

## **Battlefield 481**

### Chapter 481: Seventh-Tier Assassins, Qin Tian Appears (Part 3)

Dongfang Mingyue looked at the familiar figure in front of her; the taut strings of her heart finally eased a little, and she shook her head instinctively: "I'm fine."

Qin Tian nodded slightly, and after confirming that Dongfang Mingyue was unharmed, his gaze instantly turned to the man in white ahead, as well as the ripple-like barrier surrounding them. A barely noticeable seriousness flickered in his eyes.

Regarding the barrier, it was also his first encounter with it.

From the moment Dongfang Mingyue's flying device left the venue, he quietly followed until the device skimmed over a secluded street. It was then that he keenly sensed something amiss.

In a hundred-meter radius, centering on the flying device, there wasn't any sign of life. Even the shops and streetlights seemed to emit a false sense of stagnation along the sides, as though they had entered a meticulously woven illusionary formation.

What heightened his alertness more was the presence of an invisible barrier enveloping the entire area. Even as he attempted to traverse with his spatial ability, he could feel resistance emanating from the depths of the barrier, clearly indicating that this was no ordinary barrier.

He realized then that the opposing force was premeditated; it was already too late to forcibly break through with Dongfang Mingyue.

During the bodyguards' skirmish with the killers in black attire, he did not hastily reveal himself—not out of indifference, but because his perception had long captured several concealed auras beyond the obvious killers. The most dangerous among them was the man in white ahead.

He was waiting, waiting for all hidden enemies to surface, and searching for the best moment to strike.

"Ha, ignoring me, you're interesting indeed."

Faced with Qin Tian's disregard, the man in white tilted his lips into a smile of interest, his eyes examining Qin Tian like a curious novelty: "But it doesn't matter—"

He shifted his tone, calling out into the gray fog: "You all need not hide anymore, come forth and finish off the rest. I'm still waiting to report back."

Before his voice could finish echoing, the fog churned, and three distinct figures slowly emerged, surrounding the bodyguards and Dongfang Mingyue once more.

On the far left was a burly man as robust as a black tower, standing nearly three meters tall. His arms were thicker than most people's thighs, covered with hideous scars, and when his mouth stretched, it revealed two rows of yellowed teeth, eyes full of a cruel smile. Each step seemed to make the ground lightly tremble.

In the center was a withered old man, standing less than a meter and a half tall, hunched like a dead tree. His skin was wrinkled like old bark, and his arms hung weakly at his sides, while his fingernails gleamed with a gloomy blue hue, half a foot long and as sharp as blades, perpetually surrounded by a nauseatingly cold atmosphere, as if he had just clawed out from a tomb.

On the far right appeared to be a handsome young man in a gray robe, his fair complexion exuding an unhealthy pallor. Especially those eyes, with pupils of dark red, akin to bloodstained, while looking at people, carried a non-human chill that sent shivers down the spine.

What further sank hearts was that the aura of all three had reached peak Tier Six, just a step away from Tier Seven!

The bodyguards' expressions changed dramatically; the hope ignited by Qin Tian's arrival was instantly extinguished by these three new appearances—struggling against ten Tier Six killers was exhausting enough. Now, adding three peak Tier Six, plus one white-clad man of unfathomable Tier Seven strength, their chances were nonexistent.

Dongfang Mingyue looked at the three figures emitting terrifying auras and turned pale instantly. The bodyguards tensed their bodies, with despair even appearing in some of their eyes.

Just then, a calm voice suddenly rang out: "Leave them to me."

Everyone's bodies shuddered and immediately turned to follow the sound.

Only to see Qin Tian looking calmly at the opposite side, as the vine bracelet on his wrist abruptly twisted vehemently, growing frantically at a visible pace. Verdant vines, like a waking giant serpent, coiled up his arm and then fiercely plunged towards the ground!

In the next second, the sound of "swish, swish" resonated endlessly, as hundreds of emerald vines broke through the earth; some condensed into sharp half-meter-long thorns, others entwined into thick vine whips, tightly interlacing before Qin Tian, forming an indestructible vine wall.

No sooner had everyone recovered from the sudden appearance of the vines than a dense black mist burst from Qin Tian's chest, swirling like a living entity, swiftly coalescing into a vague soul body.

The soul body grew clearer, transforming into a figure draped in a black cloak, wielding a gloomy blue scythe.

As soon as it appeared, a piercing deathly aura surrounded it, and with a gentle swipe of the scythe, the temperature around abruptly dropped, even suppressing the cold aura enveloping the old man a bit.

Following this, a dazzling white light flashed around Qin Tian, accompanied by a sharp insect-like screech. A figure covered entirely in a dark purple shell, bearing giant scythe-like forelimbs, suddenly landed, its void-like aura quietly spreading—it was Kazik!

Upon landing, it emitted a heavy sound, with its sharp forelimbs carving two deep grooves into the ground, its compound eyes fixed on the burly man, emanating a bloodthirsty ferocity, tightening the man's muscles instinctively.

The power of three spirit beasts erupted simultaneously, the emerald vines, gloomy blue soul body, and void oppression, interweaving into a ferocious assault toward the enemies ahead!

In an instant, the faces of the burly man, old man, and young man changed, and even the face of the man in white revealed a touch of astonishment and doubt.

Dongfang Mingyue's eyes widened, with a trace of color finally returning to her pale face, and the flame of hope rekindled in her despairing eyes.

Xiao Yu tightly covered her mouth, tears suddenly welled up, not out of fear, but excitement.

The bodyguards were stunned too, then their eyes erupted with radiant ecstasy.

Chapter 482: Stalemate on the Battlefield

"A Summoner of Spirit Beasts, things are becoming more and more interesting."

The man in white looked at the three spirit beasts opposite him, the corners of his mouth slightly lifted, and then he waved his hand.

"Go!"

As soon as he spoke, three peak tier six powerhouses launched attacks simultaneously. The burly man charged first towards Jie La, his footsteps making dull thuds as he strode forward. Earth spiritual energy surged around him, and his skin was quickly covered in a layer of gray-brown rock armor. His figure rose to nearly five meters, turning him into a genuine "Stone Man." When he swung his giant fist, it cut through the air with a whistling sound, crashing straight into the vine wall in front of him.

"Bang!"

The rock fist collided with the vine wall, causing the lush green vines to bend and deform instantly but not break — Jie La's vines were renowned for their toughness. At this moment, they used the force of the impact like a tide, swiftly winding up the man's arms and torso. They even slithered through the cracks in the rock armor, trying to restrict his movement.

"Break it for me!"

The man roared, and the power of bloodlines exploded within him. A brown light shimmered on the surface of the rock armor, his strength suddenly surged, and with a powerful tug of his arms to the sides, the vines entwining him emitted a sharp crackling sound as he forcibly tore open several seams.

But as soon as one was torn open, more vines emerged from the ground, clinging once again like a bone-deep maggot. Some vines even formed into spikes, stabbing fiercely at the gaps in the rock armor. In a clash between offense and defense, a strange standoff was formed.

On the other side, the gaunt old man flickered toward Kazik like a phantom, his half-foot long nails gleaming with a gloomy blue poison glow, moving so swiftly that only afterimages remained, aiming directly at Kazik's vital points.

But just as the nails were about to touch Kazik's carapace, a faint purple light shimmered around Kazik, and his figure suddenly disappeared from the spot — it was precisely the Void Flash!

The old man's attack fell into thin air, his pupils contracted sharply as he subconsciously turned to keep alert, but he couldn't spot Kazik's trace.

At this moment, the space behind him fluctuated, Kazik's figure suddenly appeared, the scythe-like forelimbs gleaming cold and slashing straight toward the old man's back.

The old man reacted quickly, sidestepping to dodge the attack, his fingertips glowing with poison as several poisonous spikes shot at Kazik.

