

## **Necromancer: I Am A Disaster**

### **Chapter 281: A Hair's Breadth From Death; Abyssal Phantasms**

The mist thickened, worsening visibility. Lin Moyu's vision blurred, and the Fire Demon King's projection vanished into the haze. The Skeletal Warriors disappeared too, their faint soul fires barely discernible before fading completely. The sound of cracking bones echoed as the skeletons scattered.

Despite the mist, Lin Moyu's connection with the Skeletal Warriors remained intact, allowing him to perceive the surroundings through them.

"The barrier covers an area one kilometer in radius. There are no monsters, just endless mist. What is the Fire Demon King planning?"

The Skeletal Warriors relayed detailed information about the barrier, but Lin Moyu couldn't decipher the Fire Demon King's intent. Was he simply trapped? Did the Demon King intend to keep him imprisoned until he died?

Under his command, the Skeletal Warriors attacked the barrier, but it only hummed in response. Even their skill only caused slight ripples. The Fire Demon King's barrier was too strong to break—at least for now.

"Maybe the barrier can be broken with the help of Enhance Troops." Lin Moyu mused.

Mist filled his body with each breath, seeping in through his skin as well. His Bone Armor remained inactive, reassuring him that the mist shouldn't be harmful.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu thought he could hear faint laughter, as if the Fire Demon King was mocking him.

The scene around him shifted, and memories from his past surfaced—slaying demons, defeating bosses, competing in class user tournaments, and raiding dungeons. Yet, just as quickly, they faded away.

Lin Moyu felt a sense of loss, as though something important was slipping from his memory. Moments later, he was back at school, surrounded by the lively hum of chatter.

"What am I doing here?" Lin Moyu wondered. Something felt wrong, but his memories insisted he was a student preparing for his class awakening.

Gao Yang called out, "Dummy Lin, it's your turn! Get up there already!"

Xia Xue added, "They've called you twice already. Stop daydreaming!"

"Next, Lin Moyu!" Someone announced from the class awakening formation.

Lin Moyu stepped forward, confused, "Why does it feel like I've already gone through this? Am I forgetting something?"

His confusion deepened as the formation activated, and a strange vision, accompanied by chilling wind, appeared. He saw a Necromancer commanding a sea of skeletons, saw a Dragon covered in skeletons howling in pain.

"I feel like I've seen this before." He thought, recognizing the scene.

A massive undead army fought across the battlefield. Millions of Skeletal Warriors and Skeletal Mages fought relentlessly, led by skeletons riding skeletal horses made of white bones. In the sky above, undead Dragons soared through the air, with Archers perched on their backs.

This vision was far grander than the one he had seen during his actual class awakening.

Suddenly, the Necromancer lifted his head and raised his hand, his long, slender finger tapping the air, and a mass of fire erupted in Lin Moyu's view.

Bang!

The vision shattered with a sharp crack, jolting Lin Moyu awake. He found himself standing on the Immemorial Battlefield, the recent experience feeling like a fleeting dream. In that dream, everything had slipped from his memory, fading rapidly. If it had continued, he feared he might have lost himself completely.

"What just happened?" He muttered, his vision now filled with flames. To his surprise, he realized he was on fire. Yet, there was no pain—instead, the flames felt warm, comforting even.

The flames didn't just lick the surface of his skin; they burned deep within, searing through every corner of his body. A continuous popping sound echoed as countless unknown objects inside him were incinerated, accompanied by faint screams.

"This is Soul Blaze... The things I saw were illusions." Lin Moyu suddenly remembered something from a book he had once read.

In the Abyss, there existed a particularly mysterious and dangerous kind of Abyssal Demon known as Abyssal Phantasm. These creatures were a hundred times smaller

than a strand of hair and traveled in vast swarms. Even a small cluster contained billions of them. In terms of sheer numbers, they were the most populous Demons in the Abyss.

These Phantasms could infiltrate the body, create illusions, erode the soul, erase memories, and even take control of their host. Once they succeeded, the victim would lose their sense of self, becoming little more than a mindless puppet of the Phantasms.

A wave of fear washed over Lin Moyu. These tiny Demons were nearly impossible to detect. Before entering the body, they had no offensive capabilities, making even Bone Armor useless against them.

But, thanks to the mysterious Necromancer in the vision, Lin Moyu was saved. Soul Blaze engulfed him, burning the Phantasms that entered his body to ash. It was his first time using Soul Blaze on himself, and he marveled at its power.

He summoned Soul Blaze again, and a bright fire rose from his palm and turned into a massive fireball. Screams echoed as the Abyssal Phantasms hidden in the mist were incinerated. Soul Blaze was their bane.

"Ah! You discovered them?! What kind of fire is this? How can it kill Phantasms?!" A cry of surprise rose, followed by a deep roar.

Lin Moyu declared, his anger surging and his murderous intent flaring up, "I'll extinguish your fire!"

The Fire Demon King laughed, "I am the Fire Demon King, born with the power over fire. You dare play with fire in front of me?"

"Let's see about that." Lin Moyu replied coldly.

He had almost fallen into an irreversible trap, but at the critical moment, the mysterious Necromancer had pulled him back.

Fire danced in his palm as he aimed at the Fire Demon King's projection. Even if it was only a projection, Lin Moyu was determined to take his shot.

Soul Blaze locked onto the projection, and through a mysterious connection, a spark appeared in the Abyssal World, drilling into the Fire Demon King's head.

Screams filled the Abyssal World as excruciating pain wracked the Fire Demon King's soul, and his palace trembled violently. His projection on the Immemorial Battlefield vanished with a bang, leaving behind a black gem.

Lin Moyu picked it up. Abyssal power radiated from it, reminding him that the Succubus Queen had used a similar gem.

[Demon King Gem: a gem formed from the power of an Abyssal Demon King.]

After a brief examination, Lin Moyu found nothing particularly special or useful about it and decided to store the gem away.

Soul Blaze continued to burn, searing the Abyssal Phantasms in the mist. Lin Moyu wasn't sure how many Phantasms the Fire Demon King had deployed, but he intended to set the entire barrier ablaze.

In small numbers, Abyssal Phantasms were not particularly frightening and had a short lifespan. However, in large swarms, they became a terrifying threat, capable of causing death silently and without warning.

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In the Abyssal World, the Fire Demon King's screams finally ceased. Lin Moyu, following the projections' connection, locked onto the Fire Demon King's soul, casting his skill three times within a second.

Though his attacks weren't particularly strong, the pain was unbearable. The Fire Demon King collapsed from his throne, his screams filling the palace. Other Demons rushed to his aid, but he waved them off, incinerating them with a flick of his hand.

"No one can know about this embarrassment." Clutching his head, the Fire Demon King returned to his throne, which was engulfed in blazing flames. The fiercer the flames, the greater his fury.

The Fire Demon King vowed, his murderous billowing, "Lin Moyu, I swear I will kill you. Stay on the Immemorial Battlefield if you dare." He called out, "Convey my orders..."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 282: The Real Demonic Dragon Hall Dungeon**

Soul Blaze surged, incinerating the Abyssal Phantasms in an unrelenting blaze. Lin Moyu meticulously burned them again and again. The Phantasms were treacherous, nearly erasing his memories—a close call that served as a stark warning.

Lin Moyu learned Bone Armor wasn't invincible; there were threats it couldn't detect. This time he got lucky, but next time, he might not be as fortunate.

The Abyssal World was far stranger than the Human World, filled with unknown dangers. After returning, he planned to spend days in the library, absorbing every piece of knowledge on the Abyss. Preparation would be vital when he eventually ventured into that dark world.

Whether it was the Fire Demon King or the Succubus Queen, even if he didn't seek them out himself, they would never stop pursuing him. If he reached the godly rank, he would become a grave threat to them and the entire Abyss. They couldn't allow him to grow.

Lin Moyu had great confidence in his class. After witnessing the vision of the undead army of millions, his resolve strengthened. One day, he would lead an army to sweep through the Abyssal World.

With the Abyssal Phantasms eradicated, his skeletons turned their focus to the barrier. Its energy source, the black abyssal gem, was now in Lin Moyu's possession, leaving the barrier without power. The skeletons quickly shattered it.

As the barrier dissolved, Lin Moyu felt a vibration at his waist. A flash of joy crossed his mind—it was the Teleportation Stone Mo Yun had given him.

"Did she find the Demonic Dragon Hall?" Stowing his undead legions and donning Bone Armor, Lin Moyu activated the Teleportation Stone. The teleportation took nearly two minutes, covering a vast distance of about 30,000 kilometers. He hadn't realized how far they had drifted apart.

As his feet touched the ground, before his vision cleared, he immediately sensed the dungeon's aura—a mix of the Abyss's power and Dragonkind bloodline aura. The atmosphere matched the Dragon Crystal's aura from earlier. Chaotic sounds of battle filled the air—explosions, elemental clashes, and combat echoed around him.

Two seconds later, his vision cleared. There was a transparent light shield around him. Mo Yun stood nearby with her Holy Spirit Unicorn, greeting him with a smile and a snort respectively. Lin Moyu was now sure she had found the Demonic Dragon Hall.

In the distance, a chaotic battle raged. Abyssal Demons, Dragonkind, and human class users—dozens of parties, hundreds of individuals—clashed, trying to prevent each other from entering the dungeon. After all, Dragon Crystals were highly sought after by the three sides.

Above, thousands of stars hung suspended, a beautiful vision framing the swirling dungeon vortex.

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell.

[Dungeon: Demonic Dragon Hall]

[Level: 53]

[Difficulties: ordinary, nightmare, hell]

Mo Yun chuckled, "Beat you to it."

Lin Moyu nodded. This was tens of thousands of kilometers away. Without Mo Yun's help, even with half a month of searching, her might not have found the dungeon.

Grateful, Lin Moyu said, "Thank you."

Mo Yun waved it off, "No need for thanks. If you get extra Dragon Crystals, just give me one or two."

While Dragon Crystals could be used multiple times, they could only awaken a talent once. After that, any remaining crystals would be useless.

Lin Moyu agreed without hesitation, "No problem."

Mo Yun didn't plan to enter. At level 42, a level 53 dungeon, at hell rank difficulty, featured extremely strong monsters. Additionally, the difficulty of the Demonic Dragon Hall was rumored to be higher than that of other dungeons of the same level. Given these conditions, there was a high risk that she, being level 42, could be killed on the spot if something went wrong.

"Go in quickly." She urged, "The Demonic Dragon Hall might not be around for long and could disappear soon. It'll be difficult to find it again."

"Mhm. I'll call someone over." Lin Moyu took out a Point Teleportation Stone and sent a message.

Mo Yun looked puzzled. Apart from Ning Yiyi, who else would he summon?

Two minutes later, light flickered, and Mu Xianxian appeared. She was carrying a platinum rank maul. Only Collection Master, one of the rarest legendary classes, would wield such a weapon.

Mo Yun's eyes widened, "A Collection Master?"

In that moment, she understood Lin Moyu's plan. Bringing a Collection Master to a dungeon would double the rewards. For someone like Lin Moyu, who preferred solo runs, having a Collection Master was a perfect choice.

Mo Yun murmured, "You managed to find such a rare class user."

Lin Moyu chuckled, "I was just lucky."

Mu Xianxian, seeing the dungeon, exclaimed, "It's the Demonic Dragon Hall!"

"You've seen it before?" Lin Moyu asked.

She nodded, "A few times, and I even entered it once. Unfortunately, it was too difficult. We couldn't clear it."

"What level was it when you entered? When did you go in?" Lin Moyu continued.

Mu Xianxian replied, "It was Level 55. We were fortunate that the dungeon had just formed and there wasn't much competition, so we rushed in. However, the monster was level 57. We couldn't defeat it, so we had to retreat."

The level 55 Demonic Dragon Hall posed a serious challenge. Without a party of level 60 class users, it was nearly impossible to clear. At hell rank difficulty, the party size was limited to 12. Mu Xianxian's party, with its healers and her rare class, had stood little chance.

The Level 55 Demonic Dragon Hall was extremely challenging for most parties. Unless the entire party was composed of individuals above level 60, clearing it was very difficult. At hell rank difficulty, the party size was capped at a maximum of 12 people. For a party like Mu Xianxian's, which included many Healers and a Collection Master, failing was quite understandable.

Lin Moyu cast Bone Armor on both Mu Xianxian and Mo Yun, then partied up with Mu Xianxian.

"Stay safe. Ready Advanced Dungeon Escape Talismans and potions."

With a shout, Lin Moyu charged toward the dungeon alongside Mu Xianxian. At the same time, two undead legions appeared. The Lich Generals quickly cast status buffs, while the Skeletal Warriors, their bones clattering, surged forward with overwhelming force, startling the surrounding fighters.

"An undead army!"

"Lin Moyu is here!"

"Why is he here?"

"Stop him!"

"He reeks of Dragonkind aura. He must have killed hundreds of our kind."

"Kill him!"

Lin Moyu's name had spread across the Immemorial Battlefield. To the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind, he was a thorn in their side. But humans hailed him as a hero. The Demons even said: 'If you encounter Lin Moyu alone, run.'

Currently, both the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind had assembled in teams to target the Demonic Dragon Hall, boasting impressive strength of at least level 55. Under these circumstances, they were less intimidated by Lin Moyu.

The Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind quickly united and launched an assault against Lin Moyu. He responded with a command, causing the Skeletal Warriors to leap into the air and unleash their skills. The Skeletal Mages followed with a barrage of magic spells, creating dazzling lights and loud explosions.

The legends about Lin Moyu and his skeletons were extraordinary, and even somewhat exaggerated. The Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind, wary of facing him directly, quickly gained altitude. However, the Skeletal Mages' magic spells had already erupted above them, causing them to howl in pain.

The level 35 Skeletal Mages, bolstered by status buffs, had nearly 150,000 points in spirit attribute, dealing massive damage. Overwhelmed by the intense attacks, the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind quickly retreated.

"Awesome!" Mu Xianxian smiled broadly

With just one wave of attacks, the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind were practically forced to withdraw.

Lin Moyu didn't respond, knowing better. The Skeletal Mages' skills hadn't improved much with their recent level-ups, relying solely on their increased spirit attribute to enhance their damage output. Unlike the Skeletal Warriors, whose skill had grown much more powerful.

Lin Moyu knew that the Skeletal Mages were capable of more than what was currently evident. What had previously been a guess was now confirmed. The encounter with the Abyssal Phantasms had provided him with crucial insights.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 283: A Dozen-Plus Demonic Dragon Halls With A Dozen-Plus Bosses**



The skeletons led the way, providing cover as they escorted Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian into the Demonic Dragon Hall. Quick-thinking human parties followed close behind, rushing into the dungeon. In moments, more than half of the humans outside had vanished. Once Lin Moyu was inside, his undead legions also disappeared.

With their numbers drastically reduced, the humans outside quickly found themselves at a disadvantage. Sensing trouble, the few parties withdrew from the combat zone, leaving the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind locked in a tense standoff.

Although it seemed a fierce battle was inevitable, both sides paused, realizing that the humans had already secured an advantage by entering the dungeon. In a strange, silent agreement, the Demons and Dragonkind ceased their fighting and rushed toward the entrance. One by one, they entered the dungeon, leaving the remaining humans outside bewildered. It was unheard of for these two hostile races to avoid fighting each other.

Moments later, the remaining humans also rushed toward the dungeon. In an instant, the area outside was deserted, save for the vision, tempting anyone brave enough to claim the hidden treasures.

In the distance, Mo Yun, perched on her Holy Spirit Unicorn, watched the events unfold with confusion. The Demonic Dragon Hall was typically a battleground of relentless conflict, with the three races battling fiercely for the right to enter. Yet now, the area outside was eerily calm, as every party had managed to enter the dungeon without bloodshed. Mo Yun found it hard to accept this sudden shift.

Soon, she noticed another group of Abyssal Demons flying through the air, rushing toward the dungeon. Meanwhile, a new human party appeared on the ground. Mo Yun swiftly withdrew, keeping her distance—being alone, she wasn't an obvious target.

The newly arrived Abyssal Demons, finding the area empty, mistakenly believed they were the first to arrive and eagerly charged inside. The human class users followed suit.

In just five minutes, Mo Yun watched as at least ten more parties entered the dungeon. She couldn't help but think that this might be the most crowded the Demonic Dragon Hall had ever been.

Inside the Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon, Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian were greeted by a bone-chilling cold, the temperature quickly dropping below freezing. Icicles clung to the ceiling, and a layer of pale blue ice blanketed the ground. Though the temperature plummeted to at least  $-50^{\circ}\text{C}$ , class users could still endure the harsh conditions.

Mu Xianxian gasped, "Looks like we got lucky—it's the Ice Demonic Dragon."

Lin Moyu glanced at her; with ice covering every surface, her remark felt unnecessary.

The Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon was unique in that its environment shifted with each entry, much like the Divine Selection Secret Realm. Sometimes, class users faced the Fire Demonic Dragon, other times the Ice Demonic Dragon, yet other times Demonic Dragons of other elements.

So far, over a dozen types of Demonic Dragons had appeared in the dungeon. The Black Demonic Dragon was notoriously the most difficult to face, while the Ice Demonic Dragon was considered relatively easy. However, the stronger the Demonic Dragon, the more Dragon Crystals it would drop.

Lin Moyu cautioned, "Wait for the right moment to use Collection."

Having worked with him before, Mu Xianxian replied confidently, "Don't worry."

Ahead of them loomed a massive cavern—100 meters tall and 50 meters wide. One of the dungeon's unique features was the absence of mob monsters. The only enemy was the Demonic Dragon, and the dungeon could be cleared by slaying it.

The rules were simple: defeat the boss. But execution was far from easy. The Demonic Dragon's attributes varied greatly depending on the dungeon's difficulty level.

As they entered the cavern, a freezing wind whipped through, growing the ice on the ground. The icicles hanging from the ceiling also grew larger. Their Bone Armor materialized in response, signaling the wind's offensive nature.

"This feels like it's a breath." Mu Xianxian said, her face pale.

Lin Moyu asked, "What kind of Demonic Dragon did you face last time?"

Mu Xianxian replied, "We encountered the Poison Demonic Dragon. As soon as the fight started, our entire party was poisoned. Despite having five Healers, they couldn't keep up with the poison, which was too advanced for them to dispel. The poison grew stronger as the battle continued, and eventually, we had no choice but to withdraw from the dungeon."

"Didn't you have antidotes?" Lin Moyu asked.

"We did, but they didn't help much. The whole cavern was filled with poison. Once we dispelled it, we got poisoned again right away, and antidotes have cooldowns."

Listening to Mu Xianxian, Lin Moyu noted that this situation resembled the Earth Evil Centipede encounter. However, he wasn't particularly concerned about this type of challenge.

After walking for about 20 minutes, they finally saw the Ice Demonic Dragon. It lay sprawled across a massive crystal throne, its blue body radiating a cold that froze the

cavern. The throne was encased in ice, which held numerous treasures that sparkled brightly.

The Ice Demonic Dragon was still asleep, its cold breath causing their armor to rattle. Mu Xianxian was right; the cold wind was just its breath. Lin Moyu could sense its presence and, even without using the Detection spell, had a rough idea of its strength.

It was likely on par with the Earth Evil Centipede, though far weaker than the Archaic Luanniao and even more so compared to the Archaic Earth Dragon.

After battling many bosses, Lin Moyu had developed a sharp intuition.

The Ice Demonic Dragon opened its eyes, locking onto Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian with a murderous glare. It awoke with a thunderous roar.

Standing 30 meters tall and over 50 meters long, it unfurled its massive wings and roared at Lin Moyu. Lin Moyu's Detection spell immediately landed on its body.

[Ice Demonic Dragon (hell rank boss)]

[Level: 56]

[Strength: 100,000]

[Agility: 60,000]

[Spirit: 120,000]

[Physique: 160,000]

[Skills: Frostbound Land, Massive Freeze, Super Ice Blast]

[Traits: Water Elemental Immunity, 50% Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Physical Damage Reduction, Curse Effect Greatly Weakened, Health Greatly Enhanced]

With a total of 440,000 in attributes, the Ice Demonic Dragon was on par with the level 58 Earth Evil Centipede. As a level 56 hell rank dungeon boss, its attributes even surpassed those of level 58 world rank bosses. The difficulty of the Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon was indeed immense, requiring an exceptional party to clear it.

Bai Yiyuan had mentioned that when he was level 45, he had coincidentally encountered a level 40 Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon. It was now clear that luck wasn't the only factor—his strength played a significant role.

World bosses could often be defeated by sheer numbers, with dozens or even a hundred class users. However, the Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon only allowed up to 12 class users at hell rank difficulty, making it notably more challenging.

“Alright, let’s do this,” Lin Moyu said softly, summoning the 15 undead legions. Fortunately, the cavern was large enough to accommodate them all.

