained no evolution points or talent light spheres, something he had never encountered before.

Clearly, there was something wrong with this Fire Mage.

Thinking of this, Qin Tian willed it, and the steel mask tightly attached to the face was forcibly lifted, tearing the surface skin to reveal the bizarre "face" beneath.

Qin Tian looked closely, his pupils suddenly contracting.

Beneath the mask, there were no human features. Where eyes, nose, and mouth should have been, there was a smooth skin, not a wrinkle in sight, as if someone had smoothed it out, exuding an indescribable eeriness and horror.

This was not the body of a living person!

At that moment, he suddenly recalled a detail: throughout the battle, none of the four masked men made any sound, not even a grunt when their arms were severed.

Now it all made sense.

"Heh heh, so you discovered it."

The figure in the blood-red robe let out a deep, eerie laugh, raising a hand to remove the hood. A pale, narrow face was fully exposed to the air, with high cheekbones and deep-set eyes, narrow pupils glinting with a cold light, watching Qin Tian like a playful predator. The blood-red bead in his hand suddenly shone brightly, radiating an uncanny red glow.

"Since the Human Puppet Golem has been discovered by you, you won't be leaving today."

Before his words faded, an aura several times stronger than the four masked men before erupted like a tsunami, sweeping the entire valley. The boulders on the rock walls shook, and the ground beneath split with spiderweb-like cracks.

This was a Peak Tier Six power.

Chapter 415: Demon King Avatar, Absorbing the Sea of Blood

"Sizzle——"

The blood-colored bead at the blood-robed man's fingertip suddenly expanded, a torrent of blood gushing out like a fountain, forming dozens of blood-red spears in mid-air, shooting towards Qin Tian with a piercing shriek.

The surfaces of these spears flowed with a viscous sheen, the tips gleaming with a sinister glow, clearly imbued with a strange power.

At the same time, the surviving Soul Mage, the Beastman with a severed arm, and the Poison user all launched their attacks.

The Soul Mage wielded his magic staff, pale blue Soul Power transformed into several chains, winding around Qin Tian's limbs like serpents, trying to restrict his movements; the Beastman swung his left claw, the wind whistling, pouncing at Qin Tian's side, scales rubbing against the air with a harsh sound; the Poison user tossed a swath of dark green poison mist, which spread quietly under the cover of Demonic Qi, enveloping Qin Tian.

Qin Tian stood in the center of the valley, surrounded by enemies, with no way to evade.

He took a deep breath, and the devouring soul flame surged dramatically, forming a gray-black wall of fire, attempting to block the blood spears and soul chains' attacks. However, the blood-red spears seemed to ignore the flames, penetrating the fire wall directly, losing no speed.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Qin Tian swung the Black Frost Blade, his wrist swiftly deflecting several blood spears, making his arms numb but showing no sign of retreat.

The sheer number of blood spears was overwhelming. Using the bouncing force from the blade, he spun and sidestepped like a top, narrowly avoiding a spear that grazed his shoulder, creating a tear in his robe and revealing the dark gold-hued skin underneath.

Just after dodging the blood spears, the Beastman's left claw was already upon him.

Qin Tian's toes tapped the ground, his body suddenly sinking three inches, the claw gusting past above him, even grazing his hair tips. But as soon as he completed this evasive maneuver, the Soul Mage's soul chains trailed relentlessly towards his right leg.

"Humph!"

Qin Tian grunted, his right leg exerting force, Dark Energy rushing down his meridians, forcibly shaking off the soul chains' entanglement.

But this moment of standoff allowed the Poison user's dark green poison mist to seep in.

His spinning movements didn't stop, black currents around him surged instantly, the Poisonous Snake Body fully activated, the poison mist clashing with the air currents with a sizzling corrosive sound, yet unable to breach at all.

In just a few short breaths, Qin Tian maneuvered through the combined assault of blood spears, soul chains, claws, and poison mist, his steps shifting so quickly they almost formed a continuous blur, sweat beading on his forehead—not from exertion, but from the seamless assault leaving him no room to breathe, even compressing the gaps needed to adjust his breathing.

The blood-robed man observed, the corner of his mouth curling into a sinister smile, his sharp voice echoing again: "Surrender now, your resistance is futile."

He formed seals with both hands, the airborne blood surged again, condensing into a massive blood-colored war axe, cleaving down towards Qin Tian with the might of splitting mountains and stones.

Qin Tian's eyes sharpened, facing a Peak Tier Six Spiritualist, a direct confrontation was clearly unwise.

In an instant, a dense, ink-like dark aura erupted from within him, the shadows behind him billowing wildly, dozens of figures emerging in response.

Strangely, these figures mirrored Qin Tian in appearance, aura, even the tear in his robe was identical to his true form.

Demon King Avatar!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh—

The avatars shot towards the three masked figures like arrows from a bow, leaving Qin Tian's true form to confront the blood-robed man directly. He flipped his wrist, the Black Frost Blade enveloped in Thunder Power, swiftly unsheathing like lightning to strike at the blood-colored war axe.

