

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

### **Chapter 301: If Anyone Dares To Spout Nonsense, Beat Them Up**

Upon reaching level 37, Lin Moyu's attributes improved once again, and all his skills, except Corpse Explosion, were upgraded to level 37.

Lin Moyu had hoped to use the large number of corpses—approximately 10,000—to push Corpse Explosion up a couple of levels. It was a rare opportunity. However, the Dragonkind Battle General's interference ruined his plans. First, the corpses were scattered, and in the end, they were destroyed when the other party self-destructed.

Thus, Corpse Explosion remained stuck at level 5.

Lin Moyu realized that grinding Corpse Explosion was more difficult than he thought. Reflecting on the battle, three key mistakes became clear.

First, he hadn't anticipated that the Dragonkind would possess a summon-sealing skill.

Second, he didn't expect the Dragonkind Battle General to self-destruct, similar to the Darkfiend Prince. This mutual annihilation strategy was extreme, something regular people couldn't easily counter. Only Knights with their Extreme Defense skill might endure it.

Third, the Dragonkind legion support disappeared after the Dragonkind Battle General's self-destruction. He likely fled, recognizing the situation was hopeless.

"Summon-sealing skills are a Summoner's greatest weakness. Most of the abilities of a Summoner revolve around summoned creatures. There must be ways to counter it. I'll ask Teacher about this when I return." Lin Moyu mused.

A few hours later, Ni Jun informed him that the war had ended. The Dragonkind failed to capture a single fortress and eventually retreated. Additionally, it was reported that they had also attacked the Abyss. At the Abyss's entrance, the Dragonkind clashed with the Abyssal Demons in a brutal battle, with both sides suffering heavy losses before the Dragonkind retreated. They later set up a base in a remote area of the Dimensional Battlefield, officially announcing their return.

Back at the White God Courtyard, Lin Moyu found Bai Yiyuan absent, but Meng Anwen was there, sitting with his eyes closed as usual, looking relaxed.

Every time Lin Moyu visited, Meng Anwen seemed to be in this same position, as though he had rooted himself there.

“Senior Meng, has Teacher gone to Fortress No. 9?” Lin Moyu asked, pouring tea for Meng Anwen.

Meng Anwen cracked open his eyes, and a sharp gleam flickered, “How... did you become a godly general?”

Lin Moyu recounted the events at Fortress No. 6.

Meng Anwen was astonished, “You single-handedly wiped out a 10,000-strong Drake Legion and forced a Dragonkind Battle General to self-destruct? You’ve definitely earned the title of godly general.”

Sensing a deeper meaning behind Meng Anwen’s words, Lin Moyu decided to ask directly. “Senior Meng, if I’ve made any mistakes, please enlighten me.”

Meng Anwen spoke softly, “Have you ever considered how much combat power you would retain without your undead army or Primordial Rune skill?”

Lin Moyu estimated, “Less than 20%.”

Meng Anwen continued, “You probably think Summoners without their summoned creatures would retain less than 10% of their combat power.”

Lin Moyu agreed inwardly—wasn’t that the case?

Meng Anwen chuckled, “That’s true for ordinary Summoners. But the truly exceptional ones can retain 80% to 90% of their combat power, even without their summons. Of course, it’s too early for you to talk about this. Some things you can only master after the third class awakening. However, you should start learning how to fight independently of your summons. Your teacher will guide you on this when he returns, so I won’t overstep.”

“Thank you, Senior Meng.” Lin Moyu said sincerely as he poured more tea for Meng Anwen. Although Meng Anwen wasn’t his teacher, his willingness to offer advice was already quite generous.

After a while, Bai Yiyuan still hadn’t returned.

Suddenly, Meng Anwen smiled. “Young Lin, would you like to know where your little girlfriend went?”

Lin Moyu nodded. “Yes. I asked Teacher, but he didn’t tell me.”

“I won’t either.” Meng Anwen said, a playful look in his eyes, “But I can let you see for yourself.” With a flick of his finger, a screen appeared in front of Lin Moyu.

On the screen, Ning Yiyi was battling a fearsome monster. Lin Moyu had never seen such a creature before. Ning Yiyi moved with remarkable agility, swiftly darting around the creature. The monster was powerful, and each punch it threw created deep pits in the ground, unleashing massive bursts of energy.

Lin Moyu felt a surge of concern. Just as the energy bursts reached her, Ning Yiyi’s body jolted and twisted slightly, causing the energy bursts to miss her entirely.

Seeing Lin Moyu’s anxious expression, Meng Anwen chuckled. “This is Yiyi’s skill, Split Second. It allows her to enter a special state for a brief moment, dodging all attacks. The skill activates in an instant and lasts only for a split second—hence the name.”

Lin Moyu nodded in understanding as he watched Ning Yiyi’s agile movements. With two daggers in hand, she skillfully sliced the monster, leaving deep gashes on its body. The wounds bled profusely, struggling to close.

Meng Anwen continued, “That’s Yiyi’s Bleed skill. Any damage she inflicts causes a bleeding effect, leading to continuous health loss. It’s similar to your poison-type skill, though it lasts for only a few seconds. However, it has the advantage of stacking. If her attack speed is fast enough, the accumulated damage can be impressive.”

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Meng Anwen explained Ning Yiyi’s skills in detail, but Lin Moyu quickly realized that he wasn’t just describing her; he was giving insight into the Assassin class. Thanks to Meng Anwen’s explanation, Lin Moyu gained a clear understanding of the class’s strengths and techniques.

Before long, the monster fell at Ning Yiyi’s feet. She wiped sweat from her forehead and flashed a radiant smile—the same warm, familiar smile that had often crossed Lin Moyu’s mind during their time apart. It was like a ray of sunshine that warmed his heart, sweet and comforting.

Though the battle had been challenging for Ning Yiyi, it was clear she hadn’t been injured. Lin Moyu recognized the daggers she wielded—they were part of the hell outpost set. The rest of her gear also belonged to the hell outpost set, which meant she was at least level 30.

On the screen, after a brief rest, Ning Yiyi charged toward another monster. As the fight began, Meng Anwen dispelled the screen with a flick of his hand.

“Do you want to know where she is?” Meng Anwen teased.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu replied, "I do."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Since you want to know, I'm not telling you."

"Don't worry about her. Yiyi's safe. She'll face challenges and might get injured, but her life won't be in danger. This is the path Old Ning has set for her, and she must walk it on her own. You can't help her, just as you must walk your own path. And even if Old Bai helps you, it can only be icing on the cake. But I can promise you this: when you meet her again, you'll be in for quite a surprise."

Lin Moyu nodded, absorbing Meng Anwen's words. He understood that his path was one he had to forge on his own. While assistance from others could complement his efforts, the ultimate measure of his success depended solely on himself.

"Old Bai has high hopes for you. He's betting everything on you, so don't let him down." Meng Anwen said earnestly.

"I understand, Senior Meng. I will do my best." Lin Moyu responded.

Meng Anwen closed his eyes, signaling the end of the conversation, and fell silent once again. Lin Moyu sat quietly, waiting for Bai Yiyuan to return. About half an hour later, a spatial ripple spread through the courtyard, signaling Bai Yiyuan's arrival.

The moment Bai Yiyuan saw Lin Moyu, he grinned, "There you are, brat. I was just about to go looking for—"

Bai Yiyuan's voice cut off as he froze, then suddenly darted toward Lin Moyu, eyes opened wide, "You brat! How did you become a godly general?"

Lin Moyu promptly recounted the events at Fortress No. 6.

Bai Yiyuan burst into laughter, "You little rascal! You wiped out an entire army by yourself, and even left the legion and seized all the military merit and EXP! For behavior like that, I've got one thing to say... beautifully done!"

After a hearty laugh, Bai Yiyuan grew serious, "Remember this: while humanity needs a large number of class users, what it needs even more are top-tier godly powerhouses. A single top-tier godly powerhouse is worth 10,000—no, 50,000, maybe even 100,000 ordinary class users. So don't bother worrying about what others think. As long as you don't harm the core interests of the human race, do whatever you want. And if anyone dares to spout nonsense, beat them so badly their own mother won't recognize them."

Lin Moyu didn't know whether to laugh or cry—his teacher was certainly unconventional.

"Teacher, is there a way to counter summon-sealing skills?" Lin Moyu asked.

Bai Yiyuan answered without hesitation, “Of course there is, and more than one. But you’re not strong enough yet. You’ll need to reach at least level 40 and undergo your second class awakening before you can use them. Come on, I’ll take you somewhere.”

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

## **Chapter 302: Secrets Of The Human Race; The Chuangshi Institute**

As they stepped out of the teleportation formation, the sound of surging waves filled the air. Bai Yiyuan led Lin Moyu to a secluded island, surrounded by a vast, glowing barrier. Sunlight streamed through the barrier, casting a rainbow-like brilliance. The beauty of it left Lin Moyu momentarily dazed.

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, “You thought only Abyssal Demons could create barriers?”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “Although the ones I’ve seen so far were made by Abyssal Demons, but I doubt they’re the only ones who can make them.”

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, “Yes, that's exactly right.”

He gestured for Lin Moyu to follow, “Hide your military badge. A level 37 godly general is bound to startle people.”

As they ventured deeper into the island, Bai Yiyuan continued, “Humans, though not as innately powerful as Demons or Dragonkind, possess a unique gift—the ability to learn. We've studied the Abyssal Demons' barriers and fused them with our formations, constantly improving. The shields at the Dimensional Battlefield’s fortresses are the result of that fusion.”

Listening to Bai Yiyuan’s explanation, Lin Moyu nodded inwardly. While humans were naturally weaker than Demons and Dragons, they possessed a unique advantage: the ability to learn. Through learning, humans could grow stronger and ultimately surpass the other races.

Bai Yiyuan added, “Now that you’ve become a godly general, even though you haven’t officially joined the military, there are certain things I can share with you.”

Lin Moyu listened intently. Many secrets were only disclosed upon reaching a certain military rank or level. Now, as a godly general, he was qualified to learn a great deal more.

"About 1,300 years ago, an unprecedented war broke out between humans, Abyssal Demons, and Dragonkind." Bai Yiyuan explained, "The conflict engulfed the entire Dimensional Battlefield, with the primary battleground being located near what is now Fortress No. 1. The war raged for a full decade. Afterward, the Dragonkind withdrew from the Dimensional Battlefield, and all their pathways leading to the Dimensional Battlefield were destroyed."

"The Dimensional Battlefield eventually became a place of conflict between humans and Abyssal Demons alone. These days, Dragonkind can only be encountered on the Immemorial Battlefield. But we always knew they would return one day. When that time comes, humanity will face grave danger. If we had lost that war, it would have spelled disaster for our race."

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Bai Yiyuan shared further hidden details of that ancient war, sending chills down Lin Moyu's spine. The most surprising revelation: humans and Abyssal Demons had secretly cooperated during that conflict, working together to drive out the Dragonkind. Though never officially acknowledged, the collaboration was a necessity. The Dragonkind were simply too powerful, forcing humans and Demons to make a temporary alliance.

Lin Moyu was stunned by this behind-the-scenes history.

"Teacher, now that the Dragonkind have returned, will we ally with the Abyssal Demons again?" Lin Moyu asked.

Bai Yiyuan burst into laughter at Lin Moyu's question, "No way. Today's human race is not what it was a thousand years ago. Back then, we were the weakest of the three, with only three godly powerhouses. The choice to ally with the Abyssal Demons was made out of desperation. But humanity has grown stronger, with more than eight godly powerhouses, and even..."

He paused briefly before continuing, "Although we still can't invade the Abyss, we can certainly defend ourselves. Perhaps one day, we'll have the chance to invade the Abyss and wipe out the Demons entirely. And if we defeat the Dragonkind, the human race could finally achieve permanent peace."

Lin Moyu listened carefully but couldn't help feeling differently.

Bai Yiyuan noticed his expression and asked, "You have a different opinion? Go ahead, speak up. I'm broad-minded enough to hear it."

Indeed, Bai Yiyuan was known for accepting different views—and then using his fists to prove he was right.

Lin Moyu hesitated for a moment before speaking, "I think that even if we eliminate the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind, humanity won't achieve lasting peace. Once external threats are gone, internal conflicts will arise. Right now, we're mainly united because of the pressure from outside forces. Without that, we might struggle to stay unified."

Bai Yiyuan stopped in his tracks, visibly stunned. He hadn't expected Lin Moyu to express such an opinion—one that echoed a certain someone's thoughts.

"What do you suggest we do then?" A voice suddenly rang out.

Lin Moyu looked up to see someone approaching, their pace seemingly slow yet unnaturally swift. In an instant, they closed the distance of over a hundred meters and stood before the two.

Bai Yiyuan glanced at the newcomer, then turned to Lin Moyu. "Go ahead, say what you have in mind."

Lin Moyu shared his thoughts, "I believe we shouldn't aim to kill them all. As long as humanity's safety is assured, that's enough. Pressure drives growth. The human race can unite and become stronger. Ideally, we should reach a point where, even if the other two races join forces, we won't have anything to fear."

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, and the newcomer joined in.

Patting Lin Moyu on the shoulder, Bai Yiyuan said, "There's a lot you still don't understand, but the fact that you can think this way is already impressive. Once you learn more about how things really are, your perspective will change."

Lin Moyu nodded, realizing that limited information shaped one's thoughts and actions. He understood that his current knowledge was incomplete, so he could only make judgments based on what he knew.

At this point, Bai Yiyuan introduced the newcomer, "This old man here is Mo Xinghe, the dean of the Chuangshi Institute, and the younger brother of Mo Xinghai. He's level 89, just half a step away from becoming a godly powerhouse. There's a good chance he'll become the Shenxia Empire's eleventh godly powerhouse."

Mo Xinghe grinned smugly, clearly pleased with the praise. Lin Moyu noted the resemblance between him and his older brother, Mo Xinghai. It finally dawned on him that Bai Yiyuan had brought him to the Chuangshi Institute. He realized the institute was located on an island, separate from the Xiajing Academy—explaining why he had never seen any of its students before. However, the reason for his visit remained unclear.

Mo Xinghe appraised Lin Moyu with a satisfied look, then asked Bai Yiyuan, "So, this is your disciple?"

Bai Yiyuan nodded. "What do you think? Not bad, right?"

"Not bad at all. But brazenly coming here to snatch resources—that's a bit unscrupulous, don't you think?" Mo Xinghe teased.

Bai Yiyuan waved his hand dismissively. "Snatch resources? My disciple is the legitimate imperial top scorer and a student of Xiajing Academy. He meets the institute's requirements in both level and contribution points. With my endorsement, are you seriously going to say he's not qualified for Chuangshi Institute? We have to follow the rules, after all. I, Bai Yiyuan, am a man of principles and never impose on others."

Mo Xinghe's mouth twitched at Bai Yiyuan's audacity. The mighty White God, showing up in person yet claiming he didn't impose on others? Even if Lin Moyu's qualifications had been lacking, could he really refuse him? But no matter how much Bai Yiyuan bragged, he still had to stick to the rules.

"Give me your student details so I can verify them." Mo Xinghe said to Lin Moyu, keeping his tone professional.

As Mo Xinghe started checking the details, Bai Yiyuan smirked and said, "Stay calm. Don't be startled."

Mo Xinghe rolled his eyes inwardly. Startled? At his age, what hadn't he seen? What could possibly surprise him now? But as he reviewed the data, a strange cry escaped his lips.

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, "I told you to stay calm, didn't I?"

Mo Xinghe's eyes darted between the data and Lin Moyu, disbelief spreading across his face, "You're Lin Moyu, this year's imperial top scholar? You've reached level 37 in just a few months? How on earth did you grind that fast? And how do you have 110,000 contribution points? How did you manage that?"

Bai Yiyuan scoffed. "What's the big deal? Didn't you hear the old man took a disciple?"

Mo Xinghe replied matter-of-factly, "I know. It's rumored to be some kind of super genius. The old man's only ever taken one disciple in his entire life and is pouring everything into training them. I've been curious to see just how extraordinary that genius is."

Bai Yiyuan grinned, "The old man's disciple is Lin Mohan—Lin Moyu's older sister."

"Hiss!" Mo Xinghe sucked in a sharp breath, his gaze toward Lin Moyu shifting instantly. The same family, the same bloodline... If Lin Mohan was so remarkable, her younger brother had to be just as impressive. He knew how impossibly high the old man's



standards were. Anyone who caught his eye was exceptional, no question about it. But 110,000 contribution points? How?

With a smug look, Bai Yiyuan said, "Go ahead, show him your military badge. Watch him lose his composure."

Lin Moyu let out a hesitant "oh." Moments earlier, Bai Yiyuan had told him to put it away, and now he wanted him to take it out again.

The purple badge shimmered, its radiant purple-gold hue reflecting off Mo Xinghe's face.

Mo Xinghe froze, trembling as his eyes widened and his mouth fell open, wide enough to fit three eggs. He stared in shock at the military badge in Lin Moyu's hand, completely speechless.

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

## **Chapter 303: Monthly Minor Assessment And Yearly Major Assessment**

Mo Xinghe, the esteemed dean of the Chuangshi Institute, was a peak-level level 89 class user, just half a step away from reaching the godly level. He held the military rank of a one-star godly general.

But the young man standing before him was only level 37 and had already achieved the military rank of godly general. Although Lin Moyu had not yet acquired a star, but becoming a godly general essentially placed him on equal footing with Mo Xinghe. And with Lin Moyu's level being so much lower, his future potential was incomparably vast, far beyond Mo Xinghe's reach.

In an instant, the air of superiority around Mo Xinghe faded.

"Did you take him to the Abyssal World?" Mo Xinghe asked, unable to suppress his curiosity. In his mind, the only plausible way Lin Moyu could have achieved the military rank of godly general at level 37 was if Bai Yiyuan had taken him to the Abyssal World. Only through an overwhelming accumulation of military merit from slaughtering countless Demons could Lin Moyu have reached this military rank at such a low level. There seemed no other possible explanation.

Bai Yiyuan shot him a sharp look, "Watch your words. My disciple doesn't need me to gather military merit for him."

Mo Xinghe immediately accepted Bai Yiyuan's response without question. He knew Bai Yiyuan's character too well—he never lied. If Lin Moyu had truly earned his military rank on his own, then the extent of his true combat prowess...

As Mo Xinghe processed this revelation, his eyes caught a faint rune on the back of Lin Moyu's hand. His expression shifted to one of astonishment, "Primordial Rune!"

The significance of the Primordial Rune was clear. Lin Moyu must have ventured into the Immemorial Battlefield and survived for 10 days after acquiring the rune. During those 10 days, he would have been relentlessly hunted by Dragonkind and Abyssal Demons alike. And given the unique nature of the Immemorial Battlefield, even Bai Yiyuan wouldn't have been able to interfere. Lin Moyu had faced these trials entirely on his own.

Mo Xinghe's perspective on Lin Moyu shifted drastically. With a cough to mask his surprise, he addressed him, "According to the academy's rules, Student Lin Moyu, you indeed qualify to join the Chuangshi Institute. However, as per the Chuangshi Institute's requirements, you still need to undergo a thorough assessment. Student Lin Moyu, please follow me."

From that moment on, Mo Xinghe placed Lin Moyu on equal footing with himself. His demeanor softened, his tone more respectful. Officially, in the hierarchy of the academy, as the dean of the Chuangshi Institute, Mo Xinghe was Lin Moyu's senior and elder. But in terms of military rank, both were godly generals, practically equal in status.

Lin Moyu nodded respectfully. "Thank you, Dean Mo."

"You're welcome." Mo Xinghe replied, his tone without a hint of arrogance.

He led the group through the Chuangshi Institute, which turned out to be far more expansive than Lin Moyu had anticipated. The island itself was massive, and the institute sprawled across it. In terms of facilities, it rivaled the Xiajing Academy.

However, the Chuangshi Institute housed far fewer students—only about 300 in total. Compared to Xiajing Academy's 10,000 students, this number seemed minuscule. Yet, every student here was an elite, a prodigy in their own right.

Lin Moyu had once wondered why the Xiajing Academy recruited only around 150 students each year from across the nation. Even factoring in the academy's training program, the total number of students rarely exceeded 300. So, how did the student population swell to over 10,000? And this was excluding the students from the three top institutes.

It wasn't until later that Lin Moyu understood. The study period at Xiajing Academy could last as long as 30 years. Once students reached level 40 and completed their second class awakening, becoming high-level class users, they could decide whether to

graduate or remain at the academy. Graduates had the option of joining guilds, organizations, or the military, but many chose to stay, largely because of the academy's Dungeon Hall, which offered opportunities not available anywhere else.

This resulted in a growing number of students staying behind, raising the student body to over 10,000, with more being added each year.

As they walked through the institute, they encountered several students along the way. Each one paused to greet Mo Xinghe with respect, and they all cast curious glances at Lin Moyu. It was rare for the dean to personally escort a new student, signaling to them that Lin Moyu was someone special.

There weren't many students around, and several training grounds were empty. Lin Moyu couldn't help but wonder where everyone had gone.

Noticing his confusion, Mo Xinghe smiled and said, "Today is the day of the monthly minor assessment. Most students are busy with their evaluations."

