

## **Battlefield 431**

Chapter 431: Eternal Night Dominator, Demons Bow Down

Dark Demon Realm

Before the millions strong army could approach the space passage, they encountered unimaginable resistance.

The earth of the Dark Demon Realm quivered, not because of the army's footsteps, but from the incoming wave of demons that covered the sky and the earth.

The life aura emitted by millions of human warriors, akin to lighthouses in the night, instantly ignited the evil lurking on this land.

Before the army could approach the space passage, the darkness ahead resounded with the teeth-grinding sound of bone creaking, the wails of undead, and the eerie murmurs of Lich sorcerers chanting incantations.

"Prepare for battle!" Dongfang Yu's voice carried through the army via Spiritual Energy, his green robe fluttering in the Demonic Qi.

In the next moment, the first wave of demons surged forward like a flood breaking through a dam.

Leading the charge were countless ghouls, their skin shriveled, claws glowing with a ghostly green poison, drooling as they lunged at the human line; closely following were the densely packed skeleton soldiers, their white bone sea glaring under the Night Vision Technique, wielding rusted long swords and short blades, tirelessly charging forward; accompanied by bat-like Night Demons, hovering and screeching low, occasionally diving down to tear at warriors' necks with sharp fangs.

These low tier demons are not strong, single-handedly they can hardly threaten a Tier Two Spiritualist, but when gathered into a torrent of hundreds of thousands, millions, the momentum of devouring everything is enough to chill the bravest warrior's heart.

Even more terrifying were the high tier demons that followed.

Over ten bone dragons flapped their tattered bone wings and rushed out from the darkness, their dragon breath like dark green flames, Lich sorcerers floating in mid-air, pointing their bone staffs, the ground cracking into deep trenches, countless bone claws reaching from below, while Undead Knights rode nightmare steeds, wielding spears, each strike carrying thick death energy.

Worse still was the severe suppression of human Spiritual Energy within this Dark Demon Realm.

The spells cast by the Mage army decreased in potency by nearly thirty percent, and the speed of conjuring slowed considerably; the warriors' Spiritual Energy circulation became sluggish, their originally smooth martial techniques now performed in a stumbling manner.

In contrast, the dark demons thrived in this land.

Humanity's proud Spiritual Energy advantage vanished completely, with the dual disadvantages in numbers and terrain, the situation would inevitably become a stalemate.

If they were delayed, not only would they fail to seal the space passage, but this millions strong army might be exhausted to death.

Dongfang Yu's expression became solemn, with the help of Qin Tian's space teleportation, they had arrived at the fastest pace possible, yet even so, countless demons were gathered around the space passage, making even approaching it difficult, let alone sealing it.

No matter how challenging, they must make a gamble.

"Vanguard army, prepare!"

Dongfang Yu's clear and powerful voice resounded across the battlefield.

Boom

At the front, dozens of the strongest battle groups responded to the command, warriors releasing Spiritual Energy, a terrifying momentum suddenly rising.

"Charge!"

With Dongfang Yu's command, the vanguard army plunged into the demon wave like a red-hot iron spike.

The swing of battle swords brought drenching blood rain, the explosion of Spiritual Energy blasted vacuum zones, the initial charge cutting a path through the demon swarm.

Low tier demons were ruthlessly crushed, high tier demons, before the silver and gold bloodline Spiritualists, were sliced down as if chopping vegetables.

However, soon the momentum visibly slowed.

A massive tide of demons surged from all sides, like an incoming tidal wave filling every gap.

Ghouls clung crazily to the warriors' armor to tear, skeleton soldiers wedged bone blades into the battle formation gaps, Night Demons formed black clouds in the low air for constant dive attacks.

The vanguard army seemed like a giant beast trapped in a quagmire, every step forward came at a cost, their originally neat formation gradually turning loose, many battle groups divided and surrounded by demons, falling into a state of fighting on their own.

"The situation isn't right!" A battle group leader roared while chopping apart the bone dragon claw before him, face looking extremely grim, "These demons are endless!"

Dongfang Yu watched the vanguard's momentum gradually diminish, and his heart sank bit by bit.

He realized the key issue—due to the unique environment of the Dark Demon Realm, no battle group had ever stationed there, the lurking demons and Demon Source had never been cleared.

The number of demons here exceeded that of several Demon Realms combined, it's practically an undeveloped demon nest.

With such a number of demons blocking the way, forget sealing the passage, merely maintaining the battle line proves challenging.

Just as the battle reached a deadlock, a figure suddenly broke free from the battle group, soaring high, ascending to the highest point of the battlefield.

It's Qin Tian!

At this moment, he spread a pair of Demon King's Wings covered with dark gold lines behind him, with a wingspan of over ten meters, every flap stirring black energy ripples. His eyes deep like an abyss, stars seemed to birth and die within his pupils, an entirely different kind of aura exploded from within him—it wasn't the oppressive force of Spiritual Energy, but the supreme majesty of a dark sovereign, causing the Dark Demon Realm to tremble.

The next moment, an eerie scene occurred.

The low-tier demons surrounding the vanguard suddenly seemed drained of all energy, bodies collapsing to the ground, ghouls released their claws, skeleton soldiers scattered into pieces, Night Demons plummeted straight down from the sky, without even the strength to struggle.

Even those fierce Tier Five demons trembled uncontrollably as if worshipping their king.

More astonishingly, the aura of some Tier Six demons visibly declined, the soul fire in the bone dragons' eye sockets dimmed, Lich sorcerers' incantations came to a halt, Undead Knights' weapons clanged as they fell to the ground.

The entire battlefield seemed to be on pause, with only Qin Tian floating high, his Demon King's Wings moving slowly in the Demonic Qi, the pressure of the dark sovereign draped like a tangible canopy, enveloping a radius of several tens of kilometers.

This scene transcended everyone's understanding, so breathtaking it almost suffocated them.

"Is that... Commander Qin?" a young warrior from the Xingyuan Battle Group murmured instinctively, gripping his battle sword, trembling slightly, almost losing his grip. He rubbed his eyes vigorously, unable to believe the figure with massive wings, overlooking the battlefield, was the Chijin Battlegroup commander who charged with them daily.

"Boss."

The Poisonous Widow raised her head, mouth agape in an O-shape, her heart churning with tumultuous waves.

Lu Sheng, Shen Juan, Li Wufeng and everyone from the Chijin Battlegroup gazed at Qin Tian with eyes filled with shock, the commander who spent two months alongside them, now resembled a dark sovereign stepping from the abyss, his oppressive aura making those most familiar with him feel alienated.

Dongfang Yu looked up at the figure floating in the Demonic Qi, eyes interwoven with astonishment and shock.

Previously, Qin Tian had showcased his unfathomable spatial control by teleporting millions of troops across thousands of miles to the Dark Demon Realm, but now he has transformed into the Night Demon King, merely through his aura subjugating demons, even suppressing their energy flow—it was a bloodline capable of commanding dark creatures, something unheard of.

Nevertheless, with Qin Tian's suppression of the dark demons, the initially halted charge momentum instantly became unstoppable.

Following Dongfang Yu's shout of "Charge", millions of troops pressed on like an iron war chariot towards the space passage.

Chapter 432: Dark Corpse Manipulation Technique, Failed Sealing

Dong dong dong

The ground of black stone beneath was stomped upon, resounding with the clash of armor and the roar of battle, as millions of troops advanced like a mighty hammer, forming an unstoppable torrent.

Soon, the passage emitting chaotic space flows appeared at the edge of sight—utterly different from the orderly vortex of the Infernal Demon Sea, its edges twisted like shattered glass, sometimes contracting, sometimes expanding, with pale purple space arcs crackling around it.

Low level demons, eager to cross the passage, were torn into mist the moment they touched its edge, ink-green flesh scattering in the air.