"Clang!"

With a loud crash, the blood-colored axe wasn't shattered, but its momentum halted abruptly. Qin Tian seized this moment of respite, his form ghostly as he sidestepped several meters, evading the powerful blow.

"Avatars?"

The blood-robed man looked at the sudden multitude of figures in the valley, a hint of disdain flashing in his narrow eyes.

Avatar techniques were not rare among Spiritualists, but such methods generally consumed much energy, with the avatars themselves lacking autonomous consciousness, their combat power as weak as cannon fodder.

"Is this your last trick?" He sneered sharply, assuming Qin Tian was at his wits' end, resorting to such antics to buy time.

But the next moment, his sneer froze on his face, pupils contracting sharply.

The avatars moved at an unimaginable speed, traversing the battlefield like true specters. Each held a blade formed by the Power of Darkness, the blade's edge as sharp as if tangible, dividing into three groups, fiercely charging at the three masked individuals.

The Beastman just raised its left claw to block, but was simultaneously attacked by several avatars. With a series of "shlunk" sounds, in a brief encounter, its body was covered with dozens of deep, bone-revealing wounds.

The Poison user fared even worse, the poisonous mist he unleashed having no effect on the avatars; the dark figures immune to venom erosion, several blades falling at once, slicing him into multiple pieces instantly.

Only the Soul Mage reacted quickly, urgently urging his Soul Power to trigger a soul explosion, repelling the attacking avatars, barely preserving his life.

The blood-robed man watched the scene before him, the sinister smile on his face completely vanished, replaced by incredulous amazement.

These avatars weren't just fast and powerful; they even understood coordinated attacks—clearly not mere cannon fodder, but dozens of combat entities with independent consciousness, their effectiveness rivaling his Human Puppet Golem.

Yet it must be noted, creating Human Puppet Golems demanded extremely high difficulty; the number of accomplishments he amassed in the Blood Demon Cult to acquire just four was substantial.

But this guy before him, could instantly conjure dozens of avatars.

This was utterly unreasonable.

Boom!

Blood vastly surpassing the previous torrents gushed from the bead, surging in the valley like a tsunami, the waves reaching dozens of feet high, sweeping towards all the avatars and Qin Tian's true form.

If he didn't act now, the remaining two Human Puppet Golems would be torn to pieces as well!

Seeing the Sea of Blood pressing down, Qin Tian's eyes flashed, instead of evading, he allowed the surging blood to engulf both himself and all the avatars.

"Not dodging?!"

The blood-robed man paused in confusion, then a ferocious, cold smile spread across his face.

This Sea of Blood contained the blood poison and corrosive force he had painstakingly cultivated for years; even a Peak Tier Six expert submerged in it would be drained of Essence Blood, reduced to bones. This kid dared to recklessly withstand it?

"Arrogant fool! Do you really think you can withstand the Sea of Blood's erosion?" He cackled wildly, both hands madly forming seals, driving the Blood Spirit Bead to accelerate its operation, determined to fully refine Qin Tian in the Sea of Blood.

Yet, in the very next second, the cackling abruptly ceased.

The blood-robed man found in horror that the once raging Sea of Blood was diminishing at a visibly rapid pace, the waves halving in just a few breaths, their color fading significantly.

He hurriedly focused his gaze, seeing through the roiling blood waves, glimpsing hundreds of vines emerging from the Sea of Blood, their surfaces covered with thorns, every leaf greedily sucking up the blood!

"No good!" The blood-robed man's face drastically changed, finally understanding why Qin Tian didn't dodge—this was a trap!

He hastily diverted his Spiritual Energy, attempting to use the Blood Spirit Bead to recall the blood, but it was already too late.

The vines seemed to transform into black holes, the thorns' eerie red glow shining, their suction power increasing by thousands of times.

The blood in the Sea of Blood surged madly toward the vines like finding an outlet, even the Blood Spirit Bead trembled violently, as if about to be torn apart by this terrifying suction force.

In only ten breaths, the entire valley's Sea of Blood was drained dry, leaving only a wasteland of black earth.

Jie La's vines became thicker, their surfaces flowing with an eerie red glow, the leaves gently swaying, seemingly taunting the blood-robed man in silence.

Chapter 416: Eerie Fusion, Flame Master

This Blood Spirit Bead is quite a rare item.

Qin Tian's gaze fell on the bead in the blood-robed man's hand, a hint of amusement flashing in his eyes.

A Spiritual Pearl that can store and refine blood is practically a tailor-made treasure for him—don't forget, the Night Demon clan can already enhance their strength like Vampires by refining Essence Blood.

With this bead, he could store all the Essence Blood after slaying those powerful foes or Giant Beasts filled with Qi and Blood.

Even if he couldn't use it himself, it's still very suitable for training a Night Demon Apostle.