Bai Yiyuan chimed in, adding more context, "The three top institutes hold a monthly minor assessment and a yearly major assessment. If a student fails any of these assessments, they are immediately expelled from the institute and sent back to the Xiajing Academy. On top of that, they are banned from entering any of the top institutes for five years."

Lin Moyu was slightly taken aback. The punishment seemed exceptionally harsh—especially the five-year ban, which could severely disrupt a student's future prospects.

As they continued through the Chuangshi Institute, Lin Moyu observed its vast array of facilities: skill training center, independent archives, dungeon entrances, and advanced medical stations. There were also material supply rooms, equipment storage, and alchemy labs—all available to students, and almost everything free of charge. The sheer wealth of resources was astonishing. With such abundant support, failing an assessment left no one to blame but themselves—either for lacking effort or simply not having the talent. In either case, the institute wouldn't waste its resources on them.

Lin Moyu asked curiously, "Is the minor assessment difficult?"

Mo Xinghe chuckled, "The minor assessment isn't too hard. As long as a student isn't severely lacking, they should be able to pass. But getting a high score is another story. The content of the assessment changes every month, so no one knows exactly what to expect until the day of the test. If you want to join the Chuangshi Institute, you'll have to pass the minor assessment as well."

Lin Moyu nodded thoughtfully. He knew that if he couldn't pass, he wouldn't be worthy of joining the Chuangshi Institute.

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, "Those assessments at your institute are mere child's play for my disciple."

Of course, Bai Yiyuan's confidence wasn't misplaced. Lin Moyu wasn't just any student—he was a godly general. A level 37 godly general, to be exact, something completely unheard of in the history of humanity. Most level 37 class users were still struggling to attain the military rank of lieutenant, yet Lin Moyu had already ascended to a military rank that was tens of thousands of times more prestigious. It seemed unthinkable that someone like him would struggle with something as basic as the institute's assessment.

Finally, they arrived at the back of the institute, where two testing grounds came into view—one large and one small, situated on opposite sides. The larger field was designed for students who had reached level 40 and above, while the smaller was reserved for those under level 40. In the Chuangshi Institute, only about 50 students were under level 40, while the remaining 200 were all high-level class users, level 40 or above.

Scanning the area, Lin Moyu saw a few familiar faces. Among them were Su Sheng, his competitor during the class user competition; Fan Zhaoye, someone he had encountered in the Dungeon Hall; and Ling Yizhan, whom he had crossed paths with on the Immemorial Battlefield.

Everyone was focused on the minor assessment, so the arrival of Lin Moyu's group went largely unnoticed.

Su Sheng was in the smaller assessment ground on the right, currently undergoing the assessment. Su Sheng, once arrogant, now looked humbled. Losing to Lin Moyu during the class competition had dealt him a significant blow. After entering Chuangshi Institute, he realized he was surrounded by geniuses, many of them legendary class users, and found himself no longer special. This realization had further crushed his pride, leaving him more humble and cautious—whether that was for better or worse remained unclear.

Su Sheng was currently defending against an opponent's attacks. The opponent was a level 41 Abyssal Demon, 10 levels higher than him. Though the Demon was only a simulation created through a formation, its power matched that of a real level 41 Abyssal Demon.

At the start of the assessment, Su Sheng managed to fend off the Abyssal Demon's attacks with spells, occasionally landing a few counters. But once his shield broke, the situation quickly deteriorated. As a Mage, Su Sheng lacked the agility of melee fighters, and the Demon's swift attacks gave him little chance to fight back. He dodged desperately, occasionally taking hits, though none were too serious.

Mo Xinghe, noticing Lin Moyu's interest, explained, "Today's minor assessment is straightforward. Each student needs to last one minute against an opponent that's 10 levels higher. If they can hold out for a minute, they pass."

He continued, "The criteria vary depending on the class. Combat-oriented classes face direct combat challenges, while support classes like Healers need to keep their targets alive for a minute while ensuring they don't die themselves."

Lasting a minute against an opponent 10 levels higher was no easy feat. The Chuangshi Institute's assessments prioritized practical combat skills. On the battlefield, the combat awareness of support class users was just as crucial as that of combat class users.

Though Su Sheng looked a bit worse for wear, he managed to hold out for the full minute and successfully passed the assessment.

Mo Xinghe commented, "This Sacred Light Mage, Su Sheng, shows promise, but he lacks real combat experience. He needs more tempering."

Bai Yiyuan, unconcerned, replied, "Just send him to the Immemorial Battlefield."

Mo Xinghe frowned, irritated, "Do you think the Immemorial Battlefield is an easy fix? The death rate there is over 50%. What if—" He stopped mid-sentence, realizing Lin Moyu had recently returned from that very battlefield. Mentioning it in front of Bai Yiyuan now seemed inappropriate.

Awkwardly stroking his beard, Mo Xinghe decided not to argue further. Instead, he turned to Lin Moyu and said, "Lin Moyu, go ahead and give it a shot."

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

## **Chapter 304: Instakilling The Opponent And Passing The Assessment**

Lin Moyu stepped into the right-side testing ground, finally drawing the attention of the gathered students. Some recognized him from the Dungeon Hall, exclaiming in surprise.

"Isn't that Lin Moyu?"

"What's he doing here? Is he joining the Chuangshi Institute?"

"I heard he's insanely strong. He soloed the Fire God's Place Hall dungeon and even set a new record."

"Hmph, because of him, our Chuangshi Institute became a joke—a whole party couldn't compare to one guy."

Lin Moyu was rather well-known in this place, primarily due to the Dungeon Hall incident. However, news of his recent accomplishments in the Dimensional Battlefield had yet to circulate, as the Chuangshi Institute was situated on an isolated island with limited communication with the outside world.

Su Sheng noticed Lin Moyu and frowned, "What's he doing here?"

"Silence!" A teacher at the testing ground barked, and the crowd instantly quieted.

Mo Xinghe led Lin Moyu forward, "Teacher Zhou, this is Student Lin Moyu. He's here to take the assessment and join the institute."

As he spoke, Mo Xinghe sent Lin Moyu's basic details. Since Mo Xinghe had personally brought Lin Moyu here, Teacher Zhou didn't dare treat the matter lightly. After confirming the details, he turned to Lin Moyu, "Alright, Student Lin Moyu, please line up. We'll conduct the assessments in order."

Lin Moyu nodded, polite yet composed, "Thank you, Teacher Zhou."

Teacher Zhou immediately noticed something different about Lin Moyu—an aura that set him apart from the other students. The others sensed it too. His demeanor was calm and collected.

Lin Moyu stood quietly to the side, patiently waiting. At Chuangshi Institute, all the students were elite geniuses, and prideful individuals like Su Sheng were a dime a dozen. Since Lin Moyu remained silent, no one bothered to approach him.

Meanwhile, his presence also caught the attention of students from the other testing ground, where high-level class users were gathered. Normally, a new arrival wouldn't interest them, but Lin Moyu being personally brought by Mo Xinghe piqued their curiosity.

"He seems a bit arrogant." One student remarked.

"All newcomers are." Another replied, "They calm down after a while."

"Exactly. Even Su Sheng was full of himself when he first arrived. Now look at him—nothing special."

"Legendary classes... there are plenty here. Even among those of the same class and level, there's a significant disparity in strength. If you believe you can stand out solely based on your class, you're mistaken."

"Have you noticed? He's level 37 but only now joining the institute. Can't be that impressive."

Ling Yizhan, who had just returned from the Immemorial Battlefield, overheard these comments. He felt a twinge of embarrassment for his fellow students. They had no idea who they were talking about. He had seen Lin Moyu's strength firsthand and knew better than to dismiss him. Others who had been on the Immemorial Battlefield with Lin Moyu shared similar amusement, recognizing how misplaced the arrogance of their peers was.

The assessment progressed quickly—each student allotted one minute, and no breaks in between. The crowd could watch how their fellow students handled the assessment inside the formation. The assessment wasn't too difficult, and without exception, everyone passed.

Lin Moyu noticed that Su Sheng's performance was rather mediocre. His lack of real-world experience was evident, as he struggled more than most.

When it was Lin Moyu's turn, Teacher Zhou called his name and gave a few words of encouragement, "Lin Moyu, as this is your entrance assessment, it may feel a bit unfamiliar. Don't worry too much about the outcome—just do your best. You may get injured within the formation, but don't be afraid—you won't die."

At level 37, Lin Moyu would face a level 47 opponent. The gap in power between levels grew substantially after level 40. Su Sheng, at level 31, had faced a level 41 opponent, which was far easier in comparison.

Lin Moyu responded politely, "Thank you for your concern, Teacher Zhou. I'll be careful."

With that, he stepped into the formation. It activated instantly, and in front of him appeared a fearsome Abyssal Blade Demon, wielding eight arms, each with a blade.

Someone outside exclaimed, "How unlucky! He got a tough one."

"Even among Abyssal Demons, Blade Demons are especially tricky."

"Yeah, those eight blades are as powerful as platinum rank weapons, with insane attack power. The Abyssal Blade Demon can not only fight in close combat but also engage in ranged combat."

"Let's see how Lin Moyu handles it."

Although they knew Lin Moyu had soloed the Fire God's Hall dungeon, many still found it hard to believe he possessed such overwhelming combat prowess. Their pride made it difficult to accept reality without witnessing it firsthand.

As the Abyssal Blade Demon appeared before him, Lin Moyu calmly pressed down his hand, and the Bone Armor enveloped him. At level 37, his Bone Armor boasted a defense equivalent to 148,000 points of physique. Even if he stood still and let the Blade Demon attack him for a full minute, it was unlikely to breach the armor.

With a soft hum, the assessment officially began.

Lin Moyu extended his right hand and tapped the air, and a red glow spread across—skill: Damage Curse! In his left hand, a flame ignited and swirled—skill: Soul Blaze!

The Abyssal Blade Demon rose into the air and lunged forward, its eight blades gleaming as it shot toward Lin Moyu. However, its expression remained eerily neutral, unfazed by Soul Blaze. Lin Moyu hesitated for a moment before realizing the truth.

This Abyssal Blade Demon was merely a construct of the formation, not a real Demon. Lacking a soul, it was immune to soul attacks. With that in mind, Lin Moyu decided it was time to try a different approach. After all, this assessment felt like child's play to him—no challenge at all.

The Abyssal Blade Demon closed the distance in an instant, unleashing a devastating strike with all eight blades at once.

Clang, clang, clang!

The blades clashed against the Bone Armor as the Demon unleashed a furious flurry of attacks, eight blades raining down in a wild onslaught. A rapid succession of impact sounds echoed. The Bone Armor only glowed faintly, remaining largely unaffected.

Lin Moyu raised his hand, pointing directly at the Demon's head, and a flash of white light erupted from his fingertip.

Skill: Bone Fangs!

Lin Moyu unleashed 1,480 Bone Fangs, all concentrated at a single point. With Damage Curse in effect, the damage was amplified eleven-fold. With a resounding bang, the Abyssal Blade Demon's head burst apart, Bone Fangs blasting through it, sending shards of light crashing into the formation.

Lin Moyu hadn't just fired one wave of Bone Fangs—he had launched three waves in rapid succession. The Abyssal Blade Demon was hit with all three waves within a second, and coupled with the amplified damage from Damage Curse, it was no wonder the Demon was defeated in an instant.



The Abyssal Blade Demon abruptly stopped its assault and collapsed silently to the ground.

Lin Moyu calmly stepped out of the formation and turned to the still-shocked Teacher Zhou, "Teacher Zhou, I should have passed the assessment, correct?"

Teacher Zhou, still processing what he had just witnessed, nodded numbly, "Yes, you passed."

The Abyssal Blade Demon had been obliterated in the blink of an eye—literally in one hit. From start to finish, the entire assessment had only lasted two seconds.

The feeling Lin Moyu gave off could be summed up in one word: overwhelming.

To the onlookers, Lin Moyu's strength seemed almost unnatural, monstrous even. Most would have struggled to survive more than ten seconds against an opponent ten levels higher. It was considered near impossible to emerge victorious under such conditions. Yet Lin Moyu had done more than winning—he had annihilated his opponent in an instant.

The crowd stood there, stunned into silence.

Su Sheng's pupils shrank in disbelief, "He's gotten even stronger... The gap between us keeps growing wider."

Clenching his fists, frustration and helplessness washed over him. It was clear that they were in completely different leagues—there was no comparison. Su Sheng couldn't shake the feeling that he would never catch up to Lin Moyu.

Meanwhile, in the other assessment ground, high-level students were equally astounded. They couldn't fathom how Lin Moyu had achieved such a feat. That had been a level 47 opponent! Even they couldn't guarantee an instant kill against such a formidable foe.

Mo Xinghe had anticipated that Lin Moyu would pass the assessment, but he hadn't expected him to do so in such an overwhelming manner. It was truly astonishing.

Bai Yiyuan gave Lin Moyu a thumbs up, "Well done!"

Mo Xinghe said, "Congratulations on passing the assessment, Student Lin Moyu. From now on, you are a member of the Chuangshi Institute."

Lin Moyu responded respectfully, "Thank you, Dean Mo."

Mo Xinghe felt a swell of pride. A godly general was bowing to him—how could he not be pleased?

"Teacher Zhou will show you around the institute shortly. I'll be taking my leave now." Mo Xinghe turned and left.

Teacher Zhou found Mo Xinghe's demeanor toward Lin Moyu peculiar. When speaking to Lin Moyu, their interaction felt like a conversation between equals—unlike Mo Xinghe's usual manner with other students. Even with Teacher Zhou, Mo Xinghe had never been so polite. This observation led Teacher Zhou to regard Lin Moyu with even greater seriousness.

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

## Chapter 305: Tales About Lin Moyu

As night descended, a gentle sea breeze swept across the island, caressing the Chuangshi Institute. The protective barrier surrounding the island filtered out the moisture, leaving the air crisp and pleasant.

Although Lin Moyu had grown up by the coast, this was his first time seeing the stars from an island. He and Bai Yiyuan stood quietly on the beach, listening to the rhythmic sound of the waves.

Lin Moyu had officially joined the Chuangshi Institute. After completing the assessment, Teacher Zhou had given him a tour of the grounds, so he was now familiar with the institute. Meanwhile, Bai Yiyuan had spent most of the day with Mo Xinghe, returning only in the evening.

"Aren't you curious why I wanted you to join the Chuangshi Institute?" Bai Yiyuan asked.

Lin Moyu had never questioned Bai Yiyuan's decision. Though his initial goal had been to join the Chuangshen Institute because of his sister, Lin Mohan, but when Bai Yiyuan suggested the Chuangshi Institute instead, he accepted without hesitation.

Bai Yiyuan was curious about his thought process.

Lin Moyu responded softly, "I trust you, Teacher. If you made this choice, you must have your reasons."

His sincerity was evident—he wasn't just saying it to please his teacher.

Bai Yiyuan smiled and explained, "I should've told you earlier. There's an old man in the Chuangshen Institute, and he's the one who accepted your sister as his disciple—his only disciple. The old man may have high expectations, but he's a decent person. Since he took her in, he'll make sure she gets the best resources. That means most of the Chuangshen Institute's resources will go to her, leaving little for you."

Lin Moyu nodded, understanding the importance of resources. While some could be obtained through personal effort, others needed to be built up over time.

Bai Yiyuan had accumulated a significant amount of resources, which explained his confidence in helping Lin Moyu with his class sublimation during class awakening.

He continued, "I don't have the extensive resources of the old man. I can help you, but he has something critical that I don't have. It's something the Chuangshi Institute also has, and it's essential for you. It will greatly increase your chances of successfully sublimating your class during the third class awakening."

Lin Moyu asked, "What about the Elemental Divine Stone?"

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, "They won't conflict. The Elemental Divine Stone will only raise your chances to 50%, but with this other item, your chances can jump to 80%. You awakened your first talent during the first class awakening, and with the Dragon Crystals, you've gained a second talent. Then, there's the Talent Divine Stone for a third talent. It's already certain you'll become a three-talent powerhouse. The next step is class sublimation. I've made preparations for your second class awakening's class sublimation."

"You already possess Soul Crystal and unprecedented Divinity Force, along with Magical Draught. Your attributes have surpassed the threshold. With Blackened Soul Crystal and my preparations, you have a 99% chance of class sublimation during your second class awakening."

"The real challenge is ensuring you can achieve class sublimation again during the third class awakening. You need to push your class to its absolute limit to unlock your full potential. If you succeed, your future will be limitless." Bai Yiyuan's voice grew more enthusiastic as he spoke.

Lin Moyu could sense the genuine care behind Bai Yiyuan's words. Deeply moved, he said, "Thank you, Teacher!"

Bai Yiyuan patted him on the shoulder, "There's no need for thanks. It's my responsibility as your teacher. Just do your best, surpass me, and become the strongest."

Lin Moyu nodded firmly, "I'll give it everything I've got."

Bai Yiyuan then explained what Lin Moyu needed to acquire. However, even he didn't know exactly what it was. He described it only as a radiance.

A radiance... Lin Moyu couldn't quite picture what it might be.

This radiance was located in the core of the Chuangshi Institute, and only by entering the core could one see and obtain it. However, the core only opened at specific times, and the next opening would be in six months.

Sighing softly, Bai Yiyuan said, "The Chuangshi Institute isn't like the Chuangshen Institute. They don't have an old man pulling strings. Here, we must follow the rules set by the ancestors, and even Mo Xinghe can't do anything about it. Entering the core won't be easy, and I won't be able to help you. You'll have to rely on yourself."

Bai Yiyuan let out a long sigh, "If only the old man were still around. Unfortunately, the younger generations haven't lived up to expectations."

Seeing Bai Yiyuan's deep sigh, Lin Moyu felt the urge to ask about this mysterious old man. He knew of the old man at the Chuangshen Institute, but it seemed that the Chuangshi Institute had one as well—only he wasn't around anymore. Lin Moyu hesitated, deciding not to press for details. There were likely things he wasn't yet qualified to learn.

After a moment, Bai Yiyuan left, leaving Lin Moyu at the Chuangshi Institute. The institute housed an independent archives, similar to the library at Xiajing Academy, but far more advanced. Particularly in areas concerning Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind, the archives offered knowledge that surpassed what Xiajing Academy had. In this regard, it was an upgraded version of the Xiajing Academy's library.

After going through a string of intense battles, Lin Moyu decided to use this time to quiet his mind and focus. Chuangshi Institute had provided him with a single-person dormitory, a fully equipped villa. However, he chose not to stay there. Instead, he spent his time buried in the institute's archives.

The primary distinction between Chuangshi Institute and Xiajing Academy was the focus on practical combat. The books and resources here heavily centered on Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind. Lin Moyu gathered stacks of books, immersing himself in studying. He was determined to learn everything there was to know about Abyssal Demons, ensuring that incidents like the one with Abyssal Phantasms would never happen again.

News about Lin Moyu quickly spread throughout the institute. During their time in the Immemorial Battlefield, Lin Yizhan's party had spent several days with him, forming a certain bond. Some of them began sharing what they knew about Lin Moyu, sparking immediate interest and excitement.

Late at night, several students gathered on the beach. They lit a bonfire and grilled freshly caught fish, filling the air with its mouthwatering aroma. Surrounded by curious listeners, Lin Yizhan reluctantly recounted what had happened on the Immemorial Battlefield with Lin Moyu.

"What did you say? He fought the Earth Evil Centipede all by himself?"

"Are you serious? No one can take on an Earth Evil Centipede alone! Even a full party would struggle!"

"Wait... he was only level 30? A level 30 guy fought a level 58 world boss? No way. I wouldn't believe that if my life depended on it!"

"Exactly. A level 30 guy couldn't possibly solo a world boss of the same level, let alone the Earth Evil Centipede."

"Even if he did one-shot an opponent 10 levels higher than him during today's assessment, this is still hard to believe."

The students present were all top-tier geniuses of the human race, each confident in their own potential. They weren't easily swayed and found Lin Yizhan's story too fantastical, almost like a fable. While they didn't accuse him of lying outright, their skepticism was evident.

Lin Yizhan didn't argue. Instead, he pulled out a large chunk of pure white meat and said, "I'm not here to convince anyone. Anyway, this is meat we got from Lin Moyu. It's pretty good—let's share it."

The meat, illuminated by the bonfire, emitted a faint glow, resembling a piece of jade rather than food. It radiated a powerful energy that caught everyone's attention.

Taking out a knife, Lin Yizhan began slicing the meat and passing pieces around, "You can eat it raw or grill it—up to you."

Someone took a bite and immediately exclaimed, "This is amazing! It's packed with energy—all my fatigue is gone! Wait... is this meat of the Earth Evil Centipede?"

Lin Yizhan nodded. "Yep. When Lin Moyu killed the Earth Evil Centipede, we grabbed some of its leg meat. Most of it went to him, but we kept a small portion for ourselves."

The revelation left the group speechless. The idea that Lin Moyu had soloed the Earth Evil Centipede now seemed more plausible. Yet, one student still had doubts, "But... did Lin Moyu really kill it by himself?"

Lin Yizhan smiled, "Do you think I killed it? I don't have that kind of strength. After Lin Moyu acquired the Primordial Rune, he was immediately targeted by Abyssal Demons. We planned to protect him, but it turned out he didn't need our help at all."

He recounted Lin Moyu's feats on the Immemorial Battlefield, how he had become a public enemy of the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind alike, and how his name had spread far and wide on the battlefield.