Kazik used Void Flash again, easily evading the poisonous spikes. His figure kept flickering around the battlefield, sometimes assaulting from the left, sometimes holding the enemy in check from behind—the Power of Void making him elusive.

Although the old man was fast, Kazik's rhythm constantly dictated his actions. Every time he tried to counterattack, it was thwarted by Kazik's Void Flash, causing his expression to become increasingly somber.

The most perilous was the confrontation between Karsas and the young man.

The young man gathered dark spiritual energy around him into innumerable tiny soul needles, shooting them at Karsas like a fierce rainstorm, each needle containing the power to tear apart souls.

Karsas swung his gloomy blue scythe, slashing out arcs of soul energy that shattered the soul needles. At the same time, he released a thick aura of death, attempting to erode the opponent's soul.

"Tier six ghost soul? Unfortunately, your strength is lacking a bit!" the young man sneered, forming seals with his hands. An arm of dark purple soul emerged from the void, reaching straight for the core of Karsas's soul body.

Though Karsas's level was slightly inferior, he remained unfazed, the scythe creating a soul energy barrier in front of him. Simultaneously, he sent a wave of soul energy towards Jie La's direction.

Jie La immediately understood, and a thick vine sprouted from the ground, precisely wrapping around the young man's ankle. Though he broke free instantly, it nonetheless slowed his movements.

Karsas seized this brief opening, swinging the scythe in an arc. The soul energy, carrying a cold aura of death, pressed straight toward the young man's face.

The young man was forced to retreat, the situation in which he had been suppressing Karsas suddenly disrupted.

The battle among the three spirit beasts and the tier six powerhouses was in full swing. Jie La not only had to deal with the burly man's fierce attacks but could also extend vines at any time to assist Kazik and Karsas, sometimes entangling the enemy with vines, sometimes disrupting attacks with vine thorns.

Kazik's Void Flash and Karsas's soul energy strikes cooperated seamlessly. Even though their levels were slightly lower, the synergy and support from Jie La allowed them to maintain the situation steadily, occasionally even launching counterattacks.

On the other side of the battlefield, the soft green spiritual energy of Dongfang Mingyue lit up once more. The gentle light fell on Min Wenbing, whose sunken chest started healing at a visible rate, and his pale complexion regained some color.

Min Wenbing quickly got up, the power of the golden bloodline rejuvenating within him. Wielding his spiritual long saber, he dashed once more toward the remaining black-clothed men.

Clink, clink, clink~

Nie Yunxing was in a fierce tangle with a black-clothed assassin, the opponent's spiritual blade fierce and treacherous. Several times it scraped close to his neck, forcing him to repeatedly retreat. Just as the assassin brandished the blade for another strike and Nie Yunxing had no room to retreat, two green vines suddenly shot up from the ground, as agile as ropes, immediately ensnaring the assassin's ankles.

The assassin's movement abruptly halted, stumbling as his pupils contracted sharply.

Nie Yunxing seized the fleeting opportunity, driving his toes into the ground, his figure rushing forward like a leopard. The short blade flashed with a cold glow, slicing precisely across the assassin's throat. Blood spurted out as the assassin collapsed to the ground, the vines retracting swiftly back into the earth, then spiraled around the wrist of another black-clothed man nearby, creating an opportunity for his companions to counterattack.

"Haha, well done!" He Wu couldn't help but shout out, seizing the gap created by the vines to pummel an assassin in the chest with a punch.

Nie Yunxing's peripheral vision swept across the battlefield, seeing Jie La's vines emerging from the ground as if possessing sentience, constantly trapping ankles and binding wrists, precisely restricting the black-clothed men's movements.

The stalemated battle immediately shifted, the bodyguards increasing their kill speed by several times with the aid of the vines, and even if occasionally wounded, Dongfang Mingyue's healing spiritual energy promptly arrived, closing wounds in an instant.

The combats with the three spirit beasts and the powerhouses were in full swing, and the bodyguards gradually gained control of the situation with the dual support of vines and healing.

Only the blank center of the battlefield remained eerily calm—Qin Tian and the man in white stared at each other from a distance, neither making a move but both secretly amassing power. Spiritual energy fluctuations around them intensified, warping the air as if signaling the imminent outbreak of an even more intense confrontation.

The man in white glanced at the standoff on the battlefield, his gaze tranquil, seemingly unaffected by the unfolding situation.

"Your spirit beasts are quite impressive," the man in white commented with interest, his body radiating a pale cyan spiritual energy that gathered, projecting an even more terrifying pressure toward Qin Tian.

"After you die, I'll take them and study them thoroughly."

Feeling the terrifying pressure coming toward him, Qin Tian slowly gripped the Black Frost Blade, his expression serious—he knew that the real showdown was just beginning.

#### Chapter 483: Battle Against Tier 7, Miraculous Effect of Reflective Damage

The calm of the battlefield center was abruptly shattered as Qin Tian took the lead, lightning sparks suddenly shining beneath his feet. Pale purple lightning spread like a spider web, accompanied by the crisp sound of "crackling." His figure instantly transformed into a bolt of lightning, crossing tens of meters in the blink of an eye, appearing before the man in white.

The Black Frost Blade in his hand emitted a cold gleam, the blade wrapped in dense Thunder Spiritual Energy. Qin Tian exerted force through his wrist, with the long blade slicing down with a sound of breaking wind, leaving a splendid lightning trace as it cut through the air.

#### Celestial Punishment Nine Strikes — Thunderbolt Slash!

The man in white's eyes slightly moved, yet showed no trace of panic. His right hand formed a sword with his fingers, pale green Spiritual Energy gathering at the fingertips, a half-meter-long cyan Sword Qi instantly forming, meeting the Thunder Saber head-on.

"Ding—!"

The piercing clash of metal was deafening. As the Thunder Saber collided with the Sword Qi, pale purple lightning and cyan Spiritual Energy exploded simultaneously, forming a circular shock wave spreading outwards.

Qin Tian's pupils suddenly contracted—since awakening the blade's soul, the sharpness of the Black Frost Blade had long surpassed ordinary Spirit Soldiers. Even against Peak Tier Six defenses, it could easily slice through, yet at this moment, it was forcibly blocked by the cyan Sword Qi condensed from the man's flesh, not advancing an inch!

"Such powerful physical and Spiritual Energy control!" Qin Tian was secretly astonished. The lightning under his feet flashed again, his figure retreating rapidly like a specter, then using the Power of Space, his figure suddenly vanished from sight.

The man in white raised his eyebrows, just about to seek Qin Tian's trace, when a wave of spatial disturbance suddenly came from behind him.

He turned sharply, only to see Qin Tian's figure emerging from the void, the Black Frost Blade slicing straight for his neck with lightning speed!

"Heh." The man in white chuckled lightly, neither dodging nor evading. A layer of cyan light suddenly rose from his back, a cyan Sword Qi emerging out of thin air like it had eyes, pointing directly at Qin Tian's head.

The sharpness of the Sword Qi made Qin Tian's scalp tingle. He knew the power within this Sword Qi was enough to severely injure him, unable to meet it head-on. He had to forcibly twist his body, using spatial flicker to teleport again, narrowly avoiding the Sword Qi.

The Sword Qi brushed past Qin Tian's shoulder, striking the distant celestial barrier with a light "buzz," causing ripples to spread across its surface, yet leaving it unbroken.

The man in white observed Qin Tian's reappearing figure, a slight smile tugging at his lips, his tone understanding: "So, it's Spatial Ability. No wonder you managed to slip past my perception."

Previously, he had sensed Qin Tian's aura wasn't simple, yet hadn't anticipated such refined mastery of spatial techniques.

Qin Tian's eyes became increasingly grave, realizing ordinary attacks wouldn't threaten the man in white.