From now on, this belongs to Qin.

Qin Tian's lips curled slightly, his eyes calmly sweeping over the blood-robed man.

Although the opponent is a Peak Tier Six Spiritualist, his bloodline level has yet to reach Gold.

At this level, he's only slightly stronger than the Peak Tier Six Demon Qin Tian slew earlier.

"You... damned!!!"

The blood-robed man's pupils flared with blood streaks, his years of painstakingly refined Sea of Blood being sucked dry by those strange vines, his overwhelming rage nearly shattering his rationality.

The blood-colored energy inside him exploded, forming a sky-covering blood-colored giant hand in the air, its five fingers pressing down like mountain peaks, causing the entire valley to tremble under its shadow, rocks collapsing and the ground splitting with cobweb-like deep scars.

At the same time, the Soul Master with the mask ignited a Soul Explosion again, launching a sharp mental attack straight at Qin Tian's Sea of Souls; while the injured Beastman, with a furious look, lunged forward, his remaining left paw desperately fierce.

Facing a three-way onslaught, Qin Tian remained composed.

In the Sea of Souls, the Devouring Soul Flames suddenly churned, transforming into an impenetrable gray-black wall of fire. The Soul Explosion collided with the wall, causing only minor ripples before being fully devoured—Spiritual Wisdom Divine Authority can weaken the power of all Soul Attacks by ninety percent, and with the protection of Devouring Soul Flames, such impact was no more than a tickle to him.

As for that reckless Beastman, Jie La would handle it.

His real target, from the beginning, had been the blood-robed man alone.

Buzz—

A blinding flash of lightning exploded beneath Qin Tian's feet, with Ninefold Thunder Flash fully activated, the electric buzz rumbling like an engine at his soles, propelling his speed to new heights.

With a thunderous boom, he transformed into a silver-purple lightning shadow, tearing through the air with an unstoppable momentum, appearing instantly before the blood-robed man, the Black Frost Blade wrapped in lightning, slicing straight towards the face.

Though the sky-covering blood-colored giant hand was intimidating, under such extreme speed, it couldn't even touch the edge of his clothes.

"So fast!"

The blood-robed man's pupils shrank suddenly, completely unprepared for Qin Tian's speed to reach such a level.

But ultimately, he was a Peak Tier Six powerhouse, his spiritual energy reflexively condensing into a thick blood-colored shield in front of him.

Sssss—

The Thunder Saber sliced into the shield, cutting through it like a hot knife through butter.

Yet, this momentary resistance provided the blood-robed man with an opportunity to dodge.

His body swiftly retreated, hands rapidly forming seals, several strands of blood-colored spiritual energy coiled like living snakes towards Qin Tian's limbs, attempting to bind him.

Qin Tian's body shook fiercely, the Devouring Soul Flames igniting on his surface.

The instant the blood-colored spiritual energy touched the black flames, it transformed into billowing blood-colored steam, failing to bind him even slightly.

Flap—

The Demon King's Wings unfolded abruptly behind him, the membranes flowing with dark golden empire patterns, unleashing a dignified darkness akin to the Night Emperor.

The moment the wings spread open, Qin Tian's speed surged eightfold!

In the next second, his figure merely trembled slightly, leaving a clear afterimage at the original spot, his true form appearing behind the blood-robed man.

Ssss—

The furious Thunder Saber, with the piercing whistle of tearing air, sliced towards the blood-robed man's nape.

The man clearly hadn't anticipated Qin's speed increasing several times, unable to react in time, his head severed from his neck instantly.

Yet strangely, the rolling head and spraying body simultaneously flew forward, tracing two bloodlines in the air, with a 'click', reassembling seamlessly, the wounds rapidly healing in the blood-colored radiance.

At that moment, the blood-robed man's eyes were filled with astonishment.

Too fast!

This speed was so absurd it defied understanding!

He'd seen many Tier Six Spiritualists adept at speed throughout his life, but never anyone fast enough to entirely elude him.

Well, Baki, is it you?

Qin Tian's eyebrow rose slightly, indeed bloodline abilities are bizarre, this skill of severed heads seamlessly reconnecting is quite intriguing.

But that's alright, this bloodline will belong to me in the future.

Swish, swish, swish—

In the following moments, Qin Tian's figure transformed into countless afterimages around the blood-robed man's body, moving so fast the air itself trembled.

The Black Frost Blade continuously fell, slicing the blood-robed man's body into dozens of pieces, even cutting the head into halves, but each time they shattered, the remains reassembled in the blood-colored radiance, though the presence clearly weakened significantly—obviously, this reconsolidation ability consumed immense energy.

On the other side, Jie La's vines danced like frenzied giant pythons, forcing the Soul Master with the mask and the Beastman to flee haphazardly.

If not for the Soul Master's soul attacks barely disturbing Jie La's consciousness, the vines might have drained the two dry long ago.

"No, we can't go on like this!"