The students listened intently, their initial skepticism fading away as Lin Yizhan described Lin Moyu's extraordinary journey. It sounded like the stuff of legends, and by now, no one doubted Lin Moyu's strength.

Just then, a teleportation formation lit up, and someone rushed out, shouting breathlessly, "The Shenxia Empire has produced a level 37 godly general... the youngest godly general in history!"

Everyone froze, stunned into silence. Their jaws dropped, and the boss meat they had been chewing fell from their mouths.

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

## **Chapter 306: Blowing Things Out Of Proportion**

Bai Yiyuan had advised Lin Moyu to keep a low profile and tuck away his military badge, but it was all in vain.

News of Lin Moyu's exploits had already spread across the Dimensional Battlefield. Witnesses from the Chuangshi Institute who were stationed at Fortress No. 6 had carried the story back with them.

Soon, the entire world was buzzing with accounts of Lin Moyu's incredible feats. Word spread that a level 37 godly general had risen from the Shenxia Empire, capable of single-handedly wiping out an army and defeating a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General. It was even said that the Dragonkind Battle General had been forced to self-destruct, while Lin Moyu remained unscathed.

Although Lin Moyu's undead army was formidable, his personal strength was equally astonishing. In a matter of days, rumors grew, becoming more exaggerated—practically deifying him.

In the quiet confines of White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen spoke in his usual calm tone, "Aren't you going to do something about this? At this rate, Young Lin will soon be considered a deity."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, "Let them blow things out of proportion! The more they inflate the stories, the better. It's not like I'm ignoring it. I'm just taking a different approach."

Meng Anwen gave him a sidelong glance, "You... Has Young Lin been staying at the Chuangshi Institute lately?"

"Yeah, he's been burying himself in books." Bai Yiyuan replied, "He had some setbacks on the Immemorial Battlefield, especially against the Abyssal Phantasms—he almost lost himself. The kid recognizes his weaknesses and is making up for it by learning about the Abyss."

Bai Yiyuan's tone carried a note of pride. He fully supported Lin Moyu's proactive approach. A great class user must understand both themselves and their enemies. Even if Lin Moyu hadn't taken the initiative, Bai Yiyuan would have urged him to do the same. Now that Lin Moyu was taking the initiative, Bai Yiyuan, as his teacher, was pleased.

Meng Anwen's lips curved into a faint smile, "Do you need me to help fan the flames?"

"That would be great." Bai Yiyuan grinned, "I don't have many friends, and I'm not exactly skilled at this sort of thing."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Well, that's what happens when you keep offending people."

The stories surrounding Lin Moyu continued to spiral into mythic proportions. Rumors swirled, suggesting that Lin Moyu was powerful enough to challenge a Demon King single-handedly, with some even claiming he had ventured into the Abyss itself to face off against a Demon King. With each retelling, the tales grew more outlandish, blurring the line between truth and fiction.

However, as the stories reached new heights of absurdity, some began to sense that something was off. It was as if a hidden hand was manipulating events from behind the scenes. Lin Moyu's reputation ballooned until one day it finally burst. People gradually came to realize that many of the incredible feats attributed to him were pure fabrications. The only verifiable event was the class user competition. The rest was a jumbled mix of fact and fiction, and most began to dismiss the wildest claims—after all, how could a level 37 godly general even exist?

Bai Yiyuan smirked mischievously, "It's better to let rumors spiral out of control than to try stopping them. Once they become too exaggerated, no one will believe them anymore, and the rumors will die down on their own."

Meng Anwen responded softly, "But not everything being said is a lie."

Bai Yiyuan waved off the statement, "Does it matter? Whether true or false, there's no need to pick apart the details. What I do know is that someone's trying to use these rumors to harm my disciple."

His eyes gleamed with a faint murderous intent as he continued, "The Demon Worship Society... those filthy rats are stirring the pot again."

While the rumors raged on outside, Lin Moyu had secluded himself within the Chuangshi Institute's archives, undisturbed for over ten days. He immersed himself in the countless tomes, focusing particularly on those concerning the Abyss. As he sifted through the wealth of information, he began to piece together a comprehensive understanding of that cruel, chaotic world.

The Abyss was a place far more savage than the Human World, where the strong preyed mercilessly on the weak. Power dictated everything, and social hierarchies were strictly defined by the nature of one's bloodline. Demons were categorized by rank: ordinary demonic creatures, ordinary Demons, elite Demons, and lord rank Demons.

Demons were also categorized by level: low-level Demons, high-level Demons, top-level Demons, and Demon Kings. In addition, there were unique entities like Abyssal Phantasms and Abyssal Fire Sprites. The Abyss was an intricate, dangerous web of power struggles and brutal survival.

Lin Moyu learned that elite Demons were comparable to legendary class users in the Human World, while lord rank Demons rivaled the most powerful hidden class users. Take the Crimson Moon Demon Lin Moyu had met, for example—an elite Demon far superior to any ordinary Demon at the same level.

Moreover, Lin Moyu now grasped the evolutionary process of Demons. No matter their kind or rank, all Demons shared the same ultimate goal: to evolve into a Demon King, a being equivalent to the godly powerhouses of the human race. However, there was a significant difference between a Demon King that evolved from an ordinary Demon and one that evolved from an elite Demon.

This disparity was clearly illustrated in the records. The Fire Demon King, who had evolved from an ordinary Demon, was significantly weaker than the Succubus Queen, who had evolved from an elite Demon. The contrast in their strength and status was stark, further emphasizing the hierarchy within the Abyss.

Lin Moyu closed the book in front of him and shut his eyes, "No wonder that top-level Succubus was so powerful, able to stand against the Archaic Luanniao. She was an elite Demon."

Succubi were elite Demons, their bloodline growing stronger as their level increased. The Succubus Queen ranked among the top ten Demon Kings of the Abyss. Of these



ten, humanity only had records of five. The strongest known was the fourth-ranked, the Darkfiend King.

Thinking of the Darkfiend King, Lin Moyu remembered the Darkfiend Prince, who had been forced to self-destruct in their encounter. He was actually a descendant of a Demon King.

Lin Moyu had a gut feeling the Darkfiend Prince wasn't truly dead. He suspected the prince had been reborn through a soul brand. Humans had learned the method of soul brand rebirth from the Abyssal Demons. As the offspring of a Demon King, it seemed inevitable that the Darkfiend Prince would be able to return. This wouldn't be their last encounter.

"If I could kill you once, I can kill you again—and again."

Lin Moyu stood up, returned the stack of books to the shelf, and pulled out more volumes—this time on Dragonkind. He dived back into his studies, unfazed by the storm outside.

In the archives, he felt like he was taking root, absorbing an immense amount of knowledge. His level 37 Divinity Force granted him incredible recovery, allowing him to work tirelessly, staying sharp and focused.

The students at Chuangshi Institute were shocked. Since his arrival, Lin Moyu hadn't attended a single class or training session. He spent all his time in the archives, fully committed to self-study. But no matter how diligent, many doubted that self-study could match a teacher's guidance.

With rumors swirling about his feats, Lin Moyu had earned a reputation as an oddity—a freak.

A month later, the rumors about Lin Moyu faded, and the peoples' attention shifted elsewhere.

The Dragonkind had completed a bold move on the Dimensional Battlefield: constructing nine military bases to surround their central king city. Spanning over a thousand kilometers, the entire Dragonkind base was fortified by a massive defensive formation linking the military bases together. This territory now belonged to the Dragonkind.

Dragonkind armies moved in with an overwhelming presence, reclaiming their place after being expelled over a millennium ago. On the day the base was completed, a colossal projection of a Dragonkind King appeared in the king city. Following his command, the armies surged from their base toward the Abyss, which lay closer to their position. A fierce battle erupted at the entrance to the Abyss as the Dragonkind King

himself descended to fight the Abyssal Demon Kings. Rumors even suggested that multiple Dragonkind Kings had joined the fray.

A month ago, when the Dragonkind first returned, they had launched simultaneous attacks against both humans and the Abyss. That attack, though large in scale, paled in comparison to their current offensive. The Dragonkind's assault on the Abyss was a long-awaited vengeance for events from a thousand years prior. Once they finished with the Abyss, their attention would inevitably turn toward humanity. The previous conflict was just a prelude—the real war loomed on the horizon, and tension grew as the clouds of war gathered in the skies. The world's focus shifted to the coming clash between races.

All this unfolded while Lin Moyu remained absorbed in his studies in the archives. It wasn't until the communicator on his wrist buzzed that he was pulled back to reality. Checking the time, he realized an entire month had slipped by.

In that month, he had read over a hundred books, not just absorbing their knowledge but also synthesizing and interconnecting it. He now had a deep understanding of the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind, building his own comprehensive framework. Though he might not yet rival the great scholars of the past, he had already surpassed most of his peers. Incidents like the one with the Abyssal Phantasm would never catch him off guard again.

He answered the call, "Dean Mo, is something the matter?"

"Godly General Lin, sorry to disturb you. Please come out for a moment." Mo Xinghe's overcast voice rose from the communicator.

Lin Moyu glanced up through the large floor-to-ceiling windows and saw Mo Xinghe standing outside the archives, waiting for him.

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

## **Chapter 307: The Dragonkind Frontline Outpost Dungeon Becomes A Stronghold**

Mo Xinghe stood at the entrance of the archives, drawing curious glances from those nearby. He was a rare sight at the institute, and his unexpected presence could only mean one thing—something important was about to unfold.

"Dean Mo seems to be waiting for someone."

"Who in the institute could warrant such attention from Dean Mo?"

"Don't you want to know who it is?"

As they speculated, Lin Moyu emerged from the archives. After a month of reflection, his aura had grown more refined and composed. The sharpness and battle-worn edge that once clung to him had softened, replaced by a steady calm.

The students quickly realized who Mo Xinghe had been waiting for.

"No surprise there. Lin Moyu is the only one worthy of Dean Mo's personal attention."

"Lin Moyu is a godly general, just like Dean Mo."

"I wonder what this meeting is about. Dean Mo looks serious."

"Can you blame him? The Dragonkind are acting out on the Dimensional Battlefield. Several skirmishes have already broken out between them and our forces, and the casualty reports keep coming in. We might be called to the battlefield soon."

The group continued their whispered discussions. Over the past month, the Dragonkind had become increasingly aggressive, their actions an explosion after a thousand years of restraint.

Lin Moyu approached and greeted Mo Xinghe, "Godly General Mo, what can I do for you?"

Since Mo Xinghe addressed him in a formal, military manner, Lin Moyu responded in kind. This exchange of etiquette signaled that their upcoming discussion would center on military matters.

Mo Xinghe showed a faint smile, "I'm here to ask a favor, Godly General Lin."

"Is this a personal or official request?" Lin Moyu asked.

"It's official." Mo Xinghe confirmed.

"Then please, go ahead."

"This matter is a bit complicated. Let's walk while we talk." Mo Xinghe said, turning as they began walking side by side.

He continued casually, "Recently, there's been an issue with the Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon near Fortress No. 1. Since the Dragonkind returned to the Dimensional Battlefield, the dungeon has mutated."

Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow. He was familiar with that dungeon and couldn't help but wonder what kind of mutation had taken place. However, he refrained from asking any questions and simply waited in silence for Mo Xinghe to continue.

"The Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon was created a thousand years ago, a remnant of the Dragonkind from that great war. There are several such dungeons scattered across the Dimensional Battlefield, each of a different level."

"We initially overlooked them, assuming they were just lingering traces of the Dragonkind's strength. But with the Dragonkind's resurgence, these dungeons have mutated, turning into teleportation bases."

Mo Xinghe's expression hardened as he explained, "Now, Dragonkind forces are using these dungeons to reach any part of the Dimensional Battlefield. Only then did we realize these dungeons were purposely left behind. In fact, they played a pivotal role in the Dragonkind's return."

A bad feeling crept over Lin Moyu, "Have there been many casualties?"

Mo Xinghe replied, "Fortunately, not too many so far—over a thousand have died."

Lin Moyu's expression darkened. A thousand deaths were no small matter. Class users weren't afraid of injuries—healing spells could mend any wound—but death was final, unless one possessed a soul brand like his.

Murderous intent flickered in Lin Moyu's eyes. "Why don't we destroy these dungeons?"

He knew that godly powerhouses had the ability to wipe out dungeons, so it seemed like a simple solution.

Mo Xinghe shook his head. "By the time we reacted, it was already too late. The Dragonkind used special methods to fortify the dungeons, and now they can only be destroyed from within."

Lin Moyu cut to the chase, "What do you need me to do?"

"Enter the Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon and clear it at hell-rank difficulty. You'll be working with a military team to destroy it together." Mo Xinghe said.

Lin Moyu looked confused, "But my level..."

Mo Xinghe clarified, "The dungeon has mutated. Its difficulty has risen from level 25 to 35, and the entry conditions have changed accordingly."

The Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon had once been a level 25 dungeon, but after the mutation, it was upgraded to level 35, with adjusted restrictions. Now, only class users between levels 33 and 37 could enter. Additionally, the difficulty settings had shifted: normal rank changed from three people to one, nightmare rank was reduced to three participants, and hell rank was restricted to five. Moreover, only one party could attempt each difficulty level at a time.

The dungeon had transformed entirely, becoming a Dragonkind teleportation hub. While normal and nightmare rank difficulties were still manageable, clearing hell rank with just five people was a daunting task.

Mo Xinghe continued, "To destroy the dungeon, we need to clear normal, nightmare, and hell rank difficulties simultaneously. Once all three are cleared and their exits appear, we can use special scrolls to trigger synchronized explosions, destroying the dungeon completely."

Lin Moyu considered a loud, "Given the military's strength, finding five legendary class users of the appropriate level and clearing the hell rank difficulty shouldn't be a problem."

Though hell rank difficulty was challenging, but it seemed manageable with proper preparation.

Mo Xinghe sighed, "Before, yes. But then the Dragonkind intervened. They've stationed an army at hell rank difficulty..."

His tone darkened as he continued, "The Dragonkind designed this dungeon as a trap from the beginning. They have the power to interfere with it to some extent."

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, "Does that mean the military failed?"

Mo Xinghe nodded. "We did. And we paid a heavy price—two legendary class users were killed inside."

The loss of two legendary class users was no small matter. The Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon posed a severe threat, especially being so close to Fortress No. 1. This fortress, primarily defended by class users below level 40, had the weakest defenses of all nine fortresses. If the Dragonkind launched an assault from the dungeon, Fortress No. 1 would likely suffer catastrophic damage.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu declared, "Then let's go."

Mo Xinghe asked, "Do you need to make any preparations?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "No need. It's just a level 35 dungeon—it won't be too difficult."

Dungeon restrictions always remained in place, their rules immutable. Even if the Dragonkind had stationed troops within the dungeon, they would still be bound by the level cap of level 37. To Lin Moyu, let alone level 37, even level 47 troops wouldn't pose much of a threat.

...

Fortress No. 1 stood under the shadow of war. The outwall, damaged during the Dragonkind's attack a month earlier, had been mostly repaired, but a few sections still bore the scars of battle—traces of dried blood staining the stone.

Lin Moyu and Mo Xinghe departed the fortress and headed toward the Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon. Along the way, they encountered a few roaming monsters, all easily dispatched by Mo Xinghe.

Mo Xinghe was a level 89 Holy Spirit Summoner, the same class as Mo Yun. He had undergone class sublimation during his second awakening, though he hadn't achieved a second class sublimation in his third class awakening. Still, he was a formidable mid-tier legendary class user.

Lin Moyu watched Mo Xinghe's attacks with curiosity. Rather than using summon creatures, as most summoners did, Mo Xinghe simply tapped his finger, unleashing a thin beam of light that reduced monsters to ashes.

It was an unconventional style for a Summoner, whose combat power usually came from their summoned beasts. But evidently, this wasn't the case for Mo Xinghe. Even if his summoning skills were sealed, his power was still terrifying.

Lin Moyu recalled something Bai Yiyuan had previously mentioned: sealing the summoning skills of a third-awakened Summoner was futile. However, Bai Yiyuan hadn't explained further, likely because it wasn't the right time. Lin Moyu decided to observe without asking questions for now.

As they neared the dungeon, Lin Moyu noticed an army stationed at the entrance, keeping a close watch over it. Upon seeing the purple godly general badges on Lin Moyu and Mo Xinghe's shoulders, the soldiers immediately stood aside, offering respectful salutes. Their eyes gleamed with awe as they greeted the two figures.

The leader of this force was Jiao Zhixiong, a three-star colonel and a level 70 third-awakened Sacred Sword Knight. Having received advance notice of Mo Xinghe and Lin Moyu's arrival, he was ready to meet them.

Jiao Zhixiong respectfully saluted the two godly general, displaying no hint of disrespect despite Lin Moyu's level. Then, he led them to the dungeon entrance, which Lin Moyu immediately noticed had changed. A distinct Dragonkind aura now seeped from within, signaling the presence of real Dragonkind, not mere dungeon monsters.

Jiao Zhixiong explained, "About 20 days ago, a Dragonkind army suddenly emerged from the dungeon. At the time, several class users were outside and were caught off guard. Many casualties resulted from the Dragonkind's ambush. The army began hunting low-level class users near the fortress before we could arrive. We managed to surround the dungeon afterward, and when the Dragonkind appeared again, we eliminated them on the spot."

Lin Moyu cut to the chase, "How exactly do you want me to cooperate with you?"

At Jiao Zhixiong's signal, three teams stepped forward, consisting of one, three, and four members respectively.

"We'll send four people to join you for the hell rank difficulty, Godly General Lin." Jiao Zhixiong said, "We have corresponding teams ready for the normal and nightmare rank difficulties as well. Once the dungeon is cleared, we'll use these Linked Scrolls to detonate the exits and destroy the dungeon completely."

As he spoke, Jiao Zhixiong produced three Linked Scrolls, carefully prepared in advance for the operation.

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

## **Chapter 308: First Time Raiding A Lower-Level Dungeon**

Lin Moyu carefully examined the Linked Scrolls. The three scrolls were infused with immense energy and were intricately connected, forming a unified system. He had never encountered anything like this before.

"These are special Linked Scrolls developed by the military." Jiao Zhixiong explained, "All three must be activated together for them to detonate. Activating just one will have no effect. Godly General Lin, once you clear the dungeon, place a scroll at the exit and activate it. As you see, there are three thin lines on the scrolls. Each activation lights up a line, and when all three are activated, a five-second countdown will begin before they explode."

In other words, Lin Moyu would have five seconds to exit the dungeon. It was plenty of time.

Lin Moyu nodded, "Got it. But I can handle the dungeon alone. No need for the others to join."

Jiao Zhixiong's expression shifted, "Godly General Lin, this is a level 35 hell rank dungeon!"

Mo Xinghe chuckled. "Relax, Colonel Jiao. Godly General Lin always goes solo. He's more than capable."

Jiao Zhixiong hesitated, eyeing the godly general badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder. Ultimately, he chose not to argue. His rank was far below Lin Moyu's, so he had no choice but to follow orders.

After a brief pause, Jiao Zhixiong relented, "In that case, please proceed with caution. The other teams will aim to clear their dungeons as quickly as possible."

Lin Moyu gave a nod and entered the dungeon with a scroll.

Jiao Zhixiong signaled the two teams to start their mission, tackling the normal and nightmare rank difficulties. Having cleared those levels before, Jiao Zhixiong felt confident there wouldn't be any major issues.

All three dungeon difficulties had to be cleared and the scrolls detonated simultaneously to destroy the dungeon entirely. The mission's success rested on Lin Moyu's shoulders.

As the teams departed, Jiao Zhixiong turned to Mo Xinghe, "Godly General Mo, are you sure Godly General Lin can pull this off?"

Mo Xinghe smiled, "Not only will he succeed, but he'll probably finish first."

Though he found it hard to believe, but Jiao Zhixiong had no choice but to trust him. He sighed softly, "Alright."

After all, Mo Xinghe wasn't one to speak lightly, especially as a godly general.

Mo Xinghe chuckled, clearly anticipating how events would unfold. In his hand, he held a disc with three thin lines, identical to those on the Linked Scrolls. Through the disc, they could monitor the status of the scrolls.

...



A familiar environment and familiar monsters greeted Lin Moyu as he stepped into the dungeon. Though it had been a long time since his last visit, and the dungeon's level had increased, the monsters' appearances remained mostly unchanged.

He vividly recalled the first time he entered this dungeon, struggling against the control-type skills of the monsters. The battle had been anything but smooth, and at the time, he had found it a real challenge. But now, things were different.

With a thought, Lin Moyu summoned his 17 undead legions.

During his time at the Chuangshi Institute, he hadn't merely buried his head in books. He had also been steadily strengthening his undead legions. In just one month, without needing to meditate, he had fully staffed all 17 legions. His forces now comprised 3,400 Skeletal Warriors and 2,890 Skeletal Mages, totaling 6,290 skeletons.

The four basic attributes of the level 37 Skeletal Warriors had reached 68,000, and with status buffs, they soared to 88,400. The spirit attribute of the Skeletal Mages was even more impressive, reaching 158,600. With these attributes, clearing a level 35 dungeon was hardly a challenge.

Lin Moyu, known for clearing higher-level dungeons, especially at hell rank difficulty, found it amusing to be tackling a dungeon beneath his own level for the first time. It was a rather amusing thought.