The Lich Generals raised their staves in unison, and a booming noise filled the cavern as white light shot into the air, casting a dazzling glow across the ice.

With the Skeletal Warriors having received status buffs, they charged forward, followed by the Skeletal Mages unleashing their magic spells. The force of 3,000 Skeletal Warriors and 2,250 Skeletal Mages was spectacular, even startling the Ice Demonic Dragon, whose roar shifted into an unusual pitch.

The Skeletal Mages' magic spells engulfed every inch of the Ice Demonic Dragon's body. Flames roared, winds howled, and thunder boomed. The cavern echoed with a cacophony of sounds as small explosions erupted across the Demonic Dragon's blue body.

Mu Xianxian watched in amazement. Lin Moyu's skeletal army had grown significantly since the last time she saw it. Her initial astonishment soon turned to excitement. With such a formidable force, she was confident they could defeat the Demonic Dragon. She could already imagine the Dragon Crystals awaiting her. After Lin Moyu awakened a new talent, he would likely share the extra Dragon Crystals with her, just as he had given her the Earth Gem previously.

Before the Ice Demonic Dragon could finish its roar, a barrage of magic spells from the Skeletal Mages struck its open mouth, cutting the roar short. The Demonic Dragon spread its wings and took to the air, breaking through the network of magic attacks.

The Skeletal Warriors had already reached it, many leaping up to grab onto its scales and rising into the air with it. Even as they were lifted, the Skeletal Warriors proceeded to swing their blades with relentless dedication.

The Ice Demonic Dragon's body was now marked by red burns from fire and black scorch marks from lightning, with many of its scales damaged by wind blades. The over 2,000 magic attacks had inflicted substantial damage.

Enraged, the Ice Demonic Dragon shook violently, trying to throw off the skeletons. Yet they clung on stubbornly, anchoring themselves in the cracks between its scales and never ceasing their assault. Their relentless attacks caused cracks to appear on the Dragon's scales.

Lin Moyu tapped the air with his finger, and a red glow descended as the Damage Curse took effect.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 284: Violent Mu Xianxian

Skill: Damage Curse!

[Damage Curse (level 35): curses enemies within a range of 27.5 meters and increases the damage they receive by 27.5%. Duration: 1 minute]

The cavern was bathed in a sinister red glow as the curse took hold. The cavern's mirror-like walls reflected the light endlessly, transforming the once ice-blue expanse into a blazing crimson.

The level 35 Damage Curse was significantly weakened by the Ice Demonic Dragon's trait, only doubling the damage instead of its full potential. Dragons and Dragonkind possessed a resistance to curses due to their powerful bloodline.

Despite this, the twofold damage boost was remarkable given the already high attack power of the Skeletal Warriors. They unleashed their skill atop the Ice Demonic Dragon, causing icy blood to splatter and agonized roars to fill the air.

Suddenly, the Ice Demonic Dragon shimmered, and a thick layer of ice crystallized across its body, freezing all the Skeletal Warriors on its back.

Skill: Massive Freeze!

The temperature in the cavern plummeted. Ice coated the Skeletal Warriors on the ground, reducing their movement to a crawl, mimicking the effects of a Slow Curse. However, the Lich Generals quickly responded, using Nullify to dispel the control status from the skeletons.

Protected by Bone Armor, Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian withstood the freezing attack. While Massive Freeze carried some offensive power, it wasn't strong enough to threaten them. Its strength lay in its control ability, which proved ineffective due to the Lich Generals' presence.

The Ice Demonic Dragon roared in fury, radiating a rich blue light.

Skill: Frostbound Land.

Snowflakes began to fall, each one sharp as a blade, and then exploded upon contact, freezing the Skeletal Warriors. Once more, the Lich Generals hurried to heal and free their troops.

High above, the Ice Demonic Dragon circled, refusing to descend. Its aerial advantage rendered the Skeletal Warriors useless. Lin Moyu, watching from below, could only rely on the Skeletal Mages.

"My summons can't fly, how troublesome." Lin Moyu muttered, recalling the undead dragons from his class awakening vision. If only he could summon such creatures.

The Ice Demonic Dragon's wide-area control skills were impressive, but their power remained insufficient to pose a threat to the Skeletal Warriors. The battle entered a deadlock.

Lin Moyu wanted to raid the dungeon a few more times. Growing impatient, he decided to take matters into his own hands. Fire flared in his palm, and the Ice Demonic Dragon let out a shriek of agony, its massive form quivering unstably in midair.

Lin Moyu unleashed Soul Blaze repeatedly, each cast causing the Ice Demonic Dragon immense pain. The Demonic Dragon's focus shifted to him.

"Come down if you dare." Lin Moyu muttered under his breath.

The Ice Demonic Dragon refused to descend, letting out a series of deafening roars. Subsequently, blue light erupted from its body, brighter and more intense than before.

Skill: Super Ice Blast!

As the skill activated, the entire cavern began to tremble violently. The thick layers of ice covering the walls and floor shattered, raining down massive chunks of ice. As the ice chunks hit the ground, they exploded like fireballs, releasing a terrifying aura that swept across the battlefield.

Lin Moyu's Bone Armor crackled under the strain. His expression grew serious—he had initially believed the Ice Demonic Dragon's skills were focused solely on control, but the sheer offensive power of this attack made him reconsider. The skill was both a devastating and sustained attack.

One by one, the ice chunks exploded, burying the Skeletal Warriors under a massive amount of ice. Even Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian found themselves engulfed by the icy barrage.

Suddenly, an intense sense of danger surged through Lin Moyu. The threat escalated rapidly, reaching a critical point in mere seconds. Without a second thought, he recalled his undead legions and shouted, "Defense!"

Mu Xianxian sensed the danger as well. The moment Lin Moyu's words left his mouth, she activated her skill.

Skill: Total Defense.

As the skill was activated, a massive explosion tore through the cavern.

Lin Moyu quickly realized the true nature of Super Ice Blast. It was a skill that dealt continuous damage, culminating in a catastrophic final explosion. Despite his quick reaction, some of his Skeletal Warriors were restrained by the ice and couldn't be recalled in time. He lost contact with them in the blast—they were gone.

His Bone Armor shattered under the impact, and a terrifying force slammed into him. He sensed his skeletons in the summon space perishing in batches. Thanks to his passive Elemental Resistance skill, all elemental damage was reduced by four times, but even with this reduction, due to Damage Transfer's effect, nearly a hundred Skeletal Warriors in the summon space were wiped out. Additionally, dozens of skeletons that were not recalled in time were obliterated.

In that single attack, Lin Moyu lost over 150 skeletons. He let out a sigh of relief, knowing that if he hadn't reacted quickly and recalled most of his forces, his undead legions would have been annihilated.

The power of the attack was overwhelming. It wasn't just the power of the Ice Demonic Dragon, but also included the energy from every ice chunk in the cavern. Now, with the ice blown away, the cavern's pitch-black rock walls were exposed.

The reason it was so powerful was because it could only be used once.

"No wonder it hit that hard. We'll need to be careful from here on."

Mu Xianxian, still pale, nodded in agreement. "That was close." She said, her voice shaky. Thanks to Total Defense, she had escaped unscathed.

A roar echoed through the cavern, carrying a hint of weakness. Mu Xianxian looked up, her Combat Instinct flaring—this was the perfect opportunity.

Without hesitation, she let out a shout and slammed her feet into the ground, launching herself into the air with enough force to crack the ground beneath her.

"What a violent girl!" Lin Moyu thought, surprised at the sudden burst of power. Despite not being a combat-type class, Mu Xianxian's attributes were far from weak.

Before the Ice Demonic Dragon could react, Mu Xianxian was already upon it, gripping a scale with one hand. With her other, she brought down her glowing platinum rank maul.



Skill: Daze!

Though the chance of stunning a boss was slim, luck was on their side. The maul connected, and the Ice Demonic Dragon was thrown into a stunned state, plummeting toward the ground.

“Now’s our chance!” Lin Moyu wasted no time. He summoned his undead legions, and they unleashed a relentless assault.

The Skeletal Mages fired volleys of concentrated fire, while the Skeletal Warriors leaped into position, releasing their skill. The five-second stun was precious, and Lin Moyu intended to make every moment count. He summoned Soul Blaze from his palm, adding to the barrage.

Meanwhile, Mu Xianxian cast Collection, flinging a burst of fireworks that enveloped the Ice Demonic Dragon in radiant light. Her movements were swift and fluid, her Combat Instinct already fully deployed. The timing between her and Lin Moyu was perfect—the entire exchange took less than 0.5 seconds.

Even before the Ice Demonic Dragon hit the ground, the Skeletal Mages’ spells had already landed. The first wave of Skeletal Warriors intercepted it midair, unleashing their skill and striking as one. The second wave followed, then the third. By the time the Demonic Dragon finally crashed into the ground, four waves of Skeletal Warriors’ attacks had hit it.

Without wasting any time, more Skeletal Warriors leapt onto the Ice Demonic Dragon, attacking every inch of its massive frame and releasing their skill. In the period of five seconds, nearly every Skeletal Warrior had struck, while the Skeletal Mages had unleashed five full volleys of concentrated fire.

It was a total gang-up—a brutal, relentless beatdown.

As the Ice Demonic Dragon recovered from the stun state, it let out a weak, pitiful roar. To Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian, the sound was unmistakable—the cry of a dying beast. The battle was over.

Though Lin Moyu’s undead legions had delivered the finishing blow, he knew the real hero was Mu Xianxian. Without the five seconds she earned him, the fight would have dragged on much longer.

[Killed Ice Demonic Dragon, EXP +5,600,000]

[Obtained Dragon Crystal x4]

[Obtained Dragon Crystal x4 through Collection]



[Dragon Crystal: has a chance to awaken a talent after use. No usage limit, but can only awaken one talent.]

In the Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon, no equipment dropped—only Dragon Crystals. Typically, each run would yield three to six crystals, but this time they managed to gather eight: four from the regular drops and four from Mu Xianxian's Collection skill. It was an exceptional haul.

Among the many Demonic Dragons, the Ice Demonic Dragon was considered relatively weak. As long as one could survive its Super Ice Blast, taking it down wasn't too difficult.

Lin Moyu glanced at the hexagonal Dragon Crystals, brimming with rich energy. "I have you to thank. You did very well."

Mu Xianxian beamed at the praise and giggled, "Then let's keep going."

"Alright." Lin Moyu nodded, "Let's continue!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 285: You've Done It Again; Defeating The Black Demonic Dragon**

Outside the dungeon, the bands of shimmering light still lingered.

A gust of wind blew by, and Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian emerged, both a little dazed.

Why... was there no one around? No humans, no Demons, no Dragonkind.

A beam of light descended from the sky as Mo Yun flew down, quickly recounting what had happened to Lin Moyu. The situation that had unfolded was completely unexpected.

Because Lin Moyu had entered the dungeon, followed by multiple human parties, the balance between the three factions outside was disrupted. In the end, instead of fighting one another, everyone had gone into the dungeon to face the Demonic Dragons.

Lin Moyu said in a quiet voice, "It's a good thing I didn't take you along."

Mo Yun quickly grasped the meaning behind his words. If she had gone into the dungeon, she could have been in danger.

Mo Yun responded softly, "Mhm. You should keep grinding. The Demonic Dragon Hall could disappear at any moment."

"Alright. Stay safe out here." Lin Moyu took out the Advanced Cooldown Talisman he had received from Bai Yiyuan and reset the cooldown for both him and Mu Xianxian.

The Advanced Cooldown Talisman was specially prepared for the Demonic Dragon Hall. Unlike the Elementary version, it could be used 100 times. Even if both of them used it together, they could raid the dungeon 50 times. With the cooldown reset, they re-entered the dungeon.

As soon as they stepped in, they heard a rumbling noise. A towering, pitch-black mountain loomed before them, with a massive boulder rolling down, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Mu Xianxian swallowed nervously. "It's the Black Demonic Dragon... The hardest one to defeat in the Demonic Dragon Hall. Should we switch?"

Lin Moyu thought for a moment, "Let's give it a try first."

He wasn't the type to back down without giving things a try first. Besides, he had his own plans.

Trusting his judgment, Mu Xianxian remarked, "Last time it took us 33 minutes in total. I wonder how long it'll be this time."

"It'll be much faster!" Lin Moyu dashed forward as he spoke.

In the second run, since he was already familiar with the Demonic Dragon Hall, Lin Moyu wasted no time.

The cavern ahead was vast and pitch-dark. The Black Demonic Dragon was the strongest boss in the Demonic Dragon Hall, and Lin Moyu was eager to face it.

In their previous battle with the Ice Demonic Dragon, the entire run had taken 33 minutes, but more than 20 minutes were spent just getting there. The actual combat had only lasted about 10 minutes.

This time, Lin Moyu moved swiftly, nearly choosing to ride on a skeleton's back.

In just six minutes, they reached the end of the cavern, where the Black Demonic Dragon lay waiting.

The cavern was engulfed in darkness. The only light came from the Soul Blaze burning in Lin Moyu's palm, casting an eerie glow over the Black Demonic Dragon.

It was clearly larger than the Ice Demonic Dragon, over 40 meters tall and more than 70 meters in length. Its ink-black tail was lined with sharp barbs and its dark scales gleamed with an oily sheen, looking impenetrable.

Their arrival stirred the Black Demonic Dragon from its slumber. It didn't take Lin Moyu seriously, its eyes filled with provocation. It exhaled a breath of hot air, and a hurricane of wind instantly swept through the cavern.

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate. He responded to the Demonic Dragon's challenge with action. In a flash, his undead legions appeared and launched their attack. The Skeletal Mages' spells hit first, followed closely by Lin Moyu's Detection spell.

[Black Demonic Dragon (hell rank boss)]

[Level: 56]

[Strength: 150,000]

[Agility: 60,000]

[Spirit: 40,000]

[Physique: 200,000]

[Skills: Earthquake Blast, Dragon Tail Swipe, Frenzied Charge]

[Traits: 80% Elemental Damage Reduction, 80% Physical Damage Reduction, Curse Effect Greatly Weakened, Health Greatly Enhanced]

It was another level 56 hell rank boss, but its total attributes exceeded the Ice Demonic Dragon by 10,000, reaching 450,000. While the difference seemed small, the distribution of the attributes was entirely different.

The Black Demonic Dragon had 150,000 points in strength and 200,000 in physique, with 80% reduction to both elemental and physical damage. It was another high-attack, high-defense boss, and its skills suggested that it could obliterate Lin Moyu's skeletons in an instant.

In the previous battle with the Ice Demonic Dragon, over 150 Skeletal Warriors had fallen. This time, the losses could be even more severe.

Lin Moyu shivered slightly, his mind made up. However, just as he was about to act, the Black Demonic Dragon's eyes glowed an ominous red. A sense of unease crept over him, as if something terrible was about to happen.

Sure enough, the Demonic Dragon let out a deafening roar and charged directly at the Skeletal Warriors. Despite having wings, it didn't take flight. Instead, it folded them back and rushed along the ground, cloaked in a black light that radiated from its body, pressing on like an armored juggernaut.

Skill: Frenzied Charge!

Lin Moyu tried to recall his Skeletal Warriors, but he was a step too late. Some of them were sent flying, while others were instantly crushed. A stream of death notifications flooded in as the skeletons were decimated.

Lin Moyu's mind went numb.

This guy fought without mercy, immediately unleashing a devastating skill. The Black Demonic Dragon plowed through the Skeletal Warriors like an unstoppable force.

The Demonic Dragon halted abruptly, its eyes gleaming with malice. It stomped down with tremendous force.

Skill: Earthquake Blast.

The entire cavern shook violently.

"Damn it!" Lin Moyu cursed, alarmed. He quickly issued the command to retrieve the Skeletal Warriors. But it was already too late.

The Skeletal Warriors had already been struck by the attack, leaving Lin Moyu unable to recall them. The source of the assault was the ground itself. A deep rumble echoed through the cavern, and a terrifying wave of energy surged from the ground, far more devastating than the Frenzied Charge.

In the wake of this attack, countless skeletons were bound to fall, likely over a thousand.

"Go all out!" Lin Moyu gritted his teeth, activating the Enhance Troops skill as the 兵 rune on his hand glowed.

The undead legions' attributes surged, allowing them to brace against the Black Demonic Dragon's ferocious attack.

Despite the onslaught, the Skeletal Warriors fought back, while the Skeletal Mages unleashed a barrage of spells. Lin Moyu triggered Damage Curse, and the Lich Generals focused entirely on healing the troops.

Suddenly, Mu Xianxian charged forward.

“Come back! Are you crazy?” Lin Moyu shouted, alarmed.

Her Total Defense skill’s cooldown hadn’t ended, and without it, she’d be vulnerable against the Black Demonic Dragon. The Bone Armor alone might not hold.

But Mu Xianxian didn’t respond, her eyes blazing with fierce determination. Her Combat Instinct talent had fully kicked in, giving her a unique vision of the battle. She darted toward the Black Demonic Dragon, effortlessly dodging its attacks, exploiting the gaps in its skill.

By the time she reached the Black Demonic Dragon, she hadn’t taken a single hit. Lin Moyu could only watch in astonishment—Combat Instinct was far more powerful than he had imagined.

Without hesitation, Mu Xianxian launched fireworks, turning the Black Demonic Dragon into a shimmering target. Its aggro shifted instantly, and with a furious roar, it lashed out with a devastating tail sweep.

Skill: Dragon Tail Swipe!

Despite Combat Instinct being in effect, the Demonic Dragon’s speed was too overwhelming to avoid. Instead of dodging, Mu Xianxian swung her maul at the incoming tail, using her one combat skill—Daze.

With a thunderous crash, she was sent flying into the wall, large cracks splintering across her Bone Armor. Lin Moyu exhaled in relief. As long as the Bone Armor held, she’d survive. But then his eyes widened in disbelief.

The Black Demonic Dragon had been stunned! The Daze skill had actually worked...

"What incredible luck!" Lin Moyu exclaimed.

Five seconds—especially under the Enhanced Troops’ effect—could decide the fate of the Black Demonic Dragon. Even with its 80% damage reduction, it couldn’t withstand the empowered assault.

Lin Moyu joined the attack, unleashing Soul Blaze with rapid succession. The Skeletal Warriors and Skeletal Mages unleashed their skills in a frenzied burst. For those five critical seconds, the undead legions pummeled the Black Demonic Dragon with everything they had.

Though powerful, it was still just a Level 56 hell rank boss. Its health couldn’t last under the onslaught. Before the stun effect faded, the Demonic Dragon let out an agonized cry and collapsed.

Mu Xianxian ran back, excitement lighting her face. "We did it! We killed it!"

Lin Moyu smiled. "You've done it again."

She giggled, "I'm pretty impressive, aren't I?"

[Killed Black Demonic Dragon, EXP +5,600,000]

[Obtained Dragon King Certificate]

[Obtained Dragon Crystal x6]

[Obtained Dragon Crystal x6 through Collection]

[Dragon King Certificate: grants entry to the Dragon King Hall dungeon located in the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield.]

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 286: Blocking The Entrance

The Dragon King Certificate was soul-bound, making it impossible to trade. It resembled a small, intricately carved Dragon statuette, no larger than the palm of a hand.

Lin Moyu was surprised the Black Demonic Dragon dropped a Dragon King Certificate. Wasn't it said that only Dragon Crystals could be obtained in the Demonic Dragon Hall? Could this be an exception? Or perhaps so few parties had ever slain the Black Demonic Dragon that this hadn't been documented.

"That must be it." Lin Moyu thought. With only a handful of recorded Black Demonic Dragon kills, it was plausible this drop had gone unreported.

He recalled Bai Yiyuan briefly mentioning the Dragon King Hall dungeon once but without any specific details. Turning to Mu Xianxian, he asked, "Do you know anything about the Dragon King Hall dungeon?"

Mu Xianxian nodded, "I've heard of it. It's said to be an incredible dungeon located in the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, but I don't know much else."

Lin Moyu realized he'd have to ask Bai Yiyuan for more information later. Perhaps Mo Yun could also help.

Setting aside thoughts of the Dragon King Hall for now, Lin Moyu returned to the task at hand—completing dungeon runs. Outside, the area was still deserted.

They reset the cooldown and re-entered the dungeon.

Mu Xianxian, now keeping track of their progress, noted, "We took 33 minutes for the Ice Demonic Dragon, and only 9 minutes for the Black Demonic Dragon. I wonder how long this one will take."

Lin Moyu responded, "It'll definitely be slower this time."

Their swift victory over the Black Demonic Dragon was largely thanks to the Enhance Troops skill. But with it now on cooldown, Lin Moyu wasn't sure how much their pace would slow. Mu Xianxian's role would be crucial—her Daze skill had been instrumental in the last two battles. If she could pull it off again...

