

## **Battlefield 421**

### Chapter 421: Blood Spirit Bead, Blade Soul Awakening (Part 2)

"Push harder." Qin Tian shouted lowly, as the Emperor's Power of the Divine Weapon within him poured out without reservation.

A golden torrent roared within the blade, washing over every inch of it. Suddenly, the Black Frost Blade let out a clear dragon's roar, trembling violently, then escaped Qin Tian's grasp and floated mid-air.

The dark patterns on the blade illuminated completely, forming a complex golden network that enveloped the entire sword.

An icy and piercing cold emanated from the blade, creating dense white frost in the surrounding air, only to dissipate instantly upon touching the golden network.

At this moment, a moment of clarity passed through Qin Tian's eyes. He abruptly withdrew his hands, no longer infusing power, but instead, calmly observed the changes in the blade.

Boom!

The Black Frost Blade suddenly exploded with a glaring black and white light, the black as deep as the night, the white as sharp as the frost, the two colors intertwining, forming a black and white tornado.

In the center of the tornado, a humanoid silhouette slowly materialized—a blade soul clad in black armor with an indistinct face, surrounded by ice crystals and black mist, gripping a miniature battle sword identical to the Black Frost Blade, exuding bone-chilling coldness and unrivaled sharpness.

"So this is the soul of the Black Frost?" Qin Tian looked at the shadow, a hint of marvel flickering in his eyes.

The blade soul slightly raised its head, and the instant its gaze met Qin Tian's, transformed into a stream of light and submerged into the blade.

The tremors of the Black Frost Blade gradually subsided, the black and white radiance on the blade's surface quietly diminished, leaving only a layer of warm, lustrous light flowing as if fine black jade infused with life, with every inch of it gently breathing.

Qin Tian reached out and grasped the hilt, an extraordinary connection instantly spread between him and the blade—like an added sensory vein, clearly touching upon the existence of the blade soul, and discerning the peculiar abilities hidden within.

The first characteristic of the blade soul is the fundamental essence of all swords—sharpness.

The Black Frost was renowned for its sharpness, and after the awakening of the blade soul, this trait was pushed to its utmost.

Qin Tian could even feel that the blade seemed to harbor an invisible "slashing principle," which, even when sheathed, exuded an indestructible fierceness.

The second characteristic is the "frost freeze" power surrounding the blade.

This is by no means ordinary low-temperature freezing, but a special effect acting directly on the energy plane—each time the blade cuts through, it leaves a frost mark on the enemy, slowing their spiritual energy circulation.

What's more intriguing, if the blade causes bleeding injuries, the frost effect would spread along the blood, with the freezing power surging by thirty percent, akin to an unshakable affliction.

These two main traits left Qin Tian very satisfied.

He possesses numerous talents and doesn't need the Black Frost to awaken any fancy abilities, the sole requirement is ultimate sharpness—sharp enough to cut through any obstacle.

As for this frost freeze trait, it was purely a pleasant surprise. It can continuously disrupt the opponent's energy control in weapon clashes, and the longer it drags, the more sluggish the opponent's moves become.

With this, he can either use the unmatched sharpness to swiftly strike the enemy's vital point with thunderous momentum or use frost freeze power to slow down the fight, wearing down the opponent like a dull knife carving meat.

Such two completely different combat tactics were flawlessly unified with the awakened blade soul of the Black Frost Blade.

"I need to find a worthwhile opponent to thoroughly test the power of the blade soul."

Qin Tian tightened his grip, the Black Frost Blade responded with a cold and eager sensation, seemingly thirsting for blood. A gleam of expectation burned in his eyes—when testing a blade, naturally, you need to find a strong enough opponent, at least one with a sturdy shell.

If a single slash could decapitate, it wouldn't do justice to the newly awakened sharpness.

With a thought, he released his divine thought, and the winds and grass moves within hundreds of kilometers vividly appeared in his mind.

In just a few breaths, a massive presence entrenched in the crevice of a volcano fell within his perception.

"This is it."

Qin Tian's lips curled into a smile, ripples appeared in the void before him, and a pitch-black gate of space slowly unfolded.

He stepped through, and in the next second, he was standing on the brim of a massive volcano bubbling with magma.

Beneath him, a Purgatory Dragon Turtle lay crouching at the volcano's mouth.

This creature's size rivals that of Xiaoshan, with a back shell in a dark golden color, covered with twisted lava veins, resembling countless solidified volcanic magma. Each shield plate is about ten feet square, edges protruding like ferocious bone spurs; the abdominal shell shines with an obsidian-like luster, with occasional wisps of sulfur smoke seeping through the gaps; four thick, short limbs covered with heavy scales, claws deeply embedded into rock, carving four deep grooves into the volcano's crater; its head is like that of a dragon, yet not quite, with wrinkled skin covered with fine red scales, and a pair of amber vertical pupils burning with ghostly fire, slowly rising to lock onto the unexpected guest above.

From its aura, this is a Tier Six Dragon Turtle. With the characteristics of a Dragon Turtle, even at Peak Tier Six, it's hard to shake its shell. Such a demon is undoubtedly the best whetstone for testing blades.

"Roar——"

The Purgatory Dragon Turtle sensed Qin Tian's presence, a low growl rolled from deep in its throat, erupting with sulfur-laden heat.

It suddenly opened its massive mouth, a thick dark red flame breath shooting skyward like a fire dragon, scorching the air it passed through, causing even the space to ripple slightly.

Qin Tian swayed nimbly, easily dodging the flame breath, landing on the Dragon Turtle's plaza-like back shell.

He gripped the Black Frost Blade tightly, not using any Talent, nor injecting a bit of Spiritual Energy, merely relying on his physical strength, swinging the blade in an arc.

"Slash!"

The blade edge, accompanied by the sound of wind being torn, heavily hacked onto the Dragon Turtle's back shell.

"Clang——!"

A piercing sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the volcano, sparks flying everywhere.

Amazingly, without using any abilities, the Black Frost Blade managed to make a slight crack in that indestructible dark golden back shell, with trickles of lava-like blood seeping from the crack.

"Not bad." Qin Tian looked at the crack, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his eyes.

Just this sharpness alone far exceeds before.

He took a deep breath, mentally reciting: "Soul of the blade, emerge!"

Buzz——

The Black Frost Blade suddenly emitted a clear hum, flowing black-and-white patterns appeared on the surface of the blade.

Then, a humanoid phantom slowly rose from the blade, the Blade Soul in black armor, with a blurry face. A bone-chilling cold surrounded him, his miniature battle sword slightly trembling, as if responding to Qin Tian's Will.

The Blade Soul looked up at Qin Tian, nodded slightly, and then transformed into a stream of intertwined black and white light, rushing back into the blade.

In an instant, the Black Frost Blade burst into brilliant light, black and white colors swirling indefinably on the blade's surface, as if an icy shadow-condensed dragon were swimming within the blade. The blade emitted a slight tremor, a far more grand and sharp aura spreading out, freezing the surrounding air into fine ice crystals, which silently vanished when touched by the Shadow Power.

Qin Tian could clearly feel the unprecedentedly tight connection between him and the Black Frost Blade, the sword seemed to become an extension of his arm, every bit of strength precisely transmitted to the blade.

"Let's try this strike again!"

Qin Tian let out a low shout, fusing the Spiritual Energy and Blade Soul's power perfectly, slashing down once more.

This time, the blade sliced through the air, leaving a black-and-white afterimage, carrying an unstoppable momentum, striking heavily at the previous crack.

There was no earth-shattering boom, only a slight "crack" sound.

The Purgatory Dragon Turtle's incomparably hard back shell, sliced open like butter by the Black Frost Blade.

The sword momentum continued downwards, slicing this gigantic creature neatly from the center of its back into two halves.

Dark red blood mixed with lava gushed out, the Purgatory Dragon Turtle didn't even have time to let out a cry before its head was chopped off by Qin Tian with a single slash.