The Lich Generals accompanying him unleashed their skill, bathing the undead legions in a soft white glow as they applied status buffs.

At this time, two Dragonkind-type monsters approached from the front.

Curious to see how much stronger this dungeon had become after the mutation, Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell.

[Mutated Dragonkind Spearman (hell enhanced elite monster)]

[Level: 36]

[Strength: 20,000]

[Agility: 15,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 35,000]

[Skill: Spear Swipe]

[Traits: Imbued with Dragonkind Power, 30% Physical Damage Reduction, 30% Elemental Damage Reduction]

These monsters were far too weak. After spending so much time on the Immemorial Battlefield and facing creatures with attributes surpassing 100,000, these dungeon monsters—whose total attributes barely reached 80,000—felt insignificant. In fact, their combined attributes didn't even equal a single attribute of his Skeletal Warriors.

Lin Moyu had no interest in personally engaging them. His undead legions, bathed in the light of status buffs, surged forward like an unstoppable wave, crushing everything in their path. There was no need to use Corpse Explosion. With only 35,000 points in physique, the monsters' health was relatively unimpressive. A few slashes from the Skeletal Warriors were enough to take them down.

The undead legions tore through the dungeon effortlessly, sweeping through enemies like a tidal wave. Lin Moyu followed behind, barely needing to do anything as he jogged to keep up with the pace of his army. If anyone saw him, even the most powerful legendary class users, they would be stunned. No one raided dungeons like this—it was essentially monster bullying.

Thanks to the Lich Generals, the control-type abilities of the Dragonkind monsters were completely neutralized. The skeletons swung their blades and cast spells with brutal efficiency.

In just over 10 minutes, Lin Moyu reached the familiar outwall of the dungeon. The wall hadn't changed—it was just as he remembered it. But there were more monsters now, and among them were new faces. Lin Moyu could feel a distinct aura coming from these creatures—they were true Dragonkind soldiers.

When the Dragonkind saw Lin Moyu, hatred flared in their eyes. Dragonkind aura clung to him, a testament to the countless Dragonkind he had slain.

These Dragonkind soldiers had been deployed to protect the hell rank dungeon. Last time, they had successfully ambushed the humans raiding the dungeon, successfully repelling the enemy and even claiming two lives.

This time, however, they were caught off guard. Lin Moyu had come alone, but his undead army was over 6,000 strong.

With a thought, Lin Moyu ordered his legions to charge the gate. A relentless barrage of magic from the Skeletal Mages rained down, engulfing the outwall in a flood of devastating spells. Both the monsters and Dragonkind soldiers were overwhelmed by the flood of spells. Their hatred for Lin Moyu was just beginning to rise when it was swiftly extinguished by the magical onslaught.

The sturdy gate crumbled in seconds, allowing the legions to flood in and clear out the outwall before advancing deeper into the city.

The Dragonkind-type monsters hidden throughout the city were no match for Lin Moyu's forces and were swiftly eliminated.

Only 20 minutes after entering the dungeon, Lin Moyu stood before the final boss. Although the boss had leveled up and its attributes had improved, but its form remained familiar. What was new, however, was the presence of 1,000 Dragonkind soldiers behind the boss, standing in a well-disciplined square formation, ready for battle. For an ordinary five-person party, this army would have been impossible to overcome. But they were not facing an ordinary party—they were up against Lin Moyu.

At the front of the army stood a Dragonkind commander, fully armored, his expression grim. From the moment Lin Moyu had entered the dungeon, the commander had sensed his presence, but he hadn't anticipated how swiftly Lin Moyu would breach the city. In just 20 minutes, the invader had reached them, having torn through the dungeon's defenses without even slowing down. The commander's instincts screamed one word as he sized up Lin Moyu: danger.

On the commander's order, the Dragonkind troops charged at Lin Moyu, the Outpost Guardian boss joining them. Though vastly outnumbered, the Dragonkind soldiers fought with fierce determination.

"Your courage is commendable, but unfortunately..." Lin Moyu's voice was calm, his expression unshaken. Numbers meant nothing to him. In fact, the more enemies there were, the faster the Outpost Guardian would fall.

The level-37 Dragonkind soldiers, regardless of their class or strength, couldn't withstand the might of the Skeletal Warriors. As for the Skeletal Mages, their continuous barrage of spells wiped out large swaths of the enemy in an instant.

A red light flashed—Lin Moyu unleashed Damage Curse, amplifying the destruction.

Explosions rocked the battlefield, and within seconds, the thousand-strong Dragonkind force was decimated. The blasts continued, erupting more than a dozen times in just three seconds.

The Outpost Guardian, having barely reached the undead troops, fell with a resounding crash. With every fallen body, Lin Moyu's attacks grew stronger; he didn't fear numbers.

The Dragonkind commander trembled, disbelief in his eyes as he faced the concentrated fire of the Skeletal Mages.

The countdown halted at 23 minutes and 15 seconds.

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

## **- Chapter 309: Someone Wants To Harm Lin Moyu; White God's Wrath Fire**

### **Chapter 309: Someone Wants To Harm Lin Moyu; White God's Wrath**

The vortex representing the dungeon exit swirled slowly. Lin Moyu placed the Linked Scroll beneath it, then infused his spirit force to activate it. The scroll began to glow faintly, sending threads of energy that connected to the dungeon exit.

Now, all he had to do was wait for the nightmare and ordinary rank dungeons to be cleared. Once all three Linked Scrolls were activated, the dungeon could be detonated.

A series of explosions echoed throughout the dungeon. The bodies of the thousand Dragonkind soldiers could not go to waste—they were perfect materials for grinding the Corpse Explosion skill. Lin Moyu casually took out a piece of Earth Evil Centipede meat, chewing on it as he cast his skill.

Outside the dungeon, the disc in Jiao Zhixiong's hands suddenly glowed purple, and he exclaimed, "Godly General Lin's scroll has been activated! How is he so fast? It's only been 23 minutes!"

Mo Xinghe, who had expected this, smiled confidently, "I told you, you must trust Godly General Lin. What's difficult for others is just routine for him."

Jiao Zhixiong nodded, his doubts fading, "You're right. A godly general is on a different level from us."

Soloing a hell rank level 35 dungeon in just 23 minutes, while also dealing with a thousand Dragonkind soldiers, was a feat few could ever hope to accomplish. Jiao Zhixiong had heard of Lin Moyu's exploits at Fortress No. 6, and while skeptical before, he now couldn't help but believe it.

No wonder the military had specifically requested Lin Moyu's assistance. Clearly, the higher-ups knew something others didn't. With the most challenging hell rank difficulty now cleared, only the ordinary and nightmare rank dungeons remained. The other teams would finish soon. Once the dungeon was destroyed, the Dragonkind would be unable to send troops through it to threaten Fortress No. 1, securing the safety of the class users in the area.

After about 40 minutes, the disc in Jiao Zhixiong's hands lit up again—another scroll had been activated. A smile appeared on his face, "Only the nightmare rank difficulty remains. It shouldn't take much longer."

Based on previous experience, it should be over in about another 30 minutes. As expected, while Jiao Zhixiong waited, the third thread on the disc lit up.

At the same time, Lin Moyu saw the scroll beneath the dungeon exit shine brilliantly. Success! All three scrolls had connected to the dungeon exits.

In five seconds, the scrolls would detonate, wiping out the dungeon completely. With all three difficulty levels destroyed simultaneously, the dungeon would cease to exist.

Lin Moyu took a final glance at the dungeon. It held memories of him and Ning Yiyi, but it was time to leave.

Startled, he realized he couldn't exit. The dungeon exit had lost its function. He tried again, but nothing happened. The nightmare and ordinary rank dungeons were sealed too—no one could leave.

Outside the dungeon, Jiao Zhixiong's smile vanished, replaced by panic, "What's going on? Why hasn't anyone come out?"

There were only five seconds, but now three had already passed, and still no one had emerged.

Frantic, Jiao Zhixiong turned to Mo Xinghe for guidance. Mo Xinghe's frown deepened. Something was very wrong.

Inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu made several attempts to leave through the dungeon exit, even using an Advanced Dungeon Escape Talisman, but nothing worked. The dungeon was sealed.

"Someone wants me dead." He muttered, realizing this was deliberate. Immediately, he summoned his undead troops and reapplied his Bone Armor.

There was nothing more he could do but brace for what came next.

The last two seconds passed in an instant.

The three scrolls exploded simultaneously, obliterating the dungeon exit. The entire dungeon shook violently. Everything inside started to disintegrate and revert to pure energy and laws, returning to their original state.

Lin Moyu found himself in the middle of a void, stretching as far as the eye could see. It resembled the fragmented, indescribable space he'd seen when using teleportation

formations. The bond between the three difficulty spaces shattered, and Lin Moyu saw the class users from the other two difficulties. Their faces were filled with panic. Lin Moyu wanted to help, but he was powerless, stranded in the collapsing void.

Terrifying energies raged around Lin Moyu, and his Bone Armor glowed brightly, holding off wave after wave of energy attacks. Cracks spread across the armor as it struggled under the onslaught. Lin Moyu continuously reapplied the Bone Armor, but as the dungeon collapse intensified, the energies became more violent and erratic.

In his line of sight, the chaotic energies tore into the other class users. Within seconds, they were ripped apart, their bodies disintegrating into the void. Lin Moyu sighed lightly, turning his focus on himself. There was nothing he could do for them.

His eyes blazed with murderous intent, certain this was a deliberate attempt on his life, "If I find whoever's behind this... I'll kill them."

Suddenly, the dungeon collapsed entirely, releasing a terrifying torrent of energy that surged toward him. The Bone Armor shattered with a deafening crack, the impact of the energy akin to a strike from a Demon King. Lin Moyu grunted, quickly summoning another layer of Bone Armor, but the force propelled him deeper into the void.

...

In the White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen abruptly opened his eyes from his meditative state, "Young Lin is in danger."

Bai Yiyuan was startled, "Where?"

"Dimensional Battlefield, Fortress No. 1, Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon." Meng Anwen replied, and the Shenxia Tower's projection appeared in his palm. A beam of light shot out from the Shenxia Tower and enveloped Bai Yiyuan, teleporting him instantly.

The teleportation was violent, tearing energies surging around Bai Yiyuan as he crossed a vast distance. For most high-level class users, this would have been fatal. But for Bai Yiyuan, a golden light enveloped him, shielding him from the deadly forces.

In just ten seconds, Bai Yiyuan appeared at Fortress No. 1, and then streaked across the sky at lightning speed. In less than thirty seconds, he stood above the collapsed Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon. The vortex that marked the dungeon entrance was now distorted, on the verge of vanishing entirely.

Without hesitation, Bai Yiyuan descended in front of the vortex. With one swift motion, he extended his hand, gripping the vortex tightly. The collapsing energy stabilized momentarily under his grip.

"You used Linked Scrolls to destroy this dungeon?" His sharp gaze cut through the air, and a godly powerhouse aura erupted from him, overwhelming the surroundings with sheer dominance.

Jiao Zhixiong trembled uncontrollably. The situation had been dire enough, but now a godly powerhouse had arrived, and it was the infamous White God. Jiao Zhixiong's tongue twisted as he struggled to form coherent words.

Mo Xinghe, sensing the gravity of the situation, sighed deeply and quickly recounted the events leading up to the dungeon's destruction.

As Bai Yiyuan listened, his murderous intent surged. The ground within a hundred kilometers trembled as if struck by a massive earthquake. Cracks appeared, and the very air seemed to darken with tension. Energies collided in the sky, producing thunderous roars. The oppressive pressure of Bai Yiyuan's aura was unbearable—like an enormous hand pinning everyone in place. Breathing became difficult, and movement was impossible.

Even Mo Xinghe, a level 89 powerhouse, felt the crushing weight of Bai Yiyuan's strength. He realized the vast gulf that still separated him from a godly powerhouse like Bai Yiyuan.

Bai Yiyuan clenched his fist, and with a deafening explosion, the vortex shattered. The dungeon had already collapsed, rendering the vortex useless.

"Who came up with the idea to have Lin Moyu destroy the dungeon?" Bai Yiyuan demanded, his voice seething with wrath.

Jiao Zhixiong quivered, his mouth moving without sound, unable to muster a response.

Mo Xinghe stepped forward and said, "Don't make things difficult for him. I received a direct message from Fortress No. 9, instructing me to ask Lin Moyu to handle the dungeon."

Bai Yiyuan's gaze remained sharp as he pressed further, "Then where did you get the Linked Scrolls?"

Linked Scrolls were exclusive military items, strictly regulated and traceable. Each one had a clear origin.

Jiao Zhixiong, visibly shaking, stammered, "W-We received them from Fortress No. 9, but I don't know who specifically sent them."

Fortress No. 9! Bai Yiyuan's expression darkened as a cold smile crept onto his face. Someone in Fortress No. 9 was trying to harm Lin Moyu. It seemed that after so many years without spilling blood, people were starting to think he was getting old.

His murderous intent surged, manifesting as a terrifying vision in the sky, as if the very world itself was about to end. The ground trembled under the weight of his fury, and the air seemed to crackle with impending doom.

Suddenly, Meng Anwen's calm voice echoed in Bai Yiyuan's ears, "Don't worry. Young Lin is safe. He's entered the Abyss."

Bai Yiyuan paused, startled by this revelation. Lin Moyu had gone into the Abyss? The realization hit him like a lightning strike, and in an instant, the fragmented pieces of the situation fell into place. Everything made sense now.

His murderous aura slowly subsided. Without a word, Bai Yiyuan shot into the sky, disappearing like a bolt of lightning.

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

## **Chapter 310: The Light Elemental Dungeon Is In The Abyssal World?**

In the White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan's voice thundered, "This must be the work of the Demon Worship Society. To think they've infiltrated the military and even reached the higher echelon. How do you know Young Lin is safe and in the Abyss?"

Meng Anwen, calmly sipping tea, replied, "Don't forget who created the Abyssal Teleportation Stone that Young Lin carries." He sensed through the stone that Lin Moyu was in the Abyssal World. Furthermore, Lin Moyu's soul brand in the Hall of Heroes was intact, confirming his safety.

While Bai Yiyuan was away, Meng Anwen hadn't been idle. Bai Yiyuan, recalling the Abyssal Teleportation Stone, felt a sense of relief, "So, Young Lin can return at any time?"

Meng Anwen nodded, "Yes, he can come back whenever he wishes, and his teleportation point is set right here."

Bai Yiyuan frowned, "Then why hasn't he come back yet?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "He must have his reasons for staying. You're his teacher, not his father."



Bai Yiyuan scoffed, "I'm old enough to be his great-grandfather. Enough nonsense. What will you do about the situation at Fortress No. 9?"

Meng Anwen's tone turned serious, a chilling aura emanated from him, "I'll conduct a thorough investigation. I want to identify the source of the breach so I can eliminate it."

...

Flames—green flames—raged everywhere, both on the ground and in the sky, forming clusters and patches. The Abyssal Fire represented the essence of the Abyss, serving as its foundation and light source.

Lin Moyu surveyed the Abyssal World, "The Abyssal World isn't much different from the descriptions in books. This must be the periphery of the Abyss."

The Abyssal World could be divided into regions based on the intensity of the Abyssal Fire; the closer to the center, the deeper the fire's color. Here, the Abyssal Fire glowed light green, indicating he was at the periphery.

In his hand, a Teleportation Stone glimmered faintly. Earlier, during the dungeon's collapse, he had been battered by terrifying energy waves. His Bone Armor kept manifesting and shattering under the relentless assault. Realizing he couldn't hold out much longer, Lin Moyu remembered he had the Abyssal Teleportation Stone. Clinging to a thread of hope, he activated it, finally escaping the chaotic energy flow and entering the Abyssal World.

Now, however, he had to wait an hour for the Abyssal Teleportation Stone to recharge before he could return.

Despite his predicament, Lin Moyu wasn't entirely unprepared for the Abyss. The knowledge from the books had formed a coherent framework in his mind. He understood that his presence here was akin to a drop of water in hot oil. In the Abyssal World, a human aura stood out glaringly. It wouldn't be long before Demons came looking for him. For an ordinary person, surviving an hour in this realm would be a formidable challenge. It was ample time for a Demon King to track them down.

Stowing away the Abyssal Teleportation Stone, Lin Moyu took out a Demon Core Fragment and activated it with his spirit force. With a bang, the fragment exploded, enveloping him in a cloud of demonic aura. This masked his human aura, making it nearly impossible for anyone to recognize him as a human unless they looked directly at him.

Having done this, Lin Moyu quickly slipped away, vanishing into the dim green flames. Less than a minute later, a group of low-level Demons arrived, their excitement palpable. They resembled hungry mice, drooling with anticipation.

"I sense a human's aura!"

"Why did he vanish so suddenly? My senses can't be wrong; he was right here!"

"Where did he go? A tasty human has entered our world!"

"He must be hiding. Let's find him and eat him!"

The Demons roared with excitement. To them, the taste of human flesh was irresistible. They began searching frantically, but Lin Moyu was already far away, shrouded in demonic aura as he navigated through the green flames.

The Demon Core Fragment would last for a full hour, ensuring Lin Moyu wouldn't be detected by any Demons during this time, though he still had to avoid being seen. As the hour passed, the Abyssal Teleportation Stone regained its energy, allowing him to return to the White God Courtyard at any moment.

However, after a moment of hesitation, Lin Moyu decided to put the stone away. Since he was already in the Abyss, this was a rare opportunity to explore. It was a chance to test the knowledge he'd gathered from books firsthand. With both Demon Core Fragment and Abyssal Teleportation Stone in hand, he reasoned that as long as he was cautious, he should be safe.

Determined, he pressed on, confident that if danger struck, he could use the Abyssal Teleportation Stone to escape.

As he ventured deeper, the landscape of the Abyssal World began to shift. Amid the green flames, a lake and a forest emerged. Strangely, Abyssal Fire also burned at the lake's center. This miraculous coexistence of fire and water was something practically unheard of in the Human World. Lin Moyu marveled at the phenomenon, realizing that every world had its own wonders.

The Abyss wasn't entirely desolate. It had mountains, rivers, grasslands, and forests, with Abyssal Fire not only serving as a source of power but also fostering vibrant life. Countless ordinary demonic creatures roamed the land, though their levels were low, some as weak as level 1 or level 2. These creatures served as prey for the Abyssal Demons.

Lin Moyu observed a level 20 Abyssal Demon viciously devouring a demonic creature that resembled a stray dog. This world was truly barbaric and cruel.

"It's said that only high-level Abyssal Demons cook their food like humans. Most prefer to eat their prey raw." Lin Moyu recalled from his studies.

By the lake, several Abyssal Demons were drinking, their wings fluttering lazily. Some rested by the water, stretching and letting out sharp, eerie cries. In a strange way, these

Abyssal Demons resembled humans. Despite their differences in appearance, there was no hostility among them. While they weren't particularly friendly or united, they refrained from attacking one another.

Hidden in the shadows, Lin Moyu contemplated, "Should I... kill them?"

The lake lay along Lin Moyu's route, but now it was blocked. Defeating the Abyssal Demons, all under level 40, wouldn't be a challenge. However, their numbers were considerable, and since they could fly, letting even one escape would risk exposing him.

As he hesitated, more Demons arrived, and soon the lakeside was swarming with at least 300 to 400 Demons. It seemed as though all the nearby Demons had gathered. Sensing something off, Lin Moyu held back.

Minutes later, the number of Demons had nearly reached a thousand. Among them, high-level Demons began appearing, though none exceeded level 45. This strange gathering only deepened Lin Moyu's suspicion that something was amiss.

Suddenly, the Abyssal Fire at the lake's center surged. What had been a modest half-meter-high fire shot up to five or six meters, its light green hue darkening. At the heart of the flames, a white light flickered, then erupted, illuminating the entire lake.

A secret realm entrance materialized in the lake's center. The secret realm brimmed with an intense light element, radiating brilliant white light. Lin Moyu sensed a dungeon within the secret realm, its aura unmistakable.

Without warning, the Abyssal Demons took off, frantically flying toward the entrance. In mere moments, the lakeside was deserted, not a single Demon remaining.

Lin Moyu stood still, feeling the rich light elemental aura emanating from the white light, "Don't Demons hate the light element? What are they up to?"

Abyssal Demons despised the light element, almost as much as holy power. Yet they had all rushed toward it. Why was such pure light element present in the Abyss? And why were the Demons so eager to enter?

Suddenly, Lin Moyu's eyes brightened, "The light elemental dungeon... one of the elemental dungeons. No wonder it couldn't be found. It's been hidden in the Abyss all along. Maybe I can collect some light elemental crystals."

Without hesitation, he moved toward the center of the lake. Although he couldn't fly, he had his methods. Summoning a Skeletal Warrior, he leapt onto its back. With its enhanced attributes, the Skeletal Warrior could easily jump over a hundred meters, which was more than enough to cross the lake and reach the secret realm entrance.

In one swift motion, Lin Moyu and the Skeletal Warrior accurately leaped into the glowing entrance of the secret realm.

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

## Chapter 311: The Unusual Light Elemental Dungeon

The secret realm was not what Lin Moyu had imagined. Instead of a world bathed in pure white light, clusters of Abyssal Fire floated in the air. This fire had an unusual appearance—green flames speckled with white, blending the light element into its essence.