For the third time, they faced the Wind Demonic Dragon. The cavern was filled with relentless, howling wind, sharp enough to carve the cavern walls smooth as glass.

The Wind Demonic Dragon, bathed in a green glow, hovered midair, each wing flap generating violent whirlwinds. The Skeletal Warriors struggled to advance, their movements slowed by the fierce wind.

Even as they inched closer, the dense wind element formed visible bands around the Wind Demonic Dragon like a protective armor, repelling their every strike. The relentless wind kept the Skeletal Warriors at bay.

The Wind Demonic Dragon's attributes were similar to the Ice Demonic Dragon's, but it was more challenging due to its whirlwind armor. Not only did it prevent physical attacks, but it also deflected spells from the Skeletal Mages.

Lin Moyu hesitated for a moment, but quickly regained his composure. Fortunately, the Wind Demonic Dragon's attacks, while large in range, lacked lethal force.

Its wind-based skills covered the entire cavern with each strike, but their power wasn't enough to cause fatal damage to the skeletons. Any injuries they sustained were easily healed by the Lich Generals. The Skeletal Warriors couldn't get close, and the Skeletal Mages' spells were only half as effective. Despite the Wind Demonic Dragon's relentless barrage, it couldn't inflict significant harm on Lin Moyu or his forces. The battle had reached a stalemate.

Mu Xianxian then suggested, "Why don't I give it a shot?"

Since the Demonic Dragon's attacks weren't fatal, and she was protected by Bone Armor, along with Total Defense being off cooldown, she felt it was safe. With Combat Instinct activated, she was ready.

Lin Moyu recast Bone Armor on her, cautioning, "Be careful."

Mu Xianxian nodded, her eyes filled with determination, her Combat Instinct talent kicking in. To her, the chaotic wind patterns became clear, glowing with a green light. She darted toward the Wind Demonic Dragon, weaving through the wind elemental attacks, smashing through the ones she couldn't dodge.

Hovering above its throne, the Wind Demonic Dragon regarded her with disdain. Confident in its whirlwind armor, it allowed her approach, certain that no one could breach its defense.

As Mu Xianxian closed, the whirlwind armor roared to life, unleashing a violent surge of wind that lashed out at her like countless razor-sharp blades. Undeterred, she leaped forward.

The Demonic Dragon's eyes flashed with arrogance, fully expecting her to be blown away—the knockback effect of its whirlwind armor had never failed before. In this moment, the creature's pride was on full display. But what followed was not what it had anticipated.

The Bone Armor absorbed the whirlwind's impact and nullified all skill effects. Relying on the Bone Armor, she stubbornly resisted the whirlwind armor's knockback effect and withstood its cutting wind, landing directly on the Wind Demonic Dragon's body.

The fierce wind continued to batter her, causing cracks to form across the Bone Armor, threatening to shatter it at any moment. Lin Moyu calmly extended a finger and recast the Bone Armor, reinforcing her defenses.

Lin Moyu disliked facing enemies with explosive power that could overwhelm even healing skills, like the Black Demonic Dragon's attacks. But against sustained, weaker assaults like the Wind Demonic Dragon's, he had no fear.

Now standing atop the Wind Demonic Dragon, Mu Xianxian raised her maul, ready to strike.

Skill: Daze!

With a resounding bang, Mu Xianxian's maul came crashing down on the Wind Demonic Dragon, but it remained unfazed. The stun effect had failed to trigger.

The Demonic Dragon roared, its cry almost mocking, as if to say that Mu Xianxian had overestimated her strength. Her attack was too weak to inflict any real damage.



Undeterred, Mu Xianxian steadied herself. If one strike didn't work, she'd simply try again. Five seconds later, she swung the maul once more—still no effect.

The Wind Demonic Dragon snorted in contempt. Five seconds between hits? Far too slow to be a threat.

Around them, the cavern echoed with the roar of the relentless wind, battering the skeletons with elemental attacks. Yet Lin Moyu remained calm, prepared to intervene at any moment.

Mu Xianxian refused to give up. On her third attempt, she slammed the maul down with even greater force. A deafening bang echoed through the cavern.

Suddenly, the violent winds ceased. The Wind Demonic Dragon let out a startled roar as its whirlwind armor flickered and weakened. With a thundering crash, the Demonic Dragon plummeted from the air, landing hard on its throne, its once impenetrable defense shattered.

"It activated!" Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed with excitement.

The Skeletal Warriors leaped into action, swarming the now vulnerable Wind Demonic Dragon, while the Skeletal Mages unleashed their spells without obstruction. Lin Moyu followed up with Damage Curse and then Soul Blaze.

Meanwhile, Mu Xianxian kept swinging her maul, muttering under her breath, "Serves you right for underestimating me." She could feel the Wind Demonic Dragon's earlier disdain, and now, she was paying it back in full.

The Skeletal Warriors, their blades glowing a fiery red, tore through the remaining wind element, landing direct hits on the Demonic Dragon. Five seconds might seem brief, but for the Skeletal Warriors, it was ample time to unleash a devastating barrage. The Skeletal Mages, equally relentless, fired off five rounds of concentrated magic.

Lin Moyu knew this was the moment. Without its whirlwind armor, the Wind Demonic Dragon's once-impenetrable hide was now exposed, and under the brutal onslaught, it was quickly shredded, leaving the beast in a battered, pitiful state.

Just five seconds of attacks had left the Wind Demonic Dragon in agony, its furious roar echoing through the cavern. The damage was so severe that it teetered on the edge of death.

The wind element thickened around it once more as it tried to reform its whirlwind armor, desperate for survival. But Mu Xianxian wasn't about to let that happen. With a battle cry, she slammed her maul down on the dragon's head.

The Wind Demonic Dragon let out one final, anguished howl. The maul struck true, stunning the beast for another five seconds. This time, it couldn't recover. Its fury faded, and with that, its fate was sealed.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but feel that Mu Xianxian's skill was overpowered. The likelihood of it activating was incredibly high, and that was against a boss. If she faced ordinary monsters, she could likely keep them stunned indefinitely until they were wiped out. It seemed Mu Xianxian was evolving into a formidable force. Anyone who dared challenge her would likely be crushed.

The Wind Demonic Dragon, stunned twice in a row, had been slain without being given a chance to retaliate.

After resetting the cooldown, the duo continued raiding the dungeon again and again, with varying degrees of speed. They encountered a series of different Demonic Dragon bosses: Poison Demonic Dragon, Fire Demonic Dragon, and the troublesome Lightning Demonic Dragon. The latter took a grueling hour to defeat. However, with Mu Xianxian's assistance, the rest of the Demonic Dragons fell swiftly.

In just half a day, Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian had raided the dungeon eight times. Thanks to Mu Xianxian's Collection skill, they gathered between 6 and 12 Dragon Crystals per run. By the end of their eighth run, Lin Moyu had amassed a total of 72 Dragon Crystals.

As they prepared for another run, Lin Moyu noticed something odd about the dungeon entrance. Its aura had shifted, becoming unstable.

Mo Yun flew over swiftly, warning, "The dungeon is about to disappear. We have at most half an hour left."

Mu Xianxian quickly uttered, "Then let's hurry. We can fit in one more run."

Lin Moyu, however, stood still, deep in thought. After a moment, he shook his head, "No more runs."

As he spoke, his undead legions materialized, surrounding the dungeon entrance like a wall of death.

Mo Yun's eyes lit up as she realized what Lin Moyu was planning, "You want to..."

Lin Moyu's gaze hardened, his eyes filled with murderous intent. "I'm going to block the entrance and kill them."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 287: Lin Moyu Will Make A Killing This Time

At present, there were still quite a few parties inside the dungeon. Within half a day, many parties had successfully cleared the dungeon. Instead of lingering outside, they dove right back in for a second round.

A party of 12 could only harvest 3 to 6 Dragon Crystals per run. Even if they were lucky, they'd need at least two runs to gather 12 Dragon Crystals.

Mo Yun calculated, "There are 20 human parties in the dungeon right now, with a total of 239 people. Additionally, there are 18 Abyssal Demon parties, numbering 216, and 16 Dragonkind parties, with 192 members."

The combined numbers of Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind exceeded 400.

Lin Moyu did a quick mental calculation, then teamed up with Mo Yun. He turned to Mu Xianxian and reminded her, "Remember to set off your fireworks."

Mu Xianxian nodded, "Don't worry, I won't miss a single one."

Mo Yun, curious, asked, "What fireworks?"

Mu Xianxian giggled, "It's one of my skills—it looks like fireworks."

Mo Yun knew about the Collection Master class but had never encountered one before. She wasn't familiar with their skills. She did know, however, that Collection Masters weren't strong in combat, their attributes were just average, but they could bring immense benefits to their party. Moreover, the class was extremely rare, which was why it was classified as legendary.

Lin Moyu had everything prepared and was just waiting for the dungeon to disappear. Mo Yun and Mu Xianxian were ready for battle as well.

After a while, the space fluctuated, and a party exited the dungeon. The skeletons didn't attack since it was a human party.

As soon as the party exited, they found themselves surrounded by numerous skeletons, whose blades gleamed menacingly. Though the skeletons were only level 35 with low attributes, their terrifying appearance and the eerie wind they summoned sent chills down their spines.

Instinctively, the party assumed fighting stances, but no one dared to make the first move.

"Please leave." Lin Moyu's voice rang out.

"Why? We want to go again!" Someone protested.

A few others chimed in, "Yeah, what gives you the right?"

Lin Moyu frowned. Were they out of their minds? Didn't they realize how long it took them to clear the dungeon once? The dungeon would disappear in no more than 20 minutes—there wasn't enough time for another run.

Mo Yun descended gracefully on her Holy Spirit Unicorn, "The dungeon is about to disappear. There's no time for another run. Hurry and leave, or you might get hurt accidentally."

Mu Xianxian added, "You guys should go quickly."

The person tried to argue again, but his leader held them back and addressed Lin Moyu, "Alright, we'll leave now."

With that, he waved his hand, and the party departed. The skeletons parted to make way for them.

As they left, one teammate grumbled, "Party Leader, why did we have to leave?"

The party leader replied seriously, "The dungeon is indeed about to disappear. There's not enough time for another run. Besides, that guy is Lin Moyu. We'd be better off not provoking him."

"So what if it's Lin Moyu? No matter how powerful he is, he can't just block the dungeon entrance." The teammate muttered. He had heard of Lin Moyu and knew he was formidable, but he didn't think that gave him the right to act unreasonably.

The party leader responded, "I think he's planning to take down the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind."

The rest of his party looked up, glancing toward Lin Moyu. At that moment, Lin Moyu radiated a murderous aura, his gaze fixed on the dungeon entrance.

Before the dungeon disappeared, several more human parties exited. The skeletons didn't react to them either, and Mo Yun and Mu Xianxian persuaded them to leave.

Most people were reasonable. They had heard of Lin Moyu and could guess why he was doing this. However, some stubborn individuals insisted on entering the dungeon again. Lin Moyu didn't stop them. If they ended up getting hurt later, that would be their own fault. Adults were responsible for their own choices.

The space around the dungeon entrance twisted more severely. Once the dungeon vanished, everyone inside would be teleported outside.

Lin Moyu was fully prepared. The 兵 rune on the back of his hand began to heat up, ready for action.

Mu Xianxian gripped her maul tightly, her hand glowing, her 'fireworks' skill ready for action.

Mo Yun circled above on her Holy Spirit Unicorn, scanning the area. Her role was crucial: to restrict anyone who tried to flee by air. If anyone attempted to escape, she would use her Restricted Airspace skill to force them back down.

As for the human parties still inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu knew he had to be careful to avoid hurting them. He dismissed the Wind Skeletal Mages and Water Skeletal Mages, leaving only the Fire Skeletal Mages and Lightning Skeletal Mages in play. The Wind Skeletal Mages and Water Skeletal Mages had powerful group attack spells, and with his Enhance Troops skill active, even a brush could cause injury.

With a soft sound, the dungeon entrance burst like a bubble. The space around it twisted violently, and all the creatures inside the dungeon were teleported out.

"Attack!" Lin Moyu commanded.

A red light flashed down as his Slow Curse took hold, followed by Enhance Troops and Mu Xianxian's fireworks skill. The sky lit up in a brilliant spectacle, and simultaneously, the skeletons and class users that had just emerged began to glow.

The soul fire in the Skeletal Warriors flickered wildly as they raised their blades and unleashed their skill. The Skeletal Mages cast their spells, launching a barrage of attacks at anything with wings.

The Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind class users had barely emerged when they were hit by this overwhelming assault, their screams blending into an ear-splitting cacophony.

Mu Xianxian's fireworks could only target 200 individuals at a time, and since human class users were mixed in with the Demons and Dragonkind, many were inevitably caught in it as well. Lin Moyu didn't have the luxury of waiting for her skill to cool down—his aim was to end the battle in seconds.

The cacophony of screams continued as attack after attack rained down—flames erupted, lightning roared, and blades gleamed with a crimson glow. Blood from the Demons and Dragonkind soaked the ground, staining the Immemorial Battlefield red.

After exiting the dungeon, there was a two-second adjustment period. But two seconds was all Lin Moyu needed to decimate them. With the power of his Enhance Troops skill,

even the formidable Black Demonic Dragon wouldn't have survived such an ambush unscathed.

If there hadn't been human class users in the mix, Lin Moyu would have detonated some corpses to clear the battlefield even faster. But as it was, he had to hold back slightly.

Watching from the distance, the human parties who had been forced to leave earlier were drenched in cold sweat. They saw the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind exit the dungeon, only to be cut down before they could even react. Wave after wave of relentless attacks rained down, overwhelming in their intensity. The humans shuddered as they imagined those same attacks directed at them—there would be only one outcome: death!

"This destructive power... it's unbelievable."

"Those are level-50 Demons and Dragonkind, but they're being sliced apart like they're made of tofu."

"Lin Moyu and his skeletons are way too strong."

"Those guys are really unlucky. They finally got their hands on Dragon Crystals, only to lose them immediately."

"Lin Moyu will make a killing this time."

"Yeah, with all the military merit, EXP, and Dragon Crystals... he's hit the jackpot."

The Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind were wiped out within seconds. Only a handful managed to survive the initial assault.

One Abyssal Demon, engulfed in black light and surging with Abyssal power, knocked back the surrounding skeletons. Severely injured, the Demon broke free from the encirclement and soared into the sky.

But Mo Yun was waiting. Riding her Holy Spirit Unicorn, she cast Restricted Airspace, forcing the Demon back to the ground. The Demon landed among the skeletons, his eyes filled with despair, before being swiftly cut down.

Meanwhile, a Dragonkind Knight activated Extreme Defense in a desperate bid to escape. But Mu Xianxian intercepted him, her maul swinging down with a mighty blow.

Skill: Daze!

The Dragonkind Knight froze, his Extreme Defense shattering in an instant. He was killed on the spot.

Five seconds later, the battle was over. The battlefield, once filled with screams and chaos, fell into eerie silence. The only sound was the cold wind stirred by the skeletons.

Lin Moyu took a moment to sense the Dragon Crystals scattered across the ground. He was pleasantly surprised that all the Dragon Crystals the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind had collected were dropped.

At his command, the Skeletal Warriors moved swiftly, gathering the Dragon Crystals and stripping the fallen Dragonkind of their valuable gear.

Amidst the skeletal army stood over a hundred human class users who had just realized what had happened. Lin Moyu had successfully ambushed the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind class users, slaughtering hundreds of them in an instant.

The entire process took no more than five seconds—swift and decisive. By the time the skeletons had finished collecting the Dragon Crystals from the ground, the onlookers still hadn't fully recovered from the shock.

The military badges of Lin Moyu, Mu Xianxian, and Mo Yun glowed brightly, reflecting the massive gains they had just made. Each had earned more than 270,000 military merit, along with a significant amount of EXP.

Through the Collection skill, Lin Moyu also acquired many Demon Core Fragments and Dragonkind Blood Essences. He also gathered a large amount of Dragonkind gear. But the biggest prize was the Dragon Crystals.

Lin Moyu hadn't anticipated such a huge haul. He had unexpectedly gained 201 Dragon Crystals. Combined with his original 72, his total count now stood at an astonishing 273.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 288: Talent Awakening; This Girl Has Become Even More Of A Freak**

The undead legions vanished, leaving behind a vast field of corpses. There was no need to clear the battlefield—on the Immemorial Battlefield, these bodies wouldn't last more than half a day. Like a ravenous beast, the land silently consumed everything.

Lin Moyu departed with a sizable haul of Dragon Crystals. No one dared to stop him. Some looked on with admiration, others with envy, but none had the courage to stand in his way. The grim fate of the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind had already made it clear—his skeletal army showed no mercy.



After walking for half an hour and covering over 10 kilometers, the group of three found a quiet spot and came to a halt.

"Who wants to go first?" Lin Moyu asked, referring to the Dragon Crystals. Dragon Crystals could awaken a talent, though the success rate varied, with no guarantees—it had to be done one crystal at a time.

He had gathered 273 Dragon Crystals—more than enough for all three of them to use.

Mo Yun spoke up, "The chance of awakening a talent with Dragon Crystals is roughly 10% to 15%. In other words, it usually takes about 7 to 10 crystals to succeed. But that's just an estimate. Some people need 20 crystals before they awaken a talent, while others get lucky with just one. Either way, with enough Dragon Crystals, it's only a matter of time before you awaken a talent."

Mu Xianxian chimed in, "Yeah, I've heard the same thing."

For Lin Moyu, though, it was new information. His knowledge was still lacking in some areas—just like when he didn't know about Abyssal Phantasms. Had he known, he might have reacted quicker.

Lin Moyu took out 10 Dragon Crystals, "Who wants to go first?"

Mo Yun smiled, "I'll go first. I didn't awaken any talent during my second class awakening, so it won't affect my chances now."

As she spoke, she took a crystal and activated it. The Dragon Crystal emitted a faint glow, forming a mass of light that enveloped her. A strange energy began to spread. The Dragon Crystal's aura was complex, containing traces of abyssal aura, Dragonkind aura, and other unclear aura. Together, they created its unique aura.

Moments later, the light faded. When a talent was awakened, a vision usually appeared—but Mo Yun's attempt triggered none. Without showing any disappointment, she reached for the second Dragon Crystal, and then a dim glow surrounded her again.

Mu Xianxian's eyes sparkled with excitement. The idea of using Dragon Crystals to awaken a talent thrilled her. Like Mo Yun, Mu Xianxian had awakened a talent—Combat Instinct—during her first class awakening. However, at level 40, during her second awakening, she failed to awake another. Most class users with a talent had similar experiences.

To awaken even one talent was rare and something to be envied. Many class users would go their entire lives without ever awakening a single talent.

"I wonder what talent Mo Yun will awaken." Mu Xianxian muttered.



Lin Moyu shook his head, signaling he had no idea.

"There are countless talents." Mu Xianxian thought aloud, "But some are useless. I hope Mo Yun gets a useful one."

The light from the second Dragon Crystal faded, and again, nothing happened. She moved on to the third, then the fourth... By the time Mo Yun had used all 10 Dragon Crystals, she still hadn't awakened a talent. However, Lin Moyu sensed a special aura starting to build within her, growing stronger with each crystal.

Lin Moyu handed her another 10 Dragon Crystals, "Keep going."

"Mm!" Without hesitation, Mo Yun took the eleventh crystal, then the twelfth...

Lin Moyu noticed the strange aura within her growing stronger, becoming more intense with each crystal. Finally, when she activated the sixteenth crystal, the aura reached the peak. In an instant, it erupted, as if a barrier had been broken.

Lin Moyu's eyes brightened, "Finally!"

Mo Yun, glowing with radiant light, rose slowly into the air, her eyes closed, looking like a goddess—stunning and ethereal.

"So beautiful!" Mu Xianxian gasped in awe.

For half a minute, Mo Yun floated in the air, her form bathed in light. When she finally landed, her face was filled with joy.

Mu Xianxian eagerly asked, "What talent did you awaken?"

Mo Yun smiled, "I awakened the Holy Flame talent. From now on, all my attacks will carry the Holy Flame effect, significantly boosting my attack power. Especially against Abyssal Demons—the damage can be multiplied several times over."

Mo Yun was a Holy Spirit Summoner, and all her skills were imbued with holy power. Holy power already had a restraining effect on Abyssal Demons, increasing damage by at least 50%. Now, with the Holy Flame talent, Mo Yun's attacks against Abyssal Demons would become even more devastating. Holy Flame was a perfect match for her class—a flawless combination.

Mu Xianxian congratulated her, "That's an amazing talent! It suits you perfectly."

In high spirits, Mo Yun smiled, satisfied with her new talent, "Thank you! Now it's your turn!"