At that moment, the ground behind Qin Tian cracked open, Jie La's vines like spirit snakes drilled out, swiftly wrapping around the Dragon Turtle's corpse. The verdant vines instantly turned blood-red, greedily absorbing the Dragon Turtle's blood and energy. In just a moment, the massive body turned into a shriveled husk.

Qin Tian raised his hand to look at the Black Frost Blade, the blade surface as clean as new, not stained with even a trace of blood, only the flowing black-and-white patterns proving that the astonishing slash just now was no illusion.

"Blade Soul, you didn't let me down after all."

He smiled with satisfaction, sheathing the Black Frost Blade, turning to step into the Void Gate, disappearing above the volcano.

Chapter 422: The Growth of Subordinates and Hidden Worries

In the days that followed, Qin Tian did not go out alone again, but instead stayed with the Chijin Battlegroup, leading everyone in a series of sweeping and devastating purges.

The frontline continued to expand, with each demon lair being uprooted completely, and three gushing demonic qi rifts were also completely destroyed.

The morale throughout the battlegroup was sky-high, with worship and awe for Qin Tian reaching a peak.

The warriors witnessed firsthand how those Tier Six demons, who once made them tremble in despair, often fell in one strike under Commander Qin's blade; and those with strange bloodline abilities couldn't withstand more than three strikes before becoming ghosts under his sword.

With such a war god leading the charge, the Chijin Battlegroup attacked every demon cave as if there were no resistance, crushing everything in its path. Everyone's Military Merit Points skyrocketed like a snowball, so abundant that it was unimaginable—many privately calculated that by the end of this wave of battle, a double rank promotion wouldn't be a mere dream.

A leader who can sweep away formidable enemies and continuously lead his brothers to victory naturally earns the most sincere devotion.

As for Qin Tian, the goals of the journey to the Demon Suppression Abyss were steadily advancing: First, harvesting Evolution Points and Talents to strengthen the Night Demon King and the Desolate Battle Body, now more than halfway completed; Second, enhancing the strength of his subordinates through battle, with significant results as well.

Li Qi, of course, experienced rapid improvement after his bloodline evolution.

Xiong, in the fierce battles, completely unleashed the ferocity of a half beastman, his typically honest demeanor vanished, becoming a blood-soaked beast. His physique and Spiritual Energy became increasingly powerful through countless refinements, vaguely showing signs of breaking through to Tier Six—however, the demonic qi in the Demon Suppression Abyss was too thick, unsuitable for such breakthroughs, but with resources after leaving, it would naturally succeed.

The Poisonous Widow's bloodline talent wasn't top-notch, but fortunately, she met Qin Tian.

Qin Tian continuously supplied toxins suitable for her constitution, greatly advancing her toxin techniques and making her control over spider silk more and more refined.

Now she's among the top talents in Tier Five, and due to the concealed nature of her poison ability, her threat in the shadows far exceeds the direct battlefield.

The ones progressing the fastest were undoubtedly the Barbarian unit under Terreda.

They didn't rely on Spiritual Energy, but fought purely with their physiques, and in the demonically dense Demon Suppression Abyss, they were the least affected.

More importantly, they could draw totem tattoos with the blood of powerful creatures to enhance their abilities and awaken new powers.

Now, many warriors had tattooed flame totems using the blood of demons from the Infernal Demon Sea, not only strengthening their physiques but also mastering various flame combat techniques, exponentially increasing their combat power.

Even the oldest recruit, Old Ghost, saw a turning point.

The Tier Six Soul Master never allied with any force and thus lacked resources, with a weak foundation, and had nearly exhausted his potential after painstakingly reaching Tier Six.

To advance further required continuous resource accumulation, but as a lone wolf, Old Ghost had neither money nor channels, freezing his strength for years.

However, Qin Tian didn't lack such resources—the Spirit Space was filled with soul elixirs and Treasure Materials.

Just a few elixirs increased Old Ghost's Soul Power by one level; exhausting all resources could easily boost him by two more levels.

With the strength under him increasing daily, Qin Tian's own Evolution Points were also skyrocketing, everything seemingly moving in the most ideal direction.

Yet, a few observant individuals gradually noticed that the intense furrow between the commander's brows was not fading but rather deepening, with an unspeakable worry always lurking in those deep eyes.

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The wind outside the tent swept sand and gravel over the canvas, making faint sounds.

When the Poisonous Widow entered with a tray of food, she found Li Qi standing in the tent.

Today she wore a neat short outfit, the recent battles had trimmed some of her former plumpness, making her features even more exquisite, and as she bent to place the meal, the curve of her waist was breathtaking.

"Boss, dinner is ready." She placed the warm food box on the table, her gaze sweeping over Li Qi in passing, with a faint, barely noticeable probe.

After placing the meal, she didn't leave as usual but stood beside Qin Tian with her hands down, fingers gently twisting her clothes, her eyes continuously glancing towards Li Qi.

Qin Tian, seeing her act this way, couldn't help but laugh: "Alright, stop pretending here."

He looked at Li Qi and then the Poisonous Widow: "What you two want to ask is the same, so I'll just say it all at once."

"Thank you, Boss." The Poisonous Widow immediately smiled, moving to sit on Qin Tian's other side and considerately refilled his empty cup with hot tea.

Qin Tian's gaze fell on the Poisonous Widow, marveling at how this single woman, with her looks and figure drawing attention, could stand firm and even rise to captain status in the Hundred Hunt Star Thieves, a place of survival of the fittest, relying not only on remarkable strength and that daunting poison ability.

Her inherently astute and lively nature and skill at reading people must have been significant aids.

He thought he had buried his worries deeply, but Li Qi and her sharp senses had still caught on.

Qin Tian sipped his hot tea, the warm liquid sliding down his throat, as he looked at the two and slowly explained: "In these days, have you noticed anything strange about the demons?"

Li Qi and the Poisonous Widow exchanged a glance, then both shook their heads: "No."

Qin Tian wasn't surprised. The subtle fluctuations in the demonic qi were imperceptible to ordinary Spiritualists, only detected by the demons themselves or someone with a unique physique like him.

He put down the teacup, cutting to the chase: "The demons are becoming agitated. But this agitation is different from the total frenzy during the demon tide; it's more like a ravenous beast catching scent of prey, both irritable and greedy with excitement."

Li Qi's brow furrowed instantly. He prided himself on keen observation, yet was oblivious to the anomaly Qin Tian mentioned.

Then he thought, perhaps the Chijin Battlegroup's recent actions had been too successful, each encounter crushing the enemy effortlessly, leaving the demons no room to breathe, so who would notice if they were more agitated than usual?

"Are you suggesting that something is happening in the Infernal Demon Sea?" the Poisonous Widow asked softly, her fingers clenched slightly.

Qin Tian's eyes turned grave, slowly shaking his head: "It's hard to say. It could be a new demon tide or perhaps a precursor to some other change."

If it's a demon tide, established response mechanisms are in place across battlegroups, so there's not much to worry about.

However, the most troublesome issue right now is this "unknown"—why does the demonic qi fluctuate? Where does the demons' agitation stem from?

The unknown is what is most frightening.

"So what should we do next?" Li Qi asked solemnly, a note of heaviness in his tone.

Qin Tian took a deep breath, speaking deliberately: "Prepare thoroughly. I have a feeling that the final decisive battle might not be far away."

The words "final decisive battle" caused both Li Qi and the Poisonous Widow to shudder, a trace of shock flashing across their faces simultaneously.

Chapter 423: Spatial Passage, the Final Battle Approaches

The second layer of the Demon Abyss, the command center is brightly lit.

The major general with a square face heavily placed the documents in his hand down, a heavy expression clouding his brow: "The demonic energy disturbances are becoming more frequent. Zhuge Chief of Staff says that within at most half a month, as little as ten days, the space portal will open."