Abyssal Demons within the secret realm were absorbing this strange Abyssal Fire. As the fire flowed into their bodies, their auras intensified, and specks of white light began to flicker on their skin. The Demons displayed a mix of agony and ecstasy as their power grew and their level rose.

They were so absorbed in their evolution that they hadn't noticed a human had entered the secret realm.

Lin Moyu quickly grasped the situation—they were leveling up and evolving. It was as if he had stumbled upon a hidden secret. This wasn't knowledge found in any book, and his curiosity was piqued by the strange Abyssal Fire.

He cast the Detection spell.

[Mutated Abyssal Fire (light)]

[Abyssal Fire infused with the light element. Demons that absorb it can enhance their core essence and have a small chance of evolving into higher-ranked Demons. It also raises their level. However, the evolution process requires enduring intense pain.]

It was exactly as Lin Moyu had suspected. The mutated Abyssal Fire facilitated the Demons' evolution, which explained why so many of them were drawn to this place.

Just then, the secret realm flickered, and more Demons arrived. The moment they spotted Lin Moyu standing at the entrance, chaos erupted.

“Human!” One of the newly arrived Demons cried out in surprise, and the realm transformed into a frenzy, like water splashing into hot oil.

The Demons inside turned their gaze to Lin Moyu, their eyes gleaming with a malevolent hunger.

“A human here? How unexpected!”

“Tsk tsk, what luck. I never thought I’d get to taste human flesh even in the Abyss.”

“Bold of him, daring to enter our secret realm.”

With ominous glints in their eyes, the Demons rushed at Lin Moyu, confident their prey was cornered with the exit sealed behind him. But Lin Moyu only chuckled. In an instant, an undead legion materialized at his side.

In the blink of an eye, the Skeletal Warriors swung their blades with precision, while the Skeletal Mages unleashed devastating spells. These low-level Demons, not even reaching level 40, were no match for Lin Moyu’s forces. They were even weaker than the monsters he had faced in the hell rank Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon.

Screams pierced the air as over a hundred Demons at the entrance were slaughtered within seconds. More undead legions emerged, surging deeper into the secret realm. Soon, agonized cries echoed throughout the secret as the skeletons tore through the Abyssal Demons.

[Killed level 33 Abyssal Snake Demon, EXP +660,000, military merit +100]

[Killed level 34 Abyssal Dog Demon, EXP +680,000, military merit +100]

[Killed level 32 Abyssal Wolf Demon, EXP +640,000, military merit +100]

...

Notifications flooded in. The secret realm was neither vast nor high, so even when the Demons tried to fly, they couldn’t escape the relentless pursuit of the undead troops. Lin Moyu felt like he was shooting fish in a barrel—there was no escape for the Demons.

Following the dungeon’s aura, Lin Moyu finally reached the swirling vortex that marked the dungeon entrance.

[Dungeon: World of Light]

[Level: 40]

[Difficulties: ordinary, nightmare, hell]

Excitement flickered in Lin Moyu’s eyes. His intuition had been spot on—this was the elusive light elemental dungeon he had been seeking. What couldn’t be found in the

Human World was hidden here, in the Abyssal World. If he had returned to the Human World immediately, he might never have discovered this place in his lifetime.

The level 40 dungeon allowed access for class users between levels 35 and 45, which explained why there were no Abyssal Demons above level 45 present here.

The undead legions Lin Moyu had summoned had only killed weaker Demons—those below level 35. The Demons above level 35 must have already entered the dungeon.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu chose hell rank difficulty and stepped into the dungeon. As he crossed the threshold, the undead legions left behind in the secret realm vanished, and the secret realm fell into an unsettling silence.

Far within the depths of the secret realm, a mass of green fire flickered more fiercely, growing darker and more intense. Within the flames, a pair of eyes gradually emerged, watching silently. Meanwhile, more Demons entered the secret realm, their gazes falling on the strewn bodies of their kin. Horror filled their faces as some quickly sent messages to the outside world. The Abyssal World rippled with unrest.

...

Inside the World of Light dungeon, Lin Moyu was immediately greeted by an even denser concentration of the light energy. The monsters inhabiting the dungeon looked almost ethereal, as if sculpted from pure white jade—beautiful, like delicate crystal sculptures. Yet beneath their pristine appearance lurked a deadly threat.

[Light Elemental Sprite (hell elite monster)]

[Level: 41]

[Strength: 5,000]

[Agility: 30,000]

[Spirit: 50,000]

[Physique: 5,000]

[Skill: Blinding Burst]

[Traits: Immune To Light Elemental Attacks, Immune To Physical Attacks, 90% Elemental Damage Reduction]

Lin Moyu had encountered a wide variety of monsters before, but even he was taken aback by this one. The Light Elemental Sprite had surprisingly low strength and physique—barely 5,000 each, making it weaker than many monsters below level 30 in

those areas. However, its agility was incredibly high, indicating its extraordinary speed. Even more concerning was its spirit attribute, which reached an astounding 50,000, marking it as a potent Mage-type creature.

The creature's resistances were what made it truly formidable. Immune to light elemental attacks and physical damage, boasting a 90% reduction to other elemental damage, it possessed a staggering level of defense. Lin Moyu had never encountered such a high degree of immunity before, underscoring how unique and dangerous this particular monster was.

As for its skill, Blinding Burst, Lin Moyu was still unsure of its full impact. The Light Elemental Sprite darted toward his undead troops, its agility attribute of 30,000 making it very fast. In a blink, it reached the undead troops and—

Suddenly, a blinding burst of white light exploded, turning the world into a sea of brilliance. Lin Moyu's vision was flooded with a searing white glow, and he felt as if his eyes were burning. A deafening boom reverberated in his ears, momentarily disorienting him. For a few heart-pounding moments, he thought he had gone blind, struggling to regain his vision.

When his sight finally returned, he realized the Light Elemental Sprite had self-destructed. The explosion had packed considerable force, dealing some damage to his skeletons. However, the damage was spread across his vast army of over 6,000 skeletons, making it insignificant overall. One quick healing spell from a Lich General restored the skeletal forces to full strength.

But that was only the beginning.

The self-destruction of the first Light Elemental Sprite seemed to awaken the dungeon. Dozens of Light Elemental Sprites suddenly surged toward him in waves. One after another, they dashed forward and self-destructed in brilliant flashes of white light, reducing themselves to pure destructive force. Lin Moyu had to shut his eyes tightly against the blinding light as his skeletons led him deeper into the dungeon. Thanks to the undead troops, even with his eyes closed, it didn't affect the dungeon run.

It was a new and strange experience—facing monsters that attacked only to self-destruct. Lin Moyu couldn't help but feel fortunate that these were lower-level creatures. If they had been level 60 or higher, his entire undead army might have been obliterated in minutes by the sheer force of their self-destructive attacks.

This dungeon was unlike any he had ever encountered. He had to remain vigilant.

The dungeon itself was strange—devoid of any notable terrain, just an endless expanse of light. It felt disorienting, with no clear landmarks or directions. Lin Moyu and his skeletons were the only visible entities in this boundless space, creating a sense of isolation and confusion.

Unable to navigate in this uniform world, Lin Moyu sent out his undead legions to scout. Slowly but surely, their movements began to reveal the layout of the dungeon, and a mental map began to form in his mind.

He soon realized that he was standing in a massive plaza, spanning over 10 kilometers in diameter. Scattered throughout this space were a thousand Light Elemental Sprites, each one self-destructing when the skeletons approached.

However, these suicidal bursts had little effect. The Lich Generals quickly healed any damage sustained by the skeletons, rendering the explosive attacks useless against Lin Moyu's forces.

Eventually, the skeletons uncovered a path leading away from the plaza. At the far end, a new sight appeared, something other than the endless white—finally, a change. A milky-white staircase emerged, stretching far into the distance. Lin Moyu's eyes followed the steps upward until they connected to an imposing statue.

"An Angel?" Lin Moyu murmured, startled by the unexpected figure.

The statue, seemingly carved from pristine white jade, depicted a majestic figure with two pairs of wings, a staff in one hand, and a solemn, dignified expression. Radiating an aura of holy light, the statue seemed almost alive. Angels were vaguely referenced in human history, but these accounts were fragmented and rare, as if the Angels were part of an ancient race lost to time.

In his past life, Lin Moyu had come across tales of Heaven and Angels, though the concepts were entirely different from those in this world. Here, Angels seemed to represent the purest embodiment of the light element, rather than spiritual beings of the divine realm.

Despite the statue's magnificence and mystery, Lin Moyu wasn't particularly intrigued by the Angel itself. His focus remained solely on the passage ahead

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

## **Chapter 312: New Skill; A Pillow Appears When You Want To Sleep**

A long flight of steps stretched into the distance, winding upward until it connected with a towering Angel statue. Along the way, various items were placed—one every 100



steps. However, reaching those items was no simple task, as the path was littered with Light Elemental Sprites. To reach these items, one had to endure the self-destruction of the Light Elemental Sprites.

But for Lin Moyu, this posed no challenge. The Light Elemental Sprites couldn't even scratch his Bone Armor. Their self-destruction was a mere light show against his defense. All Lin Moyu had to do was close his eyes to shield against the bright flashes, and the rest was smooth sailing.

With unwavering confidence, Lin Moyu marched forward. The Light Elemental Sprites flung themselves at him, detonating one after another. Amidst the thunderous explosions, Lin Moyu pressed on, his Bone Armor completely blocking the blasts, without slowing him down in the slightest.

Compared to the passage in the Divine Selection Secret Realm, this passage was much longer yet far less difficult. After all, this was just a level 40 dungeon—how difficult could it really be?

Soon, Lin Moyu reached the 100th step and claimed the first item.

[Light Crystal Fragment: collect five Light Crystal Fragments to fuse into a Light Crystal.]

Lin Moyu allowed himself a faint smile. This dungeon didn't involve fighting monsters; it was more of a trial-based dungeon. The goal was simple—pass the trials, and you get the rewards. The Light Crystal Fragment in his hand looked like a small shard of glass, glowing faintly with a soft white light. It seemed unassuming, but Lin Moyu could feel the dense light element within it. One fragment alone was useless, but combining five would yield a valuable Light Crystal.

His gaze traveled ahead, up the seemingly endless flight of steps. Every 100 steps, there was another fragment—and perhaps other treasures.

“This is going to be quite the harvest.” Lin Moyu thought, determined to collect them all.

As he pressed forward, the power of the Light Elemental Sprites' self-destructive attacks gradually intensified. His Bone Armor gleamed brighter, signifying the increased impact it was taking, but it was still far from being overwhelmed. Lin Moyu paid it no mind and continued his steady progress, picking up Light Crystal Fragments along the way.

Eventually, he gathered five Light Crystal Fragments, and then he fused them into a complete Light Crystal.

[Light Crystal: can be combined with other single-element Elemental Crystals to create an Elemental Divine Stone, which can increase the chances of class sublimation during the third class awakening. The more elements are fused, the stronger the stone's effect.]

It can also be used alone to permanently enhance light resistance. But by doing so, it can no longer be used to form the Elemental Divine Stone.]

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu retrieved an Elemental Divine Stone and carefully fused the Light Crystal into it. A few minutes later, he held a brand-new Elemental Divine Stone.

[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, poison, earth, light): increases the chances of class sublimation by 20% during the third class awakening.]

With four elements combined, the odds of class ascension had risen to 20%, double the rate of a three-element stone. Lin Moyu recalled that three more elements—water, wind, and lightning—could still be added. He wondered just how high the odds could be pushed.

Bai Yiyuan had once mentioned that an Elemental Divine Stone could boost class sublimation chances up to 50%. While Lin Moyu didn't doubt his words, he still felt it wise to verify for himself.

After storing away the Elemental Divine Stone, Lin Moyu continued his steady march forward. He had only traversed about a tenth of the long passage, with plenty of treasures still lying ahead. Collecting more Light Crystals was definitely on his agenda, as he still had another Elemental Divine Stone.

Sometime later, Lin Moyu reached the 1,000th step, acquiring another Light Crystal, which he immediately fused into the other Elemental Divine Stone, meant for Ning Yiyi. This one now carried the earth, fire, and light elements.

The path stretched on endlessly, filled with rewards for those persistent enough to claim them. By now, the Light Elemental Sprites had grown significantly stronger. Their self-destruction attacks had doubled in power, but even that was insufficient to threaten Lin Moyu. It took five of them detonating to wear down his Bone Armor. The armor not only blocked the damage but also neutralized the impact entirely, leaving Lin Moyu completely unfazed.

Among all Mage-type classes, Lin Moyu couldn't think of a better defensive skill than Bone Armor.

He advanced step by step toward the distant Angel statue, his movements swift yet controlled. Despite the blinding white light of the explosions and the growing power of the Light Elemental Sprites, nothing could slow his progress. He didn't even pause, except to gather items.

The 2,000th step... the 3,000th step...

Lin Moyu gathered four more Light Crystals as he pressed forward. The Light Elemental Dungeon didn't exist in the Human World, so practically no one had ever obtained Light Crystals over the years. Given this rare opportunity, Lin Moyu aimed to collect as many as possible.

"Hmm, something's changing." He muttered, sensing a shift as he passed the 3,000th step. By now, he had covered more than half of the passage and was closing in on the towering Angel statue. But something was different—the steps ahead were no longer grouped in units of 100.

In the distance, he spotted a shining item on the 3,500th step. The steps were now grouped in units of 500. Lin Moyu eyed the distant item, a sense of familiarity stirring within him. Based on his past experience, he could guess what it was.

Quickening his pace, Lin Moyu felt the intensity of the Light Elemental Sprites' self-destruction increase once more. Now, it only took two blasts to destroy his Bone Armor. He kept moving forward, recasting his armor as needed. The increased power of the Light Elemental Sprites still didn't faze him—so long as the Bone Armor could withstand one attack, he had ample time to recast it.

Reaching the 3,500th step without trouble, Lin Moyu picked up the pure white gem lying before him.

[Light Gem: permanently reduces light elemental damage by 50% and may grant a light elemental skill. Effective only upon first use.]

"Just as I expected, it's a gem." Lin Moyu smiled, unsurprised but pleased.

He activated the gem using his spirit force. Immediately, a pure white light enveloped him, forming a massive orb of energy that swirled around his body. The light lingered for a while before slowly fading, signaling that Lin Moyu hadn't awakened a new skill. But just as the glow began to dim, something extraordinary happened.

The Angel statue at the top of the steps trembled, and a beam of brilliant light shot forth from the staff in its hands, striking Lin Moyu directly. The fading mass of light around him flared to life once more, even brighter than before.

A massive surge of light element gathered around him, and a pair of faint, ethereal wings formed on his back. Through the radiant light, Lin Moyu could clearly see everything the Angel statue was doing. The statue's aura dimmed, as if the light beam it had just released had consumed most of the energy it had accumulated over the years.

[Acquired skill: Blessing of Light]

[Blessing of Light (level 1): grants immunity to all negative statuses (including curses, seals, silences, bindings, and other negative states) for 30 minutes. Cooldown: 30 minutes.]

Lin Moyu's heart raced with excitement. It felt like the universe had delivered the perfect solution just when he needed it most. With a 30-minute duration and a matching cooldown, this skill essentially granted him seamless immunity. From now on, he no longer had to worry about summon-sealing spells or other debilitating status effects.

Lin Moyu bowed to the Angel statue, "Thank you!"

The Angel statue didn't react, remaining silent and unmoving. Lin Moyu wasn't sure if its actions had been part of a pre-determined set of rules or if it had acted with some form of consciousness. Either way, his gratitude was genuine.

With this new Blessing of Light skill that could ignore negative statuses and the permanent 50% reduction in light elemental damage from the Light Gem, the journey into the Abyss had been more than worthwhile. But the passage wasn't over yet. Continuing forward, Lin Moyu reached the 4,000th and 4,500th steps, where he obtained two more Light Gems.

By this stage, the Light Elemental Sprites' self-destruction attacks had become dangerously powerful. Each blast was now strong enough to shatter his Bone Armor. Even Knights with Extreme Defense might struggle to endure this level of damage. It was clear the final stretch, like in the Divine Selection Secret Realm, was meant to filter out all but the strongest.

Undeterred, Lin Moyu continued recasting his Bone Armor repeatedly as he made his way upward, pushing forward despite the relentless blasts. Finally, he reached the top of the long flight of steps.

At the summit stood a box made entirely of the light element. The moment Lin Moyu touched it, the box disintegrated into countless white motes of light, leaving behind two items in his hand.

[Light God's Heart: can be used to awaken the Light God.]

[Light God's Key: a key that can open the true Light God's Palace.]

Lin Moyu studied the items thoughtfully. He had previously acquired the Fire God's Flower and the Fire God's Key, which could be used to awaken the Fire God and unlock the Fire God's Palace respectively. Now, he held the tools to awaken the Light God and open the Light God's Palace. Could there be a connection between these?

Suddenly, a deafening boom echoed as the dungeon shook violently. Lin Moyu's gaze snapped to the Angel statue, which crumbled before him, its once imposing form

collapsing into ruins. From its remnants, the staff it had held transformed into a beam of pure light and flew directly into Lin Moyu's hand.

[Monarch's Scepter (incomplete): legendary weapon, all attributes +500,000.]

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

## Chapter 313: Legendary Weapon: Monarch's Scepter

It turned out to be a legendary weapon. Though incomplete, it wasn't damaged and was still usable.

The top of the scepter, where something should have been inlaid, was empty. Without the inlay, the weapon lost its supplementary skills, rendering its attributes incomplete. Yet, despite this, Lin Moyu couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement after seeing its attribute boost.

The scepter's attribute boost was astonishing—raising all attributes by 500,000 points. In total, this provided a 2 million-point increase, far surpassing the basic attributes of level 70 third-awakened top-level class users. It was an overwhelming bonus.

Even among legendary weapons, the Monarch's Scepter stood out. Lin Moyu didn't mind the missing supplementary skills since many were class-specific and often useless to him. For him, the attribute increase was the true treasure.

This legendary weapons could only be used at level 70 after completing the third class awakening. For now, he could only admire it, but the more he looked, the more eager he became to wield it.

Eventually, Lin Moyu put the Monarch's Scepter away.

At that moment, the Angel statue collapsed, revealing the dungeon exit.

Instead of rushing out, Lin Moyu sat down to meditate, recovering his depleted spirit force. He could easily imagine what awaited him outside the dungeon—Abyssal Demons. Once he emerged, a fierce fight would surely erupt.

He could opt to return to the Human World and leave the Demons waiting outside as much as they want, but he wasn't ready to back down. Since he'd come this far, he wasn't leaving without a fight.

After just ten minutes, Lin Moyu's spirit force was fully restored, his 17 undead legions at the ready. He equipped a new set of Bone Armor.

"Let's begin."

After lying dormant for a time, his murderous intent surged, boiling over within the dungeon.

Upon hearing of the commotion in the secret realm, Demons swarmed in, surrounding the dungeon exit. And it wasn't limited to the secret realm—an even greater number of Demons were gathering outside.

This was Lin Moyu's first journey into the Abyssal World. Though several hours had passed, he had yet to truly experience its depths. But that moment was fast approaching.

The Abyssal World had also Demon cities, and there happened to be a large one nearby. News of Lin Moyu's presence spread quickly, drawing Demons from the nearby city and even others farther away.

This secret realm, known as the Radiant Secret Realm among the Demons, held great significance. Every time it appeared, its light element would be assimilated into Abyssal Fire, causing a mutation. By absorbing the mutated Abyssal Fire, Demons could enhance their resistance to the light element and even evolve their bloodline. It could not only increase their level, but there was also a chance for ordinary Demons to evolve into elite ones.

Naturally, such rewards made the Demons eager to enter the Radiant Secret Realm. Typically, thousands would gather to absorb the mutated Abyssal Fire each time. However, the secret realm had a strict rule—those above level 45 were barred from entering. As a result, only Demons below level 45 would come here.

But this time was different. Demons above level 45 had mobilized, waiting outside the secret realm for Lin Moyu to emerge. It was rare for enemies to infiltrate the Abyssal World, and so the Demons were quite excited.

A subtle spatial distortion arose, and Lin Moyu appeared outside the dungeon.

"He's out!"

"It's the human, kill him!"

"Get him! We'll split the spoils later!"

In an instant, a flood of attacks engulfed Lin Moyu. Upon leaving a dungeon, there was always a brief two-second stasis, leaving one vulnerable to attacks. Two seconds was enough time to unleash countless attacks.

Lin Moyu relied on his Bone Armor, confident it would hold for the duration. Even if it didn't, he had Damage Transfer and Summon Health Link to fall back on. With 17 undead legions—over 6,000 skeletons—sharing the damage, he was well-prepared.

The Bone Armor shone brightly, blocking the onslaught.

“This guy’s defensive skill is insane.”

“Hit harder! Break it down!”

These Demons were low-level, all under level 45, and their attacks lacked the strength to deal any significant damage. In the span of two seconds, they could unleash four or five waves of strikes, but Lin Moyu’s Bone Armor absorbed them all. Still, the relentless onslaught pushed it to its limits, causing cracks to appear. The Demons, sensing victory, grinned wickedly, already imagining Lin Moyu being torn apart.

But just as the Bone Armor was on the verge of shattering, a brilliant white light flashed, restoring it to its original state.

The two seconds were up.