Mu Xianxian nodded and grabbed a Dragon Crystal, activating it immediately. The first one failed, as expected. She picked up a second crystal, which also failed.

But with Mo Yun's experience as reference, Mu Xianxian wasn't discouraged. She continued using one crystal after another. After all, Lin Moyu had a large supply. She didn't feel pressured.

As Mu Xianxian used the crystals, Lin Moyu could sense the special aura forming inside her. With each crystal, the aura grew stronger. When she used the fifth crystal, Lin Moyu suddenly spoke up, "Twelve."

Mo Yun glanced at him curiously, asking, "Twelve what?"

Lin Moyu stated flatly, "She needs 12 Dragon Crystals."

He explained his reasoning, though Mo Yun couldn't sense the aura he was referring to. However, she didn't doubt his words, and suggested he consult Bai Yiyuan when he returned to see if he had any answers.

Sure enough, when Mu Xianxian activated the twelfth Dragon Crystal, the light surrounding her changed, and she rose into the air like Mo Yun had before.

Mu Xianxian was just as beautiful as Mo Yun, with a figure that was even more striking. At that moment, she looked stunningly radiant.

However, to Lin Moyu, the spectacle had little effect. He observed without much interest, pondering instead about the peculiar aura he could sense. Why was he able to perceive it?

After half a minute, Mu Xianxian landed, signaling the end of the awakening.

Before Lin Moyu or Mo Yun could ask, Mu Xianxian eagerly announced, "I've awakened the Surestrike talent! While it's active, all my skills will hit their target 100% of the time, and any special effects they have will also trigger 100% of the time."

Lin Moyu's mouth twitched slightly at her words. This girl wielding a maul was becoming even more of a freak. With this talent, combined with her Daze skill, she was practically a cheat. He realized bringing her along to boss fights would make things exponentially easier...

Mu Xianxian, unaware of the strange expression on Lin Moyu's face, exclaimed cheerfully, "Isn't my talent amazing?"

Mo Yun didn't know about Mu Xianxian's Daze skill, but based solely on the talent, it was indeed impressive. A 100% hit rate on every skill—this was undeniably a great talent.

With a flash of light, Lin Moyu began activating Dragon Crystals. After using two in succession, he estimated he needed eight in total. He took out six more and activated them all at once.

The 6 Dragon Crystals erupted in a dazzling light, enveloping Lin Moyu. He felt the unique aura of the Dragon Crystals surround him, building to a peak before suddenly exploding with a bang.

[Acquired talent: Summon Health Chain]

[Summon Health Chain: summons within a 20-meter range form a health chain, sharing damage among themselves.]

Lin Moyu was momentarily stunned—it was a talent that bound his skeletons together. In a 20-meter radius, they would either survive together or perish together.

He quickly realized its potential. Against an opponent with powerful attacks with limited range, his skeletons could now share damage, significantly reducing individual losses. On the flip side, if a single skeleton took overwhelming damage, the entire chain could be devastated.

This talent had clear advantages and drawbacks, making its usefulness entirely situational.

Lin Moyu felt a tinge of disappointment. It wasn't the talent he had hoped for, but he had no choice but to accept it.

Suddenly, a voice echoed in his mind.

[The system has detected the awakening of a new talent.]

[Commencing optimization...]

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 289: Talent Optimization; Delivering Military Merit**

"The system!" Lin Moyu was taken aback.

Since his first awakening, the system had only appeared once, remaining silent ever since. Yet now, unexpectedly, it had reappeared during his talent awakening—this time to optimize it.

A smile crept across Lin Moyu's face. The system never disappointed him.

Mo Yun and Mu Xianxian watched as the light surrounding Lin Moyu began to fade. But just when it seemed the awakening was coming to an end, the light suddenly flared up, becoming even more intense than before.

Mu Xianxian gasped. "What's happening?"

Mo Yun, lost in thought, searched her memories but found no explanation for this phenomenon. All they could do now was wait. However, the slight smile on Lin Moyu's face within the glow reassured them that everything seemed to be under control.

Minutes later, the system completed the talent optimization.

[Acquired talent: Summon Health Link]

[Summon Health Link: all summons form a health link, sharing damage taken and healing received.]

Lin Moyu's heart raced as he examined the newly optimized talent. It was far more powerful than his previous Summon Health Chain talent. There was no range limitation—every summon could now share damage.

The Skeletal Mages in the rear could funnel health to the front-line Skeletal Warriors. Whether inside or outside the summon space, the skeletons could establish a health link, with those in the summon space recovering health at a rapid pace.

The most crucial aspect was the shared healing.

The healing spell cast by a Lich General would no longer be limited to its own legion but would affect all skeletons across the undead legions. A powerful enemy might still be able to take out dozens or even hundreds of skeletons, but wiping out thousands at once would be a near-impossible feat. The skeletons' survival ability had drastically improved.

Even more impressive, this talent enhanced Lin Moyu's Damage Transfer skill. Any damage transferred to his skeletons would now be distributed across all of them.

Lin Moyu believed that unless he acted recklessly, it would be incredibly difficult for anyone to wipe out his army of over 5,000 skeletons. This talent was a game changer.

"The system is amazing!" Lin Moyu couldn't help but praise it in his mind.

After the system reappeared, it vanished once more. No matter how much Lin Moyu called for it, there was no response.

"The system is so aloof." He mused, amused by the situation. His mood was light, even teasing himself.

As the light surrounding him faded, Lin Moyu opened his eyes and was met with two pairs of curious eyes—no, three pairs. The Holy Spirit Unicorn was also staring at him inquisitively.

Mu Xianxian, looking as curious as ever, asked, "What talent did you awaken?"

Lin Moyu didn't hold back and explained his new talent.

Mu Xianxian's eyes widened, "That's amazing! Doesn't that mean your summons are practically immortal?"

Mo Yun chimed in, "Either none of them die, or they all fall together. But it's almost impossible to kill all of your summons at once."

Lin Moyu simply smiled. The wasn't quite the case. After all, the Archaic Luanniao wasn't something to take lightly.

Even now, if he were to face it, Lin Moyu felt he would lose. Not out of lack of confidence, but because of the Archaic Luanniao's terrifying abilities. His only chance would be to defeat it before it unleashed its final, devastating skill.

That would require using the Enhance Troops skill to deal an instant, fatal blow. It might be possible, but Lin Moyu wasn't reckless enough to test those odds. Facing the Archaic Luanniao in battle was a dangerous gamble he wasn't willing to take.

After using a total of 34 Dragon Crystals, there were still 239 left—a considerable fortune.

Lin Moyu asked, "What are your plans next?"

He had completed all the tasks assigned to him by Bai Yiyuan and was ready to return.

Mo Yun replied, "I'll be staying here a bit longer."

Mu Xianxian looked a little reluctant, "I need to go back to the Yeyu Knights. Sister Yeyu and the others need me."

As a Collection Master, Mu Xianxian greatly boosted the team's rewards. Raiding a dungeon with her practically doubled the gains. And now, with her improved skills, she

was no longer just a support member. When it came to boss fights, she could hold her own impressively.

Lin Moyu nodded, "Then let's meet again, if fate allows."

Mu Xianxian handed Lin Moyu a Teleportation Stone, her voice soft but serious, "Take this. If I ever need your help, you must promise not to refuse."

Lin Moyu nodded without hesitation, "Of course."

With a reluctant farewell, Mu Xianxian activated a Teleportation Stone and vanished, returning to the Yeyu Knights.

As soon as she was gone, Lin Moyu noticed Mo Yun giving him a strange look. Her expression was unusually serious.

"The way Mu Xianxian looked at you... there's something off. Is there anything going on between you two?" Mo Yun asked bluntly.

It took Lin Moyu a moment to grasp what she was implying, "You're overthinking it."

Mo Yun's tone remained stern, "You mustn't let Yiyi down."

"I won't." Lin Moyu's reply was firm, his loyalty unquestionable. He hadn't even considered such a possibility.

"Good." Mo Yun said, her demeanor relaxing slightly, "I'm leaving too. Stay safe."

With that, she mounted the Holy Spirit Unicorn, and in a burst of radiant light, she shot into the sky, disappearing into the horizon.

Left alone, Lin Moyu's thoughts drifted to Ning Yiyi, and a soft smile formed on his lips, "I wonder how she's doing. It's been a while... I've prepared some special gifts for her this time."

Dragon Crystals, Earth Gems—all valuable and rare.

As his thoughts lingered, Lin Moyu took out the Teleportation Scroll given to him by Bai Yiyuan. It was the key to leaving the Immemorial Battlefield. Just as he was about to activate it, he paused, sensing something in the sky. A cluster of black dots approached rapidly.

Suddenly, a ray of dark energy descended—an enormous spear, black as night, brimming with abyssal energy. It hurtled toward him with lightning speed, crossing thousands of meters in an instant, striking with pinpoint accuracy.

With a loud boom, the spear slammed against his Bone Armor, the impact causing it to creak. The spear bounced back toward its wielder. The force behind it was immense, comparable to the attacks of the Crimson Moon Demon. But one strike alone wasn't enough to bring him down.

"Well, looks like I'll be earning some extra military merit before I leave." Lin Moyu muttered, putting away the Teleportation Scroll.

Activating the Teleportation Scroll took time, as it was not a simple teleportation but a cross-dimensional one. Given the circumstances, he decided to handle the situation first.

The enemies were a group of Abyssal Demons—38 in total, all above level 60. These demons had come from the core area, likely tracking him through the mark left on him.

High-level demons like these had significantly higher attributes than those below level 60, making them far more dangerous. Lin Moyu had previously encountered a level 62 Abyssal Demon in the core area, and while it hadn't been difficult to fight, it had taken him a long time to bring the Demon down because the other party wouldn't descend from the skies.

Attacks rained down relentlessly from the sky, shaking the earth with every strike. The Demons flew very high, beyond the range of Lin Moyu's skills, but their aim remained unnervingly accurate—seven or eight out of every ten strikes hit their target. The spear in particular seemed to track him automatically, like a guided missile that never missed.

Between levels 60 and 69, the disparity between humans and Demons was at its peak. It wasn't until level 70, after completing the third class awakening, that human class users gained the ability to fly and could truly compete on equal footing with Demons. Until then, Demons preferred to fight from high above, exploiting their advantage against grounded opponents.

Lin Moyu, aware of the challenge, quickly recast his Bone Armor and began to formulate a strategy. He needed to bring the Demons down from their elevated positions. With determination, he pointed his finger skyward.

Skill: Slow Curse!

A vast area of 7,000 meters was enveloped by Slow Curse, drastically reducing the movement speed of the Demons. Their previously agile maneuvers became sluggish and cumbersome. Without missing a beat, Lin Moyu followed up with another skill, and a burst of green light erupted.

Skill: Poison Star Ring!

The Demons, already slowed by Slow Curse, struggled to avoid the poisonous gas. Poison Star Ring—though only at level 10—inflicted persistent damage. Each second, it dealt an attack worth 4,000 points of strength—over time, it would definitely give them a headache.

Seizing the moment, Lin Moyu summoned a Skeletal Warrior and mounted it swiftly, and the skeleton bolted away with him on its back.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 290: Dishonorable Demon Self-Destructs In Defeat**

The skeleton carrying Lin Moyu picked up speed, leaving the Abyssal Demons in the dust. Slowed by the curse, the Demons struggled to keep up.

"He's getting away! Chase after him!"

"We can't let him escape after killing so many of our kind!"

"Lift the curse! We're too slow to catch him!"

One of the Demons pulled out a pitch-black stone and activated it, and the stone exploded. Their speed increased, though the curse wasn't fully lifted. The stone's effect only slightly negated Slow Curse, allowing them to match Lin Moyu's pace.

Every Demon was poisoned, taking continuous damage equivalent to 4,000 strength points per second. While 4,000 points wasn't significant initially, the sustained damage would become unbearable over time.

"Is this guy even human? He's using poison elemental skills too!"

"I've fought plenty of humans, but I've never seen one using both curses and poison elemental skills!"

"This guy's more ruthless than we are!"

"If we keep this up, we'll be dragged to our doom."

"I know, but we can't catch up!"



One Demon, gritting his teeth, severed a finger, spraying black blood into the air. The blood flew back and splashed over the pursuing demons. A new curse spread among them, drastically reducing their defense.

"Bane, what are you doing?"

Abyssal Bane was a kind of Demon known for the mastery of curses.

The Bane gritted his teeth and said, "I replaced Lin Moyu's curse with mine."

Only one curse could exist at a time. The Bane used his curse to override Lin Moyu's Slow Curse. None of the other Demons blamed him; their speed increased, and they steadily closed the distance with Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu chuckled, casually pointing a finger as the red light of Slow Curse descended again. But this time, it had no effect. The Abyssal Bane's curse was far more powerful, and Slow Curse couldn't replace it.

"Lin Moyu, you can't escape."

"You're dead."

"You've killed so many Abyssal Demons. The Abyss won't forgive you."

"Lord Demon King has decreed your death!"

The Abyssal Demons closed in, mistaking his retreat for fear. They were from the core area, all above level 60, making their pursuit of a level 35 human seem excessive.

Ahead, a mountain loomed with a cave at its base. Lin Moyu's eyes lit up, and he dashed inside, vanishing from the Demons' sight in an instant.

Their Demons' attacks struck the mountain, dislodging rocks and making it tremble.

"After him!" The Demon exchanging glances and shouted. Without hesitation, they rushed into the dark, winding cave. But darkness was no obstacle for Demons, and they tracked Lin Moyu's aura deeper and deeper, the cave gradually widening.

Suddenly, the cave opened into a vast cavern.

Lin Moyu stood at the far end, facing them. Behind him, a solid rock wall blocked any escape.

"Let's see where you'll run this time!" The demons sneered, their voices laced with malice.

The cavern was thick with murderous intent, but it wasn't coming from the Demons—it was from Lin Moyu. As a one-star colonel, Lin Moyu had slain countless Demons and Dragonkind, his murderous intent far surpassing that of the high-level Demons before him.

"What's going on? Something feels off..."

"Yeah, his murderous intent is way too intense."

"Wait... we've been tricked! Look at his military badge!"

Their eyes locked onto the gleaming one-star colonel badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder. Only seasoned characters, hardened by battle and the slaying of Demons and Dragonkind, could achieve such a military rank. These individuals were extremely formidable. Yet Lin Moyu was only level 35...

Realization hit them like ice water, sending chills down their spines. At that moment, footsteps echoed behind them, and a horde of Skeletal Warriors emerged from the cave, cutting off their retreat.

Earlier, Lin Moyu had covertly released two Lich Generals, who hid in the shadows. Now, the Lich Generals, with their undead legions, had sealed the Demons' only route of escape.

"It wasn't easy luring all of you in!" Lin Moyu said with a cold smile, summoning the remaining 13 undead legions. Thousands of skeletons flooded the cavern, encircling the Demons completely.

The Lich Generals cast status buffs, and blinding white light filled the cavern, making it as bright as daytime.

A demon gritted his teeth, "You think these pathetic level 35 skeletons can stop us?"

Lin Moyu quietly replied, "Thank you for delivering military merit to me. I'll gladly accept it."

As soon as the words left his mouth, the Skeletal Warriors surged forward, and the Skeletal Mages unleashed a barrage of spells, filling the cavern with deafening explosions. Fire and lightning crackled through the air, and red flashes illuminated the battlefield.

Among the Demons, the strongest was a level 64 Demon wielding a spear. With each swing, he sent skeletons flying with thunderous crashes. His power was immense, and the damage he inflicted would have been devastating under normal circumstances. But this time, the skeletons sustained only minor injuries, as the damage was distributed among all the undead.

Moreover, the Lich Generals' Legion Heal had evolved. Instead of targeting a single legion, it now affected all legions simultaneously, as though every skeleton was receiving healing from all 15 Lich Generals at once.

In Lin Moyu's eyes, unless his skeletons faced a boss like the Archaic Luanniao, Archaic Earth Dragon, or a top-tier Demon above level 70, they were nearly impossible to kill.

The Demons, like cornered beasts, launched a frenzied assault on the skeletons, even attempting to fly up and break through the mountain. Yet, their efforts were in vain, as the skeletons blocked every move, leaving no openings. Encircling the Demons from all directions, including from above, the Skeletal Warriors hacked mercilessly as them while the Skeletal Mages unleashed a relentless assault, leaving no blind spots.

From the moment the Demons entered the cavern, their fate was sealed. Amidst the first agonizing scream, a deafening explosion rang out. A single Corpse Explosion obliterated 37 Demons, leaving only the level 64 Demon alive, though gravely injured.

Lin Moyu was somewhat surprised. He hadn't expected this Demon to have such high health, enough to survive the blast. Corpse Explosion had targeted a level 61 Abyssal Demon, dealing damage equivalent to 12 times the opponent's health, yet this Demon had withstood it.

The mere 3-level difference resulted in such a vast gap in health? The Abyssal Demon holding a spear glared at Lin Moyu fiercely, his body enveloped in black light emanating from the weapon in his hand. Lin Moyu recognized the spear's immense power, having been struck by it before. Beyond its devastating attack strength, the spear also possessed formidable defensive abilities.

The Demon let out a cold, crazed laugh, "I didn't expect you to be this strong. No wonder the Demon King wants you dead. In that case, let's die together! Remember this: the one who claimed your life is the Darkfiend Prince."

As he spoke, the black light rapidly expanded, engulfing the entire cavern.

"Not good!" Lin Moyu's heart tightened. He instantly recalled all his skeletons.

With a deafening boom, the Demon and his spear exploded.

The level 64 Abyssal Demon's self-destruction, fueled by his entire health, combined with the spear's detonation, created a blast nearly as powerful as a Corpse Explosion.

The force shattered Lin Moyu's Bone Armor, sending him crashing into the rock wall.

The cavern collapsed in the wake of the explosion, and the entire mountain came crumbling down.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 291: Return; God Bai In Shock!

The Abyssal World was a vast world engulfed in eerie green flames, with a clear hierarchy of strength. The deeper the hue of the Abyssal Fire and the denser the abyssal energy, the more powerful the Demons who ruled the region.

In a region where the hue was darkest, where the green nearly faded to black, a majestic palace loomed amidst the inferno. This grand structure dwarfed even the Succubus Queen's palace, its size and elegance unmatched. From within, heavy, rhythmic breaths echoed.

"Who dares kill my son?! In the name of I, the Darkfiend King, with the Abyss as witness—resurrect!"

Beneath the palace, the dark green flames erupted violently, towering into the sky and enveloping the entire structure. Amidst this fiery storm, a high-level Demon began to take shape—first as a faint projection, gradually solidifying into a physical form.

Minutes later, the ink-green flames calmed, revealing the resurrected Demon floating in the air, reborn through the Abyssal Fire. It was the Darkfiend Prince. Once at level 64, his power had fallen to level 60, just enough to remain a high-level Demon. His aura was visibly weakened.

Slowly, he flapped his wings, the terror of death still etched on his face despite his resurrection. The specter of death knew no bounds—no matter the race, its grip was terrifying. It took the Darkfiend Prince a moment to gather himself.

Before him, an enormous projection materialized, so vast it blotted out the sky. As it emerged, the very fabric of space trembled, and even the ever-burning Abyssal Fire seemed to bow in reverence.

The Darkfiend Prince knelt midair before the towering projection, his voice trembling with respect, "Your son humbly greets you, Father."

The Darkfiend King grunted, his voice rumbling like thunder, "Who killed you?"

"I... self-destructed." The Darkfiend Prince replied, his heart pounding as he recounted the events leading to his demise. Even in his resurrected form, the memory of that moment sent chills through him.

The Darkfiend King listened in silence, the air thick with tension. The surrounding space trembled, and the Abyssal Fire twisted violently, reflecting his rising fury. Each subtle movement from the Darkfiend King sent ripples of power in all directions.

After what seemed like an eternity, he finally spoke, "Necromancer... a new human class. Talented. Promising. He likely didn't really die. The humans will protect someone like that, but even if he's resurrected, it will take him at least a year to fully recover."

He paused, his voice filled with cold authority, "Rest and recuperate. When you've regained your strength, continue your trials and reclaim what you've lost."

As he finished speaking, a single strand of hair fell from the Darkfiend King, transforming midair into a pitch-black spear. It descended into the Darkfiend Prince's hands.

"As you command!" The Darkfiend Prince responded, holding the weapon reverently before retreating to the palace.

The Darkfiend King remained, his gaze piercing the distance, "There's Succubi presence... I think it's time I speak with the Succubus Queen."

With that, he vanished. The Abyssal Fire surged back to life, and the oppressive atmosphere dissolved into eerie calm once more.

...

Lin Moyu experienced the sensation of being struck by an explosion for the first time, and surprisingly, it felt somewhat refreshing.