Yet despite this, the vast and icy breath of the cosmos emanating from the depths of the passage attracted all demons like an invisible magnet.

Tens of thousands of demons stacked and roared around the passage, with higher level demons' bony wings and claws clashing, low level demons crushed to bone and sinew, yet still swarming madly towards the passage, as if an ultimate temptation to break their shackles lay there.

Gazing at the scene like a black ant nest of demons, the United Army warriors' throats tightened—in the face of such overwhelming force, their millions of troops seemed so weak.

But there was no retreat now, the sealing scroll was charged and ready in the sealing team's hands, the arrow on the string cannot but shoot; this space passage must be blocked.

"Mage army, cover with firepower!" Dongfang Yu's voice pierced through the chaos, carrying undeniable strength.

In an instant, brilliant light erupted from the formations of the United Army.

The Fire Mage Army chanted lengthy incantations, thousands of lava torrents fell like meteors, exploding among the demon horde; Thunder Element Spiritualists sparked electric charges in the atmosphere, purple-black thunder turned into a massive net, frying slabs of demons to charcoal; Ice

Element strongmen released the Extreme Cold Domain, freezing charging demon hordes to crystalline statues, which then shattered with the ensuing impact.

And the most dazzling among them was Dongfang Yu.

This peak Tier Six Spiritualist floated in mid-air, the Holy Blood Azure Wood lineage surging within, surrounded by a radiant green aura.

With hands held out, countless fissures cracked the ground, tens of thousands of thick azure wood vines burst forth like living pythons, instantly wrapping around tens of thousands of demons.

Golden sacred patterns emerged on the vines' surface, emitting a purifying aura; the wrapped demons withered rapidly amidst screams, along with their demonic qi absorbed and transformed by the vines.

"Samsara · Bind!"

Dongfang Yu lowly shouted, forcefully clasping his hands together.

The azure wood vines tightened and intertwined, eventually morphing into a massive wooden cage spanning thousands of meters, entrapping the densest groups of demons near the passage.

He then pointed a finger, and thousands of green leaves bloomed inside the cage, each like a sharp blade, rotating fast in the whirlwind—they took only moments to shred the demons inside into dust, leaving only a strong odor of blood.

This series of actions flowed smoothly, the dominance and sanctity of Wood Spiritual Energy perfectly merged, its might no less than a true Tier Seven powerhouse.

A vacuum area was instantly cleared near the space passage, with the azure wood vines as a barrier guarding it, blocking the first wave of demon counterattack.

But this short victory instead ignited deeper madness in the demons.

The cosmic breath from behind the passage seemed stirred by the battle, becoming more active, causing demons to utter inhuman screeches, rushing into the vacuum area, even higher level demons disregarding their injuries, crashing against the barrier formed by azure wood vines.

At this moment, the aura "Eternal Night Dominator" around Qin Tian rose again.

The deep dark oppression became a tangible sky, enveloping the whole battlefield.

Demons suppressed by this force visibly slowed, Tier Five demons' strength was reduced to Tier Four, and Tier Six demons struggled to unleash their full power.

The United Army stood like a reef fixed by a boulder, firmly holding the lines against the ferocious demon tide.

"I should act now as well." A flash of cold brilliance appeared in Qin Tian's eyes.

He didn't unleash the Celestial Punishment Divine Thunder that could purify all evil, but cast his gaze upon the piles of shattered corpses scattered across the battlefield.

The newly awakened talent [Dark Necromancy] activated abruptly, dark spiritual energy from within swept like a tide into those fragmented corpses.

Next moment, a hair-raising scene unfolded: shattered ghoulish bodies reassembled, broken skeleton soldiers' bones adhered by dark energy, even some higher level demon corpses slowly stood up driven by dark spiritual energy.

Their eye sockets burned with green flames, from their wounds oozed thick dark energy, roaring towards the charging demon horde.

These controlled corpses had no pain, no fear, and under the black spiritual energy's fortification, retained six to seventy percent of their strength, posing a significant threat to the demons.

And when they were torn apart, at the moment of impending collapse, they would instantly enter self-detonation mode.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Countless corpses suddenly exploded, dark energy, like out-of-control explosives, blasted open black flowers of death among the demon horde. Each explosion flew dozens of low level demons, even higher level demons caught in the midst were shaken by the dark shockwaves, their qi and blood surging.

Of course, even though Qin Tian slew many demons, in this cruel and bloody battlefield involving tens of millions of beings, it was hardly more than a small ripple.

Chapter 433: Dark Corpse Control Technique, Seal Failure (Part 2)

As the United Army struggled to stabilize their formation and the battle with the demons reached a fever pitch, the seal team quietly slipped into the inner side of the Azure Wood vine barrier constructed by Dongfang Yu, and the scrolls in their hands began to emit a faint golden light.

The battle had reached its most critical moment.

Compared to the leisurely sealing at the Infernal Demon Sea, this time the scale was several times larger.

seal members formed four phalanxes, each body taut, with Spiritual Energy poised to strike within them.

During the last sealing, there were no demon disturbances around the space portal, but now they had to complete the sealing under the frenzied assault of millions of demons, a difficulty exponentially greater by tenfold.

"Form the formation!"

The leading seal commander gave a low shout, and four ancient sealing scrolls unfurled simultaneously before the formation, the golden runes on the scrolls writhing like living creatures.

The 120 quickly shifted formation, the front row leaders sitting cross-legged, their hands pressed on the scrolls in front; the middle row kneeling on one knee, palms against the backs of the front row; the rear row standing, continuously transmitting Spiritual Energy forward through their palms.

Layer upon layer of Spiritual Energy surged like converging rivers, rushing forward along a fixed trajectory, finally pouring into the bodies of the four leaders.

The faces of the four leaders flushed red, their arms simultaneously lifting, injecting the power of 120 people's Spiritual Energy fiercely into the sealing scrolls.

"Buzz——"

The scrolls suddenly erupted with a dazzling golden light, four masses of golden brilliance coalescing and taking shape in the air, finally transforming into four massive golden seals more than a zhang in length. The surface of the seals was inscribed with mysterious suppressive runes, emitting a pressure as weighty as a mountain.

Following that, the four seals slowly spun in the air and precisely combined into a completely golden giant seal, the top carved with the phantom silhouettes of four mythical beasts, the surface etched with the bold and vigorous word "Seal," a presence of majesty enough to make heaven and earth tremble spread outward.

"Go!"

The four leaders released their grips, and the golden seal hurtled through the air with a sonic boom, pressing firmly towards the nearby space portal.

"Hold the line! Buy the seal team some time!" Dongfang Yu's voice was hoarse, his Holy Blood Azure Wood lineage operating at full capacity.

The warriors of the United Army saw this and instantly burst forth with their final strength. They knew that for every demon they killed now, the chance for a successful seal increased.

The battle immediately became the most brutal.

Every moment, warriors fell, their screams, the clash of weapons, the roars of demons intertwined, weaving a tragic and heroic battle anthem.

Some warriors were consumed by the dragon breath of bony dragons, leaving no remains; some Spiritualists exhausted their last ounce of Spiritual Energy, torn apart by night demons; some squads died entirely in front of the Azure Wood vine barrier to cover for the seal team.

Cold sweat covered Dongfang Yu's forehead, his face pale, but his movements did not cease at all.

Walls of thick wooden constructs rose from the Azure Wood vines, layer upon layer surrounding the space portal, their leaves spinning like sharp blades in the wind, relentlessly harvesting the lives of demons.

Lan Qiancheng and other geniuses of the Golden Clan gathered around him, each unleashing their potent bloodline abilities—the golden tiger's roar repelling charging demons, the Ice Crystal Phoenix flame incinerating groups of low-level demons, and a thunder lion's claws tearing through the defenses of high-level demons.

