

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 411: You Want To Experiment On My Skeletons? You Must Be Tired Of Living

The black powder inside the bottle was Putrid Corpse Poison.

Its toxicity wasn't particularly strong—clearly low-level. Lin Moyu had encountered countless Putrid Corpses in the Putrid Corpse Land, so there was no mistaking it. It likely originated from Dongfang Yao's mother.

Lin Moyu's voice was low and steady, "Senior Medicine God, what do you intend to do?"

Shu Ping replied, "I can't analyze the root of the skill directly, so I want to study how the Putrid Corpse Poison is neutralized."

Lin Moyu's expression shifted instantly, "You want to use my skeletons to test the poison?"

Shu Ping was taken aback, "Godly General Lin, do you find that inappropriate?"

Lin Moyu's gaze darkened, his tone laced with displeasure, "My skeletons are my comrades. They may fall in battle, but they are not tools for experiments."

"Senior Medicine God, if you need my help, I will not hesitate. But if you wish to use my comrades as test subjects—that is impossible." His words were final, leaving no room for negotiation.

Shu Ping hadn't expected Lin Moyu to value his skeletons so deeply. After all, Lin Moyu commanded thousands of them. Dongfang Yao had even mentioned that during their time in Putrid Corpse Land, his undead army was nearly wiped out. He had assumed the skeletons were merely tools for battle.

But Lin Moyu saw them as comrades-in-arms.

Shu Ping could understand. Many Summoners felt the same way—summoned creatures weren't just minions, but family. To treat them as mere test subjects would be an unforgivable offense.

Dongfang Yao's face tensed with worry, but Shu Han gently held her hand, signaling her to stay calm. She trusted that her grandfather would find another solution.

Shu Ping sighed, his voice carrying a hint of apology, "I was too presumptuous. General Lin, please don't take offense."

His tone was sincere, without the slightest hint of pretense.

Lin Moyu took a deep breath, “It’s fine. Is there anything else I can do to help? As long as it doesn’t harm them, we can discuss it.”

Shu Ping thought for a moment before replying, “There is another method I can try, and I guarantee it won’t harm your summoned creatures.”

As long as his undead troops weren’t harmed, Lin Moyu had no objections.

Shu Ping took out a small bottle of potion and sprinkled its contents over the Skeletal Berserk Warrior. As he did, he explained, “This is the Skill Absorption Potion I developed. It can absorb all kinds of skills—whether support or attack—and store them for later use.”

Lin Moyu was surprised that such a potion existed. He quickly considered its potential applications, “Are there any restrictions?”

Shu Ping nodded, “Of course. For instance, it can’t store God-level skills. There are also certain skills that can’t be absorbed, such as...”

Before he could finish, Lin Moyu interrupted, “Can it store Primordial Rune skills?”

Shu Ping shook his head, “Most likely not. The baseline of Primordial Rune skills is too high—higher than even God-level skills.”

Lin Moyu had expected this answer, so he wasn't disappointed. It was only natural that such powerful skills couldn't be stored.

After the potion was applied, a faint green glow enveloped the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

Lin Moyu observed closely but sensed no harm to his summon. The potion merely coated the skeleton's surface, doing nothing beyond that.

"Godly General Lin, please use your Nullify skill again."

Lin Moyu gave a slight nod, and the Lich General activated its Nullify skill once more.

Under its effect, the green glow on the Skeletal Berserk Warrior rapidly faded.

Within moments, the skeleton returned to its original state—the potion had completely vanished.

Shu Ping's eyes widened in shock, "How is this possible? Even my Skill Absorption Potion was removed?"

Nullify erased abnormal statuses.

As long as it didn't exceed the skill's limits, any abnormal status could be eliminated.

Shu Ping's potion had been treated as an abnormal status and erased accordingly.

This outcome was completely beyond his expectations.

After a moment of thought, he arrived at a conclusion, "It seems the Lich General's skill works from the inside out—what a fascinating ability."

Lin Moyu agreed. The Lich General's Nullify skill was indeed unique.

Shu Ping pondered for a while but couldn't think of any other solution.

Lin Moyu spoke calmly, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

Shu Ping nodded, "I've troubled you enough today. Han, see Godly General Lin off for me."

Shu Han acknowledged the request.

Just before leaving, Lin Moyu turned his gaze toward Dongfang Yao, “Has the Dongfang Family still not prepared the compensation? Or are you refusing to compensate?”

Dongfang Yao’s body trembled. In that moment, Lin Moyu’s presence felt terrifying.

She quickly replied, “There have been some urgent family matters these past few days. But my father and the others will come soon.”

Lin Moyu nodded slightly, “My master is waiting.”

With that, Shu Han escorted Lin Moyu away until he disappeared from sight.

Tears welled up in Dongfang Yao’s eyes, “Grandfather Medicine God, is there really no hope for my mother?”

Shu Ping sighed, “Putrid Corpse Poison is the strangest poison I’ve ever encountered. So far, the only way to neutralize it is through Godly General Lin’s Lich Generals. No other method exists.”

Dongfang Yao’s voice was urgent, “But he won’t let you experiment on his skeletons.”

Shu Ping let out a deep sigh, “That’s understandable. To most Summoners, their summoned creatures are their closest companions. Just as Godly General Lin said, they may fall in battle, but they are absolutely not tools for experimentation.”

He looked at Dongfang Yao meaningfully, “Yao, think about it. If someone wanted to experiment on your mother, how would you react?”

Without hesitation, Dongfang Yao answered, “I would fight with all my might! But... he has so many skeletons.”

Shu Ping smiled, “That has nothing to do with numbers. I’ll think of another way to deal with your mother’s poison. At least in the Ice Seal Formation, her condition is stable, and her life isn’t in immediate danger.”

He paused before adding, “Godly General Lin also promised that as long as he has the ability, he will save her. Given his character, he will keep his word.”

Dongfang Yao still wore a worried expression, “But who knows how long that will take?”

Shu Ping replied calmly, “Not too long. Once he reaches God-level, it should be possible.”

“Really? But who knows when he’ll reach God-level?”

“With his rate of progress, it won’t be long.”

Meanwhile, Shu Han looked at Lin Moyu with an apologetic expression, “I’m sorry, Junior Lin. I didn’t expect my grandfather to make such a request.”

Lin Moyu’s tone remained flat, “It’s not your fault. Senior Medicine God probably didn’t understand the bond between me and my skeletons. Maybe he assumed that since I have so many, they’re just tools.”

Shu Han hesitated before asking cautiously, “You’re not angry, are you?”

Lin Moyu smiled slightly, “No need to worry. Ignorance is not a crime, and I’m not that narrow-minded.”

Shu Han let out a sigh of relief, “That’s good, that’s good.”

After a brief pause, she added, “Don’t be mad at Princess Yao either. She only wants to save her mother. Last time, when you were trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land, she never intended for that to happen.”

At the mention of Dongfang Yao, Lin Moyu’s expression cooled slightly, “I understand. I promised her that when I have the ability, I’ll help her save her mother.”

Lin Moyu was a man of his word.

After returning to Xiajing Academy, he received a message from Ning Yiyi: “I’m off to a trial by fire!”

That was all it said—no mention of where or for how long.

Being born into a prestigious family wasn’t always a blessing. The resources were abundant, and leveling was faster, but the pressure was immense. They had to work much harder than ordinary people.

Mo Yun was proof of that. Even someone like Dongfang Yao, a noble princess, didn’t have it easy.

Upon arriving at the Dungeon Hall, Lin Moyu entered the Beast God Plateau dungeon alone and began grinding.

Before reaching level 50, the Beast God Plateau was the best leveling ground.

Lin Moyu planned to reach level 50 as soon as possible—then head to the Immemorial Battlefield to meet that mysterious and terrifying being.

Chapter 412: My Words Are Proof

Solo dungeon grinding significantly boosted efficiency.

Not only did EXP gain double, but clearing speed improved drastically. Previously, when running dungeons with Ning Yiyi, while the pace wasn't slow, but due to their conversations along the way, efficiency wasn't the top priority.

Now alone, Lin Moyu became a ruthless monster-slaying machine.

With relentless momentum, his undead army annihilated everything in its path.

EXP surged at an astonishing rate.

Each dungeon run granted about 8% EXP, averaging one run per hour. At this pace, he could level up in half a day.

However, Lin Moyu knew this speed would only last until level 50. After that, without large-scale dungeons like the Beast God Plateau—only higher-level ones offering super-high EXP—his leveling rate would plummet.

After level 50, a single dungeon run might yield just 2–3% EXP. To level up, he'd have to raid a dungeon dozens of times—until he was sick of it.

At this moment, he couldn't help but envy his sister, Lin Mohan.

Her talent increased leveling speed, and as she leveled up, her talent evolved, making her growth even faster.

By the time Lin Moyu reached level 70 and completed his third class awakening, Lin Mohan would likely have already ascended to God-level.

He had no doubt about her potential. He knew her well—she absolutely had the ability. Otherwise, with that person's high standards and discerning eyes, he wouldn't have invested so much effort in nurturing her.

While Lin Moyu diligently grinded, a storm of bloodshed brewed in the Shenxia Empire.

After years of preparation, Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan finally made their move.

When they struck, it was like a thunderclap.

Their first target? The military.

Meng Anwen, along with the Shenxia Tower's main body, arrived at Fortress No. 9 alongside Bai Yiyuan.

This was the frontline of the Shenxia Empire's defense and home to its most elite troops.

Here, no one was below level 60.

Level 60 high-level class users were mere foot soldiers. Level 70 top-level class users could only qualify as squad leaders.

As they arrived at Fortress No. 9, a towering black structure slowly rose within the fortress, confronting the Shenxia Tower.

It was the Demon Extermination Tower—one of the empire's legendary rank towers, standing on equal footing with the Shenxia Tower.

The military had its own internal factions. Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan led one faction, while another group controlled an opposing side. Though often at odds, both factions cooperated sincerely in times of war, forming a peculiar relationship.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan primarily controlled Fortress No. 8, while Fortress No. 9 belonged to their rivals.

Bai Yiyuan's voice resounded through the fortress, "Those whose names I call, step forward."

One by one, names were announced. Each person called trembled, their faces pale.