The blood-robed man gritted his teeth viciously, acutely aware that staying on the defensive would soon deplete his spiritual energy.

Yet, the opponent's speed was so fast, he couldn't even target him. As it stands, there was no choice but to use his last resort.

Boom!!!

A vast Sea of Blood suddenly erupted from his body, transforming into a blood-red shockwave, temporarily forcing Qin Tian to retreat dozens of meters.

The next moment, the blood-robed man's hands formed an eerie seal.

Chapter 417: Strange Fusion, Flame Master_2

What happened next made Qin Tian's pupils suddenly contract.

He saw the Soul Master Masked Man, the Beastman, and the two already beheaded Golem bodies being swept up by the Sea of Blood back to the man in the blood robe.

The four bodies began to melt in the blood light, flowing like wax until they solidified on the blood-robed man's back, transforming into four writhing sacs of flesh, merging with his flesh and blood.

Qin Tian narrowed his eyes and did not act rashly. This was a great opportunity to understand the methods of the Blood Demon Cult, and he wanted to see what waves the integration of the four Golem bodies into his opponent would stir up.

At the moment when the four bodies solidified into sacs of flesh, the blood-robed man's body began to writhe violently.

His head swelled at a speed visible to the naked eye, the originally narrow eyes suddenly bulged out, and the surface of the eyeballs was covered with cobweb-like blood vessels, reflecting the ghostly blue and fiery red of the soul fire in the pupils. His left arm surfaced with dark green patterns, with viscous venom oozing from the fingertips, filling the air with a pungent sweet smell; the right hand blazed with raging flames, the fire taking on a bizarre purplish-black color, burning the surrounding air with a sizzling sound; the skin on his back and limbs cracked open, dark scales piercing through the flesh, layering over the body and reflecting a cold luster.

In just a few breaths, he had incorporated the abilities of the four Human Puppet Golems entirely into his body, perfectly blending the soul-related strangeness, poison element sinister, fire element ferocity, and Beastman defense into a new force.

For the first time, surprise appeared in Qin Tian's eyes.

The Blood Demon Cult's bloodline study had reached this level?

He knew that he could fuse multiple talents purely because of the System Dad.

If anyone else were to rashly merge multiple bloodlines, they would undoubtedly be waiting for bloodline conflict, leading to self-destruction.

Yet the Blood Demon Cult could not only integrate the power of bloodlines into Golems, granting Golems extraordinary combat power, but also forcibly merge the different abilities of Golems into one body, a revelation that would surely cause an earthquake in the Spiritual Energy world if it got out.

"Ho ho... ho ho ho..."

The blood-robed man let out a laugh unlike any human voice, his aura surging like a volcano, with blood-colored energy forming a howling whirlwind around him, lifting all the gravel in the valley.

The pressure grew stronger and stronger, seemingly showing signs of breaking through the Tier Six shackles, touching the Tier Seven threshold, even making tiny ripples appear in space.

But just as that barrier was about to be breached, his momentum suddenly halted, and the blood-colored whirlwind on his body fluctuated violently, clearly missing the final step.

"Just a little more... just a little more!" The blood-robed man raised his head abruptly, his bulging eyes fixed desperately on Qin Tian, with hatred boiling within, nearly turning tangible.

He had painstakingly acquired the Human Puppet Golems for this fusion, only to have them utterly destroyed, and the side effects of the fusion had already begun to manifest—skin under the scales ripping with excruciating pain, and organs seemingly corroded by strong acid, an irreversible damage.

All of this was caused by the man in front of him!

"I want to tear you to pieces!"

The blood-robed man roared as he charged at Qin Tian, his speed several times faster than before.

He waved his left hand, and a large swath of dark green toxic mist spewed out, corroding holes in the black soil wherever it passed; the purplish-black flame in his right hand transformed into a fire serpent, hissing sharply as it coiled towards Qin Tian; the bulging eyes on his head shot two ghostly blue soul lights, stabbing straight into Qin Tian's mind; simultaneously, his scale-covered body slammed forward, carrying a brute force.

The four abilities wove together, forming an impenetrable web of attacks.

Qin Tian's eyes narrowed, and he dared not be careless.

The Demon King's Wings flapped, his figure weaving agilely through the toxic mist and flames, the Black Frost Blade entwined with thunder and black flames, constantly slashing at the incoming attacks. Sometimes he would use the Soul Devourer to deflect the purplish-black flame, sometimes activating the Poisonous Snake Body to ignore the encroaching toxic mist, while also sparing attention to fend off the two unrelenting ghostly blue soul lights, occasionally having to forcibly intercept the opponent's scaly charge.

The blood-robed man's attacks were chaotic yet unusually fierce, switching between the four abilities with ease, making them difficult to defend against.

Though Qin Tian had the speed advantage, he had difficulty finding an opening, thwarted each time he attempted a close-range attack by the opponent's combination techniques.

