

Necromancer: I Am A Disaster

Chapter 341: Turns Out The Wind God Prefers Simplicity Fire

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In an instant, the Whirlwind Tiger was hit by 4,000 Elemental Explosions and 4,000 arrows. With a final, anguished cry, it collapsed to the ground.

The formidable level 44 hell rank dungeon leader was defeated in a flash.

Lin Moyu took a steadying breath. Although he'd anticipated the outcome, the sheer swiftness of it was still striking. He had instakilled bosses before, but only with the aid of the Enhance Troops skill. However, this skill wasn't inherent to his class and could one day disappear. From the start, Lin Moyu had never intended to rely on it, choosing no to use it whenever possible.

[Killed Whirlwind Tiger, EXP +1,760,000]

[Obtained Whirlwind Hand Wraps]

[Obtained Wind Crystal Fragment]

[Whirlwind Hand Wraps: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +1,000, increases the damage of Brawler-type skills by 60%.]

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

The hand wraps were unremarkable for platinum rank equipment—lacking any supplementary skills—ranking at the bottom among platinum rank equipment. Lin Moyu gave them a brief glance before stowing them in his storage space.

After defeating the Whirlwind Tiger, he didn't immediately enter the palace. Instead, he scoured the surrounding area, recalling how easy it was to overlook things in dungeons like the Water God's Courtyard. Despite his thorough search, nothing stood out. The Whirlwind Tiger's body had disintegrated into the wind upon death, leaving no trace—not even a bloodstain.

The entrance to the palace was empty and pristine, the gate spotless and the stone walls bare—a stark contrast to the opulent Water God's Courtyard.

"The Wind God seems to prefer simplicity." Lin Moyu murmured, "So, why place a gem here?"

At the palace's top, a small, barely noticeable gem emitted a faint green glow, blending seamlessly with the green stone wall. It was so well-hidden that only a careful eye could spot it. Lin Moyu commanded a Skeletal Berserk Warrior to retrieve the gem.

[Wind Gem]

[Wind Gem: permanently reduces wind elemental damage by 50% and may grant a wind elemental skill.]

"As expected." Lin Moyu murmured with a smile as he activated the Wind Gem using his spirit.

A fierce wind roared to life, swirling around him continuously, filling his ears with its gusting sound. After a minute, the wind subsided. He didn't gain a new skill, but his wind elemental resistance had increased—a result he'd anticipated, as the chances of gaining a skill were quite low. He'd already been fortunate to gain a skill from both the Poison Gem and the Light Gem respectively.

Lin Moyu entered the palace. It was vast and, like the exterior, simply designed. The floor, made of smooth stone, had been polished to a mirror-like gleam by the relentless winds. Walking across it gave him the strange that he might slip.

At the far end of the palace stretched a long corridor. Despite its simple style, the palace radiated an imposing presence due to its sheer scale.

Suddenly, a massive whirlwind shot out from the corridor, attempting to sweep him away. Lin Moyu held firm, his Bone Armor flashing with light and easily deflecting the whirlwind's force.

"Not strong enough." He muttered.

With that, 4,000 Skeletal Great Mages unleashed a concentrated burst of attacks, obliterating the whirlwind instantly. Consequently, a small, translucent wind ball floated gently to the ground.

Intrigued, Lin Moyu picked it up. Holding it in his hand, he could feel the wind spiraling within, emitting a faint whistling sound as if someone were whispering in his ear. He gave it a gentle squeeze; it was soft and pliable, almost like cotton.

Lin Moyu marveled at the surreal sensation of holding the wind itself.

[Wind God's Whisper: can be used to awaken the Wind God.]

After playing with the wind ball for a bit, Lin Moyu stored it away.

"Now, all that's left is the Wind God's Key."

Based on what he'd learned from the other elemental dungeons, each held not only an item to awaken the god but also a key to unlock the true god palace. Lin Moyu searched the palace once more but found nothing unusual.

Next, he crossed the corridor and arrived at the entrance to an imposing palace. Above the gate hung a blank plaque, which struck him as odd. The previous palace hadn't had a plaque, and since the Wind God favored simplicity, such an adornment seemed out of place.

He commanded a Skeletal Berserk Warrior to leap up and remove it. The moment the plaque was removed, it quickly shrank into a small jade token.

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

Lin Moyu's intuition had been right—the plaque was indeed concealing a secret.

Now, only one task remained: to defeat the boss and obtain Wind Crystal, which could be used for synthesizing the Elemental Divine Stone—a prize he wouldn't pass up.

His undead troops charged into the palace, scouting ahead of him. The vast chamber was completely barren, without any adornments or furnishings, save for a beast lying motionless on the floor. As the skeletons flooded in, the beast slowly opened its eyes.

The instant it opened its eyes, the air thickened as the wind element that surged from its body. In a flash, the palace filled with whirlwinds of varying sizes, engulfing the undead troops.

The Lich Generals raised their staves and cast their healing skill. Although the whirlwinds were numerous, but their attack power wasn't particularly high, allowing the undead troops to hold their ground.

The beast let out a thunderous roar, shaking its body as it summoned a massive whirlwind to shield itself.

Lin Moyu stepped into the palace. With a flick of his finger, he cast the Detection spell.

[Wind God's Mount (hell rank boss)]

[Level: 45]

[Strength: 70,000]

[Agility...]

Lin Moyu didn't spare another glance at the beast's attributes. They simply didn't matter.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged forward, shattering the whirlwind shield around the beast, their massive axes glowing with a fierce red light. At the same time, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched their assault. Lin Moyu also pointed a finger and cast Deterioration Curse.

[Berserk Blast (level 1): deals 500% of the user's strength as damage to the target. Cooldown: 10 minutes.]

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors' Berserk Blast packed immense power; with their strength attribute, the skill could deliver damage equivalent to 500,000. Meanwhile, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen matched the Whirlwind Tiger in terms of power.

The three struck in unison, delivering a wave of concentrated attacks. The Wind God's Mount—a level 45 dungeon boss—was severely injured in an instant, the protective whirlwind around it fading as it slumped to the ground, barely alive.

Only 0.33 seconds later, the second wave of attacks landed, ending the beast without so much as a scream. From start to finish, the fight took a mere second.

“That counts as an instakill, right?” Lin Moyu remarked with a smirk.

[Killed Wind God's Mount, EXP +2,700,000]

[Obtained Whirlwind Sword]

[Obtained Whirlwind Leather Armor]

[Obtained Wind Crystal Fragment x3]

[Whirlwind Sword: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +1,000, increases the power of Swordsman-type skills by 60%.]

[Whirlwind Leather Armor: platinum rank protective equipment, all attributes +700, reduces wind elemental damage by 20%.]

The equipment drops were unimpressive, so Lin Moyu just tossed them into his storage ring, planning to sell them at the trade office later, though he doubted they'd fetch much.

“Four Wind Crystal Fragments per run—that’s more than the Water God’s Courtyard. Shame about the EXP, though; less than 2% per run.” He muttered.

Now that he’d reached level 40, the EXP required to level up had skyrocketed. One full raid barely earned him 1.5% EXP.

Lin Moyu resolved to clear the dungeon a few more times to gather enough Wind Crystals, then never come back.

As he finished his run, the bell rang in the Dungeon Hall, marking a new record: 3 hours, 42 minutes, and 51 seconds. While not particularly outstanding, those familiar with the Dungeon Hall knew his second record was what mattered. The first was always a warm-up.

Lin Moyu exited the dungeon, then re-entered right away. This time, he wasted no time, locking onto the wind channel to the sky plain and racing straight for it. The familiar thrill of speedrunning washed over him.

With his agility now at 47,850—over 20 times what it had been at level 39—his speed was astounding, though not 20 times faster. Still, it was three to four times faster, covering the 20-kilometer distance in just over two minutes, averaging an impressive eight to nine kilometers per minute. He was so fast that even the Skeletal Great Mages struggled to keep up.

As he dashed ahead, he left the Wind Faeries to his skeletons. The monsters across the plain were too scattered, making it too time-consuming and inefficient to hunt them down.

Once he passed through the wind channel and set foot on the sky plain, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged forward, gathering Whirlwind Spren along the way. The Skeletal Great Mages followed, casting Elemental Explosion, their area-of-effect attack. Though its radius was only 10 meters, but each cast struck two or three Whirlwind Spren simultaneously. After five rounds of attacks from 4,000 Skeletal Great Mages, hundreds of Whirlwind Spren were eliminated.

As for the remaining ones, Lin Moyu ignored them. Taking the lead, he leapt onto the floating stone platforms, advancing swiftly along the pathway toward the palace.

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

Chapter 342: The Foundational Battle Over 600 Years Ago

The bell in the Dungeon Hall rang out, marking a new record. Someone had timed Lin Moyu's entry and was now exclaiming, "My god, 15 minutes! It's a new record, a real new record!"

"Hah, another unbeatable record! This one might stand for a century—or even forever."

"Godly General Lin keeps setting records that feel impossible to surpass. How are we supposed to keep up?"

"Look at it differently: Godly General Lin has set a series of goals for future generations to strive for."

"Exactly! Haven't we always surpassed our predecessors and grown stronger?"

Just by viewing the question from another angle, they arrived at a completely different answer.

When the record flashed above the dungeon, it read: 15 minutes, 33 seconds.

For a hell rank dungeon, the speed was staggering. Many thought it would take that long merely to sprint through the dungeon.

Lin Moyu emerged from the dungeon only to dive back in, raiding it over and over, collecting four Wind Crystal Fragments with each run. His goal was clear: five raids to gather 20 Wind Crystal Fragments, enough to create four Wind Crystals. He planned to fuse two with his Elemental Divine Stones and keep the others as spares.

Within an hour, he had completed four runs, each around the 15-minute mark. For the final run, however, Lin paused, gazing at his record above the dungeon, contemplating ways to go even faster.

He hadn't noticed the crowd gathering around him, all watching with awe. Their eyes held a look of unwavering reverence for Lin Moyu.

As he pondered, an idea sparked in his mind—one he was eager to put to the test, "Forget about EXP—let's focus purely on speed. It's worth a try."

There was little challenge in clearing this dungeon, and the EXP was minimal. Lin Moyu's only objective was to gather Wind Crystal Fragments, so he began to wonder: what if he could skip directly to the boss? The idea of pushing his speed to the absolute limit took hold.

After resetting the cooldown, he re-entered the dungeon and then summoned his undead army, and the countdown began. Lin Moyu leapt onto the back of a Skeletal Berserk Warrior, already primed with status buffs that maximized its speed. Without hesitation, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior charged straight for the wind channel. It didn't dodge, didn't attack—just sprinted forward, single-mindedly.

Wind Faeries gave chase, but they couldn't keep up with the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior was far faster than Lin Moyu, covering 20 kilometers in just over a minute. In the distance, Lin Moyu spotted the wind channel and the few monsters guarding its entrance. With a quick gesture, he cast Deterioration Curse, slowing the Wind Faeries and rendering them powerless to block his advance.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior, carrying Lin Moyu on its back, barreled straight into the wind channel. It had been exactly two minutes since Lin Moyu entered the dungeon.

Inside the wind channel, they soared forward. After two minutes of flight, they reached the sky plain, where the Skeletal Berserk Warrior launched into another sprint.

A red glow rose as Deterioration Curse blanketed an area of the entire sky plain, slowing the Whirlwind Spren scattered across it. Then, a burst of green light signaled Poison Starburst. After the second class awakening, Poison Star Ring had merged with Bleed Curse, creating a new skill: Poison Starburst. With its range now extended to 100 meters—matching Deterioration Curse—both skills broke out over the same area.

Nearly a thousand monsters across the sky plain were instantly poisoned, the once-green landscape now cloaked in a sickly green hue, with the Whirlwind Spren suffering damage equivalent to 20,000 points of strength per second, lasting a full 5,000 seconds. Lin Moyu knew, however, they wouldn't survive even a fraction of that time. 100 seconds would probably be enough to decimate them.

With the Whirlwind Spren unable to catch up to them, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior surged forward. In less than 30 seconds, it vaulted onto the first floating stone platform. From there, with Lin Moyu on its back, it quickly made way to the platform outside the palace.

Before the Whirlwind Tiger could react, Lin Moyu's undead forces appeared en masse, launching an all-out assault. In a matter of seconds, the Whirlwind Tiger fell.

After charging into the palace, racing down the long corridor, and finally reaching the other palace, Lin Moyu saw the Wind God's Mount. Before it could even awaken, his skeletons moved in, as swift and ruthless as seasoned butchers. The slumbering Wind God's Mount was defeated yet again.

A large number of notifications flooded in, signaling the end of the Whirlwind Spren back on the sky plain under the effect of Poison Starburst.

Back in the Dungeon Hall, the bell rang again—but this time, the sound was different. Its chimes were fast, urgent, almost alarmed, reverberating continuously, tolling nearly a hundred times without pause. People in the Dungeon Hall were stunned, listening in disbelief. Veterans who had spent years in the hall, intimately familiar with every nuance of its rules, were baffled; none had ever heard the bell sound like this. RANÖbES

“Could the bell be broken?”

“Are you serious? The Dungeon Hall’s bell? That thing’s a platinum rank item; it’s not something that would break willy-nilly!”

“Then what does all this ringing mean?”

“The bell usually signals a new record. If it’s this urgent, maybe it’s...”

“Oh, keep guessing! You’re just making things up at this point!”

In the White God Courtyard, space rippled slightly, and Ning Tairan hurried over, his eyes immediately landing on an unexpected sight—Yan Kuangsheng and Bai Yiyuan sitting together, drinking tea. Ning Tairan’s expression turned incredulous; he knew these two were at odds. Peace between them, let alone sharing tea together, seemed like a miracle. Normally, they’d be clashing within seconds of meeting.

“Old Ning, what brings you here?” Bai Yiyuan asked with an unusually cheerful smile.

Yan Kuangsheng also greeted him, “Old Ning, it’s been a while.”

After acknowledging them both, Ning Tairan cut to the chase, “Lin Moyu just set a new record for hell rank difficulty.”

Bai Yiyuan was taken aback, “Isn’t that normal? Moyu has broken records before.”

Ning Tairan’s expression seemed off, “This time is different. Do you remember... that person from over 600 years ago?”

“That person from over 600 years ago?” Bai Yiyuan’s brow furrowed as he tried to recall, but nothing came to mind.

Yan Kuangsheng looked equally puzzled, “Old Ning, just tell us already. Don’t beat around the bush.”

Meng Anwen, who had been listening quietly, finally spoke up. “632 years ago, Jiang Yi, headmaster of Xiajing Academy.”

Ning Tairan nodded, “Yes, exactly. Him.”

Bai Yiyuan's face frowned, "Ah, Jiang Yi—the one they called the greatest genius of the human race, believed to be the most likely to reach Transcendent God-level. But he vanished without a trace..."

Meng Anwen continued, "He didn't vanish. He was killed."

Bai Yiyuan uttered immediately, "How come I didn't know that? Who could possibly have killed him?"

Meng Anwen snorted, "Not surprising for someone who rarely reads. Old Ning, you explain. Your lineage holds more information on this."

Ning Tairan poured himself a cup of tea, taking a slow sip before speaking, "Jiang Yi was called Righteous God, and his class was Divine Light Swordsman—a high-tier legendary class. He was a two-talent, two-sublimation class users, and he had reached level 98. He was known as a being most likely to achieve the Transcendent God-level."

"That year, a devastating battle took place at Fortress No. 9. Abyssal Demons launched an overwhelming assault, dispatching nearly a hundred Demon Kings. Humanity was on the brink of annihilation."

"At that time, humanity had only 20 God-level powerhouses—at a crushing disadvantage. Yet Righteous God, the then strongest powerhouse of the human race, charged into the fray without hesitation, facing 50 Demon Kings by himself."

"He not only managed to hold the line but even killed over 30 Demon Kings, displaying unparalleled combat strength."

"That battle laid the foundation for humanity's survival over the next 600 years." Ning Tairan finished.

Meng Anwen picked up where Ning Tairan left off, "That battle was called the Foundational Battle, and Righteous God fell that very year."