Together with Dongfang Yu, they transformed into the last bulwark protecting the seal, resisting wave after wave of the demons' frenzied attacks.

Qin Tian hovered in mid-air, the aura of the "Eternal Night Dominator" perpetually enveloping the battlefield, suppressing the strength of surrounding demons.

Simultaneously, he continuously invoked [Dark Corpse Control], causing the recently fallen demon corpses to explode, the Dark Energy detonating amongst the demon horde, alleviating pressure on the United Army.

Evolution Points surged like a tide into his body, and Talent Light Spheres orbited around him, flashing enticingly.

But he knew that no matter how many he killed, it was but a drop in the ocean in the face of millions of demons; the true key lay with the seal team.

The members of the seal team ignored the clamor of battle around them, their eyes fixed solely on the golden seal edging closer to the space portal and the Spiritual Energy flowing in their hands.

The sacrifices of their comrades were seen and remembered, and now only giving their all to complete the seal could truly honor the lives lost.

At the moment the golden seal touched the space portal, a powerful suppressive force surged outward.

The irregular edges of the space portal began to shrink slowly, and the faint purple spatial arcs dimmed significantly.

"It worked!" A warrior couldn't help but cheer, his eyes filled with hope.

Both Dongfang Yu and Qin Tian breathed a sigh of relief simultaneously; as long as they maintained this momentum, the seal would soon be completed, just like in the previous seal battles.

This sealing method was quick, but required more manpower and tested the seal teams' coordination greatly.

Fortunately, every member of the seal team had undergone hundreds of exercises and simulations, some had even experienced multiple real battles, under their control, the sealing proceeded very smoothly.

However, just as everyone thought victory was assured, a terrifying aura suddenly erupted from the depths of the space portal. It seemed like a giant beast awakened from eons of slumber, bursting forth with the power to destroy everything.

"Crack——"

The surface of the golden seal was instantly covered with cracks, the once heavy pressure receding like the tide.

Chapter 434: Dark Necromancy, Seal Failure (Part 3)

Next, a crisp shattering sound rang out, and the golden seal, formed by the power of 120 people, broke apart, turning into countless golden light points dissolving in the air.

"Pu——"

All 120 members of the sealing team simultaneously spat out a mouthful of blood, their faces turning as pale as paper, while the Spiritual Energy within them dissipated like a kite with a broken string.

At this moment, everyone shuddered, and their hearts sank to the bottom.

The hope that had just been ignited was extinguished like a candle in a fierce wind, disappearing instantly without a trace.

The warriors looked at the shattered golden seal and the blood-spitting sealing team, their eyes filled with horror and despair.

Not only was the space portal not sealed, but under the influence of that terrifying aura, it became even more unstable, with the distortion around the edges far exceeding before, releasing more terrifying power.

The demons seemed to sense the sadness and despair of humans, becoming even more violent, breaking through the restraint of the Azure Wood tendrils, surging towards the vicinity of the space portal with deafening roars.

Dongfang Yu looked at the shattered golden seal, his eyes full of unwillingness. He opened his mouth, but could not utter a word.

Qin Tian also furrowed his brow. The aura emanating from deep within the space portal was so abrupt, yet carried a faintly familiar force.

The battle seemed to have reached a dead end.

The demons were like hungry wolves sniffing the scent of prey on the brink of death, growing more savage and excited. They roared, stepping over their companions' corpses, frantically assaulting the already precarious Azure Wood tendril barrier.

The originally resilient tendrils groaned under the demons' sharp claws and impacts, with cracks spreading continuously.

"Crack—"

A crisp sound as the Azure Wood tendril barrier was finally torn open, creating a massive gap. Countless demons surged out from the gap like a breached flood, rushing towards the vicinity of the space portal.

The United Army's morale had plummeted to the bottom the moment the golden seal shattered. The warriors looked at the continuously surging demons, their eyes full of despair.

Some warriors, the hands gripping their weapons began to tremble, while others stood dazed as if they had lost their souls.

"Kill them!" An old soldier roared, waving his Battle Sword and rushing forward, trying to stop the demons' advance. But just a few steps out, he was pounced on and knocked to the ground by several ghouls, his screams instantly drowned out by the demons' roars.

The tide of battle was gradually turning in favor of the demons.

The demons wantonly reaped human lives. Wherever the bone dragon's breath passed, swaths of warriors turned to ash; the lich mage's curses landed on the warriors, their bodies rapidly rotting as they

fell to the ground, wailing in pain; the undead knight's war spear swung, taking multiple lives with every drop.

Every moment, warriors were falling, their corpses piling up like mountains. Some warriors had their chests torn open by demon claws, staining the ground with blood; some had their blood drained by night demons, leaving shriveled corpses; some warriors, to cover their teammates' retreat, detonated the Spiritual Energy Bombs on their bodies, perishing with a group of demons, leaving behind only a blood-smearred ruin.

"Young Master Yu, retreat!"

Lan Qiancheng staggered over to Dongfang Yu's side, the bloodstains on his face mixing with sweat as it trickled down, his voice low as if squeezed from his throat. A deep wound split the battle armor on his chest, exposing bone, with the glow of his Golden Bloodline dimming noticeably.

Dongfang Yu took a deep breath, his chest heaving violently. He looked at the warriors continuously falling near the space portal, his eyes filled with intense unwillingness.

If they retreated now, it would mean handing this portal over to the demons—what terrifying calamity would the Azure Wood Star Realm face by then?

Could the outer fleet of the Demon Suppression Abyss hold on? How many more warriors would fall under the demons' claws?

"Young Master Yu, retreat!" Lan Qiancheng grabbed his arm fiercely, his knuckles turning white from the force, "The sealing team is critically injured, staying here is just a pointless death! I believe forces from the other war zones are coming, and once they gather the strength of the ten war zones, they will surely seal this place!"

Dongfang Yu closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, the struggle was replaced by resoluteness. He knew Lan Qiancheng was right, regardless of the unwillingness, this battle had already lost its chance of victory.

"Retreat—"

This word was almost squeezed out through gritted teeth.

However, before the order to retreat could spread throughout the army, an even more terrifying force erupted from the space portal. That force was like an awakening ancient giant beast, instantly tearing the already irregular rift wider, with the chaotic spatial currents at the edges raging like a tsunami, shredding even the air into pieces.

The demons, seeing this, became even more frenzied, seemingly drawn by an invisible force, surging headlong towards the portal, the sharp sound of claws and bone wings clashing, and the dull smashing sounds of low-level demons being crushed filled the air.

Dongfang Yu's face turned pale as paper in an instant. Such a gigantic space portal, with tens of thousands of demons pouring in every second, by the time reinforcements from other war zones arrived, the entire Dark Demon Realm's forces could flood through the portal into the Azure Wood Star Realm!

"This power..." Qin Tian looked up towards the depths of the portal, his brows furrowed tightly.

That power was so abruptly eerie, yet carried a hint of unnerving familiarity.

At this moment, the unistone necklace on his chest suddenly emitted a gentle white light, followed by an angry and low voice booming directly in his mind:

"Void... enemy!"

Chapter 435: Void of Dushi Town

"Void... Enemy!"

In front of Qin Tian's chest, the black monolith embedded in his necklace suddenly trembled, broke free from the chain's bind, and transformed into a black rainbow shooting straight into the sky.

It swept over Qin Tian's head, carrying the sound of breaking wind, and headed directly into the violent space portal.

The next moment, the monolith erupted with a radiant light.

Red, orange, yellow, green, azure, blue, purple... The seven-colored light unfolded in the portal like tangible silk.

The stone, initially only the size of a marble, rapidly expanded, transforming in an instant into a towering mountain, its body flowing with radiant light, resembling a divine peak suppressing Hell, stably embedded in the space rift.