Bai Yiyuan held a list—over a dozen names, all belonging to high-ranking military officials.

Suddenly, a furious roar echoed through the fortress, drowning out Bai Yiyuan's voice, "Shut up! Bai Yiyuan, what are you trying to pull this time?!"

Three figures shot into the sky, radiating immense power, their furious gazes locked onto Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen.

Each bore a purple military badge, signifying their status as godly generals.

One was a four-star godly general, while the other two held three-star ranks. Though lower in rank than Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen, godly generals held equal authority, allowing them to stand on the same ground.

Bai Yiyuan had once been a five-star godly general, but after helping Lin Moyu plant a soul brand in the Hall of Heroes, his rank had dropped to four stars. However, after slaying the Dragon King just days ago, he reclaimed his five-star status.

Wang Lin, three-star godly general, level 92 Godly Knight.

Wei Cang, three-star godly general, level 92 Godly Warrior.

Xia Shize, four-star godly general, level 93 Godly Mage.

Among them, Wang Lin had once been taught a lesson by Meng Anwen at Xiajing Academy.

Meng Anwen narrowed his eyes, his gaze full of ill intent as he locked onto Wang Lin.

That look made Wang Lin's hair stand on end.

But with the Demon Extermination Tower behind him, countering Meng Anwen's Shenxia Tower, he boldly met Meng Anwen's gaze.

Meng Anwen smirked, as if to say: *Kid, you've grown bold.*

Bai Yiyuan's voice was icy, "The people on this list are all members of the Demon Worship Society."

"That's bullshit!" Xia Shize bellowed, "Where's your proof?!"

Several names on Bai Yiyuan's list were his subordinates. If they were members of the Demon Worship Society, wouldn't that imply he himself was implicated?

Bai Yiyuan shot him a disdainful glance, "Xia Shize, you've probably been holed up here too long—your brain has gone to mush. Have you forgotten what I do?"

Xia Shize's expression changed instantly.

Wang Lin and Wei Cang also realized something, their faces turning grim.

Bai Yiyuan rarely interfered in military affairs, acting like a hands-off leader. But at their level, they all knew the truth—Bai Yiyuan commanded an extremely secretive military unit.

Operating in the shadows, this unit infiltrated the military, the empire, and even the civilian population. Its primary mission: intelligence gathering.

And Bai Yiyuan held the most comprehensive intelligence in the entire nation.

This unit was originally created to deal with the Demon Worship Society.

If the Demon Worship Society thrived in the shadows—then Bai Yiyuan's unit was even deeper in the dark.

Only Bai Yiyuan knew the full list of its members.

Since Bai Yiyuan had named them, there was a high probability the accusations were true.

Although Xia Shize was mostly convinced, he still put up a defiant front, "Do you have any proof?"

Bai Yiyuan sneered, "My words are proof. Now, I'm going to kill these people—are you going to stop me or step aside?"

Bai Yiyuan's murderous aura surged, containing the immense pressure of a level 95 God-level powerhouse.

At God-level, even a single level difference meant a vast gap in strength.

Under Bai Yiyuan's overwhelming pressure, the three godly generals' expressions darkened, realizing his formidable reputation was well-earned.

Even if they joined forces, they might not be his match.

Boom!

The fortress trembled.

An aura as powerful as Bai Yiyuan's surged from the fortress.

A slow, aged voice echoed through the sky, "White God, why the anger?"

A white-haired old man rose into the air, stepping in front of Xia Shize, blocking Bai Yiyuan's aura.

Bai Yiyuan burst into laughter, "Old man, so you're really here. I wasn't quite sure when I received the intel earlier."

The old man's name was Ye Hao—a level 95 God-level powerhouse and a five-star godly general.

However, his seniority surpassed Bai Yiyuan's—he was from Bai Yiyuan's father's generation.

Ye Hao sighed, "I haven't left in all these years."

Bai Yiyuan's eyes flickered with fighting spirit, "So? Do you intend to stop me?"

Ye Hao shook his head, "White God, since you've investigated everything thoroughly, there can be no mistake. And even if there is... I trust you'll take responsibility."

Bai Yiyuan spoke loudly, "At least you understand how things work. The evidence will come later—I, Bai Yiyuan, do not kill the wrong people."

Ye Hao extended a hand, "Then go ahead, White God."

Bai Yiyuan's figure flashed, appearing above the fortress.

This time, Xia Shize, Wei Cang, and Wang Lin didn't stop him.

With Ye Hao presiding over the situation, it was no longer their place to intervene.

Bai Yiyuan's aura expanded, enveloping Fortress No. 9 like an impenetrable barrier.

His voice boomed, spreading across the entire stronghold, "Head the godly general command! Soldiers, draw your weapons! Arrest every individual I name. If anyone resists—kill them on the spot!"

The moment his words fell, every soldier in the fortress drew their weapons.

Before Bai Yiyuan could even repeat the list, those previously named were already desperately trying to flee.

But they couldn't escape.

Teleportation formations, Teleportation Stones, and all other escape methods were sealed.

The Shenxia Tower had already locked the space the moment Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen arrived.

Some tried to run, but the soldiers swiftly cut off their paths.

Those who resisted met a swift and brutal end.

As Bai Yiyuan called out each name, the fortress was quickly filled with murderous aura.

Screams. The clash of weapons. The stench of blood filled the air.

Struggling was pointless—there was only one fate—death.

With Bai Yiyuan present, no one could escape.

Chapter 413: The Master Of The Demon Extermination Tower Is Coming Soon

The sounds of battle, screams, and wails echoed through the fortress.

Under the godly general command, every soldier obeyed without hesitation. Disobedience was met with immediate suspicion.

Bai Yiyuan's gaze was sharp as lightning as he surveyed the fortress. Housing a 10,000-strong army, it was filled with top-level class users, including many level 80-plus peak-level class users.

The names he called were few, but those individuals were swiftly apprehended—some resisting were killed on the spot.

Floating midair, Meng Anwen remained silent, observing indifferently. Behind him, the Shenxia Tower rotated slowly, emitting a low hum.

Bai Yiyuan alone was enough to handle this; there was no need for Meng Anwen to intervene.

The battle ended in less than five minutes.

Of the eighteen on Bai Yiyuan's list, eleven were executed instantly. The remaining seven, their limbs broken, lay on the ground like stray dogs.

There was no room for argument—Bai Yiyuan wouldn't allow it.

A beam of light shot from the Shenxia Tower, enveloping the seven, who vanished—transported into the tower.

Bai Yiyuan swept his piercing gaze over the gathered soldiers, "Not bad. You've done well. As soldiers, never forget the iron rule—military orders are absolute."

The soldiers shouted in unison: "We obey the godly general's command!"

Satisfied, Bai Yiyuan turned to Ye Hao, "Old Ye, one more thing. The empire's military is not a private army. Its purpose is to fight external threats—keep it that way."

Ye Hao smiled, "Of course. You saw their discipline just now, White God. Military orders are absolute—no one dares disobey. Likewise, I trust the same applies to Fortress No. 8."

Bai Yiyuan chuckled. "Naturally. I'm heading there next—care to join me?"

Ye Hao shook his head, "No need. I trust your word."

"Then I'll take my leave. Proof will be sent later."

Fortress No. 9 was merely the first step—a mere appetizer.

The eighteen individuals taken down were only a fraction of the entire list. If one was to act, they had to do so thoroughly.

Both Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen knew that members of the Demon Worship Society still lurked within the fortress, too deeply hidden to be identified for now.

But Bai Yiyuan was confident that if they dared to act, they would inevitably expose a flaw.

This purge wasn't intended to wipe out the Demon Worship Society completely, just to cripple it. At the very least, it would paralyze them for the foreseeable future, preventing any large-scale actions.

Of course, there was another possibility: desperation. Cornered, the Demon Worship Society might launch a full-scale counterattack, plunging the empire into temporary chaos.

But Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen had made preparations—any unrest would be contained. In fact, if the enemy retaliated, it would force their hidden members into the open.

As Meng Anwen had put it: *Couldn't ask for anything better.*

It would allow them to cut out the malignant tumor more thoroughly.

Meng Anwen turned his gaze to Ye Hao, Xia Shize, and the others. He had remained silent until now.

Before leaving, he looked toward the Demon Extermination Tower and finally broke his silence, “Does the Demon Extermination Tower still not have a master?”

The moment he spoke, the expressions of the four men shifted drastically.

Ye Hao, who had worn a calm smile all this time, suddenly lost it. Xia Shize and the others grew even more grim.

They still remembered the moment, years ago, when Meng Anwen had become the master of the Shenxia Tower.

Ye Hao narrowed his eyes, “What are you trying to say, Serene God?”

Meng Anwen’s voice was indifferent, “Nothing much. Just that you should guard the Demon Extermination Tower well—its master is coming soon.”

With that, a teleportation formation appeared in the air, and he and Bai Yiyuan vanished.

The remaining men exchanged uneasy glances.

Xia Shize clenched his fists, "What did he mean by that?"

A thought suddenly struck Wang Lin, "Could he be talking about Lin Moyu?"

"Lin Moyu? Who is that?" Ye Hao frowned. Having withdrawn from worldly affairs for years, he was unfamiliar with current events.

Wang Lin quickly recounted Lin Moyu's feats.

After listening, Ye Hao was visibly shaken, "I never expected our human race to produce such a genius. If he reaches God-level, taking control of the Demon Extermination Tower isn't out of the question."

Xia Shize grew anxious, "Then, Your Excellency... what about you?"

Ye Hao chuckled softly, "It's a good thing for our race to have such a prodigy. Even after all these years, I've never been able to fully control the tower—something has always been missing. If he can do it, I'll gladly step aside."

He looked at the three men with a solemn expression, "Remember this: no matter how we struggle internally, it's all for the survival of the human race. The human race needs prodigies, needs a constant influx of fresh blood. Suppression is one thing—but extermination is unacceptable. Do you understand?"

The three men responded in unison, "We understand!"

Above Fortress No. 8, Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan hovered in the sky.

Bai Yiyuan spoke in a deep voice, "Old Meng, are you seriously suggesting that Moyu take control of the Demon Extermination Tower?"

