

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 381: The Beast God Plateau; Clash Of The Three Great Institutes

Ning Yiyi's return was an unexpected delight for Lin Moya. After months of separation, their reunion brimmed with emotions and longing. Beneath the warm sun, they embraced, letting time slip away unnoticed.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows, they sat by the lakeside, sharing their stories.

Lin Moya recounted his time in the Abyssal World—the relentless battles, the bloodshed, and the oppressive murderous aura that haunted him. He described his near-death escape from the treacherous Putrid Corpse Land.

His tone was calm and indifferent, as if narrating someone else's story. Yet, Ning Yiyi could vividly imagine the chaos and danger. She clutched her chest, listening with bated breath, her heart pounding.

Lin Moya's experiences were like legendary tales—captivating and intense. In contrast, Ning Yiyi's story was much simpler.

She had been sent into a special secret realm by her grandfather, Ning Tairan, where she faced countless battles, grinding her skills, mastering combat techniques, and raising her level.

With Ning Tairan's meticulous planning, she received abundant potions and resources, enabling her to fight without pause. Her leveling speed rivaled Lin Moyu's, and before long, she had reached level 40—surpassing him by a narrow margin.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but marvel at the advantage of having such powerful backing. For most geniuses at the Xiajing Academy, achieving level 40 from level 20 would typically take two to three years of relentless dungeon grinding.

But compared to his sister, this pace seemed perfectly reasonable—she was a true freak of nature.

Under Ning Tairan's guidance, after reaching level 40 Ning Yiyi had undergone her second class awakening. At the same time, she had also achieved class sublimation

Ning Tairan, ever the doting grandfather, spared no effort in preparing for this monumental event. He gathered an abundance of rare treasures, all to maximize her chances of class sublimation.

Coupled with the Blackened Soul Crystal she had previously acquired, Ning Yiyi successfully ascended to a legendary rank class: Night Stalker.

Her previous class, Shadow Assassin, though formidable as a superior rank class, paled in comparison to legendary classes.

While Ning Yiyi's story lacked the life-threatening drama of Lin Moyu's, it was far from simple. After her awakening, Ning Tairan initiated another round of trials that lasted over a month.

Ning Tairan had procured a vast collection of puppets, each capable of replicating the combat techniques of different class users. Every day, Ning Yiyi faced these puppets in relentless battles, gradually mastering the combat techniques of other classes.

Her training bore striking similarities to the methods used by legends like Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng during their youth. It also resembled Lin Moyu's own experiences, though his training had been even more extreme, as he had directly possessed different puppets.

Now, sitting by the serene lakeside, Ning Yiyi leaned her head gently against Lin Moyu's shoulder. Her face glowed softly under the sun.

"I'll leave the rest to you." She said, a twinkle in her eye. Her expression made it clear she wasn't expecting—or accepting—any refusal.

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, "Alright, leave it to me."

Night had fallen, casting a veil of darkness over the land, yet the Dungeon Hall was bustling with life, its lights glowing brightly.

The Dungeon Hall was often busier at night than during the day. After a full day of studies and training, students would gather here, eager to form parties, raid dungeons, acquire equipment, and level up. Everyone was working very hard, driven by the fear of falling behind.

When Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi arrived, the lively atmosphere shifted, and a hush fell over the crowd.

Lin Moyu seemed to radiate an invisible aura, one honed through countless battles and steeped in bloodshed, that made people hesitant to speak loudly in his presence. *ráNÓ\$Ê\$*

All eyes turned to him, a mix of admiration and awe.

Ning Yiyi, holding onto Lin Moyu's arm, grinned playfully, "You're amazing. Look at the way everyone stares at you—it's like you're a legend already."

Lin Moyu's reply was calm and unassuming, "Compared to the ancestors of the human race, I'm nothing."

Ning Yiyi disagreed, "One day, you'll surpass them. You'll defeat the Dragonkind and level the Abyss. I believe in you."

Lin Moyu suddenly recalled Jiang Yi's words: even if the human race were to produce a Transcendent God-level powerhouse, it would still be impossible to raze the Abyss.

He wondered if Jiang Yi's words were true. Perhaps only when he reached the same level himself would he truly understand.

The two stepped into the Dungeon Hall, a vast space housing more than a hundred dungeons of varying levels and sizes.

Lin Moyu glanced around before speaking, "We should pick a suitable dungeon."

Ning Yiyi answered without hesitation, "Let's go to the Beast God Plateau dungeon. It's one of the best for gaining EXP for level 40 to 50 class users."

As the beloved granddaughter of Ning Tairan, who managed the Dungeon Hall, Ning Yiyi was well-acquainted with it.

There are two large-scale dungeons here: the level 25 Tyrant Desert and the level 45 Beast God Plateau.

The Beast God Plateau had a level restriction between level 40 and level 50, with a maximum party size of 50 participants.

Trusting Ning Yiyi's insight, Lin Moyu nodded, "Alright, the Beast God Plateau it is."

Unlike regular dungeons, large-scale dungeons didn't allow class users to select difficulty levels. The monsters inside were roughly equivalent to hell rank monsters, with the main difference being their numbers.

For most, those numbers were daunting. For Lin Moyu, they were irrelevant.

Ning Yiyi, well aware of Lin Moyu's unparalleled combat capabilities, knew that the Beast God Plateau dungeon was their best choice at the moment.

She pointed at the glowing screen above the dungeon entrance, "The records are about to be rewritten."

The records displayed on the screen were set three years ago.

[Chuangshen Institute: 6 hours, 29 minutes, 18 seconds]

[Chuangshi Institute: 6 hours, 52 minutes, 01 second]

[Yanhuang Institute: 6 hours, 53 minutes, 31 seconds]

The top record in the Beast God Plateau dungeon belonged to the Chuangshen Institute. Impressively, their party had only 25 members—half the dungeon’s maximum participant limit—yet their record had remained unbroken for three years. This achievement was a testament to the institute’s exceptional strength.

The three great institutes—Chuangshen Institute, Chuangshi Institute, and Yanhuang Institute—monopolized nearly 99% of the academy’s top-tier talents. Their parties had set numerous records in the Dungeon Hall, which were notoriously difficult to break.

Difficult, but not impossible.

Unlike their feats, the records set by Lin Moyu were in a league of their own, so unreachable they inspired more despair than competition.

Lin Moyu glanced at the records, his tone calm and composed, “Let’s give it a shot.”

As the dungeon vortex flared to life, the two were teleported into the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

The sight of Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi entering the dungeon stirred a ripple of excitement through the Dungeon Hall.

“Whoa, Godly General Lin is taking a girl dungeon grinding!”

“That girl’s so lucky. If only Godly General Lin would take me instead.”

“And it’s the Beast God Plateau—a 50-person dungeon! Is he seriously planning to solo it?”

“Isn’t that what he always does? Remember the Tyrant Desert dungeon? He carried 39 people by himself back then.”

“That was a level 25 dungeon! The Beast God Plateau is level 45. The difficulty is on a completely different scale.”

“Difficulty? Ha! As if that matters to Godly General Lin.”

The discussion was electric, with most expressing confidence in Lin Moyu’s success, given his stellar track record. But not everyone was a believer.

A small but number of detractors seized the opportunity to voice their doubts, speculating that Lin Moyu’s class abilities might have diminished after his second class awakening.

Meanwhile, news of Lin Moyu taking a girl to a dungeon spread like wildfire, sparking speculation about Ning Yiyi’s identity and her connection to him.

At this moment, the teleportation formation outside the Dungeon Hall flared again, and a formidable party exuding overwhelming presence emerged.

Without a word, the party strode confidently into the Dungeon Hall and disappeared into the vortex leading to the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

This group consisted of 30 class users, all between levels 48 and 50, bearing the emblem of the Yanhuang Institute.

The sight of such a powerful party left the crowd stunned.

Suddenly, someone gasped, breaking the silence, “Wait! Today marks three years. The Beast God’s true body is about to respawn!”

“That’s right! Three years ago, the Chuangshen Institute defeated the Beast God’s true body and claimed the rewards.”

“At the time, the Chuangshi Institute and the Yanhuang Institute both fought tooth and nail to compete for it, but the Chuangshen party came out on top.”

“I wonder which of the three great institutes will be the first to slay the Beast God's true body this time.”

“Don’t forget—Godly General Lin is in the dungeon too. With him there, it’s possible the Beast God’s true body won’t fall to any of the three great institutes.

The crowd buzzed with speculation.

Before the debate could continue, the teleportation formation flared yet again, and overwhelming auras spilled out.

The area outside the Dungeon Hall fell into a complete silence.

A second party emerged from the formation. Without hesitation, they strode straight into the Dungeon Hall and vanished into the vortex leading to the Beast God Plateau.

This time it was a party from the Chuangshi Institute.

Barely half a minute after the Chuangshi Institute’s party entered the dungeon, the formation lit up again. This time, it heralded the arrival of the Chuangshen Institute.

Unlike the other two institutes, which fielded parties of 30 members each, the Chuangshen Institute’s party consisted of only 25 elites.

The smaller team size was a reflection of their immense confidence in their combat capabilities.

Now, with all three of the great institutes gathered in the Beast God Plateau dungeon, the race for the Beast God's true body was set to unfold.

The three great institutes viewed this dungeon as a contest.

Chapter 382: Ning Yiyi Is Obedient And Well-Behaved

A gentle breeze swept across the grassland, bending the blades of grass and creating a soft rustling sound.

Ning Yiyi closed her eyes, her delicate face filled with contentment as she basked in the light touch of the wind.

"Mmm, it's been so long since I've felt this relaxed." She murmured.

Stretching out her arms, she seemed to embrace the wind itself.

When she was with Lin Moyu, Ning Yiyi felt entirely at ease—both in body and spirit. This rare and precious feeling made her cherish these moments even more.

She adored Lin Moyu: the quiet strength he exuded, the faint, comforting scent that lingered around him, and the way she could nestle against him like a sleepy kitten.

Lin Moyu said softly, "Let's begin."

Ning Yiyi hummed in agreement, "Alright. I can relax again."

As she spoke, she retrieved a snack and took a hearty bite, savoring the treat.

Suddenly, an eerie wind rose, howling across the grassland. From nowhere, 22 undead legions appeared, their formation precise and menacing. They surged in every direction like a pack of wolves.

Ning Yiyi's eyes widened in shock, her snack momentarily forgotten, "How... how are there so many?"

In their previous dungeon raids, Lin Moyu had summoned only a few hundred skeletons. But this—this was on an entirely different scale.

Lin Moyu glanced at her and explained, "I mastered a new skill when I reached level 30, which increased their numbers significantly."

The skeletons' numbers skyrocketed twice. The first time was at level 30 when he unlocked the Summon Lich General skill, which allowed him to form undead legions. The second time was at level 40, when the capacity of his summon space increased from 400 to 600. Now, the total number of skeletons in the 22 undead legions had reached 14,520.

Ning Yiyi quickly processed the fact and broke into a bright smile, "That's incredible! With so many skeletons, I don't even have to lift a finger. I can just relax and enjoy my snacks!"

As the undead troops spread out, the layout of the dungeon began to form in Lin Moyu's mind.

The Beast God Plateau stretched endlessly before them—a vast, open expanse teeming with beast-type monsters.

[Killed level 46 Plateau Wolf, EXP + 920,000]

[Obtained high-grade wolf fur x3]

[Killed level 45 Plateau Antelope, EXP + 900,000]

[Obtained high-grade wool x2]

Kill notifications flooded in rapid succession. The monsters on the plateau were clustered in groups—ranging from a dozen to as many as thirty or forty.