Next, a shocking scene took place—the previously violently twisted space portal calmed visibly to the naked eye.

The radiant light didn't shrink the rift forcefully like a sealing scroll, but instead, like scorching cement poured into a deep pit, seeped silently into the spatial void, gently yet firmly binding the torn edges together.

"What is... that?!" Lan Qiancheng exclaimed in disbelief, the despair in his eyes instantly replaced by sheer joy.

Dongfang Yu rapidly looked up, staring at that radiant mountain, his clenched fists slowly loosening, a look of delighted astonishment spreading across his face.

The warriors of the United Army also witnessed this scene, and their previously sinking morale, like ignited flames, soared to the peak. The hopeless gaze reignited with light, even their breath became rapid.

"Hold the portal! Don't let the demons near!"

Someone shouted this first, and immediately, deafening battle cries resounded across the battlefield.

All the battle groups swiftly shifted formations, like a wall of mountains, firmly blocking the space portal.

The Spiritualists of the Silver Bloodline exerted their full ability, driving their Spiritual Energy to the extreme; geniuses of the Golden Bloodline spared nothing, their Bloodline Power rising like flames, all kinds of hidden cards played out—some using clan's Spiritual Artifacts, some performing bloodline secret arts, some even consuming Elixirs that burn Life Force, their power multiplying instantly.

Dongfang Yu also no longer restrained himself, with a touch on his storage ring, a palm-sized wooden carving appeared in his hand.

The carving was entirely emerald green, as if carved from a chunk of top-quality jade, its surface etched with complex patterns flowing with a faint golden gleam, the Dongfang Family's advanced heritage Spiritual Artifact—the Thousand-Hand Demon Suppression Statue.

As the strength of the Holy Blood Azure Wood rushed in like roaring rivers, the wooden carving visibly expanded.

Initially just palm-sized, within moments it grew to several feet high, then several dozen, a hundred feet... finally transforming into a towering statue several hundred meters tall, resembling the Thousand-Hand Avalokitesvara from ancient myths, standing majestically on the land of the Dark Demon Realm.

The statue's thousands of palms varied in form, some grasping towering trees, some holding emerald spheres, some pinching sharp wooden spears, and every palm was covered in a layer of gold pattern, exuding a sacred and dominant aura. The statue's eyes were two massive green gemstones, gleaming with wisdom and majesty, seemingly able to perceive all world's evils.

Standing on the lotus platform atop the statue, Dongfang Yu's robes fluttered as his hands swiftly formed seals. With his motion, it was as if countless beings within the statue awakened, emitting a deafening humming.

The next moment, the Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue moved!

Thousands of palms descended like a cloud obscuring the sky, exerting a destroying force.

The palm grasping the massive tree swept across, a bone dragon over thirty meters long couldn't dodge in time, struck hard by the tree, its large body flew out like a kite with a broken string, the sound of bones shattering clearly audible on the battlefield, finally crashing heavily to the ground, breaking into a pile of scattered dry bones.

The palm pushing the sphere unleashed a radiant green light, forming a huge energy shockwave. Wherever the shockwave passed, dozens of witch mages shrieked in agony, their proud defense spells proved fragile as paper against the green light, bodies quickly disintegrating into countless tiny light dots, along with their bone wands turning to ashes.

The palm pinching the wooden spear, like a precise missile, shot towards the fleeing Tier Six demons. The spear sliced through the air with a piercing sound, instantly piercing the chest of a Tier Six Undead Knight. Unable to believe it, the knight glanced down at the spear in his chest, his body withering rapidly, finally dissipating as a wisp of black smoke in the air.

Even more astounding, the statue's palms could continuously spawn vines. These vines, like living giant pythons, emerged from the palms, quickly spreading out, wrapping and strangling groups of demons. Some vines grew sharp barbs, absorbing the demons' energy once embedded into their bodies, making themselves thicker and tougher.

Within just a few breaths, the Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue acted like a terrifying grinder, clearing the demons around the space portal completely. The once densely packed demon horde vanished, leaving only a vast vacant area, the ground littered with demon remains and dark green blood, the air filled with a strong scent of blood and the freshness of vegetation.

Such a shocking scene spurred the United Army's spirit to surge once again, the warriors roared loudly, their voices piercing through the gloom of the Dark Demon Realm, reaching the sky.

The initially exhausted bodies seemed injected with new energy, the hands gripping Weapons became firm and powerful again.

"Kill!"

The warriors shouted in excitement, stepping over companions' corpses, crossing over demons' remnants, their eyes burning with revenge and longing for victory.

At that moment, Qin Tian was also giving his all.

In the realm of darkness that was the demons' home turf, the rich Dark Elements flooded into his body like tides, making him seem like a perpetual motion machine.

[Dark Necromancy] was pushed to the extreme, the demon corpses piled on the battlefield rose as if receiving commands, rushing at their kind, then self-exploding at the critical moment.

The blasts of Dark Energy surged one after another, each explosion clearing large areas. The destruction he inflicted on demons was second only to Dongfang Yu's Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue.

The radiant light emitted by the monolith grew brighter and brighter, illuminating the dreary Dark Demon Realm like daylight, the seven-colored beams circulating through the clouds, resembling a heavenly rainbow bridge.

The space portal continued shrinking under the effect of the radiant light, the chaos on the portal's edge gradually calming, those demons attempting to rush through were either purified by the radiant light or blocked by the mountain formed by the monolith, unable to advance a step.

Time passed on, each second felt like an entire century.

When the last streak of radiant light merged into the portal's edge, the mountain formed by the monolith gradually sank, perfectly merging with the surrounding space.

Finally, at some moment—

The space portal vanished completely.

Only smooth void remained as if there had never been a rift before. The monolith's glow gradually gathered away, transforming back into a black stone, falling from mid-air and caught steadily by Qin Tian.

The battlefield fell into a sudden silence.

The demons lost their target, roaring in confusion, unable to find the portal's trace.

The warriors of the United Army stood stunned in place, staring at the empty void, taking long to react.

"It's done... We did it!"

Not knowing who first shouted in joy, then tsunami-like cheers echoed throughout the Dark Demon Realm.

Dongfang Yu looked towards where the portal had disappeared, breathed a long sigh of relief, his tense body finally relaxed, a tired but satisfied smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Lan Qiancheng walked to his side, patted his shoulder, and they exchanged smiles, speaking volumes without words.

Qin Tian tightened his grip on the monolith, feeling its faint yet warm pulses, also breathing a long sigh of relief.

This immensely fierce battle was finally concluding.

#### Chapter 436: Safe Retreat, Massive Explosion

The sealing of the space channel was declared a success, and the mission finally concluded. However, how to safely escape from the encirclement of tens of millions, even hundreds of millions of demons, remains a daunting challenge facing the United Army.

Dongfang Yu stood atop the Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue, his soul power like threads connecting to Qin Tian: "Qin Tian, the upcoming evacuation requires your full cooperation."

"Alright." Qin Tian's response was brief and resolute.

For the million-strong army to leave the Dark Demon Realm safely, their ultimate reliance was still his spatial teleportation ability.

The moment the space channel disappeared, the demons, losing the traction of the cosmos aura, were plunged into a frenzy.

The life aura emitted by millions of humans now became the most nerve-stimulating bait. They surged towards the United Army with even more frenzied aggression, the harsh sound of claws scratching black stone ground converging into a terrifying sound wave.

"Contract the formation! Eliminate the remaining enemies on the flanks!" Dongfang Yu's command was transmitted to the entire army via spiritual energy.

The United Army quickly consolidated the defensive line, systematically purging the low-level demons infiltrating the battle formation gaps.

At this moment, their goal was no longer to kill demons, nor to break out outward—demon nests were everywhere in the Dark Demon Realm, an impending doom no matter which direction they fled.