Yan Kuangsheng's eyes filled with deep respect, "How is it that we've never heard of his deeds?"

Meng Anwen answered, "That was Righteous God's wish. He didn't want his death to be known, particularly to the Abyssal Demon Kings. As long as they believed he was still alive, they would hesitate to strike, buying humanity precious time."

Ning Tairan's voice grew solemn, "That's why much of the information about him was erased. Before his death, Righteous God returned to Xiajing Academy and sealed all his remaining power to create a secret realm. And that realm lies within the Dungeon Hall."

“According to the rules he set, entry to this secret realm is granted only under a specific condition: clearing a hell rank dungeon in under 10 minutes. Any hell rank dungeon will do.”

Bai Yiyuan raised an eyebrow, “Are you saying that Moyu cleared a hell rank dungeon in under 10 minutes?”

“8 minutes and 1 second, to be precise.” Ning Tairan nodded, then tapped the air with his finger, and a screen materialized before them, depicting Lin Moyu.

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

Chapter 343: Kill Or Be Killed

As the person in charge of the Dungeon Hall, Ning Tairan held significant authority, with the unique privilege to access and monitor the dungeons in the hall at will.

On the screen, Lin Moyu stood before a secret realm entrance. This was undoubtedly the secret realm left behind by Righteous God 632 years ago.

Bai Yiyuan asked urgently, “Did Righteous God mention anything else about this secret realm? Is it dangerous?”

Ning Tairan shook his head, “Nothing more is known.”

Yan Kuangsheng quickly asked, “Can you send a message into the dungeon?”

Ning Tairan nodded, “Yes, I can.”

Meanwhile, inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu felt bewildered. He had just cleared the dungeon, but then a secret realm entrance suddenly appeared before him. He knew dungeons could exist within secret realms, but a secret realm appearing within a dungeon? This defied everything he knew.

From the secret realm entrance, Lin Moyu felt an overwhelming yet familiar aura—the aura of a human God-level powerhouse. Yan Kuangsheng and Bai Yiyuan possessed a similar aura, signaling that this secret realm was linked to a human God-level powerhouse.

“Moyu, can you hear me?” Bai Yiyuan’s voice resonated in Lin Moyu’s ears.

“Yes!” Lin Moyu replied.

Bai Yiyuan continued, "Listen closely to what I'm about to say." He began recounting the story of Jiang Yi.

Lin Moyu had heard of Jiang Yi—a God-level powerhouse from centuries past—but knew little about his feats. He had only come across the name in historical records. Now, he learned that Jiang Yi was one of the greatest powerhouses in human history, nearing the level of a Transcendent God. He had single-handedly battled 50 Demon Kings, killing 30 and severely injuring 20—an unmatched display of combat prowess.

This secret realm, it turned out, was left behind by such a formidable figure. No wonder it radiated a familiar aura.

"Moyu, no one has ever entered this secret realm before. Its contents are a mystery. There may be opportunities—or dangers. The choice to enter is yours." Bai Yiyuan advised.

Though he was Moyu's teacher, he knew he couldn't guide him every step of the way; Lin Moyu had to carve his own path to surpass him someday. Bai Yiyuan, along with Yan Kuangsheng and Meng Anwen, all held great hopes for Lin Moyu's future.

The choice was Lin Moyu's alone.

After a moment's thought, Lin Moyu made his decision, "I'll go in."

He trusted that Jiang Yi wouldn't harm his own kind. Taking a deep breath, Lin Moyu stepped boldly into the secret realm.

The moment he entered, the projection created by Ning Tairan vanished. Ning Tairan lacked the authority to observe what occurred inside the secret realm.

The expressions of the four grew serious. From this moment on, everything rested on Lin Moyu. It was his decision, and they had to respect it.

"I'll head back now. Yiyi is still grinding, and I need to keep an eye on her." Ning Tairan said.

"How much longer until Yiyi comes out?" Meng Anwen asked.

Ning Tairan shook his head, "Hard to say. It depends on her progress. It could still take a while."

Meng Anwen nodded and fell silent.

Bai Yiyuan uttered, "When Yiyi returns, let the two of them get married and have children."

Ning Tairan's eyebrows shot up, and his mouth twitched, "Yiyi is still young. I'm her grandfather and not in any rush—why are you, an outsider, so eager?"

Bai Yiyuan chuckled. "Future in-law, I'm just looking forward to holding my grand-disciples."

Yan Kuangsheng joined in with a grin, "In-law Ning, I want to hold my grand-disciples too."

"You two are birds of a feather. If you want grand-disciples so badly, go make them yourselves." Ning Tairan snorted, then stormed off, frustration etched on his face.

After all, Ning Yiyi was his beloved granddaughter, the apple of his eye. He had raised her with great care and couldn't bear to let her marry so soon.

Meanwhile, inside the secret realm, Lin Moyu found himself surrounded by mountains, flowing rivers, chirping birds, and the sweet scent of flowers—a hidden paradise.

This was the secret realm left by Jiang Yi. Given Jiang Yi's title as Righteous God, Lin Moyu decided to call it the Righteous God Secret Realm.

At first glance, the Righteous God Secret Realm resembled the outside world so closely that only careful observation could reveal its unique nature. Lin Moyu felt God-level aura emanating from the landscape itself. In fact, the entire secret realm was suffused with this aura.

"Reportedly, this secret realm was created by Righteous God before his fall. A level 98 God-level powerhouse, wielding unimaginable strength, could actually create a secret realm. It's unbelievable!"

At his feet, a brook meandered into the distance. Lin Moyu bent down and touched the water, "As expected, it's water element."

The brook wasn't made of actual water but of concentrated water element. Similarly, the grass, earth, sky, mountains, and trees were all composed of various elements. Lin Moyu was amazed that the elements could be used in such a way.

But it wasn't just the elements. Everything in the secret realm pulsed with a vibrant, familiar sensation: soul power. The entire secret realm was imbued not only with elemental energy but also with soul power.

Lin Moyu's eyes widened in shock. Righteous God still existed—his body may have perished, but his soul and will endured.

"A God-level powerhouse... truly incredible." He muttered.

After walking for some time, Lin Moyu saw a narrow trail winding ahead. It led to a small village with dozens of houses scattered in an unorganized pattern. Smoke curled upward, suggesting that someone was living there. Lin Moyu had just stepped onto the trail when he suddenly sprang back. A sword dropped from above, slicing through the spot where he had just been.

The blade was razor-sharp, cutting through the earth effortlessly, as if it were soft tofu. It embedded itself deep in the ground, with only the hilt visible. Moments later, a young man appeared beside the sword, gripped the hilt, and smoothly pulled it out. Although the weapon seemed ordinary at first glance, the sudden attack had put Lin Moyu on alert.

"If you wish to pass, kill me—or be killed by me." The young man said bluntly, leveling his sword at Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu noticed star rings circling the young man's wrists—symbols of the legendary class: Divine Swordsman. Four star rings indicated the opponent's level ranged between level 40 and level 49.

Instinctively, Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell, but it failed, revealing nothing. His wariness deepened. This unexpected opponent was far from ordinary.

The young man, still pointing his sword at Lin Moyu, said, "The Detection spell won't work on me. I am a level 39 Divine Swordsman. If you want to pass, kill me—or be killed by me and remain here forever."

His declaration confirmed it—he was indeed a Divine Swordsman, the same class as Tang Jianfei, whom Lin Moyu had faced during the class user competition. But something about this felt off. A level 39 Divine Swordsman should only have three star rings. The fourth star ring should only appear after level 40.

Why did this opponent possess four star rings at level 39? The anomaly was puzzling.

It was clear the opponent wouldn't answer any questions. In that case, Lin Moyu resolved to eliminate him. He had already determined that the other party wasn't a real person, so he saw no reason to hold back.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Lin Moyu tapped the air with his finger, sending a red light radiating outward. A scarlet sword bound by a chain materialized above the Divine Swordsman's head. The curse had taken hold.

In response, one of the star rings on the Divine Swordsman's wrists flared brilliantly. His sword let out a low hum as he surged with radiant sword energy that enveloped his

entire body. The curse shattered in an instant, ripped apart by the sheer force of the sword energy.

Before Lin Moyu could react, the Divine Swordsman launched forward, using an incomprehensible footwork that left afterimages trailing in his wake. His speed was blinding.

Lin Moyu couldn't gauge the full extent of the other party's attributes, but it was evident that he was outmatched in speed. However, that didn't matter. His next move didn't require him to have clear sight of the opponent.

At the start of the battle, Lin Moyu had already locked onto the opponent's presence.

A flame ignited in his palm. This was the first time Lin Moyu wielded Soul Blaze after his second class awakening. Now at level 40, the Soul Blaze shimmered with a hint of golden light, resembling starlight in its beauty but radiating a lethal aura.

With the talent's fifty-fold amplification, Lin Moyu's spirit attribute had nearly quintupled. He wasn't entirely sure how formidable Soul Blaze had become. Previously, unleashing it at full strength could nearly guarantee the defeat of class users of the same level in an instant.

The moment the Soul Blaze emerged, the Divine Swordsman's expression shifted from composed to alarmed, "A soul attack skill!"

Before he could react further, the flame struck his forehead. The Divine Swordsman let out a piercing scream, his body wavering as he fought against the overwhelming pain. The agony inflicted by Soul Blaze was unbearable—its intensity increased with the skill's level, inflicting excruciating torment.

A split second later, another one of the star rings on the Divine Swordsman's wrists burst, and he recovered instantaneously. At the same time, a surge of sword energy shot out, hurtling straight at Lin Moyu.

Bone Armor surrounding Lin Moyu absorbed the brunt of the attack, flickering under the impact but holding firm. The flame of Soul Blaze smoldered in his palm, ready for another strike.

A glimmer of fear crossed the Divine Swordsman's face. He activated another star ring, and in an instant, torrents of sword energy coalesced around him, forming a dense, entrapping web.

Skill: Sword Energy Marsh!

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

Chapter 344: Giving No Chances

Sword energy filled the air like a thick marsh, making it hard to move.

This skill was an area-of-effect attack with a control effect. Dense sword energy pelted Lin Moyu's Bone Armor, each strike producing a steady clanking sound. Lin Moyu faced a barrage of over a dozen strands of sword energy per second. Fortunately, the attack's strength was relatively weak, posing little threat to the Bone Armor.

Sword Energy Marsh had no effect on Lin Moyu. Both Bone Armor and Status Immunity rendered the control effect useless against him.

Unhindered, he unleashed Soul Blaze again. A tortured scream echoed in response.

The Divine Swordsman's aura plummeted sharply. His last star ring burst with a thunderous crack as his sword slashed down at Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu sensed he was locked on. Blazing sword energy surged toward him from above, engulfing him entirely. The ground beneath his feet split open, leaving a massive fissure.

Skill: Earthsplitter!

A faint smile crept onto the Divine Swordsman's face—this was his ultimate attack. He was certain that no one of his level could withstand it. Even if Lin Moyu survived, he should be severely injured.

As he observed the cascading sword energy, he glimpsed a faint flicker of flame through the haze. His confident expression shifted in an instant, and then froze completely as his body went limp and collapsed.

The third flame had pierced his brow, ending his life. With the fall of the Divine Swordsman, the raging sword energy dissipated, along with his body and sword.

"Looks like I passed the first stage." Lin Moyu mused, stepping forward toward the village. He had to admit, the Divine Swordsman's final skill was formidable—on par with the attacks of the Crimson Moon Demon.

For a level 40 Divine Swordsman to release an attack comparable to that of a level 55 lord rank Demon, it spoke volumes about how powerful the class was.

A suspicion began to form in Lin Moyu's mind, one that hinted at the purpose behind Righteous God's actions. This secret realm was Righteous God's creation, and he was its master; naturally, everything here fell under his command.

As Lin Moyu pondered, another figure appeared in his line of sight. It was the same man—same appearance, attire, and sword. Everything, from stance to aura, was identical, except for one detail: this figure had an extra pair of star rings on his wrists, bringing the total to six.

The Swordsman pointed his sword at Lin Moyu, mirroring the previous posture, "Level 49, Sacred Light Swordsman. If you wish to pass, kill me—or be killed by me and remain here forever."

Even his words were the same.

Sacred Light Swordsman was an advanced form of Divine Swordsman, achieved through the second class awakening. This transformation elevated attributes, enhanced skills, and added more star rings.

For every 10 levels, a Divine Swordsman gained one star ring; a Sacred Light Swordsman gained two. These star rings signified skills, essential for casting powerful abilities beyond basic sword energy strikes. They could break curses, heal, and grant status buffs.

With the introduction complete, the Sacred Light Swordsman launched himself at Lin Moyu, moving faster than the Divine Swordsman. In a flash, he was upon him, unleashing a chaotic torrent of sword energy.

Lin Moyu raised his hand and began with Deterioration Curse. In response, the Sacred Light Swordsman shattered a star ring, unleashing crisscrossing sword energy that sliced through the curse, granting temporary immunity to curses. The sword energy struck Lin Moyu's Bone Armor, making it glow under the increased pressure of the attack.

Sticking to his strategy of one-on-one combat, Lin Moyu relied on Soul Blaze—his most powerful combat skill. Its automatic targeting meant he didn't even need to aim—once he locked onto the enemy, he could strike true, even with his eyes closed. But just as he cast it, the skill abruptly lost its lock.

A star ring shattered, and almost a hundred identical Sacred Light Swordsmen materialized, encircling Lin Moyu. Each had the same aura, making it impossible to differentiate them. They attacked simultaneously, filling the space with a torrent of sword energy that surged like a tidal wave.

“Avatars?” Lin Moyu murmured, a hint of surprise flickering across his face, “So, the star rings really do have unique abilities—even capable of breaking Soul Blaze’s lock-on. But do you really think you can compete with me in terms of numbers?”

An eerie wind howled as an undead legion emerged around him. A total of 200 Skeletal Marksmen and 200 Skeletal Great Mages unleashed a combined assault, arrows and elemental explosions raining down like lightning.

In an instant, the nearly a hundred avatars were obliterated. A glimmer of shock crossed the Sacred Light Swordsman’s eyes. His star rings began to burst in quick succession.

Skill: Sword Energy Marsh!

Skill: Earthsplitter!

But it was futile. The skeletons were unaffected by Sword Energy Marsh, and a single spell from the Lich General dispelled the negative status. Fierce sword energy fell upon the skeletons, only for them to charge forward, bathed in healing light.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Marksmen struck first, bombarding the Sacred Light Swordsman with unrelenting force. He only managed to cast two skills before being overwhelmed by the fierce counterattack. The level 49 Sacred Light Swordsman fell instantly, without suspense.

Lin Moyu continued without pausing, leaving the undead legion outside. The constant clattering of bones echoed like a discordant melody in the secret realm—comforting in its own way to Lin Moyu.

“There must be more!” He thought, and then another figure appeared before him.

The figure looked the same, and Lin Moyu guessed the lines would be as well. This time there was also an extra pair of star rings on the figure’s wrists, bringing the total to four pairs. He was likely level 59.

Lin Moyu remained unfazed. As long as the opponent was below level 70, he had nothing to fear. Even if it was above level 70, he would fight to see who prevailed—he had already slain a level 70 Abyssal Demon and even defeated an avatar of a Demon King.

With a command, the undead legion moved out. From hundreds of meters away, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed a simultaneous onslaught. Amid the dazzling torrent of attacks, Lin Moyu watched as the Sacred Light Swordsman crumpled to the ground, defeated instantly by the barrage.

Clean and efficient, without any theatrics—Lin Moyu’s style.

As he approached the village, the details of the houses came into view, confirming his earlier thoughts: they were constructed from various elements. Smoke drifted up, yet the village was eerily empty.

Another Swordsman stood at the entrance, blocking the path. Lin Moyu noted the five pairs of star rings on his wrists—ten rings in total, suggesting a level 69 opponent.

The undead legion sprang into action immediately. Explosions erupted as the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched another barrage. Their attacks, with locking traits, were impossible to evade.

This time, the Swordsman was ready. As the attacks closed in, three star rings on his wrist burst simultaneously, summoning a thousand identical avatars. The barrage from the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen managed to destroy only a handful.