The undead army swiftly dealt with them. Despite being enhanced elite monsters from a large-scale dungeon, the level 40 or so monsters were no match for Lin Moyu's overwhelming forces. They were nothing more than fodder.

Lin Moyu noted one distinct pattern: there were no solitary monsters.

This dungeon was designed for a 50-person party. If a monster were by itself, it would undoubtedly be a leader or the boss.

The undead army's advance was relentless. In just 20 minutes, they had swept the plateau clean of enemies. Lin Moyu hadn't even taken a step.

"This is so much faster than level grinding on my own." Ning Yiyi said cheerfully, "It's so much more comfortable tagging along with you."

Her thoughts drifted to her solo leveling days, a grueling and lonely grind. The difference between then and now was night and day.

With the plateau cleared, they soon found the path to the next stage.

"I've found the way forward. Let's go!" Lin Moyu announced.

As he spoke, he wrapped his arms securely around Ning Yiyi. She let out a soft hum of approval, instinctively snuggling into his warm embrace.

Moments later, she felt the ground disappear beneath her. The scenery blurred and rushed past them as if they were flying.

It wasn't an illusion—they really were flying.

Ning Yiyi tilted her head upward and saw the Lightning Wings on Lin Moyu's back, a streak of brilliant light trailing behind him.

The cold wind nipped at her face, causing her to shiver. She quickly buried her head against Lin Moyu's chest.

The outside was too cold. Lin Moyu's embrace was much warmer and more comfortable.

The flight lasted only a dozen seconds before Lin Moyu came to a stop.

Before them stood a massive bridge connecting their plateau to the next. Beneath the bridge yawned a canyon, hundreds of meters deep.

A group of monsters stood on the bridge, blocking their path. Among them was a particularly massive figure that towered over the rest.

“That one must be the leader monster.” Lin Moyu remarked.

The canyon stretching out between the two plateaus was teeming with monsters. The density of monsters here far exceeded that of the plateau, with their numbers reaching several thousand.

"As expected of a large-scale dungeon, the sheer number of monsters is astonishing."

Lin Moyu was faced with three options—cross the bridge to the second plateau, dive into the canyon to clear the monsters for a massive EXP jump, or bypass the monsters entirely by flying.

This wasn't a speedrun. His goal was to level grind. Naturally, he chose the most rewarding path: a combination of options one and two.

With a command, the scattered undead troops were recalled, and then released again.

The undead army was split in two. Half of the skeletons leaped into the canyon, while the other half charged onto the bridge.

Efficiency was key, and Lin Moyu wasted no time. Holding Ning Yiyi securely in his arms, he spread his Lightning Wings and flew into the canyon.

The canyon swarmed with monsters—beasts, serpents, and insects alike.

The arrival of the skeletons drew the monsters' attention instantly. They surged toward the undead army, thinking they had found their prey. But they were gravely mistaken—what they faced wasn't prey, but death incarnate.

Boom!

A booming noise echoed through the canyon. After eliminating several monsters, the long-dormant Corpse Explosion skill was activated once again. In an instant, countless monsters were obliterated, and EXP surged in like a tidal wave.

There was no need for curses—Corpse Explosion alone was enough to annihilate every monster within the blast radius.

The blasts were so powerful that the canyon itself seemed to tremble. Rocks rained down from the walls, crashing onto the canyon floor with resounding thuds.

Lin Moyu glided through the canyon using Lightning Wings, unleashing Corpse Explosion with along the way.

The canyon, which connected two plateaus, only spanned five kilometers, clustered with over a thousand monsters. For most parties, this area would be a death trap, a gauntlet of endless waves of enemies. Clearing it would be an exhausting and nearly impossible task.

But for Lin Moyu, this was the perfect place to use Corpse Explosion.

Twenty seconds later, it was over.

With Ning Yiyi still nestled in his arms, Lin Moyu soared out of the canyon and landed gracefully at the far end of the bridge.

Just as they touched down, the Lightning Wings dissolved, their duration expiring at the perfect moment.

Ning Yiyi's face was flushed, her cheeks tinged with a bright pink. Her excitement was unmistakable, the exhilaration of flying and the thrill of the battle still coursing through her.

"That was amazing! So much fun!" She said with sparkling eyes.

Lin Moyu gently patted Ning Yiyi's head, "In a moment, I'll take you for another round."

Meanwhile, the battle on the bridge was reaching its conclusion.

The skeletons had surrounded a tiger-like monster.

[Plateau Tiger (enhanced elite leader)]

[Level: 47]

[Strength: 60,000]

[Agility: 30,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 80,000]

[Skills: Roar, Tiger Claw Strike]

[Trait: Enhanced Health]

With a total attribute score of 180,000, the Plateau Tiger surpassed hell rank leaders of the same level but remained weaker than bosses.

But compared to Lin Moyu's skeletons, it was pitifully weak.

If the skeletons attacked with their full might, they could annihilate a creature like this in less than 30 seconds.

Now, under their relentless siege, the Plateau Tiger was on its last legs.

Lin Moyu pointed with a finger and unleashed Deterioration Curse, overwhelming the already beleaguered monster.

[Killed a Plateau Tiger, EXP +1,410,000]

[Obtained Tiger Sword]

[Tiger Sword: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +1,200, increases the damage of Swordsman-type skills by 60%.]

Lin Moyu glanced at the subpar platinum rank weapon briefly. Without a second thought, he tossed it into his storage space.

With the bridge cleared, the undead army surged forward, entering the second plateau without hesitation.

Ning Yiyi glanced at Lin Moyu, her voice light, “The Beast God Plateau dungeon has a total of four plateaus, each crawling with monsters. Between each plateau, there’s always a leader rank monster standing guard. And as you progress, the monsters on the plateaus get stronger. The last plateau, in particular, is packed with leader rank monsters. Most parties avoid unnecessary fights whenever they can, rushing straight to the last plateau. After all, the majority of the dungeon's rewards are found on the last plateau.”

Lin Moyu nodded slightly, understanding her point. In larger parties, the spoils of battle—particularly EXP—were divided among dozens of members. After splitting the rewards, there was hardly anything left for each individual.

Under those conditions, it made sense to avoid excessive battles.

But Lin Moyu’s situation was entirely different.

But for him and Ning Yiyi, there were only two people sharing the spoils, and every monster slain yielded a significant amount of EXP.

Moreover, Lin Moyu's monster-slaying speed was far greater to that of ordinary parties. The 22 undead legions, acting as relentless killing machines, brought in an enormous amount of EXP.

Lin Moyu smirked faintly and reached out to pinch Ning Yiyi's nose playfully, "We're here to level grind. Rewards are secondary—EXP is what matters most. If you want a speedrun, after we finish this raid, and I've mapped out the dungeon properly, I'll take you on one."

Ning Yiyi's laughter rang out like a bell. She wasn't trying to change his mind—she had simply wanted to share what she knew. Whatever decision Lin Moyu made, she was happy to follow.

This little kitten named Ning Yiyi was truly obedient and well-behaved.

Chapter 383: A Wife Benefitting From Her Husband

The monsters on the second plateau were far more formidable than those on the first, reaching level 47.

The variety had also shifted—from antelopes and wolves to lions and tigers. Their attack power and speed had both seen significant increases.

Yet, no matter what kind these monsters were, whether level 47 or level 48, they were powerless before Lin Moyu's undead army. Wherever the undead army passed, the land was left barren of monsters.

Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi walked leisurely through the second plateau, as though they were on a scenic outing. The wind was stronger here, and the temperature had dropped noticeably.

In a distance, there appeared to be a layer of white, as if blanketed by snow.

Ning Yiyi broke the silence, her voice lively as she began talking about the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

"Back in the day, when the Shenxia Empire wanted to move the Beast God Plateau dungeon here, they had to mobilize nine God-level powerhouses."

"Moving a large-scale dungeon is far more challenging than relocating an ordinary one—especially this dungeon, which was exceptionally difficult. The difficulty even surpassed that of the super large-scale dungeons in the Dungeon Hall."

"Moyu, do you know why?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "I'm not sure."

Ning Yiyi came from a prestigious family, with her grandfather overseeing the Dungeon Hall. Naturally, she was privy to many secrets and anecdotes about it.

With a gleam of excitement, Ning Yiyi said, "This dungeon contains the Beast God's True Body."

"The Beast God's True Body?" Lin Moyu was puzzled. He had never heard of it before.

Ning Yiyi admitted, "I'm not entirely sure what it is either, but Grandfather mentioned it's related to the Beast God, some kind of God."

Lin Moyu was taken aback. A God?

Ning Yiyi continued, "According to Grandpa, the dungeon is called Beast God Plateau because of this. The Beast God's True Body respawns every three years, and only the first party to defeat it get its rewards. The rewards also vary depending on how quickly it's defeated."

She paused before adding, "The Chuangshen Institute's party once defeated it in 40 minutes and obtained a Beast God's Bone, a tiny fragment smaller than a fingernail. It can be crafted into a boss accessory."

At the mention of “boss accessory,” Lin Moyu suddenly stopped in his tracks.

Ning Yiyi looked at him, puzzled, “What’s wrong?”

Lin Moyu took out a small box and handed it to her, “I almost forgot. This is for you.”

"What is it?" Ning Yiyi asked as she opened the box, and a boss accessory aura emanated from inside.

Her eyes lit up with excitement, her tone a mix of delight and playfulness, "Wow, a boss accessory! Where did you get this? Be honest."

Lin Moyu replied calmly, "My teacher gave it to me after my second class awakening, but I can't use it."

He then explained his inability to use equipment.

Ning Yiyi let out a soft "oh," closed the box, and handed it back to him.

"Don't you want them?" Lin Moyu asked, puzzled by her reaction. She'd been so thrilled just a moment ago.

Ning Yiyi raised her hand, showing off the Goblin King's Ring he'd given her previously.

Although the Goblin King's Ring was also a boss accessory, but its attributes were far inferior to those of the three in the box.

Ning Yiyi said proudly, "This is all I need. You should hold onto the rest—they'll come in handy later."

Lin Moyu frowned slightly, "It is meant as a gift for you. What other use could it have?"

Ning Yiyi's cheeks flushed, "You dummy. It's for your marriage proposal, of course!"

Lin Moyu blinked, scratching his head as the realization dawned on him.

According to the customs of the Shenxia Empire, a betrothal gift was a necessary part of a marriage proposal. Even though he was a godly general or destined to become a God-level powerhouse, tradition demanded a proper betrothal gift.

In that case, the three boss accessories would naturally make the perfect betrothal gift.

"This girl..." Lin Moyu smiling involuntarily.

Ning Yiyi was thinking further ahead than he was. Since that was the case, Lin Moyu simply put the box away, planning to give it to her when he proposed. After all, with him around, Ning Yiyi basically didn't need to fight.

The bond between the two seemed to have grown closer once again, and before they knew it, they had reached the edge of the plateau.

Ahead of them stretched the bridge connecting the second and third plateaus, spanning a narrow canyon. Looking down, they could see countless poisonous snakes and pythons in the canyon.

Guarding the bridge was a colossal python, over 30 meters long.

Ning Yiyi's face turned pale at the sight, "I'm not going down there."

Lin Moyu smiled. Without a word, he unfolded his Lightning Wings, and with a powerful leap, he charged into the canyon alongside his undead army.

In moments, the canyon erupted with chaos.

[Killed a level 47 Canyon Python, EXP +940,000]

[Obtained serpent skin x2]

[Killed a level 47 White-Eyed Viper, EXP +940,000]

[Obtained serpent skin x2]

EXP notifications flooded in like a torrent—dozens, even hundreds at a time. Ning Yiyi couldn't keep up with the constant stream.