His eyes suddenly shifted, making no extra movements, but the air around the man in white suddenly rippled with a layer of black—next moment, fierce Soul Devourer flames unexpectedly appeared on the man's shoulder. The black flames, like living creatures, started to spread along his clothing, yet the man in white's body abruptly glowed with intense cyan light.

The cyan light, like a flowing shield, instantly enveloped him entirely, and upon contact with the black flames, released a gentle yet highly penetrating wave of Spiritual Energy.

In the blink of an eye, the Soul Devourer flames originally clinging to his shoulder were completely extinguished by the cyan light, leaving not even a spark, as if they had never appeared.

"This..." Qin Tian's heart sank completely. Soul Devourer flames were one of his ace in the hole techniques, capable of being triggered without close proximity, and once adhered, were difficult to dispel. Even against Peak Tier Six masters, they could achieve miraculous effects, yet now, before the man in white, they were resolved so effortlessly.

He finally understood—the man in white before him was no ordinary Tier Seven Spiritualist. His mastery over defense and Spiritual Energy control likely reached mid-Tier Seven, or even higher, and his Bloodline Ability was certainly out of the ordinary.

The man in white looked at Qin Tian's somber expression, speaking lightly, "Is this all you have? If that's the case, you won't be able to protect Dongfang Mingyue today."

Before the voice could fade, the man's cyan Spiritual Energy suddenly surged, countless small Sword Qi forming around him—though these were only finger-length, they bore a menacing sharpness, floating like dense bee stings, glittering with cold cyan light.

"Go."

The man in white uttered a single word, swiftly waving his hand.

In an instant, thousands upon thousands of small Sword Qi, like a breached river, swept toward Qin Tian, emitting a shrill "buzz" as they sliced through the air, rending it to pieces.

Qin Tian's face changed dramatically, as lightning and spatial fluctuations simultaneously erupted beneath his feet, his figure like a specter dodging between the river of Sword Qi—sometimes teleporting left, then rapidly retreating back, even using void flickers to momentarily obscure his form. But the Sword Qi seemed to have life, persistently pursuing his trajectory, even predicting his post-flicker positions, several veering past his clothes, leaving deep engravings on the ground.

"Can't escape it." The man in white's lips curled into a cold smile, his fingertips activating Spiritual Energy again, speeding up the river of Sword Qi, compressing Qin Tian's evasion space to the extreme.

Qin Tian knew that continuing like this would eventually lead to being caught by the Sword Qi.

He took a deep breath, a hint of resolve flashing in his eyes, suddenly drawing in his Thunder Spiritual Energy and Power of Space, condensing them into a layer of pale purple Spirit Shield wrapping around him.

Simultaneously, he pushed the power of Sacred Body to its limit, his skin glowing with a radiant golden light—he was ready to face this head-on!

Chapter 484: Battle Against Seventh Tier, Reflective Damage's Wondrous Effect (Part 2)

"Bang!"

The torrent of Sword Qi instantly collided with the Spirit Shield. Countless tiny Sword Qi hit the shield like raindrops, and the light purple shield immediately filled with dense cracks.

But in just a breath, with a "crack," the Spirit Shield shattered, and the remaining Sword Qi landed unobstructed on Qin Tian.

"Puchi! Puchi!"

A series of piercing sounds rang out, Qin Tian's clothes were instantly torn apart, countless Sword Qi penetrated his body, leaving dense bloody holes, blood gushing out like a fountain, flowing down his body and pooling on the ground in a puddle of blood.

More fatally, two strands of Sword Qi accurately pierced his eyes, blood sliding down the corners, plunging him into darkness.

Even with the strong defense power of the Sacred Body, it couldn't withstand such a dense bombardment of high-tier Sword Qi. Qin Tian's body swayed, but he still maintained an upright posture, tightly gripping the Black Frost Blade, without collapsing.

"Mr. Qin Tian!"

Dongfang Mingyue, seeing this scene from behind the vines, suddenly covered her mouth, tears welling up instantly, her eyes turning red to the point of bleeding.

Xiao Yu hugged her tightly, her body trembling uncontrollably, yet without the courage to cry out loud.

The bodyguards also trembled greatly, their faces filled with horror beyond words — this unfamiliar black-clothed man was their only hope for survival. If he fell, against the strength of the white-clad man, with just one move, they would all be dead!

Min Wenbing's hand, holding the battle sword, slightly trembled as he looked at the figure riddled with bloody holes, a deep sense of powerlessness filling his heart.

The white-clothed man looked at Qin Tian, who resembled a figure dyed in blood, and said blandly, "Not bad strength, but it's a pity..."

Before he could finish speaking, a shocking scene unfolded — the bloody holes on Qin Tian were healing at a speed visible to the naked eye. The broken muscles and meridians quickly restructured, and the organs pierced were rapidly recovering under the power of the Sacred Body.

Even the eyes that had been pierced blind regrew, the blood in the pupils gradually fading, restoring their former clarity.

In just a few breaths, the wounds on Qin Tian's body completely healed, leaving only his tattered, blood-stained clothes as if the deadly attack had never happened.

He slowly opened his eyes, his gaze locking onto the white-clothed man once more, with not a hint of fear, only an even more intense fighting spirit.

"What... what kind of recovery is this?"

The calm on the white-clothed man's face finally broke, replaced by deep suspicion — he had never seen someone withstand his Sword Qi and still recover as if nothing had happened in just a few seconds!

Dongfang Mingyue, watching this scene, slowly lowered the hand that had covered her mouth, her despair replaced by surprise, but her tears flowed even more fiercely!

The bodyguards were also stunned, and then joy burst in their eyes as the previously heavy mood instantly became uplifted.

Qin Tian felt the flow of the power of the Sacred Body within him, yet he had no sense of relief. He knew the formidable defense power of the Immortal Sacred Body better than anyone. Even facing the full strike of a Peak Tier Six, it would at most leave a shallow mark.

But the white-clothed man's Sword Qi had easily penetrated the Sacred Body's defense, leaving dense bloody holes on him. This strength had surpassed his pre-fight assessment, the dread spreading like a tidal wave in his heart.

The white-clothed man's previously indifferent gaze turned serious as he looked at the unscathed Qin Tian, finally withdrawing his earlier disdain.

"Time to get serious."

The white-clothed man slowly raised his right hand, the tips of his fingers glowing intensely with blue light, the fluctuations of Spiritual Energy abruptly becoming violent, as if the surrounding space was slightly distorted under this force.

The white-clothed man slowly raised his right hand, fingers slightly curled, the blue light at his fingertips no longer scattered Spiritual Energy but followed the patterns of his knuckles, gradually sketching out the shape of a giant finger shadow dozens of yards high.

The entire finger shadow was azure, as if carved from celestial Azure Jade, with distinct joints, the tips exuding a sharpness that sent the world quaking. The space around the finger shadow was distorted and bent, even the light was refracted here, as if all the Spiritual Energy within the heavenly barrier had been drawn to converge in this finger shadow.

As the finger shadow hung suspended in mid-air, a pressure that suppressed all things suddenly descended, causing rubble on the ground to uncontrollably float upwards. Even distant spirit beasts and assassins in battle instinctively paused to look up at the giant finger that could obscure the sky, their eyes filled with shock.

A distant voice echoed in the sky, with undeniable majesty: "Reincarnation Finger."

The moment the words fell, the white-clothed man's curled fingers suddenly pointed!

In an instant, that azure giant finger dozens of yards high, like the pillar that held up the heavens, came crushing down on Qin Tian with mountain-splitting, sea-rending force.

In its wake, the air was not merely "zzt-zzt" burning but was directly crushed into a vacuum, leaving behind a visible black trail. The ground did not crack into shallow grooves but formed deep, crisscrossing chasms as if the earth itself was split into fragments by this one finger.

Even the heavenly barrier trembled violently, its surface rippling not with waves, but web-like cracks, as if it were about to shatter completely the next moment — this move's power was ten times more terrifying than the previous torrent of Sword Qi, the sheer pressure making it hard for the distant bodyguards to breathe.