The only hope lay in Qin Tian's spatial teleportation.

The battle instantly entered a fever pitch.

Xiong gripped a giant axe the size of a door panel with both hands, its blade intertwined with blood-colored spiritual energy. Each swing tore through the air with a howl. He spun and slashed downward forcefully, smashing the heads of three ghouls, the ax cleaving the black stone ground, flinging debris mixed with dark green foul blood into the sky.

His broad shoulders were torn open with deep wounds by bone claws, blood flowing down the gashes, yet he seemed oblivious, merely letting out a low, guttural growl.

Seeing a bone-clawed demon climbing up the ancient wooden barrier, he hurled the giant axe, its handle smashing precisely into the demon's back skull, then strode forward to pull the weapon embedded in the stone ground and hacked the limp demon into mush, unleashing a thunderous roar from his chest.

Terreda wielded the Zhanshou saber in one hand, the blade reflecting an icy sheen amidst the demonic qi. The flame demon tattoo on his chest was scorching hot, as if it wanted to burn through his flesh and bones, the surging qi and blood pouring into the blade with every slash, trailing scarlet flames.

The shadow arrow shot by a Lich Mage crashed against the blade, instantly incinerated into ashes by the flames.

"Hold the breach! Buy the boss some time!"

He shouted in the barbarian tongue, spinning the saber into a fiery wheel, flames trailing the blade into long tongues of fire, severing a Tier Five demon in half and igniting surrounding low-level demons.

The Barbarian Army formed a flesh-and-blood barricade, their bare, tattooed torsos brimming with flame demon tattoos, facing demons head-on without spiritual energy, relying solely on steel bones and iron flesh. As their heavy hammers and giant axes swung, they bore the brute force of cracking stones, impacting the charging demons like a battering ram, forcing them back step by step.

A barbarian giant over two meters tall was simultaneously tackled by three night fiends, claws tearing his spine, fangs biting into his shoulder, yet he roared, embraced the most ferocious one, and slammed it hard into the ground, the wounds in his chest spewing hot blood foam.

Even with his throat pierced by claws, he used all his strength to smash the warhammer into another demon's skull. As the red glow of the tattoo extinguished in his eyes, it exploded in a final wave of scorching qi.

Further away, a young barbarian warrior had his entire left arm bitten off by a demon, his left side drenched in blood jetting from the wound, yet he clenched his giant axe with his remaining right hand, hacking open a ghoul's chest purely by force.

Another barbarian, blind in one eye, with a blood-soaked rag stuffed in the socket, relied on sound to pinpoint the demons, his warhammer accurately striking their joints with each hit.

Their wounds increased continuously, but their roars grew louder, pain only fueling their savagery.

Other battle formations were also fighting to the death.

The Spiritual Mage Army stood behind the formation, casting seals to conjure countless fireballs and ice spikes, raining down on the demon horde like meteors, the exploding energy ripples clearing vast sections; the martial artists formed a circular bastion, clad in heavy battle armor, wielding long knives and broad swords to slash nearby demons, the scratches on their armor growing denser, maintaining a tidy formation throughout.

A martial artist with a severed leg leaned against an ally, a short knife in one hand repeatedly stabbing demons squeezing through gaps, until exhaustion claimed him, his jaws clamped onto a ghoul's neck as he fell.

At that moment, a tsunami-like wave of spiritual energy erupted around Qin Tian.

Silver spatial ripples spread outward from him, followed by the sudden appearance of two vast Void Gates, hundreds of meters wide, at the center of the United Army formation, the stars within swirling, exuding a stable spatial aura.

"Retreat!" Dongfang Yu's shout boomed like a thunderclap.

The central battle group, prepped and ready, split into two teams, surging into the Void Gates like two torrents.

The Wind Element Mage Army released dozens of cyan wind belts again, lifting soldiers parallel into the two gates, maximizing the Gate of Space's carrying efficiency.

The battle formations entered in sequence, the United Army's lines contracting inward like a shrinking ring.

The demons grew increasingly frenzied, seemingly aware of the humans' intentions, attacking with reckless abandon.

#### Chapter 437: Safe Retreat, Cataclysmic Explosion (Part 2)

A shadowy dragon nearly a hundred meters long swooped down from the clouds, its dragon breath withering the wooden statue's vine barrier instantly; three death overseers wearing bone crowns tread through the black mist, with a wave of their death scythes, dozens of warriors were stripped of their lifeforce and turned into dried corpses; and a group of blade demons, resembling mantises, their forelimbs sharper than alloy battle sabers, carved deep marks into the wooden statue's trunk.

New demons surged endlessly from the darkness, while the forces of the united army steadily dwindled, fighting fewer against many, pressure akin to an ever-pressing boulder suffocated everyone.

Casualty numbers soared rapidly, with entire squads swallowed by demons, horrific screams echoed across the battlefield.

Qin Tian maintained two void gates, his face pale as paper, large beads of sweat sliding down his cheeks.

The energy consumption to sustain such massive spatial channels was unimaginable, even with Jie La continuously supplying energy, his spiritual energy was nearly exhausted.

The demons evidently perceived his importance, and several high tier demons broke through the defenses, charging straight at him.

Yet a human wall had already formed around Qin Tian — Lan Qiancheng and other Gold bloodline prodigies wielding divine weapons, their bloodline radiance burning like flames; over a dozen Silver bloodline experts forged a battle formation, spiritual energy weaving into an impenetrable protective net.

They used their bodies to construct the final barrier, even if demon claws tore open their flesh, they would keep the threat firmly outside.

Seeing this, Dongfang Yu unhesitatingly took a crimson-gold elixir from his storage ring, and swallowed it.

The power of Azure Wood Holy Blood raged inside him, like a river bursting its banks, pouring into the Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue.

The wooden statue soared suddenly skyward, expanding to mountain-like size, thousands of palms simultaneously slammed the ground, raising a vine tsunami.

These vines were covered with thorns, quickly rooting and sprouting once landed, swiftly growing into a thorn forest spanning a thousand meters, barring most demons.

A giant eye atop the statue shot two green beams, binding the shadowy dragon's wings in vines, purifying the death overseer's black mist thoroughly.

The battle formation advanced rapidly in retreat, numbers dwindling to just over twenty thousand in the end.

The void gate Qin Tian controlled also shrank, ultimately merging into one, his face pale as paper, lips devoid of color, yet there flashed a hint of relief in his eyes.

For him, fewer people meant easier retreat.

The last warriors formed a circular formation back to back, shielding the void gate with their bodies, awaiting the final evacuation moment.

The demons still crazily assaulted, unwilling to let them leave easily.

Dark spiritual energy surged into Qin Tian like a tide, Jie La on his wrist emitting lush green light, continuously replenishing his consumed energy.

Qin Tian took a deep breath, his soul connected with Dongfang Yu: "Leave the rest to me."

Previously, he had to control energy consumption to reserve enough power to maintain the space gates, but now, he could finally unleash his full might without reservation.

To know, in this dark demon realm, he was the true emperor.

As soon as he finished speaking, a pressure erupted from Qin Tian many times stronger than before, as if a dark emperor descended upon the world.

The surrounding demons instantly felt a fear from the depths of their souls, their energy operation hindered, the charging momentum abruptly halted.

Next, Qin Tian opened his arms, the Demon King Domain unfolded with a boom.

Within a hundred-kilometer range, the already pitch-black world became an abyss — dark elements condensed into viscous ink-like fluid, flowing slowly on the ground; the night sky solidified into a canopy, isolating this space entirely from the outside world.

In the realm, Qin Tian's all attributes surged, black-gold Demon King's wings slowly fanned on his back, exuding suffocating majesty.