Meng Anwen remained calm, "Is there a problem?"

Bai Yiyuan shook his head, "Not a problem... just that the difficulty—"

"Believe in Moyu."

Meng Anwen's brief response left no room for doubt.

Bai Yiyuan said nothing more. He descended toward Fortress No. 8 and issued a thunderous command.

"Heed the godly general command..."

The slaughter was about to resume.

Fortress No. 9 had only been the beginning. The real show was just getting started.

Bai Yiyuan didn't suppress the information. If anyone attempted to leak it, they might just expose a flaw.

Bai Yiyuan's intelligence unit left no suspicious individual unchecked.

At the same time, a large-scale purge officially began within the empire.

One army after another returned from the Dimensional Battlefield, while Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen's forces moved swiftly across the empire.

Terror gripped the land as heads fell one after another.

This time, the purge implicated thousands—ranging from local officials to powerful family members. The evidence against them was undeniable.

As Bai Yiyuan had said, his word was proof. With his reputation, no one dared to question him.

Fortress No. 8 was quickly cleared. Soon after, massive forces were mobilized, marching toward Fortress No. 7, Fortress No. 6, and beyond.

With Bai Yiyuan wielding the godly general command, resistance was nonexistent.

The Zhou Family was the most prestigious family in Hai City, wielding control over much of the city.

Its former head, Zhou Qingtian, was a God-level powerhouse—a peer of Ye Hao and a generation senior to Bai Yiyuan.

After stepping down, he had withdrawn from worldly affairs, leaving the family in the hands of his descendants.

But today, he was alarmed.

As he gazed at the sky, an army composed of top-level class users, Zhou Qingtian's expression darkened.

Having served in the military in his youth, he knew exactly what kind of force this was. Such elite troops were rarely mobilized—only when something monumental was at stake.

Now, their blades were pointed at his family.

Zhou Qingtian gazed at the imposing army, its murderous aura suffocating the air. Slowly, he ascended into the sky and asked in a commanding voice, "May I ask—what crime has my Zhou Family committed?"

Zhou Qingtian was a God-level powerhouse. With his immense strength, he did not fear the army before him.

But he also understood—if they dared to encircle the Zhou Family, there had to be stronger forces backing them.

A clear voice rang out, "Old Zhou, how have you been?"

Ning Tairan stepped into Zhou Qingtian's line of sight. Though already a grandfather, he was still a generation younger than Zhou Qingtian.

Zhou Qingtian recognized him immediately, "Tairan, what is the meaning of this?"

Ning Tairan sighed and tossed a document toward him, "Old Zhou, see for yourself."

Suspicion flickered in Zhou Qingtian's eyes as he caught the document and scanned its contents.

His expression shifted—first dark, then deathly pale. His eyes blazed with rage.

Despite his dignified status as a God-level expert, his entire body shook uncontrollably.

Ning Tairan exhaled heavily, "I once looked up to you, Old Zhou. You fought tirelessly against the Abyssal Demons on the Dimensional Battlefield. But now... the Zhou Family..."

At the mention of his glorious past, Zhou Qingtian's fury reached its peak.

Gritting his teeth, he spat, "My descendants have failed me. Tairan, leave this to me—I will give you a proper account."

Ning Tairan nodded. "That would be best. I trust you will handle it well, Old Zhou."

He had no desire to battle Zhou Qingtian. Though he wasn't afraid, a clash between God-level experts could reduce Hai City—and the surrounding cities—to ruins.

Zhou Qingtian had bled for the human race. If his family had fallen into disgrace, it was only right that he handle it himself.

At the very least, it would allow him to keep his honor.

Chapter 414: Let's See If I Can Slay A Demon King

Across the empire, events mirroring those of the Zhou Family were unfolding.

Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen either remained still or struck like thunder. Only now did many realize the true extent of their power—not just as formidable individuals but as leaders with vast networks of allies and subordinates.

The Ning Family, one of the empire's most prestigious Mage lineages, led by Ning Tairan, a level 95 powerhouse on par with Bai Yiyuan; the Mo Family, a renowned Summoner lineage headed by the level 94 Mo Xinghai; the Feng Family of the Divine Swordsman lineage at Fortress No. 8; and the Su Family of the Sacred Light Mage lineage—all joined the fray.

These usually low-profile families now revealed their full might, shaking not just the empire but the entire world.

Following Bai Yiyuan's directives, these supreme experts struck swiftly, crippling the Demon Worship Society in a short period of time.

By the time the society realized what was happening, they had already suffered catastrophic losses, undoing years of careful infiltration.

The attack also exposed the depths of their corruption—the Demon Worship Society had embedded itself everywhere: the military, royal family, noble families, elite academies, and local governments.

The society fought back, plunging the empire into chaos. Some of their high-ranking members wielded their influence to resist.

Bai Yiyuan's response was simple—kill them all.

He had anticipated the upheaval but knew it wouldn't last. Within days, the rebellion would be crushed.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu remained oblivious to the turmoil outside. He was fully focused on grinding in the Dungeon Hall.

In just a few days, he had surged from level 45 to 48—an astonishing feat that would leave most speechless.

Thanks to the Beast God Plateau dungeon, his progress from level 40 to 50 felt like riding a high-speed train.

However, this insane leveling speed would soon slow.

Large-scale dungeons like this were rare. Though the Dungeon Hall housed hundreds of dungeons, only two fell into that category.

Beyond that, a single super large-scale dungeon existed—a level 66 dungeon that remained inaccessible until reaching level 61.

On the third day of Bai Yiyuan’s purge of the Demon Worship Society, the teleportation formation in the Dungeon Hall suddenly lit up.

Dozens of figures emerged, all clad in Xiajing Academy uniform.

However, they came from different institutes—including the academy’s top three: Chuangshen Institute, Chuangshi Institute, and Yanhuang Institute.

Their arrival immediately sparked curiosity.

"Strange... who would form such a party?"

"No idea. But I feel something... there's murderous intent coming from them."

"It's more than just murderous intent—there's a strange aura around them."

"Yeah, I sense it too, but I can't put it into words."

The students in the Dungeon Hall were puzzled.

While cross-institute parties weren't uncommon, over 30 people from different institutes gathering together like this was unheard of.

This peculiar group, radiating murderous intent, marched straight toward the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

"Has it been confirmed that Lin Moyu just entered?"

"Yes."

"Then let's move."

After a brief exchange, the group retrieved several black stones. The moment they activated them, the stones transformed into dark rays that shot into the dungeon vortex.

Then, without hesitation, the entire group stepped inside.

Only then did the surrounding students realize something was terribly wrong.

Someone gasped.

"Wait! Those stones... they're Demon Stones of the Abyssal Demons!"

"No wonder their aura felt off... it was Abyssal Demon aura!"

"They're from the Demon Worship Society! They're targeting Godly General Lin!"

"I can't believe they infiltrated Xiajing Academy!"

"This is a major incident—alert the instructors!"

Panicked, the students rushed to send warnings.

Within moments, the entire academy was in turmoil.

The instructors, upon receiving the news, immediately ended their classes and rushed to the Dungeon Hall.

But when they arrived—the dungeon was sealed.

No one could enter. No one could leave.

In less than two minutes, nearly half of Xiajing Academy's instructors had gathered. After all, this involved Lin Moyu and Abyssal Demons—a matter of grave concern.

Suddenly, maniacal laughter echoed through the hall.

"If everyone here dies, Xiajing Academy will feel the pain!" One of the instructors snapped.

Before anyone could react, he pulled out several Demon Stones and activated them.

A massive barrier erupted, engulfing the entire Dungeon Hall.

Abyssal Fire surged, and within it, a towering Demon King projection emerged.

At that moment, the hidden powerhouses of Xiajing Academy awoke.

"Insolence! You dare invade Xiajing Academy?!"

"Demon scum, you're courting death!"

"Do you even know where you are?! Now that you're here, you won't be leaving!"

One powerhouse after another soared into the sky, their fury shaking the air.

Then, beyond the academy walls—another barrier appeared.

Across the Shenxia Empire, similar scenes played out. Academies everywhere were under attack.

The Demon Worship Society had gone mad, launching an all-out counterattack.

As Meng Anwen had predicted, a desperate enemy fights like a cornered beast.

Inside the Beast God Plateau dungeon, Lin Moyu had just entered.

His undead army was drawing in monsters as usual when—the entire dungeon shook.

The bright plateau dimmed in an instant. A black aura surged, spreading like a plague.

In the sky, eerie green flames flickered to life.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, "Abyssal Fire?"

Without hesitation, he recalled his undead army, his gaze locking onto the sky—now an ominous shade of dark green.

Within moments, Abyssal Fire had spread across the entire dungeon.

Lin Moyu's brows furrowed, "Abyssal Fire... in a dungeon? That shouldn't be possible. Did something happen in the Dungeon Hall?"

Instinctively, he attempted to leave—but he couldn't.

The reason grinding in the Dungeon Hall was considered safe was due to the escape mechanism.

No matter how dangerous a dungeon—even at hell rank difficulty—one could exit at any time.

But now, Lin Moyu discovered he couldn't leave.

Even the Teleportation Stones were useless.

Except for one. The Abyss Teleportation Stone still functioned—it remained completely unaffected.

Lin Moyu immediately understood—its level was too high to be restricted.

A sinister laugh echoed through the dungeon.

Above, Abyssal Fire rained down like a storm, engulfing everything in its path.

The monsters began to mutate, their levels surging at an alarming rate.

Then—figures emerged. A group of students materialized inside the dungeon.

The moment Lin Moyu laid eyes on them, he knew something was wrong.

They came from different institutes.

Their faces were twisted with ferocity, their eyes burning with murderous aura.

Lin Moyu, attuned to murderous aura, understood instantly. They were here to kill him.

The moment they entered the dungeon, the group swiftly took their positions.

Each of them held a black Demon Stone—and in perfect synchronization, they activated them.

Lin Moyu's sharp gaze swept over them, "Thirty-six people... Their positioning isn't random. A formation?"

As the Demon Stones lit up, formation lines blazed into existence.

In just 0.1 seconds, an enormous formation was complete, and Abyssal Fire surged violently within it.

Then they began to chant.