Feeling the mountain-like pressure, a hint of determination flashed in Qin Tian's eyes, and the dormant power of the Sacred Body within him erupted like an awakened volcano!

#### Chapter 485: Battle Against a Tier 7 Opponent, The Miraculous Effect of Reflective Damage (Part 3)

A thread of golden light first seeped from his chest and, immediately after, countless radiant beams surged through his meridians, enveloping him entirely and scattering the darkness within the celestial barrier. This golden light was not a thin halo, but thick and solid as molten gold, flowing with a metallic sheen that dyed the air brilliantly.

His muscles subtly swelled under the golden light, lines becoming increasingly sharp and defined, with every inch of texture seeming as if cast from gold liquid, exuding a world-shattering sense of power. As the strength of the Sacred Body continued to rise, the golden light on the surface of his body began to solidify into armor.

Layer upon layer of golden-scaled armor emerged from his shoulders, arms, chest, and abdomen in succession. The armor surface was engraved with ancient, mysterious patterns, through which tiny beams of gold flowed as if sealing fragments of the laws of the universe within, exuding a sacred pressure that dominated all beings.

In the blink of an eye, Qin Tian was fully cloaked in golden light, his golden brilliance dazzling as if a war god forged from the gold of the heavens, even his hair was touched with a faint golden glow.

A fearsome pressure far surpassing before spread from within him, causing loose stones on the ground to levitate uncontrollably, and creating a pause in the distant battles of Spiritual Energy.

This was the ultimate form of the Sacred Body, Emperor's Dominator—All Attributes increase by 500%, immune to all control and debuff effects, and reflects 30% of damage for every attack!

Simultaneously, with a thought, a dark-gold tortoise-patterned energy shield appeared on his body surface, emitting an indestructible aura amidst the crisscross of tortoise patterns—this is Tortoise Shell Rebound, able to consume internal energy to form an armor shield, reflecting 40% of damage to attackers while temporarily boosting Defense Power by 70%.

"Slash!"

Qin Tian bellowed furiously, the Black Frost Blade in his hand emanating strong Thunder Spiritual Energy as a meter-long Thunder Saber cleaved toward the Reincarnation Finger.

At the instant the Thunder Saber collided with the enormous cyan finger, pale purple lightning arcs were crushed instantly, like snow meeting the scorching sun. With a crisp "snap", the meter-long Thunder Saber shattered like fragile glass, scattering countless tiny arcs of lightning that failed to even scratch the surface of the cyan finger.

Without the obstacle of the Thunder Saber, the Reincarnation Finger descended like a pillar from heaven, carrying the force to shatter mountains, and ruthlessly pressing down upon Qin Tian!

Qin Tian's pupils suddenly shrank, as he felt a terrifying pressure assail him, making breathing difficult. He instinctively stepped back half a pace, his foot carving a deep rut into the ground, using this brief respite to cross his arms in defense before him, the Emperor's Dominator Physique's golden light and Tortoise Shell Shield swelling to their peak—he was prepared to withstand this lethal strike through sheer might!

"Boom!"

The cyan giant finger landed heavily on Qin Tian, the golden light and Tortoise Shell Shield instantly dented inward, covered in dense cracks. Soon after came the sound of bones snapping, like thunder exploding in everyone's ears, Qin Tian's arms and chest ribs shattered in an instant, dark red blood gushed from his fingertips and mouth, saturating his black robe, droplets of blood like pearls torn from a string, spilling to form a glaring pool of blood on the ground.

Yet despite this, Qin Tian's spine remained straight, without bending even an inch. His body was trembling slightly, each tremor accompanied by the crunch of bone grinding, yet stood like a snow pine defiantly against the frost, though branches bent by snow, the trunk firmly rooted in the earth, unyieldingly resisting the annihilating power of the Reincarnation Finger.

The blood-stained figure, grievously injured to the extreme, still resembled an indomitable fortress, steadfastly shielding everyone, isolating danger without retreating a single step.

In that instant, Dongfang Mingyue's tears gushed forth, scorching her hand as she clasped it over her mouth to stifle her sobs.

"Bang!"

The Reincarnation Finger's energy finally depleted, detonating against Qin Tian in a ring-shaped shockwave.

Qin Tian spewed a large mouthful of blood, his body swayed, the snow-pine-like figure tilted slightly, yet still did not fall, only slowly straightened his spine.

And at this moment, the white-robed man's complexion changed suddenly, a fierce pain shot through his chest, a mouthful of blood spurted uncontrollably, his Spiritual Energy fluctuations becoming chaotic—the reflective damage had taken effect.

Emperor's Dominator Physique's 30% reflect damage, together with Tortoise Shell Rebound's 40% reflect damage, a total of 70% of the damage reflected back to him, even with formidable strength, the backlash arrived as expected.

"What?!"

The assassins on that side saw this scene, their faces full of disbelief, eyes wide with shock—the white-robed master they revered as a deity, had actually been injured?

Chapter 486: Traitor?

Blood trickled down the corner of the white-robed man's mouth, dripping onto his pristine robe, blossoming into dazzling red plum blossoms.

He clutched his chest, feeling the tumultuous surge of Qi and blood within, the chaotic Spiritual Energy, and the pain emanating from all over his body. His eyes were filled with incredulous shock — in all his years, it was the first time he encountered an ability that could rebound damage back upon him!

"What kind of bloodline ability is this? To be able to turn my attack back on myself..." The white-robed man's heart was in turmoil.

He could clearly sense that a significant portion of the damage from his strike had rebounded back onto him through some peculiar force, yet he couldn't determine exactly how much.

This unknown risk, however, was more daunting than facing the direct attack.

Initially, he thought Qin Tian's reliance was merely his formidable physical body and recovery power, but this unexpected Reflective Damage had completely disrupted his plan.

The retaliative force was like a pestilence burrowing into his bones, traveling along his Spiritual Energy channels, making even the manipulation of Spiritual Energy sluggish.

A dread he'd never felt before, like creeping vines entangling his heart, each attack was like gambling on the intensity of the Reflective Damage, and no amount of skill could endure such unknown depletion.

Meanwhile, the bodyguards saw the white-robed man's bleeding appearance and were first stunned, then their eyes exploded with fierce joy.

The man in white, seemingly invincible like a deity, was actually injured!

This wasn't just an injury; it was their ray of hope for escaping this dire situation!

Dongfang Mingyue also exhaled, her tense body slightly relaxing, but upon seeing Qin Tian's pale face and slightly trembling body, the depth of her concern and distress in her eyes grew even stronger.

The white-robed man felt the unusual gazes around him, and his eyes finally showed a hint of Evil Qi.

He suddenly raised his right hand, instantly condensing his Spiritual Energy into dozens of azure Sword Qi.

These Sword Qi did not rush towards Qin Tian, but shot towards Dongfang Mingyue like arrows, angles tricky, covering all escape routes!

"Miss, watch out!" Min Wenbing shouted angrily, the bodyguards also in utter panic.

Dongfang Mingyue's pupils shrank, instinctively stepping back, Azure Wood Spiritual Energy on her fingertips beginning to gather, yet a figure was even quicker than her — Qin Tian instantly shielded her, his broad back like a mountain, blocking all danger.

Even more shocking, Qin Tian directly withdrew the Spirit Shield from his body, even the Golden Light shining on his surface had dimmed somewhat, exposing his chest directly towards the incoming Sword Qi!

Upon seeing this, the white-robed man's pupils contracted sharply, his heart sounding alarms.

He knew all too well the power of his Sword Qi, if it truly pierced Qin Tian's body, that bizarre Reflective Damage would undoubtedly rebound again upon him.

But how strong would this Reflective Damage be this time? Stronger than last time, or weaker?

He had no way of knowing.

Buzz!