In the valley, thunder and lightning, flames, toxic mist, and soul lights clashed and collided, the rumbling echoing incessantly.

Qin Tian frowned slightly, sensing that while the opponent's aura was unstable, it was exceptionally formidable, and bringing him down wouldn't be easy.

Looks like it's time to get serious.

When it comes to explosive power in battle, he had plenty of methods.

Let's try a power he hadn't used in actual combat yet.

Qin Tian took a deep breath, the Soul Devourer within him suddenly boiling. No longer merely a means of defense or attack, it now began to permeate inward, flooding towards the depths of his soul.

The soul fire at the most primordial source of the flame, tempered pure and fierce through a billion ignitions, seemed to have found a home, slowly melding with his soul.

"Flame Soul Symbiosis—Flame Master State, activate!"

A deep growl resonated in Qin Tian's throat, and in an instant, his body seemed to transform into an erupting black volcano.

The deep black Soul Devourer swelled abruptly, the black flames surging and flowing over his body like living things, coalescing into a suit of flame Battle Armor etched with dark patterns, each inch of flame exuding a domineering aura of all-consuming sovereignty.

His appearance transformed accordingly, his once sharp eyes now ablaze with pure black fire, an endless abyss swirling in his pupils, slightly warping the surrounding light; his unmoving hair danced on its own, its tips entwined with tiny black sparks, remarkably leaving his hair unscathed; beneath his skin, black fluid seemed to flow, visible evidence of his massively enhanced physical constitution after being tempered by the fire's source.

Chapter 418: Strange Fusion, Flame Master_3

This is one of the abilities of the Soul-Devouring Flame—Flame Soul Symbiosis, which integrates the soul fire essence precipitated in the flame into one's own soul, entering a period of "Flame Master" state. In this state, the strength of the Flame Master sees an explosive growth, the physical qualities are greatly enhanced, and flame damage increases by 300%.

Entering the Flame Master state, Qin Tian felt an unprecedented power surging through every part of his body, every muscle filled with explosive strength, and his thoughts became clearer and sharper.

The fire elements in the air crazily gathered towards him, but upon touching the black flame, they were instantly devoured and assimilated, as if he were the sole ruler of the dark flame, able to incinerate everything with a mere wave of his hand.

The blood-robed man saw this, a trace of surprise and disbelief flashing in his eyes. He could feel a world-shaking change in Qin Tian's aura, and the seemingly dormant but destructive black flame made his heart palpitate intensely.

But at this moment, driven by hatred, he paid no attention to such things, roaring as he launched another attack.

The toxic mist in his left hand grew denser, the purple-black flame in his right hand became more furious, the ghostly blue soul light, and the clash of scales followed closely behind, weaving a net of attacks denser than before.

However, facing Qin Tian in his Flame Master state, everything changed.

Qin Tian's lips curled into a cold smile, no longer dodging as he did before.

His figure swayed as he charged towards the blood-robed man, the black flame around him erupted violently, rushing towards the toxic mist like a tide—the dark green toxic mist, capable of corroding Tier Six physiques, couldn't withstand even a split second in the black flames, and was completely incinerated and purified, leaving only a wisp of insignificant green smoke.

As for the purple-black fire serpent, Qin Tian neither dodged nor avoided; he punched straight out, his fist enveloped in thick black flames.

"Boom!"

The two flames collided, producing a deafening roar. The blood-robed man's purple-black flame, under Qin Tian's black flame, was like a candle flame meeting a storm, instantly devoured completely, not leaving even a spark.

Immediately, Qin Tian flipped his wrist, and with black frost blade wrapped in black flames and lightning, slashed towards the blood-robed man at an even faster speed.

The two ghostly blue soul lights hit, but were easily blocked by the black flames around him; the soul light was incinerated and annihilated the moment they touched the flame, unable to reach his mind sea at all.

The blood-robed man, caught off guard by Qin Tian's sudden burst of power, hurriedly used his scale-covered body to block.

"Clang!"

The black frost blade struck the scales, producing a piercing metallic sound, a large amount of black sparks burst from the scales instantly. Although it couldn't break through the defense directly, the massive impact still made the blood-robed man grunt heavily, stepping back a few steps, with the scales on his chest faintly turning charred black.

Gaining the upper hand, Qin Tian was relentless, his body like a ghost following closely, constantly swinging the black frost blade in his hand, with black flames and lightning intertwining to form a web of destruction, each slash carrying world-destroying power.

Moreover, he placed a layer of hunting mark on the blood-robed man. In the enemy's isolated state, each slash was a 120% critical hit.

More frighteningly, the black frost blade in his hand swung faster and faster, the Seventh-Layer Dominating Blade Intent exploding in waves, each blade light carrying 15% to 40% additional armor-piercing damage.

The scales on the blood-robed man's body, already brittle from the black flame's burning, soon shattered under such a continuous onslaught, revealing the bloody, flesh-and-blood body underneath.

"Psst! Psst!"