A smirk crossed Lin Moyu's lips, "My turn."

Space twisted violently, and his undead troops appeared, materializing in the spaces between the densely packed Demons. The Skeletal Warriors immediately swung their blades, and Skeletal Mages began casting spells, targeting the nearest Demons.

“Where did these undead monsters come from?”

“These are his summoned creatures!”

“He’s an undead-type Summoner! And there are so many skeletons, all of them very powerful!”

The sudden appearance of the undead troops threw the Demons into chaos. The ones under attack panicked, while those outside the fray, unable to see what was happening within, couldn’t force their way in.

Buzz!

Suddenly, a strange buzzing sound filled the air as a red glow descended. A small red sword symbol appeared on top of each Demon’s head.

Lin Moyu had cast Damage Curse, increasing the damage the Demons suffered by twelvefold.

All of a sudden, a single scream pierced the air, marking the start of the massacre. The first Demon fell, and with him came a deafening explosion that echoed throughout the secret realm. One by one, the Demons fell like wheat before a scythe.

[Corpse Explosion (level 6): detonate a corpse and deal 35% of the corpse's health as damage to enemies within a radius of 6 meters.]

Thanks to Lin Moyu's Comprehensive Amplification talent, the range of Corpse Explosion expanded to 240 meters, and the damage surged to 14 times the health of the corpse. In the Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon, the corpses from the 1,000-strong Dragonkind army had pushed the skill from level 5 to level 6. With each level-up, amplified by his talent, both the range and destructive power of Corpse Explosion grew exponentially.

The secret realm was relatively small, just over a thousand meters deep. A single Corpse Explosion wiped out all the Demons around him. Demons flying overhead dropped like rain, and in moments, the ground was littered with lifeless bodies. Those outside the explosion's range hadn't reacted yet, still stunned by the sudden deaths of their kin.

"What just happened?!"

Before they could wrap their heads around what happened, the corpses in front of them exploded in turn, annihilating them in a wave of destruction. For Lin Moyu, their sheer numbers meant nothing. He pressed forward, detonating corpse after corpse. The sound of explosions echoed throughout the entire secret realm, a relentless symphony of death.

In under ten seconds, the once-crowded secret realm was silent—every Demon had perished.

Dusting off his hands, Lin Moyu muttered, "Alright, time for the ones outside."

But before he could leave, a deafening roar erupted from the depths of the secret realm. The ground trembled beneath him.

"A boss?" Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow, surprised that such a small secret realm housed a powerful boss.

Dark green flames surged from the depths, coalescing into the form of a fire dragon that shot toward Lin Moyu. Under normal circumstances, he might have taken a more cautious approach—using Detection to analyze the enemy's attributes and skills before engaging. But now, there was no need.



A faint smile touched his lips.

With a simple gesture, more corpses were hurled into the air, and then were detonated by Lin Moyu, obliterating the fire dragon before it could even reach him. As the green flames dissipated, he turned his gaze to the depths of the secret realm. In the swirling mass of dark green fire, a new figure began to form, slowly taking the shape of a Demon.

“Abyssal Fire Sprite!” Lin Moyu instantly recognized the secret realm’s boss. In the Abyss, Abyssal Fire raged fiercely, and under certain conditions, this fire could mutate and form Abyssal Fire Sprites—elemental creatures that took on various shapes.

The Abyssal Fire Sprite surged toward him, and soon the entire secret realm was engulfed in green flames, transforming it into a blazing inferno.

Lin Moyu, unfazed by the flames around him, calmly remarked, “Last time I faced an Abyssal Fire Sprite, it dropped a Fire Gem. I wonder if you’ll drop one too.”

Without wasting time, his skeletons hurled more corpses into the air, triggering a cascade of explosions. Lin Moyu didn’t know the exact level of the Abyssal Fire Sprite before him—whether it was level 50 or 55—but it didn’t matter. Against the large supply of corpses and the immense damage multiplier of Corpse Explosion, it was doomed.

Even though the corpses were low-level with limited health, the sheer power of Corpse Explosion more than compensated for it. The only question was how many detonations it would take to bring down the Abyssal Fire Sprite.

Wave after wave of explosions rocked the secret realm. The Abyssal Fire Sprite shrieked as its flames were blasted apart, its once massive form shrinking with every detonation. The onslaught continued for over 30 rounds before the Abyssal Fire Sprite let out a final, desperate cry, and its flames were completely extinguished.

From beginning to end, it never even got close to Lin Moyu.

[Killed Abyssal Fire Sprite, EXP +1,800,000]

[Obtained Fire Gem]

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

## Chapter 314: Whoever You Are, I'll Blow You Up First

The crimson gem looked just like the Fire Gem he had obtained before.

[Fire Gem: permanently reduces fire elemental damage by 50% and may grant a fire-type skill.]

When Lin Moyu had used the Fire Gem before, he gained the 50% Fire Elemental Damage Reduction characteristic, but didn't acquire a fire-type skill. Since the gem could only be used once, it was now useless to him. He put away the gem and turned his attention to the entrance of the secret realm. The secret realm trembled, signaling its impending collapse. It was likely to disappear for a long time—if not forever. Moreover, the dungeon inside it had changed irrevocably.

The once towering Angel statue had collapsed, signaling that the rewards inside the dungeon would be different in the future. But most importantly, the Monarch's Scepter was now in his possession. From this point on, the dungeon could very well shift to a new location.

Lin Moyu understood the secret realm had been keeping the dungeon locked in place. Now that its boss was slain, the dungeon was free. Where it would appear next, no one could predict.

His undead legions appeared, collecting over a thousand corpses—each one a powerful weapon in its own right.

With the death of the boss, the secret realm could no longer hold together. It burst like a bubble, vanishing into thin air. Lin Moyu and his undead army reappeared outside, standing on a small island in the middle of the lake. The space was tight and confined.

"The secret realm is gone! He's out!"

"What's with all these skeletons?"

"What happened to the Demons inside the secret realm?"

The startled cries of the Demons outside filled the air as they noticed the swarming undead.

Lin Moyu answered without hesitation. A flash of red light blazed as his Damage Curse took hold. At the same time, corpses shot through the air and then detonated. The sky shook with explosions, and before the Demons had a chance to react, they were engulfed in the blasts.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu unleashed Damage Curse and Corpse Explosion simultaneously.

Even if it were the corpses of level 30 low-level Demons, the explosions were powerful enough to severely injure level 40 high-level Demons. And if it were the corpses of level 35-plus Demons, the results were devastating—instantly killing level 40 high-level Demons. The combination of Corpse Explosion and Damage Curse further amplified the damage, to more than twentyfold.

In the blink of an eye, over a thousand Demons fell, their bodies raining down into the lake below. The remaining Demons, those quick enough to react, fled in sheer terror.

Lin Moyu commanded one of his skeletons to leap to the shore, carrying him on its back. He couldn't fly, and fighting in the center of the lake wasn't advantageous. His undead legions followed him to the shore.

Once on the shore, the Skeletal Mages began their assault. They cast wave after wave of devastating spells into the sky, their attacks like cannons blasting through the air, forcing the Demons to scatter in all directions.

With their spirit attribute nearing 160,000, the Skeletal Mages were a formidable force. Even level 45-plus high-level Demons couldn't withstand a direct hit. Repeated strikes would easily spell their doom.

There were 2,890 Skeletal Mages in total, firing their attacks without pause. For them, the concept of spirit depletion didn't exist. As long as they remained alive, the onslaught would not cease.

"We can't let him run wild! Let's take him down together!"

"Yes, let's charge together!"

High-level Demons roared in fury, rallying for a combined attack on Lin Moyu. Several leading Demons, with wingspans of over ten meters, spread their wings and joined together, forming a shadowy curtain. At the same time, they emitted thick abyssal aura that turned into dark clouds around them. From a distance, it looked like a massive tract of dark clouds descended from the sky.

Hidden behind the dark clouds were countless level 45-plus Abyssal Demons, awaiting their moment to strike.

The Skeletal Mages' spells bombarded the darkclouds, but most of the attacks were deflected, causing only minimal damage. The peculiar sound of the deflected attacks echoed in Lin Moyu's ears.

Sensing something amiss, Lin Moyu immediately cast the Detection spell.

[Abyssal Bat Demon]

[Level: 49]

[Strength: 20,000]

[Agility: 20,000]

[Spirit: 15,000]

[Physique: 50,000]

[Skill: Sonic Force Field]

[Traits: 50% Light Elemental Defense Reduction, 30% All Damage Reduction, Health Enhanced.]

Lin Moyu quickly grasped the situation. The several leading Demons were focused on defense. Though their other attributes were fairly average, their high physique, combined with the Health Enhanced trait, made their health much greater than that of typical Demons. They even possessed a skill called Sonic Force Field, capable of deflecting a portion of incoming damage. Among human class users, they were comparable to Knights.

Led by these formidable Demons, the horde surged toward Lin Moyu like a coiling dragon. However, he remained calm and didn't rush to counterattack. As the Demons closed the gap, reducing the distance to less than a hundred meters, Lin Moyu sprang into action, ordering a number of corpses to be flung into the air.

Damage Curse struck first, buzzing as it blanketed the heads of the approaching Demons. Unlike the Dragonkind, Demons had no natural resistance to curses, allowing the skill to achieve its full effect.

The corpses followed in quick succession.

Boom!

Violent explosions rippled through the air. The Abyssal Bat Demons in the very front reacted swiftly, activating their Sonic Force Field skill. The six Abyssal Bat Demons combined their force fields, amplifying their defensive strength significantly. An invisible wall of sound waves manifested, deflecting most of the damage from Corpse Explosion, leaving them unharmed for the moment.

"Impressive defense." Lin Moyu mused, "But how many more hits can it take?"

With a simple tap of his finger, he triggered another wave of explosions.

The skeletons were now armed with corpses, the remains of the thousand-plus Demons slain in the secret realm. Under Lin Moyu's command, these corpses became deadly weapons. The combination of his talent and curse amplified the power of the explosions to the point where even the Abyssal Bat Demons couldn't withstand the onslaught.

After enduring over a dozen explosions, their Sonic Force Field finally shattered.

All six Abyssal Bat Demons perished at once, leaving the rest of the Demon army fully exposed before Lin Moyu. Their expressions changed drastically. Yet, it was too late for them to retreat.

"Charge forward! Kill him!"

"Ignore the skeletons! Focus on the human!"

"Move quickly! Don't fear death! Charge!"

The Demons roared in a frenzy, trying to rally their forces. But no matter how loudly they shouted, it was futile. The Skeletal Mages had already unleashed their spells, and the real terror lay in the corpses flying through the air, primed to explode.

The front ranks died almost instantly, obliterated by the explosions before they could even get close to Lin Moyu. Realizing their predicament, the Demons in the rear turned to flee. But it was too late.

In a split second, Lin Moyu switched curses, replacing Damage Curse with Slow Curse, which had a much larger range, enveloping every Demon in the air, and their speed was reduced by 74 times.

The Demons in the sky now appeared as if they were moving in slow motion, no different from sitting ducks. They could only watch in horror as the Skeletal Mages bombarded them with relentless attacks.

At that moment, a Skeletal Warrior leaped into the air, carrying Lin Moyu. Simultaneously, more than a dozen corpses were hurled toward the rear ranks of the fleeing Demons. Those Demons still had a chance to escape, but Lin Moyu wasn't about to let that happen.

Under the terrified gazes of the retreating Demons, Lin Moyu appeared before them, detonating the corpses in midair. Bodies rained down, either slamming into the ground or falling into the now darkening lake, polluted by Demon blood. From the beginning to the end, not a single Demon had managed to touch even the hem of Lin Moyu's clothing.

As the battle was drawing to a close, powerful presences suddenly emerged in the distance, rushing this way.

"Die!"

Sword energy ripped through the air from a thousand meters away, slamming into Lin Moyu. His Bone Armor flared with a brilliant glow, effortlessly deflecting the attack. The sword energy was laced with immense abyssal power, and judging by the force it exerted on his Bone Armor, Lin Moyu quickly deduced that the attacker must be at least level 55.

Looking up, Lin Moyu spotted nearly a hundred black dots rapidly approaching. As they drew closer, he recognized them as Abyssal Sword Demons. Their sword energy rained down like a violent storm, repeatedly slamming into his Bone Armor.

Lin Moyu had read about these Demons in books. Abyssal Sword Demons were born with bone swords, which grew stronger as they leveled up, becoming comparable to any human-forged weapon. Their skill in swordsmanship was unmatched, their sword energy fierce, and their sword intent indomitable.

Moreover, any Sword Demon that reached level 70 would become an elite Demon, and the strongest among them would have a chance to become lord rank Demons.

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell to confirm the information he read in books.

[Abyssal Sword Demon]

[Level: 57]

[Strength: 50,000]

[Agility: 40,000]

[Spirit: 20,000]

[Physique: 50,000]

[Skill: Sword Energy]

[Traits: 50% Light Elemental Defense Reduction, 50% Dark Elemental Damage Reduction]

These Demons had both high attack and defense. If they kept attacking Lin Moyu from a distance with Sword Energy, it would become a real problem. But now... the curse descended and corpses flew out like hidden weapons. Lin Moyu's strategy was simple—blow them up first, no matter who they were.

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

## Chapter 315: My Turn To Lay Waste To A City

It was rare for humans to infiltrate the Abyss.

To the Abyssal Demons, they were the invaders of the Human World, not the other way around. Even when humans occasionally entered the Abyssal World, they usually became nothing more than food for the Demons. Moreover, for someone to kill so many Abyssal Demons like Lin Moyu, it was quite a rare occurrence.

After all, Lin Moyu was just a level 37 low-level class user, far from a god-level powerhouse. His presence was like a slap in the face to the Abyss. The Abyssal Sword Demons, determined to reclaim their honor, vowed to kill him. Sword Energy filled the air, instantly shredding any corpses thrown their way.

Among the many Demons of the Abyss, the Abyssal Sword Demons ranked in the top ten for strength at the same level. Moreover, once they reached level 70, they could be promoted to elite Demons, gaining even more incredible power.

Nearly a hundred Abyssal Sword Demons gathered now, their overwhelming momentum filling the battlefield. Sword Energy crisscrossed the sky, forming a deadly net.

Lin Moyu tried using corpses several times, but they couldn't even get close. Only his Skeletal Mages' spells could deal damage, but due to the distance and the Abyssal Sword Demons' agility, the effect was minimal.

Both sides were locked in a stalemate, separated by hundreds of meters. While the Abyssal Sword Demons' attacks were fierce, they weren't enough to annihilate the undead army.

"If only I had a flight restriction skill." Lin Moyu thought, "Or if I could fly!"

His inability to fly or restrict flight was his biggest weakness at the moment.

Some of the Demons that survived noticed this and began launching long-range attacks, mimicking the Abyssal Sword Demons. Abyssal energy turned into beams of black light aimed at the undead troops, but these attacks were much weaker by comparison, and Lin Moyu easily ignored them.

With a profound look in his eyes, Lin Moyu commanded his undead legions to advance.

The standoff was pointless.

Despite the barrage of attacks, Lin Moyu led his undead forces around the lake and moved toward the source of the direction the Demons had come from. He wanted to see what lay there.

The weak attacks posed no threat to the undead troops. Seeing Lin Moyu completely disregard their efforts, the Abyssal Sword Demons were left stunned.

"Is this guy really human? Why does he feel more like a world boss?"

"Are our attacks too weak?"

"No, it's those skeletons of his—they're ridiculously strong. We should be targeting the Summoner."

"But he's hiding within the skeletal army. Our attacks can't reach him."

"It seems like only top-level Demons could even pose a threat to him."

"When did humans get such a terrifying class? This feels even more troublesome than the Earth Knight class of legend!"

"Luckily, he can't fly or use flight restriction. Otherwise, we'd be in real trouble."

Frustrated and unable to deal with the relentless undead army, the Abyssal Sword Demons could only trail behind them in pursuit.

The undead legions moved with incredible speed. In a matter of moments, they left the lake behind and entered a forest on the other side.

After pushing through the forest, Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed—there, in the distance, stood a massive city. Abyssal Fire burned fiercely within, casting a green glow across the landscape. The black outwall and flickering green flames gave the entire city a ghostly, menacing appearance.

"So, there are cities in the Abyss too?" Lin Moyu murmured.

This sight wasn't something mentioned in any book. What Lin Moyu now faced was uncharted territory. Though he couldn't see inside the outwall, he could feel the presence of countless Demons. Their demonic aura was impossible to miss.

The massive city gate stood wide open, with Demons standing guard atop the towering outwall. Lin Moyu touched the Abyssal Teleportation Stone in his pocket, a cold expression crossing his face, "Let's attack the city."

In the past, it had always been the Demons who assaulted human cities. Now, the tables had turned.



Lin Moyu gave the command, and the undead legions surged forward like an unstoppable dragon, charging directly at the Demon city with terrifying speed.

The Demons in the air watched in stunned disbelief.

"How dare he!"

"This human must be insane. No human has ever attacked an abyssal city!"

"Even at the height of the Dragonkind's power, they never dared do such a thing."

"It's always been us attacking human cities. Why has it flipped now?"

The Demons knew they had to stop Lin Moyu. However, they couldn't. They didn't dare to descend, knowing full well that if they did, it would be a death sentence.

Frantically, they attacked from the sky, unleashing powerful Sword Energy upon the skeletons below. But their efforts were in vain. The undead troops simply ignored the strikes, and with just a few casual healing spells from the Lich Generals, any damage was undone.

On the dark abyssal landscape, the undead legions, bathed in a golden light, charged toward the Demon city like an unstoppable golden dragon. The Demons stationed on the outwall finally spotted Lin Moyu, and panic erupted. Alarm bells rang out across the city.

At the center of the city stood a towering spire, over a hundred meters tall. It was instantly activated, emitting a radiant light that gave rise to a massive barrier, meant to shield the city from the oncoming assault.

Lin Moyu, unfazed, gave a simple command: "Throw me."

Without hesitation, two Skeletal Warriors on either side of him hurled him like a cannonball toward the barrier. Just as he made it inside, the barrier fully closed, sealing off the city—and locking out the undead legions.

The Abyssal Sword Demons chasing from above came to an abrupt stop. The barrier not only blocked the undead legions, but also blocked them. Dread began to creep in as they realized that Lin Moyu had successfully entered the city.

"Why even bother with the barrier if the Summoner himself got inside?" A Demon muttered, despair settling in.

They halted their attacks, knowing that their efforts were now completely useless. All they could do was watch helplessly from the outside.

Moments later, the undead legions outside the barrier vanished, only to reappear inside the barrier in a flash of white light. The expressions of the Abyssal Sword Demons watching from the sky grew increasingly grim, as the humiliation became harder to bear with each passing moment.

The undead legions charged toward the city, the outwall and gate unable to stop their advance. The Skeletal Mages unleashed a relentless barrage of spells, and despite the outwall's apparent sturdiness, it couldn't withstand the onslaught.

The barrier, the city's strongest line of defense, had already failed to stop Lin Moyu. With a deafening crash, the outwall collapsed, and the undead troops stormed into the city.

Demon guards rushed forward to intercept them—many were above level 40, some even exceeding level 50—but none could withstand the ferocity of the undead legions. By the time they realized their efforts were futile, it was already too late. The skeletons gave them no opportunity to retreat.

The corpses retrieved from the secret realm had withered and lost their health. However, new ones were about to be created. As a Demon fell to a Skeletal Warrior's blade, his corpse was quickly claimed by a skeleton.

Lin Moyu's lips curled into a satisfied smirk, "A fresh corpse."

Outside the barrier, the Abyssal Demons felt a chill run down their spines when they saw Lin Moyu's expression.

"It's over." A Demon muttered, closing his eyes in despair.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound erupted, and the battlefield turned into chaos. Demons engaged in combat with the Skeletal Warriors fell like wheat before a scythe. One corpse became the catalyst for destruction, rapidly multiplying into more. Soon, a chain of explosions echoed throughout the city.

The barrier stood only about 200 meters high, while the range of Corpse Explosion reached 240 meters. Even if Demons flew to the barrier's highest point, they still couldn't escape the blasts.

Lin Moyu and his undead legions moved like a force of nature through the Demon city, leaving devastation in their wake. Explosions rippled through the streets, and while the barrier itself remained intact after dozens of direct hits, the city within was crumbling, leaving the once-great Demon city riddled with debris and ruins. Countless Demons perished in the explosions.

Lin Moyu didn't bother keeping track of the death toll. His focus remained solely on his task.

Amid the destruction, a faint white light surrounded him—he had leveled up. Even as he leveled up, the explosions raged on.

In the past, it was always the Abyssal Demons invading the Human World, leaving cities in ruins. But now, it was Lin Moyu's turn to lay waste to a city in the Abyss.

In just over a dozen minutes, the city was desolate. The only structures left standing were the central spire and a teleportation formation. Lin Moyu had deliberately spared these.

He crushed a Demon Core Fragment in his hand, and a demonic aura began to envelop him. Then, he dismissed the undead legions and dragged a Demon, still alive but with severed limbs, into the teleportation formation and vanished.

Outside the barrier, the Abyssal Demons who had witnessed the slaughter felt their scalps tingle with fear. Their faces were a mixture of shock and disbelief.

“This... is getting completely out of control.” A Demon whispered. The others could only nod, their expressions grim.