The adjutant's face was as heavy as iron, the opening of the space portal means that billions, even tens of billions of demons from the three layers of the Demon Abyss will flood into the Azure Wood Star Realm like a tide.

Even though there are three large fleets stationed outside the Demon Suppression Abyss, and numerous high-tier spiritual energy experts presiding, intercepting these demons would inevitably lead to a massacre amidst a sea of blood, with countless warriors laying their bones here.

"Is there any news from Zhuge Chief of Staff? Has the location of the space portal been calculated?" the major general looked up at the adjutant.

The adjutant shook his head: "Not yet, he said more time is needed."

The major general furrowed his brow: "Time waits for no one..."

The Zhuge Family's heavenly foresight techniques are renowned worldwide, probing future fragments outside the Demon Suppression Abyss is not difficult.

But inside the Demon Abyss, the overwhelming demonic energy has turned foresight into a tangled mess, even the Spiritualists' abilities are diminished, and even if an elder of the Zhuge Family arrives personally, it would take a significant toll to barely estimate the coordinates of the space portal.

However, at most half a month remains until the portal opens. If troops cannot be deployed in advance, and responsive setups made, once the demon army floods through the portal unhindered into the Empire's territory, sealing the space portal then would become several times harder.

The adjutant sighed, based on previous experiences, before the portal opens, the Zhuge Family can at most calculate two locations.

The second and third layers of the Demon Abyss are manageable, the territories aren't vast, even rushing there temporarily provides a chance to block them.

But the first layer of the Demon Abyss is too large, all battle groups are scattered in different corners. Even knowing the location that day, moving the battle group over would be too late, countless demons might escape.

"Forget it, let's leave this headache for the commanders to ponder." The major general waved his hand, changing the subject, "Have there been any outstanding performances amongst the battle groups recently?"

"There really is one." The adjutant's eyes brightened, "Do you remember the Chijin Battlegroup?"

"Chijin Battlegroup? Of course, I do, it's the only battle group led by an acting commander." The major general recalled.

"It's them." The adjutant's tone held a trace of admiration, "Two days ago, the battlefield memorial stones of the Chijin Battlegroup were sent back to the division. After verification, the number of demons they have hunted and the accumulated military merits ranked first in our division, almost double that of the second place."

"Oh?" The major general showed deep surprise.

He remembered the Chijin Battlegroup had undergone a major upheaval, the original commander Yan Song died in battle, and the current acting commander Qin Tian was just a Tier Five Spiritualist. To be honest, he didn't hold much hope for this battle group—lacking top-tier combat power, besides Qin Tian, there was just one Tier Six; their total count was small, almost half of some other battle groups.

A team not regarded highly managed to climb to the top of the military merit list, greatly beyond his expectations.

The adjutant added, "The calculation results show their military merits even surpass the Qingyu Battle Group in the neighboring war zone."

"What? That's impossible!" The major general's eyes suddenly widened.

The Qingyu Battle Group's commander is none other than Dongfang Yu, direct lineage of the Holy Blood Clan, leading elite troops, including four direct lineage geniuses of the Golden Clan, numbering as high as 30,000, almost ten times that of the Chijin Battlegroup.

With such a glaring disparity in power, it's hard for anyone to believe that the Chijin Battlegroup's military merits could surpass the Qingyu Battle Group.

"At first, I didn't believe it either, but the facts speak for themselves." The adjutant explained, "The Chijin Battlegroup destroyed seven demonic energy cracks in total, while the Qingyu Battle Group only managed three, quite a difference between them. Additionally, Qin Tian personally mastered spatial teleportation power, with an exceptionally keen sense, always able to precisely locate demon nests, leading the battle group on ambush missions with efficiency far exceeding that of the Qingyu Battle Group."

"Spatial teleportation... no wonder." The major general realized.

With such skills, coupled with keen perception, it's no surprise the battle group's kill efficiency surged several times.

This way, Qin Tian is practically tailor-made for this battlefield.

"By the way, the Chijin Battlegroup also submitted a battle report." The adjutant suddenly remembered, extracting a document from a folder, flipping it open, saying, "Qin Tian says the demonic energy fluctuations in the Infernal Demon Sea seem off lately, demons are more agitated than usual, he wants the division to send someone to check, in case a demon tide is approaching."

"Abnormal demonic energy fluctuations? Do other battle groups have similar reports?" The major general asked.

"No, only the Chijin Battlegroup." The adjutant shook his head.

The major general furrowed his brow again, signs of a demon tide are always obvious, it's impossible only one group detected them.

But Qin Tian, a person with sharp perception, his report should not be baseless.

What's really happening here?

After contemplating for a moment, a glimmer flashed in the major general's eyes: "Do you think it's possible that the space portal is opening in the Infernal Demon Sea?"

The adjutant's eyes widened: "Sir, you mean... Qin Tian sensed the signs of the space portal opening ahead of time?"

"Exactly, I think it's possible." The major general spoke with growing excitement, "Qin Tian possesses spatial teleportation abilities, his sense of spatial fluctuations must be sharper than most. His mention of demonic energy fluctuations might not be due to a demon tide, but the environmental impact before the space portal opens."

Chapter 424: Spatial Passage, The Coming Final Battle (Part 2)

The adjutant thought carefully and nodded repeatedly: "There's indeed a possibility!"

"In that case, inform Chief Zhuge and let them calculate if the location where the space-time portal opens is in the Infernal Demon Sea," the Major General ordered.

If there's no clue, it would take several people from the Zhuge family collaborating to calculate one or two locations out of thousands of possibilities, consuming time and effort, and perhaps not figuring it out before the decisive battle.

But if given a specific location, they only need to calculate "yes" or "no," and can quickly provide an answer.

"Alright, I'll go right away!" said the adjutant, quickly running out of the tent.

One hour, two hours, three hours...

Just as the Major General was about to lose hope, the adjutant suddenly burst in, his face brimming with uncontrollable excitement: "The results are out! It's the Infernal Demon Sea!"

It really is!

A surge of joy instantly filled the Major General's heart.

Each time the first layer of the Demon Abyss opens, there are three space-time portals. Now that one is locked, there's enough time to calculate the other two.

This time, perhaps all three portal locations can be deduced.

If so, the forces from the ten battle zones can be deployed in advance, fully prepared to block the space-time portals.

One move, and the whole board is alive.

The battle report from the Chijin Battlegroup is indeed timely and invaluable!

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Chijin Battlegroup

"A first-class personal merit?"

Qin Tian looked at the report, with surprise and delight appearing in his eyes.

He hadn't expected that his intelligence was so valuable that it directly earned him a first-class personal merit from the Military Department.

With this first-class merit, his rank of Major General has become rock solid and adds a solid credential for aspiring to become a General.

"Boss, the space-time portal will open within the Infernal Demon Sea."

Li Qi asked, "What should we do next to prepare in advance?"

Qin Tian smiled faintly: "We've done more than enough, leave the rest to the other battlegroups. Others should have the opportunity to perform and achieve merit."

According to the notice from the division headquarters, in the coming days, all battlegroups from the second, fourth, and sixth battle zones will successively arrive at the Infernal Demon Sea to clear out all demon caves, demonic qi fissures, and demon sources in the area.

The aim is to eliminate over ninety percent of the demons within the Infernal Demon Sea before the space-time portal opens.

In this way, when the portal opens, the Military Department can block it without pressure; even if demons from other demon realms sense its opening, they won't be able to arrive before the blockage.

"Understood." Li Qi nodded, then smiled, "So we can completely relax now."

"Indeed, just waiting for the battle to end and then go home for a vacation."

A smile appeared on Qin Tian's face. Although his strength had seen a leap in growth during the days at the Demon Suppression Abyss, with many talents gained and the successful awakening of his Holy Bloodline, the long and almost uninterrupted fighting inevitably left him physically and mentally exhausted.

He now looked forward to the early end of the battle, to have a good rest afterward, and then prepare to push into Tier Six.