"Burn my body, sacrifice my soul, summon the Demon King!"

"Burn my body, sacrifice my soul, summon the Demon King!"

"Burn my body, sacrifice my soul, summon the Demon King!"

Their voices rang in eerie unison, filled with fanaticism and madness.

The Abyssal Fire intensified.

Their bodies were consumed by the flames, burning to nothing but ash. Yet not a single scream escaped them.

Even as they perished, their faces remained twisted in insane devotion.

The Abyssal Fire shot skyward, merging with the flames already engulfing the dungeon.

The entire dungeon trembled.

Abyssal aura surged outward, spreading like a plague.

Not only were the monsters mutating, but the entire environment was transforming—as if the dungeon was no longer part of this world, but a fragment of the Abyssal Realm.

Then—a furious roar erupted.

The sound came from within the Abyssal Fire.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed as a pair of enormous eyes appeared, blazing within the inferno.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized the owner of those eyes—an old acquaintance.

The Fire Demon King.

Its furious roar sent waves of heat rippling through the dungeon.

The Abyssal Fire flared, growing even more intense—as if it intended to burn the entire world to ash.

Lin Moyu finally understood.

These people were all members of the Demon Worship Society.

They had used Abyssal Demon Stones to seal the dungeon, then sacrificed themselves to summon the Fire Demon King.

All of it—a meticulously planned trap.

With the dungeon sealed, no one from Xiajing Academy could come to his aid. He would have to face the Demon King alone.

Lin Moyu's expression darkened. This was a battle where he would have to stake his life.

His hand brushed against the Abyssal Teleportation Stone in his pocket. It remained unsealed.

An escape route still existed.

Lin Moyu's lips curled into a sharp smile, "Since that's the case... let's see if I can slay a Demon King."

At that moment, the Domain Divine Stone within his spirit world began to spin wildly.

A crushing murderous aura erupted from his body.

Chapter 415: Demon Kings Aren't Fools

The Demon Worship Society had launched a full-scale counterattack.

It was clear—they were prepared to fight Bai Yiyuan to the bitter end.

Summoning Demons from the Abyss and mobilizing their hidden forces, they orchestrated a series of coordinated assaults on major academies across the empire.

The depth of their infiltration quickly became apparent, as numerous faculty members were unmasked as members of the society.

But the academies were no easy prey.

Powerful figures emerged one after another in response.

Top academies like Xiajing Academy and Zhendan Academy had God-level powerhouses among their ranks.

Even academies without such figures still boasted peak-level level 85-plus experts and even false God-level experts.

The upheaval laid bare the true strength of the Shenxia Empire.

Until now, only ten God-level experts were publicly known. But in the face of this crisis, over twenty revealed themselves.

Other nations, who had initially looked on with mockery or indifference, now viewed Shenxia with awe—and growing unease.

How many more hidden monsters did the empire harbor? Was this just the tip of the iceberg?

The true depths of Shenxia's power remained an unsettling mystery.

In the dungeon, the Fire Demon King emerged from the Abyssal Fire.

Lin Moyu finally laid eyes on its true form.

The creature was a massive, spherical Demon over three meters wide.

More than 70% of its body was taken up by two enormous eyes. It had no visible nose or mouth. Its body bristled with tentacles—some thick enough to serve as limbs.

Its entire form was wreathed in roaring fire. The surrounding temperature surged violently, melting the ground and distorting space itself.

"No wonder I'd only ever seen one eye." Lin Moyu muttered, "So this... is what it really looks like."

He had only seen the Fire Demon King's eye before—he never imagined the full form would be this bizarre.

Though the Fire Demon King's face lacked expression, his emotions flared through the intensity of his flames.

"Heh-heh-heh... Lin Moyu, this time, you can't escape." The Fire Demon King let out a sinister laugh—like a predator already savoring its prey.

Lin Moyu calmly observed the Fire Demon King, sensing its aura.

Something felt... off.

This wasn't his first encounter with a God-level being. He had slain the avatar of a Demon King before and had personally experienced the oppressive might of a true Demon King's presence.

But the Fire Demon King before him didn't exude the overwhelming pressure he'd expected.

Yes, this was the Fire Demon King's true form—stronger than the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar Lin Moyu had once vanquished—but still weaker than the Tetrawing Bull King's true self. Its power level sat somewhere in between.

He recalled Bai Yiyuan's words: the Tetrawing Bull King was among the weakest of the Demon Kings.

A thought clicked, and Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, "You feel... weaker than you should. Is it because the sacrifices didn't provide enough power? Or..." His gaze sharpened, "Are you being suppressed by the dungeon's rules?"

The Demon King had clearly gone to great lengths to alter the dungeon's natural laws—but hadn't succeeded completely.

By default, dungeons forbade beings that were too powerful from entering.

The Fire Demon King had used a special method to temporarily alter the rules, but not entirely. They still existed and continued to suppress it.

The Fire Demon King clicked its tongue, "Your senses are sharp. So you noticed. But so what? Even if I can only use a tenth of my power... it's still more than enough to crush you."

Lin Moyu's eyes scanned the area.

The Abyssal Fire had enveloped the dungeon, and the monsters in the dungeon had mutated under its influence—stronger, more resilient, more savage.

Silently, he cast the Detection spell multiple times.

[Mutated Plateau Wolf]

[Level: 52]

[Strength: 50,000]

[Agility: 50,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 40,000]

[Skill: Snarl, Lunge]

[Trait: 30% Darkness Elemental Damage Reduction]

The Plateau Wolf had mutated, its level rising from 46 to 52.

Its attributes had surged, now totaling 150,000.

Normally, monsters in large-scale dungeons were already comparable to hell rank dungeon monsters of the same level, with similar attributes.

Level 52 hell rank monsters typically boasted slightly over 100,000 in total attributes, while dungeon bosses would exceed 200,000.

But these monsters—twisted and corrupted by the Abyss Fire—had surpassed even that threshold.

And it wasn't just the Plateau Wolf. Every monster in the dungeon had mutated.

In this state, leader monsters were now equivalent to boss monsters, and the actual boss monster might even rival world rank bosses in raw attributes—though still lacked the unique traits that defined world rank bosses.

Lin Moyu took all of this in. And then, a plan formed in his mind.

A smirk tugged at the corners of his lips, "If this were anywhere else, you might be right. But here..."

The Fire Demon King narrowed its eyes, "But here what?"

Lin Moyu smiled, unfurled his Lightning Wings, and swiftly soared into the depths of the dungeon. He had no intention of telling the Fire Demon King that the place was teeming with monsters—stocked with his weapons.

"Trying to escape? In your dreams!" The Fire Demon King roared, flames erupting around it as he gave chase.

Though not as fast as Lin Moyu, it wasn't much slower. And in a sealed dungeon, there was no escape.

"Stop running!" the Fire Demon King shouted with a laugh, "You can't get away. Just die obediently. I'll burn you so thoroughly, not even your ashes will remain."

As it spoke, the Fire Demon King unleashed death rays, streaking through the air in a deadly barrage aimed straight at Lin Moyu.

But weaved through the sky, shifting position constantly, dodging with practiced precision.

In the past, these attacks would have been unavoidable.

But now, his attributes had greatly increased, and his battle instincts were honed through countless life-and-death encounters. And with Lightning Wings enhancing his speed to the extreme, he moved like a phantom—untouchable.

The Fire Demon King let out a manic laugh as it chased him, "Stop wasting your energy, Lin Moyu! You can't escape!"

Escape? Lin Moyu had never planned on escaping.

In the blink of an eye, he shot across the sky above Plateau No. 3.

Of the four plateaus in the dungeon, Plateau No. 4 had only leader monsters—and not many of them. Plateau No. 3, however, teemed with the highest concentration of monsters.

As Lin Moyu streaked through the air, he secretly deployed his undead troops. The skeletons began luring monsters, drawing them together.

Lin Moyu knew that defeating the Fire Demon King depended on two crucial skills: Corpse Explosion and Enhance Troops.

After all, his opponent was a Demon King—he had to eliminate it in a single strike, leaving no chance to retaliate.

He remembered his previous battles in the Putrid Corpse Land, where he'd fought God-level entities. While under the effects of Enhance Troops, he could withstand their might—if only for a while.

At this time, the Fire Demon King's strength was significantly suppressed by the dungeon's rules. In fact, it was weaker than those beings in the Putrid Corpse Land.

Taking all this into account, Lin Moyu felt he had a real chance to slay the Demon King.

A third of the monsters on Plateau No. 3 had already been gathered—more continued to arrive, drawn in by the undead troops. The battlefield was taking shape.

But, time was running out. The duration of Lightning Wings was nearing its end.

Lin Moyu deliberately slowed his flight, letting the Fire Demon King gradually close the distance.

The Demon King cackled as it gained ground, "What's wrong? Can't fly anymore? With your level, it's a miracle you even have a flight skill. But how long can you keep it up? Skills have cooldowns, don't they?"

Lin Moyu said nothing.

Below, his Skeletal Berserk Warriors worked quickly, quietly eliminating a few of the monsters.

Then—at just the right moment—Lin Moyu canceled Lightning Wings, plummeting down.

A flicker of ‘panic’ crossed his face, subtle but deliberate—as if his skill’s time had run out, and he was falling out of necessity, not choice.

The Fire Demon King bought the act completely. With a howl of laughter, it dove down in pursuit

The moment Lin Moyu landed, the Fire Demon King slammed into the ground right behind him.

Following a loud crash, the earth quaked, and waves of fire exploded outward, blowing away nearby monsters and sending carefully arranged corpses tumbling hundreds of meters.

A shimmer of white light pulsed around Lin Moyu—his Bone Armor activated to absorb the first wave of the fiery impact, before shattering with a bang.

A massive amount of damage overflowed to the undead army, wounding the skeletons. The Lich Generals immediately began healing them.

Even suppressed, the Fire Demon King's power was terrifying—on par with a full-fledged human God-level expert.

The Fire Demon King sneered, "You think I don't know what you're trying to do? You want to use those corpses to blow me up, don't you? Did you really think I'd give you the chance?"

Lin Moyu let out a faint sigh in his heart, "As expected... Demon Kings aren't fools. However..."