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

## **Chapter 316: A Trail Of Slaughter; Rising Murderous Aura**

Lin Moyu had truly taken things to a new level. Upon discovering that Demons had their own cities, he began wondering if they also had teleportation formations. Without hesitation, he had stormed into the Demon city, determined to find out.

Sure enough, he found a teleportation formation nestled within the city. Worried that his human identity might prevent him from using it, Lin Moyu kept a half-dead Demon alive, using him as a tool to activate the formation. Even as the teleportation initiated, Lin Moyu had no clue where it would take him. It could lead to a wilderness, another city, a dungeon, or even a far more dangerous place.

Even though Lin Moyu couldn't read the Abyssal Demon script, he deduced from the shared ending characters of certain destinations that they were likely city names. He randomly selected one.

When he arrived, his senses were greeted by the familiar sight of a dark fortification and green Abyssal Fire hovering in the air, as well as low-level Demons with weak auras.

Lin Moyu smirked—he had made the right choice.

Without wasting a second, he summoned his undead legions. A burst of white light shot from his hand, and the half-dead Demon he had brought along became a fresh corpse. He cast Damage Curse on a group of nearby Demons, then hurled the corpse into the air, detonating it mid-flight.

A deafening explosion rocked the city as buildings crumbled, and many Demons perished instantly. The alarm bells of the city began to ring, and just like in the previous city, the central spire activated, raising a defensive barrier.

But Lin Moyu just chuckled darkly. In normal circumstances, this tactic would have worked flawlessly—if the attack had come from outside the city. However, since the attack originated from within, the barrier merely sealed the Demons in, trapping them like rats.

It was clear that the barrier system was automated; there were no Demons stationed in the spire to control it. Lin Moyu suspected that the Demons never considered the possibility that an enemy could launch an attack from inside their city.

"All the better." Lin Moyu muttered coldly.

He gave the order, and the undead legions surged forward. The newly leveled Skeletal Warriors, now at level 38, had become even more powerful. Against low-level Demons under level 40, it was like chopping through butter—one strike was all it took to cut them down. Even the level 40 high-level Demons were not much different. A single skill-powered blow from the Skeletal Warriors would be the end of them; and if not, one or two more strikes would do the job.

The city became flooded with the eerie figures of Skeletal Warriors, each one a harbinger of death. Demons that attempted to flee found themselves trapped by their own barrier, with no way out. Any that tried to take to the skies were swiftly brought down by the precise attacks of the Skeletal Mages, falling from the air like birds with clipped wings.

Amidst the chaos, Lin Moyu was an engine of destruction, detonating corpses to amplify the carnage. The once proud Demon city had turned into a site of disaster, completely unprepared for such devastation. The Abyss had known peace for too long. The Demons had always been the ones launching attacks on others—never had they been on the receiving end of such wrath. Their reaction was sluggish, far slower than what Lin Moyu had witnessed from human armies.

The only escape from this nightmare was the teleportation formation, but it was heavily guarded by the Lich Generals and Skeletal Mages. Lin Moyu had no intention of letting any of them escape. If he was going to kill, he would do it thoroughly—no mercy, no survivors.

A large number of high-level Demons, around level 60, quickly organized themselves and launched an attack on Lin Moyu, their combat prowess considerable. In the wild, they could have caused Lin Moyu some trouble. But within the confines of the city, under the barrier, and surrounded by an abundance of fresh corpses, their fate was sealed—they could only die and become Lin Moyu's new weapons.

No matter their level or strength, every last one of them would fall. At this moment, Lin Moyu was a man possessed by an unstoppable murderous intent. The atrocities committed by Abyssal Demons in the Human World fueled his rage. He recalled the devastation they left behind—the slaughter, the destruction, and the horrifying fact that they had even consumed humans, leaving not even corpses behind.

At least Lin Moyu, and his undead legions, didn't eat people. That alone made him much better than the Abyssal Demons.

Half an hour later, the once thriving Demon city lay in ruins. Not a single building was left standing. This time, Lin Moyu didn't spare the central spire, destroying it outright before grabbing a severely injured Demon and stepping into the teleportation formation once. His cold determination was unwavering—the slaughter was far from over.

Word of Lin Moyu's massacres spread like wildfire through the Abyss. In just a short span of time, he had razed two Demon cities to the ground. The news sent shockwaves through the entire Abyssal World. The very idea that a human was rampaging through their realm, laying waste to cities, was unthinkable—unacceptable.

A powerful, oppressive aura erupted from a Demon King city and surged toward the city where Lin Moyu was wreaking havoc.

Demon King cities were cities under the direct control of Demon Kings. Although Demon Kings resided in their palaces, they had avatars stationed in the Demon King cities, controlling them directly. At the same time, they also ruled over other cities within their territories.

Upon hearing the news of Lin Moyu's relentless massacres, the Demon King issued urgent orders, and Demons sprang into action at once.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu entered the third Demon city. Everything felt familiar—the barrier, the demonic auras, and the explosions that ensued. His proficiency had grown with each assault, and this time, it took less than half an hour for him to reduce the entire city to rubble.

The murderous aura surrounding Lin Moyu grew even stronger, rising like a thick pillar of smoke into the dark abyssal sky. It was almost tangible, radiating an ominous, suffocating energy. The peaceful month he had spent studying in the Chuangshi Institute's archives felt like a distant memory, overshadowed by the bloodshed he now unleashed.

A white light enveloped him as he leveled up once more, reaching level 39 after the destruction of two cities in a row, his strength surging further. With a cold glint in his eyes, he activated the teleportation formation before him.

"It changed..."

The teleportation formation underwent a change. The original list of destinations vanished. Now, only one location remained for him to travel to. Although he couldn't read the Demon script, he could sense that danger lurked ahead.

"After so long, the Demons must have caught on. They had likely set an intricate trap, just waiting for me to walk into it. Should I proceed or not?"

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu touched the Abyssal Teleportation Stone and decided to go through with it, gripping a level 60 high-ranking Demon corpse in his other hand.

The teleportation process felt longer this time, taking more than 20 seconds—a sign that the destination was far away. As his feet touched the ground, he felt his body sink. A massive force descended from the sky, materializing into a giant fist poised to crush him into pulp.

Lin Moyu's Bone Armor flared to life, shining brightly as it absorbed the impact. The force was immense, causing his armor to crack and shudder. After barely two seconds, the Bone Armor shattered, unable to withstand the overwhelming power. The remaining force slammed heavily into Lin Moyu.

As his vision cleared, the stasis of the teleportation faded. The sudden attack had destroyed the Bone Armor, and the residual force inflicted significant damage to the undead troops in the summon space.

In the next moment, Lin Moyu unleashed his undead legions and recast Bone Armor. As they soon as the undead troops emerged, the seventeen Lich Generals immediately cast their healing spell, swiftly healing their injuries.

Lin Moyu inhaled deeply. That punch... it was too strong. If not for Summon Health Link, he would have lost at least a thousand skeletons.

"Huh, you actually withstood my punch!" A deep, rumbling voice echoed.

He looked up to see a massive figure standing in midair, radiating a terrifying aura. It was a Demon King.

The Demon King resembled a Minotaur, with horns on its head, but this one had two pairs of wings on its back. Lin Moyu immediately recognized it—he had read about this being before. The Tetrawing Bull King.

He had once been an ordinary Bull Demon, but through a twist of fate, he evolved into a Tetrawing Bull. After continuously leveling up, he ultimately ascended to the rank of Demon King. After leveling up continuously, he eventually became a Demon King. Among the Demon Kings of the Abyss, he was considered relatively weak. But even a “weak” Demon King, at level 90 or higher, was the equivalent of a god-level human powerhouse.

Bitterness crept into Lin Moyu’s heart. He hadn’t expected a Demon King to personally intervene. He realized he’d been a little too overconfident.

Then, something clicked. If this had been the Demon King himself, he would already be dead. This wasn’t the main body—it was just an avatar.

A Demon King usually kept their avatar in their Demon King city, which meant... he must’ve arrived at a Demon King city. The teleportation formation had been tampered with, setting a large trap, and he had walked straight into it.

He scanned the surroundings. Demons filled the area—each one level 60-plus, led by several level 70-plus top-level Demons. Nearly a thousand Demons surrounded him.

"Human, what is your name?"

"You’re only level 39, yet you’ve massacred entire cities."

"And you even survived my punch. Who are you? Why are you hiding your level?"

The Tetrawing Bull King’s voice boomed, accompanied by howling winds.

Lin Moyu remained silent. This was just an avatar, which meant he might still have a chance. If they had met in the wild, he would’ve had no choice but to flee. But here, surrounded by so many Demons, maybe... he could have a shot.

The rune on the back of his hand began to burn.

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

## Chapter 317: Poison Star Ring Is Sometimes Scarier Than Corpse Explosion

The Tetrawing Bull King saw that Lin Moyu was silent and spoke again in his deep voice, "No matter who you are, but surviving my punch is an accomplishment. After you die, I'll erect a monument in your honor."

"This guy sure talks a lot." Lin Moyu mused, "I've already had a tombstone erected for me once, and now he wants to put up a second one..."

"Screw your monument." Lin Moyu snorted, then activated the Enhance Troops skill.

In an instant, the undead troops and Lin Moyu reached their peak state.

Skill: Damage Curse!

The curse unleashed immediately. At the same time, the half-dead Demon Lin Moyu brought with him perished. Together with the one he brought with him, there were now two corpses, which the skeletons flung into the air.

Their target wasn't the Tetrawing Bull King. Lin Moyu wasn't arrogant enough to think two corpses could kill a Demon King, even if it was just an avatar. However, with Enhance Troops, the power of Corpse Explosion increased by 500%—not a simple additive boost, but a multiplicative one.

"You dare make a move in front of me?!" The Tetrawing Bull King roared, hurling both fists forward.

A pair of massive bull fists materialized in the sky, crashing toward Lin Moyu like the sky was collapsing. At the same time, the high-level Demons charged toward his undead troops.

Ignoring the incoming fists, Lin Moyu detonated the two corpses. Thunderous explosions ripped through the battlefield, instantly annihilating the high-level Demons in the blast radius, their corpses falling down like rain droplets

A top-level Demon leading the charge quickly retreated, injured by the explosions, black blood gushing out from his wounds.

Under Enhance Troops, Corpse Explosion had become incredibly potent.

As the explosions echoed, the bull fists slammed into Lin Moyu, shattering his Bone Armor. His undead troops took damage, but the Lich Generals healed them almost instantly.



"Hm?" The Tetrawing Bull King was surprised again. Surviving the first strike was one, but enduring this far stronger one was entirely unexpected.

Lin Moyu paid no mind to this. The first wave of explosions had already wiped out a group of high-level Demons. His Skeletal Warriors quickly seized the fallen bodies and hurled them at other high-level Demons. At the same time, the Skeletal Warriors unleashed their skill, their blades glowing ominously red as they slashed at the Demons.

Meanwhile, the Skeletal Mages unleashed a barrage of magical attacks, nearly overwhelming the Demons. Under the influence of Enhance Troops, the skeletons' power was on full display.

The relentless assault forced the high-level Demons to scream in agony. Even level 60-plus Demons struggled to withstand the skeletons' onslaught, while only the top-level Demons could fend them off with ease. In turn, killing the skeletons was no simple task—between Summon Health Link and the Lich Generals providing support, such a feat was impossible for just a few top-level Demons.

Corpses flew overhead, exploding in thunderous booms, killing more high-level Demons.

The entire sequence unfolded in an instant, barely lasting half a second. Lin Moyu moved swiftly, enduring the blows while delivering devastating counterattacks.

The Tetrawing Bull King let out a furious roar. A beam of light shot from the 200-meter spiral in the distance, forming a massive magic formation in the air.

Lin Moyu recognized it immediately as a Summon-Sealing Spell.

As the magic formation formed, Lin Moyu flicked his finger, and a pure white light enveloped him.

Skill: Blessing of Light!

Under the white light, Lin Moyu became immune to all negative statuses, including the Summon-Sealing Spell. Blessing of Light patched up the last weakness in his Bone Armor, rendering his defense flawless. R

Taking advantage of the moment, Lin Moyu detonated more Demon corpses, obliterating another batch of high-level Demons.

"Why isn't the Summon-Sealing Spell working?!" The Tetrawing Bull King bellowed, "What level are you really? There's no way you're just level 30! Die!" With a furious roar, the Bull King charged at Lin Moyu.

A dangerous gleam flickered in Lin Moyu's eyes—this was exactly what he had been waiting for. If the Tetrawing Bull King hadn't come down, he would've had no way to deal with him. But now...

Lin Moyu paid no mind to the Tetrawing Bull King's attacks. With a mere thought, over a hundred corpses—each from a level 60-plus Demon—were hurled toward the Demon King. In just three seconds, half of the Tetrawing Bull King's forces were already dead.

The Tetrawing Bull King launched lightning-fast punches, delivering dozens of strikes per second. Though not as powerful as before, the sheer volume of strikes was overwhelming. Lin Moyu's Bone Armor shattered within a second, but all the damage transferred to his undead legions, shared among his troops.

The Lich Generals worked tirelessly, casting healing spells to keep the skeletons alive. As long as the skeletons stood, so did Lin Moyu. He didn't even bother to reapply Bone Armor—there wasn't time, and it was pointless. The flying corpses around him were his most potent weapon, far surpassing Soul Blaze and Bone Fangs.

Enduring the Tetrawing Bull King's lightning-fast punches, Lin Moyu detonated the corpses with explosive force. Each blast sent shockwaves across the battlefield. The Tetrawing Bull King groaned in pain, but he gritted his teeth and continued his relentless assault. His stance was clear—he intended to fight to the death.

As a mighty Demon King, he couldn't believe he would be outlasted by a mere human. Even though this was only an avatar, it should still be able to overpower a human class user who hadn't reached the god-level. Yet despite landing hundreds of punches, Lin Moyu hadn't even groaned once, as though he felt nothing.

In contrast, it was Lin Moyu's explosive skill that caused the Tetrawing Bull King to cry out in agony.

Determined and stubborn, the Tetrawing Bull King fought on, unaware that Lin Moyu had 50% physical immunity. Coupled with his passive Physical Resistance skill and the 40-fold amplification from his talent, Lin Moyu enjoyed an eightfold damage reduction against all physical attacks.

In other words, a strike dealing 80,000 points of damage would only inflict 10,000, and that 10,000 would be further shared by his undead troops. With the Lich Generals' quick and efficient healing, killing Lin Moyu was no easy feat.

To Lin Moyu, the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar was less of a threat than the top-level Succubus he had faced on the Immemorial Battlefield. Even the strongest strike from the Archaic Luanniao had been more fearsome. As more corpses exploded, the Tetrawing Bull King's injuries worsened, and his attacks grew weaker. After holding on for over ten seconds, the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar was finally blown to pieces.

But as the avatar perished, Lin Moyu sensed a terrifying aura approaching from the distance—it was the Demon King's main body, speeding toward the Demon King city. At this pace, he would arrive within a minute.

Lin Moyu acted swiftly, commanding a Skeletal Warrior to grab him and rush toward the city's center. The Skeletal Warriors abandoned their opponents, gathered the corpses scattered on the ground, and followed Lin Moyu. As they hurled the corpses, Lin Moyu continued detonating them.

The city was soon filled with chaos—buildings crumbled and Demons were blown apart. Amidst the explosions, Lin Moyu tapped the air with his finger, repeatedly casting Damage Curse, its red glow flashing across the battlefield. With Damage Curse in effect, there was no place to hide, not even within the buildings.

Simultaneously, Lin Moyu unleashed one Poison Star Ring after another. With the Enhanced Troops skill still active for a few seconds, the power of Poison Star Ring was staggering. Within moments, a poisonous aura spread across much of the Demon King city, inflicting damage equivalent to hundreds of thousands of points of strength per second, lasting for 1,560 seconds. Few Demons could survive such an onslaught.

Lin Moyu was startled to realize that in some ways, Poison Star Ring was even more terrifying than Corpse Explosion. With Damage Curse and Enhance Troops in effect, the skill's range and duration had dramatically expanded, transforming it into a weapon of mass destruction.

Just then, the Tetrawing Bull King's main body arrived, unleashing an oppressive, overwhelming aura across the entire city. The once-proud Demon King city was now unrecognizable, reduced to rubble and strewn with corpses.

"I'll kill you!" The Tetrawing Bull King roared, completely consumed by rage. His aura surged, forming a massive spectral bull hundreds of meters tall in the sky.

Skill: Bull Rush!

The enormous bull charged at Lin Moyu, accompanied by deafening thunder and lightning. But Lin Moyu simply smiled—he had no intention of battling the Demon King head-on. That would be suicidal. Instead, he calmly activated the Abyssal Teleportation Stone in his hand.

In an instant, Lin Moyu vanished like a burst bubble, just as the colossal bull smashed into the ground. The impact caused the earth to cave in, further obliterating the already-ruined Demon King city.

...

Back in the White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen quietly remarked, "Young Lin has returned."

Shortly after, a wave of billowing murderous aura surged through the air.

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

## **Chapter 318: A Heartwarming Read, With No Fighting Or Killing**

Meng Anwen opened his eyes and exchanged a glance with Bai Yiyuan. Both shared a flicker of surprise. Lin Moyu had only been in the Abyss for half a day, yet he returned carrying an overwhelming murderous aura.

Bai Yiyuan's eyes narrowed as he studied Lin Moyu, who now seemed cloaked in a thick, palpable murderous aura—the kind that could only be born from slaughtering countless lives.

After Lin Moyu had single-handedly wiped out the Drake Legion before, his murderous aura had been intense. But compared to now, that earlier intensity seemed almost trivial. If a low-level class user were to stand before him now, they would likely buckle under the pressure of his murderous aura alone.

Lin Moyu stepped into the courtyard and bowed respectfully to Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen, "Teacher, Senior Meng, I'm back." His tone remained the same, though the coldness in his eyes was unmistakable.

Bai Yiyuan, with curiosity laced in his voice, asked, "What did you do in the Abyss?"

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised that Bai Yiyuan already knew about his journey. After all, Meng Anwen was far too enigmatic, almost omnipotent in his eyes.

He calmly recounted his actions in the Abyss, and even the always-composed Meng Anwen's expression shifted ever so slightly.

Bai Yiyuan, wide-eyed, exclaimed, "You killed the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Yes. With the help of the Primordial Rune skill, my newly awakened talent, and a large number of corpses, I managed to kill him. But I was only able to

succeed because he didn't try to flee. Had he run, I wouldn't have been able to stop him."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled lightly, "That stubborn bull. All he knows is how to fight. Fleeing was never an option for him."

He had crossed paths with the Tetrawing Bull King before and knew him well—stubborn and not too bright.

Meng Anwen studied Lin Moyu carefully before speaking softly, "You've done something unprecedented. The Abyss has always been the one to invade—massacring cities, slaughtering people. But you went there and turned the tables, unleashing a massacre of your own." He paused, his gaze deepening, "However, your murderous aura... it's too overwhelming. Your heart is in turmoil."

Bai Yiyuan, nodding in agreement, asked, "Young Lin, how far are you from reaching level 40?"

Lin Moyu checked and responded, "I still have 55% of EXP to go."

After annihilating the third Demon city, Lin Moyu had climbed to level 39. Although he had spent less than two minutes in the Demon King city, he managed to kill many high-level Demons, including an avatar of a Demon King. Combined with the casualties caused by his Poison Star Ring, this had earned him 45% of EXP.

Bai Yiyuan thought for a moment before advising, "Stay away from dungeons for now. Don't level up. In your current state, you're not ready for the class awakening."

Lin Moyu nodded, already aware of his unsettling state. Despite recognizing the problem, he couldn't suppress it. A constant urge to kill now gnawed at him, urging him to rush into the Abyssal World or Dragonkind World to unleash more bloodshed. His aura was thick with murderous intent, his eyes icy and distant—so different from before.

Killing Demons and Dragonkind was an entirely different experience compared to defeating dungeon monsters. No matter how many monsters one killed, they didn't generate murderous aura.

At that moment, Meng Anwen summoned a projection of the Shenxia Tower into his hand, and a beam of light shot from it, enveloping Lin Moyu.

Bathed in its glow, Lin Moyu felt his mind calm. His urge to kill subsided, and the heavy murderous aura surrounding him began to dissipate.

Lin Moyu felt a newfound clarity and expressed his thanks, "Thank you, Senior Meng."

Meng Anwen nodded, "You spent nearly a month in the Chuangshi Institute's archives, reading over a hundred books, which helped calm your mind. But it wasn't enough."

"Do you think I should continue reading, Senior Meng?" Lin Moyu asked.

"Reading won't help this time." Meng Anwen replied, shaking his head. He exchanged a glance with Bai Yiyuan.

Bai Yiyuan caught on and said, "Take a break for a few days. Don't think about anything, and don't engage in any activity. I'll call for you in a couple of days."

Lin Moyu nodded, "Alright, I'll take my leave then."

After he left, Bai Yiyuan's expression turned slightly strange, "Old Meng, do you really expect me to go to him?"

Meng Anwen flashed a sly smile, "What's the problem? Can't swallow your pride for your disciple's sake?"

Bai Yiyuan shook his head. "No, it's not that... It just doesn't feel right."