As soon as the avatars appeared, they charged toward Lin Moyu. He knew the true body was hidden among them, but with so many copies, it was nearly impossible to pinpoint the real one.

"Attack at will!" Lin Moyu commanded.

Explosions erupted, and arrows rained down like lightning bolts, rapidly wiping out large numbers of avatars. None managed to get close to Lin Moyu.

Suddenly, one of the avatars emitted a formidable sword energy. The sword energy split in two—one shot upward, while the other enveloped the Swordsman in a protective shield. The sword energy that rose to the sky came crashing down like a meteor, its sheer force blasting the skeletons away, including the Lich General.

This wasn't the result of a knockback effect, but the result of a powerful shockwave.

The level 69 Swordsman was far stronger than the level 59 version, with a significantly heightened attack power. Instead of targeting Lin Moyu directly, he appeared before the Lich General.

A star ring burst, and dark red sword energy surged as the Swordsman stabbed the Lich General, freezing it in place and instantly sealing its skills. Another star ring shattered as he swung his sword.

Skill: Sword Energy Marsh!

Sword Energy Marsh spread over an enormous area, spanning hundreds of meters and engulfing all the skeletons. Lin Moyu was taken aback—he hadn't expected anyone capable of sealing a Lich General's abilities.

With the Lich General sealed, it could no longer remove abnormal statuses from the undead troops. The Swordsman unleashed a relentless barrage on the Lich General, but despite being level 40, the Lich General's physique was incredibly high—boosted to 350,000 by Legion Enhancement. Its defense was formidable, making it hard to bring it down.

Yet, the Swordsman's assault on the Lich General continued unabated.

In Lin Moyu's hand, Soul Blaze flickered, but he still couldn't lock onto the target; there were still avatars.

With a thought, Lin Moyu summoned two more undead legions. As they appeared, the new Lich Generals cast Nullify, freeing the skeletons and unsealing the Lich General.

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

Chapter 345: Not Qualified To Speak To

The Swordsman let out a low shout and charged at Lin Moyu. His final star ring shattered as he merged with his sword, transforming into a massive sword radiating deadly sword energy. In a flash, the massive sword hurtled toward Lin Moyu, striking him instantly.

Lin Moyu stood calm and unmoved. With Bone Armor, Damage Transfer, and Comprehensive Link, only a true God-level powerhouse or Demon King could hope to kill him with a single blow. The Bone Armor shimmered and creaked under the assault, holding for a moment before shattering. The sword struck Lin Moyu, piercing his clothing but failing to injure him.

The undead troops absorbed the damage, and the Lich Generals swiftly began healing them. As long as they endured, Lin Moyu remained unharmed. Bright flashes like fireworks burst against the massive sword, and lightning-infused arrows rained down on it. In seconds, the colossal blade disintegrated, and the level 69 Swordsman fell.

Lin Moyu now had a rough sense of his combat power. Level 69 mid-tier legendary class users were no match for him. Even wounding him was a challenge.

For other, being unbeatable at their level marked them as a genius. Defeating foes four or five levels higher was considered extraordinary. But for him? Facing opponents far above his level was as effortless as breathing. Even battling across tiers felt unremarkable.

After the second class awakening, his power had surged—a fact both the books and his own experiences confirmed.

The village was eerily silent, empty of life. Though made of elements, it felt real enough that Lin Moyu didn't want to disturb its calm. He dismissed his undead legions and walked alone into the village.

The houses were scattered, connected by a single main path. Lin Moyu followed it to a small cabin. The cabin blended into the village scenery, but here, the soul aura was strongest.

Lin Moyu, acutely sensitive to soul aura, knew he wasn't mistaken.

"Come in!" A voice from within the cabin called.

Lin Moyu responded and stepped inside. Seated cross-legged was a Swordsman, his attire and appearance mirroring the figures Lin Moyu had seen before—though this time, without star rings on his wrists.

Lin Moyu bowed respectfully. "Junior Lin Moyu greets Lord Righteous God."

"Sit." Jiang Yi said, gesturing to the space in front of him.

Lin Moyu settled cross-legged across from Jiang Yi. This man was the most powerful human powerhouse of over 600 years past—the hero who had single-handedly faced 50 Demon Kings in battle, wounding 20 and killing 30, buying humanity invaluable time.

"Young man, you are quite impressive." Jiang Yi remarked, studying Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu replied humbly, "Compared to you, Lord Righteous God, I still have a long way to go."

Jiang Yi spoke bluntly, "There's no need for modesty. You are much stronger than I was at your age. Meeting you gives me hope for humanity's future—it puts me at ease."

Lin Moyu said, "Though humanity hasn't yet eradicated the Abyssal Demons, we are strong enough now to hold our own against them."

"Eradicate the Abyssal Demons?" Jiang Yi chuckled, "That's impossible—utterly impossible."

Lin Moyu frowned, puzzled by Jiang Yi's certainty. Given humanity's current strength, why would it be impossible to eventually eliminate the Abyssal Demons?

Jiang Yi smiled, "Once you reach my level, you'll understand why."

Lin Moyu, not quite convinced, replied, "At present, the human race's strongest powerhouse have reached half-step Transcendent God-level."

Jiang Yi laughed heartily, the house trembling as elements resonated with his laughter, "It's no use. Even if they truly reached Transcendent God-level, eradicating the Abyss would still be a pipe dream."

Lin Moyu was stunned. Jiang Yi's words contradicted everything he had been taught. This knowledge was beyond even what Bai Yiyuan and the others knew. Jiang Yi, possibly a half-step Transcendent God in his era, might know more than Bai Yiyuan and the others.

His words implied that the Abyssal Demons might also have Transcendent God-level beings among them.

Lin Moyu stayed silent. There was no point in saying anything else now; when he reached that level, he would learn the truth himself.

Jiang Yi's laughter subsided, and he shifted topics, "Aren't you curious why I created this secret realm and imposed such strict entry conditions? Or why I kept it hidden, even if it meant the right person might never enter it?"

Lin Moyu shook his head; the thought had never crossed his mind.

At that, Jiang Yi opened his palm, revealing two small boxes, "Anyone capable of clearing a hell rank dungeon in ten minutes has both strength and courage—someone like that wouldn't hesitate to come in."

Lin Moyu nodded. Even without Bai Yiyuan's encouragement, he likely would have entered on his own.

Jiang Yi opened one of the small boxes and continued, "Moreover, after coming in, there's still my test to pass. You're exceptionally talented, far beyond what I imagined. So, I'd like to make a deal with you."

He extended the open box to Lin Moyu, who looked down in surprise. Inside was a severed finger.

The finger was exquisitely slender and smooth, like a piece of fine jade—almost unreal. It didn't resemble a human finger, nor that of a beast, and certainly not that of an Abyssal Demon or Dragonkind.

Jiang Yi explained, "This is the severed finger of a God."

Lin Moyu was stunned. A God... He'd obtained items related to Gods while raiding elemental dungeons, but they were only artifacts.

But Jiang Yi claimed this was an actual part of a God.

Snapping the box shut, Jiang Yi added, "You won't be able to use it just yet, but I can tell you this: with it, reaching the God-level will be far easier, and you may even have a shot at the Transcendent God-level."

Lin Moyu nodded, "What do you need me to do?"

He didn't question Jiang Yi's words; if Jiang Yi said it, then it must be true. And since it was a deal, he knew there would be something he'd need to accomplish—something far from simple.

Jiang Yi opened the other box, revealing a bead. It was the size of a fist, pitch-black, and impossible for Lin Moyu to identify.

"The deal," Jiang Yi explained, "is for you to take this bead to the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield and deliver it directly to the boss at the center of the core area."

Lin Moyu felt a storm of thoughts churning within him. He hadn't anticipated such a task, though he maintained a steady expression, his gaze fixed on the bead.

Jiang Yi finished and waited in silence for Lin Moyu's response.

After a brief pause, Lin Moyu nodded, "I accept this deal."

Jiang Yi breathed a sigh, and a faint smile crossed his face. He handed both boxes to Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu hesitated, "Aren't you worried I'll go back on our deal?"

"I know how to judge character—I trust you." Jiang Yi shook his head and said with complete certainty.

Lin Moyu took the boxes, "Rest assured, I'll see it through."

Jiang Yi nodded approvingly, "There's no rush. Go when you're strong enough. The core area isn't a place to enter willy-nilly. I've waited over 600 years; a few more won't matter."

Lin Moyu hesitated, then asked, "Why not ask a God-level expert to help you?"

Jiang Yi shook his head, "They aren't qualified to engage with it. Going there would be suicide. But you—you're different. You have the qualification to speak with it."

Lin Moyu didn't fully understand why Jiang Yi trusted him so much, but he had an inkling. Even someone as formidable as Yan Kuangsheng had been struck down in an

instant, left with only a few dismissive words from the opponent. To that entity, even Yan Kuangsheng wasn't worth acknowledging.

Yet Lin Moyu was different—the terrifying boss had not only spoken to him but had also seemed interested in striking a deal. That alone signaled that he was qualified.

Jiang Yi fixed Lin Moyu with a serious gaze, "One last piece of advice: never reveal the contents of these boxes, especially the finger. Its allure is too powerful, and it would bring disaster down upon you. Whether human, Abyssal Demon, or Dragonkind, they would stop at nothing to claim it."

Lin Moyu nodded, sensing the weight of the warning. "Understood. I'll keep it in mind."

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

Chapter 346: Better Safe Than Sorry

Lin Moyu spoke with Jiang Yi a while longer.

After his death, Jiang Yi had transformed his divine power into a secret realm, preserving his soul for eternity—a feat only someone of his stature could accomplish. The secret realm, crafted by him, was a perfect replica of his childhood hometown, with mountains, rivers, and serene landscapes. Here, Jiang Yi lived quietly, steeped in nostalgia.

In over 600 years, Lin Moyu was the first to enter the secret realm. Jiang Yi, curious about the state of humanity, inquired about the world outside. Through their conversation, Lin Moyu could feel Jiang Yi's enduring concern for humankind, even in his current state.

When the discussion turned to the Abyssal Demons, Jiang Yi's tone hardened with resentment. More than 600 years ago, humanity had fought a brutal war against Abyssal Demons. Despite their weakness, humanity was remarkably resilient, surviving only through the sacrifices of countless heroes.

Today, the conflict had softened, and humanity had grown strong enough to match the Abyssal Demons in power. However, according to Jiang Yi, eliminating the Abyssal Demons entirely was impossible—not even if a Transcendent God-level powerhouse emerged. He emphasized this point as they ended their conversation.

...

In the White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng wore solemn expressions. They had no news of Lin Moyu's situation and were deeply concerned. Even the fine tea in their cups had lost its flavor.

"Moyu should be all right" Bai Yiyuan murmured.

"Of course he is." Yan Kuangsheng replied, though a trace of doubt lingered in his voice.

Lin Moyu had ventured into a secret realm left behind by Jiang Yi over 600 years ago—no one knew what dangers or mysteries lay inside.

Bai Yiyuan frowned. "Old Meng, why do you think Jiang Yi created this secret realm?"

Meng Anwen held a projection of the Shenxia Tower in his hand, which spun slowly, casting a soft glow. He closed his eyes, appearing lost in thought. After a moment, the tower stopped spinning, and he opened his eyes.

"Jiang Yi isn't dead." He stated.

"What?!" Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng leapt to their feet in shock. How could Jiang Yi not be dead?

Meng Anwen raised a hand to calm them, "Hear me out. Jiang Yi isn't entirely gone. His body may have perished, but his soul remains—anchored within that secret realm. For all these years, he's hidden within the Dungeon Hall, drawing on its power to keep the realm stable."

Yan Kuangsheng's expression grew uneasy, "If Jiang Yi isn't dead, then what could he be after?"

A dangerous glint flashed in Bai Yiyuan's eyes, "Could he be planning to possess someone? I've heard of techniques that allow one to take over another's body."

Meng Anwen scoffed, "You're overthinking this. Jiang Yi isn't that kind of person. Based on his past achievements, he's likely already at a half-step Transcendent God-level. By taking over a body, you might live on, but you'll never be able to return to your peak state. With his pride, he'd rather accept death than resort to such a method. Put yourself in his place—would you?"

God-level powerhouses held their pride close. Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng shook their heads. They wouldn't do such a thing either.

"Then what could he want...?"

"Who knows? Let's just wait until Moyu returns and ask him directly."

Moments later, ripples appeared in the air, followed by a familiar aura. The three old men visibly relaxed—Lin Moyu had returned.

As Lin Moyu walked in, Bai Yiyuan cleared his throat, “Did you meet Jiang Yi?”

Lin Moyu nodded. “Yes, I did.”

Bai Yiyuan pressed on, “What did he want from you?”

“Teachers, Elder Meng, take a look at these.” Lin Moyu said, presenting the two boxes Jiang Yi had given him.

Just as he prepared to open them, Meng Anwen held up a hand, “Wait.”

He tapped the air, and the Shenxia Tower materialized above them, radiating a protective glow that enveloped the White God Courtyard. In a flash, the teleportation node was sealed, and the courtyard became an isolated space, cut off from the outside world.

Meng Anwen remarked, “These boxes aren’t ordinary. I can’t even determine the material they’re made of. Whatever’s inside must be exceptional. We should be cautious.”

Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng exchanged glances, startled. Meng Anwen was rarely stumped—few objects existed that could evade his knowledge.

Bai Yiyuan commented, “Old Meng, ever the cautious one.”

Yan Kuangsheng nodded. “Better safe than sorry.”

With the barrier in place, Lin Moyu carefully opened the first box, revealing the God’s finger.

The moment the box opened, an intense aura burst forth, flooding every corner of the White God Courtyard. The expressions of the three men changed sharply, and they exchanged wary glances. Without Meng Anwen’s barrier, this aura would have surged beyond their control, attracting unwanted attention.

Even now, they could feel the aura straining against the barrier, as though it might break through at any moment.

Meng Anwen’s expression turned grave, “Get into the tower!”

As he spoke, the Shenxia Tower released three beams of light, instantly pulling everyone inside, along with the entire White God Courtyard. In the blink of an eye, the courtyard vanished, leaving only an empty wasteland where it once stood.

Inside the tower, Meng Anwen's eyes gleamed with sharp focus. His hands moved in a blur as he cast hundreds of complex seals, sending them flying in all directions to stabilize the space around them. After casting over a thousand seals, he finally exhaled, "I've reinforced the space and isolated it within the Shenxia Tower. We should be safe now."

Yan Kuangsheng's face was filled with astonishment, "Unbelievable... that really is the finger of a God!"

Bai Yiyuan's tone grew serious, "I always thought Gods were mere myths. How could beings like Gods actually exist?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "That's why I keep telling you two to read more. I've mentioned the existence of Gods before, but you didn't believe me. Do you now?"

Lin Moyu looked at them curiously, "Teachers, Elder Meng, what exactly are Gods? Are they stronger than God-level powerhouses?"

Bai Yiyuan glanced at Meng Anwen, signaling him to explain. Yan Kuangsheng clearly was out of his depth as well.

Meng Anwen sighed, "These two only know how to fight. There are many kinds of Gods, each embodying different elemental forces—like the Wind God or the Fire God. But are they truly strong? It's hard to say, as no one's ever encountered one directly. Judging by this finger, however, I'd say that Gods are quite formidable."

Bai Yiyuan examined the finger thoughtfully, "It doesn't feel stronger than I am, but there's something undeniably mysterious about its power."

Yan Kuangsheng murmured, "It feels so pure—beyond anything we possess."

Lin Moyu shared their impression. The aura from the finger wasn't overwhelmingly powerful compared to a God-level powerhouse, but its purity was striking—and oddly familiar.

After a moment's thought, Lin Moyu spoke up, "Teacher Yan, this aura feels somewhat like your murderous aura—but also intensely pure."

Yan Kuangsheng's eyes lit up, and he burst into laughter, startling the others.

"Madman Yan, what's gotten into you?" Bai Yiyuan demanded, surprised.

Meng Anwen looked equally puzzled.

Laughing wildly, Yan Kuangsheng clapped Lin Moyu on the shoulder, “Moyu, you’ve given me a revelation! I’ve always thought that the greater the murderous aura, the better. But now I see—it’s purity, not quantity, that matters.”