Only to see those azure Sword Qi on the brink of stabbing into Qin Tian's chest, as if grasped by an invisible hand, suddenly halted in midair, their blades trembling slightly, unable to advance an inch.

Qin Tian looked at the white-robed man's tense expression, a faint smile curving at his lips, "What's wrong? Lost your nerve?"

The white-robed man stared at Qin Tian with intensity but dared not let the Sword Qi advance further.

The azure Sword Qi halted in midair trembled for a few seconds, suddenly deflated like a punctured balloon, dissolving into specks of azure light dissipating into the air.

The white-robed man's tense expression suddenly turned calm, as if the life-and-death struggle just now had never occurred. He looked at Qin Tian, his tone casual, "I didn't expect Dongfang Mingyue to have someone as troublesome as you by her side. In that case, the payer doesn't give enough money."

"There needs to be more money!"

Before his voice had fully fallen, a faint layer of azure light rippled around him, his figure seemingly melting into the void, vanishing instantly from his original position without leaving a trace of Spiritual Energy fluctuation.

As he departed, the surrounding sky curtain barrier shattered like glass, dispersing into countless light points. The cold wind and snowflakes outside rushed in immediately, dispelling the oppressive atmosphere within the barrier.

"He... he just left like that?" Qin Tian's pupils narrowed, his heart filled with doubt — despite the white-robed man's formidable strength, even having suffered Reflective Damage, he was still capable of crushing him effortlessly.

Would he really retreat so easily over "not enough money"?

This assassin seemed a bit unprofessional.

Dongfang Mingyue and the bodyguards were also dumbfounded, their faces painted with incredulity. Just moments ago, they thought they were facing certain death, not expecting the situation to turn around so abruptly.

And on the assassin's side, panic reached unprecedented levels.

Without the white-robed man suppressing them, they stood no chance against Qin Tian and the bodyguards.

Several black-clothed men instinctively tried to retreat but were locked by Qin Tian's icy gaze.

Qin Tian no longer dwelled on the white-robed man's retreat, his gaze shifting to the remaining three Peak Tier Six assassins, filled with a growing killing intent.

His figure blurred, ghost-like as he charged at the burly man, the Black Frost Blade in his hand reflecting a frigid glow.

"Die!" the burly man roared, lifting his stone-like arm intending to block.

Yet Qin Tian's speed far exceeded his reaction; with a flash of blade, a "crack" sounded, and the burly man's stone arm was sliced clean off, blood gushing forth.

Before the burly man could recover from the agony, Qin Tian struck again, directly beheading him with another slash, the scalding head rolling to the ground, still retaining a look of shock.

After dispatching the burly man, Qin Tian leveraged spatial flicker, instantly appearing behind the emaciated old man.

The old man reacted swiftly, quickly turning to claw at Qin Tian, but in the next instant, Qin Tian flickered behind him like a phantom, stabbing through his back, the blade emerging from his chest, soaked in dense blood.

The old man's body stiffened, slowly falling to the ground, lifeless.

In mere seconds, two Peak Tier Six assassins had fallen to the blade!

The bodyguards watched in astonishment, their hearts brimming with shock — these black-clothed men who had suffered at the hands of the white-robed man were now being dealt with as easily as cutting vegetables when facing Peak Tier Six!

The young man saw his companions being killed one after another and knew he was next, blood-red pupils flashing with resentment and savageness.

Ding ding ding

Nie Yunxing was battling an assassin, when suddenly, he felt disoriented, seemingly disrupted by some invisible force, his movements lagging momentarily.

The black-clothed man battling him seized the opportunity, landing a punch on Nie Yunxing's chest.

Nie Yunxing groaned, his body flying backwards like a kite with a broken string, landing beside Dongfang Mingyue and spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"Brother Nie!" Dongfang Mingyue exclaimed, immediately placing her hand on his shoulder, pale green Azure Wood Spiritual Energy flowing into him, swiftly restoring his damaged meridians and organs.

Nie Yunxing slowly stood, his face pale, yet he bowed to Dongfang Mingyue, his voice tinged with gratitude, "Thank you, Miss Ming Yue."

After speaking, he stepped forward intending to rejoin the battle, but just when everyone thought he was about to continue fighting, Nie Yunxing suddenly drew a short blade hidden beneath his clothes from his waist.

He flipped his wrist abruptly and, under circumstances no one anticipated, fiercely stabbed the short blade into Dongfang Mingyue's abdomen!

"Slash!"

Blood instantly stained Dongfang Mingyue's dress hem, she looked at Nie Yunxing in disbelief, her eyes filled with shock and confusion, "Brother Nie, you..."

This scene exploded like thunder, stunning Qin Tian, the bodyguards, and even the remaining assassins.

Not far away, the head of the young man decapitated by Qin Tian flashed a sinister smile, as if having anticipated this scene all along.

Chapter 487: The Curse of Fate, Suppressing Seventh Rank

"Nie Yunxing, what the hell did you do!!!"

Min Wenbing's roar burst in the air like thunder above the street, making people's eardrums ache.

The other guards stopped their actions one after another, their eyes full of anger and disbelief as they looked at Nie Yunxing. Xiao Yu even covered her mouth, her eyes turning red instantly—after spending many years together, the most trusted guard actually laid such a poisonous hand on the young lady!

But when everyone's eyes focused on Nie Yunxing, they noticed something was wrong: he stood dumbfounded in place, his pupils flickering with eerie black light, his body trembling involuntarily, like a puppet without a shred of self-awareness.

"He's being controlled."

Qin Tian's voice was calm but carried a trace of heaviness. He was about to step forward to break the control on Nie Yunxing when suddenly a cold and piercing aura locked onto him, as if a venomous snake had targeted its prey, making him tense instantly and instinctively turn his head to look.

"Even using the Heaven's Curtain Barrier, you can't solve a little girl. You're truly a bunch of useless trash."

A chilling voice came from the shadows on the ground, and then a figure slowly separated from the dark, emerging from the street's shadows.

His face was obscured by dense black mist, his features unclear, completely enveloped in a wide black robe. With every step, a thin layer of Black Frost formed beneath his feet, and the eerie cold spread like a tide, causing the surrounding temperature to drop dramatically.

Before the black-robed man finished speaking, he violently made his move, his fingertips under the black robe emitting dense black mist that condensed in the air into countless dark chains, sweeping towards everyone present like venomous snakes—this was indiscriminate Dark Element Magic, targeting not only Qin Tian and the bodyguards but also the remaining killers!

With the magic activated, a terrifying pressure descended suddenly, causing the walls of the shops on both sides of the street to vibrate violently, bricks falling off, and with a loud crash, the roofs of two shops collapsed, sending dust swirling into the sky.

"Another Tier Seven powerhouse!" Min Wenbing's expression changed instantly, feeling the pressure, his heart seemed to clutch tight.

Qin Tian's eyes suddenly flashed with a dark light, a fearsome imperial pressure spreading from within him—the enemy was a Dark Spiritualist, which was precisely what hit his sore spot.

The black chains in the air suddenly trembled violently under the influence of the Night Emperor bloodline, as if subjects meeting their king, they began to twist and retract, uncontrollably by the black-robed man.

Two forces collided and battled, the black mist churning, even producing a "sizzling" sound.

The black mist on the black-robed man's face fluctuated violently, clearly he detected the anomaly, showing a shocked expression.

What kind of bloodline ability is this, actually able to affect his released magic.

Qin Tian's eyes quickly scanned Dongfang Mingyue—the knife wound from Nie Yunxing was deep, but Dongfang Mingyue possessed Holy Blood, which normally would heal rapidly from ordinary injuries.

Yet at this moment, her fair face showed a faint black aura, even the hair at her temples turning white visibly, lips showing a bluish-purple hue, consciousness fading, the dagger stained with eerie Power of Curse that even Holy Blood couldn't suppress.