That day, dozens of battlegroups arrived at the Infernal Demon Sea, and on the second and third days, hundreds of battlegroups in total arrived.

The demons within the Infernal Demon Sea were in for great misfortune.

Millions of Spiritualists flattened all demon caves in the Infernal Demon Sea like a bulldozer, even the most troublesome demon sources were destroyed through the combined efforts of the battlegroups.

A week later, it was difficult to see any demon figures within the Infernal Demon Sea.

At this point, all battlegroups quietly awaited.

On the twelfth morning, the sky over the Infernal Demon Sea suddenly rippled strangely.

Initially, it was just a minimal disturbance, like a pebble thrown into a calm lake, spreading invisible circles of ripples.

The warriors standing ready only felt the light in front of them slightly warp, and a faint buzzing sound was heard, as if something was tearing through space.

"It's coming!" Qin Tian suddenly looked up, a flash of seriousness in his eyes.

He could clearly feel that familiar spatial fluctuation growing at an astonishing speed, stronger than anything he had sensed before.

Within moments, the sky's ripples expanded rapidly, with previously imperceptible ripples becoming clearly visible like a transparent web being stretched.

The air began to quake violently, small rocks on the ground levitated without cause, and even the spewing lava from the volcanoes momentarily halted.

"Boom——!"

A deafening crash echoed throughout the Infernal Demon Sea, the space at the center of the sky suddenly collapsed, forming a black dot.

That black dot expanded at a visible speed, with its edge flickering with purplish-black arcs, producing a sizzling sound.

As the black dot expanded, the surrounding space began to twist and spin, forming a massive vortex.

The vortex's diameter quickly grew from tens of meters to hundreds and thousands of meters, like a giant beast in the void opening its bloodthirsty maw.

Inside was pitch-black, bottomless, with occasional light flashes from rocks being swallowed and burnt from friction.

When the vortex reached a diameter of ten thousand meters, the expansion started to slow down.

At this moment, the space-time portal was fully formed, like a giant black hole suspended over the Infernal Demon Sea, surrounded by layers of space folds, constantly devouring nearby light and energy.

#### Chapter 425: Spatial Passage, The Final Battle Approaches (Part 3)

At the moment the passage was formed, the entire Infernal Demon Sea plunged into an unprecedented violent shock. The ground cracked, volcanoes erupted more fiercely, and boiling magma surged into the sky like fiery dragons, only to be instantly swallowed as they neared the passage.

The originally dense Demonic Qi now roiled like boiling water, forming black pillars of gas that frenziedly surged toward the space passage, as if to be completely absorbed by it.

The warriors standing on the ground felt the earth shaking violently beneath their feet, as if it might collapse at any moment. They had to channel Spiritual Energy to steady themselves, looking up at the magnificent yet terrifying space passage, eyes filled with awe and vigilance.

"Is this... a space passage?" Li Qi muttered to himself, his voice tinged with an imperceptible tremor. Such a colossal and bizarre sight far exceeded his imagination.

How on earth was such a gigantic space passage meant to be sealed?

Qin Tian looked up at the enormous vortex that blocked out the sky, his heart filled with silent sighs. If not for the hundreds of warbands gathered here, preemptively sweeping the Infernal Demon Sea clean of demons, the few scattered forces previously stationed here would have been unable to withstand even the first wave of assault.

"Let's begin."

A clear, melodious voice rang out, spoken by a young man in green clothes. Handsome in appearance but with calm eyes, he was watching the sealing team arrayed and awaiting orders.

At this moment, the eyes of millions of warriors were focused on these forty people, and even the air seemed to have solidified.

"Yes!"

The sealing team responded in unison, their forty figures standing tall like pines. They were all Tier Six Powerhouses, having undergone countless rigorous training and life-and-death tests, playing a crucial role in blocking the space passage.

In the team, the resolute leader took out an ancient scroll, slowly unfurling it. As the scroll opened, it hovered in the air, with pale golden runes flowing across its surface, exuding a faint oppressive force over the space.

The forty quickly split into four groups, each arranged in a pyramid formation: the leader at the front, followed by two people, then three, then four, advancing in layers.

Everyone held their breath, lightening even their breathing. Even though no trace of demons remained in the Infernal Demon Sea, this sealing ceremony, which determined the fate of millions, still made the palms of the observing soldiers sweat.

"Rise!"

With a low shout from the resolute leader, a brilliant burst of Spiritual Energy erupted simultaneously from all forty bodies. The four at the back first channeled Spiritual Power, with four streams of white energy flowing precisely into the bodies of the three in front of them; then the three added to this power, compressing and gathering it before passing it to the two in front of them; the two then further refined and amplified the energy, infusing it into the body of the leader at the front.

As the energy was transferred, a fine buzzing sound echoed in the air.

The four leaders raised their hands simultaneously, merging the accumulated power.

In an instant, four beams of light fiercely collided, transforming into a golden torrent over a foot in diameter, spiraling upward like a swimming dragon, and finally pouring into the hovering scroll.

The runes on the scroll were instantly activated, like a slumbering dragon awakening, with golden patterns rapidly spreading along fixed paths, dyeing the entire scroll in dazzling gold.

The four leaders simultaneously pressed down on the four corners of the scroll, slowly infusing their surging Spiritual Energy, each surge making the rune's glow more intense.

"Buzz—"

The scroll began to tremble violently, countless golden runes peeling off the paper, transforming into shimmering glimmers that flew toward the dimensional vortex.

At first, there were only sparse glimmers, but as the Spiritual Energy continued flowing in, the stream of light became denser, eventually forming a golden curtain of light, pressing toward the dark vortex like a giant shield.

The sealing begins!

## Chapter 426: Four Symbols Seal, Sudden Mutation

At the moment of collision between the golden barrier and the edge of the spatial vortex, the entire Infernal Demon Sea seemed to be thrown into a thunderstorm.

Violent energy flows exploded like a tsunami, causing the golden shield to tremble fiercely, its surface runes flickering on and off, emitting a strained buzzing sound.

The pitch-black vortex was like a living giant beast, frantically tearing at the barrier, with countless black demonic qi stabbing at the golden shield like poison thorns, trying to completely rip this obstacle apart.

"What's happening?" The onlooking warriors had their hearts in their throats, with many instinctively gripping their weapons, palms sweating. The previously unstoppable seal now appeared to be on the verge of collapse, with even the edges of the shield being gnawed out by the vortex into several minute notches.

"Increase Spiritual Energy output!" The resolute leader shouted in a deep voice.

Forty figures simultaneously burst into dazzling light, Spiritual Energy flooding into the scroll like a breached dam, instantly reigniting the initially dim runes, and the notches on the golden shield healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

At that moment, the floating scroll suddenly erupted with blinding light, its runes twisting and converging in the golden light as if coming to life.

In an instant, four enormous phantoms rose from the scroll—

In the eastern corner, a cyan dragon spiraled and coiled, its scales and claws distinct, eyes like electricity, emitting a dragon roar that shook heaven and earth; in the western position, a white tiger raised its head and roared, its silver-white fur needle-like, its fangs bared, exuding a domineering aura; in the southern place, a vermilion bird spread its wings as if to fly, surrounded by flames, each feather seemingly aflame with unextinguishable fire; in the northern point, a black tortoise crouched solemnly, its shell covered in profound patterns, radiating a heavy and stable presence like a mountain.

Cyan Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, Black Tortoise!

The phantoms of the four divine beasts respectively guarded the four corners of the golden light shield, their power like four sea-settling needles, instantly stabilizing the violently shaking shield.

The previously rampant spatial flows gradually calmed under the divine beasts' pressure, the runes on the surface of the golden shield flowing more smoothly, and the speed of pressing towards the vortex also accelerated again.

"We've done it!" A hint of smile finally appeared on the strained face of the man in blue.