Most classes killed monsters one by one. Even Mages, with their powerful AoE offensive skills, couldn't hope to wipe out so many enhanced elite monsters in a single sweep. Only Lin Moyu was capable of such overwhelming destruction.

At this moment, Ning Yiyi felt a brief pang of guilt. She wondered if she might be holding him back. Without her, his leveling speed could probably be doubled.

But then, a sly thought crossed her mind: she was going to marry him eventually, wasn't she? So wasn't it only natural to benefit from her future husband?

Ning Yiyi's expression instantly turned shameless, "As the saying goes, a wife follows her husband, just like a chicken follows the rooster. When the husband levels up, the wife levels up too. That's only fair."

The two plateaus, teeming with over 5,000 monsters, yielded a massive haul of EXP.

Since entering the dungeon, Lin Moyu's EXP had increased by 3%. Ning Yiyi, however, had gained even more—her EXP had risen by 4%.

Lin Moyu, already at level 42, required significantly more EXP to level up compared to Ning Yiyi, who was still level 40. The same amount of EXP resulted in a higher percentage increase for her.

When Lin Moyu shot out of the canyon, the battle on the bridge was also nearing its end.

He confirmed he hadn't been mistaken—there was indeed snow on the third plateau

The temperature was noticeably low, but it hardly affected him or Ning Yiyi. They strolled through the snowy landscape, enjoying the serene beauty as they advanced.

Battling monsters wasn't their concern; that responsibility was entirely handed over to Lin Moyu's undead army, which cleared the path effortlessly.

Meanwhile, in another space of the Beast God Plateau dungeon, the Chuangshi Institute's party was locked in fierce combat.

Their coordination was flawless, with each member executing their role seamlessly. The five Knights at the front formed an impenetrable wall, holding their ground against the monsters. Behind them, the Healers were responsible for healing them.

The Mages and Archers unleashed dazzling skills, raining destruction upon their opponent with precision. The party also included two control-type supports, whose primary task was to regulate the battle's rhythm and alleviate the pressure on the Knights.

Among them was an Assassin, who moved like a shadow—appearing and disappearing at will. He would dart ahead of the party, luring monsters into the range of the Mages' AoE offensive skills to accelerate their clearing speed.

"Let's pick up the pace! We can't let the Chuangshen and Yanhuang parties beat us to it! Three years ago, the Chuangshen party got ahead of us and took down the Beast God's True Body. This time, we must be first." Ling Yizhan, leading the Chuangshi Institute's party on the Beast God Plateau, shouted.

He was on the verge of leveling up, yet because of the Beast God Plateau dungeon, he had remained at level 50.

This wasn't just a matter of pride—it was about honor. The Chuangshi Institute was determined to claim victory this time.

The Yanhuang Institute was the same. Their party had already advanced to the second plateau, keeping pace with the other two parties.

Each time the Beast God Plateau dungeon refreshed, it turned into a fierce competition between the three great institutes. Though the Chuangshen Institute was often the victor, the Chuangshi and Yanhuang Institutes occasionally managed to win as well.

At Xiajing Academy, in a large meeting room, several big shots of the academy had gathered. Among them were the deans of the three top institutes: Mo Xinghe of the Chuangshi Institute, Luo Gaoxuan of the Chuangshen Institute, and Luo Yan of the Yanhuang Institute.

At the center of the room, Ning Tairan was projecting the current situation in the Beast God Plateau dungeon for all to see.

What had once been a competition between students had grown into a grand contest among the institutes themselves.

The dungeon also served as a proving ground, showcasing which of the newest top-tier geniuses were the most outstanding.

At this moment, the expressions of the three deans were... peculiar.

In front of them, three screens displayed live feeds of the three top institute parties respectively. Beyond the three screens, there was an additional screen—elevated above the rest.

On the top screen, Lin Moyu was casually raiding the dungeon with Ning Yiyi nestled in his arms. His undead army was handling the battles while the two strolled through the snowy landscape as if enjoying a leisurely walk in a park.

Ning Tairan's face darkened, his expression as sour as if he'd swallowed bitter medicine. The corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably, his eyes gleaming with restrained fury.

Finally, he growled through gritted teeth, his voice low and menacing: "You stinky kid, let go of my granddaughter!"

Chapter 384: Lin Moyu Had Draws A Monster Horde Once Again

The deans watched for a while before turning to Ning Tairan, offering their congratulations.

"Congratulations, Old Ning, on gaining such an exceptional son-in-law."

“Miss Yiyi truly has impeccable taste, choosing Godly General Lin.”

“Godly General Lin's future is boundless. Miss Yiyi truly has a keen eye for talent.”

Their words were like sharp daggers piercing Ning Tairan's heart. He had nurtured a rare and beautiful flower in his family, only to see it plucked away by someone else.

A lump formed in his throat, which he could neither swallow nor spit out. He felt as if he had eaten something unpleasant.

Noticing his darkened expression, the group tactfully fell silent. They were old foxes and could tell that Ning Tairan was unhappy, deeply unhappy.

It was a natural reaction for a doting grandfather, and they understood.

Someone quickly steered the conversation elsewhere, “It seems Godly General Lin will take the lead this time.”

“That seems likely. I wonder how long it will take Godly General Lin to defeat the Beast God's True Body.”

“The current record stands at 37 minutes. The rewards differ based on the time taken. Hopefully, Godly General Lin can set a new record.”

By this point, Lin Moyu had already reached the third plateau, clearly holding back and not unleashing his full strength.

Meanwhile, the parties from the three top institutes had only reached the second plateau.

In addition, Lin Moyu had opted for a complete-clear strategy, wiping out even the monsters in the canyons, without any regard for speed. This was nothing short of exasperating for the watching deans.

Among the three, only Mo Xinghe's expression remained somewhat composed. After all, Lin Moyu was nominally affiliated with the Chuangshi Institute.

After a moment of silence, Mo Xinghe suggested, "Old Ning, perhaps you should remind Godly General Lin to go all out when facing the Beast God's True Body."

Ning Tairan snorted, "Does he need me to remind him? Yiyi must have already told him."

His fuming demeanor nearly made the others burst into laughter.

Despite his status as a mighty God-level powerhouse, it was clear he was utterly devoted to his granddaughter.

Even though he had an unwilling expression, Ning Tairan couldn't deny Lin Moyu's excellence.

Among his generation, Lin Moyu was unmatched, standing head and shoulders above the rest.

Few people knew about Lin Moyu's recent adventure in the Putrid Corpse Land, but Ning Tairan was one of those who did.

At the time, Ning Tairan had thought Lin Moyu was doomed to perish in the Putrid Corpse Land. The situation had seemed so dire that he didn't even dare to tell Ning Yiyi about it.

Who could have imagined that not only would Lin Moyu survive, but he would fight his way out alive?

Ning Tairan couldn't help but reflect—if it had been him trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land, he might not have been able to escape.

However, acknowledging Lin Moyu's abilities was one thing, but feeling upset about him was another.

Despite his mixed emotions, Ning Tairan was also curious to see how long it would take Lin Moyu to defeat the Beast God's True Body and what rewards he would obtain.

As for the possibility of failure? The thought never crossed his mind.

If even the other parties could defeat the Beast God's True Body, how could Lin Moyu possibly fail?

One glance at his skeletons—ferocious like wolves and tigers—was enough to make the outcome clear.

Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi walked across the snow, their footprints trailing behind them.

After following the undead army for a while, they finally reached the edge of the third plateau. Snowflakes cascaded into the canyon below, blanketing the terrain in a thick, glistening layer of white.

In the canyon below, monsters resembling oversized grizzly bears lay scattered across the snow. On the bridge above, a massive bear-like leader stood tall.

Using the same strategy, the undead army split into two groups.

Lin Moyu descended into the canyon alongside one of the groups.

Booming sounds reverberated through the air as snow erupted skyward, only to drift back down.

In less than 30 seconds, the grizzly bear-like monsters in the canyon were obliterated.

Meanwhile, the battle on the bridge pressed on. The grizzly bear leader, a formidable level 49 monster with immense strength and health, still needed a few more strikes to be taken down.

The first three plateaus couldn't stop the advance of the undead army.

Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi reached the final plateau.

The monsters on the fourth plateau showed a noticeable shift in difficulty.

At the Xiajing Academy's meeting room, the three deans leaned forward in their seats, their eyes narrowing with anticipation. All attention was on how Lin Moyu would handle the monsters of the fourth plateau.

Mo Xinghe stroked his white beard thoughtfully and muttered, "The fourth plateau, also known as the Leader Plateau, is no joke. It contains 12 monster groups in total. The groups consist of 20 to 30 monsters, each led by a leader. That's 12 leaders in total."

Dean Luo Gaoxuan of the Chuangshen Institute added, “The real challenge isn’t the number of leaders—it’s that they support each other.”

Dean Luo Yan of the Yanhuang Institute, the only woman present, spoke gravely, “That’s why each monster group must be lured as far apart from the rest as possible before engaging it. Otherwise, you could trigger a collective rampage from all the leaders. That would be disastrous.”

Luo Gaoxuan fixed his gaze on Lin Moyu, speaking slowly, “The fourth plateau requires the utmost caution. It is the most time-consuming. Even for the Chuangshen Institute’s party, it will take at least two hours to get through.”

He then turned to Ning Tairan, “Old Ning, how long do you think it’ll take Godly General Lin to clear the fourth plateau?”

All eyes were on Ning Tairan. Of everyone present, he was the most familiar with Lin Moyu.

After a moment of thought, Ning Tairan gave an answer, “If that kid gets serious, 10 minutes should be enough.”

The room fell silent. Ten minutes versus two hours? The difference was staggering.

“Is that even possible?” Luo Gaoxuan asked, not outright refuting Ning Tairan’s claim but clearly skeptical.

Ning Tairan chuckled, “Just watch.”

Deep down, he thought even 10 minutes might be overestimating it.

He knew Lin Moyu too well. The more monsters there were, the greater the advantage for him.

Lin Moyu’s unparalleled skill was a weapon of mass destruction, perfectly suited for scenarios like this.

On the screen, Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi stepped onto the fourth plateau.

The storm here was fiercer, the snow swirling in blinding gusts, and the temperature had dropped even lower. The wind slashed through the air like invisible blades.

Each plateau was higher than the one before, with a harsher environment to match.

Lin Moyu’s gaze swept across the plateau, landing on the monster groups, each led by a leader rank monster.

“So this is the Leader Plateau.” Ning Yiyi remarked with mild surprise, “There really are many leader rank monsters here.”

She then explained, “The fourth plateau is called the Leader Plateau because it has so many leaders.”

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, “A fitting name.”

For most people, an abundance of leader rank monsters would be a nightmare.

But for Lin Moyu...

Dozens of Skeletal Berserk Warriors surged forward. They scattered across the plateau, charging toward the different monster groups.

Clearing them individually would be a waste of time—gathering them together and eliminating them all at once was far more efficient.

Ning Yiyi’s large eyes narrowed slightly, a spark of excitement gleaming within them.

She could guess exactly what Lin Moyu intended—wiping out every monster at once. The mere thought thrilled her.

Lin Moyu saw it clearly—the undisguised excitement in her eyes. This girl clearly enjoyed mayhem.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors wasted no time, racing across the entire fourth plateau, drawing every single monster on the plateau without exception.

With their incredibly high agility, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors easily outpaced the leader rank monsters. Their speed allowed them to effortlessly corral the monsters, gradually forming a massive, elongated monster army.