Chapter 416: Everything Is Ready: The Finishing Move Begins!

In the annals of the human race, Abyssal Demon Kings were infamous for their insidious cunning.

Lin Moyu didn't believe every Demon King was like that—but he was certain none of them were fools.

To rule the Abyss, stupidity was not an option.

That was why he had never underestimated any Demon King.

So when the Fire Demon King saw through his setup and blasted away the gathered monsters and corpses, Lin Moyu wasn't surprised. He had expected as much.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Skill: Soul Blaze!

The two skills activated nearly simultaneously.

A red flash erupted, and a sword with a chain appeared on the Fire Demon King's head.

Then came Soul Blaze—the Fire Demon King let out a scream.

It remembered the pain, a sensation it had felt before, and it still lingered in its memory.

Back then, Lin Moyu wasn't even level 30. But now, his attributes and skills had grown exponentially.

This time, Soul Blaze hit even harder—the pain had doubled.

The Demon King's shriek echoed through the burning battlefield, its eyes blazing with hatred.

A Death Ray surged out, and flames engulfed the land.

But under the effect of Deterioration Curse, its movements were sluggish.

By the time it fired the Death Ray, Lin Moyu had already dodged to the side.

The Death Ray grazed him, shattering his Bone Armor again and injuring his undead army.

Lin Moyu's counterattack was immediate—Soul Blaze struck once more, drawing fresh screams from the Fire Demon King.

Even an Abyssal Demon King couldn't fully resist the curse.

It could break the curse, yes—but it required a brief moment. Half a second at most.

Lin Moyu had to delay it as much as possible, extending the curse's duration, even if only for half a second.

Soul Blaze did just that, keeping the Fire Demon King locked in agony, too distracted to dispel the curse.

Driven mad by pain, the Fire Demon King's body broke out with hundreds of secondary eyes.

The sight sent a chill down Lin Moyu's spine. It was truly horrifying.

Each eye lit up, unleashing Death Ray in a blinding barrage of lethal beams.

“Damn it!”

There was no room to dodge—he had no choice but to endure.

His Bone Armor had long since been shattered, and there was no time to recast it.

While weaving through the deadly onslaught, Lin Moyu focused everything on maintaining Soul Blaze, keeping the curse locked in place.

He couldn't spare a single moment for defense.

“Heh... you've gotten stronger. But how long can you hold out? Don't humans have a story about a cat playing with a mouse? This feels just like that, don't you think?”

The Fire Demon King laughed darkly, its attacks relentless, never letting up.

Lin Moyu dodged as best he could under the rain of Death Rays, looking slightly ragged.

But he was no longer the same as before.

He was now level 48—far stronger than during their last encounter.

The journey to the Ancestral Land had supercharged his growth, massively boosting his physique and greatly raising his defenses.

Now, his physique had reached a staggering 87,616.

He commanded 28 undead legions, totaling 23,520 skeletons, with an additional 840 in the summon space—plus 28 Lich Generals, each with powerful physique and health.

With that kind of power backing him, Lin Moyu was far more resilient.

As long as he didn't take a direct hit from the Fire Demon King's main eyes for too long—he could endure.

While Lin Moyu continued to evade, his true plan was already unfolding.

From the depths of the canyon, thousands of Skeletal Berserker Warriors climbed upward—each carrying a corpse.

The monsters in the canyon had been wiped out by the undead army.

On the surface, it looked like Lin Moyu was simply drawing monsters across Plateau No. 3, but in truth, his forces had already secretly cleared the canyon, creating a massive stockpile of corpses.

And it didn't stop there.

Plateau No. 3 was also littered with bodies. The same was happening across Plateaus No. 2 and No. 1, where more undead troops had been dispatched.

They moved in silence, killing monsters and transporting their corpses—nonstop.

“Begin.”

The moment had come.

Lin Moyu suddenly shifted direction, moving closer to the Fire Demon King.

The Lich Generals materialized in front of him. The moment they appeared, they charged forward like madmen, straight toward the Fire Demon King.

All the while, they cast their healing spell in rapid succession—healing themselves and the undead army.

Among Lin Moyu's summons, the Lich Generals were the toughest—their physique, after buffs, exceeded 460,000. Taking them down was harder than killing Lin Moyu himself.

The Fire Demon King let out a mocking laugh, thinking Lin Moyu was already at his limit.

“Using summons as meat shields now? How long can you keep this up?”

Death Rays blasted down, hammering the tall Lich Generals.

Lin Moyu and his vanguard had drawn the Fire Demon King's full attention. So much so, it failed to notice the Skeletal Berserker Warriors creeping in from behind, carrying corpses.

Then—one corpse was quietly flung into the air.

The fire in Lin Moyu's hand suddenly vanished. He had changed skills.

Skill: Corpse Explosion!

Boom!

The explosion sent flames soaring into the sky. The Fire Demon King let out a low, muffled groan.

The blast had come from the corpse of a level 52 monster—on its own, it wouldn't do much. But with the curse and skill bonuses, it still managed to deal damage.

Then came more. One corpse after another was hurled into the air, followed by a chain of relentless explosions.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen emerged in droves, unleashing spells and volleys in perfect coordination.

The Skeletal Berserker Warriors threw the corpses. The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen attacked without pause.

The Fire Demon King burst into a dazzling light as the elements detonated violently.

Neither the spells nor the arrows could pierce its body.

The roaring flames cloaking its form acted as natural armor, burning and deflecting every attack.

These attacks were far too weak to threaten a Demon King rank being.

Only Corpse Explosion managed to do anything—but even then, just a sliver of damage.

Its defenses were monstrous—so overwhelming, it bordered on hopeless.

“Weak... too weak! I was too cautious. So this is all you’re capable of?”

The Fire Demon King burst into wild laughter, realizing it had been far too wary.

After all, Lin Moyu was just a small fry, not even level 50.

To a level 90 Demon King, Lin Moyu was little more than a bug. A mildly annoying one, at best.

Soul Blaze caused pain, yes—but not enough damage to be a real threat.

Corpse Explosion looked flashy, but barely scratched the surface.

And the undead army? They couldn't even break through its defenses.

The Lich Generals served as little more than tanks—durable, yes, but not dangerous.

“So this is your true strength? All that effort... and it means nothing. You’ve done nothing but make me feel some pain!”

“No matter how many summons you bring, they won’t save you. Tremble, insect—death is upon you!”

The Fire Demon King’s voice echoed across the battlefield, filled with scorn and unshakable confidence.

The flames around the Fire Demon King flared violently, linking with the Abyssal Fire that engulfed the dungeon.

The Abyssal Fire surged, feeding it more power—amplifying its strength further.

Its attacks grew fiercer. Its defense, slightly weaker.

Having confirmed that Lin Moyu's attacks lacked the power to threaten it, the Fire Demon King dropped its guard, choosing offense over defense.

Lin Moyu immediately felt the difference—his Lich Generals were taking far more damage than before.

At this rate, the Lich Generals wouldn't last ten seconds.

But it didn't matter. The plan was already in motion.

All those earlier explosions came from old corpses. Of course, they hadn't done much damage.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen were only level 48. No matter how strong their attributes were, their damage couldn't break through the Fire Demon King's overwhelming defense. That was expected.

Because that wasn't the real attack. This was.

He only had one shot—one chance to kill the Fire Demon King in one go.

A glowing Primordial Rune lit up on the back of Lin Moyu's hand. A beam of light burst forth, sweeping across his entire undead army.

Skill: Enhance Troops.

[Enhance Troops: for 30 seconds, increases all basic attributes of the host and their summons by 200%, and all attacks deal an additional 500% of damage. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

In that instant, the battlefield changed. The skeletons exploded with power.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors, whose four attributes were already at 190,000 thanks to the talent's amplification, now surged to 570,000 under Enhance Troops. With the Lich Generals' 40% buff, they skyrocketed to 798,000—nearly 800,000.

The Skeletal Great Mages' spirit attribute soared to an insane 1.3 million. The Skeletal Marksmen's attributes also skyrocketed.

And that wasn't all—every attack now carried 500% increased damage. The total offensive output had spiked over tenfold.

The Lich Generals' physique climbed to nearly 1.4 million, their tanking ability now absurd. The damage they had just taken was healed almost instantly.

Then, more corpses were thrown—fresh corpses, numbering in the hundreds.

The finishing move had begun.

Chapter 417: Forcing Out The Fire Demon King's True Form

A burst of green light erupted like a supernova—dazzling and violent.

Skill: Poison Starburst.

Lin Moyu's finishing move began with this Poison Starburst.

At level 48 and amplified by his talent, Poison Starburst dealt 24,000 damage per second. With Enhance Troops boosting it by 500%, the attack now struck with a 144,000 damage per second.

While this damage might not seem like much to the Fire Demon King, Lin Moyu was more interested in another aspect of the skill.

When poisoned, the target's recovery ability was suppressed—an inherent trait of poison-type skills.

The Fire Demon King's recovery was monstrous. If left unchecked, it could completely undermine Lin Moyu's finishing move.

The first step was to shut down its recovery ability.

By this time, the corpses were already in position, descending from above.

The Fire Demon King sneered, "A poison-type skill? Pathetic! That weak attack won't even scratch me!"

But Lin Moyu wasn't done.

The fresh corpses detonated in rapid succession, drowning out the Fire Demon King's voice.

This time, the Skeletal Great Mage and Skeletal Marksmen went all out.

In an instant, the Fire Demon King's defenses were shattered.

Then the Fire Demon King's agonized scream echoed through the sky.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged like bolts of lightning. With stacked buffs pushing their agility close to 800,000, they became blurs of motion.

In the blink of an eye, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors were already upon the Fire Demon King.

Axes gleaming crimson, they activated their skill—

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

With a strength attribute of 800,000, amplified sixfold, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors swung their axes with a crushing 4.8 million points of raw force.

The Fire Demon King's defenses were shredded like paper, black blood and searing flames bursting into the air.

Its agonized screams rose a pitch higher.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors were Lin Moyu's true finishing move—far deadlier than Elemental Explosion of the Skeletal Great Mages or the precision shots of the Skeletal Marksmen.