As the golden shield continued to advance, the center of the vortex gradually became covered by golden light.

At the moment the shield fully adhered to the vortex, a semi-transparent film appeared out of thin air, covering the top of the vortex softly like solidified dawn.

This film was astonishingly thin, like a soap bubble ready to burst at a touch, slightly deforming under the vortex's pull, making one's heart pound.

"Continue injecting Spiritual Energy!" The four leaders exclaimed in unison.

Forty people focused, channeling their internal Spiritual Energy into it without reservation.

The thin seal film thickened at a speed visible to the naked eye, gradually becoming solid from initial transparency, emitting a gentle but tenacious sheen.

The edges of the film constantly spread outward towards the vortex like growing vines, firmly wrapping the entire vortex. The spatial vortex began to struggle violently under the seal membrane's constraint, its diameter shrinking at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Young Master Yu, this action has gone surprisingly smoothly."

Beside the man in blue, Lan Qiancheng, with shoulder-length hair, held a smile on his lips, his tone filled with the lightness of a heavy burden lifted: "At this pace, the passage can be completely sealed in a quarter of an hour, and our task will be perfectly concluded."

"Qiancheng, do not be inattentive."

Dongfang Yu's voice was gentle as jade, yet carried undeniable strength, his gaze sweeping over the battlegroup on alert in the distance: "Don't forget, we must guard against more than just demons."

Lan Qiancheng nodded upon hearing this, a layer of vigilance rising instantly in his eyes.

Indeed, besides demons, there are too many forces unwilling to see the seal completed—secretive Blood Demon Cult, crazily fanatical Evil God Followers... they might be mingling in the crowd right now, eyeing the breaking points of the sealing team.

As soon as the words fell, the sky in the northwest suddenly surged with ink-colored clouds, an oppressive terror descending like an overcast sky, even freezing the air.

"Tier Seven fluctuation." Dongfang Yu's eyes narrowed, yet his tone remained steady, "Qiancheng, I'll leave it to you."

"Rest assured." The moment Lan Qiancheng responded, he exchanged a glance with four others beside him.

The next moment, five towering beams of Spiritual Energy shot into the sky, the unique radiant glow of the Golden Bloodline flowing over their bodies, Divine Weapon humming, colliding fiercely with the Tier Seven pressure.

All five were Peak Tier Six, empowered by the Golden Bloodline, and with the Divine Weapons in hand, even if unable to defeat Tier Seven, they could certainly hold it off for a time.

Furthermore, among hundreds of battlegroups, talent was abundant, with dozens of Tier Six Powerhouses ready for immediate support.

Almost simultaneously as Lan Qiancheng and the others moved, other directions suddenly erupted with attacks—

To the west, a crimson blood mist surged over the battlegroup array like a tide, revealing countless twisted blood hands within the fog, instantly corroding rocks into sludge;

To the east, dozens of pitch-black bone spears broke through the air, their tips entwined with venomous black aura;

To the south, the ground suddenly cracked open, with hundreds of mucus-covered misshapen monsters climbing out, roaring towards the nearest warriors;

To the north, several scores of crossbow bolts laced with deep blue poison sliced through the sky, accurately targeting the rear members of the sealing team, evidently a premeditated assassination.

"They're coming!"

"On guard!"

Deafening shouts resounded in succession, yet devoid of any chaos.

Veterans who had experienced several sealing battles anticipated this well—every time at the critical moment of sealing, those hiding in the dark would always jump out to sabotage, and this had practically become routine.

Front line warriors quickly raised energy shields, blocking the blood mist and bone spears; spellcasters began chanting, fireballs and ice spikes showering like meteors towards the grotesque monsters; and battlegroup leaders issued commands without delay, swiftly disassembling the initially neat formation into small-scale integrated attack-defense formations, firmly entangling the attackers.

Standing at the forefront of the Chijin Battlegroup, Qin Tian had already quietly drawn the Black Frost Blade.

He glanced at the erupting battles everywhere, without any surprise in his eyes.

Wanting to smoothly complete the seal was never easy, and the appearance of these clowns was merely adding a touch more blood to this concluding battle.

"Hold the formation, don't let anyone near the sealing circle!"

Qin Tian's voice spread across the battlegroup, Xiong and Terreda and others were already leading the warriors to confront the charging grotesque monsters, blades and swords weaving through shadows, instantly clearing a vacuum zone.

Dongfang Yu looked at the orderly battlefield amidst chaos, his gaze returning to the spatial vortex that was still shrinking.

Just a bit longer and the seal would be completed.

And these emerging individuals were merely clowns.

However, just then, a man with an ordinary face in the rear of the sealing formation suddenly had a distracted look, as if his mind was seized by something invisible.

The next moment, his internal Spiritual Energy surged unpredictably, the originally stable energy flow suddenly becoming violent, breaking free from the restraints of the front line comrades like a runaway wild horse, crashing into the energy network further ahead.

"Buzz—!"

The entire sealing formation felt like it was struck by a heavy hammer, the rhythm of energy transmission instantly disrupted.

The golden light barrier that had been advancing steadily suddenly recoiled, its surface runes scattering like pearls off a broken necklace, the just stabilized golden seal film trembling violently, even showing cobweb-like cracks under the vortex's backlash.

"Not good!" The resolute leader in the front line's face changed dramatically, shouting angrily, "Wei Sheng! What are you doing?!"

However, the soldier named Wei Sheng showed no response, his eyes wide open, pupils flickering with eerie emerald green light, even holding a stiff grin at the corner of his mouth, his whole body exuding a chillingly sinister aura.

Chapter 427: Seal Complete, the Fourth Spatial Rift

At the instant of Wei Sheng's transformation, Dongfang Yu moved like an arrow released from a bowstring.

A warm green light suddenly glowed in his palm, and the ground beneath him cracked with a "crunch," as several thick vines burst forth with the sharp sound of grass and wood stretching, instantly wrapping Wei Sheng into an airtight "dumpling."

The surfaces of those vines gleamed like jade, forcefully locking down the rampaging Spiritual Energy within him, as the eerie emerald light flickered madly in his eyes yet could not be released outward at all.

"Seal Group Two, on your mark!" Dongfang Yu's command rang clear as a bell.

"Yes!"

A lean man beside him responded and stepped forward, single-handedly clasping onto Wei Sheng and tossing him toward the standby guards in the rear, then spinning around to sit at the formation's pivot, hands pressed on the nodes of the Spiritual Energy network.

His Spiritual Energy flowed like a gentle stream, smoothly integrating into the energy circulation which instantly calmed the previously disorderly nodes, revitalizing the entire sealing formation.

The golden seal membrane continued to tremble while its cracks visibly healed at a rapid pace.

The spectral images of the four divine beasts raised their heads once more, as dragon roars, tiger growls, phoenix cries, and turtle howls intertwined into an overwhelming pressure that firmly suppressed the space vortex's backlash.

As the newly joined member's Spiritual Energy stabilized increasingly, the brilliance of the golden membrane became resplendent once more, as runes flowed like the Milky Way, and the previously disrupted convergence rhythm gradually returned to normal.

Witnessing this scene, those who had been anxious finally breathed a collective sigh of relief.

"Good grief, thanks to Dongfang Yu's quick reaction, the seal group had a backup plan; otherwise, this sure-win scenario would have unraveled!" Lu Sheng wiped his face, still showing signs of lingering fear.

Qin Tian glanced towards the sealing group's direction, nodding inwardly. In such a crucial sealing operation, the Military Department must exhaust all means to ensure everything goes smoothly; probably, enemy disrupts were already anticipated in their plans.

Yet the sealing group reacted so swiftly, the substitute members could instantly merge with the rhythm, stabilizing energy circulation, demonstrating how much effort they've put into handling unexpected situations.

"Whose handiwork was this?"

Qin Tian's eyes fell on the figure wrapped up in vines, his brow slightly furrowed.