A level 64 Demon had detonated himself together with an unknown weapon, creating an explosion of unimaginable force. His Bone Armor barely held for a second before shattering.

This marked only the third time Lin Moyu had faced such a powerful attack. The other two occasions were the death ray of the Fire Demon King and the black flaming meteor of the Archaic Luanniao.

"Luckily... I had the Summon Health Link" He muttered, relieved.

He quickly checked on his skeletons in the summon space. The damage was extensive—the golden bones of the skeletons were cracked, and the Lich Generals were covered in wounds. Though not on the brink of death, they were severely injured. Without the Summon Health Link, at least half of his undead legions would have been wiped out in the blast—a devastating loss.

Fortunately, inside the summon space, they would recover quickly. Lin Moyu sighed in relief.

The Immemorial Battlefield remained eerily calm. Despite the mountain peak's collapse, it was insignificant in the vastness of the battlefield, like a pebble dropped into an ocean, barely causing a ripple.

Amid the rubble, a bright white light shot skyward. Bone Fangs, with their powerful piercing power, shattered the rocks. Lin Moyu's finger glowed faintly as he created a path through the debris using the Bone Fangs skill.

Once the eternal glow of the Immemorial Battlefield appeared before him again, Lin Moyu let out a long sigh, "Time to go back."

He found a flat surface, took out the Teleportation Scroll, and activated it. The scroll unfolded, glowing as it quickly inscribed a one-time teleportation formation at his feet.

To leave the Immemorial Battlefield, one needed to break through space and cross great distances, a task only possible with a teleportation formation—something a mere Teleportation Stone couldn't achieve.

Two minutes later, the formation activated, whisking Lin Moyu away. Teleporting between spaces gave him a unique experience, one that made him think of Ning Yiyi, who had always been scared of teleportation. A small smile formed on his lips, "If she ever had to endure cross-space teleportation, it would be even harder for her."

A few minutes later, his feet touched solid ground again. The familiar scent of tea and the soft rustle of the bamboo forest filled the air—Lin Moyu had returned to the God Bai Courtyard.

Meng Anwen sat alone, sipping tea. Without opening his eyes, he said, "You're back."

Lin Moyu bowed respectfully, "Greetings, Lord Meng."

Meng Anwen simply hummed in acknowledgment, "Take a rest. Your teacher will be back soon."

Lin Moyu moved to the table, then started quietly brewing tea.

...

At Battlefield No. 1's Hall of Heroes, Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai remained seated, neither having left all this time. During this period, they had observed Lin Moyu's soul brand growing significantly stronger, a clear sign that his level and power had increased.

Mo Yun had also shown improvement, though more modestly.

Neither of them sensed any danger from the battlefield, so they remained at ease, their expressions relaxed.

Suddenly, Bai Yiyuan chuckled, "That rascal is back."

When Lin Moyu returned to the God Bai Courtyard, his soul brand registered a change, which hadn't escaped Bai Yiyuan.

Mo Yun hadn't yet returned, but she wasn't in any danger, so Mo Xinghai wasn't concerned. He remarked calmly, "It's good he's back."

Standing up, Bai Yiyuan stretched, "Old Mo, I'm heading back."

Mo Xinghai rose as well, brushing off his clothing, "I'll go with you. I want to meet your student." Curiosity piqued, he was eager to see the young man who had managed to earn such high praise from Bai Yiyuan—someone he had described as possessing 'supra-godly potential.'

Whether he was truly a genius remained to be seen. Mo Xinghai wanted to compare him to his granddaughter to determine who was stronger.

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, "Well, let's go see what that kid has gained in the Immemorial Battlefield."

With a heavy rumble, the gate of the Hall of Heroes closed, filling the place with a solemn and dignified atmosphere. Very few people in the Human World were qualified to enter the Hall of Heroes. During Lin Moyu's time in the Immemorial Battlefield, except for Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai, no one else had entered.

A few minutes later, they arrived at the God Bai Courtyard. Seeing Lin Moyu unharmed, Bai Yiyuan smiled broadly, "You rascal, not bad. Already at level 35."

Lin Moyu bowed respectfully, "Greetings, Teacher." He then turned to Mo Xinghai, "You must be Lord Mo. Greetings, Lord Mo."

Mo Xinghai raised an eyebrow, puzzled. "Do you know me?"

"You bear a striking resemblance to Miss Mo Yun." Lin Moyu replied.

Indeed, Mo Xinghai and his granddaughter, Mo Yun, shared similar features. More significantly, Lin Moyu recognized the summoned beast by Mo Xinghai's side. In the Human World, only one or two Summoners could stand as equals to Bai Yiyuan—it wasn't hard to deduce who he was.



Mo Xinghai studied Lin Moyu closely. Level 35, Necromancer—a new class. But beyond that, he couldn't discern much else for the time being.

Bai Yiyuan casually took a seat, "So, tell us about your time on the Immemorial Battlefield. Any fateful encounters?"

Lin Moyu recounted the key events, leaving out the minor details and, notably, not mentioning the Shenzhou Cauldron. He told them how he first encountered the Soul Devour Insect King, defeated the Soul Devour Insect Mother, obtained a Primordial Rune, converted Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind into military merit, and later killed the Earth Evil Centipede...

"Hold on!" Bai Yiyuan interrupted, shocked. He downed three cups of tea in quick succession to steady himself. After taking a deep breath, he asked, "Did you say... you killed the Soul Devour Insect Mother?"

Lin Moyu nodded. "Yes."

Mo Xinghai chimed in, "And you killed the Earth Evil Centipede as well?"

"That's right." Lin Moyu replied calmly.

Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai exchanged incredulous looks, the same thought flashing between them: impossible.

For a moment, the room was silent. Then, Meng Anwen burst into joyful laughter.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 292: Did You Clean Out The Lair Of The Demonic Dragons?**

Lin Moyu couldn't understand why Meng Anwen was laughing. What was so funny? The more Meng Anwen laughed, the more embarrassed Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai became. Clearly, there was a story behind this.

Mo Xinghai snorted, "Old Meng, what's so funny?"

Bai Yiyuan, knowing the reason for Meng Anwen's amusement, joined in, "What's the joke? Could you have done any better?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Years ago, the two of you led a group to take on the Soul Devour Insect Mother. But you didn't even get a glimpse of it—you were chased off by the Soul Devour Insect King. Then, still unsatisfied, you went after the Earth Evil Centipede. After half an hour, you nearly got poisoned to death. You cut a really sorry figure."

Bai Yiyuan snorted, "And you? We invited you to join, but you refused. Yet you still mocked us afterward."

Meng Anwen smiled, "I knew it was a losing battle. Why would I join just to lose face?"

Bai Yiyuan snorted and ignored him. Those two battles were rare defeats in his life. They weren't exactly stains on his record, but they were far from fond memories. Yet, Meng Anwen often reminded him of them.

Lin Moyu was surprised. Were these bosses really that formidable? Even Bai Yiyuan couldn't defeat them back then?

Bai Yiyuan, trying to shift the focus, cleared his throat, "What treasures did the Soul Devour Insect Mother and King drop?"

Lin Moyu replied truthfully, "I got three valuable items: Soul Crystal, Soul Gem, and Soul Devour Insect Mother Egg. There were 15 Soul Crystals, each capable of permanently increasing spirit force by 1,000 points, with no usage limit. The Soul Gem could permanently enhance spirit force recovery. And the Soul Devour Insect Mother Egg could hatch into a new Soul Devour Insect Mother."

Bai Yiyuan was shocked. "Did you use the Soul Crystals and the Soul Gem?"

"I did." Lin Moyu confirmed.

With these two items, Lin Moyu's strength had improved significantly. Without them, just facing the Earth Evil Centipede would have been a nightmare. Even with the military's Recovery Potions, his spirit force might not have restored quickly enough. Moreover, the surge in spirit force allowed him to replenish his undead legions effortlessly

Bai Yiyuan, still in disbelief, asked, "What's your spirit attribute now?"

Lin Moyu checked and answered, "22,300."

Both Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai were stunned.

"Such high spirit." Mo Xinghai exclaimed.

At this point, Lin Moyu's spirit force had already surpassed that of a typical level 40 Mage, yet he was only level 35 and hadn't even completed his second class awakening.

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, "High spirit is great! The more limits you break through, the better your chances for class sublimation. Even without finding the Divine Selection Secret Realm and obtaining Divinity Force, with your current spirit force, class sublimation is practically guaranteed. Now, tell us—how did you take down the Earth Evil Centipede, and what did you get from it? That thing's no joke."

Lin Moyu recounted his battle with the Earth Evil Centipede and how a Succubus had deliberately led him into the fight. He also mentioned that the Demons seemed to have marked him during the encounter, although he hadn't realized it at the time.

When Mo Xinghai heard this, his summoned beast emitted a sacred light that enveloped Lin Moyu. A faint sizzling sound followed as a wisp of dark energy emerged from Lin Moyu's body, dissolving in the light.

Lin Moyu sincerely thanked him, "Thank you, Lord Mo."

Mo Xinghai waved it off, "No need for thanks. Keep going. What did you get from the Earth Evil Centipede?" He still harbored resentment from his own humiliating defeat against the creature years ago.

"The main rewards were a Poison Gem and Poison Crystals." Lin Moyu explained, describing their effects.

Mo Xinghai muttered, "Compared to the Soul Devour Insect Mother, the Earth Evil Centipede seems underwhelming."

Bai Yiyuan shook his head, "Hard to say. Don't forget about the Poison Star Ring skill. Poison-type skills are incredibly rare. In the entire human race, only a handful of people have them."

Mo Xinghai nodded in agreement, "True, poison-type skills are extremely rare."

This time, their reactions were more composed compared to earlier.

Lin Moyu continued, detailing how he later encountered Mo Yun and completed his fusion with the Primordial Runes. Just as the fusion was nearly complete, Demons attacked him again...

As he recounted these events, even Bai Yiyuan—a seasoned godly powerhouse—was left speechless. He was especially stunned to learn that Mo Yun had also obtained a Primordial Rune.

Mo Xinghai sat there in shock, a cup of tea in his hand, forgotten.

Even Meng Anwen, who had been the most composed throughout, widened his eyes in surprise.

No one could have imagined that Lin Moyu had experienced so much in just over two months. Each of his encounters was extraordinary enough to shock anyone, but together, they left even these godly powerhouses utterly astonished.

“Afterward, we entered the Divine Selection Secret Realm together and gained Divinity Force. Then I met a Collection Master and raided the Eartheart dungeon with her a few times. That's where I obtained some Hearts of the Earth and Earth Gems.” As Lin Moyu spoke, he took out 10 Hearts of the Earth and 2 Earth Gems. He had kept two of each, intending to give them to Shi Xing'an.

Meng Anwen's eyes lit up, and with a simple wave, a Heart of the Earth floated toward him. After carefully examining it, he sighed, “With these, humanity might finally be able to produce another Earth Knight.”

Meng Anwen wasn't entirely sure; he only said it was a possibility. Always cautious, he would never make a definitive statement unless something had actually occurred.

Bai Yiyuan's excitement mirrored Meng Anwen's, “It's been so long since humanity saw the birth of an Earth Knight.”

Lin Moyu added, “I kept two Hearts of the Earth and two Earth Gems. I have a friend who's a Sacred Knight, and I plan to give them to him for when he undergoes his second class awakening.”

Bai Yiyuan patted his chest with a grin, “No problem! Before your friend's second awakening, send him to Xiajing City. I'll personally help him with the process and make sure his odds of class sublimation are maximized.”

“Thank you, Teacher.” Lin Moyu said gratefully.

Meng Anwen collected the Hearts of the Earth and Earth Gems, “Young Lin, you've made a significant contribution to humanity with this. We'll have to reward you properly.”

Lin Moyu quickly responded, “It's what I should do. Later on, the Fire Demon King tried to kill me by sending Abyss Phantasms, but they failed. After that, Mo Yun discovered the Demonic Dragon Hall, so I raided it.”

At this point, Lin Moyu paused, choosing to leave out his experiences in the core area, particularly anything related to the Archaic Earth Dragon. Something instinctively told him not to mention those details. Plus, after his humiliating escape from the Archaic Luanniao, he felt he could now empathize more with Bai Yiyuan's past misfortunes.

Mo Xinghai spoke in a low voice, “I remember that the competition for the Demonic Dragon Hall dungeon has always been intense.”

Bai Yiyuan nodded, "It's fierce. Back in our time, we had to participate in a great war just to get inside."

Lin Moyu explained, "When I arrived, the three races were already locked in conflict. I rushed in right after. When I entered, many human class users followed me. Later, they all stopped fighting and went into the dungeon to farm Dragon Crystals."

Bai Yiyuan was surprised that such a shift had occurred, but after some thought, it made sense. Lin Moyu's sudden arrival had disrupted the delicate balance between the three races, forcing everyone to abandon their fight and focus on the dungeon.

Lin Moyu suddenly said, "By the way, Teacher, I killed the Black Demonic Dragon and got a Dragon King Certificate, which gives access to the lower layer's Dragon King Hall dungeon."

Bai Yiyuan was once again shocked. "Dragon King Certificate? That's something many people dream of, but only a few ever manage to obtain. The Dragon King Hall dungeon is located in the lower layer. As for the details, you'll figure it out when you go. I won't say more."

Meng Anwen, always quick to call him out, chuckled, "What does he mean 'I won't say more'? This guy has never even been to the Dragon King Hall!"

Bai Yiyuan shot him a cold look, "Old Meng, that's not funny."

Meng Anwen laughed even harder, "Go ahead, hit me if you dare."

Watching the playful banter between the two old friends, Lin Moyu smiled and casually took out 200 Dragon Crystals, "Teacher, these are the remaining Dragon Crystals."

"So many!" Both Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai shot up from their seats, their eyes wide in disbelief as they stared at the pile of Dragon Crystals on the table.

In a hushed tone, Bai Yiyuan asked, "How many times did you raid the Demonic Dragon Hall? Did you clean out the lair of the Demonic Dragons?"

Recalling Lin Moyu's past relentless efforts in the Tyrant Desert dungeon—raiding it day after day to collect Desert Fruit—Bai Yiyuan figured he might've pulled off something similar.

"Most of them came from Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind." Lin Moyu explained, then proceeded to describe how he had blocked the dungeon entrance.

At that moment, everyone finally noticed the military badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder, half-hidden beneath his hair. It was a golden badge.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 293: You Should Go, I Need Some Time To Myself

It was a golden military badge, signifying the military rank of colonel—specifically, a one-star colonel.

It required 100,000 military merit to reach the military rank of colonel, and 1 million to become a one-star colonel. After that, each additional million of military merit added another star.

Lin Moyu, at just level 35, had already attained the one-star colonel rank. It was staggering to think of how many Demons and Dragonkind had fallen by his hand.

Mo Xinghai let out a sigh, “A level 35 one-star colonel? That’s unheard of.”

Bai Yiyuan shook his head, “I’ve never even seen a level 45 colonel, let alone a level 35 one.”

Becoming a one-star colonel was no easy feat; it had to be earned through countless battles. In the military, such a rank commanded great respect. If Lin Moyu chose to enlist, he could easily lead a force of several thousand. Military rank outweighed level in military standing.

After Lin Moyu had covered everything he needed to, Mo Xinghai returned to the Hall of Heroes, where he continued monitoring Mo Yun’s soul brand. If Mo Yun encountered any danger, Mo Xinghai could use the soul brand to help her, or at the very least, revive her instantly.

Bai Yiyuan slapped the table. By now, the Dragon Crystals had already been stored away.

Unlike the Hearts of the Earth, which were critical for the entire human race and had been swiftly taken by Meng Anwen without a second thought, the Dragon Crystals were Lin Moyu's personal possession. They had no claim to them.

With a sly, fox-like grin, Bai Yiyuan turned to Lin Moyu, "Now it's just the three of us. If there's anything else you have to share, feel free."

With his experience, Bai Yiyuan could easily tell that Lin Moyu was holding something back.

Lin Moyu handed back all the items Bai Yiyuan had previously given him, but Bai Yiyuan only took back the Advanced Cooldown Talisman, leaving the rest in Lin Moyu's possession.

Lin Moyu then presented the Shell Block Shield, "Teacher, please examine this piece of equipment."

"Just another piece of platinum rank gear..." Bai Yiyuan cast the Detection spell, but before he could finish, his expression shifted to one of deep seriousness.

His eyes locked onto Lin Moyu, "Did you enter the core area?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "I only went a little way in. The monsters there are too powerful—I couldn't go any deeper."

Bai Yiyuan let out a breath of relief, "It's good you didn't go deeper. Otherwise, you'd be dead. Some creatures in the core area are not to be trifled with, especially if you're alone. Still, this shield is excellent—definitely top-tier platinum rank. It's just a shame it's only platinum. If it were legendary, it'd be perfect."

Lin Moyu asked, "Is legendary equipment really that powerful?"

Bai Yiyuan nodded, "Absolutely. Legendary gear is on an entirely different level compared to platinum. But this shield is already exceptional. Among platinum rank shields, it's one of the best. Its value is hard to pin down—probably at least 50 billion. If you find the right buyer, maybe even 100 billion."

Meng Anwen added, "You don't have to sell it for money. At the right moment, you could trade it for something even more valuable. Keep it—it's part of your spoils."

Lin Moyu stored the Shell Block Shield and then took out a pile of Dragonkind equipment. "Teacher, is this Dragonkind gear useful?"

Bai Yiyuan paused, momentarily surprised. To this, he could only think of one thing: well done.

Bai Yiyuan said, "Some Dragonkind equipment is compatible with ours, some isn't. It's tricky to sort. You could sell it to Blacksmiths—they'd gladly reforge it into something useful."

Lin Moyu nodded; it was about what he had expected.

He hadn't finished with his questions, "When I used Dragon Crystals, I sensed a strange energy. It helped me estimate how many crystals were needed to awaken a talent."



Meng Anwen explained, "That's because your spirit has surpassed 20,000, allowing you to sense things."

Bai Yiyuan sipped his tea, "You entered the Divine Selection Secret Realm and gained Divinity Force. What level did you reach?"

The Divine Selection Secret Realm's assessment method varied, but the amount of Divinity Force gained was usually similar.

Meng Anwen commented lazily, "No need to ask. He's definitely surpassed you."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled. "Isn't it normal for the student to surpass the teacher? Of course, he should have surpassed me."

Bai Yiyuan had raised his Divinity Force to level 5 in the Divine Selection Secret Realm, matching the highest record ever achieved by the human race. This legendary feat inspired countless people, Mo Yun among them.

When Mo Xinghai had been present earlier, Lin Moyu had deliberately avoided mentioning it. Now, in a quiet tone, Lin Moyu said, "Level 30."

"Level 3..." Bai Yiyuan asked, sounding disappointed. But then, his eyes widened in shock, "Wait, what did you say? Say that again!"

"Level 30." Lin Moyu repeated calmly.

...

Bai Yiyuan was stunned. He lost all composure, flinging the teacup in his hand aside and nearly knocking over the table in his surprise. Nearby, Meng Anwen burst into laughter, clearly amused by the scene.

Bai Yiyuan, still reeling, stammered, "How is that even possible?"

Lin Moyu hesitated before adding, "Actually... it's level 35 now."

Bai Yiyuan could hardly believe it. He recalled Lin Moyu's class, where skills automatically upgraded as he leveled up, and now even Divinity Force had followed that rule. One word came to mind: freak.

Though he had hoped for Lin Moyu to surpass him, Bai Yiyuan couldn't help but feel a twinge of defeat. With a sigh, he waved his hand, "You should go rest. I need some time to myself."

Lin Moyu obediently left the God Bai Courtyard. After he left, Meng Anwen's laughter rang out in the courtyard.

"Feeling defeated?" Meng Anwen asked, clearly enjoying the moment. Watching Bai Yiyuan squirm was one of his greatest pleasures.

Bai Yiyuan forced a smile, "They say the young surpass the old, and students surpass their teachers. As a teacher, I'm nothing but proud."

"But your face tells a different story."

"That's just shock—pure shock. Not that you'd get it, you blockhead."

"I think it's more dread than shock."

"Call it whatever you want. The stronger Young Lin gets, the happier I am."

Despite the banter, Bai Yiyuan's words were sincere. He truly was proud. He then softened his voice and added, "But with Young Lin growing this strong, guiding his training from here won't be easy..."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "That's simple: have him retrace the path you've taken. Let's see if he can surpass it."

Bai Yiyuan was taken aback. "You mean to have him..."

...

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu returned to the academy but didn't head to his dorm or stay at the academy. Instead, he teleported directly to Fortress No. 1, intent on using the Military Skill Grinding Site there.

It had been some time since he acquired the Poison Star Ring skill. Although he'd been grinding it whenever possible, it was still stuck at level 10. Among his skills, only Poison Star Ring and Corpse Explosion had yet to be maxed out. The higher one's level, the harder it became to max out skills, so he knew he needed to focus on grinding them as soon as possible.

Fatigue was no longer an issue for Lin Moyu. Since acquiring Divinity Force, his fatigue recovery had skyrocketed. As long as he avoided continuous combat, he hardly felt tired anymore. With Divinity Force now at level 35, his recovery rate was 35 times faster, making a few minutes of meditation or sleep equivalent to several hours. He felt like a perpetual motion machine, always energized and ready for action.

His arrival at Fortress No. 1 didn't go unnoticed. As a one-star colonel, he stood out.

Godly generals were rare, and colonels weren't common either. Reaching the rank of colonel meant being a proven fighter, earning the respect of all. However, Lin Moyu's level surprised many—he was only level 35, making it difficult for some to believe.

As Lin Moyu passed through Fortress No. 1, the patrolling soldiers saluted him with fervent admiration in their eyes. Despite many of them being higher level than Lin Moyu, here, only military rank held significance—not level.

Still, the soldiers at the fortress saluted him with respect, their eyes filled with admiration. Rank, not level, commanded respect here, and Lin Moyu was deserving of it. He returned their salutes, recognizing the dedication of every member of the Shenxia military.

Lin Moyu returned their salutes. Every member of the Shenxia military deserved respect.

Upon reaching the Military Skill Grinding Site, he spent some of his military merit. As a colonel, he enjoyed a 50% discount on all services. At this time, spending hundreds or even thousands of merit points felt insignificant to him.

Once inside, his spirit force surged, and his recovery rate dramatically increased. With his 135-fold natural recovery rate, even without meditation, his spirit force replenished faster than it had previously with meditation.

He began casting Poison Star Ring, sending out wave after wave of the skill in the grinding site. Although his spirit force was being consumed, it replenished so quickly that it barely made a dent. The skill was rapidly grinded.

After expending less than one-tenth of his spirit force, Poison Star Ring had already reached level 11. By the time his spirit force was fully drained, the skill had climbed to level 17.

Lin Moyu then meditated, and in just 10 minutes, his spirit force was fully restored.

"This is incredible!" He exclaimed, thrilled.

The current grinding efficiency was even better than when he had used Desert Fruit. He hadn't yet consumed the flesh of the Earth Evil Centipede, which would have allowed him to skip meditation entirely. But with just a 10-minute difference, it was unnecessary and would be wasteful. The efficiency was already more than high enough.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 294: A Simple Thank You Doesn't Cut It; Military Orders Are Absolute**

Several hours later, Lin Moyu emerged from the Military Skill Grinding Site, satisfied that his Poison Star Ring had finally reached level 35, as he had hoped. From now on, the skill would progress alongside him.

[Poison Star Ring (level 35): creates a 35-meter radius area that deals damage equivalent to 350 points of strength per second for 35 second.]

After the effect of Comprehensive Amplification was applied, Poison Star Ring's range expanded to 1,400 meters, its duration stretched to 1,400 seconds—over 20 minutes—and its damage output soared to 14,000 points of strength per second.

It was akin to being struck by a Warrior with 14,000 points in the strength attribute every second for over 20 minutes, without any hope of defending against it.

At first glance, Poison Star Ring might seem unremarkable, but a closer look revealed its terrifying potential. Few humans used poison-type skills, and no class specialized in them. Poison-type skills were primarily the domain of monster bosses, and even among Abyssal Demons, they were rare. In short, Lin Moyu's skill was exceptionally rare, even rarer than legendary class users.

While grinding at the Military Skill Site, Lin Moyu also replenished his skeletal army. His 15 undead legions were now fully restored, composed of 3,000 Skeletal Warriors and 2,250 Skeletal Mages. An additional 200 Skeletal Warriors and 150 Skeletal Mages awaited in the summon space. Altogether, he commanded a force of 5,600 skeletons, bolstered by 15 Lich Generals. All were connected through the Summon Health Link talent, sharing damage, healing, and even fate.

Lin Moyu felt deeply satisfied with his undead legions.

"Brother Lin!" A voice called out.

Turning, Lin Moyu saw Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue approaching. He greeted them with a light smile, "Brother Shi." Seeing the two holding hands, he couldn't help but chuckle, "Congratulations."

Liang Yue, typically calm and composed, blushed slightly. The two had been interested in each other for a while, but neither had made a move—until now.

"Where's Yiyi?" Liang Yue asked.

Lin Moyu replied, "Her family sent her for special training. I haven't seen her for a couple of months now."

Shi Xing'an uttered, "Brother Lin, where have you been? I couldn't reach you at all."

"My teacher sent me to the Immemorial Battlefield." Lin Moyu explained. "Oh, by the way, I have something for you."

Shi Xing'an was now level 34, still some distance away from level 40 and the second class awakening. However, Lin Moyu intended to give him the items early. It also served as a congratulatory gift for his relationship with Liang Yue.

Lin Moxu led them to a secluded spot within the military grounds.

Shi Xing'an was puzzled, "Why are you being so cautious?"

Liang Yue, more perceptive, gently patted him on the shoulder, "Be quiet, you blockhead. Brother Lin has his reasons for being cautious."

Shi Xing'an let out an "oh" and fell silent.

Lin Moyu then produced the Hearts of the Earth and Earth Gems, handing them to Shi Xing'an. The moment Shi Xing'an laid eyes on them, his breath quickened, his eyes filled with disbelief, and his whole body trembled in excitement.

"Brother Lin, are you really giving these to me?" His voice quivered, as though he could hardly believe what he was seeing.

To Shi Xing'an, these items were priceless treasures. During the second class awakening, achieving class sublimation was his ultimate dream.

If a Sacred Knight reached class sublimation, they would become a Sacred Light Knight, a legendary class user. However, that would be the limit—unlike naturally awakened legendary classes, this type of legendary class couldn't evolve further into mid-tier or even high-tier legendary classes. There was also a natural gap in attributes.

Shi Xing'an had long envied the Sacred Light Knight, Zhou Lesheng. But deep down, he believed he could never surpass him, only hoping to get close.

But now, Lin Moyu had placed the key to the pinnacle of the Knight class right in his hands. It was impossible not to be overwhelmed with excitement.

The Earth Knight—a true hidden class—represented the ultimate peak of the Knight class, even surpassing high-tier legendary classes. Throughout human history, Earth Knights had performed miracle after miracle. The very presence of an Earth Knight on the battlefield had become synonymous with human invincibility. This belief was ingrained in every class user's mind.

Liang Yue, equally excited, reacted quickly, "You fool, put them away quickly! Don't let anyone see."

The Heart of the Earth and Earth Gem were incredibly rare treasures, and when combined, they became even more valuable.

Shi Xing'an hurriedly stored the items, repeatedly thanking Lin Moyu. "Brother Lin, such a tremendous favor... I don't know what to say. A simple thank you doesn't cut it."

Lin Moyu smiled, "Reach out to me when you're close to your second class awakening. My teacher can help you increase the odds of class sublimation."

Becoming an Earth Knight required successful class sublimation.

Shi Xing'an, filled with gratitude, didn't doubt Lin Moyu for a moment, "Brother Lin, your teacher is...?"

"White God." Lin Moyu revealed.

Shi Xing'an shuddered, while Liang Yue covered her mouth, gasping in surprise.

The illustrious White God was Lin Moyu's teacher. It made perfect sense—who else but Bai Yiyuan could possibly be worthy of mentoring someone as exceptional as Lin Moyu?

Shi Xing'an etched Lin Moyu's words deep into his mind, "I'll definitely seek your help when the time comes, Brother Lin."

Lin Moyu smiled, "Alright."

Determined, Shi Xing'an resolved to level up as quickly as possible. His goal was to achieve his second class awakening and become an Earth Knight—the first in nearly a century. The thought of creating a legend drove his ambition.

Liang Yue squeezed his hand, her gaze unwavering, "I'll be by your side."

Shi Xing'an nodded gratefully, "Thank you."

After completing his skill grinding, Lin Moyu planned to return to Xiajing Academy. His level had risen high enough, and he'd amassed more than enough contribution points. Up until now, Lin Moyu hadn't paid much attention to these points, but upon checking, he discovered he'd accumulated a staggering 6,000 contribution points—primarily from slaying Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind.

This meant he was fully qualified to join the prestigious Chuangshen Institute, where he could potentially fight alongside his sister in the future.

Just as Lin Moyu was about to leave, a sudden burst of red light erupted from the teleportation formation, catching him off guard.

"Why is the teleportation formation glowing red?" He wondered.

In the blink of an eye, the red light intensified, and a blinding beam shot into the sky from the teleportation formation. Alarms blared across Fortress No. 1, and its defensive shields deployed immediately. The red teleportation formation locked down, preventing anyone from entering or exiting.

The fortress was sealed off and shifted into combat mode, as the atmosphere grew tense. All military personnel were mobilized at once.

Then came the booming voice, and military orders echoed through the fortress.

"Level 1 Military Order: all below level 40 low-level class users are to remain at Fortress No. 1 and prepare for battle."

"Level 1 Military Order: all level 40 to 60 high-level class users are to proceed to Fortress No. 6 through the military teleportation formation."

"Level 1 Military Order: all level 60 to below third class awakening high-level class users are to proceed to Fortress No. 7 through the military teleportation formation."

"Level 1 Military Order: all top-level class users are to proceed to Fortress No. 8 through the military teleportation formation."

The same orders echoed across all fortresses as beams of red light shot into the sky from the teleportation formations, which now only connected the fortresses. Class users moved in accordance with the orders, proceeding to their assigned fortresses. Military orders were absolute, and no one dare to disobey them.

When war erupted, every citizen of the Shenxia Empire could become a soldier and join the fighting.

Lin Moyu also headed for the teleportation formation. Although he was only level 35, staying behind in Fortress No. 1 would be a waste of his combat power. Only the battlefields at Fortress No. 6 or even Fortress No. 7 were suitable for his abilities.

"Stop. Low-level class users must stay at Fortress No. 1." A soldier stationed at the teleportation formation said, blocking Lin Moyu's way, "If you go to a high-level battlefield, you'll die. Please return."

Without a word, Lin Moyu flashed his military badge.

The soldier stiffened and saluted immediately, "Sir."

On the battlefield, rank was more important than level—a universal rule.



"Am I qualified to go in?" Lin Moyu asked.

The soldier hesitated, caught between following the military order and respecting Lin Moyu's one-star colonel rank. Before he could respond, a party arrived, and their party leader stepped forward.

"What's the situation here?" The party leader barked.

The soldier quickly explained, mentioning Lin Moyu's rank.

The party leader saw Lin Moyu's military badge and saluted, "Sir, as per regulations, your colonel rank qualifies you to proceed to any of the three fortresses."

Lin Moyu nodded, "I'll go to Fortress No. 6."

"As you command, Sir. Please enter the teleportation formation."

The military, true to its nature, operated with swift precision and without unnecessary delays. Lin Moyu, now cleared to proceed, stepped into the teleportation formation. In an instant, a bright red light enveloped him, and he was transported to Fortress No. 6.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 295: The Enemy Seems A Bit Mysterious This Time**

The sky over Fortress No. 6 darkened further, an oppressive stillness hanging in the air like the calm before a storm. All military teleportation formations were fully active, with waves of people rushing in and out. Those arriving at Fortress No. 6 were all level 40 to 59 class users.

Military orders were absolute, and everyone moved with precision. This time, the orders were of the highest level—level 1 military orders issued from Fortress No. 1's headquarters. No one dared to ignore them.

Dozens of teleportation formations worked in unison, operating with incredible efficiency. Across the nine fortresses, over 600 teleportation formations were sending and receiving troops every second.

Lin Moyu stepped out of the teleportation formation, only to be met by urgent shouts.

“Quick! Get into the teleportation formation! Move out of the way—don’t block others!”

The area was far more crowded than Fortress No. 1, and everyone present was a level 40 high-level class user or above. Lin Moyu stood out, a low-level user in a sea of elites.

As Lin Moyu stepped out of the teleportation formation, a level 50 soldier quickly blocked his path, "You're in the wrong place. Go back to Fortresses No. 1 to No. 5. This is a high-level battlefield. You'll get yourself killed."

Lin Moyu calmly pointed to the military badge on his shoulder, “Thanks, but I’ll be fine.”

The soldier’s eyes widened at the military badge, and he immediately straightened up, saluting. “Sir!”

The soldier, only an eight-star lieutenant, quickly recognized Lin Moyu’s rank as a one-star colonel and addressed him respectfully.

Lin Moyu returned the salute, “Carry on. I’m heading to the outwall.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The soldier dared not stop him again. Military discipline was strict, and he had to follow orders.

The sky over Fortress No. 6 was even more foreboding. Through the transparent shield, the sky appeared pitch-black, nearly devoid of light, as though night had fallen. Normally, the fortress relied on numerous devices for illumination, but now, the light from the shield bathed the entire fortress and the land extending 10 kilometers beyond.

People hurried to and fro, their faces tense—a familiar sight before any major battle.

At the center of the fortress, the massive Demon Watcher Eye had ceased its usual rotation, now fixed on the direction from which the enemy was expected to approach. The Demon Watcher Eye at Fortress No. 6 was far larger than the one at Fortress No. 1.

"According to Teacher, the Demon Watcher Eye can scan up to 10,000 kilometers, providing early warnings that give us crucial time to prepare for battle."

Bai Yiyuan had once explained the function of the Demon Watcher Eye to Lin Moyu. Its primary role was to monitor enemy movements, and even invisible foes couldn’t escape its gaze. It was one of the greatest masterpieces crafted by human Alchemists.

Standing on the command platform below the Demon Watcher Eye was a Legion Overlord in full military uniform. The Legion Overlord class was a legendary class and exceedingly rare. Yet, with the Shenxia Empire’s vast population, a few individuals

inevitably awakened this class. Only a handful of Legion Overlords were required to sustain the human race's war efforts—each of the nine fortresses needed just one.

The Legion Overlord at Fortress No. 6 wasn't Ni Xiong, whom Lin Moyu had met at Fortress No. 1, though he bore a strong resemblance. This man was likely from the Ni Family as well, renowned for producing Legion Overlords. In fact, outside the Ni Family, no one else had ever been recorded as awakening this class.

His presence was even more formidable than Ni Xiong's, suggesting that he was at a higher level. Lin Moyu caught a glimpse of his military badge—three-star colonel, outranking him.

When Lin Moyu glanced at the man, he noticed the Legion Overlord also looking back at him. The man seemed briefly surprised by Lin Moyu's level but, upon noticing his one-star colonel badge, nodded in acknowledgment. In the military, rank took precedence over level.

Lin Moyu nodded back before turning his attention to the outwall. Although the other was a three-star colonel, but the difference in their status was minimal.

Reaching the outer wall, Lin Moyu gazed into the same direction as the Demon Watcher Eye. The darkness beyond was impenetrable to his eyes, but the Demon Watcher Eye had clearly detected something. A level 1 military order wouldn't have been issued without reason. For all he knew, Fortress No. 1 might already be locked in combat.

Just then, a man approached the Legion Overlord, "Ni Jun, I'm here. Do you know which Demon King's troops are coming?"

The speaker, a one-star colonel, stood alongside Ni Jun on the command platform, indicating his status. Lin Moyu recognized him instantly—it was Zhang Qian, the Formation Great Master who had overseen his class awakening.

Back then, Zhang Qian had been level 52, but he had since risen to level 53.

The two men appeared well-acquainted. Ni Jun, still gazing into the distance, replied, "The battle is about to begin, but we have no details on the enemy yet."

"The enemy seems a bit mysterious this time. But it doesn't matter. I've taken control of the fortress's formations. You can rest assured." Zhang Qian said solemnly. Despite his relatively low level, as a Formation Great Master, Zhang Qian wielded tremendous power on the battlefield. Confident in the Fortress No. 6's formations, which were set up over the years, he believed they could heavily influence the outcome of the battle.

After gazing outside for a while, Ni Jun shifted his focus back to the outwall. Class users of various types moved swiftly, forming parties and assuming strategic positions with

remarkable coordination. Troops began taking defensive stances along the outwall in an orderly manner.

Outside the ranks, one figure stood alone—Lin Moyu. He stood calmly, unfazed by the surrounding tension. Moreover, at level 35, he stood out even more among the higher-level troops preparing for battle.

"What are you looking at?" Zhang Qian followed Ni Jun's gaze and spotted Lin Moyu. His eyes widened in surprise, "It's him."

"Do you know him, Old Zhang?" Ni Jun asked curiously.

Zhang Qian nodded, "I've met him once. I presided over his class awakening ceremony. I never expected he'd reach level 35 in just a few months. His leveling speed is extraordinary. But what's he doing here at level 35? This battlefield could easily claim his life."

Zhang Qian vividly remembered Lin Moyu's unique class and the fragile skeleton companion, leaving a lasting impression.

Ni Jun was taken aback, "He just awakened his class a few months ago? That means he's one of this year's new class users. He's only 18?"

Zhang Qian confirmed with a nod, "Yes, and he's also this year's imperial top scorer."

Ni Jun chuckled, "Top scorer, huh? Impressive indeed. Old Zhang, check out his military rank."

Zhang Qian glanced at Lin Moyu and was startled to see the one-star colonel badge on his shoulder, and he couldn't help but let out a strange cry, "A one-star colonel? How is that possible?"

Ni Jun grinned, "Surprised? I was too. A level 35 one-star colonel is unheard of."

Zhang Qian was stunned, struggling to imagine how Lin Moyu had advanced so rapidly in both level and military rank. He speculated that Lin Moyu must have been grinding in the Abyssal World, slaughtering Demons day and night. Otherwise, how could he possibly rise so fast? Zhang Qian himself had taken many years to earn the military rank of one-star colonel.

After a long pause, Zhang Qian could only mutter, "A miracle."

Ni Jun suddenly recalled something, "I remember hearing about the youngest lieutenant in human history during a recent battle. That must have been him."

Though Ni Jun hadn't been present for the events at Fortress No. 1, but he had still heard some things.

Filled with curiosity, Zhang Qian said, "I can't wait to see what surprises he'll bring in this battle."

Ni Jun nodded in agreement, "Hopefully, it's a big one."

Meanwhile, the troops on the outwall had finished their preparations. Ni Jun softly issued a command, "Activate legion mode. Everyone, join the legion!"

As the commander in this battle, Ni Jun naturally assumed the role of legion commander, with Zhang Qian as vice-legion commander. The legion was massive, far larger than the one Lin Moyu had seen at Fortress No. 1.

Each team consisted of six to twelve members, though some fought solo, much like Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu quickly checked the information of the legion commander and vice-legion commander.

[Legion commander: Ni Jun, level 63, Legion Overlord]

[Vice-legion commander: Zhang Qian, level 53, Formation Great Master]

When Lin Moyu saw Zhang Qian's name, he was taken aback. He recalled him as the man who had overseen his class awakening ceremony in Xihai City. Zhang Qian, catching his eye, smiled and nodded in greeting.

Ni Jun's powerful voice echoed across the fortress, rallying the troops.

"The legion has been formed, with me as the legion commander. Military merit will be pooled and distributed after the battle, based on contribution."

"You are all now teammates. Your skills won't harm one another, so unleash them freely."

"And remember, anyone who abandons their post during battle will be punished afterward."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 296: The Return Of Dragonkind To The Dimensional Battlefield

With military orders given, everyone snapped to attention, ready for action. Zhang Qian and Lin Moyu exchanged a silent nod from a distance, no words needed.

Suddenly, a voice cried out in surprise, "Why is there an extra vice-legion commander?"

"Yeah, who's this Lin Moyu? Level 35? How did he become a vice-legion commander?"

"No clue. A level 35 rookie? That's like sending him to his death!"

"Was there a mistake?"

"He probably pulled some strings to leech military merit."

The appearance of Lin Moyu as vice-legion commander, right after Zhang Qian, stirred confusion. A level 35 should never have made it to Fortress No. 6, where the minimum requirement was level 40. To everyone, a low-level class user showing up here was basically a death sentence.

The news spread quickly as people started gossiping. Then, someone suddenly shouted, "Wait! I remember! Lin Moyu was in the class user competition recently and broke the record for the unrestricted competition!"

"That's right! But back then, he was only level 27. How did he jump to level 35 so fast? Even having a baby doesn't happen this fast."

"It seems he not only has connections but is also a real genius."

Speculation ran wild, with some questioning his legitimacy. But before it could escalate, Ni Jun, the legion commander, shut it down with a commanding shout.

"Lin Moyu, level 35, one-star colonel. In the military, rank trumps level. His rank is higher than all of yours, so it's only natural for him to serve as vice-legion commander. If you have objections, settle them on the battlefield. Any more malicious gossip will be dealt with under military law."