Corpse Explosion, Elemental Explosion, sure-hit arrows, and Berserk Blast—four devastating attacks converged, mauling the Fire Demon King in an instant.

Writhing in pain, the Fire Demon King tried to flee. It roared, “Lin Moyu, you dare deceive me?!”

Only now did it realize—Lin Moyu had been playing weak all along.

Playing the pig to prey on the tiger.

But it was too late.

As it attempted to take flight, it found its tentacles restrained—the Lich Generals clung tightly, refusing to let go.

Not just them—the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had jammed their bony hands deep into its wounds, anchoring themselves inside its flesh.

The Fire Demon King thrashed wildly, unleashing a raging inferno that engulfed the Lich Generals and Skeletal Berserk Warriors alike.

Even so, its monstrous strength allowed it to lift off—dragging the undead troops with it.

And then—a flicker of fire ignited in Lin Moyu’s palm.

Skill: Soul Blaze.

With a 500% damage bonus, the searing flame crashed down.

Another scream tore through the sky as the Fire Demon King plummeted, nearly blacking out from pain.

The agony was unbearable, the torment beyond comprehension—it shattered the Fire Demon King's thoughts, momentarily leaving its mind a blank void.

When it finally came to, it shrieked in horror: “What kind of skill is this?! Why does it hurt so much?!”

Its voice trembled—with fear.

For the first time, the Fire Demon King regretted coming for Lin Moyu.

This wasn't a human. This was basically a monster in human skin.

How could someone under level 50 do this to a Demon King?

It feared it might actually die here.

But Lin Moyu didn't let up.

He had 30 seconds to finish the job—10 had already passed.

The Fire Demon King was grievously wounded, but not dead yet—and Lin Moyu knew that wasn't good enough.

The Demon King thrashed in desperation.

Its body sprouted more eyes. Then, those eyes narrowed, flattening like slits.

Suddenly, beams of light swept out like sharp swords.

Skill: Death Slice!

It looked like Death Ray, but it wasn't. Where Death Ray was explosive and forceful, Death Slice was thin, fast, and razor-sharp—built to cut, not blast.

The slicing beams struck the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, cleaving them clean in half. They fell instantly—killed on the spot.

Lin Moyu's Comprehensive Link talent was rendered useless once again.

Next, the beams hit the Lich Generals.

Their high physique kept them from being sliced through, but the impact sent them flying.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed.

Why had his talent failed again? It worked against Death Ray—so why not Death Slice?

Was this the Demon King's talent at play? Or was there another factor? There was no time to analyze.

“Die!” With a furious roar, the Fire Demon King sent beams of Death Slice sweeping toward Lin Moyu himself.

Having witnessed what happened to the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, Lin Moyu didn't dare take them head-on.

If his other talent failed too, that would be the end.

Lin Moyu retreated swiftly, while fresh Skeletal Berserk Warriors—fearless, relentless—rushed in to take his place.

He had come too far to stop now.

Less than 20 seconds remained. If the Fire Demon King wasn't slain within that window, Lin Moyu would die instead.

There was no turning back—only forward. Advance, or perish. Retreat meant certain death.

And Lin Moyu believed one thing: the Fire Demon King's skill had a limit.

If Death Slice could be used endlessly, why hadn't it used it from the start?

Under the relentless sweep of Death Slice, waves of Skeletal Berserk Warriors were cut into pieces—felled on the spot.

But for every fallen Skeletal Berserk Warrior, more charged in from behind.

The Fire Demon King couldn't kill them fast enough.

They lunged forward, axes swinging—their strongest attack unleashed—before clinging to the Fire Demon King, locking it down.

The Fire Demon King howled in rage, unleashing Death Slice again and again.

Still, they kept coming.

Lin Moyu even deployed the reserve Skeletal Berserk Warriors from the summon space.

Meanwhile, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen fanned out, continuing their assault while staying alert for new skills.

In just five or six seconds, the Fire Demon King unleashed over ten thousand Death Slice beams—fired from hundreds of secondary eyes and two main eyes.

Over 3,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors were annihilated.

But in return, the Fire Demon King bled heavily.

Its massive spherical body had collapsed inward, like a deflating balloon. The flames that covered it now flickered—fading, dying.

Lin Moyu didn't let up. He pressed the assault, relentless as ever.

Fresh corpses arrived—new weapons in his hands.

Thunderous explosions echoed across the battlefield once again.

And then, with only 10 seconds left on Enhance Troops, a deafening blast shook the air.

The Fire Demon King exploded.

The resulting flames surged across the entirety of Plateau No. 3.

Abyssal Fire rained down from the sky, engulfing the dungeon in a fiery storm.

But instead of relaxing, Lin Moyu grew even more alert.

There was no system notification. The Fire Demon King wasn't dead.

Through the blazing inferno, he saw it—

A small figure emerged from the flames: a scrawny, child-sized Demon, barely a meter tall.

Once, the Fire Demon King had been a massive sphere over five meters wide. Now, it was a runt.

Instinctively, Lin Moyu cast Detection.

[Gnome Fire Demon (Demon King rank)]

[Level: 90]

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed.

So this... was the Fire Demon King's true form—a Gnome Fire Demon.

Among Abyssal Demons, Gnome Fire Demons sat at the very bottom, just barely above mindless demonic creatures.

In the brutal hierarchy of the Abyss, where strength ruled all, weakness was a death sentence.

Yet this one had reached the rank of Demon King.

It must've stumbled upon an unbelievable opportunity.

Despite its fearsome status, at its core, it was still a low-tier creature—and that truth was dangerous.

If word ever got out, stronger Demon Kings would hunt it down and force it to reveal the opportunity it had obtained.

After all, whatever had enabled a Gnome Fire Demon to ascend to the rank of Demon King must be something extraordinary.

“I'll fight you with everything I have!” The Fire Demon King roared, then lunged at Lin Moyu like a bolt of lightning.

Chapter 418: The Fall Of The Fire Demon King; Two-Star Godly General

The Fire Demon King lunged like a rabid beast.

Though small in stature, Lin Moyu remained on guard—this was a Demon King's true form, and he couldn't underestimate its power.

The Lich Generals immediately moved to in front of him, while Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen formed a protective circle around him.

Corpses were flung skyward and detonated midair. Amid the chaotic explosions, the Fire Demon King's true form was sent flying.

Lin Moyu noticed the difference instantly—its strength had waned. With its outer shell destroyed, the Fire Demon King had lost the might befitting its title.

Soul Blaze ignited again, and the Fire Demon King howled in pain. It then extended its hands and released black fire.

Above, the Abyssal Fire stirred, unleashing a rain of fire.

Lin Moyu stood unfazed, "There's no point in struggling anymore."

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged through the firestorm, red-glowing axes raised.

Following a flurry of brutal strikes, the Fire Demon King's limbs and wings were severed.

The Fire Demon King crashed to the ground, screaming—completely powerless.

“When you stepped into this place, when your power was suppressed, your death was already sealed.” Lin Moyu said coldly.

“I don’t believe it!” The Fire Demon King roared, “You’re not even level 50—how can you be this powerful?!”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “I owe you no explanation. It ends here.”

“No! Don’t kill me!” The Fire Demon King shrieked, “Spare me! I’ll tell you the secret of how I became a Demon King! Let me live, and I swear I’ll never oppose you again!”

The Fire Demon King was desperate. Once a sovereign of the Abyss, basking in glory, now it begged for its life.

Lin Moyu shook his head, “I don’t make deals with Demons.”

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors had already raised their axes.

From beginning to end, Lin Moyu hadn’t moved a single step forward.

Moreover, he had his undead army form an impenetrable barrier in front of him—ready for any desperate counterattack, even self-destruction.

He had no intention of falling for a cheap trick.

The Fire Demon King could sense Lin Moyu's resolve to kill it—in his icy tone, in the actions of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

It let out a crazed roar, “I curse you with my Demon King’s soul! I curse you to never level up! I curse your skills to be sealed! I curse your life force to wither! I curse you—!”

Thunder cracked across the sky as the curses rained down, defying the bounds of space.

With each curse, the Fire Demon King’s aura weakened further. It was sacrificing its own soul, pouring every shred of essence into the vicious curses.

Scarlet light enveloped Lin Moyu as the curses descended.

Yet—he felt nothing.

His skills remained intact. His attributes were unchanged. His life force didn’t wither.

Lin Moyu quickly understood—it was his passive skill, Status Immunity. All status effects, including curses, were nullified.

But the Fire Demon King wasn't aware of this. It kept releasing curses, burning through its soul.

After over a dozen curses, its soul was weakened to the extreme.

“You're finished!” The Fire Demon King shrieked, “I used my God-level soul to cast these curses! No one can lift them—not unless a Transcendent God intervenes!”

“Even if I can't kill you... I'll destroy you. You'll never forget this gift!” It burst into maniacal laughter.

With these more than a dozen curses in place, even if Lin Moyu survived, he would be nothing more than a cripple.

At that moment, the skeletal wall parted.

Lin Moyu stepped forward, wreathed in the red glow of curses, “Your curses are useless against me.”

His words struck like a death knell—sharp, cold, final.

He didn't have to say anything more—but he chose to.

Just a few words, and the Fire Demon King plunged into utter despair.

“No... Impossible! That's impossible!” It shrieked while lying on the ground.

Lin Moyu's aura remained flawless, untouched.

The crimson glow of the curses still lingered around him, but it was nothing more than an empty light show.

The Fire Demon King's spirit was crushed completely. Its eyes lost focus, murmuring in disbelief, “Impossible... this is impossible...”

Lin Moyu gave a cold smile. He had achieved his purpose.

“It's time for you to depart.”

The Enhanced Troops skill had just one second left.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors didn't hesitate. Their axes came crashing down like thunder.

[Killed the Fire Demon King, EXP +**]

[Killed the Fire Demon King, general star +1]

Lin Moyu blinked in surprise. The EXP gain was absurd—90 billion.

That was equivalent to killing 45,000 level 50 hell rank dungeon monsters.

His EXP bar shot up, landing at 50%—roughly the same as clearing the Beast God Plateau dungeon once.

Lin Moyu wondered, “Could I level up directly just by hunting Abyssal Demon Kings?”