Wei Sheng's previous state showed traces akin to the Soul Master's "Soul Descent" technique.

But every member of the seal group is a Tier Six Spiritualist, with Spiritual Power far surpassing ordinary people. Even for a Tier Seven peak Soul Master, it'd be tough to perform such a silent Soul Descent without prior arrangements.

Moreover, every sealing member underwent the strictest physical examination before actions; how did Wei Sheng fall prey?

Could an Tier Eight Soul Master be behind this?

This thought surfaced but was immediately dismissed by Qin Tian. Had it been a Tier Eight Soul Master, they would directly attack the sealing golden membrane; who could stop them? There's no need for such a circuitous method.

He couldn't figure it out despite thinking over and over again, but at least the end result was positive as the seal hadn't been substantially compromised.

Meanwhile, the fierce battle on the outskirts was approaching its end.

In front of millions of troops, the attackers' tricks were like ants shaking a tree, the blood mist was burned away by purifying fire, grotesque monsters turned to pus under the war formation's slaughter, assassins lurking in shadows were picked out and killed one by one, even those emitting Tier Seven oppressive aura were pushed back far away.

With the last batch of destroyers cleared out, the battlefield returned to calm, and everyone's gaze refocused on the sealing golden membrane in mid-air.

The dark space vortex under the continued convergence of the golden membrane was visibly shrinking, with the spectral images of the four divine beasts flowing gently across the light screen, fully subduing the last trace of spatial fluctuation.

When the vortex's last wisp of black air was swallowed by the golden membrane, the entire space shuddered abruptly, then resumed its usual tranquility.

"Victory!"

Someone shouted first, and next moment, a tidal wave of cheers and shouting swept across the land.

Millions of warriors raised their arms in high spirits, their voices shaking the clouds, with every face showing an irrepressible smile.

This sealing task was completed almost without casualties—an extraordinarily brilliant achievement in numerous space channel sealing wars.

Qin Tian stood at the front of the Chijin Battlegroup formation, gazing at the sky illuminated by golden light, with a faint smile curling on his lips.

This long-lasting campaign was finally coming to a perfect conclusion.

"Young Master Yu, we're back."

Lan Qiancheng and the other four Golden Bloodline geniuses returned to Dongfang Yu's side, scanning the sky above which had regained clarity, and asked, "What exactly happened just now?"

Dongfang Yu's tone was steady, "It was a Soul Master's trick. But this also indicates a lapse in our internal scrutiny; once the battle is over, we must catch the internal mole immediately."

Buzz—

At this moment, the communication stone at Dongfang Yu's waist suddenly vibrated, its surface glowing faintly blue. He raised his hand to take out the communication stone, injected a bit of Spiritual Energy, and its surface immediately lit up with a halo.

"Xiao Yu, how's the situation on your side?"

A calm and weighty voice emanated from the stone, carrying a seasoned battlefield authority.

"Second Uncle, the space channel has been successfully sealed." Dongfang Yu replied respectfully.

"Good!" The voice revealed an obvious delight, followed by an accelerated pace: "Now, immediately locate Qin Tian from the Chijin Battlegroup, let him utilize the Spatial Teleportation Ability to transfer forces to the Dark Demon Realm as much as possible—the space channels have also appeared there besides the Infernal Demon Sea, Rotting Mire, and Frigid Abyss!"

What?!

This message resounded like thunder, instantly changing the faces of Dongfang Yu and those around him.

For centuries, the rule was that only three space channels would open in the first layer of Demon Abyss, no more no less. This was an ironclad law.

The Military Department meticulously predicted and anticipated the locations based on initial aberrations at Infernal Demon Sea, and by lucky calculation over the last dozen days, managed to pinpoint the two other places, thus orchestrating a demonic purge ahead, ensuring a flawless sealing mission.

What seemed destined to be an unprecedented victory, unexpectedly, a fourth space channel had spontaneously emerged in the first layer of Demon Abyss!

"Understood, I'm on it."

Dongfang Yu quickly severed communication, leaping swiftly in the air, his gaze sweeping the battlefield like a falcon, instantly locking onto the Chijin Battlegroup's banner—and Qin Tian at its forefront.

He recognized Qin Tian, or rather, had already taken note of this name.

The advance determination of Infernal Demon Sea was precisely because of Qin Tian reporting the abnormal fluctuation of Demonic Qi, which the Military Department took seriously, leading to Zhuge Clan's specialized calculation and finally obtaining exact results.

He even reviewed Qin Tian's profile deliberately; a fierce character who, despite leading remnants, managed to surpass Qingyu Battle Group in military achievements.

Honestly, he once thought of recruiting, planning to discuss in detail after the battle, but never anticipated that Qin Tian, at this moment, would become the key to turning the critical situation.

"A space channel has appeared in the Dark Demon Realm as well."

Qin Tian heard the contents from the communication stone from afar, his expression slightly changing as an ominous premonition surfaced in his mind.

Chapter 428: Void Dominator Enhanced, Returning to the Dark Demon Realm

Hoo—

In front of everyone's eyes, Dongfang Yu swiftly approached Qin Tian without any small talk and got straight to the point: "Colonel Qin Tian, a fourth space portal has appeared in the Dark Demon Realm. We urgently need to use your space teleportation ability to send as many troops over as possible."

"The fourth?!"

These words were like a thunderclap, instantly causing exclamations and commotion to erupt around.

For centuries, the three portals had been unshakeable; how could an extra one appear out of thin air?

"Alright."

Qin Tian didn't hesitate for a second and nodded strongly.

Every second of delay could mean tens of thousands of demons breaking through the portal and rushing into the Empire. We must race against time to reach the Dark Demon Realm.

However, the Dark Demon Realm is quite far from the Infernal Demon Sea.

Previously, while trying to rescue Li Qi, he had traveled at the fastest speed possible, which still took several hours—even though that speed seemed incredible to outsiders, it was far from enough to deal with the current crisis.

His eyes focused, and he glanced at the 9 million plus Evolution Points he had accumulated recently. Without a moment's hesitation, he infused them all into the Void Dominator talent.

In an instant, the faint orange Talent Light Sphere within his dantian trembled violently, emitting a layered halo that spread outwards.

Within just a few breaths, the light sphere's color changed from light orange to medium orange, and the Talent Level suddenly leaped a notch.

The warriors around only sensed a mild spatial fluctuation, assuming he was adjusting his teleportation ability, and didn't think much of it.

But Qin Tian himself clearly felt an earth-shattering change—

It was as if the thin veil in front of his eyes had been suddenly lifted, revealing the entire world to him in greater clarity.

In the air floated countless silver threads, barely visible to the naked eye, forming the foundational nodes of space. Now, they were as clear as palm lines; even the flow of Spiritual Energy in his body resonated subtly with these spatial nodes, enabling him to tear apart the void with a flick of the wrist.

Qin Tian took a deep breath, channeling his evolved spatial insights into his palm. Spiritual Energy inside him surged like a river to his fingertips, creating a violent resonance with the surrounding spatial nodes.

"Buzz—"

A low hum echoed through the heavens and earth, as the void in front of Qin Tian rippled like a stone striking water.

Immediately, a pitch-black fissure appeared out of nowhere and began expanding rapidly. The edges of the fissure flickered with ghostly blue arcs of electricity, signs of spatial energy leaking. As the fissure widened, the arcs became denser, ultimately forming an enormous Void Gate hundreds of meters wide and long.

Inside the gate lay an abyssal darkness, seemingly connecting to another world, where countless stars-like specks of light flickered, representing stable coordinates within the spatial turbulence.

Such an immense Void Gate suspended in mid-air, blocking out the sky and sun, delivered a visually stunning impact that shook the soul.

Activating such a gigantic Void Gate involved an unimaginable consumption of Spiritual Energy.