At this moment, Xiao Yu suddenly moved.

Her hands blossomed with gentle white light, softly pressing on the wound at Dongfang Mingyue's abdomen. As the white light infused her, the black aura on Dongfang Mingyue's face began to fade slowly, even her pale complexion recovering some color.

"Xiao Yu's ability can actually counteract the curse?" Qin Tian's eyes flashed with surprise, then he breathed a sigh of relief—since Dongfang Mingyue's situation eased, he could focus on dealing with the black-robed man.

The black-robed man refused to accept his magic being continuously affected and controlled. Dark Spiritual Energy erupted, forming sharp black spikes shooting straight towards Dongfang Mingyue.

"Looking for death!"

Qin Tian's eyes flashed with cold intent, facing a Tier Seven powerhouse of the Dark Element, he had every confidence.

The spatial fluctuations around him exploded abruptly, and the ground beneath the black-robed man's feet suddenly emitted a layer of faint purple spatial ripples. Instantly, a half-meter-high Gate of Space appeared, a powerful Power of Space pouring out from within like an invisible big hand, firmly grasping the black-robed man.

After the Heaven's Curtain Barrier dissipated, his Power of Space could finally be unleashed freely.

"What?!" The black-robed man's face changed dramatically, wanting to break free, but it was too late.

The Power of Space exerted force suddenly, pushing the black-robed man towards the Gate of Space. As he struggled, half of his body was already drawn into the gate, leaving only an unwilling roar.

Qin Tian didn't hesitate any longer, his figure moved, and he also dashed into the Gate of Space.

As they entered, the Gate of Space slowly closed, eventually disappearing, leaving behind the shocked crowd and Dongfang Mingyue still entangled in the curse and bright light.

The Gate of Space completely vanished into the air, the reverberation on the spot yet to dissipate as the slaughter on the other side of the battlefield reignited.

Without the constraint of the three peak Tier Six powerhouses, Jie La, Kazik, and Karsas were completely unleashed, launching a frenzied massacre on the remaining black-clad killers.

Jie La's vines, like awakened serpents, burst from the ground. Some entwined the limbs of the killers, smashing them hard against the ground; others formed into sharp vine spikes, shooting towards the crowd like torrents, each piercing the spiritual defenses of the killers precisely.

Kazik relied on Void Flicker, appearing and disappearing among the killers, each swing of his scythe-like forelimbs taking a life, dark purple carapace splattered with blood, appearing even more hideous.

#### Chapter 488: The Curse of Fate, Suppressing Tier 7 (Part 2)

The Gloomy Blue Scythe of Karsas shimmered with a deathly cold light, the soul energy slashes arcing like crescent moons, tearing not only flesh but also severely wounding the soul. The assassins struck by it couldn't even scream before becoming cold corpses.

The black-clad assassins, already demoralized by the retreat of the man in white, were powerless against the fierce assault of the three Spirit Beasts, their screams echoed around, and in mere moments, more than half of them had fallen.

The bodyguards, no longer concerned with pursuing the remaining enemies, quickly surrounded Dongfang Mingyue and Xiaoyu, forming a tight human wall.

Min Wenbing, wielding his Spiritual Long Saber, watched vigilantly around them, while Nie Yunxing remained standing in place, the black light in his pupils gradually dimming yet still not regaining consciousness, with He Wu guarding him to prevent another outburst.

Xiaoyu constantly maintained the white light in her hands, gently sending a continuous stream of energy into Dongfang Mingyue's body.

As the white light flowed, the dark aura on Dongfang Mingyue's face faded at a speed visible to the naked eye, her furrowed brows gradually relaxing.

"Cough..."

With a light cough, Dongfang Mingyue slowly opened her eyes, though still weak, the pain she had felt earlier was gone.

She looked down at the short blade in her abdomen, the blade still embedded within, her blood soaking the hem of her dress, a shocking sight.

Without a moment's hesitation, she reached out her trembling hand, gripped the hilt tightly, gritted her teeth, and pulled the blade out!

"Miss!" Min Wenbing and the others couldn't help but cry out, wanting to step forward to assist, but were stopped by Dongfang Mingyue raising her hand.

The moment the short blade left her body, blood gushed from Dongfang Mingyue's abdomen like a fountain, staining her dress and the ground beneath in a startling scarlet.

Before Min Wenbing and the others could come forward, the flesh around Dongfang Mingyue's wound began to wriggle and heal at a speed visible to the naked eye, the damaged skin quickly restructured, and within just a few breaths, the deep wound became a shallow scar, which soon disappeared entirely.

This was the terrifying self-healing ability of the Holy Blood Power of Qingmu. Without intentionally activating spiritual energy, the immense life force within her automatically repaired her injuries, such wounds were nothing more than minor scratches that healed almost instantaneously.

Seeing this, the bodyguards finally sighed in relief, their tense bodies relaxing, faces showing the relief of having survived a catastrophe. Min Wenbing sheathed his Spiritual Long Saber, looking at Dongfang Mingyue with concern in his voice: "Miss, it's good that you're alright."

Dongfang Mingyue nodded lightly, wiping the blood from the corner of her mouth, her gaze shifting to Xiaoyu beside her—if it hadn't been for Xiaoyu's white light suppressing the curse, she might not have been able to regain consciousness. She was just about to express her gratitude: "Xiaoyu, tha..."

But before she could finish her words, her voice suddenly choked in her throat, her pupils dilating instantly, the color draining from her face.

Xiaoyu's previously fair face was now slowly covered with the same dark aura as Dongfang Mingyue's earlier, the darkness spreading from her neck and covering most of her face.

Even more frightening, Xiaoyu's black hair turned gray at a speed visible to the naked eye, and her once firm skin became loose and wrinkled, as if she had aged decades in an instant, even the white light blooming from her hands dimmed, threatening to extinguish at any moment.

This scene was exactly the same as what Dongfang Mingyue had seen in her dream, Xiaoyu's appearance just before dying!

"Xiaoyu, Xiaoyu, don't scare me!"

Dongfang Mingyue called out, stumbling to Xiaoyu's side, holding her arms tightly, fear flooding her eyes.

Only then did she belatedly understand—Xiaoyu's ability was not to remove the curse, but to transfer the curse and injuries from Dongfang Mingyue to herself!

"Miss... don't be sad..." Xiaoyu's voice was now old and hoarse, the wrinkles on her face deepening, she tried to lift her hand to wipe Dongfang Mingyue's tears, but she was losing even the strength to raise her arm, "This is... my mission..."

"Mission?" Dongfang Mingyue trembled all over, memories of a scene from years ago flashed through her mind—when her brother brought Xiaoyu to her side, solemnly instructing her: "Keep Xiaoyu with you, never let her out of your sight."

At that time, she thought her brother was afraid she'd feel lonely, so he found her a companion, but now thinking about it, it wasn't for company at all. Her brother had foreseen the dangers she would face, keeping Xiaoyu by her side to transfer the danger at critical moments, to exchange her life!

"Why... why didn't you tell me..." Dongfang Mingyue held Xiaoyu's aged body, tears flowing uncontrollably, her heart filled with guilt and regret.

She had always treated Xiaoyu like a sister, never imagining that Xiaoyu's existence was meant from the start to die in her stead.

Xiaoyu weakly smiled, a gentle warmth flickering in her eyes, using the last of her strength to gently touch Dongfang Mingyue's cheek, her voice faint as a whisper: "To... protect Miss, I am happy... in the next life, I still want... to be Miss's maid."

"Xiaoyu..." Dongfang Mingyue pressed her hands on Xiaoyu's shoulders, the enormous life force of the Qingmu bloodline flowing into Xiaoyu's body, her voice trembling:

"I just want you to live... you haven't seen me achieve my dream yet, please come back... I'm begging you..."