Those demons covered by the domain appeared stuck in a quagmire, their demonic qi and energy consumed by dark elements frantically, vanishing swiftly like snow meeting fire.

Low level demons' skins even began to ulcerate, the "Night Emperor's Pressure" brought mental shock causing countless weak-willed demons to crumple directly, trembling on the ground.

Even demons accustomed to traversing darkness lost their sighting ability in this absolute darkness, facing nothing but endless void.

In an instant, the demon horde fell into unprecedented chaos, with roars and collisions echoing one after another.

Amidst the darkness, Qin Tian's figure flitted like a ghost.

With a mere thought, the shadows around him began to condense into various weapons: countless pitch-black chains burst from the ground like living giant serpents, precisely piercing the skulls of hundreds of demons, nailing them to the ground; dense shadowy arrows shot towards the demons like torrential rain, with sharp whistling sounds, instantly turning swathes of demons into sieves; countless razor-sharp blades spun rapidly in the darkness, forming deathly meat grinders that shredded any demon that dared to come close.

In this Dark Domain, Qin Tian could freely wield the shadows, transforming them into weapons of any form, wantonly harvesting the lives of demons.

The demons couldn't see their enemy, their ears filled with the roars and screams of their companions, scattering like headless flies.

In the ensuing chaos, they began to trample and slaughter each other, unable to distinguish friend from foe, creating a scene of utter disarray.

At this moment, dozens of small Gates of Space quietly opened beneath the feet of the remaining over twenty thousand warriors. The warriors fell as if they had plummeted into an abyss, vanishing instantly one by one.

In the end, only Qin Tian remained on the battlefield.

He hovered in mid-air, overlooking the chaotic demon horde in the domain, a cold smile playing on his lips.

Next, let me serve you my explosive feast.

From his storage space, he retrieved all the explosives he had prepared before entering the Demon Suppression Abyss—a thousand iron spheres, each with a diameter of 10 meters, filled with hyper-charged explosive energy, their iron surfaces glowing crimson.

Under the control of his Soul Power, the iron spheres scattered like flowers from a goddess, landing precisely in the densest areas of demons.

After accomplishing this, Qin Tian stepped into the Gate of Space behind him.

A second after the Gate of Space closed, the first iron sphere detonated.

"Boom—!"

The first explosion was like thunder from a clear sky, instantly illuminating the entire Dark Domain.

The terrifying energy shockwaves spread outward, vaporizing demons instantly, ripping massive chasms in the earth.

Immediately, the powerful energy shock triggered adjacent energy-laden iron spheres, rapidly setting off a chain reaction.

The second wave of explosions expanded several times in scope on top of the first, with even greater destructive power, shattering the surrounding obsidian earth and creating a massive crater.

The third wave, fourth wave... the explosions snowballed in scale, with both the scope of destruction and level of power continuously escalating, forming a breathtaking storm of explosions.

Each explosion was accompanied by dazzling light and devastating shockwaves, the radiance of the explosions completely dispelling the darkness, even scattering the Demonic Qi from the sky.

The energy flows generated by the explosions swept across the battlefield like a tsunami, hurling countless demons into the air, where they were torn apart by searing energy or had their skeletons shattered by shockwaves, crashing back to earth as mangled heaps of flesh.

When the aftershocks of the last explosion faded, the once-bustling battlefield fell into a dead silence.

A gigantic crater, dozens of kilometers in diameter, appeared on the ground, filled with charred remnants and molten rock, the air thick with the pungent smell of smoke and lingering energetic residue.

In the depths of the crater, scarcely any living demons could be seen. Occasionally, faint moans emerged from beneath charred remains, and only by sifting through layers of flesh and rubble could a few barely breathing demons be found.

Outside the crater, countless demons gathered at the edge, hesitant to advance.

They gazed at the massive crater that had consumed countless of their comrades, trembling uncontrollably at the lingering horrific energy ripples in the air.

Whether low-tier ghouls, skeleton soldiers, or high-tier lich mages and undead knights, the drive to charge in frenzy had vanished without a trace, replaced by the dread of death.

They had witnessed the cataclysmic explosion, watched as countless companions were reduced to ash in the energy flows, and that profound shock and terror from their very souls prevented them from taking another step forward.

## Chapter 438: Turning Point, War's End

### Dark Demon Realm

Millions of troops assembled into dense formations, the warriors still clad in blood-stained battle armor, clutching their worn weapons in their hands. A semi-circular formation of Spiritualists in the medical team spread out, their pale green healing light rippling out like a tide, covering a vast area. This was the most basic large-scale healing technique, unable to completely heal wounds, yet barely able to keep severely injured warriors alive.

The blood holes at the stumps of severed arms were temporarily sealed by Spiritual Energy, warriors with damaged internal organs were gently lifted by the soft light, their suppressed groans of pain lowly echoing amidst the hum of flowing Spiritual Energy in this dim space.

Despite the many wounded, everyone's faces brimmed with relief at having survived, their eyes sparkling with the joy of escaping death.

The brutal memories of the battle to seal the space portal still lingered in their minds—the sky-covering giant hands of the Thousand-Hand Wooden Statue, the viciousness and brutality of the demons, the fearless valiance of their comrades—all now transformed into a searing warmth within their chests.

They stood silently in place, collectively looking up at the deep sky, as if bound by some unspoken agreement.

Suddenly, a ripple of space appeared mid-air, like a stone thrown into still water, spreading layers of light waves. Following this, a figure stepped out from the slowly opening Gate of Space, with the Demon King's Wings with dark golden veins gently flapping behind, stirring a breeze that touched the hair of the soldiers below.

The battle armor on him was still smeared with drying dark blood, with a Black Frost Blade slung at his waist, and a faint smile at his lips, as if he was reveling in something.

"Captain Qin Tian!"

A voice called out, and the next moment, the scene erupted in thunderous applause and cheers, deafening shouts rolling like thunder across the open field.

"Qin Tian!" "Qin Tian!" The shouts rose and fell, eventually merging into a unified wave.

Some warriors with severed arms struggled to stand straight, desperately waving their arms; some injured mages tremulously waved their magic staffs, smiles on their faces; even the severely injured being lifted by Spiritual Energy managed to lift their heads, eyes gleaming with admiration.

Everyone knew how hard-won this victory was.

The greatest hero in this was indisputably Qin Tian.

Without Qin Tian's space teleportation, they wouldn't have been able to traverse several Demon Realms from the Infernal Demon Sea in just an hour, reaching the Dark Demon Realm before the demons' massive invasion of the Cosmos.

Without Qin Tian's treasure sealing, at the moment when the sealing scroll shattered, the entire battle would have collapsed, with the space portal expanding ever more under the nourishment of Demonic Qi.

Without Qin Tian's final Gate of Space, millions of the United Army would have been hopelessly trapped in the demon's encirclement, unable to break free.

From charging into battle to desperate counterattacks, from sealing the portals to full retreat, Qin Tian single-handedly altered the course of the battle.

At this moment, everyone was gazing at the figure high in the sky, their eyes filled with nothing but admiration and awe—not only was this overwhelming strength, but also the courage to turn the tide in a desperate situation.

Dongfang Yu stood at the front of the crowd, the blood stains on his green robe particularly clear in the faint glow of Spiritual Energy. He looked at Qin Tian, surrounded by cheers in the sky, his eyes devoid of jealousy, instead carrying a hint of admiration and a smile.

Qin Tian felt the fervent gaze from below, the smile on his face deepening. He said no more, simply raised his hand, opening another wide Gate of Space behind him.

"Comrades, it's time for us...to go home."

Hearing the words "go home," the warriors' visions blurred momentarily, their hearts flooded with countless emotions. The days in the Demon Suppression Abyss were like a long and cruel nightmare.

Many times, they watched helplessly as companions beside them fell, unable to reach out in time.