Qin Tian's face turned pale at a visibly fast rate, beads of sweat densely covering his forehead. The Spiritual Energy within him drained rapidly like a flood through a breached dam. Just when he was about to falter, the bracelet on his wrist, Jie La, suddenly emitted a layer of verdant light, infusing him with a steady stream of pure energy to replenish his depleted Spiritual Energy.

With Jie La's support, Qin Tian's slightly trembling body gradually steadied, and the output of Spiritual Energy to maintain the Void Gate returned to stability.

Dongfang Yu looked at the colossal Void Gate before him, eyes filled with shock and delight.

He quickly approached Qin Tian and asked, "Commander Qin, how many people can this Void Gate accommodate?"

Feeling the balance between his Spiritual Energy consumption and Jie La's support, Qin Tian responded in a deep voice, "Everyone."

"Everyone?" Hearing this, Dongfang Yu and the surrounding people instantly displayed expressions of wild joy. They initially thought the Void Gate could accommodate only ten thousand people at most, but it turned out it could hold everyone.

"Excellent!" Dongfang Yu exclaimed excitedly, "All battalions, listen up! Immediately organize your ranks and proceed into the Void Gate!"

With the order given, the fully prepared battalions swiftly moved into action. They organized in sequence and proceeded in an orderly process towards the Void Gate.

The soldiers' faces were filled with tension and worry, but the thought of reaching the Dark Demon Realm quickly to stop the demon invasion bolstered their steps with determination.

To maximize efficiency, Dongfang Yu immediately instructed the nearby messenger, "Send the Wind Element Spiritualist squad forward to assist!"

Moments later, over a hundred Spiritualists with wind wings took to the air, forming a neat array in front of the Void Gate. As they simultaneously channeled their Spiritual Energy, ribbons of pale cyan wind unfurled like spirited silk, perfectly matching the width of the Void Gate.

"All units, take note! Advance using the wind ribbons!"

Following the commander's order, the soldiers aligned in formation stepped onto the wind ribbons, instantly lifted by a gentle but powerful airflow. Where they previously needed to walk in, now they transformed into dozens of parallel streams, propelled by an invisible force, flying smoothly and swiftly into the Void Gate.

The wind ribbons circulated continuously, precisely delivering one group of soldiers after another into the gate. The entire process was orderly, fully utilizing every inch of space within the Void Gate.

Initially, only a few thousand people could pass through per minute, but as the Wind Element Spiritualists gradually found their rhythm, the speed increased, ultimately allowing over ten thousand people to be transported per minute.

The massive flow of people was like a stream merging into the deep sea, endlessly disappearing into the profound gate.

Half an hour later, as the final group of soldiers vanished into the Void Gate, Qin Tian glanced at Li Qi and the others beside him and said in a deep voice, "Let's go."

With that, he strode boldly into the darkness.

The moment he crossed the spatial portal, Qin Tian felt a familiar sense of pressure.

As he stood firm, Dongfang Yu handed over two Jade Bottles: "Commander Qin, these are Spirit Revitalizing Pills specially made by the Military Department. Quickly take them to restore your Spiritual Energy."

Qin Tian did not decline, uncorked the bottle, and swallowed two lustrous elixirs. The pills melted in his mouth, turning into two streams of refreshing warmth that flowed into his dantian, where his previously depleted Spiritual Energy instantly began to rise.

"Thank you, Commander Qin," Dongfang Yu said sincerely.

Qin Tian nodded slightly, once again activating the Void Dominator talent.

This time, his command over the spatial nodes was even more proficient, and within a few breaths, another Void Gate hundreds of meters long and wide appeared before them.

With prior experience, everyone moved in with even more order, and the coordination with the Wind Element Spiritualists became increasingly seamless.

One gate, two gates, three gates...

Qin Tian, like an untiring machine, continuously opened ten Void Gates one after another, under the dual support of the Spirit Revitalizing Pills and Jie La.

Each opening and closing of a gate was accompanied by intense spatial energy fluctuations yet remained stable as ever.

When the final Void Gate gradually dissipated, an unilluminated world was laid out before everyone.

Qin Tian gazed upon the dense and neatly arrayed military formation in front of him and exhaled a long breath of relief.

Millions of troops had finally reached the Dark Demon Realm in the shortest amount of time.

Chapter 429: Battle in Space, Spatial Passage Mutation

The air of the Dark Demon Realm seemed to have solidified into a block of ink, with no trace of daylight.

Every breath inhaled carried a metallic sweetness, mixed with the stench of decay and sulfur, causing the newly arrived soldiers to furrow their brows involuntarily, some even instinctively covering their mouths and noses.

The dense demonic qi, like a tidal wave, relentlessly battered everyone's Spirit Shield, emitting a "sizzling" sound of corrosion.

Even more unsettling were the continuous roars from all directions—sometimes sharp like nails on glass, other times deep like the growl of a subterranean Giant Beast, yet the source remained elusive, as if countless eyes in the darkness greedily watched the invading army.

"This damn place..." a soldier couldn't help but curse under his breath, his voice especially clear in the deathly silence, but soon drowned by distant roars.

Even Tier Five Spiritualists felt a tightening in their chest in this pitch-black darkness—extending their Spiritual Power was like sinking into thick ink, only able to scan a range of a hundred meters, beyond which was sheer chaos.

The Tier Two and Tier Three Spiritualists couldn't even see beyond ten meters around themselves, clinging to their weapons, moving with the crowd, their palms already soaked with cold sweat.

Soft commotion gradually echoed within the ranks, with panic spreading quietly like a plague.

In the unknown darkness, even the bravest Warriors would grow apprehensive.

"Mage army, prepare to cast!"

A steady shout suddenly pierced the darkness. In the phalanx on the flank, a thousand Spiritualists in Magic Robes stepped forward in unison, their Magic Staffs emitting a gentle white light.

Their sealing gestures were uniform, and they chanted incantations, their voices converging into a torrent, piercing through the barrier of demonic qi.

"Let light be our eyes, let the law be our clarity—Night Vision Technique!"

As the incantation concluded, a brilliant silver radiance erupted simultaneously from the tips of a thousand Magic Staffs.

This light did not dissipate like ordinary Spiritual Energy but transformed into countless specks of light, drifting like dandelion seeds upon the wind, landing on each soldier's brow.

In an instant, the once pitch-black world became clear to everyone—though still carrying a faint gray haze, it was enough to see objects a hundred meters away.

Underfoot lay cracked black stone, with dark red mucus flowing through its fissures; in the distance stood twisted obsidian peaks, shaped like a demon's claws stabbing at the gray sky; and the source of the roars—Low level Demons hiding among the rock cracks and caves, disturbed by the light, let out angry howls.

"Whew—"

A collective sigh of relief echoed among the millions-strong army.

With the darkness receding, the panic dissipated substantially, the soldiers gripped their weapons tighter, their gazes resolute once more.

Dongfang Yu looked towards the mage army, nodding slightly, "Well done. All battle groups, maintain vigilance, advance according to the planned formation!"

Led by the spearhead troops, the millions-strong army, armored and weaponized like a steel war chariot, steadily advanced along the cracked black stone land.

The clanging of armor, the thud of boots, the whoosh of flags in the air interwove, raising a rumbling wave in the deathly silent Dark Demon Realm, as if intending to dispel the murk of the land.

The further they advanced, the more intense the spatial fluctuations in the air became, as if a massive stone were tossed into a tranquil lake, causing the rocks beneath their feet to tremble slightly.

Those fluctuations carried a tear-apart frenzy, confirming to everyone that the space portal was near.

More suffocating was the demonic aura ahead, crashing like a black sea at high tide, oppressive and overwhelming—not the scattered ferocity of isolated demons, but the bloodlust and frenzy of countless beings amassed, making one's scalp tingle, their Spirit Shields buzzing.

Everyone understood, sealing such a space portal would not be as smooth as in the Infernal Demon Sea, what awaited them was inevitably a bitter battle of corpse mountains and the Sea of Blood.

.....