Meng Anwen chuckled. "I've given you my advice. Whether it right or not is for you to decide. As for me, I'm going to continue investigating that other matter. I've already found a lead."

Bai Yiyuan's expression grew serious, "You've figured out who it was?"

Meng Anwen nodded confidently, "Almost. Those pests won't slip away this time."

At Xiajing Academy, Lin Moyu made his way to the library. Despite Meng Anwen saying that reading wouldn't help, Lin Moyu still wanted to try. The projection of the Shenxia Tower had suppressed much of his murderous aura, but he still felt a coldness gnawing at him, and his gaze remained unsettling. As he walked, it seemed as though the very air around him chilled. Passing students noticed the eerie atmosphere, glancing at him uneasily.

The library, however, was serene. Students were deeply engrossed in their books, the peaceful atmosphere a stark contrast to the turmoil Lin Moyu felt inside.

As soon as he entered, Lin Moyu noticed Shu Han among the rows of shelves, "She's here too..."

Shu Han spotted him and approached, offering a gentle smile, "Junior Lin Moyu, long time no see."

It had been some time since they last met. Lin Moyu forced a smile, "Long time no see."

As she came closer, Shu Han's delicate brows furrowed slightly. She could sense something was wrong, though she couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. "Is everything alright?"

Lin Moyu shook his head lightly. "It's nothing. Could you help me find some books?"

Shu Han studied him for a moment, knowing something was definitely off, but she chose not to press further. Her warm smile remained, "Of course. What kind of books are you looking for?"

"Something heartwarming." Lin Moyu replied, "Nothing with fighting or killing."

Having realized the root of his problem, Lin Moyu sought a way to calm his mind.

Shu Han tapped her chin thoughtfully, "Heartwarming, with no fighting or killing... Hmm, that rules out biographies of great figures or history. Definitely nothing related to the Abyss."

The history of humanity had always been a history of wars, and the biographies of its great figures inevitably revolved around battles and conflicts. Anything related to the Abyss was steeped in bloodshed and destruction.

After pondering for a while, Shu Han could only think of one option—short stories. These light-hearted tales held no historical significance but were often perfect for relaxation. She gathered a stack of such books for Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu began reading one short story after another, and slowly, his mind started to calm. The tension in his body eased as the peaceful tales worked their quiet magic on him.

As he read, a cold breeze passed by, and a skeleton appeared briefly next to him before vanishing again. Lin Moyu, while immersed in the stories, was also summoning skeletons, replenishing his undead troops. He had done the same while studying at the Chuangshi Institute, and it had become second nature to him.

Shu Han observed Lin Moyu for a moment, then turned and left. Once outside the library, she activated a Teleportation Stone and vanished.

...

The air in the courtyard smelled of herbs, a single breath of which brought clarity and a refreshing sense of peace. This was the Yaoshi Institute of Xiajing Academy—a haven for Concocters, a place dedicated to the art of potion-making. Though not a combat class, Concocter held a respected status, and the Yaoshi Institute was second only to the top three institutes.

Shu Han entered the courtyard and made her way to the back, where an isolated hut stood. Without hesitation, she pushed the door open and walked inside, "Brother."

Inside, a middle-aged man was busy concocting, his hands glowing with a brilliant seven-colored light. The light seemed alive as it entered a bottle, causing the potion inside to glow brightly. This was a skill unique to Concocters.

The middle-aged man responded without looking up, "Han, give me a moment. I'm almost finished."

Shu Han sat gracefully at the desk, waiting patiently. A few minutes later, with a final flash of dazzling light, the potion in the middle-aged man's hands was complete.

He gazed at the potion, its liquid shimmering with a seven-colored glow, and exhaled a long breath, "At last, it's done."

Shu Han smiled warmly, "Brother, there's something I need to ask you."

"Go ahead." He replied, his eyes filled with affection, his tone soft and welcoming.

Shu Han proceeded to tell him about her earlier encounter with Lin Moyu. She described the unsettling coldness in Lin Moyu's demeanor and the way even the air around him seemed to chill.

"Brother, do you think something's going on with Lin Moyu?" She asked, her voice filled with concern.

The middle-aged man furrowed his brow, contemplating her words, "From what you've said, it's hard to judge. I'd need to see him myself to be sure."

Without hesitation, Shu Han grabbed his arm, urging him to follow her, "Then come with me and take a look."

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

## **Chapter 319: Turbulent Thoughts And Intense Murderous Aura**

Shu Han dragged the middle-age man from the Yaoshi Institute all the way to the Xiajing Academy's library. Despite his formidable status, when it came to his younger sister, he was utterly helpless, unable to refuse her requests.



Along the way, they encountered numerous students and teachers, many of whom greeted Shu Xiuzhu with respect.

"Master Shu, what brings you here today?"

"Have you been working on new potions lately?"

"It's rare to see you in the academy."

Shu Han's older brother, Shu Xiuzhu, was the second-ranked Concocter at the Yaoshi Institute and a level 75 genius in potion-making, he had earned a considerable reputation. His skill in concocting was unrivaled, and the Fatigue Potions Lin Moyu had used before were all made by him—potions reserved strictly for military use, unavailable to the general public.

But among his many achievements, one thing stood out to those who knew him best: his unwavering devotion to his younger sister, Shu Han. His doting behavior had earned him the label of a *siscon* [1].

When they reached the library, Shu Han led him to a window where they could see Lin Moyu, deeply absorbed in reading. The moment Shu Xiuzhu laid eyes on him, his expression shifted, and his brow furrowed.

"This young man... such intense murderous aura." Shu Xiuzhu said in a grave tone.

Shu Han, puzzled, asked, "So it's because of his murderous aura? Could it be from doing too many dungeon runs?"

Shu Xiuzhu chuckled lightly, shaking his head, "Silly girl, have you ever heard of someone accumulating murderous aura just from dungeon runs?"

She paused, thinking it over. It was true—countless people raided dungeons daily in the Dungeon Hall, but none of them ever exuded the kind of dark, oppressive aura that Lin Moyu did.

Shu Xiuzhu's expression grew more serious as he continued, "No, this is different. He must have killed a great number of Demons or Dragonkind. It's astonishing... he's only level 39, and yet he's taken so many lives. If he doesn't get this murderous aura under control, it will undoubtedly affect his future growth."

Shu Han's concern deepened, "Brother, do you have a way to help him with it?"

Shu Xiuzhu could see that Shu Han was genuinely worried about this young student, and his tone softened, "To get murderous aura under control, it's something that primarily depends on the person themselves. External aids can only do so much. However,

I do have some Tranquil Potions. They won't solve the problem, but they can temporarily help calm his mind. It's just a stopgap."

As he spoke, Shu Xiuzhu pulled out a small box containing 20 bottles of potion.

Shu Han's face lit up, "Thank you, Brother."

Shu Xiuzhu chuckled and gently patted her head, "Alright, I'll leave now. I don't want to intrude on your time together."

Shu Han blushed and quickly protested, "Brother, what are you talking about? He's just a friend!"

With an amused laugh, Shu Xiuzhu said, "Right, right, just a friend. Got it." Without another word, he vanished, teleporting back to the Yaoshi Institute, leaving Shu Han behind, slightly flustered.

She stomped her feet in embarrassment but quickly regained her composure. Taking a deep breath, she entered the library, carrying the box of potions.

Inside, Lin Moyu was still seated, reading. When he noticed Shu Han approaching, he looked up, "Senior, is something the matter?"

Though his eyes seemed a bit calmer than earlier, the weight of his murderous aura was still present. Meng Anwen had been right—simply reading books wasn't enough to dispel the turmoil inside him. Despite his efforts, flashes of the slaughter in the Abyss continued to plague his mind occasionally. The relentless urge to destroy the Abyss and obliterate all Demons gnawed at his sanity, like a storm cloud over his thoughts.

Shu Han sat down across from him and slid the box of potions toward him, "These are Tranquil Potions. Try one."

Lin Moyu reached for one of the small bottles. The transparent bottle held a light blue liquid, reminiscent of the ocean. As he held it, he could almost hear the distant sound of waves and feel a gentle breeze brush against his fingers.

[Tranquil Potion: calms the mind, suppresses distracting thoughts, helps class users enter the meditative state faster, and can be used to break illusions.]

The Tranquil Potion worked its magic quickly, and as the cool sensation spread through Lin Moyu's body, he felt the storm of murderous thoughts within him begin to calm. It was like standing on a peaceful shore, hearing the distant rhythm of waves. His mind finally found clarity. Although the violent impulses still flickered in the background, they no longer dominated his thoughts.

Shu Han watched him closely, her eyes fixed on his face without blinking. As the coldness in his eyes softened, replaced by the calmness he once had, she breathed a sigh of relief, “Thank goodness, the potion worked.”

Lin Moyu could feel the difference almost immediately. His mind was clearer, his emotions more stable. Though the problem hadn’t fully disappeared, it was much easier to manage.

“Thank you!” He said sincerely, knowing how amazing the potion truly was.

Shu Han smiled, her eyes squinting, “No need to thank me. I’m just happy it helped. But remember, you’ll have to rely on yourself to get this under control. The potion is only a temporary fix.”

“I understand.” Lin Moyu nodded.

Shu Han tilted her head thoughtfully, “Do you want to talk about what happened? Sometimes talking things through can help.”

“Sure.” Lin Moyu put down the book, realizing that reading alone wasn’t helping him.

The peaceful library wasn’t the best place for a conversation, so the two decided to walk through the academy grounds while Lin Moyu recounted what had happened in the Abyssal World.

As he spoke, Shu Han’s eyes gradually widened in disbelief. Her expression shifted from mild surprise to complete shock, her lips parted slightly. The story of Lin Moyu’s time in the Abyss was far beyond anything she had expected.

Lin Moyu recounted the events without delving into his inner turmoil; otherwise, the murderous aura would flare up again. The Tranquil Potion made him realize just how serious the problem was. It felt like a daunting trial—one that, if not conquered, would lead to greater issues down the road.

Forced suppression wouldn’t work. The murderous aura had to be processed and absorbed until it no longer clouded his mind. The real challenge was figuring out how to digest and integrate it. But how exactly to do that, Lin Moyu had no idea.

This was the most Lin Moyu had spoken in a while, though it didn’t offer much in terms of a solution to his problem. Still, he felt grateful to Shu Han. At the very least, the Tranquil Potions weren’t an ordinary remedy. Like the rare Fatigue Potions he had received before, they were exceptionally rare and valuable.

“Here, take this.” Lin Moyu handed Shu Han an Earth Crystal and a Light Crystal.

Shu Han accepted them without hesitation, smiling, “I’ve made a profit.”

Lin Moyu simply nodded, saying no more. He had already spoken enough. After bidding Shu Han farewell, he turned and entered the Skill Grinding Center.

At level 39, he could command 19 undead legions, but staffing them fully required time. Inside the Skill Grinding Center, Lin Moyu summoned skeletons one by one, meditated to recover his spirit, then repeated the process. Thanks to the Tranquil Potion, he could maintain a normal rhythm. But when the effects wore off, meditation became impossible—bloody memories flooded his mind, making it hard to focus. With no other choice, he continued to rely on the potion, each bottle lasting only 12 hours.

Shu Han was right: it was just a temporary fix.

As he continued grinding, Lin Moyu also searched for a permanent solution, but nothing came to mind. Two days later, the 19 undead legions were fully staffed—a total of 7,410 skeletons. It was his limit before the second class awakening.

He looked forward to that moment—hoping for class sublimation and the awakening of a new talent, wondering how his skills would evolve. It was all a mystery, filled with uncertainty and anticipation.

Stepping out of the Skill Grinding Center, he was greeted by the sight of falling snow. Winter had arrived. Snowflakes drifted gently to the ground, blanketing everything in pure white and bringing a slight chill to the air.

“It’s snowing.” Lin Moyu murmured, watching the earth covered in a pure white layer, as if all the dirt had vanished. The beauty of the scene suddenly reminded him of Demons.

“If all the Demons were dead, would the world be cleaner?” The thought triggered a surge of murderous aura.

Realizing something was wrong, Lin Moyu quickly took another bottle of Tranquil Potion. The murderous aura faded, but he knew things were becoming more troublesome. He took a deep breath, unsettled.

Suddenly, his communicator rang.

“Come over.” It was a message from Bai Yiyuan. Without hesitation, Lin Moyu teleported away.

[1] - *siscon*

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

## Chapter 320: Bold And Reckless: Striking At A God-Level Expert

In a vast, barren expanse resembling a desert, the air reeked of blood. The murderous aura was so intense that it distorted the environment, scattering any clouds that passed through. When Lin Moyu arrived, he nearly lost control of his own murderous aura, struggling to contain it.

Bai Yiyuan glanced at the Tranquil Potion in Lin Moyu's hand, "Did that girl give you this potion too, just like the Fatigue Potion?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Yes."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled but didn't press further. He asked, "Do you know where we are?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. The teleportation had spanned a vast distance, likely beyond the Shenxia Empire. He couldn't place this place on any known map.

Bai Yiyuan led him forward, "Don't bother thinking too hard. This place isn't on any human maps. It's not part of the Human World, the Abyss, or the Dragonkind World. Like the Dimensional and Immemorial Battlefields, this is an independent space. It's called Bloody Land."

The name was fitting. The air was heavy with the stench of blood, and the ground, if examined closely, was the color of dried, weathered blood.

Bai Yiyuan moved swiftly, forcing Lin Moyu to push himself to keep up. The wind howled past, carrying the scent of blood. Lin Moyu wondered who could possibly live in such a place.

Sensing the confusion on Lin Moyu's face, Bai Yiyuan said with disdain, "An old bloodthirsty freak calls this place home."

"Shut your mouth, Bai Yiyuan! All that ever comes out from it is trash!"

A booming voice echoed, and suddenly, a massive blade appeared in the sky. The blade unleashed a 100-meter-long blade ray, its force overwhelming and world-shattering. It made the Tetrawing Bull King's attacks seem trivial by comparison.

The ground split under the pressure emanating from the blade ray, and the entire landscape trembled.

Bai Yiyuan roared, "Old freak! If you dare harm my disciple! I'll break your bones!"

Without hesitation, he shot into the sky, meeting the incoming blade ray head-on. His fists collided with the massive blade ray, unleashing blinding light as terrifying energy erupted in all directions.

Lin Moyu's Bone Armor glowed fiercely, but it shattered within seconds under the sheer force, his undead troops sustaining damage.

Horrified, Lin Moyu realized the shockwaves alone were as powerful as the attacks of the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar. Was this the might of god-level experts? He realized he had no idea how terrifying god-level powerhouses were. Bai Yiyuan, clearly far stronger than the Tetrawing Bull King, could likely crush him without breaking a sweat. Lin Moyu finally understood why Bai Yiyuan had spoken so dismissively of the Tetrawing Bull King before. The gap was colossal.

Another blade ray tore through the sky, intent on cutting Bai Yiyuan down. The fury behind the attack was undeniable. Without exchanging a single word, they seemed ready to fight to the death.

"Are you out of your mind?!" Bai Yiyuan bellowed as a pair of hand wraps appeared on his hands. He had drawn his weapons.

The battle intensified, the two clashing with brutal force in midair. Each strike sent shockwaves rippling across the battlefield, battering Lin Moyu's Bone Armor, forcing him to recast it over and over.

Sensing the danger, Lin Moyu summoned his undead troops from the summon space, since they wouldn't have lasted much longer inside. Only by coming out and receiving the treatment from the Lich Generals could they survive the onslaught of damage.

Seeing that Lin Moyu was safe, Bai Yiyuan was relieved and unleashed an even fiercer counterattack. His fists hammered the massive blade with relentless speed, his blows striking like phantoms, hundreds landing in the blink of an eye.

Lin Moyu watched in awe. With this level of attack, he would be obliterated in an instant. What astounded him even more was that Bai Yiyuan hadn't used any skills—these were just his basic attacks. Shockwaves radiated visibly, rippling outward in circles, and the ground thundered and the space trembled.

The relentless assault finally drove the blade back.

Suddenly, a figure shot through the sky, traversing thousands of meters in an instant to seize the blade. With a burst of light, a 1,000-meter-long blade ray tore through the world, its murderous intent filling the entire battlefield.

The air thickened with the smell of blood, and Lin Moyu's barely suppressed murderous aura surged uncontrollably, shooting into the sky. His eyes gleamed with a feral hunger for battle.

In that moment, Lin Moyu lost the last shred of his restraint.

“You maniac! I knew I shouldn’t have come looking for you! Damn it!” Bai Yiyuan roared, clearly alarmed at the state Lin Moyu was in.

A light flickered on the back of Lin Moyu’s hand—the Enhance Troops skill activated. His right hand pointed forward as Damage Curse shot out, while his left hand blazed with fire, unleashing Soul Blaze. R

At that moment, Lin Moyu didn’t care who the newcomer was, even if he was a god-level expert. To him, he was simply an enemy. And when faced with an enemy, there was only one response—kill!

The two skills, Damage Curse and Soul Blaze, erupted simultaneously, followed by a torrent of magic from the Skeletal Mages. The sheer scale of the attack was overwhelming, even leaving Bai Yiyuan surprised.

“A curse?” The newcomer sneered as his murderous aura flared, instantly dampening the effect of Lin Moyu’s curse. But when a flame from Soul Blaze landed on his head, he trembled, and a muffled grunt escaped from his lips. The flame had struck deep, searing his soul and noticeably weakening his murderous aura. Pain radiated through him, a sensation that dug deep into his core, unsettling him.

A green ring of light suddenly burst forth around the newcomer, enveloping him in a sickly green hue.

Skill: Poison Star Ring.

“Poison, too?” The man muttered, his interest in Lin Moyu piqued. He looked at Lin Moyu and waved his blade, effortlessly shattering the Skeletal Mages’ magic attacks as if they were mere annoyances. Against his power, attacks of this degree were futile.

At that moment, Bai Yiyuan returned to Lin Moyu’s side, placing a firm hand on his shoulder. “Wake up!” He roared, snapping Lin Moyu out of his murderous frenzy.

Lin Moyu’s eyes flickered, the murderous aura receding. Regaining his senses, he quickly fumbled for a Tranquil Potion, downing it in one gulp. Slowly, clarity returned to his gaze as the effects of the potion took hold.

As his mind cleared, Lin Moyu vividly recalled his reckless actions. He had dared to strike at a god-level expert—something he would never have done in his right mind. The feeling of being consumed by murderous intent left him shaken and deeply unsettled.

"Teacher." Lin Moyu murmured.

Bai Yiyuan patted him on the shoulder, "Put them away."

Lin Moyu nodded, and with a gesture, the undead legions vanished.

Bai Yiyuan then turned to the sky, shouting, "Old freak, we've fought enough. Come down."

The man descended slowly, his expression still stern, his body tinged with green from. Poison Star Ring was still in effect, which was dealing damage equivalent to hundreds of thousands of points of strength per second. As he touched the ground, a radiant glow burst from him, dispelling both Damage Curse and Poison Star Ring in one swift motion.

He stared at Lin Moyu, a gloomy shade in his eyes, "This is your student?"

"Pretty impressive, right?" Bai Yiyuan replied, pride evident in his voice.

The man's voice dropped to a low rumble. "Impressive indeed. A mere level 39, daring to strike at a god-level expert—either he's brave beyond measure or simply ignorant of death."

"Stop with the nonsense." Bai Yiyuan snorted, "You saw what happened."

The tension between the two was palpable, neither willing to back down nor give an inch.

Bai Yiyuan turned to Lin Moyu, his tone shifting, "This here is Yan Kuangsheng, a level 95 Divine Warrior."

Lin Moyu was filled with awe. He had read about Yan Kuangsheng in books, which chronicled his legendary battles. Yan Kuangsheng stood as an equal to Bai Yiyuan, a hero who had supported humanity for an era. His most famous feat was when he faced three Abyssal Demon Kings alone—killing one, forcing the other two to flee, and emerging without a single scratch. After that, Yan Kuangsheng had mysteriously disappeared. It turned out he was hiding here all along.

"Junior Lin Moyu greets Senior Yan." Lin Moyu said with deep respect. A figure of such stature deserved nothing less.

Yan Kuangsheng gave a brief nod before turning back to Bai Yiyuan, "What did you bring him here for?"

Bai Yiyuan replied casually, "Isn't it obvious? The kid's killed too many Demons, and now his murderous aura is consuming him. I came to you for help."



Yan Kuangsheng's expression darkened, "So, you've got your eyes on my treasure? Seems like not only does trash spill from your mouth, but you've also started daydreaming."

Bai Yiyuan argued, "You don't even use it. Besides, when a junior's in trouble, shouldn't you, as a senior, lend a hand?"

Yan Kuangsheng snorted coldly, "If it were anyone else's disciple, I might have considered it. But since it's your disciple, no way in hell."

"Now you're just being unreasonable." Bai Yiyuan retorted, "Does it really matter whose disciple he is? Young Lin here is one of the brightest talents of his generation. Aren't you even a little curious about how a level 39 could accumulate so much murderous aura?"

"None of my business!" Yan Kuangsheng snapped, though his interest was clearly piqued. It was indeed unusual. How could someone of Lin Moyu's level amass such an overwhelming murderous aura? It was far beyond what anyone of his level should be capable of.

Ignoring Yan Kuangsheng's refusal, Bai Yiyuan pressed on...

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