But the immense life force couldn't stop the erosion of the curse, and Dongfang Mingyue could only feel the warmth of Xiaoyu's body slowly fading away, merging into the biting cold of the night.

In a daze, she suddenly remembered the scene in her dream—the same cold atmosphere, the same aged and withered appearance, even those dull eyes were identical to the current moment.

#### Chapter 489: The Curse of Fate, Suppressing Tier 7 (Part 3)

Just like before, the dream is a destiny already set in stone. She tried with all her might to avoid it, but ultimately couldn't save Xiao Yu.

...

The wind and snow in the outskirts of the city became increasingly violent. The heavy snowflakes sliced through the air like sharp fragments of jade, accumulating into thick layers on the ground, sinking to the ankles with every step.

Qin Tian and the black-robed figure quickly crossed paths amid the snowstorm, the blue-black light from the collision of their Spiritual Energy resembling thunder in the dark, briefly illuminating the desolate land, only to be swiftly swallowed again by the pervasive snowfall.

The black-robed figure, a Tier Seven Spirit Mage, had never regarded the Tier Six Qin Tian as a threat, but upon truly engaging, he realized just how mistaken he had been.

His hands formed seals swiftly, and he chanted obscure spells while Dark Spiritual Energy surged around him like boiling ink, quickly condensing into three dark spears as thick as an arm—spears entwined with twisted black mist, their tips gleaming with a light capable of tearing souls apart, shooting simultaneously toward Qin Tian's chest, throat, and abdomen, sealing off any room for evasion.

"Is this all you've got?" A dense black light suddenly flashed in Qin Tian's eyes.

The overwhelming pressure of the Night Emperor's bloodline expanded like an invisible storm, causing the originally threatening three dark spears to alter their trajectory abruptly as if drawn by a magnet, no longer attacking Qin Tian but instead flying toward his palm.

Qin Tian opened his palm in response, allowing the dark Spiritual Energy to form a vortex in his hand, effortlessly devouring all three dark spears.

"What kind of bizarre ability is this!" The black-robed figure was both shocked and furious. Despite decades of cultivating Dark Spiritual Energy, he had never seen anyone plunder and convert dark power so effortlessly, completely overturning his understanding of Spiritual Energy.

Unwilling to concede, he once again summoned his Spiritual Energy, striking the ground forcefully with both hands. A giant dark net, several meters in diameter, emerged beneath the snow. Its strands seemed woven from solidified black mist, laced with a highly poisonous substance capable of corroding both flesh and Spiritual Energy, descending upon Qin Tian.

This was the "Soul Devourer Net," his famous entrapment magic, which had ensnared many formidable opponents of the same tier, even causing Peak Tier Six Spiritualists to fall to it.

But against Qin Tian, this net became a joke. Without even touching his Black Frost Blade, Qin Tian's black aura surged dramatically, and the imperial pressure of the Night Emperor's bloodline became an invisible command. The rapidly constricting dark net suddenly halted midair, its strands breaking with a sizzling sound, as if crushed by some terrifying force.

In mere moments, the entire dark net crumbled completely, turning into countless tiny black mists. As if finding their home, they converged towards Qin Tian and were eventually absorbed into his body as a replenishment of his power.

"Your magic can't hurt me." Qin Tian's voice was cold, lightning and Dark Spiritual Energy intertwined beneath his feet, forming a unique dual-colored halo of faint purple lightning and pitch-black Spiritual Energy.

His figure glided across the snow like a ghost, leaving a faint afterimage as he instantly closed in on the black-robed figure. The Black Frost Blade in his hand gleamed with a sharp cold light, the surrounding snowflakes dyed black by the swirling dark Spiritual Energy. A several-meter-long black Sword Qi slashed towards the black-robed figure's chest.

The black-robed figure's pupils contracted sharply as he quickly formed three layers of thick dark shields, capable of withstanding a full-force strike from ordinary Tier Seven powerhouses. Yet, the moment Qin Tian's Sword Qi descended, the first layer shattered instantly like fragile thin ice, the second layer only withstood it briefly before breaking, and although the third layer barely blocked the main body of the Sword Qi, it was riddled with dense cracks, finally shattering with a "crack" sound.

"Damn it, what bloodline is this!" The black-robed figure retreated continuously, eyes filled with disbelief.

He had never seen such a bizarre bloodline capable of easily unsettling his Dark Spiritual Energy.

"This kid is too strange, retreat for now, and plan later!"

A hint of gloom flashed in the black-robed figure's eyes as he blended into the shadows on the ground, seemingly melting into the darkness—this was his ultimate escape technique: the "Shadow Escape Secret Technique," allowing him to traverse through any shadow, even the faintest projections in the snowy night, serving as his escape route. He had previously used this technique to escape numerous dangerous ambushes.

Soon, the black-robed figure's body completely vanished into the shadows of the snowstorm, leaving only a trace of extremely faint Spiritual Energy fluctuations, fluttering away like a broken kite.

If it were any other Spiritualist, they would've long lost track of the black-robed figure. But Qin Tian was different—with the Night Emperor's bloodline, his control over darkness and shadows far exceeded that of ordinary people. Even when the black-robed figure merged into shadows, Qin Tian could still clearly sense his escape trajectory within the shadows, even locking onto the aura of his soul.

Qin Tian stood in place, his eyes flashing with black light, space power and Dark Spiritual Energy gathering under his feet. If he wished, he could catch up with the black-robed figure in the next second, even forcibly tearing through the shadows using the power of the Night Emperor's bloodline to drag him out of the state of shadow escape for a fatal strike.

But at this moment, the heart-wrenching cries of Dongfang Mingyue reached his ears, filled with despair and pain, piercing through the howling wind and snow like sharp needles, stabbing deep into Qin Tian's heart.

His heart clenched, and the thought of pursuit vanished without a trace.

Something big must have happened for Dongfang Mingyue to be in such a state of collapse!

Without hesitation, he cast a Hunting Mark on the black-robed figure, ensuring that no matter how far the figure fled, he could track him down, with plenty of opportunities in the future to settle the score.

The mark traveled swiftly through the shadows with a life of its own, attaching precisely to the black-robed figure's concealed form.

Having done all this, Qin Tian no longer lingered. In the wind and snow, his figure vanished into the Void Gate, leaving behind the chaotic snowy plain and the lingering fluctuations of Spiritual Energy, bearing witness to the thrilling battle that just took place.

Chapter 490: Damage Transfer, Revival from the Brink

The heavy snowflakes were still falling all over the sky, dyeing the world in a vast expanse of white.

The cold wind carried snow grains, cutting across the cheeks like sharp knives, settling on Dongfang Mingyue's hair tips, quickly forming a thin layer of frost flowers.

She knelt in the snow, holding Xiao Yu tightly in her arms, clearly feeling the body in her embrace gradually growing cold, the once faint life breath like a candle flickering in the wind, could extinguish at any moment.

Dongfang Mingyue's body trembled violently, not from the cold, but from bone-deep fear, and hot tears fell one by one onto the snow in front of her, instantly melting small snow pits, soon to be covered again by newly fallen snowflakes.

The surrounding guards stood silently to the side, watching this heartbreaking scene, each with red-rimmed eyes.

In their eyes, Xiao Yu always seemed like a little sun, bouncing around by Dongfang Mingyue's side, handing hot soup to the guards on duty, and telling jokes to entertain everyone when bored.

But who could have thought that this lively and lovely girl would eventually head toward death in such a withered and decaying manner?—for a girl in her youth, such an ending was too cruel, and too heavy.

Just as everyone was shrouded in despair, even their breathing turning heavy, a black figure suddenly broke through the storm, landing in the snow like black lightning.

It was Qin Tian!

As soon as he landed, his gaze locked tightly on Xiao Yu in Dongfang Mingyue's arms, his spiritual sense quickly scanning over, and when he sensed that there was still a trace of faint life breath within Xiao Yu, he didn't hesitate at all, immediately crouching down, and placed his palm on Xiao Yu's head.

"Buzz——"

With Qin Tian's palm landing, a faint black halo spread from his palm, enveloping Xiao Yu's body.

This was his innate ability [Damage Transfer], capable of forcibly transferring all negative states and thirty percent of injuries from the target's body to his own.

In the next moment, something miraculous happened.

The thick black aura on Xiao Yu's face receded at a speed visible to the naked eye, as though meeting its nemesis, the originally wrinkled and aged face started slowly smoothing out, the loose skin gradually tightening, and even the graying hair faintly showed a hint of black—although not yet completely restored to its original appearance, this obvious change was like a beam of light, instantly illuminating everyone's hope. The previously dying flame of life seemed to be doused with oil, suddenly becoming vigorous.

"Xiao Yu!" Dongfang Mingyue exclaimed in surprise, her body jolting, eyes bursting with intense ecstasy, tears welling up again, yet this time tears of excitement and relief.

The surrounding guards also showed expressions of disbelief, their tense bodies relaxing at last, faces displaying the relief of surviving disaster.

Meanwhile, Qin Tian's face soon appeared with the same black aura that Xiao Yu had earlier, a sign of the curse transferring to him.

However, his Emperor's Dominator Physique state hadn't dissipated yet, the trait of "immune to all control and debuff effects" instantly activated, causing the black aura on his face to vanish entirely almost the moment it appeared, leaving not the slightest trace.

After dealing with the curse, Qin Tian didn't pause, the gentle life energy continuously channeled into Xiao Yu's body through his palm.

Seeing this, Dongfang Mingyue immediately reacted as well, concentrating her Power of Qingmu at her fingertip, gently pressing it on Xiao Yu's wrist, nurturing Xiao Yu's body alongside Qin Tian's life energy.

With the combined forces of the two energies, the changes in Xiao Yu became more pronounced: the aging face quickly rejuvenated, the skin restored its usual fair and tight complexion, the graying hair returned to a glossy black, and her breathing gradually became steady and strong.

However, her eyes remained tightly shut, showing no sign of waking.

Qin Tian withdrew his palm, frowning slightly, and said solemnly, "This still isn't enough. Her life force has been too severely eroded by the curse. Although her life is temporarily stabilized, to fully awaken, she likely needs the assistance of elixirs or Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures to repair her damaged essence."

"Elixirs... that's right! The Dan Tower!" Dongfang Mingyue suddenly lit up, seemingly thinking of something, hastily and urgently said, "There's a Yin Yang Rebirth Pill inside the Dan Tower, capable of resurrecting the dead and regrowing flesh on bones, it can definitely save Xiao Yu!"

Qin Tian, hearing this, flashed a gleam in his eyes, immediately nodded: "There's no time to lose, let's go to the Dan Tower now!"

As his words fell, the Power of Space surged around Qin Tian, and a semi-transparent Gate of Space slowly unfolded in front of everyone. He was the first to step in, with Dongfang Mingyue tightly holding Xiao Yu following behind, and the guards hurriedly catching up as well.

The other side of the Gate of Space was precisely the square outside the Dan Tower.

Guarded year-round at the entrance, the guards, spotting the group suddenly emerging from the Gate of Space, immediately became alert, hands resting on their weapons at their waists, loudly demanding, "Who are you? How dare you trespass into the Dan Tower!"

"It's me." Dongfang Mingyue held Xiaoyu and urgently moved forward.

The guards finally saw the person clearly. When they saw Dongfang Mingyue covered in blood, with the guards behind her all injured and looking disheveled, they instantly realized Dongfang Mingyue must have encountered danger.

The leading guard hurriedly stepped forward and respectfully asked, "Miss Ming Yue, what happened to you?"

"No time to explain!" Dongfang Mingyue held Xiaoyu, continuously walking, and urgently said, "I need to find the Dan Tower master, Xiaoyu is in critical condition, we need the Yin Yang Rebirth Pill to save her!"

Seeing this, the guards did not dare to hinder her, quickly stepping aside to clear the path, and didn't forget to instruct their companions, "Quick, notify the master, Miss Ming Yue has an urgent matter to discuss!"

Dongfang Mingyue held Xiaoyu and hurriedly rushed inside the Dan Tower, her steps eager yet cautious, afraid to disturb the person in her arms.

Qin Tian and other guards stayed outside the Dan Tower, partly to avoid too many people entering and disturbing the order, and partly to guard against any potential surprises - after all, the previous encounters with the black-robed and white-clad individuals were not yet fully settled, and they must remain vigilant.

The light from the Dan Tower's interior spilled through doors and windows, illuminating the square, casting shadows of Qin Tian and the guards, reflecting the hope in their eyes - hoping this time, Xiaoyu could truly escape danger and return to being the lively, smiling little sun she once was.

...

At the mountain peak, the snow was like cotton; the howling cold wind carried snow grains, brushing against the black-robed man's face but unable to cool the coldness in his heart.

He stood on a protruding boulder, gazing at the distant city's faint lights, his black robe flapping in the wind, sounding as sinister and poisonous as frosted ice: "Damn it, I want to see how long you can protect her!"

He originally thought his ability as a Tier Seven Spirit Mage would easily complete the task, yet unexpectedly failed at the hands of a Tier Six Spiritualist. However, recalling the opponent's strange bloodline that could suppress Dark Spiritual Energy, an air of solemnity naturally surfaced in his eyes.

Just then, a light voice suddenly sounded behind him, casual yet exploding like thunder in the black-robed man's ears: "Just now, did you say I am a waste?"

The black-robed man instantly stiffened, hair standing on end.

As a Tier Seven Spirit Mage, his Spiritual Sense far surpassed ordinary people, yet until the voice spoke, he hadn't detected someone approaching from behind. The stealth ability of the other was terrifyingly extreme.

He abruptly turned around, seeing a white-clad figure standing not far ahead, snowflakes landing on the person's pure white robe but leaving no trace.

The person's appearance was ordinary, yet the aura surrounding them was exceptional, like an immortal landing on a snowy night, standing in the cold wind yet giving off a sense of isolated cold elegance.

What shocked the black-robed man even more was feeling a Spiritual Energy fluctuation from the other that far exceeded his own, as vast as the ocean, seeming calm but harboring destructive power.

"Who... who are you?" The black-robed man instinctively retreated a step, secretly gathering Dark Spiritual Energy in his hands, warily watching the white-clad person - he was sure he had never encountered such a formidable individual, whose appearance stirred a strong life-and-death crisis within him.

The white-clad person did not answer, instead slowly raised his right hand, a silver longsword appearing at his waist, its blade reflecting snowlight, shimmering like the galaxy.

"Then let me see if you can withstand a strike from this 'waste'."

Before the voice faded, the sword light suddenly surged! A silver sword arc several feet long cascaded like the galaxy, instantly filling the black-robed man's vision, the sword wind carrying bitter cold turning surrounding snowflakes into ice crystals.

The black-robed man's pupils contracted sharply, with all his might concentrating a thick dark shield as his body moved quickly sideways, hoping to evade this lethal strike.

But the speed of the strike was extraordinarily fast, so fast he couldn't react. The silver sword arc sliced through his dark shield like cutting tofu, effortlessly passing through his body.

"Pssh—"

The black-robed man's body shuddered violently, standing motionless, a thin blood line slowly forming on his forehead.

Then, the blood line extended, dividing his body neatly into two halves, blood and organs spilling on the ground, quickly covered by falling snow, leaving only two torn black robes, slightly trembling in the cold wind.

The white-clad man's silver longsword emitted a final radiance, which he slowly sheathed in a flowing motion as if he had merely waved his hand instead of dispatching a Tier Seven Spirit Mage.

He looked up towards the city in the distance, his gaze settling on the Dan Tower, with a subtle, unfathomable curve rising at the corner of his lips.