At the very front were the axe-wielding Skeletal Berserk Warriors. Hot on their heels were 12 towering leader rank monsters, each of a different type—wolf, lion, grizzly bear, pythons, and more. Trailing at the rear were over 300 monsters.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors lured the enormous monster army to a specific spot, where the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen of the undead army had already taken their positions.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Lin Moyu activated his skill, and a crimson glow engulfed the entire plateau.

A scarlet sword mark with a chain appeared on every monster's head.

To the monsters, the world suddenly seemed to speed up. The Skeletal Berserk Warriors' speed abruptly accelerated.

In truth, it wasn't the world that had sped up—it was they who had slowed down.

Ning Yiyi couldn't help but laugh, "It's so thrilling! So much fun!"

Lin Moyu hadn't drawn monsters together like this in a long time. Even his usually calm eyes flickered with a trace of excitement.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched their attacks in perfect unison.

Elemental Explosions erupted like fireworks, brilliant lights blooming amidst the monster horde.

Arrows instantly pierced one monster after another.

The air filled with the shrieks. Multiple monsters were felled in an instant.

Lin Moyu raised his finger, tapping the air lightly.

Skill: Corpse Explosion!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sound of continuous explosions roared through the plateau.

The ground was upheaved, and snow and debris barreled into the sky like an inverted waterfall.

The entire world turned into a blinding expanse of white—no other colors could be seen.

“It’s beautiful!” Ning Yiyi’s melodious voice echoed through the snow-white world.

In the Xiajing Academy’s meeting room, the screen in front of the big shots had turned completely white, displaying nothing else.

“We can’t see anything anymore.”

“I wonder what’s happening in there.”

Ning Tairan chuckled, “There’s no rush. You’ll know soon enough.”

He glanced at the time—6 minutes. It was indeed faster than he had predicted.

Meanwhile, at the very center of the fourth plateau, an altar began to stir.

A monstrous figure slowly awakened, its body emanating a blinding light that connected the heavens and the earth.

Chapter 385: The Putrid Corpse Land's Beast God; Beast God's Essence Blood

As the immense aura surged, ice and snow instantly melted, revealing the grim scene beneath.

Corpses—large and small—lay stacked in grotesque piles. Every monster on the fourth plateau was dead. Not a single one survived.

The three deans stood in stunned silence. Even for Mo Xinghe, it was his first time witnessing Lin Moyu unleash such a massacre.

Luo Gaoxuan's eyes widened in disbelief, "From the start of the attack to now... it only took about ten seconds, right? Yet it's already over?"

Luo Yan's voice turned somber, "Not even ten seconds."

Ning Tairan, who had long expected such an outcome, stood quietly, his expression unreadable.

Luo Gaoxuan declared, "I want to invite Godly General Lin to join the Chuangshen Institute."

Luo Yan scoffed, "The Chuangshen Institute already has enough geniuses. Godly General Lin would be a better fit for the Yanhuang Institute."

Luo Gaoxuan glared at her, unwilling to back down, "The Chuangshen Institute is ranked first among the three great institutes. Obviously, he should come to us."

“Get lost! Who even recognizes that ranking? The Yanhuang Institute will surpass you soon enough.” Luo Yan snapped.

“Hah! Your institute? Ranked No. 1? Even in a thousand years, that’s a pipe dream.”

The two bickered endlessly, their argument clearly a familiar routine.

After a while, both turned to look at Mo Xinghe.

In the past, he would always chime in during their arguments, but today, he remained silent—an uncharacteristic behavior for him.

“Mo Xinghe, you’re acting strange today.”

Luo Yan’s sharp gaze locked onto Mo Xinghe, and Luo Gaoxuan wasn’t far behind, his eyes narrowing suspiciously.

Mo Xinghe knew he couldn’t hide it, so he gave a sheepish smile, “Actually, Godly General Lin has already joined the Chuangshi Institute.”

“What?!”

The two deans exclaimed in unison, their shock palpable.

Luo Yan's voice turned icy, "When did this happen?"

Mo Xinghe shrugged, "It's been a while."

Luo Gaoxuan pressed him, "Be honest—how did you trick Godly General Lin into joining your institute?"

"Trick? Watch your words!" Mo Xinghe snapped, his voice tinged with anger.

"Enough!" Ning Tairan's voice cut through their bickering like a blade, silencing the room.

In a low, Ning Tairan declared, "The Beast God's True Body is about to appear."

The scene depicted by the screen shifted, revealing an ancient altar.

At the heart of the fourth plateau, there stood an altar, with a massive stone pillar erected atop it. At the base of the pillar crouched a colossal, ape-like creature.

The creature stirred. Its aura surged violently, climbing skyward and stirring the clouds into chaos.

As the Beast God's True Body began to awaken, Ning Tairan and the others turned their full attention to the screen.

Lin Moyu's eyes widened, a chill running down his spine. He had seen the Beast God's True Body before.

No—more precisely, he had encountered a being identical to it.

It was back in the Putrid Corpse Land, just as he was about to leave. A monster with a similar appearance had crossed his path.

At that moment, the monster wielded a massive staff, slaughtering countless Skeletal Berserk Warriors. Its strikes were wild and relentless, each blow carrying devastating power.

Initially, Lin Moyu had mistaken it for a human Warrior. However, upon reflection, he realized something was off.

Very few human Warriors used staffs, and this creature, though decayed, was covered in fur. Its shape bore a vague resemblance to a human, but its proportions and sheer size were entirely inhuman.

Now, standing before the altar, Lin Moyu realized the chilling truth—it resembled the Beast God’s True Body almost perfectly.

The only thing missing was the giant staff.

Roar!

Suddenly, a deafening roar erupted, sending rippling shockwaves through the air, and the fourth plateau quaked.

The ape-like Beast God’s True Body fully awakened. In the blink of an eye, its form expanded several times over.

Its enormous hand reached for the stone pillar beside it. The pillar shimmered, transforming into a gargantuan staff.

It was complete...

In that instant, Lin Moyu was absolutely certain—the staff-wielding powerhouse he had encountered in the Putrid Corpse Land was the true Beast God.

As for the being before him...

Lin Moyu raised his hand, releasing the Detection spell.

[Beast God's True Body (enhanced boss)]

[Level: 55]

[Strength: 120,000]

[Agility: 100,000]

[Spirit: 50,000]

[Physique: 130,000]

[Skills: Annihilation Strike, Army Sweep]

[Traits: 30% Physical Damage Reduction, 30% Elemental Damage Reduction, Enhanced Attack Power, Enhanced Speed.]

Its total attributes exceeded 400,000, boasting dual immunity and dual enhancements. It was leagues above world rank bosses of the same level.

However, what it lacked was a unique ability—like the Earth Evil Centipede’s deadly poisonous gas, the Soul Devour Insect Mother’s impenetrable barrier, or the Archaic Luanniao’s scorching black flames.

Such unique abilities were what truly made world rank bosses formidable adversaries.

The Beast God’s True Body in front of him, while its attributes surpassed those of other world rank bosses, had nothing particularly special about it.

Even so, with raw attributes like that, most parties wouldn’t stand a chance. Only elite parties from the top three institutes could hope to take it down, and even then, only with difficulty.

But Lin Moyu paid little attention to its stats. What intrigued him most was its uncanny resemblance to the Putrid Corpse Beast God he had encountered in the Putrid Corpse Land.

Back then, Lin Moyu couldn't defeat the Putrid Corpse Beast God and struggled even to hold it off.

But the creature before him...

Lin Moyu didn't sense any real challenge. To him, the question wasn't if he could kill it, but simply how quickly.

Ning Yiyi gasped, her voice filled with shock. "The Beast God's True Body? Has the three-year period already passed?"

The Beast God's True Body respawned once every three years. Whoever managed to kill it first would receive additional rewards.

At other times, the dungeon boss was merely the Beast God's Projection. Though they appeared similar, there was a vast difference between the two.

Lin Moyu glanced at Ning Yiyi, "Yiyi, do the rewards improve the faster it's killed?"

Ning Yiyi nodded, "Yes. The fastest kill on record was 35 minutes, achieved by the Chuangshen Institute. At that time, a Beast God's Bone, which could be used to craft a boss accessory, was dropped. The Chuangshi Institute managed to kill it in 41 minutes once, but their rewards were significantly worse."

“What if.” Lin Moyu thought aloud, “I kill it instantly? I wonder what kind of rewards I would get.”

Ning Yiyi’s eyes widened, her little face full of disbelief.

This was a boss. Defeating it at all was already a feat—let alone killing it instantly!

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, “Let’s give it a try.”

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu activated his Enhance Troops skill.

Though he typically avoided using it unless necessary, this was different. The potential rewards made it worthwhile.

Subsequently, he pointed with his right hand, and a flame ignited in his left hand.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Skill: Soul Blaze!

A crimson light erupted, and the freshly awakened Beast God's True Body instantly slowed down.

Its gaze locked onto Lin Moyu. But before it could make a move, Soul Blaze descended.

With Lin Moyu's attributes boosted by 200%, his spirit attribute now approached an astounding 360,000, greatly increasing the power of Soul Blaze. At the same time, the skill deal an additional 500% of damage.

Soul Blaze struck the Beast God's True Body with terrifying power. A deafening scream echoed across the plateau as the massive creature howled in agony, its colossal frame trembling violently, nearly dropping the massive staff in its hands.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen attacked simultaneously—elemental blasts engulfed the Beast God's True Body, while arrows pierced every inch of its form.

Firing at a pace of three arrows per second, the Skeletal Marksmen unleashed three volleys in an instant, leaving the Beast God's True Body bristling with arrows like a grotesque hedgehog.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors surged forward and unleashed their skill, and their scarlet axes rained down upon the Beast God's True Body.

Wave after wave of Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged, some reaching its feet, while others leaping onto its towering form.

The moment they unleashed their attacks, they swiftly retreated, allowing the next wave to seamlessly take over, maintaining a constant onslaught.

The Beast God's True Body had no time to react. Its massive frame swayed under the relentless assault, and in less than five seconds, it collapsed with a thundering crash.

The battle was over.

It wasn't just a victory—it was essentially an instant kill.

Ning Yiyi stood frozen, her eyes wide with shock, "That... that was way too fast!"

This was supposed to be a fierce and drawn-out battle. At least, that's what every prior encounter with the Beast God's True Body had shown. Yet Lin Moyu had utterly crushed it in mere moments.

Not just Ning Yiyi—even the three deans, who were experienced and knowledgeable, were stunned.

Ning Tairan, who had predicted a quick battle, still found himself taken aback. He hadn't expected it to be this quick.

This was the Beast God's True Body, after all—a level 55 boss whose combat power eclipsed that of world rank bosses of the same level. And yet, it had been utterly humiliated, killed in the blink of an eye.

Luo Gaoxuan, his mouth agape, turned to Ning Tairan, “Old Ning... this can't be real, right? Did you accidentally play the wrong footage or something?”

Luo Yan, equally stunned, muttered, “I've lived for decades, seen more battles than I can count... but this? This feels unreal. Completely unreal.”

Mo Xinghe, though his expression initially betrayed disbelief, finally let out a long sigh and spoke words of praise, “As expected of Godly General Lin!”

Ning Tairan's expression grew solemn as he said, “Let's keep what happened today to ourselves. Considering the current circumstances, if word gets out, certain individuals might act recklessly...”

Seeing the serious expression on Ning Tairan's face, the three deans nodded in agreement. None of them would let a word slip.

The human race was in a precarious and turbulent state. The Demon Worship Society, hunted across the lands, had suffered heavy losses as numerous members were arrested.