Some warriors recalled a new recruit who always followed behind them, chattering non-stop when they first entered the Demon Suppression Abyss, now long laid to rest in some unknown corner; some warriors touched the military medals on their chests, stained not only with their own sweat and blood, but also the warmth of brothers fighting side by side.

In the hardest moments, many didn't dare to hope to leave alive, only wished to slay one more demon, to win a breath of respite for the homeland behind them.

And now, with the successful sealing of the space portal, the mission was fully complete. They could return with their hard-earned military honors to the home they longed for day and night.

Waiting there were their families, the warm lights, and the peace far from the flames of war.

"Home! Home!" Someone shouted these words first, and soon, more and more joined in, their shouts converging into a torrent, filled with excitement and joy.

The medical team hastily maintained the healing glow, escorting the severely injured to step through the Gate of Space first.

Though those severely injured moved with difficulty, their faces brimmed with happy smiles, their eyes sparkling with yearning for home.

...

In the starry sky outside the Demon Suppression Abyss, a fierce battle was raging.

The steel torrent formed by the Royal Fleet collided with the demon hordes, with energy beams intertwining like torrential rain, illuminating the dark space as if it were daylight.

Countless demon carcasses and wreckage of warships floated in the starry sky, some still burning with ghostly blue flames, others frozen into gigantic ice crystals.

The bow of a main battleship was punctured by a Tier Seven demon, creating a massive breach. The alarms were deafening, yet the commander on the bridge calmly issued counterattack orders.

After several hours of hard-fought battle, the fleet finally gradually regained the initiative.

Each ship reorganized into the prearranged formation, like a tightening giant net, dividing and encircling the demon hordes.

The external sealing team members took advantage of this gap, fully activating the sealing array under the cover of dozens of escort battleships, attempting to block the space passages of the second and third layers of the Demon Abyss.

Around the array, dozens of masters from the Dongfang Clan, clad in blue battle armor, formed a defensive formation, slaying approaching high-tier demons one by one.

However, the situation on the battlefield remained grim.

The Empire had many experts, but the number of demons was even more terrifying, continuously pouring out from the passages, entangling the strong and keeping them occupied. What's more troublesome were those constantly splitting space rifts, like random traps, suddenly spitting out dark demons, either ambushing warships or tearing apart defensive formations, frequently disrupting the fleet's deployment.

Inside the command ship, Dongfang Yue stared at the holo-map covered with dense red dots, his brow furrowed tightly.

On the map, three stable space passages were being gradually suppressed by the sealing array. Based on past experiences, as long as the sealing power was continuously applied, they could eventually be completely blocked.

But those newly appearing space passages were like persistent maladies, not only extremely unstable but also continuously splitting into more tiny rifts, with the number of rifts continuously increasing.

"General, the left flank's defense line has been breached by demons rushing out of the rift!" The communication officer's voice was filled with urgency, "The third squadron requests reinforcements!"

Dongfang Yue slammed a heavy fist onto the command console, saying in a deep voice, "Send in the reserves! Tell them to hold the line at all costs!"

He knew very well that if these rifts were allowed to keep splitting, no matter how many times the fleet's numbers multiplied, they would eventually be overwhelmed by the endless demons.

But for the moment, he couldn't think of any way to solve this problem.

Just then, the red dots representing the space rifts on the star map suddenly flashed violently.

The originally expanding rifts began to fluctuate irregularly, with the edges rippling with twisted space waves as if an invisible giant hand were violently tearing them apart.

Some demons trying to crawl out of the rifts were instantly torn into countless pieces before fully emerging, their dark green blood spreading in the starry sky.

Then, before the shocked eyes of all crew members, the troublesome space rifts vanished as if ice and snow melting away.

Some rifts turned into scattered starlight amidst intense spatial fluctuations, while others directly collapsed into a singularity, then were completely annihilated.

"The rifts... disappeared?" The communication officer's eyes widened, hardly believing the data on the command panel.

A dead silence fell over the main command ship, which was soon followed by an earth-shaking cheer.

"Good! Excellent!"

Dongfang Yue's tense nerves finally relaxed, he exhaled a deep breath, and looked at the star map area with only three stable red dots remaining, his eyes rekindling with the flames of victory.

As long as the constantly splitting rifts were dealt with, it was only a matter of time for the Royal Fleet to seal the remaining three space passages.

In space, the morale of the Empire's fleet soared, and the attacks became more intense.

Energy beams poured down on the demons like floodwaters breaking a dam, and the light of the sealing group's array grew even more magnificent.

The scales of victory finally began to tip in favor of humanity.

Chapter 439: Networking Expansion, End of War

The gate of space thundered open at the Infernal Demon Sea.

Warriors of the United Army marched out in magnificent order, their feet stepping onto the scorching black stone ground, the familiar intense heat rushing towards them.

This land, once a battlefield where they fought with blood and sweat, now seemed like a warm harbor.

The tense nerves of the warriors instantly relaxed; some took off their heavy armor, letting the scorching air bake their weary bodies; some collapsed directly on the ground, sprawling with limbs spread wide on the hot rocks, even their breathing carried the laziness of survivors; others looked at the distant roiling lava river with smiles unconsciously rising at their lips—being alive was good.

After the hellish slaughter in the Dark Demon Realm, wounded soldiers could be seen everywhere in the ranks.

Warriors with severed limbs leaned against their companions' shoulders, the hands covering their wounds soaked in blood; soldiers scorched by Shadow Energy had charred skin, occasionally letting out painful groans.

The medical corps and healing Spiritualists immediately sprang into action, the healing radiance flowing among the crowd like early spring rain nourishing dry land.

After Qin Tian recovered part of his Spiritual Energy, he quickly joined the ranks of rescuers.

Thinking back to the fierce battle a moment ago, he couldn't help but feel a bit regretful.

At that time, he had to manipulate shadow to massacre demons and maintain the "Eternal Night Dominator" to suppress the entire field, making it difficult to protect his warriors as he had before.

The casualties in the Chijin Battlegroup reached their peak since its formation: 13 members of the Barbarian Army were sacrificed, 47 were seriously injured; the casualty numbers in other battalions were equally heartbreaking.

Moreover, due to his special nature, the United Army took particular care of the Chijin Battlegroup, positioning them closer to the center of the United Army's formations, otherwise, the casualties might have multiplied.

Wherever the green light shone, hideous wounds healed swiftly, fresh buds grew at places of severed limbs, and the socket dug out by claws showed a fleshy hue.

While treating the injured, Qin Tian glanced across the various medical points, his gaze finally resting on Dongfang Yu.

As the most renowned healing Holy Blood within the Empire, Dongfang Yu's Power of Qingmu was now blooming with dazzling brilliance.

He sat cross-legged in the center of the clearing, a sacred green aura swirling around him, that glow flowing as if alive, working miracles wherever it passed.

A warrior with a severed arm was brushed by the green light, and from the wound sprouted green buds, which in a blink of an eye transformed into a perfectly intact arm, its fingernails' patterns clearly visible;

soldiers eroded by the lich's curse had their black tendrils on the skin retreat swiftly in the Azure Wood Light, their pale cheeks regaining a rosy hue; even a dying old soldier, enveloped by the aura, suddenly opened his eyes, coughed up a mouthful of black clotted blood, and could surprisingly prop himself up slowly.

This power not only healed injuries but also had an invigorating effect.

Uninjured warriors basking in the green glow felt the fatigue accumulated over days retreating like the tide, their once-heavy bodies feeling light, and their eyes regaining their luster, as if they had just slept a peaceful sleep.

Dongfang Yu sat among them, his eyes slightly closed, the blue runes on his forehead flickering intermittently.

His breaths perfectly synchronized with the pulse of the Azure Wood Light, each inhalation and exhalation awakening more Life Energy from deep within the earth to channel into the injured.