As Ni Jun's words landed, the crowd fell silent. But within seconds, whispers of disbelief spread again—how could a level 35 hold the rank of one-star colonel? It seemed unbelievable, yet it was the reality.

Ni Jun didn't bother explaining further. Soon, the battle would prove everything. Talk was pointless—results mattered, and they would come through bloodshed on the battlefield.

Under Ni Jun's stern command, no one dared to spout more nonsense. Offending the legion commander was not something anyone could afford.

About half an hour later, the troops saw the enemy on the horizon—dark clouds looming, signaling an impending storm.

Lin Moyu, his powerful spirit force alert, quickly sensed the enemy's approach, "They're not Abyssal Demons... it's Dragonkind!"

The sight was both shocking and ominous. Dragonkind had somehow forced their way back into the Dimensional Battlefield. Soon, Lin Moyu saw them clearly—dinosaur-like creatures forming ranks and flying at high speed, carrying Dragonkind class users on their backs. Leading the charge were Knights clad in heavy armor, followed by ranks of Archers, Mages, and Healers dressed in robes.

Ni Jun squinted as the attackers came into full view, "It's the Dragonkind's Drake Legion."

Zhang Qian, standing beside him, couldn't hide his surprise, "That's really unexpected. It's been a thousand years since Dragonkind were expelled from the Dimensional Battlefield. They finally found a way in?"

Ni Jun scoffed, "You give them too much credit. They didn't find a way—they just blasted through."

Zhang Qian chuckled. "True. Subtlety was never their strength."

By now, the rest of the fortress had also spotted the incoming enemy.

"It's Dragonkind, not Abyssal Demons!"

"Weren't they banished a millennium ago?"

"Yeah, the only place to encounter Dragonkind now is the Immemorial Battlefield. I never thought they'd return here."

"Things just got a lot more complicated."

Their disbelief quickly gave way to unease as the reality of the situation set in.



The Drake Legion charged straight toward Fortress No. 6, numbering at least 10,000. Accompanying them was a colossal warship, with a massive magic crystal sphere, over a hundred meters in diameter, embedded in its center.

Zhang Qian's face darkened, "That's the Dragonkind's siege warship. According to the records, those ships gave us a lot of trouble in past wars."

Ni Jun glanced at him, "Can you take it down?"

"Not yet. Let it get closer first, and I'll try." Zhang Qian replied in a low voice.

Similar scenes unfolded across the Dimensional Battlefield, as Drake Legions and warships launched coordinated assaults on other fortresses. They weren't just targeting human forces, but Demon troops as well, ruthlessly hunting them down. The Dragonkind seemed intent on reclaiming their dominance, showing no mercy to either of their ancient enemies.

The return of the Dragonkind threatened to upend the delicate balance of power on the Dimensional Battlefield—and even among the races.

Lin Moyu's gaze hardened. He had fought and killed Dragonkind before, and the imposing Drake Legion didn't intimidate him. To him, they were just another source of military merit. The thought of using his Corpse Explosion on such a large force made him smirk coldly.

But the others didn't share his confidence. The Drake Legion was formidable, with each member above level 50. Their mounts doubled their threat—Mages and Archers, typically vulnerable in close combat, became far more dangerous when riding Drakes. Fighting the Drake Legion was like battling twice or three times that number of Dragonkind.

Ni Jun's expression grew grim. He knew they were outnumbered and outclassed. This was going to be a brutal fight.

As the Dragonkind drew nearer, Ni Jun began channeling his power. He unsheathed the magic sword at his waist and raised it high into the air. A massive ring of light burst from the blade's tip, expanding rapidly until it enveloped the entire fortress. His deep voice reverberated across the fortress.

"Strength!"

"Agility!"

"Spirit!"

"Physique!"

With each command, rings of light exploded outward, amplifying the attributes of everyone present by 50%. This all-encompassing boost was the greatest asset of the Legion Overlord, making the class irreplaceable on the battlefield. But Ni Jun didn't stop there—additional buffs quickly followed.

"Elemental Resistance!"

"Magic Empowerment!"

"Strike of Blood!"

Elemental resistance increased by 50%, magic damage surged by 30%, and physical attacks now had the ability to drain health from enemies to heal oneself. This combination of buffs turned the human army into a formidable force.

Not only did Ni Jun's status buffs empower them, but Prophets and other supports also layered buffs on the parties, easily doubling the human class users' attributes. Equipped with powerful gear, their combat power soared, each class user wrapped in swirling, colorful lights.

Only Lin Moyu's undead legions stood unaffected by these status buffs—a once sore point of Lin Moyu. However, his Lich Generals compensated for this gap.

Perched atop the outwall, Lin Moyu gazed at the advancing Dragonkind through the fortress's shield, his lips curling into a smirk, "More military merit is coming my way."

Suddenly, the shield around the fortress blazed with light, and a beam of energy shot from it, targeting the Dragonkind. Lin Moyu glanced toward Zhang Qian, understanding immediately that the Formation Great Master had launched the first strike.

Zhang Qian, as a Formation Great Master, held control over all the formations surrounding Fortress No. 6, making the fortress itself his weapon. As legend had it, when fully equipped with formations, a Formation Master was invincible against any class user of the same level.

Though only level 53, Zhang Qian, with Fortress No. 6 under his command, he was as powerful as a level 60 class user. The beam of light he conjured started small, no larger than a fist, but rapidly expanded as it absorbed elemental energy from the atmosphere, growing into a 5-meter-wide pillar of light.

The Drake Legion reacted swiftly. The giant magic crystal embedded in their siege warship flared to life, releasing a dazzling, multicolored beam to intercept Zhang Qian's attack. The two beams collided midair, creating an explosion of light so brilliant it resembled a miniature sun, illuminating the land below.

The resulting shockwave tore through the ground, shaking the Dimensional Battlefield, the pitch-black earth rumbling like thunder and splitting apart.

As the light faded, both the Drake Legion and their siege warship emerged unharmed.

Zhang Qian sighed, "It failed."

Ni Jun, unfazed, nodded, "That's expected. The Dragonkind siege warship is as powerful as the military records describe."

Zhang Qian nodded and said, "I just gave it a try. The real show is yet to start."

With a swift motion, he activated the formations once again. The entire fortress began to glow, and the land surrounding it responded in kind. Runes, etched deep into the earth, shimmered as they drew energy from the Dimensional Battlefield, linking the fortress to the vast, unseen forces around it. Countless intricate lines and symbols appeared, forming a vast network that pulsed with power.

These fortresses were not made for mere shelter; they were war machines in their truest form.

Suddenly, an overwhelming force surged forth, and thousands of bolts of lightning rained down, striking the Drake Legion with relentless fury.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 297: Lin Moyu's Madness; Facing The Legion Alone**

As lightning thundered overhead, the Dragonkind's siege warship shone brilliantly. Its massive magic crystal sphere swiftly projected a vast shield, resembling a colossal umbrella that enveloped the entire legion beneath it. Not only did this barrier deflect the lightning strikes, but it absorbed their energy, converting it into its own power.

The magic crystal sphere, over a hundred meters wide, held an immense reservoir of energy. Bolts of lightning crackled and flashed across the shield, leaving it entirely unharmed. With each strike, the shimmering magic crystal sphere on the siege warship glowed with multicolored light, steadily growing stronger as it absorbed the relentless attacks.

Zhang Qian's relentless assault continued, his face tense with focus, "The Dragonkind's warship—it combines offense and defense flawlessly."

Ni Jun, observing the growing radiance of the magic crystal sphere, said gravely, "It's absorbing your attacks and converting them into power."

"Let it." Zhang Qian replied, "When it strikes back, that's when we'll have our opening."

Ni Jun trusted Zhang Qian's judgment and remained silent. On the battlefield, there was no room for hesitation. Zhang Qian, too, stopped speaking, directing all his focus toward controlling the fortress's formations.

The intensity of the assault increased, and the lightning grew even fiercer, as if Zhang Qian was determined to break through the Dragonkind's defenses. The magic crystal sphere only glowed brighter, until—finally—it reached its peak. With a deafening boom, it unleashed a blinding beam of energy, over 50 meters wide, aimed at the fortress.

Though the beam soared 100 meters above the ground, the land below was instantly vaporized, scorched by its immense heat.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed. The power of this attack was on par with that of a Demon King. Could the fortress withstand it?

The beam collided with the fortress's shield, sending violent tremors through the structure. The shield flared brilliantly under the assault.

Ni Jun's expression darkened, "Since I've been guarding here, Fortress No. 6 has never faced anything this strong."

This was the most powerful assault the fortress had ever endured, and for the first time, Ni Jun wasn't certain it could withstand the onslaught.

Zhang Qian remained silent, his eyes gleaming with intensity. In his mind's eye, the formation runes flickered rapidly, their glow becoming brighter and more frequent. With each pulse, they grew stronger. His entire body surged with energy as the formations roared in response to his control. Then, with a thunderous crash, the fortress's shield shattered like glass.

At that moment, the suspended lightning converged into a massive, terrifying thunderbolt, over a hundred meters wide, striking down with a roar. The Dragonkind's shield shattered, and the thunderbolt hit the siege warship dead on. The magic crystal sphere exploded, obliterating the ship.

Nearby Dragonkind were thrown in different directions by the blast as the siege warship crashed to the ground, broken and destroyed.

Zhang Qian burst into triumphant laughter, "Ha-ha-ha-ha! In the end, I won!"

As he had predicted, the Dragonkind's warship revealed its vulnerability only when it attacked. In this contest, he was the victor. Despite it being his first time facing the Dragonkind's siege warship, he had found its weakness. Such was the skill of a Formation Master—uncovering the enemy's soft spots from the subtlest clues.

He had won, though at a great cost. The shield of Fortress No. 6 was shattered and couldn't be restored anytime soon. Now, the Shenxia army would have to face the Drake Legion in direct combat.

Still brimming with excitement, Zhang Qian activated the remaining power of the formations, "Restricted Airspace!"

The fortress, which had just dimmed, flared to life once more. A massive ring of light flashed across the sky, and the sky within a hundred kilometers was transformed into a flight restriction zone.

A Formation Master, without the need for a Godly Mage or specialized skills, could create a vast flight restriction zone through formations, grounding all races and stripping them of their aerial advantage.

However, the Dragonkind were prepared. Without hesitation, they dismounted from their Drakes and began their charge. The Drake Legion, more than 10,000 strong, advanced in disciplined ranks. At the forefront were nearly a thousand Knight, followed by Archers, Mages, and Healers.

At the rear of the Drake Legion stood one figure—silent, unmoving. This individual, akin to a Legion Overlord, oversaw the entire legion's condition, guiding them from behind.

The Dragonkind army marched in perfect order, radiating an overwhelming, awe-inspiring aura. The murderous intent they exuded was palpable, pressing down like a suffocating force. For over a thousand years, Dragonkind had not set foot on the Dimensional Battlefield, but now they were determined to make their presence felt.

Their goal was clear: defeat the humans and carve out a stronghold in the Dimensional Battlefield. From there, they would launch relentless assaults against both the humans and the Abyss, seeking vengeance for the grudges from a thousand years ago.

Every Dragonkind soldier's eyes burned with hatred and purpose. The fortress's shield had fallen—now, the true battle was about to begin.

Lin Moyu silently observed the approaching army and murmured, "9,600 troops in total, 800 teams, 12 per team."

"Each team has 3 Knights, 3 Archers, 3 Mages, and 3 Healers. Their formation is different from ours. With 3 Healers per team and the Dragonkind's powerful vitality, their endurance in battle is incredible. They don't differentiate by rank like we do, but by the strength of their bloodlines, which sets them apart from humans."

As Lin Moyu analyzed, the Drake Legion steadily drew closer.

Meanwhile, Ni Jun raised his magic sword, casting a final buff before the battle began.

Skill: Boost Morale

[Boost Morale: dispels fear and raises morale. Increases defense and offense by 30% for 10 minutes.]

The human forces were ready. The fortress's gates swung open, and the first wave of soldiers surged out. On the outwall, Mages and Archers were ready to unleash their attacks.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu leaped from the wall, landing at the very front of the human troops. Without hesitation, he began walking toward the Dragonkind army, as though taking a casual stroll.

Everyone froze, eyes widening in disbelief.

"What is he doing?"

"Has he lost his mind?"

"That's a Dragonkind army—10,000 strong! What can one man do?"

"He's insane! Absolutely insane!"

"The title of genius has gone to his head—he's delusional."

Voices called after Lin Moyu, urging him to turn back, but he paid them no heed. He continued his steady march toward the enemy.

On the command platform, Ni Jun was just as stunned, "What is he trying to do?"

Zhang Qian shook his head, just as baffled.

Ni Jun's expression turned serious, "Before the third-class awakening, no one—no matter how strong—can face an entire army alone. He must be out of his mind. I need to go get him back."

Just as Ni Jun was about to act, Zhang Qian held him back, "Wait, look..."

Ni Jun's eyes widened in shock as undead legions began to materialize beside Lin Moyu, one after another. The soldiers who had been mocking Lin Moyu moments earlier fell into stunned silence.

Fifteen undead legions appeared in perfect formation next to Lin Moyu, their eerie presence sending a chilling wind across the Dimensional Battlefield. Though they were fewer in number than the Dragonkind army, but their presence was just as imposing.

The Lich Generals acted in unison and cast their spell, and white light surged across the battlefield. Lin Moyu stood ready to face the Drake Legion alone.

Even the charging Drake Legion faltered for a brief moment, stunned by the sight before them. Then someone cried out, "Undead troops—it's Lin Moyu!"

"The Dragonkind King has ordered his death! Kill Lin Moyu, and you'll be rewarded with an advanced bloodline and access to the Ancestral Dragon Pool!"

"Kill Lin Moyu!"

The Drake Legion roared with renewed fury, their murderous intent crashing toward Lin Moyu like a tidal wave. His infamous deeds on the Immemorial Battlefield had already spread throughout the Dragonkind World. To them, Lin Moyu was a target marked for death.

But Lin Moyu remained calm, unshaken. The undead legions swiftly shifted into a protective circle around him, forming a wall of defense. Then, as one, they charged head-on toward the Drake Legion.

Lin Moyu was the first to act. He raised his hand, and a red light filled the sky.

Skill: Slow Curse!

The curse took immediate effect. The Dragonkind slowed down as if weighed down by invisible chains.

"A curse!" Someone shouted.

The Dragonkind Healers scrambled to dispel it. But Lin Moyu wasn't done.

Skill: Poison Star Ring!

A burst of green light erupted, and a Poison Star Ring swept through the battlefield like a deadly storm, spreading dense poison element.

A large number of Dragonkind were instantly poisoned, their agonized screams filling the air as if they had been struck by a crushing blow. Despite their strength, all being



above level 50, they couldn't withstand a continuous assault equivalent to 14,000 points in strength per second, their health rapidly draining away, leaving them on the verge of collapse.

The Dragonkind Healers struggled under the pressure, torn between dispelling the curse and healing their comrades. Meanwhile, thousands of Dragonkind Mages and Archers launched a coordinated attack, filling the sky with arrows and raining meteors down upon Lin Moyu and his undead legions. The assault was so overwhelming that it seemed to engulf everything in sight.

Watching from inside the fortress, everyone held their breath. How could anyone survive such an onslaught?

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 298: Witnessing The Birth Of A Freak**

Lin Moyu's Bone Armor shimmered brightly. At the same time, his Skeletal Mages unleashed their assault. Magic spells rained down upon the Dragonkind Knights, colliding midair and exploding with deafening force. For a moment, the battlefield transformed into a breathtaking display, like a cascade of fireworks blooming in radiant brilliance.

"So beautiful!" Lin Moyu muttered, eyes fixed on the dazzling rain of arrows and meteors streaking across the sky. It was a rare, mesmerizing spectacle.

Yet, for everyone else, this beauty spelled certain death. No one believed Lin Moyu or his skeletal army could survive. After all, despite the sheer size of the skeletal army, the skeletons were only level 35.

Some onlookers had already closed their eyes, convinced Lin Moyu was about to meet his end.

The barrage of arrows exploded, and meteors crashed down, engulfing the skeletal army in a sea of destruction.

"This is the price of arrogance."

"Lin Moyu is finished."

“Without Healers, no matter how many troops he has, they’re all going to die.”

Suddenly, through the chaos of explosions, figures emerged. A massive wave of skeletons charged forward, clashing head-on with the Dragonkind Knights. The battlefield trembled with the force of their impact.

But the Skeletal Warriors didn’t budge. After being buffed, their strength soared to 78,000 points, equaling that of the Dragonkind Knights. The Skeletal Warriors unleashed their skill, slashing fiercely at their foes while white healing light continuously enveloped them.

Then, Lin Moyu appeared in everyone’s view, his Bone Armor gleaming, without a single scratch.

To Lin Moyu, only an attack strong enough to shatter his Bone Armor could harm him—and the same held true for his skeletons. With the new Summon Health Link title, damage was shared, and healing was equally distributed.

The Lich Generals had essentially taken on the role of Legion Overlords, with their healing spell affecting all the summons, including themselves. With 15 Lich Generals healing continuously, bringing them down was no easy task.

The Skeletal Warriors, protected by constant healing, surged forward, while the Skeletal Mages bombarded the Dragonkind from within the explosions.

“He survived!”

“This is unreal!”

“How is he this strong?”

“Is he really just level 35? He fights like he’s level 75 or higher!”

No one could believe what was unfolding before their eyes. The battle had taken an unexpected and almost surreal turn. Those who were supposed to be fighting now stood as mere bystanders, watching the chaos unfold.

The Skeletal Warriors collided violently with the Dragonkind Knights. The Dragonkind, with their high-level Healers, were quickly recovering from injuries, supported by powerful healing spells. Despite the Skeletal Warriors unleashing their skill, they couldn’t land a killing blow on the Dragonkind Knights in a single strike. With 800 teams and over 2,400 Dragonkind Knights, they were not as numerous as the Skeletal Warriors but were certainly formidable.

The Dragonkind Knights fought with precise coordination, their organized tactics making them just as powerful as the Skeletal Warriors, especially with the support of Archers

and Mages firing from the rear. Lin Moyu realized that without his newly acquired talent, Summon Health Link, his undead legions would be hopelessly outmatched. The Dragonkind were recovering too fast, and without a way to pin them down, the skeletons couldn't land a fatal blow. However, thanks to the continuous healing from the Lich Generals, the Dragonkind also couldn't kill the Skeletal Warriors.

The battlefield echoed with the sounds of clashing weapons. The Dragonkind Knights would occasionally shout commands, their voices cutting through the chaos. In contrast, the Skeletal Warriors fought in eerie silence. Arrows whistled through the air, and magic spells exploded all around, leaving both sides in a deadlock.

Lin Moyu frowned, aware he couldn't defeat the enemy with just this. In the end, it came down to his level being too low.

"If only I could create a corpse." He thought, "Then I'd have a solution..." Realizing his limitations, he knew he needed a different approach.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu withdrew from the legion, drawing everyone's attention.

"Why did he leave the legion?" Ni Jun asked, his voice heavy with suspicion, "What's he planning?"

Zhang Qian's eyes narrowed in thought before he quickly pieced it together, "How much military merit do these Dragonkind represent in total?"

"About 20 million." Ni Jun responded immediately, before his eyes widened in shock, "Wait... are you saying Lin Moyu intends to kill them all?"

Zhang Qian chuckled knowingly, "What else? Can you think of another reason?"

Ni Jun shivered at the thought, "Holy crap. If he pulls this off, he'll become a godly general."

In the Shenxia Empire, accumulating 100,000 military merit made one a colonel, with a star earned for every additional 1 million military merit. 10 million military merit promoted someone to the rank of godly general, with a star earned for every additional 100 million military merit. If Lin Moyu could annihilate this entire army of Dragonkind, he would gain nearly 20 million military merit—enough to ascend to the rank of godly general. Even without a star, a godly general held a position of immense prestige. Across the entire Shenxia Empire, and even among the human race as a whole, godly generals were exceedingly rare.

"A level 35 godly general?" Ni Jun muttered, disbelief coloring his voice, "That sounds more like a fairy tale."

Zhang Qian shook his head, "He'll probably hit level 36 or 37. These Dragonkind don't just provide military merit, but a massive amount of EXP, as well as contribution points from Xiajing Academy."

Ni Jun's eyes widened as he recalled that Lin Moyu was still a first-year student at Xiajing Academy. For a moment, the absurdity of it all left him unsure whether to laugh or cry. The situation felt surreal, as if they were witnessing history in the making.

Lin Moyu had withdrawn from the legion with a clear purpose. He wasn't going to foolishly split the military merit and EXP with the others. Even if he were given a larger share, it wouldn't be enough to satisfy him. So, he chose to leave the legion and claim everything for himself.