The black frost blade repeatedly tore open wounds, the blood-robed man soaked in blood from head to toe, with the aura visibly diminishing rapidly, his bulging eyes filled with despair.

He tried to integrate the remaining Golem Power within him again but found those forces already dispersed by the Dominating Blade Intent, leaving only the tearing pain transmitted throughout his body.

Qin Tian, sharply capturing the decline in his opponent's momentum, a coldness suddenly gathering in his eyes.

Now is the time!

He suddenly retracted the blade, the black flame and lightning gathered frantically on the black frost blade, causing the blade body to quiver violently from the intolerable wild energy, emitting a dragon-like hum.

"Die!"

Qin Tian let out a low shout, his figure shooting out like an arrow leaving the string, the black frost blade in his hand slashing out with a world-destroying momentum. This slash was as fast as heavenly thunder, with black flames and purple lightning intertwining into a devastating beam of light, tearing the air, splitting the ground, and even causing ripples in space where it passed.

The blood-robed man's pupils dilated suddenly, filled with terror. He wanted to dodge but found his body already locked by the blade intent, unable to move.

He could only desperately channel Spiritual Energy, forming a thick blood-colored barrier in front of him.

"Psst!"

A light sound, yet carrying an incomparably shocking power.

The black frost blade pierced through the blood-colored barrier as if slicing through tofu, the blade slicing past the blood-robed man's neck, the head instantly separating from the body, with hot blood gushing out, staining the ground around it crimson.

This time, Qin Tian didn't give the blood-robed man any chance to reattach his body. He flicked his finger, and a wisp of black flame accurately landed on the head flying in mid-air.

"Ah—!"

A piercing scream emanated from the head, with black flames furiously burning his flesh and soul, the skin on the head quickly charring, carbonizing.

Just as the head was about to be completely incinerated, Qin Tian reached out a large hand, grasping the wailing head. A flash of red light crossed his eyes as he activated the Soul Devourer ability.

An invisible suction force emitted from Qin Tian's palm, with the residual soul fragments of the blood-robed man being continuously absorbed into Qin Tian's body as if being drawn.

With the absorption of the soul fragments, Qin Tian could feel his soul power growing a bit stronger, while also acquiring some fragmentary information about the Blood Demon Cult.

Moments later, the head completely turned to ashes, Qin Tian released his palm, looking at the residual ashes, his tense body slowly relaxing, the black flames fully retracted into his body.

Chapter 419: Bloodline Dominator (Purple)

Li Qi's eyelashes fluttered as he slowly opened his eyes. Seeing the familiar figure before him, his previously tense body suddenly relaxed, and a bitter smile tugged at the corners of his mouth: "Boss, you saved me once again."

His words were full of self-mockery.

Being such a subordinate truly couldn't be called competent—since entering the Demon Suppression Abyss, this was already the second time the boss had rescued him from peril.

A subordinate should have been clearing obstacles and solving problems for the boss, but instead, he kept causing trouble time and again.

Qin Tian raised his hand to pat his shoulder, the warmth from his palm carrying a calming power: "I bear responsibility for this too; you shouldn't blame yourself."

Li Qi shook his head with a bitter smile.

The boss's bloodline evolution, along with his own, had also risen together, a massive opportunity indeed.

Yet, the people of the Blood Demon Cult happened to be nearby, and the sudden surge in his bloodline's power became an obvious beacon, leading to his capture.

It could only be said that his luck was truly a bit unfortunate.

At this moment, Li Qi finally had time to check his own condition. He introspected himself and found that his Bloodline Power had not diminished at all, flowing with a gentle luster; his body had also returned to its peak state. The tense nerves finally relaxed, and he exhaled deeply, dispelling most of the pent-up frustration in his chest.

Although he knew that as long as the boss was willing, he could help him recast the Night Demon Bloodline at any time.

But he worried that losing his original bloodline foundation might cause irreversible damage to the functioning of his Spiritual Energy and physical strength. If everything had to be rebuilt from scratch, he truly couldn't accept it.

Luckily, the thing he worried about didn't happen after all.

"Boss, now what do we..." Li Qi asked.

"Wait a moment, the Military Department's pursuit team will be here soon." Qin Tian glanced at the dead man in the blood robe, the four tumors on his back still present; such bizarre methods of the Blood Demon Cult had to be made known to the Military Department.

"Yes."

Next, Qin Tian and Li Qi waited there for the pursuit team's arrival. Taking this opportunity, Li Qi began to exhibit his newly awakened abilities one by one, rapidly mastering them under Qin Tian's guidance.

From evolving from a Night Demon to a Night Demon King, Li Qi's power surged tremendously, while the Night Demon King Bloodline granted him top-tier Dark Spiritual Energy affinity.

Once the battle was over and they left the Demon Suppression Abyss, with unlimited supplies of various Cultivation Resources, it wouldn't take long for him to break through to Tier Six.

During this process, Qin Tian was also acclimating to his newly acquired talent.