His words gave both Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan pause, each of them deep in thought, taking new insight from his realization.

Lin Moyu, though not yet at their level, sensed the significance of what he’d observed and quietly committed it to memory. It seemed the God’s finger was quite useful.

After a moment of contemplation, Meng Anwen spoke solemnly, “No wonder Jiang Yi mentioned that this finger would drive God-level powerhouses to fight over it. It makes sense now. Moyu, I’d like to discuss something with you.”

Lin Moyu responded promptly. “This finger isn’t safe with me. Could you keep it for me, Senior Meng, Teachers?”

Meng Anwen chuckled, clearly pleased with Lin Moyu’s sense and foresight. At his current level, Lin Moyu couldn’t yet make use of the finger; it would only become relevant when he reached level 88 and needed to prepare for entering the God-level. Carrying it around now would indeed be risky.

Lin Moyu then opened the other box, “Teachers, Senior Meng, could you also take a look at this item?”

The three old men examined the small bead inside. Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng soon gave up, unable to make sense of it. Meng Anwen studied it intently for a long time before finally shaking his head.

“The world is vast, full of wonders.” He muttered, “I don’t recognize this item either, but it’s clearly of a high tier.”

Lin Moyu stated, “Jiang Yi asked me to deliver it to that individual in the core area.”

“What!” Yan Kuangsheng let out a strange cry.

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

Chapter 347: He Who Knows Himself And Knows His

Enemy Need Not Fear The Result Of A Hundred Battles

Both Yan Kuangsheng and Meng Anwen involuntarily gasped.

Bai Yiyuan's face darkened with anger, "What is Jiang Yi thinking? Sending you to meet that guy—is he trying to get you killed?"

Realizing his reaction had been excessive, Yan Kuangsheng composed himself, coughing twice, "No, if it were us, we'd die. But not Moyu."

Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen exchanged puzzled glances. Lin Moyu quickly recounted his encounter in the Earthheart Dungeon. Only then did Bai Yiyuan's expression soften.

Meng Anwen spoke gravely, "If that's the case, then you can indeed head to the core area—but there's no need to rush. Let's wait for the right time."

Bai Yiyuan nodded in agreement, "Exactly. Don't go just yet. Focus on leveling up first. Jiang Yi has waited for years; a few more won't make a difference."

Lin Moyu wasn't planning to go immediately either. Though his combat power had surged after the second class awakening, and his undead army was significantly stronger, the thought of facing the Archaic Luanniao again still left him uncertain.

The Archaic Luanniao's ultimate skill, the black flaming meteor, wasn't just devastating in power—it had an extensive range. Worse, it possessed the ability to undergo nirvanic rebirth, a skill it could potentially use multiple times. The thought alone was unnerving.

And it wasn't just the Luanniao; there could be even more powerful bosses lurking.

"There's no point rushing into danger." Lin Moyu mused, "I got lucky last time, but what if my luck runs out?"

Resolving to bide his time, Lin Moyu stored the box containing the bead away. As for the box containing the God's finger, it was left sealed in the Shenxia Tower under Meng Anwen's protection. He had meticulously sealed the space to prevent the item's aura from leaking out.

The God's finger was an invaluable object of study for God-level powerhouses, with the potential to push their progress to new heights. Meng Anwen might even uncover the true nature of these so-called Gods.

Yan Kuangsheng had originally planned to return to the Bloody Land, having only left because of Lin Moyu's second class awakening at Meng Anwen's request. However,

with the appearance of the God's finger, his plans shifted. Yan Kuangsheng decided to stay a few more days to study the item.

The White God Courtyard soon returned to its usual calm.

Bai Yiyuan turned his attention to Lin Moyu, "Now, let's go over the next stage."

Lin Moyu listened carefully. Having fully adapted to the power and skills following the second awakening, he was ready for the next challenge. Curiosity tinged his thoughts as he wondered what Bai Yiyuan had prepared for him.

Clearing his throat, Bai Yiyuan began, "The next step is something I call mastery..."

He explained the plan in detail. Lin Moyu was to enter the illusionary space of the Shenxia Tower, where he would immerse himself in the combat techniques and skills of different classes—Mage, Assassin, Archer, Knight, Warrior, and support, among others. The goal was to analyze each class's strengths and weaknesses.

Through this, Lin Moyu would distill their essence, discard what didn't serve him, and integrate the insights into his own strategies. Bai Yiyuan called it the trial of mastery: mastering the understanding of other classes to better master oneself.

After listening, Lin Moyu asked, "Teacher, is this really necessary?"

Bai Yiyuan gave him a meaningful look, "He who knows himself and knows his enemy need not fear the result of a hundred battles. By understanding each class's characteristics, summarizing their strengths and weaknesses, and integrating what you learn, it is a crucial step to become a God-level powerhouse. Just ask Old Meng and Madman Yan how they approached it in their time."

Lin Moyu turned toward Yan Kuangsheng and Meng Anwen for confirmation, "Teacher Yan, Senior Meng, did you go through the same process?"

Yan Kuangsheng replied, "I took a more direct approach—I fought hundreds of battles against people of other classes."

Meng Anwen nodded, "Old Bai is right. It's absolutely necessary. Understanding others helps you refine yourself."

Lin Moyu suddenly recalled the scenes Meng Anwen had shown him of Ning Yiyi's rigorous training before the second class awakening, where he had meticulously explained the use of each of her skills.

At the time, Lin Moyu hadn't understood why Meng Anwen went to such lengths. Now it all made sense—it was to teach him the characteristics of her class.

It seemed Meng Anwen had anticipated this training all along and had prepared an example in advance.

Bai Yiyuan smiled faintly, “At Xiajing Academy, earning the qualification to enter the Shenxia Tower is no small feat. As the imperial top scorer, you’ve secured the privilege to enter once. Each year, only 500 entry tickets are granted access to the tower. Of those, 100 entry tickets are auctioned. Do you know how much they cost?”

Lin Moyu shook his head. He had no idea.

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, “At least 300,000 points.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes widened, and he couldn’t help but inhale sharply.

Points were the lifeblood of Xiajing Academy, required for everything from training resources to dormitories. For most students, expenditures far exceeded earnings. Few could amass a large amount of points, and someone like Lin Moyu, with hundreds of thousands of points, was a rarity.

But hearing that an entry ticket to the Shenxia Tower cost 300,000 points was shocking. Who could possibly afford that?

He suddenly remembered Ning Yiyi’s advice before he joined the academy—she had emphasized the importance of challenging the Shenxia Tower. Bai Yiyuan had also mentioned that the first visit offered the greatest benefits. Yet, neither had explained why entry was so essential or what rewards awaited within.

Bai Yiyuan continued, “Don’t underestimate the great families of the empire. Many of their members attend Xiajing Academy. Since the academy doesn’t enforce graduation, the number of students from these families keeps growing. They pool their points to buy entry tickets for their most exceptional members. And for good reason—inside the Shenxia Tower, one can hone combat skills, gain valuable rewards, and earn points by clearing levels. For some, spending 300,000 points on an entry ticket is an investment—they earn far more in return if they perform well. Back in the day, Madman Yan fought hundreds of battles in the Shenxia Tower.”

At this, Yan Kuangsheng nodded, his expression thoughtful. The Shenxia Tower had been a crucial battleground for him, providing countless opportunities to test his strength against others of similar caliber.

Meng Anwen then stepped in, “While the training methods we used in our time were effective, they weren’t without flaws. After reflecting on our experiences, we devised an improved method tailored for you. This approach will give you a deeper understanding of each class’s characteristics. However, you’ll need to be prepared for hardships and setbacks along the way.”

Lin Moyu met Meng Anwen's gaze resolutely, "I'm not afraid of hardship or setbacks."

His unwavering confidence earned a slight smile from Meng Anwen, "Good. In three days, the Shenxia Tower will officially open, and your trial will begin. Use this time wisely—study the characteristics of other classes. That knowledge will help you avoid being caught off guard."

Lin Moyu nodded and left, though a lingering sense of confusion stayed with him. Despite all their explanations, the specifics of the trial remained shrouded in mystery. It felt as though the three had deliberately agreed to keep him in the dark about the details.

Determined to prepare himself, Lin Moyu headed to the archives. There, he gathered a stack of books detailing the various classes and began reading intently.

The sheer variety of classes was staggering, refined over countless years into distinct systems. Researchers had categorized them into three primary branches: physical, elemental, and special.

The physical branch boasted classes like Sacred Light Knight and Sacred Light Swordsman. The elemental branch included Holy Summoner and Sacred Light Mage. The special branch featured classes like Alchemist, Concocter, and Formation Master.

Some classes blurred these boundaries. For instance, Shadow Knight combined physical prowess with summoning spells, while Elemental Archer fused archery skills with elemental magic.

The possibilities seemed endless. Generations of cross-class unions had given rise to unique hybrid classes, further complicating the system.

Lin Moyu took his time, flipping through the pages slowly.

He began by memorizing the knowledge, then internalized it through practical application. After his second class awakening, his spirit attribute had surged, granting him an extraordinary memory that allowed him to retain everything he read with precision. Once he read something, it was etched in his mind.

Over three days, he read nearly a hundred books, each offering detailed descriptions of a specific class. By the end, he had memorized the attributes, characteristics, and skills of a hundred classes.

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

Chapter 348: The Shenxia Tower Opens; Salute The Godly General!

The day of the Shenxia Tower's annual trial had arrived.

The towering Shenxia Tower, hundreds of meters tall, descended and landed in the central square of Xiajing Academy. Majestic and grand, the tower emitted a faint, ethereal glow, its presence awe-inspiring.

Vast waves of energy rippled outward from the tower, spreading in layers. Even peak-level class users above level 80 felt insignificant in its presence.

The Shenxia Empire was renowned for its three legendary towers: the Demon Extermination Tower, the Shenxia Tower, and the Trial Tower. These treasures were cornerstones of the empire's strength. Lin Moyu had encountered two of them but had yet to see the Demon Extermination Tower, which was stationed at Fortress No. 9. To witness the Demon Extermination Tower, one had to travel there specifically. For most people, only the Shenxia Tower and the Trial Tower were within reach during their lifetimes.

The Shenxia Tower opened its gates once a year, granting access to 500 individuals. As the tower was under Xiajing Academy's jurisdiction, the academy controlled all entry slots, managed by Meng Anwen. Not even the empire could interfere.

The 500 tickets were distributed as followed: 100 were auctioned by Xiajing Academy; 100 were awarded through academy trials and tasks; 100 went to the top three institutes—Chuangshen, Chuangshi, and Yanhuang; 100 were allocated among the academy's remaining institutes; 100 were reserved for the military.

A month prior, fierce competitions were held in each institute. Only the academy's best earned a chance to enter the tower.

Now, with the tower's descent, a massive crowd had gathered, filling the area for hundreds of meters around. Those without tickets could only gaze longingly from afar.

Among the crowd, a group of 400 students advanced, led by several instructors. These were Xiajing Academy's chosen elite, their powerful auras and confident smiles radiating pride. Earning entry to the Shenxia Tower was a rare honor, a testament to both skill and status. The envious stares of onlookers underscored the significance of their achievement.

Thud, thud, thud!

The synchronized footsteps of another group resonated with imposing precision. Each step landed in unison, creating a singular, commanding beat.

The atmosphere shifted as they approached. Serious expressions and an unyielding aura marked the newcomers.

“It’s the military.” Someone murmured, their voice tinged with reverence. Instantly, the crowd saluted in unison.

The Shenxia military, the empire’s strongest force, was a symbol of sacrifice and resilience. Stationed on the frontlines, they held back the relentless assaults of the Abyssal Demons, earning them the title of true heroes.

The military’s hundred-strong contingent stopped beside the academy group. Though smaller in number, their overwhelming aura rivaled—and nearly overshadowed—that of the academy elites. The two groups stood side by side, separated by an unspoken but palpable distinction.

The Shenxia Tower had yet to open, leaving everyone waiting in eager anticipation. Whispers broke the tense silence.

“I wonder who will be this year’s champion.”

“Historically, the champions come from the top three academies. This year shouldn’t be any different.”

“Don’t be so sure. The military has claimed the championship several times as well.”

“This year looks particularly fierce. The military has three individuals who’ve achieved class sublimation!”

“So does the academy—three of their entrants have also undergone class sublimation.”

Within both groups, several figures stood out, their presence distinct. Those with experience instantly recognized the hallmark aura of class sublimation, a radiant brilliance visible even to the untrained eye.

In the distance, Xia Xue, Feng Xiu, and Zuo Mei observed the scene.

Xia Xue’s eyes lingered on the figures gathered near the tower, filled with envy, “Feng Xiu, has your brother come as well?”

Feng Xiu nodded, gesturing toward the military group, “He’s right there.”

Coming from a prestigious military family, Feng Xiu was destined to follow in their footsteps. Although currently enrolled at Xiajing Academy, his future lay in the military.

Among his generation, he was the youngest. His older brother, several years his senior, had already joined the military. He had amassed considerable military merit, earning him the rank of eight-star lieutenant.

Following Feng Xiu's gaze, Xia Xue and Zuo Mei spotted a soldier carrying a sword on his back. He bore a striking resemblance to Feng Xiu, sharing the same imposing aura and upright posture. At the same time, a dazzling, starlight-like aura radiated from him, marking him as a mid-tier legendary class user.

Xia Xue's expression betrayed a mix of envy and determination. Back in Xihai City, she had been hailed as a prodigy. Yet, arriving at Xiajing Academy opened her eyes to the sheer number of geniuses in the world. Here, she felt unremarkable.

Initially disheartened, she quickly regained her resolve. As an Elemental Mage—a superior class user—she believed that with her second class awakening, she could achieve class sublimation and ascend to the ranks of legendary class users. She might not rival mid-tier legendary class users, but ultimately, it would come down to who could progress further.

“I won't lose to anyone!” Xia Xue vowed silently, clenching her fists. Then, an image of Lin Moyu flashed in her mind, and she added begrudgingly, “That guy is an exception!”

Zuo Mei, who had been quietly observing, turned to Feng Xiu with a curious look, “Xiu, your class seems a little different from your brother's.”

Feng Xiu replied, “It's actually the same. My class is Divine Swordsman, and so was my brother's. It's a superior class. Our family's bloodline is unique. During the second class awakening, we automatically advance to Sacred Light Swordsman. If we're lucky enough to trigger class sublimation, we can further ascend to Sacred Word Swordsman.”

Surprise flickered across Zuo Mei's usually placid face, “A bloodline like that actually exists?”

Feng Xiu nodded, “Yeah, that's how it works for us.”

Xia Xue, intrigued, asked, “Doesn't that mean everyone in your family ends up as a legendary class user?”

Feng Xiu chuckled, “Of course not. Most of the people in my family awaken the ordinary Swordsman class. Not many awaken the Divine Swordsman class.”

In Feng Xiu's family, awakening the ordinary Swordsman class meant that, even with the support of their bloodline, the best one could achieve during the second class awakening was promotion to Sacred Swordsman—a transition from an ordinary class to a superior class.

However, someone like Feng Xiu, who was a Divine Swordsman, had a guaranteed path to becoming a legendary class user. Furthermore, there was even the potential for class sublimation, allowing a direct leap from a superior class to a mid-tier legendary class.

Zuo Mei's eyes glimmered with a trace of envy, "So, you're likely to become a mid-tier legendary class user in the future?"

Feng Xiu nodded thoughtfully, "It's possible, but not guaranteed. Class sublimation is incredibly difficult to achieve."

Xia Xue muttered under her breath, "I wonder how Lin Moyu is doing. His second class awakening should be approaching soon. I wonder if he can achieve class sublimation."

Feng Xiu interjected, "He's already a godly general. For him, class sublimation shouldn't be an issue."

In the entire empire, godly generals were exceedingly rare—far rarer than mid-tier legendary class users. Each year, many achieved class sublimation, but a new godly general might only emerge once every few years.

Xia Xue's feelings grew increasingly complicated as she thought about her classmate. Lin Moyu had already become a godly general, a figure of immense prestige, while she was still struggling at level 28. Frustration and envy churned within her. She clenched her teeth, feeling a sudden, irrational urge to grab Lin Moyu and bite him out of sheer exasperation.