He was like a sacred tree rooted in the Infernal Demon Sea, nurturing every person in the vicinity with a continuous outpouring of life force.

"Truly worthy of the Qingmu Holy Blood."

Qin Tian marveled silently, recognizing that compared to him as the Sovereign of the Verdant Wilds, the healing ability of the Qingmu Holy Blood was at least two levels superior; if Dongfang Yu hadn't expended so much in the earlier battle, he might have healed the entire United Army single-handedly.

The treatment of the wounded continued for a period, and when all the injured had recovered, the United Army rested where they stood, harboring a tense and expectant mood, awaiting news from other battle zones.

"Captain Qin Tian."

A clear voice came from behind, and as Qin Tian turned around, he saw Dongfang Yu quickly walking towards the Chijin Battlegroup.

Initially, he was accompanied by a dozen Golden Level geniuses, and when everyone realized his target was the Chijin Battlegroup, many battlegroup captains started moving their steps, converging in his direction, forming an informal small circle by the magma riverbank.

"Captain Dongfang."

Qin Tian went forward to greet him.

A warm smile spread across Dongfang Yu's face: "Captain Qin Tian, thank you for your hard work in the last battle. Without you, this mission wouldn't have been completed smoothly, and it would have been challenging for all of us to leave the Dark Demon Realm."

Standing before Qin Tian, the wrinkles on his azure robe yet to be smoothed out, he exuded a gentle and refined demeanor similar to that of Qin Tian's friend Dongfang Mingyu. Yet, the composed and dignified manner of direct Holy Blood lineage, along with the calm and commanding aura he displayed in fierce battles, was something the side-branch Dongfang Mingyu lacked.

Qin Tian said earnestly, "The successful completion of this mission was a result of everyone working together with one heart. Like everyone else, I merely did what I could. Even without me, the Military Department's assembling of forces from multiple battle zones would ultimately seal that passage."

His tone was modest, but everyone present was well aware.

Everyone understood that if the fight in the Dark Demon Realm had not been swiftly resolved, allowing the spatial passage to continue expanding, countless demons would have surged out of the Demon Abyss.

By that time, even if the passage was ultimately sealed, the cost would inevitably be a hundred or even a thousand times greater than it was now.

## Chapter 440: Networking Expansion, War's End (Part 2)

"Qin Tian, I usually don't like to speak empty words." Lan Qiancheng suddenly took a step forward, directly extending his hand towards Qin Tian, "You saved my life and the lives of my brothers. From now on, you're my friend, Lan Qiancheng's friend. I just wonder if you're willing to accept me as a friend?"

"Of course." Qin Tian clasped his hand, feeling the surging qi and blood in the other's palm, "Brother Lan, please guide me in the future."

"Haha, I like straightforward people!" Lan Qiancheng laughed heartily, "Once we're out of the Demon Suppression Abyss, we must find a place to drink to our hearts' content!"

The surrounding people were amused by his straightforwardness, and the previously somewhat reserved atmosphere instantly became lively.

Golden level geniuses and battlegroup leaders stepped forward to introduce themselves.

"Brother Qin, I'm He Xiang of the Huanglong Battlegroup," a robust man dressed in scale armor clasped his fists in greeting.

"Karlos of the Black Water Battlegroup." A man with a Western face smiled and said,

"I am..."

Qin Tian greeted everyone in turn, memorizing each person's name and face in his heart.

He had long been familiar with the genealogy of the golden and Silver Clans of the Azure Wood Star Realm, often able to roughly guess the force behind a person's name when they introduced themselves.

Unlike the still-growing juniors in the Qingmu Genius Battle, these battlegroup leaders before him were the backbone of each family and force, already entrusted with important responsibilities.

Not only were they top-tier Tier Six experts, but they could also lead troops into battle and take charge on their own. Having undergone the tempering of this bloody battle, their future achievements would surely be immeasurable.

Unknowingly, Qin Tian's network quietly expanded further, but this was not the result of deliberate cultivation, rather a natural attraction brought about by his strength.

This is true of networking in any field. Often, what you need to do is not attend various gatherings, exhausting your mind to expand your network, but enhance yourself as much as possible, showcasing your abilities and value.

When your own brilliance is bright enough, a gentle breeze will naturally come.

Dongfang Yu stepped back a few steps with a smile, silently making room for Qin Tian.

He looked at Qin Tian surrounded by people, a hint of appreciation flashing in his eyes. Although he had long since been tempted to recruit him, he knew that for a hero like Qin Tian, ordinary temptations of riches and rank would not work.

He had to proceed slowly, starting with forming a friendship, demonstrating his strength and sincerity in their interactions, and then finding a point of mutual interest, so he could truly bring this sharp blade into his own faction.

Buzz——

At this moment, the communication stone at Dongfang Yu's waist suddenly emitted a slight vibration, and a faint azure glow flowed across the surface of the stone.

He raised his hand to hold the communication stone, injecting a trace of Spiritual Energy into it. In the next moment, a steady voice laced with laughter sounded in his palm:

"Xiao Yu, all the space channels of the Demon Suppression Abyss have been completely sealed. You can send the notification down."

"What?!" Dongfang Yu's body shook violently, his eyes bursting with unbelievable joy. His face, which still carried a composed smile just moments ago, now blushed with excitement.

Those nearby, like Lan Qiancheng and others, were so close that they heard the content from the communication stone. They were momentarily stunned, then erupted in deafening cheers: "All the space channels have been sealed? We've won!"

"We've won! We really won!"

The news exploded like sparks cast into boiling oil, rapidly igniting throughout the crowd.

Dongfang Yu took a deep breath, suppressing the excitement in his heart, and loudly announced, "Everyone, I just received orders from the higher-ups—the space channels of the Demon Suppression Abyss have all been completely sealed!"

As soon as the words fell, the entire Infernal Demon Sea seemed to quiet for a moment.

The next second, an overwhelming cheer erupted, sweeping over the entire land like a torrent bursting through a dam of magma.

"We won! We've held!"

"We achieved victory!"

The shouts of millions coalesced into a flood, shaking even the air, and it seemed that the distant churning lava was stirred by this wave, forming even higher surges.

The warriors shouted in excitement, some tossing their armor into the air, the crisp sound of metal clashing intertwining with the cheering; some pulled their comrades close, embracing in excitement; others looked towards the Dark Demon Realm, offering a standard military salute to the brothers eternally remaining in the dark, tears silently streaming from reddened eyes.

Standing in the center of the crowd, Qin Tian felt the surrounding wave of joy surging towards him, his face breaking into a relaxed smile.

The arduous battle that had lasted for months finally ended in victory.

Lan Qiancheng patted his shoulder, laughing and shouting, "Qin Tian, the mission is over. Once we're out, you can't escape this victory drink!"

"I'll definitely accompany you," Qin Tian responded with a smile and nodded.

The red glow of the lava reflected on everyone's faces, tinting their smiles and tears with a warm golden hue.

Though the high temperatures of the Infernal Demon Sea still scorched, at this moment, everyone's hearts surged with a warmth hotter than the lava—that was the temperature of victory, the burning joy of being able to protect their homeland.

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The space channels of the Demon Suppression Abyss only open once every decade or so.

This also means that in the interim, most forces can withdraw from the Demon Suppression Abyss, leaving only regular troops stationed at the three layers of the abyss, focusing on destroying gaps of Demonic Qi and Demon Sources.

Qin Tian's Chijin Battlegroup was also on the list of personnel to withdraw.

"Boss, we can go home now?"

The voice of the Poisonous Widow carried an incredulous cheer, her bewitching peach blossom eyes opening slightly wider, the red blush at the corners of her eyes accentuated with excitement, making her appear even more brightly beautiful.