[Name]Bloodline Dominator (Purple)

[Type]Composite Talent

[Introduction]You possess a powerful control over blood, capable of manipulating the flow of Qi and Blood within a certain range of all living beings. You can also condense blood into bloodlines, absorbing surrounding creatures' blood into your Spiritual Energy, maintaining organ activity through bloodline encasement when the body splits, and forcefully reassembling the body using bloodlines as a medium.

This talent exhibits significant advantages in combat, cultivation, and survival.

In combat, facing a powerful enemy, suddenly disrupting their Qi and Blood flow to cause it to reverse will definitely catch them off guard, while using Qi and Blood manipulation on significantly weaker opponents can literally make them explode.

As for cultivation and survival, the benefits are self-evident.

Come to think of it, the man in the blood robe was truly unlucky; this kind of blood control ability could catch anyone off guard, but he just happened to encounter him.

Night Demon itself evolved from the talents of a Vampire, inheriting the lineage's blood-related abilities. After evolving into the Night Emperor Bloodline, apart from the ancestor bloodline, no one else could possibly shake the Blood of the Night Emperor.

Upon acquiring the new talent, Qin Tian noticed a peculiar fluctuation emanating faintly from within the blade of the Black Frost Blade, a familiar sign similar to the phenomenon that occurred before the Spiritual Awakening of Shadowstrike.

This indicated that, after long nourishments by the Master of Arms and God Emperor of Weapons, the Black Frost Blade was finally about to awaken its sword soul along with the comprehensive enhancements.

...

"Here we are, right here."

Chen Jishan glanced at the shattered canyon below and the two people standing within it, his eyes flickering as he immediately led five team members diving down.

Clap~

With a firm step, Chen Jishan landed at a distance of several dozen meters from the two individuals, still maintaining a safe distance as their identities could not be officially confirmed yet.

"Are you friends from the pursuit team? I'm Qin Tian, acting commander of the Crimson Gold Legion."

Qin Tian took the initiative to identify himself and threw his officer's ID across.

Chen Jishan grasped the officer ID, checking Qin Tian's name, rank, and department affiliation. After verifying every detail, his expression slightly relaxed, saluting in acknowledgment.

"Commander Qin, I am Chen Jishan, the leader of the pursuit team."

Chen Jishan stepped forward, handing the officer ID back to Qin Tian, then glanced at the headless corpse with four tumors on its back at Qin Tian's feet, his brow slightly furrowed, "Commander Qin, he is...?"

"He's from the Blood Demon Cult."

Qin Tian went straight to the point, recounting the entire process of infiltrating the cave, rescuing Li Qi, and battling the man in the blood robe. When they heard that the masked person who abducted Li Qi was actually a puppet, capable of merging with a Spiritualist to master multiple Bloodline Abilities, everyone's expressions changed.

"Human Puppet Golem, has the Blood Demon Cult's research reached such a stage?"

Chen Jishan's spine chilled, injecting Bloodline Power into the Golem to give it combat strength comparable to Tier Six was already shocking enough.

Yet, the Blood Demon Cult could forcefully merge multiple bloodlines into one, truly overturning what was known in the Spiritual Energy world.

"Commander Qin."

Chen Jishan took a deep breath, speaking with a serious tone: "Everything you've described, I will report truthfully to higher-ups."

"Good."

Qin Tian nodded. His direct superior was not in the Demon Suppression Abyss, and communication stones were quite unstable over long distances, so this report task was best left to the pursuit team.

Besides, no one could take credit for his achievements.

However, during his account, he did conceal one detail, which was the Bloodline Filter.

He told Chen Jishan that the Bloodline Filter was destroyed in the battle, when in fact, he had kept the machine for himself.

This was a request from Karsas, whose former self was a top-tier biologist in the field, with profound knowledge in genes and bloodlines and had once developed the Superman Potion.

Upon seeing that this machine could filter bloodline essence, he strongly suggested keeping the machine for research, believing they might eventually develop a complete process for extracting and transplanting bloodlines.

It must be said, what Karsas wanted to do was no different from the Blood Demon Cult.

But after much consideration, Qin Tian ultimately agreed, and as for the reason—

Only he was truly clear about it.

Chapter 420: Blood Spirit Bead, Blade Soul Awakening

"Commander!"

"Li Qi!"

"Captain Li Qi!"

As Qin Tian and Li Qi appeared at the camp entrance, the warriors of the Chijin Battlegroup instantly erupted, and the heavy burden that had been hanging over their hearts fell away. Their tense faces burst with uncontrollable excitement and joy.

Li Qi looked at his companions gathering around and cupped his hands in a fist salute, "Thank you all for your concern."

"It's good to have you back!" Shen Juan quickly stepped forward, his eyes scanning Li Qi up and down. Seeing him calm and steady, the heart he had suspended all day finally settled back in his chest.