Suddenly, Zuo Mei looked ahead and exclaimed, "It's Lin Moyu!"

Their eyes turned toward the figure in the distance. Lin Moyu walked with quiet confidence, radiating a dazzling brilliance. He had achieved class sublimation, but the aura surrounding him was far beyond ordinary. His radiance was akin to the blazing sun, overshadowing everyone else.

At that moment, every gaze locked onto him.

Lin Moyu moved with an air of majesty, the purple badge on his shoulder shimmering with light.

Rustle!

The soldiers, as one, saluted sharply, "Salute the Godly General!" They shouted, their unified voices echoing across the square. Their eyes were filled with fervor and awe.

To soldiers, godly general was the pinnacle of aspiration. Even Feng Xiu's brother, a mid-tier legendary class user, gazed at Lin Moyu with undisguised admiration.

Lin Moyu acknowledged the salute with a slight nod, then continued his steady march toward the Shenxia Tower.

As he approached, the billowing energy around the tower parted, creating a clear path for him.

The crowd held their breath, watching in reverent silence as Lin Moyu entered the Shenxia Tower. No one dared to speak. The weight of his title alone commanded absolute respect. If anyone had been foolish enough to make a careless remark, the hundred soldiers present would have swiftly silenced them.

Once Lin Moyu crossed the threshold, the Shenxia Tower erupted in radiant light.

A powerful, commanding voice echoed from within the tower, carrying an intimidating pressure. It was Meng Anwen, his authority unmistakable.

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

Chapter 349: Possessing Puppets And Learning Through Combat

A heavy silence settled over the group, as if even the air itself had stopped moving.

The wind stilled, the clouds froze, and the sunlight dimmed.

The power of God-level powerhouses was simply beyond comprehension.

The Shenxia Tower stood as a beacon, emitting radiant light that spread far and wide.

Meng Anwen's voice broke the silence, carrying an oppressive weight, "Today, the Shenxia Tower opens. The rules have changed. Those whose names are called shall enter the tower; the rest will remain outside. Let's begin. Muli Institute, Lin Li."

At the sound of his name, Lin Li stepped forward and disappeared into the glowing Shenxia Tower.

Inside the tower, Lin Moyu encountered Bai Yiyuan's group of three. At that moment, understanding dawned. This was how he was expected to learn.

The realization left him with a strange, indescribable feeling. He couldn't fathom how his teachers had devised such an unconventional method, yet all three of them seemed perfectly satisfied, leaving no room for objection—it was as if an arrow had already been nocked on the bowstring, and there was no turning back.

Yan Kuangsheng shrugged, his tone casual but pointed, "What's the big deal? A few failures, a couple of beatings—who hasn't been through that? You'll get used to it."

Meng Anwen added, "Everything is ready. If you don't want things to end too badly, then give it your all."

Bai Yiyuan placed a firm hand on Lin Moyu's shoulder, his voice brimming with confidence, "Moyu, I believe in you. It won't be as bad as you think. The first person to enter the tower is a Great Mage specializing in the water element. Don't worry—we've arranged everything. You'll start at the bottom and gradually work your way up."

Left with no alternative, Lin Moyu nodded reluctantly. He sat cross-legged on the ground, and a beam of light cast by Meng Anwen enveloped him. As he closed his eyes, his consciousness began to drift away.

...

Lin Li stepped into the Shenxia Tower for the first time, brimming with curiosity. The enormous tower was steeped in history, its vast structure housing a vast array of the legacy of the empire, a solemn and sacred aura filling the air.

Lin Li had started as a superior class Wave Mage, then advanced to a Wave Great Mage after his second class awakening. Now at level 45, he had mastered his skills to perfection, earning his hard-won entry ticket through numerous trials.

Upon entering the tower, an invisible pressure immediately descended upon him, suppressing his attributes and sealing his high-level skills. Within moments, he was reduced to the state of a level 10 class user.

Lin Li remained composed, understanding this was all part of the trial. He knew the Shenxia Tower posed no real danger to him.

"Defeat the opponent in front of you. The more victories you achieve, the higher your score." A commanding voice echoed in his ears, crisp and unmistakable.

The rules were simple, clear enough for anyone to grasp.

A barrier separated Lin Li from his opponent. Through the translucent barrier, he observed the figure on the other side.

"A puppet?" Lin Li muttered, his gaze sharp and calculating, "I wonder what its level and strength are. Since I've been suppressed to level 10, it shouldn't be too strong." Muscles tense, he prepared for combat, his senses on high alert.

Unbeknownst to him, on the other side of the barrier, Lin Moyu's consciousness had merged with the puppet. He too had been reduced to level 10, with identical skills and attributes to Lin Li. For this battle, Lin Moyu had assumed the role of a Wave Mage, his thoughts racing as he scanned the unfamiliar skills.

He recalled Bai Yiyuan's words: "The best way to understand a class is to become that class."

Meng Anwen took advantage of the 500 class users entering the Shenxia Tower, repurposing them as training partners for Lin Moyu. The tower replicated each person's class and skills, embedding them into puppets that Lin Moyu would control, mastering their combat styles and techniques in the process.

At first, the unfamiliarity of the Wave Mage's abilities made him hesitant and clumsy. He struggled to execute maneuvers effectively, leaving openings for his opponent and taking direct hits.

Although Lin Moyu was merely controlling a puppet, the immersive formation crafted by Meng Anwen ensured that every strike and blow felt real. Pain coursed through his senses, sharp and visceral, though death was not a consequence.

It was only now that Lin Moyu fully realized the depth of Meng Anwen's abilities. His class, Godly Formation Archmaster, allowed him to weave complex formations with ease.

Pushing aside his stray thoughts, Lin Moyu resolved to make the most of the situation. He understood that there was a purpose behind this meticulous arrangement. The three mentors had gone to extraordinary lengths to ensure that the empire's finest talents would serve as his training partners. Squandering such an opportunity would be nothing short of disgraceful.

"This is a crucial step toward becoming a God-level powerhouse." Lin Moyu remembered the words of Meng Anwen and the others. "If that's the case, then I'll have you all serve as my whetstone."

The barrier dissolved.

Before Lin Moyu could react, a cold flash streaked through the air—a piercing ice arrow. Pain erupted as his entire body froze, sharp and unrelenting. It was then, for the first time, that he realized just how agonizing freezing magic could be.

Lin Moyu didn't move. Or perhaps, his subconscious hadn't even considered dodging. He had grown far too reliant on his Bone Armor and Damage Transfer that attacks of this caliber no longer fazed him. But he had forgotten one critical detail: this was no longer his main body. He was now possessing a puppet, a mere level-10 Wave Mage.

The realization came too late.

A second ice arrow followed, striking his frozen form without resistance. The puppet shattered under amid searing pain.

For a moment, Lin Moyu truly believed he might have died.

The next instant, his consciousness shifted into a new puppet. He noticed his level had increased to level 12, and while his skills remained unchanged, his attributes had received slight improvements.

Once again, he faced the same barrier and the same opponent.

On the other side, Lin Li couldn't hide his bewilderment. His opponent had been pitifully weak. Two ice arrows were all it took to finish the fight. The puppet hadn't even tried to dodge—it was like striking a motionless wooden dummy.

Was this really a trial? Lin Li wondered, his skepticism growing. Why did it feel more like playing house? Or maybe the first round was just a warm-up.

However, Lin Li refused to let his guard down now that the puppet's level had risen. He remained vigilant, ready for the next phase of the trial.

Lin Moyu, meanwhile, snapped back to his senses, chastising himself for his earlier carelessness.

"I need to completely abandon my previous combat style." He reminded himself firmly, "I'm a Mage now—a level 12 Mage—with no undead legions, no Bone Armor, and no Damage Transfer. I can only withstand two or three hits at most."

Determined, Lin Moyu began adjusting to his 'new identity.'

The barrier vanished, signaling the start of the second round.

An ice arrow hurtled toward him, its chilling whistle cutting through the air. This time, Lin Moyu reacted swiftly, dodging to the side. In the same motion, he pointed a finger and cast a skill, launching an ice arrow of his own.

"It's finally moving! So the earlier fight was just a warm-up!" Lin Li thought, his confidence growing as he saw Lin Moyu counterattack.

Now, the real challenge began.

But...

Lin Moyu's ice arrow veered off course, missing its target entirely before dissipating into the air.

Lin Li frowned, puzzled by the inaccurate strike, but he didn't dwell on it. Pressing his advantage, he launched another attack.

At level 10, a Wave Mage had a limited skill set and no access to defensive abilities like Magic Shield. Lin Li's barrage quickly forced Lin Moyu onto the defensive.

Dodging clumsily, Lin Moyu managed to evade several attacks in succession. However, his inexperience betrayed him—he mistimed a movement and took a direct hit.

Seizing the moment, Lin Li pressed forward, ending the round decisively.

When Lin Moyu recovered from the pain, he found himself controlling a level 14 Wave Mage puppet.

Reflecting on his performance, Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "I'm too accustomed to relying on Soul Blaze's locking trait and Bone Fangs' AoE capabilities. Ice Arrow, on the other hand, requires precise aiming. And the same is true for Waterball—it's slower than Ice Arrow but spins rapidly. The two can complement each other if used well."

As he analyzed his mistakes, Lin Moyu began formulating strategies to adapt to this new style of combat.

The waiting period was brief—just a minute. It was barely enough time for him to form a rough plan before the next round began.

This time, Lin Moyu lost again. But his performance had improved significantly.

...

Meng Anwen and the other two watched the entire process unfold, silently observing Lin Moyu's progress with keen interest.

Bai Yiyuan, impressed by Lin Moyu's performance, remarked with a satisfied smile, "Not bad, not bad at all. Moyu is improving rapidly."

Yan Kuangsheng nodded in agreement, "He's already better than you were back in the day."

Bai Yiyuan snorted, narrowing his eyes, “And you mean to suggest he’s not better than you?”

The two didn’t get along at all. Although they no longer engaged in heated disputes like before, they still couldn’t help but exchange sharp remarks.

Bai Yiyuan continued, his voice deliberately slow, “I have faith in Moyu’s ability to learn. But I can’t help wondering—won’t these repeated setbacks dent his confidence?”

Lin Moyu had indeed led a charmed path so far, breaking records and making history with an almost uncanny ease. He had rarely, if ever, tasted the sting of failure.

Could this string of defeats shake his self-assurance?

Meng Anwen shook his head firmly, “No chance. You’ve seen Moyu’s tenacity. Once he sets his mind on something, this degree of setback won’t faze him in the least.”

Yan Kuangsheng added, “The smoother one’s path, the more they need to face real challenges. Setbacks are essential for growth. And Moyu? He’s already adapting. Trust me, he’ll be just fine.”

For once, Bai Yiyuan didn’t argue, clearly agreeing with Yan Kuangsheng’s words.

Back in the Shenxia Tower, a new round of the trial was underway.

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

Chapter 350: Grinding Stones For Godly General Lin

By now, Lin Moyu had reached level 26 and was beginning to embrace his identity as a Wave Mage. He gradually adapted to the Mage combat style, much of which he learned directly from Lin Li. Imitation was easy; the rest stemmed from Lin Moyu’s own combat experience.

As time passed, Lin Moyu’s proficiency deepened.

Both of them had activated Magic Shield, engaging in fierce, dynamic combat. They weren’t stationary but fought while constantly moving. Mage battles weren’t just about standing still and dealing damage. The static approach worked only when Knights held the line, allowing Mages to turn into stationary cannons of destruction. In one-on-one

duels, however, mobility was essential—attacking while dodging became the key to survival.

Lin Moyu had always relied on his undead army to hold the line or used his Bone Armor as a tank. Fighting actively on the move was a first for him.

Lin Li, sensing his opponent's rapid growth, became more serious. The combat style Lin Moyu was using felt uncannily familiar—it was a near-perfect copy of his own. Realizing this, Lin Li quickly switched tactics, altering his approach to keep the upper hand.

Although Lin Moyu stumbled briefly, he adapted in no time. The two entered a deadlock.

While Lin Li initially held the upper hand, it was steadily eroded by Lin Moyu's astonishing progress. His sharp learning ability, combined with extensive combat experience, soon enabled him to not only match but surpass Lin Li.

Lin Li was stunned. His opponent wasn't just mimicking his style—but perfecting it and taking it further.

With both sides evenly matched in level, attributes, and skills, the battle came down to raw technique, experience, and adaptability.

After 12 grueling rounds, when both had reached level 32, Lin Moyu finally defeated Lin Li. By then, Lin Moyu had gained a deep mastery of the Wave Mage's abilities below level 40.

Lin Li didn't leave the Shenxia Tower. Instead, he was teleported to a separate space to reflect on his performance. Despite his loss, he gained valuable insights into new combat strategies. In the end, even defeat was not without its rewards.

Outside the Shenxia Tower, all eyes remained fixed on its towering form.

After Lin Li entered, the tower was eerily silent for nearly 20 minutes before Meng Anwen's voice echoed once more: "The second participant, Qingfeng Institute—Xiong Xiaoyan."

A gallant female Mage stepped forward confidently. She entered the Shenxia Tower, initiating her trial from level 10.

Xiong Xiaoyan was a Gale Mage wielding the wind element, and her combat style was sharp and swift, far faster than Lin Li's water-based approach. Her wind blades came at Lin Moyu in rapid succession, forcing him into a defensive scramble as he struggled to adapt to the sudden shift in pace.

In the first round, Lin Moyu managed to last only 10 seconds. But, true to form, he quickly began adjusting, pushing himself to become faster and more reactive.

As the trial progressed, the pressure began to mount for Xiong Xiaoyan. What started as an easy victory for her turned into a fierce battle. Eventually, the match leveled out into an even contest.

Just as with Lin Li, by the time both participants reached level 32, Xiong Xiaoyan was ultimately defeated.

After her defeat, Xiong Xiaoyan felt a twinge of disappointment, believing she hadn't unleashed her full combat potential. After all, despite being a level 46 Mage, she had only managed to reach level 32 during the trial.

Moments later, she was teleported to an independent space, where she unexpectedly encountered Lin Li.

Their gazes met. Though they came from different institutes, both were students of Xiajing Academy. They had even teamed up for dungeon raids in the past.

Xiong Xiaoyan broke the silence, asking, "What level did you reach?"

Lin Li, seeing no reason to hide, replied, "Level 32. You?"

Xiong Xiaoyan's expression remained neutral, "Same."

Lin Li felt a sense of relief—at least she hadn't outdone him. To him, the trial seemed reasonably fair. Otherwise, how could he, with just level 42 combat power, stand a chance against the others?

Among the 500 participants, his level and class were among the weakest. Many were not only legendary class users but also above level 50.

The trial's starting point at level 10 placed everyone on the same footing, giving him an equal chance to compete. This realization eased his tension, and his expression softened.

Xiong Xiaoyan, however, stomped the ground lightly in frustration, "It's a pity I couldn't fully show my strength. The other party's learning speed was insane."

Lin Li nodded in agreement, "It's ridiculously fast. At first, it didn't even move—it was just like a wooden dummy."

Xiong Xiaoyan was taken aback, "My opponent started moving right from the beginning, just a bit clumsily."

Lin Li's eyebrows rose in surprise.

The two quickly exchanged summaries of their trials.

Before long, ripples surged in the air as another participant was teleported into their space—a level 46 Flame Mage. He fared worse than both Lin Li and Xiong Xiaoyan, losing at level 28.

As they compared notes, Lin Li made a startling realization: the puppet's combat style was evolving. When he faced it, the puppet had been slow and clumsy. Against Xiong Xiaoyan, it had become more adept.

Now, according to the new arrival, the puppet had grown even more formidable. Its combat style appeared to integrate the strengths of water- and wind-type Mages while discarding their weaknesses. Its power was escalating rapidly.

A suspicion began to form in Lin Li's mind.

As time passed, more participants were teleported into the independent space. Each one faced Lin Moyu and lost to him, and the level at which they failed kept decreasing.

By the time the tenth participant arrived, they were defeated at level 22, signaling a clear increase in the trial's difficulty.