"If I become a godly general. I bet I'll make my teacher jump in shock when I return." Lin Moyu mused with a smirk, and a bright glow appeared on the rune etched into the back of his hand.

Skill: Enhance Troops!

A brilliant light exploded across the battlefield, enveloping the undead legions. In an instant, a wave of power surged through the skeletal army, dramatically increasing their attack power.

"What's happening?"

"Why have the skeletons suddenly become so strong?"

"I can't hold on! Healers, hurry!"

"What kind of skill is this?"

"I know! It's a Primordial Rune skill! He used the power of a Primordial Rune!"

The sudden increase in power of the undead legions caught the Dragonkind Knights off guard. Many were severely injured, barely managing to activate their Extreme Defense. Without it, they would have been annihilated in an instant.

Lin Moyu wasted no time. He commanded the Skeletal Warriors to bypass the Knights and charge straight at the Archers and Mages positioned behind them. Empowered by the Enhance Troops skill, the Skeletal Warriors' strength and agility far surpassed that of the Dragonkind Knights, rendering them unstoppable.

The Dragonkind Knights struggled in vain to halt their advance, but they were no match for the enhanced undead. The fate of the Archers and Mages became clear: they were about to be overwhelmed by the ferocious assault.

Seeing the dire situation, the leading Dragonkind Knight bellowed, "Forget the skeletons! Kill Lin Moyu!"

"Yes, kill him! If he dies, the skeletons will fall!"

The realization dawned on them—Lin Moyu was the true target. If they could eliminate him, his undead army would collapse.

But Lin Moyu only chuckled, his eyes gleaming with confidence. "You can't kill me."

The tall and imposing Lich Generals formed a protective circle around Lin Moyu, who in turn were surrounded by over a thousand Skeletal Mages. The Dragonkind Knights, no matter how hard they tried, couldn't get through to him. A sense of despair began to spread through the Dragonkind ranks.

Then, a scream echoed across the battlefield. The first Dragonkind Archer fell under the relentless assault of the Skeletal Warriors.

"It's over!"

With the first body down, the tide of battle shifted decisively. Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed.

Skill: Corpse Explosion!

A deafening blast rocked the battlefield. Within a 200-meter radius, the explosion dealt 1,200% of the fallen Archer's health as damage, instantly killing every Dragonkind within the blast zone.

Then came another explosion. And another. The blasts rippled across the battlefield like an unstoppable wave, showing no signs of slowing.

Lin Moyu continued to unleash his Corpse Explosion skill. He understood how difficult it was to grind this skill—and with nearly 10,000 bodies at his disposal, he wasn't about to waste such a rare opportunity. As his spirit force dwindled, he casually took a few bites of the Earth Evil Centipede's flesh to restore it, setting off more explosions in rapid succession.

The results were astounding. His EXP, military merit, and contribution points soared. Before long, a bright white light enveloped Lin Moyu—he had leveled up. At the same time, his military badge gleamed with golden light as stars began to appear on it, one after another.

Ni Jun watched in stunned silence, "I never imagined a colonel could gain stars this fast."

Zhang Qian glanced at his own badge with a wry smile, “I’ve spent years grinding to reach one-star colonel rank. And here he’s gaining a star every second... You really shouldn’t compare yourself to others. Maybe I should cozy up to him and ask if he’ll take me along next time.”

Ni Jun rolled his eyes, “You shameless old fool, have you no dignity?”

Zhang Qian laughed heartily, “What’s the use of dignity? Becoming a godly general has always been my dream.”

“You and everyone else.” Ni Jun replied with a sigh.

Inside the fortress, the onlookers were speechless, paralyzed by shock. It felt as though they were witnessing the birth of a freak.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 299: Even Without The Undead Legions, I'll Kill You All the Same!**

The Drake Legion was being decimated by Lin Moyu. The seemingly powerful Dragonkind Archers and Mages were falling like wheat to the scythe, dying in the explosions.

Ni Jun was stunned by Lin Moyu’s overwhelming power. His skill seemed to ignore the difference in levels, though the exact mechanics were unclear. What was clear, however, was its terrifying capacity for mass slaughter.

Amidst the carnage, Ni Jun felt a vague sense of danger, as if something ominous was approaching. Zhang Qian, sensing it too, spoke in a low voice, “Something’s off.”

Ni Jun, though still reeling from shock, kept his eyes on the battlefield. “The enemy's legion support is too calm. It’s like he doesn’t care.”

His gaze fixed on the rear of the Drake Legion, where their legion support stood detached, displaying no fear or concern despite the slaughter. His indifference felt unnerving—almost conspiratorial.

Zhang Qian added grimly, “It’s not just him. Look at their troops. By now, any normal force would’ve had a complete collapse in morale. But these Dragonkind soldiers—despite their fear, anger, and anxiety—seem unnaturally rigid. And the Knights, Mages, and Archers—they all seem like they made from the same mold.”

Following Zhang Qian's observation, Ni Jun understood he was right.

Suddenly, Zhang Qian exclaimed, "Their legion support is taking action."

The figure at the back, quiet until now, suddenly thrust his staff into the ground. A bright light surged, forming a complex magic formation. A teleportation channel suddenly appeared above, and a Dragonkind leaped out.

This Dragonkind stood over 5 meters tall, with a powerful build, clad in massive armor and wielding a platinum rank spear. What was most striking were the decorative horns adorning his head, legs, and knees.

"Is that a Dragonkind Battle General?" Ni Jun asked, uncertain.

Zhang Qian quickly used the Demon Watcher Eye, and his face darkened, "Yes. A level 70 Dragonkind Battle General."

A level 70 Dragonkind Battle General was as strong as a human top-level class user who had undergone their third class awakening. With each level beyond 60, the power gap widened exponentially. Reaching level 70 and completing the third class awakening marked a qualitative transformation, not just for humans but for all races.

At level 70, a Dragonkind could be called a battle general. From that point onward, their path diverged entirely from that of humans.

A thousand years ago, humanity had clashed with Dragonkind Battle Generals, with both sides experiencing victories and defeats. No one could definitively say which race had the superior evolution path, but it clearly illustrated the formidable strength of Dragonkind Battle Generals.

Ni Jun's face grew stern, "What happened to the suppression formation? How did a level 70 Dragonkind get through?"

Zhang Qian replied gravely, "Fortress No. 9 must be under immense pressure. They likely reduced power to the suppression formation, giving the Dragonkind this opportunity."

That was the only plausible explanation. The Dimensional Battlefield's suppression formation, maintained by Fortresses No. 1 through No. 9 and a network of nodes, strictly limited the maximum level permitted in each area. In theory, no level 70 figure should be here. The fact that one had appeared meant that Fortress No. 9 was straining under heavy pressure, resulting in a reduction in the energy supplied to the formation.

"I've already requested reinforcements from Fortress No. 8." Zhang Qian said, "Hopefully they'll send a top-level class user, but it might take time."



Ni Jun, looking somber, responded, “Luckily, Lin Moyu still has his skeletons. We should be able to hold out.”

As soon as the Dragonkind Battle General arrived, he charged at Lin Moyu. Though the flight restriction zone kept him grounded, his speed was astonishing, as fast as an arrow, causing cracks to form on the ground beneath his feet.

Meanwhile, the Dragonkind legion support wasn’t idle. He raised his staff and released another spell. A brilliant light shot into the sky, forming a glowing orb that blazed like a miniature sun over the battlefield. Under its radiant light, the undead legions rapidly vanished, and in the blink of an eye, none remained on the battlefield. The undead legions were unsummoned.

Lin Moyu quickly realized his summons were now restricted—he couldn’t call forth any more skeletons. The glowing orb in the sky had the same effect as a Seal Summon Talisman.

“This is bad!” Ni Jun gasped, visibly alarmed.

Zhang Qian was equally shocked, “I’ll push for reinforcements to arrive faster.”

Without his summons, Lin Moyu—a Summoner—seemed defenseless. The people in the fortress watching the battle grew anxious.

“This is trouble.”

“How can he fight without his summons?”

“That new Dragonkind seems stronger than the entire Drake Legion.”

“Judging by his aura, he must be level 70—on par with our top-level class users.”

“Should we go and help him?”

But amid their panic, someone noticed, “Wait—look at Lin Moyu. He’s not panicking at all.”

At that moment, the Drake Legion had been nearly obliterated, with only a few stragglers remaining. Near Lin Moyu, the ground was littered with bodies. A soft, white glow enveloped him—he had leveled up. The 10,000 Dragonkind, all above level 50, had granted him an astronomical amount of EXP, propelling him to level 37. Even his military badge transformed, turning from gold to purple—godly general military rank.

“Die!” A thunderous voice boomed as the Dragonkind Battle General leapt into the air, bringing down his spear with tremendous force. Even before the strike landed, the ground beneath cracked, and nearby corpses were flung hundreds of meters away.

The Dragonkind Battle General had clearly realized that Lin Moyu could use the corpses in battle and sought to eliminate them. Following his summoning skills, his Corpse Explosion skill was also restricted.

The Bone Armor on Lin Moyu glowed brightly, emitting cracking sounds. Even the residual energy from the attack was enough to nearly shatter it.

“The power of that attack is on another level.” Lin Moyu thought, feeling the pressure.

At this moment, the Enhance Troops skill had 10 seconds remaining, representing Lin Moyu's peak strength, with his spirit force exceeded 70,000, which more than doubled the attack power of his skills. Additionally, his skills dealt an extra 500% of damage. In this state, his attack power was nearly ten times its usual level.

Skill: Damage Curse!

A red light shot from his hand, followed by a flash of white.

Skill: Bone Fangs!

Lin Moyu raised his right hand, pointing at the Dragonkind Battle General. A blinding volley of 1,480 Bone Fangs shot forth, sealing off every possible escape route.

The Dragonkind Battle General roared and swung his spear with all his might. His strike cleaved through the mass of Bone Fangs, forcefully carving a path.

But Lin Moyu remained calm, a flicker of Soul Blaze igniting in his hand. Though the Dragonkind Battle General could break through Bone Fangs, he couldn't evade Soul Blaze.

A barely visible spark flashed across the Dragonkind Battle General's forehead. A blood-curdling scream echoed through the battlefield. Even a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General couldn't endure the agonizing pain of a direct soul attack—especially with Soul Blaze enhanced by the Enhance Troops skill, amplifying both the damage and the torment.

The Dragonkind Battle General, unable to hold his spear steady, faltered. His skill was interrupted, and he crashed to the ground.

Lin Moyu sneered, “You may be the first Dragonkind Battle General I kill.”

Through the Detection spell, Lin Moyu had already assessed his opponent: a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General. Though powerful, he was nowhere near as formidable as a top-level Succubus and the Archaic Luanniao, let alone the Fire Demon King.

When faced with the Archaic Luanniao, even if his summoning skills weren't sealed, he would still flee without hesitation. But against the Dragonkind Battle General? He could fight alone.

Soul Blaze flickered again, and the Dragonkind Battle General let out another agonizing scream.

A green ring of light suddenly erupted around Lin Moyu.

Skill: Poison Star Ring!

The damage was magnified by 500%, inflicting a damage equivalent to 74,000 points of strength per second. The level 70 Dragonkind Battle General groaned in pain, his body wracked with discomfort.

Lin Moyu's right finger glowed once more, unleashing another barrage of Bone Fangs. The deadly projectiles, with their penetrating force, tore through the Dragonkind Battle General, riddling his body with holes. In the brief three seconds it took for the Dragonkind Battle General to crash to the ground, Lin Moyu had executed a series of rapid strikes.

Even after the Dragonkind Battle General hit the ground, Lin Moyu didn't relent. Bone Fangs continued to rain down in waves—at least three per second—while Soul Blaze burned ceaselessly.

The once-mighty Dragonkind Battle General, who had charged in with overwhelming murderous intent, was now writhing on the ground, screaming in agony. His soul was being scorched by the relentless Soul Blaze, and his body was torn apart by the countless Bone Fangs, his blood staining the earth.

Lin Moyu knew time was running out. His Enhance Troops skill had only three seconds remaining, but that was more than enough to finish the fight.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu noticed a change in the Dragonkind General's eyes—a look of resignation, mixed with grim determination. It was a look Lin Moyu recognized all too well.

"Let's die together!" The Dragonkind Battle General snarled, his face contorting into a crazed grin.

Lin Moyu's expression shifted instantly. He retreated in a flash, sensing the imminent danger.

Boom!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 300: Apologies To Everyone; Level 37 Godly General

A massive mushroom cloud erupted into the sky. The explosion was earth-shattering, with shockwaves ripping across the land. Even the fortress a thousand meters away rumbled violently, its sturdy walls seemingly on the verge of collapse as large stones tumbled down. The tops of several tall buildings shattered, scattering debris throughout the fortress.

When the level 70 Dragonkind Battle General self-destructed, the destruction reached even the distant fortress, leaving everyone stunned and speechless.

Ni Jun's expression darkened. He was certain that Lin Moyu couldn't have survived. An explosion of that scale would be fatal for anyone, even a level 70 human class user, unless they were a Knight. Lin Moyu was only level 37. Although his combat power was extraordinary—strong enough to decimate armies and face off against a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General—his weakness was obvious: his level. His attributes and health were far too low.

Earlier, Ni Jun had sensed Lin Moyu's health, which was similar to that of an ordinary level 37 class user, not even on par with a level 37 Knight.

Zhang Qian's mouth twitched as if he wanted to speak but couldn't find the words. After a long while, he finally muttered with deep regret, "What a pity."

Ni Jun sighed, "Who would have expected the enemy to self-destruct? Lin Moyu must have pushed him to the absolute limit."

Zhang Qian added, "Even the Dragonkind couldn't have foreseen that, after restricting Lin Moyu's summoning skills, he would still have such overwhelming combat strength."

Without his Enhance Troops skill and the undead legions, Lin Moyu wouldn't stand a chance against the Dragonkind Battle General. It was purely bad timing for the enemy. Had the Dragonkind Battle General arrived just a few seconds later, it would've been Lin Moyu making the retreat instead.

Everyone felt a deep sense of pity for Lin Moyu.

As the light from the explosion faded and the mushroom cloud disappeared, a figure slowly came into view. The figure glowed with a familiar white sheen. Lin Moyu, clad in his Bone Armor, was walking back calmly, completely unscathed.

"Oh my god! He survived!"

"This is unreal! He made it through that huge explosion."

"How is that possible?"

"His defensive skill must be insanely strong."

The crowd couldn't believe their eyes—Lin Moyu was still alive. The ones most overjoyed by this were Ni Jun and Zhang Qian. From their perspective, humanity desperately needed a genius like Lin Moyu, the kind that might only emerge once in a century. If he were allowed to fully mature, it would be an incredible boon for the entire human race.

Lin Moyu returned to the fortress, completely unharmed. Meanwhile, the skeletons in his summon space were quickly recovering.

The self-destruction of the level 70 Dragonkind Battle General had been devastating, shattering his Bone Armor instantly. However, his Damage Transfer skill activated, redirecting a massive amount of damage to his skeletons and Lich Generals.

The Summon Health Link talent spread the damage evenly among his summons, and though they were badly injured, none had died. They would fully recover in less than half a day inside the summon space.

"The self-destruct was primarily a physical attack." Lin Moyu reflected, "With my 50% physical damage immunity, a significant portion of the damage was mitigated. But I'll need to be more careful moving forward. If there were two Dragonkind Battle Generals or high-level Demons self-destructing simultaneously, I might not be as lucky. And if a boss above level 60 self-destructs, I probably wouldn't survive."

He paused, considering the dangers ahead. As a Summoner and Mage, Lin Moyu knew he shouldn't be at the front lines, but his reliance on the Damage Transfer skill had made him too complacent. Now, as he faced stronger and stronger enemies, it was clear he needed to be more cautious.

"If only my defense was as high as the Lich Generals'. I'd be much safer."

The Lich Generals had incredibly high physique, boasting the greatest defense and health among all his summons. If Lin Moyu's physique matched theirs, he would be much more secure—but that was just wishful thinking. Even if he became a Knight, he could never reach the physical defense of a Lich General, which was developed at the expense of their other three attributes.

Snapping out of his thoughts, Lin Moyu noticed the many admiring gazes directed his way. Inside the fortress, all the soldiers and most of the class users were watching him like he was a returning hero. They saluted him in unison, shouting, "Godly General!"

His purple military badge radiated nobility. Though it had no stars, a godly general was still a godly general. In the military hierarchy, this military rank symbolized the highest honor and prestige.

Even the Twelve Councillors who governed the Shenxia Empire couldn't compare to a godly general in terms of status. When they encountered one, they, too, had to bow respectfully. After all, the military was the foundation of the Shenxia Empire.

Godly general was not only a military rank but also a symbol of immense contribution.

Lin Moyu nodded to the crowd, and the simple gesture made every soldier feel honored. To them, becoming a godly general was a lifelong goal, yet Lin Moyu had achieved this at level 37. He was a prodigy—the greatest genius of his generation.

Ni Jun and Zhang Qian descended from the command platform and saluted Lin Moyu. Lin Moyu smiled and said, "Master Zhang, long time no see."

Zhang Qian laughed heartily, "Godly General Lin, long time no see! I always knew you were no ordinary character, but I never imagined you'd become a godly general so quickly."

Lin Moyu smiled back, "I just got lucky. Thank you for presiding over my awakening ceremony that day. If it had been someone else, I might have awakened into a completely different class."

Zhang Qian, visibly flattered, waved his hand, his old face lighting up. "No, no, this is all thanks to your remarkable aptitude, Godly General Lin. I merely oversaw the awakening formation—it was all you."

Ni Jun said with a smile, "Now that the battle at our fortress is over, what's your next destination, Godly General Lin?"

Lin Moyu asked, "What's the situation at the other fortresses?"

Zhang Qian responded, "I just checked, and things are stable. Would you consider offering support to another fortress?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "If everything's under control, there's no need for me to go and steal military merit. I've already taken everyone's share here, for which I'd like to apologize."

His voice carried through the fortress, reaching the ears of everyone present. The soldiers and class users quickly waved their hands in response, indicating there was no need for apologies.

Though Lin Moyu had indeed claimed all the military merit, it was he who had single-handedly defeated the Drake Legion. The others had only watched from the sidelines without lifting a finger. Even if the military merit were shared, Lin Moyu would still have received the majority regardless. At most, they would receive a few hundred military merit, which wouldn't make much of a difference to them.

Besides, Lin Moyu had handled the battle entirely on his own, sparing them from risking their lives in battle. No one begrudged him for taking all the spoils.

Just then, a teleportation formation lit up, and a Knight clad in dusty armor rushed out. His fighting spirit was still palpable, clearly indicating he had just come from the battlefield. Judging by his aura, he was a high-level class user.

The Knight charged out of the formation, shouting urgently, "Where is the Dragonkind Battle General?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he realized something was off. The area was too quiet, with no signs of ongoing combat, completely unlike the chaos he had left behind at Fortress No. 8.

Ni Jun smiled, "The Dragonkind Battle General is already dead."

The Knight stood there, stunned. His eyes swept over the area in disbelief, "Dead? How? None of you are even level 60. How could you possibly defeat a Dragonkind Battle General?"

Having faced Dragonkind Battle Generals before, he knew all too well how formidable they were.

Ni Jun calmly explained, "He was cornered by Godly General Lin and ended up self-destructing."

Godly General... Lin? The Knight grew even more perplexed. As far as he knew, all the godly generals were stationed at Fortress No. 9. When had one arrived here at Fortress No. 6? Still, he didn't doubt Ni Jun's words.

Following Ni Jun's gaze, the Knight's eyes landed on Lin Moyu, who was standing quietly nearby. His attention immediately went to the gleaming purple badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder—a godly general. Though there were no stars on the badge, it didn't diminish its significance.

The Knight immediately snapped to attention and saluted, “Sacred Knight Dong Feng greets Godly General!”

Dong Feng held the rank of five-star colonel, still several steps away from becoming a godly general himself.

Lin Moyu nodded, “Hello, Colonel Dong Feng. Thank you for coming to assist.”

Dong Feng’s voice was firm, “Just following orders. But with you here, Godly General, a mere Dragonkind Battle General is nothing.”

Dong Feng didn’t even question Lin Moyu’s level. In his mind, Lin Moyu had to be concealing his true power—level 37 was just a facade. He assumed Lin Moyu was at least level 87.

After exchanging a few more words, Lin Moyu retired to rest, following Ni Jun’s arrangements. He couldn’t leave the Dimensional Battlefield just yet, as the fighting at the other fortresses was still ongoing.

Sitting inside a hut, Lin Moyu sighed to himself, “I’ve reached level 37 in the blink of an eye, sparing me a lot of effort.” A slight frown crossed his face, “Too bad the Corpse Explosion skill couldn’t be upgraded.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.