Previously, his greatest worry was Li Qi's bloodline — even if the commander saved him, if the Blood Demon Cult had truly extracted his essence, it could break Li Qi.

Fortunately, all those worries were unnecessary.

"Commander!" Lu Sheng's signature loud voice exploded from the crowd, "What about those Blood Demon Cult scum, what happened to them?"

With these words, everyone's gaze turned to Qin Tian, eyes filled with curiosity and anticipation.

Before Qin Tian could speak, Li Qi replied solemnly, "All dead, not one left."

The camp went silent for a brief moment, then erupted in deafening uproar. Surprise, shock, and joy spread like wildfire among the crowd. Many warriors clenched their fists, their faces full of satisfaction:

"Commander took down four Tier Sixes alone? Incredible, his strength is off the charts!"

"Haha! I knew with the commander on the move, those scumbags wouldn't stand a chance!"

"The Blood Demon Cult? In front of our commander, they're just a pile of mud!"

Unrestrained praise poured forth like a tide, the excitement on the warriors' faces was genuine — in the battlegroup, the stronger the leader, the tougher the subordinates.

Moreover, Qin Tian not only excelled in ability but also led them to victory after victory, their military merits skyrocketing. Compared to the lifeless atmosphere under Yan Song, the Chijin Battlegroup now seemed transformed.

"Alright, alright, if you keep praising me, I'll float off into the sky." Qin Tian waved with a smile, and the noise quickly subsided.

He shifted the conversation, his tone becoming serious, "The matter with the Blood Demon Cult is a wake-up call for us. In the Demon Suppression Abyss, we must not only guard against demons but be doubly wary of these hidden evil forces."

As his gaze slowly swept over everyone, he continued, "I know that recently the nearby demons have dwindled, and some of you may have slackened a bit. But after this incident, everyone must stay sharp — every post, patrol, and rule must be upheld without any sloppiness."

His voice wasn't loud, but it landed like a hammer on each person's heart.

"Yes!"

The crowd stiffened inside and shouted in unison.

...

At the mountain summit

"Blood Spirit Bead."

Qin Tian pinched the blood-red bead between his fingers. It was the size of a pigeon egg, smooth as jade, and chilling to the touch, appearing mundane at first glance, without any evident magic.

However, from the fragmented memories left by the blood-robed man, it was clear this Blood Spirit Bead was no simple object.

Its most ingenious feature was its ability to accurately absorb and store blood in layers.

The user only needed to will it, and the blood of different ranks could be compartmentalized — higher-grade essence blood exclusively for cultivation, while lower-grade blood could be refined into a Sea of Blood laced with blood poison and corrosive force.

Any creature that contacted the Sea of Blood without the power to resist would be dissolved instantly into a pool of blood, flowing obediently into the bead as nourishing sustenance.

It was said that this Blood Spirit Bead was crafted as a replica of a top treasure from the Cain Blood Race.

In the hands of a regular Spiritualist, it might seem quite useless, but for those with specific bloodlines, it became a Divine Weapon that could sway the course of battle.

For Qin Tian, the Blood Spirit Bead's utility was rather straightforward — a pure blood storage container.

After all, he would face countless formidable foes in the future, and the blood of those powerful creatures could be absorbed by Jie La or stored in the bead, ready to cultivate Night Demon Apostles.

As for the Sea of Blood function, he considered it somewhat mediocre.

For group attacks, he had the Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder and Soul Devourer Flame; for duels, the Black Frost Blade's swordsmanship was sufficient.

Unless faced with a large number of weak opponents, the Sea of Blood might rarely see action.

However, with the nurturing talents of the Master of Arms and the Divine Weapon Supreme, who knows if this bead might evolve into something more mystical in the future?

Placing the Blood Spirit Bead into the Spirit Space, he retrieved the Black Frost Blade with a reverse grip.

When he exchanged it for Shadowstrike from the Military Department's treasury, it was merely a sharp but characteristic-less iron blade, paling beside those Treasure Sabers.

However, after melding it with Spirit Forged Soft Gold during the Qingmu Genius Battle and continuously nurturing it with his Master of Arms and Divine Weapon Supreme talents, countless battles and blood imbued its sharp edge, Black Frost had already transformed.

Now, much like Shadowstrike, it showed signs of awakening its spirituality.

Now, he intended to strike while the iron was hot and awaken Black Frost's blade soul in one fell swoop.

Qin Tian's fingertip rested at the guard of the Black Frost Blade, a sudden flash of golden light appeared in his eyes, and a torrent of golden energy surged from his fingertip into the blade, causing it to vibrate with a humming sound in an instant.

At first, it was just a subtle hum, like a dormant beast turning over in its sleep.

As the golden light continued to infuse, Black Frost's vibrations grew fiercer, its blade surface revealing flowing dark patterns, as if life was pulsating beneath.

Qin Tian could clearly sense the awakening of the indistinct spirituality within the blade, like a nascent consciousness exploring the world, with a power both naive and immensely eager.