Lin Li's suspicion grew stronger, though he couldn't yet confirm it.

Noticing his pensive expression, Xiong Xiaoyan leaned in and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Lin Li stepped closer, lowering his voice, "I have a guess, but I'm not sure yet. Let's observe a bit more."

His warm breath brushed against her ear, causing a slight itch. Xiong Xiaoyan blushed involuntarily.

"Fine. You wait then." Flustered, she retreated to a corner, her cheeks still tinged with redness. She lowered her head, avoiding his gaze.

Meanwhile, the trial's difficulty continued to climb. Now, participants were losing at level 18.

As more challengers appeared in the independent space, Lin Li noticed a pattern: they were all Mages—and not just any Mages, but superior class Mages.

Lin Li grew increasingly certain that his guess was correct. All he needed now was one final confirmation.

Finally, a Knight was teleported into the space—a level 45 Sacred Knight.

Standing among the group of Mages, the lone Knight looked distinctly out of place.

“Xu Zhou.” Lin Li muttered.

Xu Zhou was someone he knew well. They were from the same institute, had a decent relationship, and had raided dungeons together in the past.

Pulling Xu Zhou aside, Lin Li inquired about his experience with the puppet.

Xu Zhou had lasted until level 38, outperforming Lin Li and achieving the best result so far. Although he seemed puzzled by Lin Li’s curiosity, Xu Zhou shared his account in detail.

This was all Lin Li needed to confirm his theory.

He approached Xiong Xiaoyan and whispered, “It’s just as I thought. We’ve become grinding stones for Godly General Lin.”

Xiong Xiaoyan raised an eyebrow, her expression skeptical, “What do you mean?”

Lin Li began explaining, “I once read in the biography of a God-level powerhouse that such figures could acquire understanding of their own abilities while simultaneously gaining insight into other classes. I didn’t fully grasp what that meant before, but now I do.”

Xiong Xiaoyan, her thought process clearly much simpler, frowned, “Speak plainly.”

Lin Li sighed, a wry smile tugging at his lips. Lowering his voice further, he said, “The one we fought might actually be Godly General Lin.”

“Ah!” Xiong Xiaoyan exclaimed in shock, only for Lin Li to immediately cover her mouth with his hand.

“Keep it down.” Lin Li urged, his voice sharp but quiet, “This isn’t something others should know. Don’t tell a soul.”

Xiong Xiaoyan, her eyes wide with curiosity, pulled his hand away. “Why not?”

Lin Li glanced around cautiously before answering, “I’ve heard that Godly General Lin’s teacher is White God, and White God and Serene God [1] are sworn brothers. It’s just a guess, though. Even if I said it out loud, who would believe me? And even if the rules were tweaked for Godly General Lin, do you think anyone would dare to speak up against it?”

Lin Moyu’s reputation was soaring, his name shining brighter than ever. Few would have the audacity to question or criticize him.

Finally, the realization dawned on Xiong Xiaoyan. She nodded vigorously in agreement.

At that moment, a voice suddenly rang in Lin Li's ear, low and calm yet filled with authority.

"You're quite clever, little one. Don't spread this any further—keep it to yourself."

It was Meng Anwen's voice, audible only to Lin Li.

His expression froze, and his mind raced. The words left him speechless.

"What's wrong?" Xiong Xiaoyan asked, noticing his sudden silence.

Lin Li shook his head, his voice low and careful, "Serene God just spoke to me. He told me to keep this to myself."

Xiong Xiaoyan's jaw dropped. After a moment of stunned silence, she nodded hurriedly, "I understand."

[1] - the character an (安) in Meng Anwen's name means serene, hence the moniker Serene God

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

Chapter 351: There Are No Perfect Classes, Only Perfect Class Users

Lin Moyu continued to face one challenge after another, cycling through opponents from Mage-type classes, to Knight-type, and finally Assassin-type. Under Meng Anwen's meticulous arrangement, he was exposed to class users of every type, gradually mastering their skills and strategies, all within the constraints of level 40.

As the challenges progressed, Lin Moyu's growth became increasingly rapid. His understanding of the unique characteristics, combat styles, strengths, and weaknesses of each class deepened.

Through this journey, one truth became evident: no class was perfect. Even the most formidable classes had inherent flaws. Lin Moyu's own Necromancer class, capable of defying expectations by challenging level 70 opponents at level 40, was no exception.

While classes themselves were imperfect, class users bore the responsibility to strive for perfection. Though absolute flawlessness was unattainable, the pursuit of it was essential—a cornerstone for becoming a God-level powerhouse.

God-level powerhouses like Yan Kuangsheng and Bai Yiyuan had also achieved a deep understanding of various classes through extensive combat against diverse opponents. Meng Anwen, on the other hand, took a different route, relying on his studies and observations of countless battles to attain the same insight.

Through these methods, they gradually overcame their shortcomings and established a solid foundation. However, their approaches paled in comparison to Lin Moyu's path.

Lin Moyu immersed himself in the experience of various classes by incarnating as different class users. Despite repeated failures, the insights and benefits he gained far surpassed those of the three God-level powerhouses.

With time, Lin Moyu found his rhythm, and his learning accelerated. As his mastery grew, his opponents began to fare worse with each successive challenge.

Through this process, Lin Moyu synthesized the strengths of different classes, integrating diverse combat styles into a unified whole. He began to break free from traditional class constraints, crafting a combat approach that was uniquely his own. By shattering conventional thinking, Lin Moyu transcended the limitations of any single class, wielding a vast repertoire of techniques with ease.

Time flowed steadily, and Lin Moyu's challenges continued without pause.

As the tests progressed, Lin Moyu began to deliberately hold back, aiming to observe and study the core traits of his opponents more thoroughly.

After ten whole days, Lin Moyu had achieved an incredible feat: he defeated all 500 opponents.

Meng Anwen, Bai Yiyuan, and Yan Kuangsheng observed Lin Moyu's progress with visible admiration.

Bai Yiyuan couldn't contain his excitement, a smile plastered across his face, "Not bad, not bad at all—better than you were back in the day, Madman Yan."

Yan Kuangsheng snorted, "Hmph. Much better than you too."

Meng Anwen stepped in, his tone contemplative, "I think it's time we moved on to the second stage."

Bai Yiyuan hesitated, "Don't you think it's a bit too soon?"

Meng Anwen shook his head firmly, “Not at all. When you both attempted this stage, it was after your third class awakening. That was far too late. The sooner one gains a clear understanding of their abilities, the better. By the time a class user reaches level 70, many habits are already ingrained, and breaking them becomes nearly impossible.”

Yan Kuangsheng nodded as he mulled it over, “You’re not wrong. I had habits I couldn’t shake back then, and they held me back.”

Bai Yiyuan sighed, conceding after some thought, “Alright, you have a point.”

Meng Anwen continued, “Right now, Moyu is like a blank canvas, untouched and unmarked. This is the perfect opportunity to guide him—to shape his potential before it’s too late.”

With the decision made, the three came to a unanimous agreement to commence the second stage of the trial.

The second stage was soon announced.

The 500 individuals still waiting in the independent space were notified. Confusion rippled through the crowd. For years, the Shenxia Tower’s trial had followed strict patterns, with each faction gathering substantial data over time to prepare their participants.

This year, however, things were different.

Participants whispered among themselves, puzzled by the changes. Even the instructors and military officers waiting outside the Shenxia Tower were baffled. They had been waiting for over ten days, yet not a single sign of activity had emerged from within the tower.

In previous trials, the entire process typically took no more than two or three days, with failed participants exiting immediately. What changes had been made to the rules this time?

Unable to contain themselves, some people finally sent a report back.

Not long after, amid a wave of spatial distortion, two figures appeared outside the Shenxia Tower. One, clad in military armor, was clearly a Godly Knight. The other, a Godly Mage, wore robes adorned with the emblem of Xiajing Academy. Despite their different background, both were recognized as godly generals.

As soon as they arrived, their overwhelming aura blanketed the area, making it hard for the participants to breathe. Their presence felt as imposing as the Shenxia Tower itself.

Two words surfaced in everyone's mind: God-level powerhouses.

They were the real deal. But who were they?

In the Shenxia Empire, not every God-level powerhouse was as famous as White God. Some operated in secrecy, their strength undeniable. The exact number of God-level powerhouses in the empire was a mystery. While the empire officially acknowledged around a dozen, most suspected the true number was far higher.

"I think I've seen that Godly Mage before. Isn't he the former vice-dean of Xiajing Academy?"

"That's him—Vice-Dean Xia Bojian. He stepped down 30 years ago. Who would've thought he was a Godly Mage?"

Meanwhile, Xia Xue's expression turned peculiar as she muttered, "Why is he here?"

Zuo Mei glanced at her curiously, "What's wrong?"

Xia Xue hesitated before replying, "I've met him before. A few years ago, he visited my house. My dad called him Second Grandpa."

Feng Xiu and Zuo Mei were stunned.

Feng Xiu sighed, "So you're a descendant of a God-level family."

Xia Xue shook her head, "I'm not sure. Dad never mentioned it to me."

Perhaps there were special circumstances at play. Feng Xiu and Zuo Mei wisely refrained from pressing further.

After the two figures appeared, the Godly Knight from the military flew toward the Shenxia Tower. However, a powerful force emanated from the tower, blocking his advance.

"White God, please come out and meet me!" He called out.

In response, a flash of light appeared before the Shenxia Tower, and Bai Yiyuan stepped out.

The sight of Bai Yiyuan sparked a wave of commotion. His reputation was legendary.

To the public, Bai Yiyuan was seen as the strongest representative of the Shenxia Empire. His battle record was unparalleled, earning him the title God of Slaughter in foreign nations. With his bare fists, he was said to be capable of killing other God-level powerhouses.

Bai Yiyuan looked at the visitor and spoke with authority, "So, it's you, Godly General Wang. What brings you here?" His booming voice echoed across the area.

The mention of Godly General Wang jogged people's memory.

"I remember now! That's Wang Lin, known as the Slaughter King [1]—a powerhouse nearly on par with White God!"

"Unbelievable. One is the God of Slaughter, and the other is the Slaughter King. What's going on here?"

"I have a feeling something huge is about to happen."

High above, Wang Lin's voice was calm but firm, "I came to ask why the rules of the Shenxia Tower's trial were changed this time."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled lightly, "Do I need your approval to change the rules?"

Wang Lin waved his hand, "Of course not. I'm just curious. After all, the military has people participating in the trial. I want to understand their situation."

Bai Yiyuan replied evenly, "They are safe. If there were any danger within the Shenxia Tower, then humanity would have no truly safe haven."

Wang Lin's tone shifted, his intent clear, "I want to go inside and take a look."

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, "Wang Lin, are you joking? Don't forget your position. Do you think you have the qualifications to enter? Giving you 100 slots each year is already more than generous. If you're not satisfied, we can withhold those slots next year."

"You..." Wang Lin's face darkened, but he couldn't muster a response. The reasons for his silence were known only to himself.

At that moment, Xia Bojian flew forward and addressed Bai Yiyuan, "Sir White God, may I go in and take a look? Xiajing Academy sent 400 students into the tower, and I can't help but feel concerned."

Though his tone conveyed concern, his real intention was to uncover the truth.

Bai Yiyuan, however, remained unmoved and shook his head, "You may not."

The firm rejection only deepened the suspicions of the two visitors.

Lowering his voice, Xia Bojian said, "I've heard that Godly General Lin Moyu is inside. And as your disciple... Could it be—"

Before he could finish, Wang Lin seemed to grasp something and spoke coldly, "Bai Yiyuan, are you perhaps—"

His stance shifted, his posture indicating he might attack at any moment.

Bai Yiyuan, unfazed, cut him off, "Think whatever you like. If you want a fight, I'll gladly oblige."

Wang Lin chuckled, his body radiating a palpable murderous aura.

Before he could act, however, a massive, pure surge of murderous aura descended. It transformed into a colossal blade, slashing toward Wang Lin with terrifying force.

Wang Lin's expression changed drastically as he swiftly retreated.

Compared to this blade of murderous aura, his own murderous aura felt insignificant—like a flickering candle against a blazing inferno.

The blade didn't strike him directly but detonated midair with a deafening boom, sending shockwaves rippling through the area. The murderous aura then withdrew, coiling back like a long dragon.

A figure emerged from the Shenxia Tower—Yan Kuangsheng. His voice carried a mocking edge as he addressed Wang Lin, "Wang Lin, you punk, do you want to be beaten again?"

[1] - the character wang (王) in Wang Ling's name means king, hence the moniker Slaughter King

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

Chapter 352: Let's Settle This Once And For All!

Yan Kuangsheng didn't hold back, showing Wang Lin no respect.

Murderous aura radiated from him, surging into the sky like a plume of smoke. The atmosphere darkened, transforming day into night.

Thanks to Lin Moyu's earlier reminder, Yan Kuangsheng had refined his murderous aura, making it purer and sharper. His combat prowess had reached a new pinnacle, the sheer intensity of his presence leaving Wang Lin speechless.

Wang Lin knew he was no match for Yan Kuangsheng. What baffled him was why this madman had shown up here, of all places.

This man was a true madman—far more unhinged than Bai Yiyuan.

While Bai Yiyuan earned the title of "God of Slaughter," his fury was reserved for outsiders; he remained amicable toward the citizens of the empire.

Yan Kuangsheng, on the other hand, recognized no such boundaries. When his murderous intent ignited, it didn't matter who stood before him—they'd be cut down all the same.

Yan Kuangsheng pointed his blade at Wang Lin, his voice icy. "Weren't you looking for a fight? Fine, let's settle this once and for all!"

Wang Lin cursed inwardly. This lunatic was always so quick to escalate things into a fight to the death. He remained silent, unwilling to speak or accept the challenge. One wrong move could cost him his life.

Xia Bojian stepped forward, attempting to defuse the tension with a placating smile, "Mad God, let's discuss this calmly. We're only here out of concern for the students."

Yan Kuangsheng sneered. "Concern? Don't give me that nonsense! If you want to enter the tower, you'll have to pass through me first."

The two visitors froze, caught in a dilemma. They couldn't possibly fight him—it was unthinkable.

At that moment, Meng Anwen's voice slowly rang out, "Vice-Dean Xia, if you can't trust me, then starting next year, Shenxia Tower will sever all ties with Xiajing Academy."

Xia Bojian's expression shifted drastically as he grasped the reality of the Shenxia Tower's ownership.

On the surface, the tower belonged to Xiajing Academy and had operated under its banner for years. But deep down, Xia Bojian knew the truth: the academy and the tower were in a cooperative arrangement. If Meng Anwen was displeased, he could sever ties at any moment and take the tower elsewhere.

No academy in their right mind would turn down the Shenxia Tower. And as for preventing such a move... Xia Bojian wasn't nearly bold enough to try.

It became increasingly apparent that Meng Anwen, Bai Yiyuan, and Yan Kuangsheng—the three peak human God-level powerhouses—were in league. Together, they formed an alliance so formidable that no one would dare provoke them. Worse still, these three were close friends and even sworn brothers with other beings of equal strength. If a battle broke out, it could devastate Xiajing Academy entirely.

Xia Bojian's mind raced as he calculated his options. Finally, he forced a smile and said, "Forgive my impulsiveness, Serene God. I meant no offense." With that, he backed away.

Meng Anwen remained silent. At that moment, a faint light emerged from the Shenxia Tower.

The tower hummed with life as a massive, intricate formation appeared in the sky. It was awe-inspiring in its scale and power.

Meng Anwen's calm yet commanding voice rang out, devoid of Yan Kuangsheng's overt bloodlust but no less intimidating, "I have made this clear: godly generals of the military are strictly forbidden from approaching the Shenxia Tower. Godly General Wang Lin, you violated this rule today. As this is your first offense, consider this a warning."

The words struck like a hammer, leaving Wang Lin pale. He had almost forgotten how terrifying Meng Anwen could be. The man's grip over the Shenxia Tower was absolute.

At that moment, Wang Lin had no time to dwell on anything else. Survival was his sole focus.

Purple flames erupted from his body, roaring into the sky. Channeling every ounce of power he possessed, he braced himself for what was to come.