Outside the Demon Suppression Abyss, the boundless space was vast as ink, now ignited by a brutal clash.

Three space portals, each over ten thousand meters in diameter, hovered in the void like dark giant eyes, slowly rotating around the entrance to the Demon Abyss.

Within the portals, swirling purple-black demonic qi spewed out countless fierce figures, as if a dam broke and a tide of darkness poured forth, surging towards the surrounding Royal Fleet.

The demons rushing out from the second and third layers of the Demon Abyss greatly surpassed the minions of the first layer in power.

Tier Five demons gathered densely like locusts, and Tier Six demons were not uncommon, swinging claws and Bone Blades, carving afterimages through the space, easily tearing through battleship Energy Shields.

Even more alarming were Tier Seven demons occasionally that burst through the portals, bodies massive like giant fortresses, freezing vast swathes of void with each breath; sometimes, even the aura of Tier Eight demons emanated from the portal depths, their presence dimming stars, each appearance accompanied by the annihilation of several main battleships.

"Open fire! Activate the particle lance array, lock onto all sectors!"

On the flagship's bridge, the commander's orders were relayed throughout the fleet via quantum communication.

In an instant, the gun barrels of the Empire's warships glowed with an eerie purple light, hundred-meter particle lances pierced the void, like spears cast by a god, detonating into dazzling energy ripples within the demon horde.

Low level Demons disintegrated upon contact, dissolving into particle streams, while Tier Six demons pierced by the lances let out shrill roars.

Chapter 430: Battle in Space, Mutation of the Spatial Passage (Part 2)

"The left-wing fleet deploys the antimatter shield, the right-wing activates the curvature cannon, intercept the high-level demons!"

Each fleet moved like precision instruments, changing formations under the commander's direction.

Some warships released blue-white antimatter shields, spreading like star shields to fully counter the demon's claws and energy assaults; some warships extended ring arrays from both sides of their hulls, firing curvature beams that distorted space, trapping backside demons in folded space-time fissures; even a giant fortress ship activated its dark matter annihilation cannon, with its muzzle concentrating dark energy spheres that continually devoured surrounding light, and as it thunderously fired, light itself was absorbed, instantly clearing a realm of stars.

A dark matter annihilation cannon blast from the fortress ship precisely hit a Tier Six demon, annihilating its massive body along with the surrounding space, leaving only a twisted void.

But right after, dozens of Tier Six demons broke through the firepower net, crashing into a frigate's energy shield. The shield rippled violently and was eventually torn apart by claws, the frigate's hull instantly shredding into pieces in an energy overload explosion, transforming into a cluster of resplendent light.

At that instant, several figures shot out from the flagship, clad in stellar armor and surrounded by the ripples of space left by their leaps—these were Tier Seven and Tier Eight powerhouses sent by the Empire.

A general, donned in star-patterned battle armor, wielded the gravity battle blade, charging towards a Tier Seven demon; as the blade swung, it manipulated the localized gravitational field, forcibly shattering the demon's demonic flames.

Not far away, an elder formed seals with both hands, weaving countless luminous points into an energy net before him, entrapping several Tier Seven demons, whose nodes erupted in streams of energy that instantly decomposed them into elementary particles.

In the depths of the battlefield, a woman with wings of light faced a Tier Eight demon from afar, surrounded by burning halos; each punch she threw induced spatial collapse, colliding with the demon's dark energy, creating impact waves capable of tearing stars apart.

In space, energy beams and demonic qi intertwined, while scattered warship wreckage and demon corpses floated amid, and the erupting explosion lights flickered like fireworks on black velvet.

The Royal Fleet opposed the abyssal flood with its iron-clad bodies, while the strong ones were composing a legend of bravery in the Star Sea.

This cross-star realm battle had no retreat, only a fight to the death, because behind them lay the Azure Wood Star Realm, home to billions of beings.

Inside the central chamber of the command ship, Dongfang Yue stood before a massive holographic star map, fingertips lightly tapping the alloy handrail.

The holographic projection vividly displayed all the battlefield details—the trajectories of energy beams, the movements of demon clusters, the array schedules of warships—flowing before his eyes.

His eyes were calm as a deep pool, showing no trace of disturbance, as if this ruthless battle before him was merely a simulation on a sand table.

Next to him, a few officers could hardly conceal their relaxation

"This battle is much easier than previous ones," an officer responsible for fire control said while looking at the holographic star map, "All the passages on the first layer of the Demon Abyss have been sealed internally, saving a lot of trouble."

Previously, every time the space passage opened, the vast number of low-level demons from the first layer of the Demon Abyss posed very troublesome issues. Despite their weak prowess, they swarmed continuously like tides, often requiring massive forces to cleanse them.

This time, the three space passages located on the first layer were successfully sealed inside the Demon Suppression Abyss, allowing the fleet to concentrate firepower on stronger but fewer demons from the second and third layers.

Although the pressure brought by high-level demons remained immense, it was indeed much easier compared to before.

"General, the sealing troops are fully positioned, ready to execute the external sealing procedure at any time," a Major General quickly approached Dongfang Yue.

Dongfang Yue nodded slightly, retracting his gaze from the holographic star map, and said in a deep voice, "Begin."

The Empire never banked all hopes on the troops within the Demon Suppression Abyss.

After all, the forces entering the Demon Abyss still appear thin compared to the demons within.

Executing seals from within is naturally the optimal solution, but if things don't go as planned, they are prepared to execute seals from the outside—even if it means paying the price far exceeding that of internal sealing, including the annihilation of several main battleships.

Just as the sealing command was about to be issued, a peculiar purple-black wave suddenly emerged near the entrance of the Demon Abyss's void.

The wave spread swiftly like ink droplets thrown onto boiling water, followed by the abrupt appearance of a twisted space passage.

This passage was starkly different from the previous three; its edges were exceedingly irregular, akin to a rag torn violently by giant hands, continually flickering with unstable space arcs.

Countless dark demons covered in black scales swarmed out of the passage, shrieking excitedly as they launched attacks at the surrounding warships.

More shockingly, the passage had only appeared for a few moments before it started shaking intensely, emitting piercing space tearing sounds.

In the next instant, the main passage burst like shattered glass, splitting into hundreds of differently sized small space fissures!

These fissures, like black chess pieces scattered on a board, appeared randomly at various corners of the battlefield—some close to the warship's energy shields, some floating in the gaps between fleet formations, and even a few directly appearing behind the flagship.

Numerous low-level demons spewed out from these fissures, instantly disrupting the previously tight formation of the Royal Fleet.

"What's going on?!"

"Emergency evasive action! A spatial fissure has appeared on the port side!"

"Shield energy plummeting! Requesting support!"

The screeching alarm sounds and panicked shouts instantly filled the communication channels of each ship.

The orderly fleet schedule was thoroughly disrupted; some warships had to forcibly change course to avoid the abruptly appearing fissures, nearly colliding with allied ships; others were directly breached by demons emerging from fissures, plunging them into close-range engagements.

In the flagship, the holographic star map was densely marked with red dots representing spatial fissures, like an outbreak of disease.

The faces of many commanders changed dramatically, their earlier relaxation replaced by stunned disbelief.

"What... what's happening?"

Hundreds of randomly distributed spatial fissures, it utterly surpassed the Empire's plan.

Their prepared sealing methods, be it internal or external, were all designed against large-scale space passages, utterly incapable of simultaneously handling so many scattered small fissures.

Dongfang Yue's pupils contracted sharply, the force of his fingertips slightly deforming the alloy handrail.

He knew full well that at this moment, the fleet's formation was in disarray, making it extremely difficult to reorganize effective defenses, let alone seal these fissures.

"Immediately contact the troops within the Demon Suppression Abyss!" Dongfang Yue's voice carried a barely noticeable heaviness, "Inform them of the emergency situation outside; the fourth space passage has split into hundreds of fissures, we... cannot manage.

Now, we can only rely on them."