In retaliation, the society had launched a series of frenzied counterattacks. Only then did people realize the terrifying extent of their infiltration—there were far more Demon Worship Society members hiding among the human race than anyone had suspected.

Meanwhile, the Abyssal Demons were amassing their forces, enraged by Lin Moyu's earlier massacre in the Abyss.

Even the Dragonkind were unsettled. They had halted their conflict with the Abyssal Demons and mobilized a massive force to the Dimensional Battlefield.

Through various intelligence channels, it became evident that Lin Moyu had become the primary target of all three factions.

With such overwhelming enemies looming on the horizon, keeping information about Lin Moyu under wraps had become a priority.

After the Beast God's True Body died, the massive altar collapsed with a deafening crash, leaving behind a cloud of debris.

Amid the rubble, Lin Moyu's eyes caught sight of a blood-red radiance.

[Obtained Beast God's Leg Bone]

[Obtained Beast God's Essence Blood]

[Beast God's Leg Bone: a remnant left behind by the Beast God before ascending to godhood, imbued with a trace of divinity.]

[Beast God's Essence Blood: significantly boosts the chances of class sublimation during the third awakening. Additionally, offers a chance to awaken a talent.]

Upon seeing the essence blood, Ning Tairan's expression shifted dramatically. Without a word, he vanished from the room. Moments later, shocked exclamations filled the room.

Chapter 386: I'll Use This As A Bethrothal Gift

God items were always incredibly useful.

The Beast God's Bone, which the Chuangshen Institute had previously acquired, was no larger than a fingernail, yet it could be forged into a powerful boss accessory. The value of a fist-sized drop of essence blood, then, was beyond imagination.

According to the Detection spell, the Beast God's Essence Blood could drastically increase the likelihood of class sublimation during the third class awakening. It might even awaken a talent.

These two features alone made the essence blood far more precious than any boss accessory. After all, true strength came from within, not from external items.

Lin Moyu was certain that the Beast God's Essence Blood had even more potential uses. The Detection spell, though formidable, wasn't omniscient. There were limits to its capabilities. For instance, in the Putrid Corpse Land, the spell could only detect names and levels, rendering it otherwise useless.

Ning Yiyi took out an elegant box and placed the Beast God's Essence Blood inside.

"Keep this safe and use it for your third class awakening." She said, offering the box to Lin Moyu without hesitation.

But Lin Moyu shook his head, "You keep it."

Ning Yiyi shook her head, "No way. As long as you're here, I'll never have to step onto the battlefield myself."

Lin Moyu took out an Elemental Divine Stone, "Then take this. I prepared it for you."

Ning Yiyi's eyes lit up as she held the radiant stone, "It's so beautiful!"

The Elemental Divine Stone emitted a mesmerizing glow, its radiance both unique and breathtaking.

Ning Yiyi admired it for a moment before returning it to Lin Moyu, “You should keep this for yourself, too.”

Lin Moyu gently patted her head, savoring the silky softness beneath his fingertips, “I have another one.”

Still, Ning Yiyi shook her head, “Then I don’t want it now. You know what I mean.”

Lin Moyu smiled, understanding her meaning immediately, “Alright, I’ll give it to you when the time is right. And by then, I’ll collect more elements to make it even better.”

Ning Yiyi nodded, “Sounds great! Take me with you when you do!”

“Of course!”

With their conversation settled, the two teleported out of the dungeon.

However, the moment they appeared in the Dungeon Hall, Lin Moyu felt a murderous aura envelop him, and his face fell.

Murderous aura? In the Dungeon Hall?

Yet, oddly enough, this murderous aura didn't feel like an actual threat—more like an oppressive warning.

Following the source, Lin Moyu's eyes landed on Ning Tairan, who was glaring at him with barely contained fury.

“Smelly kid, get your filthy hand off her!” Ning Tairan barked, slamming his stave onto the ground, releasing ripples of energy.

The entire Dungeon Hall was eerily empty, its massive gate tightly shut. It was clear that everyone inside had been driven out by Ning Tairan.

At this moment, Lin Moyu was holding Ning Yiyi, one hand resting on her slender waist.

He spoke respectfully, “Senior Ning, what brings you here?”

Although his tone was polite, he made no effort to remove his hand.

Ning Tairan's face darkened, and his fury swelled.

Though he had begrudgingly accepted Lin Moyu in his heart, seeing the interaction in person was an entirely different matter. His overprotective instincts as a grandfather erupted like a volcano.

"Smelly kid..." The words were squeezed out from between his clenched teeth, dripping with rage as the murderous aura grew even stronger.

Suddenly, a soft, melodious voice broke the tension. "Grandpa, what are you doing?"

The transformation was instant.

Ning Tairan's suffocating murderous aura evaporated like morning dew, replaced by a warm, spring-like smile spreading across his old face, "Oh, it's nothing! Nothing at all. I just have something to discuss with you two!"

The drastic shift in Ning Tairan's demeanor made Lin Moyu's lips twitch slightly, thinking to himself, "It's a pity you're not in theater, old man."

"What is it?" Ning Yiyi asked suspiciously, narrowing her eyes.

She had noticed something was off—the Dungeon Hall’s gate was tightly closed, which clearly indicated this wasn’t just a trivial matter.

Ning Tairan’s expression grew serious, “Did you obtain the Beast God’s Essence Blood in the dungeon just now?”

Before Lin Moyu could respond, Ning Yiyi jumped in, “Grandpa, were you spying on us?”

Ning Tairan’s face froze, his expression shifting from calm to panic in an instant, “Nonsense! Of course not! I was watching the institute competition and just happened to see you.”

Ning Yiyi folded her arms, her gaze piercing, “Really?”

Ning Tairan nodded so vigorously it looked like his head might fall off, much like a chicken pecking at rice, “Of course! When have I ever lied to you, Yiyi?”

She stared at him for another moment, then snorted. “Fine. But if I find out you’re lying, I won’t talk to you anymore!”

Ning Tairan visibly relaxed, his shoulders dropping as if a massive weight had been lifted.

Ning Yiyi giggled suddenly, “There’s no way the three institutes can defeat the Beast God’s True Body this time. When they reach the boss’s location, they’ll be in for a big surprise. Just thinking about it makes me want to laugh.”

Indeed, the Beast God’s True Body had already been slain. It wouldn’t respawn for another three years.

Ning Tairan cleared his throat. “Godly General Lin, may I see what you acquired in the dungeon?”

Addressing him as Godly General Lin signified that this was a serious matter.

Lin Moyu nodded and retrieved the Beast God’s Leg Bone and the Beast God’s Essence Blood.

A faint breeze passed, and Ning Tairan’s expression shifted to surprise, “Do you realize the true value of these two items?”

Lin Moyu pondered for a moment before responding, “The Beast God’s Leg Bone should enhance a class user’s comprehension ability and increase their chances of becoming a God-level powerhouse.”

Ning Tairan was taken aback—he hadn't expected Lin Moyu to know so much.

Lin Moyu continued, "As for the Beast God's Essence Blood, the Detection spell mentioned its effects, but I suspect it has even more uses."

Ning Tairan's gaze turned solemn, "If used directly, it increases the probability of class sublimation during the third class awakening to about 15%. However, if refined into the God Blood Potion, that probability jumps to 30%. Additionally, the chance of awakening a talent will also increase slightly. With the amount of Beast God's Essence Blood you obtained, at least three bottles of the potion can be refined."

Lin Moyu and Ning Tairan locked eyes.

Lin Moyu quickly deduced Ning Tairan's intent, "You want to make a deal with me?"

"That's right!" Ning Tairan admitted without hesitation.

Under Lin Moyu's steady gaze, Ning Tairan laid out his proposal.

Refining the Beast God's Essence Blood into God Blood Potion required numerous rare treasures as supplementary materials. Additionally, a highly skilled Concocter was essential for the process.

Ning Tairan offered to handle everything—Lin Moyu wouldn't have to worry about anything. In return, once the potion was successfully concocted, the three resulting bottles would be divided: one for Lin Moyu, one for Ning Tairan, and one for the Concocter.

Lin Moyu frowned slightly, "Are Concocters really that expensive?"

Ning Yiyi leaned in close, her breath warm against his ear, "They are. That's the standard rate."

Seeing this little interaction, Ning Tairan's brow twitched, but he quickly composed himself, "Godly General Lin, what do you think of this deal?"

From what Ning Tairan had explained, Lin Moyu wouldn't suffer any loss. The arrangement seemed fair.

After a moment of thought, Lin Moyu raised a key question, "I have just one concern—please answer me honestly, Senior Ning. That bottle you'll be keeping... who will you give it to?"

Ning Tairan scoffed, immediately understanding Lin Moyu's implication, "Do you really need to concern yourself with that?"

"I'm just curious." Lin Moyu's tone was calm, but his unwavering gaze made it clear he wouldn't back down without an answer.

Ning Tairan exhaled sharply, “I have only one precious granddaughter. Who else would I give it to if not her?”

Lin Moyu chuckled. That was exactly the answer he wanted, “In that case, I have no objections.”

With the deal settled, Lin Moyu handed over the Beast God's Essence Blood.

After putting it away, Ning Tairan's gaze shifted toward the Beast God's Leg Bone. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but before he could, Ning Yiyi cut in.

“Grandpa, don't tell me you're after the Beast God's Leg Bone too? This is a treasure that can help someone ascend to godhood. Moyu needs it just as much.”

Ning Tairan nearly choked on his own breath. He felt as if the treasure he had cherished for over a decade had just grown wings and flown straight into the hands of a smelly kid.

At this moment, Lin Moyu calmly extended the Beast God's Leg Bone toward him, “Senior Ning, I'd like to use this as a betrothal gift.”

Ning Tairan froze.

Ning Yiyi also went stiff. Her face turned crimson, the redness spreading from her neck to her forehead. Lowering her head, she remained silent.

She had never imagined that Lin Moyu would say such a thing so suddenly.

Ning Tairan stood there, torn. He wanted to refuse, yet his eyes betrayed him. The allure of the Beast God's Leg Bone was undeniable.

With it, the odds of the old guys in his family ascending to godhood would skyrocket.

But accepting it would mean...

His expression darkened. He felt unwilling, frustrated, and angry!

Lin Moyu spoke again, his voice steady, "This is merely a betrothal gift. I know I'm not worthy yet, but in the future, I'll come formally—with my teachers and a full dowry—to propose properly."

Ning Tairan hesitated. The Beast God's Leg Bone was simply too tempting.

But this marriage proposal...

His gaze shifted to his granddaughter, and he suddenly understood. There was no point in me trying to stop this. She was clearly determined to marry Lin Moyu.

In that case... If I couldn't stop it, he might as well squeeze some more benefits out of it.

Suddenly, the storm clouding Ning Tairan's mind cleared.

"Fine, I agree!"

With that, he snatched the Beast God's Leg Bone and strode off without a second glance.

Lin Moyu's lips curled into a smirk. He knew he wouldn't refuse—unless he had lost his mind.

Chapter 387: Speedrun; Mo Xinghe Ascends To Godhood

Ning Yiyi's face was flushed, her mind in disarray.

Lin Moyu gently took her hand, "Let's keep raiding the dungeon."

Though still dazed, Ning Yiyi instinctively nodded. Lin Moyu held her close and stepped back into the dungeon.

They had just finished clearing the dungeon, earning Lin Moyu a 6% EXP boost and Ning Yiyi an 8% increase. Since he was level 42—two levels higher—his growth naturally required more EXP.