A shield materialized in Wang Lin's hand, radiating a formidable aura. As a Godly Knight, once his shield was activated, it could withstand the attacks of even Demon Kings. But now...

Running wasn't an option—his aura had already been locked onto, leaving no room for escape.

Above, the moment the formation reached its completion, a thunderbolt crackled down with terrifying force.

Wang Lin activated his skill, glowing with brilliant light.

Skill: Extreme Defense!

At lower levels, Extreme Defense was a lifesaving skill. At the God-level, it had been elevated to near-invincibility, granting unmatched durability while active.

And yet, even as the skill enveloped him, Wang Lin felt death creeping closer.

The thunderbolt struck. A blinding explosion of light consumed him, as though a dozen suns had ignited in the sky. All of Xiajing City was illuminated by its brilliance.

A blood-curdling scream tore through the air. Wang Lin was hurled out of the thunderbolt, trailing black smoke as he vanished into the distance.

Even with Extreme Defense, Meng Anwen's strike had left him gravely injured.

Xia Bojian wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Meng Anwen's power had exceeded all expectations—his strength was utterly terrifying.

Memories surfaced of the last time Meng Anwen had taken action, decades ago. Back then, his might had shaken the entire world. During that time, he had also clashed with a prominent figure from the military.

Both Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan were godly generals with immense influence within the military. Yet, they were openly at odds with other factions. Wherever the Shenxia Tower appeared, godly generals aligned with those factions invariably backed down. It was an unspoken rule among people at their level.

Today, Wang Lin had broken that rule—and paid the price.

At this point, no matter what Meng Anwen, Bai Yiyuan, or Yan Kuangsheng planned to do, Xia Bojian knew he could only watch in silence.

Watching Wang Lin's battered form retreat into the distance, Yan Kuangsheng smirked coldly, "What a waste—he was trash before, and now he's even worse."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled lightly, "Trash is trash. Some things never change."

Yan Kuangsheng turned his gaze toward Xia Bojian, "Well? Is there anything else?"

Xia Bojian promptly responded, "No, no, nothing at all. Please, you two carry on. I'll just wait outside."

With that, he flew away from the Shenxia Tower. Meanwhile, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng stepped back into the tower. Whatever they planned to do inside, Xia Bojian dared not inquire further. Offending them was simply out of the question.

As his mind wandered, Xia Bojian caught sight of Xia Xue out of the corner of his eye. Changing direction, he flew toward her.

Surprised to see him approach, Xia Xue greeted, "Great-Grandpa!"

Xia Bojian's tone was plain, "Xue, have you joined the Xiajing Academy too? Why didn't Dongyang tell me?" His words held an undertone of rebuke aimed at Xia Dongyang.

Before Xia Xue could answer, Xia Bojian sighed, "Dongyang is still holding a grudge against us. That temper of his... After all these years, he still hasn't let it go."

Xia Xue remained silent. She didn't know anything about the conflicts of the previous generation. Xia Dongyang had never spoken of it to her.

Xia Bojian continued, "It's good that you're here at the Xiajing Academy. With me around, no one will dare to bully you."

Xia Xue smiled, "Don't worry, Great-Grandpa. No one bullies me in the academy."

At that moment, Xia Bojian's gaze shifted to Feng Xiu, "You're from the Feng Family, right?"

Feng Xiu replied respectfully, "Feng Xiu greets the elder."

Xia Bojian waved dismissively, "No need for formalities. When you return home, pass along my regards to Feng Ping. Tell him to visit me for tea when he has time."

Feng Xiu nodded, "I'll be sure to let him know."

Finally, Xia Bojian turned his attention to Zuo Mei. His expression shifted slightly, his sharp senses picking up something unusual about her aura.

His eyes narrowed as a glimmer of realization flickered in them, "Your surname is Zuo, isn't it? Are you a Rogue?"

Zuo Mei blinked in surprise, "How did you know?"

Xia Bojian suddenly burst into hearty laughter, "I never expected there to still be descendants of the Zuo Family alive. Wonderful—truly wonderful. Once this matter is settled, I'll take you somewhere."

Zuo Mei nodded blankly, unable to refuse a God-level powerhouse.

The Zuo Family? The name meant nothing to her. She had been an orphan for as long as she could remember, growing up in an orphanage with no ties to any family.

...

Meanwhile, the first round of the second stage had already commenced.

This time, all participants started at level 40, enabling them to utilize skills unlocked after the second class awakening: Mages unleashed devastating large-area spells; Knights wielded enhanced defensive abilities; Warriors showcased amplified offensive power; Assassins became even more elusive, their attacks difficult to defend against.

Lin Moyu began another cycle of learning and adaptation.

Drawing on his prior experience, he adjusted with remarkable speed, quickly mastering the new skills. Despite the changes, the core characteristics of each class remained consistent—they were simply magnified after the second class awakening, becoming stronger and more distinct.

Lin Moyu's learning accelerated, and his understanding deepened. His techniques and combat awareness neared perfection.

Gradually, he sensed a transformation within himself.

It felt as though he had entered a new realm—shifting from honing his own skills to exploiting the weaknesses and flaws of his opponents.

This was a higher state of mastery: not just achieving personal perfection, but comprehending the adversary at a profound level. He could now pinpoint vulnerabilities in his opponents' actions almost instantly: he could predict the trajectory of a Mage's attack the moment they cast their spell; he could dodge a Knight's charge at the last second and counter at the same time.

The trials beyond level 40 only refined Lin Moyu further.

The 500 participants within the Shenxia Tower became his whetstones, honing him into an ever-sharper blade.

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

Chapter 353: After Eating The Meat, Leave Some Broth For Others

The second stage had ended.

Lin Moyu's consciousness returned to his body.

In less than twenty days, he had fought thousands of battles. Yet, he felt no trace of exhaustion. His immense spirit attribute and powerful recovery ability left him brimming with energy.

“How do you feel?” Bai Yiyuan asked, a note of concern in his eyes.

“Great.” Lin Moyu replied, his gaze shining brighter than ever. In that moment, he felt as if he saw the world in a whole new light.

The rewards of the past days had been immense.

He now possessed a comprehensive understanding of most classes. Applying this newfound knowledge to himself had sparked a certain degree of self-transcendence.

His combat strategy and techniques had transformed dramatically. He recognized the rigidity in the way his proud undead legions had been fighting. There were entirely new tactics he could employ—methods that would greatly amplify their combat effectiveness.

With his deeper grasp of the combat styles of various classes, he saw ways to restructure his undead legions. Warriors, Mages, and Archers within his ranks could be organized to achieve unprecedented synergy and power.

Yan Kuangsheng remarked, “The second class awakening, attribute breakthrough, class sublimation, and talent awakening mark the first step on the Transcendent God-level path. Class perfection and self-understanding form the second step. And the third step...”

Lin Moyu asked, his tone earnest, “Teachers, please guide me. How do I take the third step?”

Meng Anwen burst into laughter, “Don’t let him fool you. There’s no third step!”

Bai Yiyuan patted Lin Moyu’s shoulder, “Actually, there is a third step, but it’s something you’ll have to figure out on your own. No one else can guide you through it. You’ve built a solid foundation and developed a comprehensive understanding of different classes, edging closer to class perfection. The next phase is leveling up. Ideally, during the third class awakening, you should aim for another class sublimation—a double sublimation. To achieve that, you must obtain that item of the Chuangshi Institute. Coupled with the Elemental Divine Stone, your chances of success will rise to 80%.”

Meng Anwen added, “And with the Talent Divine Stone, you’ll be able to awaken a third talent.”

Yan Kuangsheng pondered for a moment before speaking, “That’s true, but if Moyu simply wants to reach our level, then this should suffice. However, if the goal is the Transcendent God-level, this won’t be enough. When the time comes, you’ll need to

seek out that guy. We don't know the secrets of becoming a Transcendent God, but he definitely does."

Bai Yiyuan nodded in agreement, "Exactly. I once asked the old man about it, but he refused to tell me."

Meng Anwen chimed in thoughtfully, "There's also the Primordial Space, the Dragon King Hall... and something hidden within the Immemorial Battlefield's deep layer..."

The three were talking over each other, their lively discussion resembling a spirited performance. If anyone else witnessed these God-level powerhouses behaving this way, their jaw would surely drop.

From their words and actions, Lin Moyu could sense their profound care for him, "Thank you, Teachers. I understand. I'll do my best."

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, "No need to thank us. This is all we can do for you. The rest is up to you."

Indeed, the three of them had already done more than enough for him.

Yan Kuangsheng suddenly proposed, "Once I refine my murderous aura to a purer state, the three of us should work together to retrieve Bloodthirsty Python brain. That would be perfect for Moyu's third class awakening."

Meng Anwen frowned slightly, "The last time was already dangerous. Attempting it again would be even riskier."

Bloodthirsty Python brain offered attributes ten times stronger than the heart meat. Under optimal conditions, it could boost attributes by as much as 200,000. However, the risks were proportionally immense.

Meng Anwen wasn't worried about his own safety; with the combined strength of the three, they should have no problem retrieving Bloodthirsty Python brain.

Yan Kuangsheng uttered, "Why don't we let Moyu decide whether it's risky or not?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "It's not,"

He went on to explain what had happened during the second class awakening. With Damage Transfer active, the risks had been mitigated entirely.

Bai Yiyuan nodded thoughtfully, "If that's the case, then when the time comes, we'll work together to retrieve Bloodthirsty Python brain."

Lin Moyu understood how formidable Bloodthirsty Pythons were. Even Yan Kuangsheng had been injured last time. Yet, for his sake, the three were willing to face the danger.

Although they spoke casually, Lin Moyu had a sense that it wouldn't be as simple as they made it sound.

"Teachers, retrieving Bloodthirsty Python brain is too dangerous." Lin Moyu said earnestly, "Maybe we should let it go."

Yan Kuangsheng burst out laughing, "Dangerous? Nonsense! I've been itching to deal with those pythons for a long time. This is the perfect excuse to take one down!"

Bai Yiyuan added with a grin, "The Bloodthirsty Pythons may be powerful, but with Old Meng by our side, there's no real threat. And don't forget, this isn't the Desolate Voidland. We have nothing to fear."

The mention of the Desolate Voidland brought a chill to Lin Moyu. He still vividly remembered the near-indestructible Desolate Beasts that roamed there. The Beast King at the end had left a particularly deep impression, injuring even Meng Anwen with a single strike.

The Desolate Voidland was a truly perilous place, one that even these God-level powerhouses spoke of with caution.

Turning his thoughts back to the present, Lin Moyu asked, "Senior Meng, do I still need to continue participating in the Shenxia Tower's trial?"

Meng Anwen smiled and shook his head, "No, there's no need. The Shenxia Tower's trial has already served its purpose for you."

Lin Moyu had gained everything he could from the trial. It was like a bowl of soup—he had already eaten all the meat. The broth that remained should be left for the others, the so-called whetstones.

Meng Anwen wasn't unreasonable. The trial would continue to operate for other participants according to the established rules, with rewards distributed as usual. However, this particular opportunity had been a unique chance to help Lin Moyu achieve his transformation.

Inside the Shenxia Tower, the real trial began.

The tower emitted a radiant glow, its immense power surging like waves crashing against a reef, accompanied by a deep, resonant rumble.

Countless images were projected into the air as secret realms began to unfold. Each participant was transported into an independent space to undergo their trial.

This process was identical to previous Shenxia Tower trials.

Xia Bojian took a deep breath, "It's finally starting."

He knew Meng Anwen was sensible and wouldn't act recklessly. Yet, an uncomfortable feeling lingered—so many elite students were used as whetstones for Lin Moyu.

Suddenly, Xia Xue called out, "Dummy Lin is out!"

Lin Moyu emerged from the surging energy, his expression calm and composed.

Xia Bojian asked curiously, "Xue, you know Godly General Lin?"

Xia Xue nodded, "We're classmates. He doesn't like to talk, so I started calling him Dummy Lin."

Xia Bojian's old face broke into an understanding smile, "So, you two must get along well?"

Xia Xue nodded again. "It's alright. He doesn't say much, but he's a good person."

Xia Bojian's gaze shifted to Lin Moyu, pausing on the purple godly general badge affixed to his shoulder.

Though Lin Moyu wasn't a God-level powerhouse, the badge alone was enough to place him on equal footing with Xia Bojian.

At that moment, Lin Moyu was deep in thought, considering his next steps.

His foundation was solid, nearing perfection. Now, aside the Chuangshi Institute's radiance, his path forward lay in leveling up.

But what exactly was that radiance?

Even Meng Anwen and the others couldn't say for sure. They only knew it was crucial, a key to significantly increasing the chance of class sublimation during the third class awakening.

As for whether it held other effects, that remained a mystery.

Two months remained until the ancestral land would open.

As a member of the Chuangshi Institute, Lin Moyu knew that when the time came, Mo Xinghe would issue the summons.

Aside from the Chuangshi Institute, only the Chuangshen Institute and Yanhuang Institute were allocated a limited number of slots to enter the ancestral land. A few slots were also reserved for Xiajing Academy and select influential families across the nation.

These allocations had been established long ago and remained unchanged over the years. Even someone as influential as Bai Yiyuan couldn't secure an extra slot.

This was one of the reasons Bai Yiyuan had ensured Lin Moyu joined the Chuangshi Institute—it held the largest number of slots.

“Godly General Lin!” A friendly voice broke through Lin Moyu's thoughts.

Turning, Lin Moyu saw Xia Bojian, instantly recognizing him as a God-level powerhouse.

“Greetings, Senior.” Lin Moyu said politely, preparing to bow.

But Xia Bojian quickly stepped aside, waving his hand dismissively, “No need, no need! You're a godly general now. In terms of status, we're equals.”

Lin Moyu nodded, “Is there something you need, Senior?”

Xia Bojian chuckled, “Not at all. Just wanted to introduce myself. I'm Xia Bojian, the former vice-dean of Xiajing Academy and Xue's great-grandfather.”

Lin Moyu glanced toward Xia Xue and her group, offering a faint smile, “It's been a while.”

Xia Xue giggled. “It hasn't even been that long, yet you've already become a godly general! How unexpected!”

Lin Moyu replied with a smile, “Just a fortunate turn of events.”

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

Chapter 354: The Impregnable Royal Secret Vault

Lin Moyu, Xia Xue, and the others hadn't seen each other for quite some time, so they spent a while catching up.

Xia Xue quickly noticed something different about Lin Moyu. Although he was still reserved, he was far more approachable than before. The cold indifference that once defined him had softened. He could now carry on a normal conversation without shutting people out.

Watching the children interact harmoniously, Xia Bojian nodded in satisfaction.

Lin Moyu's reputation had soared—he was the youngest godly general of the human race and a disciple of White God, brimming with limitless potential."

During the Shenxia Tower's trial, Meng Anwen had deliberately used 500 students as stepping stones to sharpen Lin Moyu's skills. Xia Bojian could see the results clearly: Lin Moyu's aura was calm and restrained, a hallmark of someone with a solid foundation for ascending to God-level.

Barring any unforeseen mishaps, Lin Moyu was destined to become a God-level powerhouse—perhaps even surpassing Xia Bojian himself. Recognizing such talent, Xia Bojian resolved to maintain a good relationship with him and avoid any unnecessary conflict.

The cheerful chatter between Xia Xue and Lin Moyu brought a smile to Xia Bojian's face.

All of a sudden, the air was tinged with a pleasant fragrance. Lin Moyu looked up and saw Dongfang Yao approaching with poise and grace.

Dongfang Yao, a royal princess, exuded nobility in every movement. Her arrival instantly captured the attention of everyone present.

Her beauty and elegance radiated a charm so captivating that even Xia Xue and Zuo Mei—both remarkable women in their own right—found themselves mesmerized.

It was not uncommon for women to feel a pang of inadequacy upon meeting Dongfang Yao.

With a graceful bow, Dongfang Yao addressed them, her voice clear and melodic, "Dongfang Yao greets Lord Simplicity God [1] and Godly General Lin."

Although she held the title of princess, Dongfang Yao's status was no match for the God-level Xia Bojian or the godly general Lin Moyu. Her title was symbolic, carrying little actual power.