The idea was wild—but thrilling.

Still, he knew the truth: this time, he'd been lucky.

The Fire Demon King had been weakened within the dungeon—its power reduced to less than one-fifth.

And even then, killing it had been no easy task.

If they had fought outside, he would be the one dead.

After all, he was only level 48—how could he possibly stand against a Demon King?

Unless another Demon King of similar strength entered the dungeon to hunt him—only then would he stand a chance.

But if a stronger one came, even suppressed... there would be no escape.

Beyond the EXP, there was something more—a general star.

His military badge pulsed with brilliance. A second star etched itself into the surface, shining brightly.

After becoming a one-star godly general, further advancement wasn't just a matter of accumulating military merit anymore.

From here on, one had to slay Abyssal Demon Kings or Dragon Kings.

To reach two stars, a single kill was required. For three stars, two more. Four stars demanded four additional kills. And for five stars—eight more were needed.

With each rank, the path grew steeper, the challenge ever greater.

Back when Bai Yiyuan had planted a soul brand for Lin Moyu, his military rank had been reduced by one level.

It was equivalent to losing the merit of a Demon King kill. He had made up for it later—by slaying a Dragon King.

Now, to reach three stars, Lin Moyu needed to fell two more Demon Kings or Dragon Kings—an overwhelming challenge.

After the Fire Demon King was slain, the Abyssal Fire began to fade.

But the dungeon's seal remained intact. It would take time to lift.

Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "I wonder what's happening outside..."

Without hesitation, he began summoning new skeletons—rebuilding his undead army.

The battle had cost him dearly: nearly 4,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors lost. It would take over an hour to replace them.

Moreover, Enhance Troops was still on cooldown.

If a battle was still raging outside, that skill would be his greatest asset.

...

In the Abyssal World, a rain of fire suddenly began to fall everywhere.

The Abyssal Fire that once hovered ominously in the skies now plummeted to the ground in blazing torrents.

A wave of shock rippled through the Demons in the Abyss, some crying out in disbelief.

“Abyssal Fire Rain... a Demon King has fallen!”

“It’s concentrated over the Fire Demon King’s territory! He must be dead!”

“What happened? Why has the Fire Demon King died?”

“Was this a human attack?!”

In the territory of the Succubus Queen, fire rained down as well—though far less violently than in the territory of the Fire Demon King.

The Succubus Queen stood on a balcony of her palace, peering into the distance, piercing space itself.

“So, that fool’s dead? Didn’t he go after Lin Moyu? How did he end up dying? Who did he run into—Bai Yiyuan? Meng Anwen?”

“He got what he deserved. Did he really think the Human World was easy prey? Going in with his true form... fool.”

The Demon Worship Society had taken heavy losses recently—years of careful planning undone in mere days.

But her expression remained placid.

Even though many of her agents were involved in the Demon Worship Society, she showed no anger. To her, they were expendable pawns.

If one batch died, she would simply raise another.

She stretched lazily, then turned to head back inside.

Then, a voice thundered through the air: “Succubus Queen, come to my palace.”

Her expression changed at once. The indifference vanished, replaced by solemn respect.

She bowed and replied quickly, “As you command, Your Majesty Demon Emperor.”

Chapter 419: Is There No Justice Left In The World Anymore?!

The scent of blood still lingered in the air at Xiajing Academy. The battle had ended some time ago, but its aftermath was fresh and raw.

During the chaos, students turned into warriors, engaging the Demons.

Among the instructors, traitors emerged—they had pledged allegiance to the Demons.

They cast barriers over the academy as well as the Dungeon Hall, sealing them off.

Some instructors turned on their students, launching surprise attacks and slaughtering them to use as sacrifices to summon Demons.

At the same time, members of the Demon Worship Society broke into the academy from the outside, offering themselves as living sacrifices to summon powerful Demons.

A Demon King was even brought forth.

But it had made a grave mistake—this was Xiajing Academy, the most elite human academy.

Beyond its students and instructors, the academy was also home to hidden powerhouses—formidable figures from past generations who had long since withdrawn from the world.

Before the Demon King could fully unleash its power, it was intercepted—surrounded by three God-level powerhouses.

Overwhelmed, the Demon King panicked, desperately trying to flee.

One against three—it stood no chance.

In the end, after paying a heavy price, it fled back to the Abyssal World.

The rogue instructor in the Dungeon Hall was eventually cut down.

Though the academy had sustained some damage and lost a few students, the casualties were minimal.

Some instructors even viewed the ordeal as a necessary trial. After all, cultivating class users required more than dungeon grinding—they needed real trials by fire.

Still, the instructors were disappointed.

They watched closely—and found the students’ performance lacking.

“This generation of students had it too easy.”

“Raiding dungeons isn’t enough. They need the battlefield—real blood, real fire.”

“Just in time—the Dragonkind are back, and they’re restless. There will be no shortage of battles ahead.

“Let’s establish trial missions—send them to the frontlines. It’s time they learned what true combat means.”

The academy’s senior figures began their deliberations.

The Demon attack had not only tested the academy’s defenses—it had exposed their vulnerabilities.

Excelling in academics, reaching high levels, and clearing dungeons didn’t make one a true class user.

Their real purpose was to fight—to stand against the Abyssal Demons. Now, with the return of the Dragonkind, they must face them again.

When the seal over the dungeon was finally lifted, Lin Moyu appeared in the Dungeon Hall.

The traces of battle were everywhere—the air was still heavy with the metallic tang of blood.

Some students were busy cleaning the battlefield, but the moment they saw Lin Moyu, they froze.

Their expressions were strange—shock, awe, maybe even fear.

If it had just been one or two, he wouldn't have thought much of it. But all of them... stared.

Something wasn't right.

Lin Moyu asked, "Did the Demons attack just now?"

A nearby student snapped to attention and gave a salute, “Reporting to Godly General Lin—the battle has just concluded.”

Lin Moyu gave a slight nod, “No need to be nervous. Tell me what happened.”

A quiet, intangible pressure radiated from him, keeping the student in check.

The student stammered before recounting the events.

The fighting had erupted both within the academy and in the Dungeon Hall.

A number of students were injured, a few lost their lives—but overall, the damage had been contained.

The Demons had underestimated the academy's strength. A critical miscalculation.

What caught Lin Moyu off guard, however, was the revelation that several top-tier class users had been hiding among the instructors. They acted as a bulwark, swiftly eliminating the Demons.

It was a reminder that Xiajing Academy was more than it appeared on the surface.

There was even a recorded incident of a no-name instructor—seemingly ordinary—who, in the middle of a routine class, suddenly burst forth with divine radiance and ascended to God-level.

Remarkably, the instructor had calmly finished the lesson before beginning their transformation.

“It seems the Abyssal Demons greatly underestimated the academy’s strength. To think there were three God-level powerhouses hidden here... truly incredible.”

After being briefed, Lin Moyu quietly left the Dungeon Hall.

The moment he was out of sight, the student who had spoken with him collapsed to the ground.

“Godly General Lin’s aura is terrifying...”

Someone hurried over to help him up, “Is it just me, or does he seem... even more powerful than before?”

“It’s not just power. His aura feels different.”

“I wonder what happened to those people who broke into the dungeon...”

“The dungeon was sealed earlier, and even the instructors couldn’t do anything. But they all said that Godly General Lin would be fine.”

In the Dungeon Hall, students discussed among themselves, but none could clearly articulate the change in Lin Moyu. Still, something had undeniably shifted.

After his clash with the Demon King, Lin Moyu’s aura had undeniably changed, tainted by the Demon King’s aura.

Any seasoned powerhouse would instantly recognize that he had slain a Demon King.

When Lin Moyu returned to the academy, he was greeted by more of the same: the quiet wreckage left in the wake of battle.

He paused for a moment, sensing it—the lingering traces of the Demon King’s power, intertwined with residual energies left by the God-level experts.

Both the Demon King and the God-level powerhouses possessed immense strength, their remnant energies vast and unfathomable, not fading easily.

The Demon King had been driven back—wounded and forced to flee.

Though some structures of Xiajing Academy had been damaged, the academy itself suffered relatively minor losses. Repairs would be straightforward.

Unlike the desolate Dungeon Hall, the academy was bustling with activity.

Students gathered in the academy grounds, all discussing the battle that had just taken place.

The instructors maintained order, calming and reassuring the students.

Lin Moyu's arrival instantly caught the students' attention.

Most recognized him and were well aware of his status.

Their gazes were filled with respect.

Only the academy's hidden God-level powerhouses could truly stand on equal footing with him.

Even the Dean himself, in terms of status alone, ranked below Lin Moyu.

This was the way of humanity: to honor warriors.

Lin Moyu paid the gazes no mind. His expression remained calm, but his eyes were quietly scanning the crowd.

He searched for Xia Xue, Feng Xiu, Zuo Mei, and Shu Han but found no sign of them.

Frowning, he activated his communicator and sent messages—no response.

It was as if they had vanished without a trace.

An unease curled in his chest, “I hope they’re alright...”

Just as that thought passed through his mind, a familiar face caught his attention—Director Qiu of the Office of Academic Affairs.

Lin Moyu immediately walked over, “Director Qiu.”

The older man was deep in discussion with several instructors but turned the moment he heard the voice.

His eyes widened slightly, “Godly General Lin—you’ve returned!”

Director Qiu had known that Lin Moyu was sealed inside a dungeon. But when the fighting broke out, there had been no time to worry about him.

Fortunately, Lin Moyu emerged unscathed.

But then—Director Qiu’s eyes suddenly narrowed. His expression froze.

His gaze had locked onto the military badge pinned to Lin Moyu’s shoulder.

Two stars.

He knew exactly what a two-star godly general badge represented.

It was proof. Lin Moyu... had killed a Demon King.

His voice wavered, “Godly... Godly General Lin, you killed a Demon King?”

Lin Moyu gave a calm nod, “Yes.”

Silence fell like a thunderclap.

Then—Director Qiu’s voice cracked as he asked, “Which Demon King... did you slay?”

In an instant, a number of eyes turned to Lin Moyu. The surrounding crowd stiffened, breaths caught in their throats.

Lin Moyu had done the unthinkable—he slayed a Demon King.