The Dungeon Hall's gate reopened. Earlier, a bell had rung before Ning Tairan abruptly appeared, clearing the hall. Now, curiosity buzzed through the crowd as they speculated about what had happened—especially the bell. Some suspected Lin Moyu had set a new record.

A group quickly gathered at the entrance of the Beast God Plateau dungeon, their eyes fixed on the glowing screen displaying the top three records.

[Lin Moyu, 3 hours, 12 minutes, 38 seconds.]

[Chuangshen Institute: 6 hours, 29 minutes, 18 seconds.]

[Chuangshi Institute: 6 hours, 52 minutes, 01 second.]

The leaderboard had changed. Lin Moyu's record now dominated the top, while Yanhuang Institute had vanished from the ranks.

His time was less than half that of the Chuangshen Institute's, the second-place holder.

Seeing the result, the students appeared unsurprised, yet they couldn't help but launch into a lively discussion.

"As expected of Godly General Lin! He set a record while carrying a girl!"

"And that was just his first attempt. The second run will be even scarier."

"Scary? No. The right word is despair-inducing."

"Exactly. Godly General Lin doesn't just win—he leaves everyone in utter despair."

Lin Moyu continued setting despair-inducing records one after another.

While some envied or resented him, most could only sigh in admiration.

Someone suddenly spoke up, "The Beast God's True Body always gets hunted down by the top three institutes. This time, we'll finally get to see their disappointed faces!"

Another chimed in, "Their expressions will be priceless."

In the meeting room, Mo Xinghe, Luo Gaoxuan, and Luo Yan remained seated, their eyes fixed on the screen.

Earlier, they had caught a glimpse of two dropped items—a beast bone and a blood-like substance. Though they had their suspicions, they couldn't be certain.

Just ten minutes later, Ning Tairan returned.

His expression was complicated, leaving the trio unsure of his thoughts. In truth, his emotions were just as tangled as his expression suggested.

He felt as though he had just... sold off his granddaughter—an inexplicably strange feeling.

Mo Xinghe broke the silence, "Old Ning, those two items that dropped just now..."

Ning Tairan didn't hide it, "The Beast God's Leg Bone and Beast God's Essence Blood."

Hiss—!

The three collectively drew in a sharp breath.

With their experience, they knew exactly what these two items meant.

Luo Gaoxuan, eyes filled with envy, muttered, "Godly General Lin is unbelievably lucky. With these, he's guaranteed to ascend to godhood!"

Luo Yan, never one to agree with Luo Gaoxuan, shot back, "Lucky? This has nothing to do with luck. It's all because of his strength."

Mo Xinghe spoke in a low voice, "We can't let this information spread. If it gets out, it could bring trouble for Godly General Lin."

The three nodded in unison.

None of them had ill intentions—but they couldn't say the same for everyone else.

Recent intelligence suggested that the Demon Worship Society had a God-level powerhouse in their ranks. If such an individual decided to target Lin Moyu, he could be in real danger.

Ning Tairan's voice was steady. "For now, I'll keep these two items with me."

The trio turned to him at once.

With his strength, Ning Tairan had nothing to fear from others coveting the items.

However, he hadn't mentioned his private deal with Lin Moyu—mainly because the more he thought about it, the more it felt like he had sold his granddaughter... for the price of a bone.

The thought unsettled him deeply.

Unaware of his inner turmoil, Mo Xinghe, Luo Gaoxuan, and Luo Yan stared at him, eyes gleaming.

Luo Gaoxuan spoke in a pleading tone, "Old Ning, could we take a look at the Beast God's Leg Bone?"

Luo Yan said nothing, but her eager gaze spoke for her. Mo Xinghe's expression mirrored theirs.

All three of them were just half a step away from the God-level—a half-step that was incredibly difficult to take.

With something like the Beast God's Leg Bone, they might finally cross that threshold.

Without hesitation, Ning Tairan tossed the bone to them, "Study it here."

Mo Xinghe carefully retrieved a jade tray, gently placing the Beast God's Leg Bone on it. The three immediately focused on studying it.

Meanwhile, Ning Tairan reopened the dungeon screens—and his face twitched.

On a screen, Lin Moyu was holding Ning Yiyi even closer than before. She had practically melted into his embrace.

Ning Tairan sighed, looking away. He couldn't bear to watch any longer.

On the other three screens, the Chuangshen, Chuangshi, and Yanhuang parties had reached the fourth plateau.

Known as the Leader Plateau, it was the most challenging and time-consuming section of the dungeon. To avoid triggering a monster riot, they had to lure in one group at a time, battling cautiously.

But Lin Moyu...

Inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu held Ning Yiyi in his arms, “I’ve thought of a few new methods. Want to try them out?”

Curled up like a kitten, Ning Yiyi looked incredibly docile, “Let’s do whatever you want.”

Lin Moyu chuckled, “Alright then. Let’s test the first method and aim to clear the dungeon in 10 minutes.”

“Mhm.” Ning Yiyi responded softly, her mind was still reeling. She hadn’t fully processed Lin Moyu’s sudden marriage proposal.

Before she could fully process things, she felt herself being lifted into the air again—this time, even faster than before.

Lin Moyu unfurled his Lightning Wings and pushed his speed to the limit, surging toward the fourth plateau.

The wings' maximum speed exceeded one kilometer per second. Based on his calculations, one minute was enough to reach the fourth plateau.

Ning Yiyi watched the scenery blur, the wind biting against her skin as the temperature plummeted.

Finally snapping out of her daze, she clung tightly to Lin Moyu, "Are you... speedrunning this?"

Lin Moyu hummed in response, "Giving it a try."

One minute later, Lin Moyu descended onto the fourth plateau, Ning Yiyi in his arms, and then unleashed his undead army.

When the skeletons hit the ground, they began sprinting across the fourth plateau at full speed.

The strategy was simple yet devastating—draw in monsters and wipe them out in one massive sweep.

By skipping the first three plateaus entirely, Lin Moyu had saved an immense amount of time. It was a true speedrun.

In the meeting room, watching the scene unfold, Ning Tairan sighed with a wry smile, “This kid isn’t leaving anyone a chance. I wonder how those so-called geniuses from the three institutes will react when they see this.”

However, at that moment, the three deans weren’t paying attention.

Their focus was entirely on the Beast God’s Leg Bone.

The bone contained traces of God aura.

If they could grasp even a small fraction of its mysteries, it would be a monumental step toward becoming a God-level powerhouse. After all, there were many similarities between true Gods and human God-level powerhouses.

Suddenly, Ning Tairan’s eyebrows twitched. His gaze snapped to Mo Xinghe.

A faint yet unmistakable aura was rising from Mo Xinghe, growing stronger by the second.

“God-level aura. He’s finally ascending. Our human race is about to gain another God-level powerhouse.” A smile spread across Ning Tairan’s face.

Mo Xinghe had taken this step sooner than anyone had anticipated.

“Old Bai was right after all.”

Among the three, Mo Xinghe had always been the closest to reaching the God-level. Bai Yiyuan had predicted that he would likely be the next human to ascend.

Now, thanks to the Beast God’s Leg Bone, that prediction was becoming reality—saving him over half a year of effort.

The God-level aura around Mo Xinghe intensified, stirring Luo Gaoxuan and Luo Yan from their thoughts.

They turned to him, eyes wide with shock, then exchanged a silent glance. Without a word, they stepped back, careful not to disturb him.

The God-level aura slowly seeped out of the meeting room, spreading beyond it and enveloping the entire Xiajing Academy.

The powerful figures within the Xiajing Academy sensed it immediately and rushed over.

Ning Tairan stepped outside and rose into the air. Lifting his stave high, he unleashed a radiant ring of light that hovered in the sky.

“No one is to cross this boundary.” His voice echoed with unmistakable authority.

At the sight of him, the approaching powerhouses halted. With Ning Tairan’s status, no one dared to disobey.

Within the dungeon, explosive sounds rang out.

The monsters on the fourth plateau fell like wheat before the scythe, obliterated in a matter of moments.

At the central altar, a vast and ancient aura began to rise, and a faintly translucent ape-like figure slowly emerged.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, “It’s indeed different from the Beast God’s True Body.”

Chapter 388: Bai Yiyuan, I Won't Forget This

[Beast God's Projection (world rank boss)]

[Level: 52]

[Strength: 100,000]

[Agility: 80,000]

[Spirit: 40,000]

[Physique: 100,000]

[Skill: Army Sweep]

[Trait: Enhanced Vitality]

At level 52, with total attributes reaching 320,000, this boss was no pushover—its attributes even slightly exceeded those of the level 55 lord-rank Crimson Moon Demon.

The large-scale dungeon's boss was identified as a world rank boss by the Detection spell. This was because its attributes were sufficiently high. However, it lacked the unique characteristics of a true world boss and was far easier to defeat.

The Beast God's Projection couldn't compare to the Beast God's True Body—they weren't even in the same league.

At Lin Moyu's command, the undead army charged, following by the red light of the curse.

Before his second class awakening, Lin Moyu could have defeated this boss through sheer persistence—just as he had with the Earth Evil Centipede. But now? A boss of this level was nothing. Without any special abilities, it posed no threat at all.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors surrounded the boss, unleashed their skill, and swung their axes, with blood and flesh flying about. Nearly 5,000 of them attacked in relentless waves, casting their.

The Skeletal Great Mages' Elemental Explosion erupted like fireworks, crackling and popping nonstop.

Within moments, the Beast God's Projection resembled a pincushion, riddled with arrows from the Skeletal Marksmen, who fired at a relentless pace of three arrows per second.

The boss's anguished cries filled the air. It tried to cast its skill several times, only to be interrupted each time by the flickering firelight in Lin Moyu's hand.

Firmly controlling the battle's rhythm, Lin Moyu left no room for retaliation. Under his relentless onslaught, the Beast God's Projection crumbled in less than two minutes.

[Killed Beast God's Projection, EXP +2,600,000]

[Obtained Plateau Greatsword]

[Obtained Plateau Gauntlets]

[Obtained Plateau Armor]

[Plateau Greatsword: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,000, increases the power of Warrior-type skills by 70%.]

[Plateau Gauntlets: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,000, increases the power of Brawler-type skills by 70%. Skill: Chain Strike.]

[Chain Strike: unleashes 30 punches in 3 seconds, each dealing damage equal to 100% of the user's strength. Cooldown: 5 minutes.]

[Plateau Armor: platinum rank protective gear, all attributes +1,000, reduces physical damage taken by 10%.]

A flood of notifications appeared, confirming the dungeon clear time—9 minutes, 43 seconds.

In the Dungeon Hall, the bell rang loud and clear. Another under-10-minute record had been set. The screen above the Beast God Plateau dungeon glowed brightly, drawing countless gazes.

Everyone had expected Lin Moyu to set yet another despair-inducing record. But when the result appeared, gasps still filled the hall.

[Lin Moyu: 9 minutes, 43 seconds.]

Someone jealous of Lin Moyu finally couldn't hold back and burst out, his voice gloomy: "How is this possible? How can anyone achieve such a result in a large-scale dungeon? He must have cheated!"

His accusation was instantly drowned out by Lin Moyu's supporters.

"What's not possible? Just because you can't do it doesn't mean Godly General Lin can't."

"Of all the records he's set, which one can ordinary people even come close to?"

"The Beast God Plateau dungeon has four plateaus. With a flight-type skill, you can skip the first three and head straight to the final one—that alone would save a ton of time."

"Exactly! That's probably how Godly General Lin did it."

The accuser didn't even get a chance to argue, quickly fleeing the Dungeon Hall under a wave of scorn.

Inside the dungeon, Ning Yiyi was ecstatic, bouncing around as she hugged Lin Moyu, "Less than 10 minutes! Moyu, you're amazing! How are you that fast? This is a large-scale dungeon! Other parties take more than ten hours—even top institute parties need over an hour!"

Lin Moyu smiled, "But this way, we're missing out on EXP."

This run had barely increased his EXP by 1%—a pitiful gain. Extreme speedrun came at a cost. It was fun for a change of pace, but this wasn't a dungeon that dropped top-tier equipment—it was primarily used for level grinding.

Ning Yiyi grinned, "I know! But having fun once in a while is good."

Lin Moyu nodded, “Next time, I’ll try a different strategy—see if I can balance EXP and speed.”

"Okay, okay! Let’s try it!" Ning Yiyi cheered.

As they stepped out of the dungeon, they were met with a massive crowd.

Lin Moyu barely reacted—he was used to this. Every time he set a record, something like this happened. But for Ning Yiyi, it was a first. She was startled.

Without hesitation, they reset the dungeon cooldown and reentered.

Ning Yiyi clutched her chest, heart pounding, “Why were there so many people?!”

Lin Moyu replied calmly, “Because I set a new record.”

Ning Yiyi blinked. “Has this happened before?”

"Many times. You'll get used to it."

Lin Moyu understood that as long as he kept breaking records, this kind of reaction was inevitable. He knew he was already quite famous—an iconic figure. The commotion he caused upon entering the Dungeon Hall was proof enough.

At this rate, within a few years, he might even find his name printed in school textbooks.

"Alright, I'm starting." Lin Moyu said, summoning his undead army.

Meanwhile, above Xiajing Academy, the sky teemed with powerful figures.

A veritable legion of level 70-plus class users hovered in the air, gazing toward a particular room with solemn reverence—as if on a pilgrimage.

Inside the room, Mo Xinghe was undergoing a transformation, stepping beyond the limits of a peak-level class user and ascending to a God-level powerhouse.

This was the most difficult and defining moment for any human class user. Once past this threshold, one would transcend into a different realm of existence and become a truly great figure.

Suddenly, from the horizon, a Unicorn streaked through the sky like a bolt of lightning, carrying an overwhelming aura.

In an instant, it covered thousands of meters, moving even faster than Lin Moyu's Lightning Wings.

Ignoring the warning, it descended directly before Ning Tairan.

Yet, no one was surprised. Everyone recognized the newcomer.

He was Mo Xinghai, the patriarch of the Mo Family and a real God-level powerhouse. He was also Mo Xinghe's older brother.

After today, the Mo Family would have not one, but two God-level powerhouses.

"Xinghe is about to step into the God-level?" Mo Xinghai asked, his voice laced with surprise as he sensed Mo Xinghe's rising aura.

Ning Tairan nodded, "Yes. He's undergoing the transformation now. It'll take some time."

Mo Xinghai frowned slightly, lowering his voice, "Why so suddenly? He should've had at least another six months before reaching this stage."

Ning Tairan explained the situation, and realization dawned on Mo Xinghai.

"So, we owe our thanks to Godly General Lin once again." Mo Xinghai said in a deep voice.

Ning Tairan's eyes widened, "Thank him? If anyone deserves thanks, it should be me. The Beast God's Leg Bone is..." He trailed off, unable to finish.

He couldn't exactly admit he had traded the Beast God's Leg Bone for his granddaughter.

Mo Xinghai raised a brow, "Is what?"

Ning Tairan shook his head, "Nothing. Anyway, congratulations to your Mo Family. You gained another God-level powerhouse."

Mo Xinghai replied spiritedly, "And I should congratulate you too."

Ning Tairan frowned, "For what?"

Mo Xinghai chuckled, "For Princess Yiyi and Godly General Lin. They're a perfect match."

Ning Tairan's face darkened, "Who told you that?"

"Old Bai." Mo Xinghai responded.

When Lin Moyu had ventured to the Immemorial Battlefield, Bai Yiyuan and Mo Xinghai had spent days together in the Hall of Heroes.

As their conversations grew lively, secrets—both those that should and shouldn't be shared—spilled out.

After learning of Lin Moyu's countless exploits, Mo Xinghai couldn't help but think Ning Tairan was incredibly lucky to have such an outstanding grandson-in-law.

Then, another thought struck him—his own daughter, Mo Yun, was no less talented than Ning Yiyi. So why hadn't she met someone like Lin Moyu?

Ning Tairan's chest rose and fell with suppressed anger, "Bai Yiyuan... I won't forget this!"

Meanwhile, the God-level aura intensified as Mo Xinghe's transformation reached its most critical moment.

Mo Xinghai grew tense. Everything hinged on this final step.

Inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu was once again rounding up monsters.

This time, he wasn't rushing for an extreme speedrun, but it was still far quicker than his first attempt.

By his estimation, he could clear the dungeon in under 90 minutes while monopolizing all the EXP.

If he kept grinding non-stop, he'd level up within two days—an efficient pace.

Meanwhile, the Chuangshen Institute's party had finally cleared all the monsters on the fourth plateau. They gathered outside the altar, weapons clenched tightly, ready to take on their final challenge—the Beast God's True Body.

"Stay calm." The party leader commanded, "Based on past raids, as long as we keep steady, first place is definitely ours."

But the next moment, his eyes opened wide.

Chapter 389: You Can't Even Handle Murderous Aura? Pathetic

The Beast God's True Body was gone. Completely gone. What stood before them instead was just the Beast God's Projection.

"What's going on?"

"Did we miscalculate the respawn time?"

"Impossible! There's no way we got the timing wrong!"

"Even if we did... then what about the Chuangshi and Yanhuang Institutes? Did they also miscalculate?"

There was no way all three elite institutes had made the same mistake. Yet, they refused to believe that anyone could be faster than them.

"Forget it for now. Let's kill the Beast God's Projection first—then figure out what happened."

There was no other choice. They had to defeat the boss before searching for answers.

At the same time, the exact same scene played out in the dungeon spaces of the Chuangshi and Yanhuang Institutes.

Ling Yizhan's face darkened. He had followed Mo Xinghe's advice, deliberately suppressing his level for over two months.

And what did he get for his patience? A mere Beast God's Projection.

Confusion clouded the air, thick and suffocating.

Meanwhile, the culprit behind all of this—Lin Moyu—was completely unaware of the chaos he had caused.

He was simply level grinding with Ning Yiyi, enjoying the moment without a care in the world.

The three great institutes' parties finally defeated the Beast God's Projection and exited the dungeon—almost simultaneously.

In the Dungeon Hall, dozens of figures appeared abruptly.

The students of the three great institutes glared at one another, their hostility barely concealed. None of them were willing to back down.

Then, their gazes drifted to the light screen displaying the dungeon's records.

[Lin Moyu: 9 minutes, 43 seconds]

For a second, no one spoke. Then, a chorus of shocked cries erupted.

"How is this possible?!"

"No way! This has to be a mistake!"

"Did the dungeon glitch?! Even if it's Lin Moyu... even if it's him, this can't be real!"

Disbelief spread like wildfire.

But amidst the chaos, Ling Yizhan remained the calmest of them all. To him, this result wasn't shocking—it was simply inevitable. He knew exactly how terrifying Lin Moyu's skills were.

At level 30, Lin Moyu had single-handedly worn down a level 58 world rank boss. Now, after his second class awakening, his power had only skyrocketed.

If even they could take down the Beast God's True Body, then Lin Moyu could probably obliterate it in an instant.

Ling Yizhan let out a quiet sigh. This was an outcome he hadn't expected, but he didn't blame Lin Moyu. And even if he did, what could he do? At most, he had wasted two months—nothing he couldn't live with.

With a composed expression, Ling Yizhan turned to his party and said, "Let's go back."

"Ling Yizhan!" A voice rang out, halting him in his tracks.

Ling Yizhan recognized it instantly—Fang Chao, the leader of the Chuangshen Institute's party.

Like him, Fang Chao had suppressed his level specifically for the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

In fact, Fang Chao had endured even longer—probable half a year, all for this moment.

Ling Yizhan turned to look at him, “Fang Chao, what do you want?”

His voice carried an undercurrent of arrogance.

While he acknowledged Lin Moyu, he had no intention of recognizing anyone else—not even the geniuses of the Chuangshen Institute.

Fang Chao asked, “You’re just going to leave? Aren’t you going to investigate what happened?”

Ling Yizhan let out a laugh, "Isn't it obvious? Godly General Lin raided the dungeon—and he did it faster than us."

Fang Chao snorted, “Is such a result even conceivable?”

Ling Yizhan uttered, "Fang Chao, are you unconvinced? If it were anyone else, I wouldn’t believe it either. But if it’s Godly General Lin... this result is entirely conceivable.”

Fang Chao’s face darkened, “So, you’re one of his followers now?”

Ling Yizhan shook his head, “What does it matter to you?”

Without another glance, he turned and left, his party following close behind.

Seeing his decisive departure, the Yanhuang Institute’s party leader fell into silent contemplation before making his own choice, "Let’s go."

And just like that, the Yanhuang Institute’s party also withdrew.

Only the Chuangshen Institute’s party remained, standing there motionless, their faces filled with unwillingness.

Lin Moyu’s record was too absurd—so absurd that they refused to accept it.

The most prideful individuals of Xiajing Academy were largely gathered at the Chuangshen Institute.

Each of them was a top-tier genius, individuals who normally wouldn’t even fully acknowledge each other, let alone an outsider.

They had heard countless stories about Lin Moyu, but they had never truly believed them.

Now... they had no choice.

"Party leader, should we head back and ask the teacher what's going on?"

Fang Chao hesitated for a moment before giving a firm nod.

He was proud, but he wasn't a fool. With his status, there was no way he could get to the bottom of this alone. His only option was to return to the institute and seek guidance from his teacher.

Just then, the air rippled nearby, and a man and a woman appeared outside the dungeon.

Everyone's expression shifted.

Fang Chao barked, "Lin Moyu!"

Hearing his name, Lin Moyu glanced up, his gaze landing on a tall, burly man clad in full platinum rank equipment.

Lin Moyu didn't recognize him, "Who are you?"

Fang Chao introduced himself, "I'm Fang Chao, from the Chuangshen Institute. Lin Moyu, I want to know how you cleared the dungeon in that time."

Lin Moyu's brows furrowed slightly. The arrogance in Fang Chao's tone was irritating.

Ning Yiyi smirked, "Are you serious? Why on earth should we tell you?"

Fang Chao's eyes flickered with irritation, "I'm asking him, not you."

Lin Moyu's voice remained calm, but his tone sharpened, "I have no obligation to tell you. And let me give you a warning—mind your status and watch your tone."

Fang Chao huffed, "I'm a genius of the Chuangshen Institute. Sooner or later, I will become a godly general—and even step into the ranks of the God-level."

Lin Moyu's gaze turned icy. Yet, his voice remained steady, indifferent, "Then come talk to me when you become a godly general. For now—step aside. You're blocking my dungeon run."

Fang Chao snorted, "I just have a few questions. Answer them, and I'll move."

In his eyes, Lin Moyu was merely level 42 and had only become a godly general by sheer luck. As for the rumors? He had never taken them seriously. There were far too many exaggerated tales in the world.

He himself was level 50, clad in top-tier platinum rank equipment. Even if he couldn't defeat Lin Moyu, the gap couldn't be that wide.

Lin Moyu's eyes darkened, "This is the Dungeon Hall, the academy. I won't fight you here. Move."

Fang Chao didn't budge, "I told you—answer my questions, and I'll let you pass."

The Dungeon Hall trembled. A suffocating murderous aura descended, engulfing Fang Chao.

Within Lin Moyu's spirit world, the Domain Divine Stone spun wildly, unleashing the killing aura he had amassed—after slaughtering armies in the Immemorial and Dimensional Battlefields, razing Abyssal cities, and battling Putrid Corpses.

Now unleashed, it was almost tangible.

Fang Chao's vision blurred. Hallucinations consumed him—blades slashed from all sides, corpses lunged, gnashing their teeth. He felt his body being torn apart.

A scream tore from his throat as he collapsed.

The illusions vanished. He realized it had all been in his mind.

"Such pathetic display." Lin Moyu sneered, taking Ning Yiyi with him as they stepped past Fang Chao and teleported back into the dungeon.

Fang Chao gasped for air, drenched in cold sweat.

The visions had felt too real—so real that sheer terror had gripped him.

"What... was that?" His mind reeled. He knew Lin Moyu was behind it, but the power he had just witnessed was beyond comprehension.

His teammates rushed over, helping him up. Still shaken, Fang Chao hesitated before muttering, "Let's head back."

He needed answers. His teacher would know.

Inside the dungeon, Ning Yiyi asked playfully, "What just happened? That guy collapsed like he'd seen a ghost. He looked terrified."

Lin Moyu replied casually, "Just a little murderous aura to scare him. Didn't expect him to crumble so easily."

Ning Yiyi scoffed, "With nerves like that, he actually dared to confront you? What a joke."

Lin Moyu chuckled, "Forget him. Let's move on..."

Meanwhile, Mo Xinghe's God-level aura surged, growing stronger with each passing moment. Hours later, it reached its peak.

Then—like a thunderclap—it vanished in an instant.

The next moment, Mo Xinghe appeared in midair. Beside him stood a Unicorn—almost identical to Mo Xinghai's.

A God-level Summoner with a God-level Holy Spirit Unicorn.

The Mo Family was of a Summoner lineage.

Mo Xinghe had undergone class sublimation, ascending from a mid-tier legendary-class Holy Spirit Summoner to a God-level Summoner.

Though he had only just reached the God-level, his strength was already formidable.

At this stage, power wasn't just about level—it was also about class tier.

For instance, a mid-tier legendary rank class user who ascended to the God-level, like Mo Xinghe, far outmatched a low-tier legendary rank class user at the same level 90.

Ning Tairan chuckled, "Congratulations."

The surrounding crowd followed suit.

"Congratulations on becoming a God-level powerhouse, Dean Mo!"

Mo Xinghe clasped his hands toward Ning Tairan, "Thank you, Old Ning."

Ning Tairan waved dismissively, "My work here is done. I'm leaving."

Chapter 390: You Can't Afford To Provoke Lin Moyu, And Neither Can I

Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi relentlessly raided the dungeon. The undead army never tired.

After half a day, Ning Yiyi was the first to level up, reaching level 41. She spoke softly, "Everyone says leveling up past level 40 is painfully slow—it usually takes months to gain just one level. But you make it easy. In less than a day, I've already leveled up. The only downside is that I'm slowing you down."

Her voice carried a trace of guilt.

Lin Moyu smiled but remained silent.

Leveling up with a girl, especially someone he cared about, was a luxury many envied. A slight dip in speed didn't bother him—his progress was already leagues ahead of his peers, only slightly slower than Lin Mohan. At this time, his peers were still struggling to reach level 30.

As he continued grinding alongside Ning Yiyi, his mind grew calmer. His control over his murderous aura sharpened, becoming second nature.

Meanwhile, at the Chuangshen Institute, Fang Chao sought out Luo Gaoxuan.

After Mo Xinghe ascended to a God-level powerhouse, Luo Gaoxuan had stayed at Xiajing Academy for a few extra days, consulting Mo Xinghe on the finer points of advancing to the God-level. He wasn't far from that threshold himself.

The moment Luo Gaoxuan returned, Fang Chao was already waiting for him.

Fang Chao recounted the events of that day, "Dean, how could Lin Moyu clear the dungeon so quickly? He must have used some underhanded method."

Luo Gaoxuan regarded him calmly, "Arrogance is a dangerous flaw."

Fang Chao was taken aback, unsure why the dean had responded this way.

Luo Gaoxuan continued, "Your older brother is a prodigy of the institute, yet you lag behind. Do you know why?"

Fang Chao frowned, confused by the sudden shift in topic. Impatience flickered across his face, but since Luo Gaoxuan was the dean, he had no choice but to listen. Taking a deep breath, he replied, "I don't."

Luo Gaoxuan's voice remained indifferent, "You share the same class, the same bloodline, the same resources, and equal talent. The difference lies in your mindset. You're too arrogant—too quick to dismiss others."

His tone sharpened, "Do you even understand who Lin Moyu is? He is a godly general, his status on par with a God-level powerhouse. Even I address him with respect—as Godly General Lin. And yet, you dare speak his name so casually?"

Fang Chao shuddered, stunned. Luo Gaoxuan had always been patient with him—never had he rebuked him so harshly.

"Dean, I..."

Before Fang Chao could explain, Luo Gaoxuan cut him off, "Shut up and listen carefully. The record you saw was set by Godly General Lin during an extreme speedrun. He has a flight skill—he flew straight to the fourth plateau."

He paused before continuing, "Regarding the Beast God's True Body, the deans of all three institutes personally witnessed the entire battle. There was nothing suspicious. Godly General Lin cleared every monster in the dungeon—even the ones in the canyons weren't spared."

A chill ran down Fang Chao's spine. His body trembled as he muttered in disbelief, "He even cleared the monsters in the canyons? How is that possible?"

Luo Gaoxuan ignored his reaction, “Do you know how long it took him to defeat the Beast God’s True Body?”

“It was an instant kill.” He paused, “Of course, he used a skill granted by a Primordial Rune—but an instant kill nonetheless. But tell me, Fang Chao—if you were given a chance to obtain a Primordial Rune skill, could you pull it off?”

Fang Chao hesitated. He knew the rules—knew the danger involved and the combat power required. He wasn’t sure if he could.

Luo Gaoxuan didn’t wait for an answer, “This discussion ends here. Prepare yourself. You’ll be leading a party to the Immemorial Battlefield to gain experience.”

Fang Chao’s head snapped up, “Dean, the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land opens in a few days!”

“I know.” Luo Gaoxuan’s voice was firm, “You won’t be going this time.”

Fang Chao stood frozen, his fists clenched. His voice came out strained, “Why? You promised me!”

Luo Gaoxuan exhaled, his tone heavy, “The Chuangshen Institute has three slots. One was originally reserved for you, but something unexpected happened.”

“The Old Ancestor took a slot—I had no choice but to give it up. The second went to your older brother. The third... to the Mo Family’s eldest daughter.”

Fang Chao’s chest rose and fell sharply, his eyes flashing with barely contained fury.

The slot he had been promised—gone, just like that.

Luo Gaoxuan patted his shoulder, “I promise you, the next time the ancestral land opens, one slot will be yours.”

These words helped steady Fang Chao’s emotions. His breathing gradually calmed.

The Chuangshen Institute’s ancestral land opened once every five years. By then, he would likely be around level 60. As long as he entered before reaching level 70 and completing his third class awakening, the opportunity would still be valuable.

Besides, one of the slots had gone to his older brother. Luo Gaoxuan had already done more than enough for his family. Pushing further would be unreasonable.

Forcing himself to remain composed, Fang Chao asked, “Dean, hasn’t the Old Ancestor’s disciple already completed her third class awakening? Why does she still need a slot?”

Luo Gaoxuan shook his head. “I don’t know the details. But when the Old Ancestor makes a request, refusing isn’t an option.”

Fang Chao understood. There was no point in arguing, “The Old Ancestor’s disciple... her leveling speed is too fast, and her identity is shrouded in mystery. Dean, can you tell me anything about her?”

Everyone in the institutes knew that the Old Ancestor had taken in a disciple—one with an absurdly fast leveling speed.

In just over a year, she had already completed her third class awakening.

Some of the institute top prodigies had teamed up with her, but all were placed under a strict gag order. They never spoke a word about what they had seen.

Even within the empire, only a select few high-ranking individuals had access to information about Lin Mohan. Luo Gaoxuan, of course, was among them.

After a moment of deliberation, he spoke in a low voice, “Her name is Lin Mohan.”

Fang Chao thought to himself, “Lin Mohan? That name... It’s almost identical to Lin Moyu’s. Just one character off. No way...”

“You guessed right.” Luo Gaoxuan’s voice was calm, “She’s Godly General Lin’s older sister.”

Hiss...

Fang Chao sucked in a sharp breath, momentarily speechless.

Luo Gaoxuan patted his shoulder again, “Keep this to yourself. Don’t spread it. As for the illusions you saw earlier—it was likely caused by Godly General Lin’s murderous aura. He isn’t as simple as you think. The number of Demons and Dragonkind he has slain is beyond your imagination.”

“This is a level you can’t reach—at least, not for now.” Luo Gaoxuan’s tone turned grave, “All I can tell you is this: don’t provoke him. You can’t afford to. Neither can I. Understood?”

This time, Fang Chao was truly shaken, his entire body trembling. He had finally come to terms with reality.

Whether it was Lin Moyu or Lin Mohan, they were far beyond his reach—people he could never afford to provoke. Not just him. Even Luo Gaoxuan didn’t dare to cross them lightly.

Luo Gaoxuan's voice broke the silence, "Alright, go make your preparations. I hope your journey to the Immemorial Battlefield proves fruitful."

For ten days straight, Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi remained in the Dungeon Hall, tirelessly tackling the large-scale dungeon Beast God Plateau.

By the end of their grind, Lin Moyu had reached level 45, while Ning Yiyi had surpassed level 44.

However, after hitting level 45, the pace of leveling slowed drastically. Each dungeon run yielded only 4% EXP—meaning they would need to clear all the monsters 25 times just to level up once.

At their current pace of slightly over an hour per run, leveling up required two full days and nights of relentless grinding.

The process was repetitive and mind-numbingly dull. While Lin Moyu wouldn't tire, Ning Yiyi would. Unlike him, she lacked Divinity Force, meaning her physical and mental recovery was far slower.

By the last two days, she was struggling to keep up, her exhaustion undeniable. Lin Moyu even had to carry her during raids.

Nestled in his arms, Ning Yiyi slept soundly, a peaceful smile on her lips.

After ten days, Lin Moyu received a message from Bai Yiyuan.

In the White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen lounged in his chair, looking relaxed and carefree.

Bai Yiyuan, Yan Kuangsheng, Ning Tairan, and Mo Xinghe sat together, sipping tea and chatting.

Lin Moyu, carrying Ning Yiyi gently in his arms, teleported into the courtyard, “Teachers, I’ve arrived.”

When his gaze landed on Mo Xinghe, his eyes brightened, “Congratulations, Dean Mo, on reaching the God-level.”

Mo Xinghe’s aura had shifted—stronger, more profound. Lin Moyu could feel the change.

Mo Xinghe chuckled heartily, “Thank you. I owe it all to your Beast God’s Leg Bone. Without it, I wouldn’t have ascended so quickly.”

Lin Moyu said modestly, “I’m glad I could help. But the Beast God’s Leg Bone now belongs to Old Ning—I gave it to him as my proposal gift.”

Everyone nodded, already aware of this arrangement—except for Ning Tairan, who snorted in mild annoyance but kept silent.

Bai Yiyuan spoke up, “Moyu, do you know why I called you back this time?”

Lin Moyu nodded knowingly, “It must be because the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land is about to open, right?”