Xia Bojian was intrigued by her presence. The royal lineage was famously aloof and eccentric, rarely involving themselves in the Shenxia Tower trial.

While Dongfang Yao was officially a student of Xiajing Academy, she seldom engaged in its missions or trials. Instead, she pursued her own cultivation path, only occasionally leveraging academy resources like the Dungeon Hall.

“Why have you come, Princess Yao?” Xia Bojian asked, his tone tinged with curiosity, “It’s rare for someone of royal lineage to take an interest in the Shenxia Tower trial.”

Dongfang Yao smiled brilliantly, her expression as dazzling as a blooming rose, “I’m here to see Godly General Lin.”

Lin Moyu looked at her, puzzled. He had no idea why she was seeking him out.

She continued, “Thank you, Godly General Lin, for carrying me through the dungeon last time. I’ve prepared what I promised you. When are you free?”

Lin Moyu had nearly forgotten about the matter. If Dongfang Yao hadn’t mentioned it, it might never have crossed his mind again. Since she had taken the initiative, he saw no need for pretense, “Now is fine.”

Dongfang Yao’s smile deepened, “Alright, I’ll lead the way, Godly General Lin.”

As the two departed together, Xia Bojian’s brows furrowed slightly.

Xia Xue let out a soft sigh, “So that’s Princess Yao? She’s so beautiful. Compared to her, I feel like an ugly duckling.”

Feng Xiu interjected, shaking his head, “You’re just as beautiful as she is. So is Zuo Mei.”

Zuo Mei shot him a glare, “What does this have to do with me?”

Feng Xiu gave an awkward smile, realizing his attempt at flattery had backfired.

Both Xia Xue and Zuo Mei were undoubtedly beautiful, but Dongfang Yao’s noble temperament set her apart.

Xia Xue shrugged, “There’s no comparison. She’s a princess, after all.”

Xia Bojian laughed heartily, “So what if she’s a princess? Xue, you’re also a princess of the Xia Family. In terms of status, you’re not inferior to her.”

Feng Xiu nodded in agreement, “Although Dongfang Yao is known as an imperial princess, her title essentially stems from her being a princess of a God-level family. That’s the extent of her standing.”

Even Feng Xiu, a descendant of the renowned Swordsman Feng Family, held a status equal to Dongfang Yao's.

Turning to Zuo Mei, Xia Bojian added with a chuckle, "Young girl, if we're talking about status, you might actually outrank Dongfang Yao."

Zuo Mei looked startled, "No way."

Xia Bojian's eyes gleamed with amusement, "You'll find out soon enough."

...

Outside the imperial royal palace, a teleportation formation flared to life, and Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao emerged.

Dongfang Yao quickly formed several intricate hand seals. The formation hummed in response, initiating a secondary teleportation, which transported them into the palace.

No teleportation formation could lead directly into the Shenxia Empire's palace. Entry required passing through the external formation and performing specific hand seals, all part of the palace's stringent security protocols.

Dongfang Yao performed the hand seals openly, not hiding them from Lin Moyu. These seals acted as a password, and by demonstrating them so transparently.

She glanced at him after completing the final seal, hoping her gesture had left an impression. But to her disappointment, Lin Moyu wasn't even paying attention.

The interior of the royal palace was breathtaking. Birds sang melodiously, and vibrant flowers filled the air with their fragrance.

As the heart of the Shenxia Empire, the palace was colossal, spanning an immense area. It even featured several small mountains, each towering dozens of meters high, rumored to have been relocated here by a God-level powerhouse.

For an ordinary visitor, exploring the palace would take days.

Dongfang Yao observed Lin Moyu's reaction closely. Unlike others who had entered the palace for the first time, Lin Moyu showed no signs of astonishment or awe.

Most people would have been awestruck by the grandeur of the royal palace, but Lin Moyu remained unfazed. With his calm demeanor and a history of razing entire cities, there was little left in the world that could truly surprise him.

As they walked through the palace, Dongfang Yao broke the silence, "Our royal family is entrusted with a secret vault. It houses ancient texts that cannot be found anywhere

else—not even your teachers have seen them. You must promise me that you won't disclose anything you see today, not even to them.”

Lin Moyu considered her words before giving a simple nod, “Alright.”

Reassured by his words, Dongfang Yao continued, “Besides showing you the texts, I also want to propose a new deal.”

“Let's hear it.” Lin Moyu replied, his tone neutral. Some deals were worth considering, while others were not.

“Our royal family possesses a dungeon.” Dongfang Yao explained, “Currently, it only has normal and nightmare rank difficulties. According to my father's calculations, the dungeon should also have a hell rank difficulty, but we've never been able to unlock it. Can you help us?”

Lin Moyu didn't agree immediately, “What level is the dungeon?”

“Level 45.” Dongfang Yao replied, “It's a perfect fit for you.”

After a brief moment of thought, Lin Moyu nodded, “If it's really a level 45 dungeon, then I can give it a try.”

Dongfang Yao's eyes lit up with excitement, “Then I'll take that as a yes! Feel free to state any conditions you have. As long as it's within my power, I'll agree.”

Lin Moyu's response was measured, “I can't guarantee success. Naming conditions now would be meaningless. Let's discuss that if and when I succeed.”

Dongfang Yao smiled radiantly, “I believe in you.”

After a lengthy walk, they arrived at a palace. Its ancient, unassuming design bore no external markings or clues to hint at its identity as the empire's secret vault.

Dongfang Yao stepped forward and knocked on the palace gate, calling out in a crisp voice, “Grandpa Li, it's me!”

Moments later, the gate creaked open, releasing an unusual and potent aura.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized it: God-level aura.

This was not the fake God-level energy radiated by the imperial Grand Councillors, but the genuine article. However, compared to the powerhouses he had encountered, such as Yan Kuangsheng and Bai Yiyuan, it felt somewhat weaker.

For the royal family to have one or two God-level powerhouses wasn't surprising, so Lin Moyu didn't dwell on it.

"Let's go." Dongfang Yao said, leading Lin Moyu inside.

The gate slammed shut behind them. The secret vault was surprisingly bright, its illumination surpassing that of the world outside.

"This is a secret realm." Lin Moyu quickly realized that had stepped into a secret realm.

The palace gate served as a cleverly disguised entrance to a vast secret realm.

Scattered throughout the secret realm were large wooden cabinets, seemingly placed at random. However, Lin Moyu's sharp perception soon told a different story.

With a spirit attribute exceeding 100,000—far surpassing his peers—Lin Moyu possessed exceptional sensitivity. His training in the Shenxia Tower, which included insights from a Formation Master of the military, had netted him some understanding of formations.

Studying the cabinets more closely, he discerned that their placement and orientation were anything but random. They marked key nodes in a massive formation, intricately woven into the very fabric of the secret realm.

The formation extended from the sky to the ground, creating an impenetrable defense. Any intruder attempting entry without authorization would likely trigger its deadly mechanisms.

Protected by such a formidable formation, concealed within a secret realm, and guarded by a God-level powerhouse, the secret vault was virtually impregnable.

The extreme measures intrigued Lin Moyu even more. Who—or what—was this level of security meant to deter?

If Abyssal Demons could reach this place, humanity would already be doomed. So, what purpose did this secret vault truly serve? Besides, Abyssal Demons might not even care for human possessions.

For now, Lin Moyu couldn't make sense of it.

[1] - the character jian (简) in Xia Bojian's name means simple, hence the moniker Simplicity God

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

Chapter 355: A Small Favor; A New Deal

"Follow me. There's a formation here—don't stray." Dongfang Yao instructed.

Lin Moyu stayed close, matching Dongfang Yao's footsteps through the secret realm.

Moments later, the scenery shifted, and they emerged from the formation's boundary. The fragrant aroma of tea filled the air. Ahead, a tea table was arranged neatly, an old man reclining comfortably in a chair beside it.

Though his demeanor bore some resemblance to Meng Anwen's, Lin Moyu thought Meng Anwen seemed more natural.

Dongfang Yao stepped forward briskly, pouring a cup of hot tea for the old man, "Grandpa Li, this is Lin Moyu, the one I mentioned. Do you remember?"

Dongfang Li nodded, a faint smile on his lips, "Yao, my memory hasn't failed me yet."

With a wave of his hand, several ancient books floated off a nearby shelf, landing softly on the tea table. Their worn covers exuded an aura of antiquity.

Dongfang Li closed his eyes, speaking firmly, "These books—you have one day. Read them here."

Lin Moyu frowned slightly. Dongfang Li, this God-level powerhouse, carried an air of aloofness that bordered on arrogance.

His gaze shifted to the bookshelf, where hundreds of similar books sat. Yet, the old man had offered him only a small selection—a mere fraction.

Lin Moyu's expression turned cold. Given the circumstances, he questioned whether reading the books was even worthwhile.

Dongfang Yao, noticing the change in his demeanor, leaned in and whispered something to Dongfang Li.

Dongfang Li's eyes snapped open, his gaze locking onto the godly general badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder. His expression shifted immediately.

The arrogance melted away, replaced by a warm smile tinged with astonishment, "Ah, so you're Godly General Lin!"

His attitude transformed entirely. Lin Moyu's rank as a godly general matched his own, and Dongfang Li dared not show any disrespect.

Lin Moyu asked calmly, "Am I only allowed to read these few books?"

Dongfang Li laughed heartily, "With your standing, how could you be limited to just these, Godly General Lin?"

With another wave of his hand, an entire bookshelf flew over, landing steadily before Lin Moyu.

"Please, Godly General Lin, enjoy some tea as you read. Take as long as you need."

This was far more acceptable. Lin Moyu nodded slightly, showing a faint smile. Respect was vital when dealing with God-level powerhouses, and there was no need to push too far.

"Thank you, Senior." He replied courteously before turning his attention to the books.

Whatever Dongfang Yao had whispered earlier was unimportant. What mattered was the result.

Dongfang Yao had previously mentioned that the royal lineage had painstakingly collected ancient texts for their imperial secret archive over countless years. Lin Moyu suspected these texts were only a fraction of what the secret vault held, likely those deemed appropriate for sharing.

The ancient texts were rich in content, detailing hidden truths and obscure events from ages past. Among the records were mentions of Jiang Yi and Godly Mage Xu Yan, information unavailable elsewhere.

Lin Moyu's understanding of the world deepened as he read.

He learned that the royal family had long known Jiang Yi was alive and that his secret realm was concealed within Xiajing Academy's Dungeon Hall. Jiang Yi hadn't chosen this location arbitrarily—it was his only option. The Dungeon Hall's continuous flow of elemental energy sustained his secret realm indefinitely.

The records also shed some light on Godly Mage Xu Yan, who had vanished during a great battle. Not long after his disappearance, Battlefield No. 3 dungeon emerged. Speculation at the time suggested that Xu Yan might be within the dungeon, but no one ever found him.

Lin Moyu deduced the truth: Xu Yan had deliberately chosen to remain hidden.

The ancient texts also provided valuable insights into the Immemorial Battlefield. However, what captivated Lin Moyu most were the accounts of the Primordial Space and the Dragon King Hall dungeon.

The Primordial Space had remained enigmatic throughout history. Its legendary Primordial Rune skills were unmatched and defied conventional class systems. Yet, most who obtained a Primordial Rune ultimately failed to keep it.

By fully merging with the rune and venturing into the Primordial Space, one could unlock immense rewards. A rare few have even managed to retain the Primordial Rune skill, yet the skill was reportedly weakened.

As for the nature of the Primordial Space itself, it was shrouded in secrecy. Those who returned from it lost all memories of their time inside, leaving its true circumstances a mystery.

"It seems I'll have to enter it myself to uncover the truth. The lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield—it shouldn't take too long." Lin Moyu murmured, his eyes blazing with determination.

If others could retain their Primordial Rune skill, so could he. If he could integrate the Enhance Troops skill as his own, his power would reach unimaginable heights.

Compared to the Primordial Space, the Dragon King Hall dungeon remained even more enigmatic. While its existence was widely known, only a handful had ever entered it.

The primary obstacle lay in obtaining the entry qualification.

The records mentioned that Jiang Yi had once ventured into the Dragon King Hall, but provided no further details.

As Lin Moyu read intently, Dongfang Yao brewed tea nearby, her actions almost reminiscent of a dutiful maid. Occasionally, she would whisper something to Dongfang Li, who would respond with hearty laughter.

It was clear Dongfang Li deeply doted on his royal granddaughter.

In their exchanges, Dongfang Yao highlighted some of Lin Moyu's astonishing feats, leaving Dongfang Li visibly impressed.

At level 37, Lin Moyu had already become a godly general, wiped out a 10,000-strong army, and even fought a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General.

Each accomplishment sounded more incredible than the last.

Dongfang Yao also recounted how Lin Moyu had carried her through a dungeon, further impressing Dongfang Li.

Lin Moyu, with his sharp memory and swift reading ability, had finished all the ancient texts on the bookshelf within half a day.

The knowledge he gained broadened his perspective, deepening his understanding of the world and even benefiting his class.

His eyes gleamed with newfound clarity, reflecting the sharpness of his mind.

Dongfang Yao asked cheerfully, "So, how was it? Did you gain anything?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "It wasn't bad. There were insights here you wouldn't find elsewhere, but unfortunately..."

"Unfortunately, what?" Dongfang Yao asked curiously.

"Unfortunately, I couldn't find what I was looking for." Lin Moyu said softly, placing the book in his hands back onto the shelf.

Dongfang Li interjected, "Godly General Lin, what is it you seek? Perhaps I can assist you."

Lin Moyu replied evenly, "I wish to know about the Desolate Voidland and the entity at the center of the Immemorial Battlefield's upper layer's core area."

Dongfang Li's eyes widened sharply, his gaze as piercing as a blade. A God-level aura radiated from him, powerful and overwhelming.

Yet Lin Moyu remained unfazed, meeting his gaze calmly, "Can you help me, Senior?"

Lin Moyu suspected the royal family held more hidden knowledge than the texts revealed. The ancient writings confirmed that the Shenxia Empire had been under the Dongfang Family's control since its inception, spanning thousands of years. Such an enduring history implied a vast and formidable foundation.

As a God-level powerhouse of the royal lineage, Dongfang Li surely had access to secrets few could imagine.

The sharp reaction from Dongfang Li only reinforced Lin Moyu's guess.

After taking a deep breath, Dongfang Li waved his hand, and the bookshelf returned to its original place. From deep within the formation, a single book flew out.

“The information you seek is here.” Dongfang Li said, “This is something that even Yao is not qualified to see.”

Lin Moyu nodded, “I understand. I won’t forget this favor.”

He fully grasped the significance of the gesture. For information denied even to Dongfang Yao to be handed to him was a rare display of consideration. Lin Moyu, though a man of few words, was astute enough to perceive the implicit message: this was a debt to remember.

Satisfied, Dongfang Li tossed the book to him.

The tome contained only a dozen or so pages on the Desolate Voidland and the mysterious entity. To Lin Moyu’s surprise, the entity in the Immemorial Battlefield’s core area had ties to the Desolate Voidland.

Long before the Shenxia Empire’s founding, the core area of the Immemorial Battlefield housed this enigmatic being. The connection stemmed from an event when Desolate Beasts from the Desolate Voidland invaded the Immemorial Battlefield and wreaked havoc.

In the end, a surge of unimaginable energy erupted from the upper layer’s core area, annihilating the invaders entirely.

This revelation proved the Desolate Beasts were not indestructible—they could be slain provided the power was sufficient.

After closing the book, Lin Moyu exhaled deeply.

He felt as though he had gained some insights, yet at the same time hadn’t. Still, the favor extended to him by Dongfang Li was not something he would forget. He would repay it in due time.

The royal family controlled numerous dungeons. Though smaller in scale than the Xiajing Academy’s Dungeon Hall, their quality was notably high, more than adequate for cultivating their descendants.

Next, Dongfang Yao led Lin Moyu to a dungeon in need of upgrading.

“This is the dungeon.” She said, gesturing toward the swirling vortex of energy.

Electric sparks flickered ominously within the vortex. Lin Moyu inspected it carefully, his expression shifting into something unreadable.

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