At only level 48, no matter how strong he was, such a feat should have been impossible.

Demon Kings weren’t mere pushovers—even God-level experts struggled to prevent them from escaping.

That was exactly what had happened during the battle at the academy. Even with three God-level powerhouses, they had failed to stop a single Demon King from fleeing.

But there it was, right in front of their eyes. That two-star godly general badge was real.

Was there... no justice left in the world anymore?!

Under the crushing silence of numerous eyes, Lin Moyu replied lightly, “The Fire Demon King.”

Hiss—!

The moment the name left his lips, a sharp collective gasp tore through the crowd.

It wasn’t that the Fire Demon King was especially powerful—among the many Demon Kings in the Abyss, it ranked near the bottom in terms of raw strength.

But its skills were broken.

Against lower-level class users, it was practically unstoppable.

The academy had detailed records on it. Every instructor present knew exactly what kind of nightmare it was.

Director Qiu muttered, “To think it was that one... its Death Slice skill... are you alright?”

He paused, realizing how absurd the question sounded.

If something had gone wrong, Lin Moyu wouldn’t be standing here like nothing happened.

Lin Moyu replied evenly, “Thank you for your concern, Director Qiu. I’m fine. Actually, I was hoping you might know where my friends are. I haven’t been able to contact them.”

He listed off the names of Xia Xue and the others.

“Oh, them? They’re fine.” He answered without hesitation.

“Xia Xue and Zuo Mei were taken away by Vice-Dean Xia Bojian. He didn’t say what for. As for Feng Xiu, he took a leave of absence a few days ago and returned to his family. He’s not at the academy right now.”

“No wonder,” Lin Moyu nodded, finally at ease.

Since they hadn’t been present during the battle, they should be safe.

But just then, the space above the academy twisted, and a towering structure emerged—the Shenxia Tower.

Chapter 420: Half A Month Of Slaughter; The Purge Of The Demon Worship Society

Bai Yiyuan appeared before Lin Moyu in a flash.

Only after confirming that Lin Moyu was safe and unharmed did he finally relax.

"I'm glad you're alright." He said, patting Lin Moyu on the shoulder—then suddenly froze.

His gaze fell on the military badge near his hand, focusing on the two stars.

Bai Yiyuan's slightly tense expression turned strange, "You killed a Demon King?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "The Fire Demon King chased me into a dungeon. I turned the tables and killed it."

Bai Yiyuan instantly grasped the situation and burst into laughter, "Well done! Beautifully done! That guy wasn't even that strong, yet had such a nasty temper! Serves it right!"

His booming laughter echoed through the air. He thumped Lin Moyu on the shoulder again—loud, solid pats, as if trying to break it.

"Good! Good! Good! Level 48, two-star godly general! And you slayed a Demon King? That's a first in human history! Brilliant!"

Everyone around who heard this exchange understood immediately what had happened.

Becoming a godly general was already a massive feat—every soldier's dream. But becoming a two-star godly general? That was something only God-level powerhouses could achieve.

After all, only God-level experts could slay Demon Kings. That was common sense.

Lin Moyu had just shattered that common sense. He had created a miracle.

Everyone looked at him with awe, as if he were a deity.

Lin Moyu said lightly, “Teacher, if you keep patting me like that, I’m going to fall apart.”

Bai Yiyuan chuckled and finally stopped, “Come on—let’s go kill a few more.”

With that, he grabbed Lin Moyu and rushed into the Shenxia Tower. In an instant, the tower vanished from sight.

The matter with the Demon Worship Society hadn’t been fully settled yet. The main threats had been resolved, but there was still cleanup to handle.

Inside the Shenxia Tower, Bai Yiyuan began explaining the recent efforts to dismantle the Demon Worship Society’s influence.

Their infiltration had gone far deeper than expected—across every corner of the empire. The purge was proving to be complex.

While Bai Yiyuan had gathered some evidence beforehand, the society’s frenzied counterattack forced even more of its members into the open.

No one had expected the Demon Worship Society to have three God-level experts.

Bai Yiyuan had clashed with all three over the past few days.

The strongest had reached level 93, while the other two were at level 91.

Yet despite engaging them, he failed to take them down. They escaped at lightning speed—fleeing beyond the empire’s borders.

Lin Moyu also recounted his own experiences within the dungeon.

Meng Anwen, who had been listening quietly, commented, “Even if the Fire Demon King’s power was suppressed by entering the dungeon by force—it was still a Demon King. No ordinary class user could’ve survived, let alone defeated it.”

Bai Yiyuan smiled, “I was surprised when I heard of it—didn’t expect Moyu’s combat power to reach this level already.”

Lin Moyu replied calmly, “I was lucky. If the Fire Demon King had been more cautious, I might not have made it out alive.”

His Enhanced Troop skill only lasted 30 seconds. If he hadn’t finished the fight within that window, it would’ve been the end of him.

Despite this achievement, Lin Moyu knew he was still far from truly being a match for a Demon King.

He never underestimated himself—but neither did he let arrogance take root.

Meng Anwen appreciated that quality, “You’re neither overconfident nor lacking in confidence. That’s a valuable mindset.”

He added, “Once you complete your third class awakening at level 70, you may truly reach God-level combat power.”

Meng Anwen was never one to speak lightly.

Bai Yiyuan clicked his tongue, “Tch, God-level combat power at level 70—just what I’d expect from my disciple.”

Meng Anwen shot back, “That’s all Moyu’s own strength—it has little to do with you.”

Bai Yiyuan snorted, “Says who? Without my careful guidance, he wouldn’t be this strong.”

“No one else has skin as thick as yours.”

As usual, the two began bickering.

Lin Moyu was used to it by now. All he could do was let them go at it.

Over the next two days, Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan took Lin Moyu across the empire, purging the remnants of the Demon Worship Society.

Bai Yiyuan unearthed hidden traitors in batch after batch.

Some surrendered quietly. Others resisted with everything they had.

Anyone below level 70 was left to Lin Moyu.

As Bai Yiyuan put it: *The sword of a true powerhouse has two edges. One to protect humanity. The other to cut down traitors.*

Lin Moyu couldn't have agreed more. And when it came time to kill, he didn't hesitate.

The purge lasted a full half a month.

When it was over, the brief chaos faded, and peace returned to the empire.

After that quiet stretch, the White God Courtyard once again filled with the soothing aroma of tea.

Lin Moyu brewed a pot of tea for Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan, “Teachers, the Demon Worship Society within the empire is mostly dealt with, right?”

Bai Yiyuan nodded, “80% to 90%. What’s left won’t pose any real threat.”

Meng Anwen added, “Half a month of unrest for decades of peace—that was a trade worth making.”

Bai Yiyuan drank the hot tea in his hand, then exhaled slowly. His breath lingered in the air like a sharp blade.

The Demon Worship Society within the Shenxia Empire had suffered devastating losses—both in manpower and leadership. It would be a long time before they could stir up trouble again.

Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen's methods were ruthless and thorough. Once they got involved, they always saw things through to the end.

Lin Moyu asked, "What about the other countries?"

Meng Anwen chuckled. "Let them handle their own mess. Those foreign factions might be arrogant, but they're not completely brainless.

"The Demon Worship Society used to operate primarily within Shenxia. The other factions were just sitting back, watching us bleed. Now? It's their turn for a headache."

With 80% to 90% of the Demon Worship Society's forces wiped out in Shenxia, it was inevitable that their activity would shift abroad in the coming years.

Lin Moyu understood this well.

Unlike the Shenxia Empire, foreign factions were fragmented—scattered like loose sand. Once the Demon Worship Society turned its attention to them, they were in for a rough time.

Meng Anwen continued, "If we truly want to eliminate the Demon Worship Society for good, the human race needs a supreme powerhouse—someone whose word is absolute."

He had said something similar before.

A half-step Transcendent God wasn't enough. To unify humanity, a genuine Transcendent God had to rise.

After half a month of battle and bloodshed, Lin Moyu had unknowingly matured.

His accumulated murderous aura had been channeled into the Domain Divine Stone, which had grown darker and more ominous.

Inside the Domain Divine Stone, the murderous aura churned like a storm. At the center of that swirling darkness, a single drop of black substance began to take form.

Half a day after Lin Moyu returned to the White God Courtyard, he received a message from Shi Xing'an.

After reading it, a smile broke across his face.

Meng Anwen noticed, "What's got you smiling like that?"

Lin Moyu was typically quiet and composed—such genuine smiles were uncommon.

He replied, “It’s Brother Shi. He just reached level 40. Teacher Meng, we’ll be troubling you.”

Bai Yiyuan chimed in, “Old Meng, we’ll be troubling you.”

Shi Xing’an had reached level 40—it was time for his second class awakening.

Lin Moyu had already given him a Heart of the Earth and an Earth Gem. All that remained was the Class Awakening Formation.

And the quality of the formation was critical. Whether Shi Xing’an could successfully advance to become an Earth Knight depended entirely on it.

With the greatest Formation Master of the human race standing right before him, who else could he rely on but Meng Anwen?

Bai Yiyuan pulled out a pile of materials. Each was rare—though not excessively valuable.

Back when Lin Moyu underwent his own class awakening, Bai Yiyuan had nearly exhausted his wealth.

These were leftover materials, but still more than enough for Shi Xing'an's class awakening.

Meng Anwen turned to Bai Yiyuan, "Alright. Go bring him here."

As he spoke, the Shenxia Tower appeared in midair. A beam of light shot out from it, beginning to outline the Class Awakening Formation in the air.

To a God-level Formation Master like Meng Anwen, creating a formation for a second class awakening was child's play.

In mere moments, a complex formation took shape—its structure elegant, precise, and far more intricate than anything an ordinary Formation Master could hope to produce.

This was the work of a God-level Formation Master—and Meng Anwen had a reputation to uphold.

Once the framework was complete, he waved his hand, and the materials provided by Bai Yiyuan flew into place, embedding themselves at key nodes throughout the formation.

Although this formation was already grand in scale, Lin Moyu could tell it paled in comparison to the one used for his own class awakening.

The difference in material quality alone was staggering—more than a hundredfold.

He couldn't help but feel deeply grateful to both Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen.