

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 491: The World Must Hold A Great Secret

A deep voice cut through the murmurs, interrupting everyone's speculation.

A burly Warrior in heavy armor, wielding a massive axe, strode forward. His gaze followed the direction Lin Moyu had just vanished.

"His name is Lin Moyu, and he's not even 20 years old."

"He completed his class awakening just last year, entered Xiajing Academy as the imperial top scorer, and then at Xiajing Academy..."

He began recounting Lin Moyu's feats as if presenting a collection of rare treasures.

The crowd listened in stunned silence.

Someone had reached level 53 in under two years, boasting combat power rivaling God-level beings? Even mythical legends didn't go this far.

The speaker was Xiong Dali, a well-known figure in Shenxia City and the leader of a 30-man boss-raiding party.

As a level 85 Berserker equipped with top-tier gear, he could easily serve as a Knight.

No one questioned his words.

Xiong Dali continued, “You’ve been away from the Human World too long. Just ask around when you return—everyone knows of Godly General Lin.”

“Oh, and one more thing, our race has birthed a new Earth Knight. After so many years, the glory of the Earth Knight will finally rise again.”

“Godly General Lin previously obtained a Primordial Rune. Now, he gained a second. If you’re looking to die, feel free to challenge him.”

With a final sweeping glance of disdain, Xiong Dali turned and walked away.

He was being kind, warning these ignorant fools not to throw their lives away.

They were fellow humans, after all. Better to die valiantly on the battlefield against the Demons than perish meaninglessly here. At least then, their deaths would hold meaning.

The crowd exchanged uneasy glances, fear lingering in their eyes.

Fortunately, none of them had challenged Lin Moyu. Otherwise, they truly would've been marching to their deaths.

"To obtain two Primordial Runes... how much luck would that take?"

"When Godly General Lin reaches the God-level, it might mark the end of the Abyssal Demons."

"I agree. This could be humanity's chance to launch a true counterattack against the Abyss!"

"Exactly! Let's strike back and wipe out the Demons!"

Excitement rippled through the crowd, spreading across the city like wildfire. News of Lin Moyu's feats circulated rapidly.

Unaware of the stir he had caused, Lin Moyu entered the shop through the officer's entrance.

This time, another was already inside. Ling Nan was explaining something to a seven-star colonel.

The moment Lin Moyu stepped in, the entire room was bathed in a red glow.

The seven-star colonel turned, eyes narrowing as he spotted Lin Moyu, "A Primordial Rune... and only level 53?"

His eyes flashed, lost in thought.

Ling Nan immediately approached and gave a crisp military salute, "Greetings, Godly General."

Her eyes narrowed slightly. Lin Moyu had only been gone for a few days, yet he had already advanced from two-star to three-star godly general.

The speed of his rise shocked her, and deepened her respect.

Lin Moyu gave a nod, "Go ahead and finish what you were doing. Come find me afterward."

He then walked deeper into the shop.

Ling Nan returned to the seven-star colonel's side, "Shall I continue the explanation?"

The seven-star colonel was still in disbelief, "He's a godly general?"

Ling Nan nodded, "Yes. Godly General Lin Moyu. Since you just returned from the Dimensional Battlefield, you've likely heard of him."

"So he's Lin Moyu!" The seven-star colonel was stunned, "Didn't he already have a Primordial Rune?"

He quickly shut his mouth, his entire body trembling in shock. He had just witnessed Lin Moyu obtain a second Primordial Rune with his own eyes.

Still stunned, he didn't linger in the shop and left at once. As he walked away, his expression was complex, as if lost in deep thought.

Ling Nan approached Lin Moyu, "Godly General Lin, what would you like to purchase?"

Lin Moyu replied, “I need potion bottles. The highest quality you have.”

Ling Nan nodded, taking notes, “How many?”

“Two hundred.”

Lin Moyu needed one hundred for immediate use and planned to keep the rest as backup.

“Got it.” Ling Nan said, recording the order, “Do you need anything else?”

“Yes, I also need boxes; long enough to hold bones up to one meter in length.”

He detailed his requirements, and Ling Nan carefully wrote everything down.

“The potion bottles won’t be a problem. But the boxes will likely need to be custom-made. That could take a few days.”

Lin Moyu asked, “How long exactly?”

Ling Nan replied, “About three days. They’re made at Fortress No. 5 in the Dimensional Battlefield.”

Fortress No. 5 was home to many blacksmiths, who produce much of the military's supplies.

“Alright.” Lin Moyu took out a bone segment from the Venomous Flood Dragon and handed it to her, “Customize the boxes based on this.”

Ling Nan instinctively cast the Detection spell on the bone. Her entire body trembled as she gasped.

“This... is from the Venomous Flood Dragon of the Savagewild Continent’s Venomous Serpent Land?”

Lin Moyu nodded.

Ling Nan couldn’t help but say, “That beast has taken many lives! Just a few days ago, I heard the Flying Eagle Guild was forming a party to hunt it. Yet you’ve already slain it, Godly General Lin.”

As the shop saw frequent visitors, Ling Nan was well-informed about recent events.

She carefully stored the bone segment and left to make the necessary arrangements.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu returned to his residence and began extracting the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid, bottling a single drop into each potion bottle.

The spinal fluid was crystal clear and strikingly beautiful.

Each drop was a potent antidote. If refined by a God-level Concocter, its effects could be further enhanced.

Both the spinal fluid and bone segments were priceless treasures.

For three days, Lin Moyu remained in seclusion, gathering his thoughts.

He stayed within his residence, quietly analyzing the fragments of information he had recently acquired, trying to piece together the truth of the past.

It felt like he had stumbled into a vast, ancient mystery, one that few in the current world were qualified to solve.

Antares might hold the answers, but Lin Moyu knew he would never speak.

Now that he had earned the right to pursue this mystery, he had to move forward.

Based on everything he'd seen—and on Antares' very existence—he was certain the world held a great secret.

Three days later, Ling Nan brought the boxes.

They were beautifully crafted, not large, just big enough to contain the bone segments.

One by one, Lin Moyu placed the bone segments into the boxes.

The 100 boxes, even when stacked, didn't take up much space.

As a class user's level increased, their storage space expanded—enough to accommodate these boxes.

Ling Nan said, “Godly General Lin, since these boxes were prepared for you, we used the platinum-grade materials to longer preserve the bone segments.”

Lin Moyu could see the craftsmanship was top-tier.

“How much?” He asked casually once the packing was done.

Ling Nan waved her hands quickly, “There’s no charge. As a godly general, this is one of your privileges.”

Lin Moyu frowned. These might just be boxes, but the materials used to craft them weren’t cheap.

And factoring in the blacksmiths’ labor, the value was significant.

It was true that godly generals enjoyed privileges, but that didn’t mean they were exempt from payment.

Ever since becoming a class user, he had learned that every gain came at a price.

Without bothering to calculate, he simply tossed one of the boxes to Ling Nan.

“This should cover it.”

She was startled, “I can’t accept this. The legion commander will scold me.”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “Just say I insisted. If he has a problem, tell him to come see me.”

“Alright, it’s settled.”

Unable to refuse, Ling Nan accepted the box and left.

One bone segment from a world rank boss was worth far more than 100 boxes.

A legendary-grade material like this could be crafted into a powerful accessory or be used to upgrade a piece of quasi-legendary equipment to legendary-grade.

Compared to a single bone segment, let alone 100 boxes, even 10,000 were nothing.

Lin Moyu couldn’t be bothered to haggle; this would do.

Meanwhile, Ling Nan, looking troubled, handed the box to Feng Yiming. But before he could speak, the sky above Shenxia City darkened.

The lower layer was already dim, but now it plunged into complete darkness.

Next, dark green Abyssal Fire erupted, encircling Shenxia City.

The world had changed.

Chapter 492: Let's See If I Can Kill You

Shenxia City was a unique presence in the lower layer.

Among the three great races, only humans had managed to establish a city in the lower layer.

It was said that a Transcendent God-level figure once altered the rules of this region to make such a feat possible.

This suggested that humanity had previously produced a Transcendent God, an idea that clashed with recorded history.

According to what Lin Moyu knew, the human race had been the weakest of the three 1,000 years ago, teetering on the brink of extinction.

The existence of Shenxia City directly contradicted that narrative.

From this, Lin Moyu deduced that something was missing—an entire chapter of history, likely tied to an ancient human civilization.

There was a break in the timeline. A secret buried in the past.

The world darkened as Abyssal Fire raged, engulfing the region around Shenxia City.

Within a 10-kilometer radius, everything turned a ghostly green, radiating eerie malevolence.

Lin Moyu looked up.

Behind him, the Lightning Deathwings unfurled, crackling arcs of lightning running across bone-formed wings, slowly raising him into the air.

Even before he appeared, the city's alarms had been triggered, and the military took to the air.

A massive formation blanketed Shenxia City.

Lin Moyu observed the energy shield formed by the formation. Though unfamiliar with its structure, he sensed it differed from those used on the Dimensional Battlefield.

This one felt older, cruder, and far stronger.

He believed it could withstand even attacks from God-level powerhouses.

Outside the city, more than 1,000 Demons swarmed like a living storm.

Behind them, five Demon Kings loomed, concealed within the Abyssal Fire.

There might be more, hidden deeper still, but five had revealed themselves.

“What a lineup.” Lin Moyu muttered.

The scale of the mobilization confirmed his suspicion—he had somehow provoked the Abyss.

This wasn't merely about the Primordial Rune.

The Abyss wouldn't have sent five Demon Kings just for that.

What began as a fight over an opportunity had escalated into a full-blown war.

Feng Yiming's voice echoed across the city: "There's a Demon invasion! Shenxia City Legion, prepare for battle!"

"All class users, form parties and join the legion!"

A tall tower rose slowly above the city.

Feng Yiming arrived beside it, eyes locked on the Demons, his expression unwavering.

Even surrounded by an army led by Demon Kings, he showed no fear—only steady confidence.

Seeing this, Lin Moyu decided to wait. He wanted to understand what made Feng Yiming so confident.

Then a booming voice shattered the sky, “Hand over Lin Moyu, or we will slaughter you all!”

A Demon King had spoken. The entire city now understood, this invasion was about one person.

To capture Lin Moyu, they’d dispatched five Demon Kings and a vast army.

It was nothing short of a declaration of war on humanity.

But the Shenxia City Legion was ready, assembled in full force.

Led by several officers, class users organized into parties and joined the legion, forming a formidable military formation.

Feng Yiming sneered coldly, “How long can you Demon Kings even stay in the lower layer? How many times can you attack? With your ragtag mob, you think you can slaughter Shenxia City?”

“Forget you; even your Demon Emperor wouldn’t dare spout such nonsense.”

“Worthless trash like you, running wild here? You’ve grown bold!”

“Be careful you don’t leave your lives behind.”

“If you know what’s good for you, run back home and beg your Demon Emperor for some milk!”

Feng Yiming’s words were brazen, showing no regard for the Demon Kings.

After all, who would show respect to their enemy?

Lin Moyu blinked in surprise. He hadn’t expected the polite Feng Yiming to have this side to him.

“Insolent! You’re courting death!”

The Demon Kings roared, and the Abyssal Fire churned wildly.

Just then, the tower beside Feng Yiming lit up. Lightning surged along its frame and thunder rumbled.

Not just the tower, but the entire city began to glow.

Feng Yiming sneered, “Then let’s see who’s courting death.”

He slammed his fist into the tower. In an instant, the city’s formation flared to life, channeling power into the tower.

A bolt of lightning burst from the tower, tearing into the sky.

Then came a deafening roar, and the heavens blazed with light.

Countless bolts of lightning rained down like furious waves, instantly transforming the land around the city into a churning sea of lightning.

The Demon army was swallowed whole by the sea of lightning.

Thunder roared without pause, mingling with the agonized screams of Demons.

Lin Moyu watched as countless numerous fell from the sky, struck down by the lightning.

Even the area where the Demon Kings lurked was engulfed.

Abyssal aura flared around them, clashing against the lightning, and black smoke billowed,

The Demon Kings moved to help the Demon army resist the relentless lightning.

Simultaneously, the Demons launched a wild assault on the city, bombarding its energy shield with wave after wave of attacks.

Lightning arced across the shield, and the entire city quaked under the onslaught.

The Demon Kings held back from attacking, choosing only to defend. They knew that every attack would drastically shorten their limited time in the lower layer.

They were conserving their time for Lin Moyu.

For the time being, they held the lightning at bay, biding their time until the city's defenses collapsed.

“Formidable attack power... beyond level 80.” Lin Moyu quickly assessed the formation's power.

He flew to Feng Yiming's side, “This formation is quite impressive.”

Feng Yiming nodded, a hint of pride in his voice, “It's a legacy formation left behind in the city. Unfortunately, I can't bring out its full potential.”

Feng Yiming was a level 86 legendary-rank class user, a Divine Swordsman of the Feng Family, a force to be reckoned with.

For a powerhouse such as him to play down his power, it was pure modesty.

Lin Moyu simply took it as a joke.

“Then how can the formation's potential be fully unleashed?”

Feng Yiming pointed to the tower, “That’s the Thunderclap Tower. Inside is the Thunder Core. To activate its full power, someone has to enter the tower and control the Thunder Core.”

“But once it’s activated, the tower becomes filled with lightning inside and out. Even I wouldn’t last long.”

Lin Moyu asked, “If fully activated, how powerful is it?”

“It can slay Demon Kings. In the past, a lightning-type Mage controlled it. He couldn’t draw out its full strength, but still managed to defeat a Demon King.”

Lin Moyu paused in thought, then said, “I’ll give it a try.”

Feng Yiming was stunned, “Godly General Lin, are you sure?”

Lin Moyu smiled faintly and placed his hand on the Thunderclap Tower. Lightning surged across his palm, yet he felt nothing.

The tower crackled with lightning, and even Feng Yiming dared not touch it for long.

This simple gesture was all the answer needed.

Feng Yiming's eyes lit up. "Very well. I'll leave it to you, General Lin."

He formed a series of seals, and an entrance appeared on the tower. A gentle suction force reached out to Lin Moyu.

Without resistance, he let it pull him inside.

Moments later, he stood in the heart of the Thunderclap Tower.

A massive crystal, half the height of a person, floated in midair. This was the Thunder Core.

The small space was saturated with lightning.

Unless one was a God-level expert, surviving in such an environment for long was nearly impossible.

Even with 80% lightning elemental immunity, the damage would be brutal.

Trying to control the Thunder Core amidst the unrelenting lightning made it impossible to tap into its full potential.

Yet, it was still far better than Feng Yiming manipulating the tower from outside.

Lin Moyu placed his hand on the Thunder Core.

A massive current surged through him, piercing directly into his spirit world.

A vision unfolded in his mind: a sweeping view of the land surrounding Shenxia City.

From a vantage high in the sky, he could zoom in and out at will, covering a range of over 100 kilometers.

The image was astonishingly clear, sharper than direct sight.

Even the Demon Kings hidden within the Abyssal Fire were exposed in perfect detail.

"As expected, more are hiding."

In addition to the five visible Demon Kings, he now saw a sixth—stronger than the rest.

He stood motionless, cloaked in shadow, which had concealed him until now.

"That's the Gloom Demon King."

Lin Moyu recognized him immediately. He was a master of shadow assassination, akin to humanity's Assassin class, but far more terrifying.

He had even succeeded in assassinating God-level human experts.

According to records, he was level 92.

Although he wasn't a mid-tier Demon King, he was sometimes even more dangerous.

Lin Moyu hadn't expected him to appear as well.

He knew that facing this opponent head-on would be suicidal. Without using his trump cards, he'd have no chance.

But now, with control over the Thunderclap Tower, a spark of excitement flickered in Lin Moyu's eyes.

"Let's see if I can kill you!"

Chapter 493: Unleashing Godslaying Lightning

Another bolt of lightning erupted from the Thunderclap Tower, amplifying the already overwhelming sea of lightning.

The Demon Kings unleashed their power to shield the Demon army, but even so, some Demons still couldn't withstand the lightning and perished under its fury.

Feng Yiming's eyes lit up with joy, "It seems Godly General Lin has taken full control of the Thunderclap Tower!"

His respect for Lin Moyu deepened. This man, in his eyes, was no less than a deity.

Indeed, Lin Moyu had completely mastered the Thunderclap Tower. That earlier bolt of lightning had merely been a test.

The Thunderclap Tower was the core of Shenxia City's grand formation, serving both offensive and defensive purposes.

Lin Moyu realized that Feng Yiming hadn't been exaggerating. Whoever controlled the Thunderclap Tower held the key to making Shenxia City utterly impregnable.

Not to mention the current Demon army and a few Demon Kings, even if their forces doubled, they still wouldn't be able to break through.

Lin Moyu was certain Feng Yiming had prepared a contingency. Even if he hadn't taken control of the tower, someone else would have.

He knew the military too well—they never gambled without a backup plan. But now that he had taken command, the battle could effectively be considered over.

Lightning surged through Lin Moyu's body as he synchronized with the Thunder Core.

At that moment, man and tower became one, and Shenxia City's full might was unleashed.

The city's formation drew power from the very ground of the Immemorial Battlefield.

Over the years, Shenxia City had absorbed and stored a vast amount of energy, now fully at Lin Moyu's command.

“I’ve never fought a battle with resources this abundant.” He murmured, awed.

With a wave of his hand, bolts of lightning ejected out from the Thunderclap Tower.

The tower itself began to grow in size, and the lightning became even more terrifying.

The energy shield, which had been on the verge of collapse under the Demon army’s relentless assault, suddenly became incredibly stable.

At the same time, the sea of lightning expanded in range, cascading like a waterfall and engulfing everything within a 10-kilometer radius of the city.

Lin Moyu had completely encircled the Demon army in lightning, and panic and chaos swept through their ranks.

Sensing the shift, the Demon Kings ordered an all-out assault.

But no matter how fiercely the Demons attacked, Shenxia City’s shield now stood firm, unyielding as stone.

Feng Yiming laughed aloud, “It’s useless! Unless your Demon Emperor personally intervenes, this city is untouchable!”

His words infuriated the Demon Kings.

One of them snarled, “A mere shield? Don’t make me laugh. Watch as I shatter it!”

The Demon King surged forward, Abyssal Fire trailing behind him. A blue flame ignited in his palm—no ordinary fire, but Icefire, a terrifyingly cold blaze that danced like a normal flame.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized him: the Icefire Demon King, master of the water element, who wielded it to conjure this unnatural cold flame.

With a furious roar, the Demon King slammed his palm into the energy shield.

The shield trembled violently as Icefire spread across its surface, covering more than half of it in moments.

The shield distorted slightly, then stabilized.

The Icefire Demon King’s eyes widened in disbelief. Snarling, he poured even more power into the next strike.

The shield turned entirely blue, yet still held firm.

Lin Moyu shook his head. Even if the five Demon Kings and the Gloom Demon King joined forces, they wouldn't break through this thin veil of energy.

Feng Yiming hadn't exaggerated.

Unless the Demon Emperor himself intervened, the shield wouldn't break.

Murderous intent flickered in Lin Moyu's eyes.

A streak of lightning fell from the sky like a divine sword, piercing straight into the Icefire Demon King.

The Icefire Demon King instantly. Two seconds later, he coughed up blood.

Lightning erupted from within his body, blood gushed from all over his body. The Icefire that had enveloped him vanished, and his aura weakened significantly—he was severely injured.

Letting out a desperate scream, he turned and fled. In an instant, he crossed thousands of meters.

A spatial passage opened before him, abyssal aura spilling out.

“You can’t escape.” Lin Moyu said with a calm, cold chuckle.

Two more bolts of lightning flashed down at impossible speed. One struck the spatial passage, obliterating it. The other hit the Icefire Demon King, causing him to freeze midair.

A second later, his body exploded. A sphere of lightning hovered in the air—nothing remained of his flesh, blood, or soul.

Lin Moyu, through the Thunderclap Tower, had unleashed a killing blow: Godslaying Lightning, a strike capable of annihilating even God-level beings.

Silence fell over the battlefield.

The mighty Icefire Demon King was slain in an instant. Just two bolts of lightning, and he was gone.

Shenxia City was terrifying beyond words.

The Thunderclap Tower spun slowly overhead, instilling a deep, primal fear in all who watched.

The remaining Demon Kings felt a chill grip their hearts. Though powerful, they valued their lives.

One by one, they opened spatial channels in a desperate attempt to flee.

Even the hidden Gloom Demon King was shaken, but he remained still, waiting in the shadows.

Spatial channels shimmered to life as the Demon Kings prepared to escape.

As for the Demon army... they were simply abandoned.

Suddenly, faint bolts of lightning arced from above, shattering the spatial channels.

Lin Moyu's calm voice echoed: "Since you're here, don't even think about leaving."

Panic spread across the Demon Kings' faces.

In the sky, thunder roared, and bolts of Godslaying Lightning rained down.

Their Demon Kings' expressions turned ashen. They unleashed their full power in a last-ditch effort to survive.

As Demon Kings, unleashing their full power in the lower layer would cause them to be forced back into the deep layers within minutes.

But that was exactly their goal now.

If they could just hold on for a few minutes, they might escape with their lives.

Lin Moyu knew exactly what they were thinking. But under the might of the Godslaying Lightning, they stood no chance.

Aside from the Gloom Demon King, who still remained hidden in the shadows, the other four Demon Kings had joined forces in an attempt to resist the Godslaying Lightning.

The rest of the Demons were fully exposed within the sea of lightning.

Screams echoed relentlessly as numerous Demons fell like raindrops from the sky.

Feng Yiming's eyes glowed. Lin Moyu had fully synchronized with the Thunderclap Tower.

Under his control, the Thunderclap Tower unleashed its legendary power.

After countless years, the Godslaying Lightning had once again appeared in the world.

Feng Yiming had only read about the Godslaying Lightning in ancient records. Never had he witnessed it with his own eyes, until now.

The seemingly small bolts of lightning carried a terrifying, destructive force.

"It's said that the Godslaying Lightning contains law power, capable of slaying Demon Kings as easily as slaughtering dogs. It appears the legends were true."

"Only laws can counter laws."

“I wonder just how much of the Thunderclap Tower’s true power Godly General Lin can unleash.”

Feng Yiming came from a powerful family and was well-versed in many secrets.

At this moment, his entire body trembled with excitement.

As a human soldier, he was thrilled to see Demon Kings being annihilated.

And he wasn’t the only one. When the Icefire Demon King fell, everyone in the city was overwhelmed with joy, nearly bursting into cheers.

One after another, bolts of Godslaying Lightning rained down. The remaining four Demon Kings looked as if they were on the verge of death.

Finally, one Demon King could no longer endure it and roared, “Gloom Demon King, if you don’t act now, we’re all going to die!”

“Gloom Demon King, do something!”

Faced with imminent death, even Demon Kings were overcome with fear, teetering on the edge of collapse.

They no longer cared about their original plan and cried out for the only one who might be able to save them.

“Useless fools!”

A scornful voice rang out. The Gloom Demon King realized he could no longer remain hidden.

He revealed his form, his slender figure appearing in the open air.

His wings suddenly unfurled. Though his body was as thin as a bamboo stalk, his wingspan was astonishing, stretching over 20 meters.

Abyssal aura surged from his wings, forming a black curtain in the air that shielded against the Godslaying Lightning.

His true power was fully unleashed, far surpassing that of the other four Demon Kings.

He shielded the four Demon Kings, giving them a moment to recover.

Then, with a sinister smile, he charged toward the energy shield.

As the Gloom Demon King touched the shield, his body liquefied and seeped into it.

On the other side, his form slowly began to reassemble.

Lin Moyu recalled the records about the Gloom Demon King, a being capable of penetrating any object.

Even energy shields, it seemed.

But the process was slow.

Lin Moyu had known this all along: “I’ve been waiting for you.”

With a thought, the shield solidified instantly.

The slowly reassembling Gloom Demon King froze abruptly.

Then, a bolt of Godslaying Lightning arced along the shield.

With a shriek, the Gloom Demon King tore himself free and retreated, reforming in midair.

“You tricked me!” He snarled, eyes blazing.

This Godslaying Lightning was far stronger than the previous ones.

Had it struck the Icefire Demon King, one bolt would have killed him.

Only now did the Gloom Demon King realize that Lin Moyu had discovered him from the start, and laid a trap for him.

Chapter 494: Blood Sacrifice! The Demon Emperor's Finger

Within the Thunderclap Tower, Lin Moyu commanded the Thunder Core with ease, with lightning surging like a furious ocean.

This was something that even God-level experts would struggle to achieve.

Hearing the Doom Demon King's furious roar, a faint smile curled at the corners of Lin Moyu's lips.

"Trick you? Obviously I did." Ye Lin's eyes gleamed with murderous intent.

The Domain Divine Stone began to rotate slowly, releasing his unique murderous aura, which flowed into the Thunder Core.

Suddenly, the world forged from lightning and Abyssal Fire darkened.

A black hue spread through the sea of lightning, greatly amplifying its destructive power.

The Demon army, already barely holding on, was struck by catastrophe.

Even level 80-plus Demons couldn't withstand it. One after another, they fell under the relentless lightning bombardment.

The pressure on the four Demon Kings intensified.

Shocked and enraged, the Doom Demon King bellowed, "There's law aura?!"

Law? This was only the second time Lin Moyu had heard the term.

As his murderous aura fused with the Thunder Core, he entered a strange state.

He felt a mysterious connection with the Thunderclap Tower and Shenxia City itself.

Lin Moyu had taken full control of Shenxia City, feeling as though he had become one with it, moving and acting with complete freedom.

In the midst of the Demons' despair, Lin Moyu began the final slaughter.

The Godslaying Lightning struck again, now even more terrifying.

The Doom Demon King flared his wings, releasing waves of black mist in an attempt to block the Godslaying Lightning.

He was the strongest of the five Demon Kings, but even he couldn't hold out.

The Godslaying Lightning closed in relentlessly, rapidly shrinking his defensive range.

The Doom Demon King growled, "We have no choice. We must use that move."

The other Demon Kings froze.

The Fire Sprite Demon King's voice emerged from the flickering flames, hoarse and low, "Is there truly no other way?"

The Doom Demon King shook his head, “Either we do it... or we die.”

They all understood. There was no other path.

“Then let’s do it!”

All five Demon Kings acted in unison.

The Doom Demon King let out a piercing roar, cutting through the energy shield and echoing across Shenxia City.

Countless class users clutched their ears, expressions twisted in pain.

Even with their ears covered, they could barely endure the Doom Demon King’s scream.

Until now, the Demon Kings had seemed manageable. But that one scream shattered the illusion.

These were not ordinary foes. These were Demon Kings, beings who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with God-level experts.

Just one scream could injure them.

As the shriek faded, the Doom Demon King's wings exploded into black mist, spreading like a plague across a large area.

Wherever the black mist spread, the sea of lightning was forced back, giving the surviving Demons a respite. Relief washed over them.

“Do it!”

At the Doom Demon King's sharp command, that fleeting hope turned into a nightmare.

The five Demon Kings acted in unison, unleashing a brutal massacre.

The already weakened Demons stood no chance—slaughtered in an instant by those who had just protected them.

No one expected such betrayal. By the time they reacted, it was already too late.

There was no escape, no resistance. Their fate was sealed.

The humans in the city watched in shock. Why were the Demons killing their own?

Only a few understood.

“Blood sacrifice.” Feng Yiming growled through clenched teeth.

Lin Moyu, watching the scene, felt a sense of déjà vu.

“A sacrifice... But even if they summon a mid-tier Demon King, what difference would it make?”

He focused his power, reinforcing the Godslaying Lightning.

In less than a minute of controlling the Thunderclap Tower, he had gained deeper insight into both the tower and Shenxia City.

He murmured, “Even at 30% power, it’s enough to slaughter Demon Kings. If I were stronger—God-level—I could unleash the city’s full power... maybe even capable of fighting high-tier Demon Kings.”

“What is the true origin of Shenxia City? Why does the Thunderclap Tower feel so familiar?”

Lin Moyu found Shenxia City to be deeply mysterious and extraordinary.

With his current strength, he could only draw out 30% of the Thunderclap Tower's power.

But even that was enough to crush the low-tier Demon Kings.

He longed to investigate further, but now wasn't the time.

Within mere seconds, the remaining Demons were slaughtered by the Demon Kings.

Their bodies ruptured, and their lifeblood was harvested.

Even many of the Demons who had died earlier burst apart, their still-warm lifeblood drawn out.

A huge mass of blood hung in the air, its nauseating stench spreading through the surroundings.

The Doom Demon King gritted his teeth, "It's not enough. Now it's our turn."

By now, nearly half of the black mist formed by his wings had been eroded by the Godslaying Lightning.

In another 30 seconds, the lightning would reach him.

But escaping the lower layer would take at least three minute, long enough for them to die a dozen times over.

Without hesitation, the Demon Kings released vast quantities of their own lifeblood, feeding it into the mass of blood.

In an instant, their auras dimmed, and their levels plummeted.

The sacrifice exacted a heavy toll. Except for the Doom Demon King, the others fell to the verge of level 90, one step away from losing their Demon King status altogether.

“It’s up to you now.”

The four Demon Kings turned to the Doom Demon King, placing their final hope in him.

Infused with the Demon Kings’ lifeblood, the mass of blood flared with a brilliant light.

The Doom Demon King thrust both hands into it, and it erupted into flame.

The surrounding Abyssal Fire surged toward the mass of blood and merged into it.

Lin Moyu watched as a spatial channel opened at the heart of the mass of blood.

“As I thought. It’s a blood sacrifice. But a Demon King blood sacrifice... What are they trying to summon?”

“So many high-level Demons and even Demon Kings contributing to this... Surely it’s not just another Demon King?”

Lin Moyu dismissed the idea immediately.

As the spatial channel appeared, it consumed large amounts of lifeblood.

Nearly black flames began to emerge, and with them came a terrifying aura.

It was just a few wisps of aura, but they surged outward like a tsunami.

Within Shenxia City, people collapsed to the ground with heavy thuds, their bodies trembling uncontrollably.

Many class users who had taken into the air previously began to fall one after another.

The soldiers clung together, barely holding their formation.

Feng Yiming, trembling uncontrollably, shouted toward Lin Moyu, “Godly General Lin! It’s the Demon Emperor—they’re summoning the Demon Emperor!”

The Demon Emperor was the ruler of the Abyssal World and leader of all Demon Kings.

It was said that his strength rivaled that of half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouses.

This was quite the shock. They were actually summoning the Demon Emperor.

According to the rules of the lower layer, even mid-tier Demon Kings faced severe restrictions when attempting to cross over, let alone the Demon Emperor.

Despite his immense power, he could not completely bypass the limitations of the lower layer.

Although the spatial passage formed, but it was unstable, the power and lifeblood insufficient.

The Doom Demon King roared furiously, and a surge of lifeblood exploded from his body, merging into the spatial passage.

At last, the passage stabilized, and the aura pouring from it grew even more terrifying.

One by one, the soldiers in the air lost their grip and plummeted.

Only Feng Yiming remained standing, alone in the air.

Chapter 495 - Evenly Matched; The Sky Splits Open

A phantom finger collided violently with the Thunderclap Tower.

There was no rumbling, no lightning. Only a silent clash of two infinitely condensed forces.

“It blocked it!”

A wave of astonishment rippled through the crowd. The Thunderclap Tower had withstood the Demon Emperor’s strike.

The weakened Demon Kings stared in horror and disbelief.

The Demon Emperor’s phantom finger had actually been blocked.

What kind of tower was this? How could it be so terrifying?

For a couple of seconds, the world fell silent.

Crack!

A sound like shattering glass echoed.

Far above Shenxia City, the sky split open, and a massive rift appeared, revealing the endless void beyond.

From within, a dreadful aura seeped through, causing all class users to tremble uncontrollably.

The clash between the Demon Emperor and the Thunderclap Tower had split open the sky.

Their power was too overwhelming for the lower layer to contain.

Fortunately, the rupture occurred far from the city and lasted only a couple of seconds.

The Demon Emperor's phantom finger vanished, and the Thunderclap Tower returned to its original place.

It seemed to be a draw.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu appeared outside the tower, then a fiery glow flickered in his palm.

It was the Solidified Fire God's Essence Blood.

Skill: Summon Elemental Lich!

The Fire Lich burst forth, streaking toward the Demon Kings in a trail of fire

"No!" The Doom Demon King shrieked, trying to flee.

Unfortunately, the Demon Kings now too weak. Although they realized what was happening, they were too slow to react.

The Fire Lich crashed headlong into the Demon Emperor's phantom finger outside the spatial passage.

Boom!

A thunderous explosion erupted.

The Fire Lich self-destructed in a blaze of fire, a strike near to fake God-level.

The five Demon Kings were swallowed by fire, their screams echoing in agony.

Ordinarily, the Fire Lich's detonation wouldn't have hurt them.

But after the blood sacrifice, they were vulnerable.

This was enough to deal a fatal blow.

The Demon Emperor's finger was wreathed in flames, yet remained utterly still, letting the fire burn without resistance.

This level of fire couldn't harm it. Lin Moyu had anticipated this and wasn't surprised.

"The Fire God's fire..."

Lin Moyu seemed to hear a voice, but it was so faint he wasn't sure if it was real or imagined.

Then, the Demon Emperor's finger flicked lightly. Instantly, the flames engulfing the five Demon Kings vanished.

The Demon Kings, now in a pitiful state, were drawn toward the Demon Emperor's finger.

At the same time, the spatial channel expanded, swallowing them all.

Moments later, both the spatial channel and the Demon Emperor's finger disappeared.

Lin Moyu didn't attempt to stop it. Even if he had wanted to, it all happened too quickly.

The blood ritual had summoned the Demon Emperor's finger, only capable of a single attack.

The entire city exhaled in collective relief. They had narrowly escaped death.

One finger alone had suppressed the entire battlefield.

Feng Yiming, feeling as if he'd survived a calamity, flew over to Lin Moyu, "Godly General Lin, we're deeply indebted to you."

Lin Moyu shook his head, "If not for me, the Demons wouldn't have attacked Shenxia City in the first place. Fortunately, there were no casualties."

Feng Yiming disagreed, "Killing Demons is the duty of all humankind. Godly General Lin, you're a role model we all aspire to emulate."

Though both Feng Yiming and Feng Xiu were from the Feng Family, the former's flattery was on another level.

Lin Moyu said, "I'd like to study the Thunderclap Tower. Do I have your permission, Commander Feng?"

"Of course." Feng Yiming replied immediately, "Please, feel free."

The Thunderclap Tower stood year-round in the city, admired daily. But only a select few were permitted to enter. Lin Moyu was one of them.

As Lin Moyu stepped into the Thunderclap Tower, the city's military teleportation formation lit up.

Three powerful figures emerged, each a God-level expert.

After receiving Feng Yiming's call for help, they first headed to the deep layer, then descended to the lower layer through spatial passages, and finally teleported to Shenxia City via Teleportation Stones.

From the moment they received the call for help to their arrival, only 10 minutes had passed.

They had assumed Shenxia City could hold out that long.

But unexpectedly, by the time they arrived, the battle was already over.

Feng Yiming stepped forward and respectfully saluted the three, "Shenxia City Legion's Legion Commander Feng Yiming greets the three Sirs."

All three were God-level powerhouses from the military.

One was Feng Xingjian, an elder from the Feng Family and relative of Feng Yiming. The other two were brothers—Tan Xinxia and Tan Xinqiu.

Tan Xinxia and Tan Xinqiu immediately went to inspect the battlefield.

"Yiming, no need for formality." Feng Xingjian said, "Is the battle truly over? The Demons have retreated?"

By seniority, Feng Xingjian was Feng Yiming's uncle. His tone was relaxed, carrying a sense of informality.

Feng Yiming said, "Yes, we were lucky Godly General Lin was here. He took control of the Thunderclap Tower and repelled the Demon army."

"Godly General Lin?" Feng Xingjian looked puzzled.

Among all the godly generals he knew, none had the surname Lin.

Feng Yiming clarified, "It's Godly General Lin Moyu."

"Lin Moyu? So it's him."

Of course, Feng Xingjian had heard of Lin Moyu, and he was quite curious about him

Lin Moyu was the youngest godly general in human history, having slain the Fire Demon King before even reaching level 48—a miraculous feat that surpassed many established God-level powerhouses.

Suddenly, Feng Xingjian's eyes widened, "You mean Lin Moyu is actually here? Isn't he only around level 50?"

Feng Yiming nodded, "When Godly General Lin first arrived, he was level 52. He's now level 53. According to him, it was an accident that brought him to the lower layer."

"Where is he now?"

"He's inside the Thunderclap Tower. He said he wants to study it."

By now, the two God-level experts who had arrived with Feng Xingjian had already surveyed the area around Shenxia City.

They found Demon corpses scattered everywhere.

It was clear the battle had been fierce, though its conclusion seemed rather sudden.

Feng Xingjian asked, “Yiming, tell us everything that happened.”

“Alright.”

Feng Yiming recounted the events in detail. The three God-level experts listened, repeatedly sighing in amazement.

They had long known how powerful the Thunderclap Tower was. In the right hands, it could challenge and even kill God-level experts.

Lin Moyu had done exactly that.

Not only had he slain a Demon King, but he’d also forced five Demon Kings to perform a blood sacrifice, summoning the Demon Emperor’s finger.

Even the Demon Emperor's finger could only fight the Thunderclap Tower to a draw.

The entire sequence of events sounded like a myth.

When the tale ended, Feng Xingjian couldn't help but smile, "Looks like we really are getting old."

One of the other God-level experts snorted, "Bai Yiyuan got lucky, taking in such a disciple."

"Say that to Bai Yiyuan's face and see if he doesn't beat you up."

"So what if I can't beat him? I'll still say what needs to be said."

"Alright, alright. You're the bravest."

As the three bantered, they reached the square.

They had already seen the towering red beam. It was clear Lin Moyu had obtained a second Primordial Rune.

As God-level experts, they knew far more than Feng Yiming.

They understood that Primordial Runes couldn't be earned by effort alone.

Many complex factors were involved, things that couldn't be put into words.

All they could do now was admire him.

"Godly General Lin is truly blessed with great fortune."

"Two Primordial Runes—throughout history, only a handful have achieved that."

"And every one of them reached at least level 96, entering the ranks of high-tier God-level powerhouses."

Among God-level experts, clear distinctions existed between tiers: level 90 to 92 were low-tier, level 93 to 95 were mid-tier, and level 96 to 98 were high-tier.

Each level represented a significant leap in strength.

For example, Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen had already reached the peak of level 95, just one step away from high-tier.

Level 98, however, held unique significance. While still considered high-tier, those who reached the peak of level 98 began to touch an entirely different realm.

Despite technically still being level 98, the combat power surged dramatically.

Such individuals were known as half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouses.

Level 99 was also classified as half-step Transcendent God-level.

As for true Transcendent God-level powerhouses, not a single one had appeared in the past 1,000 years.

According to historical records, individuals like Lin Moyu—who had obtained two Primordial Runes—were exceedingly rare. Without exception, their lowest recorded achievement was level 96.

Lin Moyu was destined to reach that level as well.

The three exchanged glances. In their eyes, Lin Moyu's status had subtly shifted.

Meanwhile, within the Thunderclap Tower, Lin Moyu was now in deep communion with the Thunder Core.

The space where the Thunder Core was located remained shrouded in lightning.

Earlier, while controlling the Thunderclap Tower, he had noticed something unusual, something that sparked his curiosity.

Chapter 496 - A New Primordial Rune Skill

The Abyssal Fire outside the Demon Emperor Palace burned so intensely it appeared black, with five Demon Kings burning inside it.

They showed no signs of pain. Instead, their auras surged, rapidly recovering.

In mere moments, their injuries were fully healed, and their power grew stronger than before.

The Gloom Demon King was at the peak of level 92, only half a step from level 93.

Now, he found himself on the verge of breakthrough. It wouldn't be long before he evolved into a mid-tier Demon King.

As the flames receded, the Demon Emperor's voice echoed, "You've done well this time."

The Gloom Demon King lowered his head, teeth clenched, "Unfortunately, we failed to kill Lin Moyu."

The Demon Emperor said calmly, "He hid inside Shenxia City and took control of the Thunderclap Tower. It's no surprise you couldn't kill him. We'll wait for another chance."

The Fire Sprite Demon King rasped, "Demon Emperor, we will seek another opportunity to fulfill your will."

"Go."

Though reluctant to leave the fire, the five didn't dare to disobey. They departed without protest.

After they left, a faint voice stirred from deep within the Demon Emperor Palace.

"The Fire God's fire... where did he acquire it?"

"And the poison in Darkfiend King City, it contains the Poison God's aura."

"Could they still be alive?"

The Demon Emperor fell silent, lost in thought, the questions lingering without answers.

...

The Thunderclap Tower was the heart Shenxia City stood the Thunderclap Tower, and the Thunder Core was the heart of the tower.

Inside the Thunderclap Tower, Lin Moyu witnessing scenes long forgotten via the Thunder Core.

There, recorded within the Thunder Core, was the true history of Shenxia City—one unknown to the human race.

According to these records, this land had once been a barren wasteland overrun by monsters.

At its center was a colossal creature, a world rank boss of at least level 80.

Then, one day, a city appeared in the sky.

It wasn't large, but when it descended, it crashed into the wasteland with devastating force.

Every monster, even the world rank boss, was annihilated instantly.

The city lay in ruins, damaged yet still brimming with overwhelming power.

To kill a world rank boss in an instant, it could be nothing less than extraordinary.

After landing, the city rooted itself into the land, drawing energy from the earth to repair its wounds.

Over time, the city began to shrink.

From its center, the Thunderclap Tower slowly emerged, broken and barely intact.

After countless years, both tower and city were fully repaired.

By the time their repair was complete, the city had shrunk to a tenth of its original size—becoming the Shenxia City of today.

In the process, the surrounding land was transformed as well.

Thus was born the only city in the lower layer.

After countless years, the city amassed vast reserves of energy.

A thousand years ago, the ancestor of the Shenxia Empire arrived, and the city became known as Shenxia City.

But before that, others had discovered this place.

However, none had been able to enter.

This was knowledge long buried in the folds of history.

Lin Moyu grew increasingly certain: there was a rupture in human history.

Something earth-shattering must have happened in the distant past.

“Even such a powerful city was once reduced to this state.”

“It’s incomplete, yet still this powerful. If it were whole and fully awakened... could it stand toe-to-toe with the Demon Emperor?”

Anticipation stirred within him. But with his current strength, that time was still out of reach.

After viewing the historical records, Lin Moyu exited the Thunderclap Tower.

Outside, he encountered Feng Xingjian and two other figures.

"Greetings, Seniors." Lin Moyu said respectfully.

God-level powerhouses deserved reverence.

After all, most God-level powerhouses had been forged through trials of ice and fire.

Lin Moyu's courtesy was met with equal respect.

But when they noticed the three-star godly general badge on his shoulder, their expressions sharpened.

Lin Moyu had once slain the Fire Demon King, which could be said the Fire Demon King had brought it upon himself by foolishly entering a dungeon where much of his power was suppressed.

Now, Lin Moyu had risen to the rank of a three-star godly general, which meant he had since defeated at least two more God-level powerhouses.

It was an extraordinary achievement, one that proved he had the strength to go head-to-head with God-level powerhouses.

But the most shocking part wasn't just his strength—it was his level.

Lin Moyu was only level 53, yet he already possessed such overwhelming power.

If he underwent his third class awakening, or ascended to God-level, how terrifying would his power become?

The three God-level experts were visibly stunned. Their minds raced as they looked at Lin Moyu with even greater respect.

They chatted with him for a while, their attitude friendly, with not a trace of arrogance.

When time finally ran out, they had no choice but to return to the deep layer.

Only after they left did Feng Yiming breathe a sigh of relief.

Unlike Lin Moyu, he couldn't stay composed in front of three God-level beings.

The natural pressure emanating from them alone was suffocating.

Feng Yiming said quietly, "Godly General Lin, the Demons may have failed this time, but they'll surely return. Please be careful."

Lin Moyu nodded, "I'll stay a few more days, until the Primordial Rune fully fuses. Do you know where the Primordial Space is?"

Feng Yiming shook his head, "I'm not sure. I'll have someone look into it."

"Thank you, Commander Feng."

For the next few days, Lin Moyu remained in the city, not venturing anywhere.

It was a mysterious place, its current form merely a shadow of its former glory.

Contrary to historical records, it hadn't been built by the Shenxia Empire.

Its origins stretched far beyond even that ancient era.

Lin Moyu longed to see the city restored to its true state.

He sat quietly on the ground, feeling the city's pulse.

The city was absorbing energy from the earth, slowly accumulating power.

Even after more than 1,000 years, the gap to be filled was still vast.

The Thunder Core confirmed it—the city still needed an immense amount of energy.

Lin Moyu's heartbeat gradually slowed, syncing with the city's rhythm.

Thump, thump, thump...

The city's pulsing echoed in his mind.

He breathed, and his heart beat in tune with the city.

Beneath the city, a vast and intricate formation stirred.

Then, a mark emerged from the formation and entered his spirit world.

At that moment, Lin Moyu sensed he had been acknowledged by the city.

Just like the founding ancestor of the Shenxia Empire 1,000 years ago, who was only allowed entry after receiving the city's recognition.

Though still faint and elementary, the recognition granted him significant benefits.

The first benefit was that he could now return to Shenxia City instantly from anywhere in the Immemorial Battlefield—no item required.

Whether in the deep layer, the upper layer, or even a secret realm, he could teleport back to the city in an instant.

This gave him an unprecedented sense of security.

With the city's acknowledgement, Lin Moyu realized he was almost untouchable within the Immemorial Battlefield.

Several days later, the glow of the Primordial Rune gradually faded.

The 10-day trial period had finally ended, and the rune began fusing with Lin Moyu.

Across the city, countless eyes watched as the red beam slowly disappeared, their gazes filled with admiration.

There was no envy—everyone knew Lin Moyu had earned this. His strength was beyond question.

As the last trace of red light vanished, a symbol emerged on the back of his right hand, representing the Primordial Rune.

“It’s the .”

[Acquired skill: Focus Power]

[Focus Power: the host gains all skills and part of the attributes of designated summons for a period of 5 minutes. Cooldown 60 minutes.]

After carefully reading the explanation for the Focus Power skill, Lin Moyu couldn’t quite judge its power.

However, since it was a skill granted by a Primordial Rune, it certainly wouldn't be weak.

"Let's try it!"

Lightning Deathwings unfurled on his back, and Lin Moyu swiftly flew out of the city.

Chapter 497: That's Not How You Use The Skill

Lin Moyu hadn't been idle these past few days. He had been grinding Lightning Deathwings, which had now reached level 4.

[Lightning Deathwings (level 4): grants the ability of flight to the host and the summons for 40 seconds. Cooldown: 7 minutes.]

The flight speed had reached 800 meters per second—extremely fast.

After flying for dozens of kilometers, Lin Moyu encountered a large cluster of monsters.

What better way to test a new skill than actual combat?

Eventually, he spotted a boss. Judging by its size, it was likely a lord rank boss, around level 75.

On the Divine Dragon Continent—the safest of the four continents in the lower layer—the strongest monster was only a level 80 world rank boss. Most others hovered in the 70s.

This one was a perfect target.

Lin Moyu summoned his full undead army: 32,670 skeletons in total.

He hesitated briefly, then added the Elemental Liches.

He had recently replaced the Poison Lich with the Fire Lich, making the lineup: Fire, Wind, Ice, Earth, Lightning, and Undying.

Six rings of light of different colors spun beneath the undead troops' feet, dazzling to behold.

With nearly all his summons deployed, excluding the reserves in his summon space, Lin Moyu prepared his next move.

Skill: Focus Power!

It was his first time using it, and though clumsy at first, he quickly adapted.

Each summon occupied a unique node in his spirit world.

For Summoners, this was normal—spirit bonds connected them to every summon.

As the skill activated, countless points of light ignited in his spirit world. It shimmered brilliantly, and so did he.

Power surged into him—strength, agility, spirit, physique. Every summon's attributes flowed into his body.

Then he noticed something else. He had gained their skills: Berserk Strike from the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, Elemental Explosion from the Skeletal Mages, Soul Lock from the Skeletal Marksmen, the skills from the Lich Generals, and the skills from the Elemental Liches.

A sudden realization hit him: "I have the Lich Generals' skills... Could I neutralize Putrid Corpse Poison?"

Without hesitation, he cast one of the Lich Generals' skills on a monster, and a glow flared forth.

But nothing happened.

Although he now possessed the Lich Generals' skills, they could only target himself and his undead troops, no one else.

Still, it was his first time experiencing the effect of support skills firsthand.

Yet... something felt off.

“I clearly used the skill... so why don't I feel any stronger?”

He quickly checked his attributes.

[Name: Lin Moyu (Focus Power state)]

[Level: 53]

[Strength: 1,000,000]

[Agility: 1,000,000]

[Spirit: 1,000,000]

[Physique: 1,000,000]

Lin Moyu was stunned by his own attributes. All four had reached 1 million.

With perfectly balanced attributes, his total attributes now reached 4 million.

That was on par with level 80 world rank bosses.

Yet he was only level 53.

If anyone found out, they'd never believe it.

“Enhance Troops increases attributes by 200%... If I stack that...”

“If it works, each attribute would jump to 3 million. That’s a total of 12 million, rivaling God-level powerhouses.”

All God-level experts had one thing in common: their total base attributes exceeded 10 million.

Just imagining it made Lin Moyu’s heart pound.

He activated Enhance Troops without hesitation.

Brilliant light cascaded down, and the skeletons’ auras surged.

But Lin Moyu felt no change in himself.

He checked his attributes—still 1 million across the board.

After a moment’s thought, realization struck.

“Looks like 1 million per attribute is my current limit. Maybe as I level up, that cap will rise.”

He felt almost certain that was the case.

“Still, even now, I’m incredibly strong.”

With 4 million total attributes, combined with the skills he had acquired, his explosive power was astonishing.

Especially Berserk Strike, a skill he had acquired from the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, it dealt damage equal to 600% of the strength attribute.

With 1 million strength, that meant a strike worth 7 million damage.

Plus, Enhance Troops still granted a 500% damage boost, even if it didn’t raise attributes.

He was eager to test it out.

He pulled a platinum-grade axe from his storage space and charged toward the boss.

At the same time, he cast Detection.

[Savagefang Beast King (world rank boss)]

[level: 73]

[Strength: 800,000]

[Agility: 550,000]

[Spirit: 550,000]

[Physique: 700,000]

[Skill: Savage Bellow, Mighty Smash]

[Trait: 50% Wind Elemental Damage Reduction, Enhanced Health, Enhanced Attack Power]

A single immunity and two enhancements, by world rank boss standards, this one was average.

Lin Moyu found it somewhat overrated. Most world rank bosses possessed powerful passive skills; even many lord rank bosses had formidable passives skills.

But this one? It seemed underwhelming.

“A bit weak... but perfect for a test run.” Lin Moyu smiled, then swooped down.

The Savagefang Beast King had already sensed him, thanks to Detection.

At level 70-plus, bosses could fly—and it launched into the air like a bolt of lightning, releasing a thunderous roar.

Spikes erupted across its body, turning it into a hedgehog in an instant.

“So you do have a passive trait. I underestimated you.”

Unfazed, Lin Moyu raised his axe.

Skill: Berserk Strike!

A blazing red light exploded from the weapon, illuminating the surroundings.

He had seen Skeletal Berserk Warriors use the skill, but now it was his turn. The sensation was indescribable.

Having studied most classes and mastered their combat styles, Lin Moyu wielded the axe—a Berserker weapon—with practiced ease.

This strike was even stronger than those unleashed by his Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Boom!

The axe slammed into the Savagefang Beast King's skull.

Crack!

He could almost hear bone breaking.

The Savagefang Beast King howled in pain, and the spike on its body launched like blades.

They moved at blinding speed, almost as fast as lightning, giving Lin Moyu no time to dodge.

The spikes tore through his Bone Armor and struck him head-on.

But it was like tossing a mud ball into the ocean. Lin Moyu didn't even flinch.

His smile widened.

With 1 million in the physique attribute, the boss's 800,000 strength couldn't break through his defense.

He barely needed to rely on Damage Transfer at all.

For the first time, Lin Moyu felt the weight of his own power.

Boom!

Skill: Elemental Explosion!

The Savagefang Beast King shrieked again as it was blasted into the air.

Though it was knocked back, it took little actual damage.

Elemental Explosion wasn't particularly strong—it was only a level 50 skill.

Even with high attributes, its base power was limited.

Its real advantage was that when paired with the Skeletal Marksmen's Soul Lock, which guaranteed a 100% hit rate—slightly better than the version used by the Skeletal Grand Mage.

That was all.

Lin Moyu tested a few more skills.

Thanks to his massive base attributes, skills like Soul Blaze were noticeably enhanced.

However, others, such as Bone Fangs and Poison Starburst, showed no improvement.

While Focus Power greatly boosted his attributes, the increase in actual combat power was underwhelming.

Even with the surge in attributes, his combat power was on par with a few dozen Skeletal Berserk Warriors, and the effect only lasted five minutes.

A sense of disillusionment washed over him, like falling from the clouds.

"Are Primordial Rune skills really this weak?"

"No... that's not it!"

"This skill wasn't meant to be used this way!"

Suddenly, Lin Moyu realized the skill's true purpose, and a surge of excitement welled up inside him.

Chapter 498: The True Use Of Enhance Power

Lin Moyu suddenly had a revelation.

Excitement surged through him as he swung his axe, clashing with the Savagefang Beast King.

Thanks to his vastly superior attributes, the Savagefang Beast King was completely overwhelmed.

After landing a powerful blow with Berserk Strike, Lin Moyu followed up with a flurry of regular attacks.

Three minutes later, the Savagefang Beast King was in a miserable state, its body battered, its health nearly depleted.

If it weren't a boss with an enormous health pool, it would have died a number of times by now.

With Lin Moyu's current attributes, he could kill ordinary monsters of the same level in a single strike.

Eventually, the Savagefang Beast King let out a furious, agonized roar and turned to flee.

Lin Moyu didn't pursue. His skill's duration was nearly up.

"Since it was a good sparring partner, I'll let it go."

A level 73 world rank boss no longer meant anything to him.

Killing ten, or even a hundred, of bosses of its caliber didn't compare to defeating a single level 80 world rank boss.

Returning to Shenxia City, Lin Moyu began pondering the idea that had sparked during battle.

"Focus Power, on the surface, simply boosts attributes—and it has a cap."

"Even after using it, I only match the attributes of a level 80 world rank boss. Impressive on paper, but without the skills to match, it's actually underwhelming."

"Plus, with only a five-minute duration, it seems far less practical than Enhance Troops."

“Its true value isn’t in the present... but in the future.” Lin Moyu murmured to himself as he sorted through this new train of thought.

“First, during the third class awakening, I could use this skill to break past the base attribute ceiling, dramatically increasing the odds of class sublimation.”

“Second, at higher levels, it might push my base attributes beyond 10 million... touching the threshold of God-level power.”

Meng Anwen had once told him: reaching 10 million in attributes was the key to God-level strength—at least a form of it.

Of course, there was a difference between genuine God-level and what was known as fake God-level.

All level 90 fake God-level powerhouses had exactly 10 million in attributes—no more, no less.

They used special methods to hit that threshold, but doing so sealed their potential forever. They’d never surpass it.

Lin Moyu had no interest in that kind of dead end.

But Focus Power offered him a rare opportunity: to experience God-level strength without sacrificing his future.

And that alone made the skill incredibly valuable.

“But there’s one more possibility... maybe its most important function...”

“It could help me become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse.”

Lin Moyu’s fists clenched involuntarily.

The thought had shocked him at first. But the more he explored it, the more real it felt.

According to Antares, once someone reached level 98 and fully comprehended the path forward, they could reach Transcendent God-level if even one base attribute exceeded 10 million.

Not total attributes, but just one base attribute.

Lin Moyu had never felt confident in achieving that.

But now, with Focus Power, he saw a glimmer of hope.

Lin Moyu had already sorted out his thoughts. The opportunity was promising, and there was a strong possibility of success.

His eyes gleamed with confidence, “But there’s still a prerequisite: I need to retain the skill.”

“The Primordial Space... how do I keep the skill?”

A Primordial Rune functioned as both a powerful skill and a key to enter the Primordial Space.

Everyone who obtained a Primordial Rune had to enter that secret realm before reaching the God-level.

Otherwise, upon advancing to God-level, the Primordial Rune would vanish, and with it, the skill.

To retain the skill permanently, one had to enter the Primordial Space.

But entry alone wasn't enough.

Most people still lost their skills after entering the secret realm—some even lost them earlier than expected.

There were cases where individuals acquired a Primordial Rune at level 50-plus, entered the Primordial Space at level 60-plus, only to emerge empty-handed.

A powerful skill that could have lasted all the way until just before reaching God-level ended up being lost far too soon.

This made the decision of when to enter the Primordial Space a difficult one.

Many held off until level 89, clinging to hope until the final moment.

Records of the Primordial Space were extremely rare.

Very few individuals were ever qualified to enter the secret realm—only a handful each century—and those who did avoid talking about what they experienced.

As a result, reliable information remained exceedingly limited.

Lin Moyu was still uncertain about when to enter the Primordial Space.

Now that he was in the lower layer—the same layer where the Primordial Space was located—he could go at any time. But the decision wasn't so simple.

After a moment of contemplation, he took out Antares' Dragon Bead and channeled his spirit force into it. "Antares," he called.

There was no response.

The Primordial Space was located in the lower layer.

Now that he was also in the lower layer, he could go if he wanted to.

After pondering for a moment, Lin Moyu took out Antares' Dragon Bead, using his spirit force to communicate, "Antares."

He called several times, but there was no response.

However, Lin Moyu knew that Antares could definitely hear him.

There was a mysterious connection between the Dragon Bead and Antares, allowing communication through it.

After calling several more times, Antares's lazy voice finally sounded.

With a hint of displeasure in his tone, he said, "You're disturbing my sleep. I'm in a very bad mood."

Lin Moyu didn't care about his mood and asked directly, "Do you know about the Primordial Space?"

Antares snorted coldly, "Of course I know. There's nothing in this world that I don't know..."

Lin Moyu said, "Then can you tell me about the Primordial Space?"

"No!" Antares refused outright.

His blunt reply gave Lin Moyu something to chew on.

Considering how scarce the information on the Primordial Space was, and the reactions of those who had entered it, he wondered whether they didn't want to talk, or they couldn't talk.

Lin Moyu sighed softly, his tone slightly helpless, "So you're the same."

"What do you mean the same?" Antares didn't understand what Lin Moyu meant.

Lin Moyu replied, "None of the great figures in history have dared to speak the Primordial Space. I had thought that, given your status, you'd be an exception. But it seems you're the same—not daring to speak of it."

"What nonsense are you spouting? What is there that I wouldn't dare to do!" Antares flew into a rage.

Lin Moyu actually dared to look down on him.

Antares, furious, said, "The Primordial Space is just some trial set up by that guy. According to..."

At this point, Antares suddenly stopped, then shouted: "You little rascal, you're trying to trick me."

Lin Moyu smiled faintly. "You're overthinking it."

Of course, he would never admit it.

Antares snorted, "You little rascal, if you ever dare to trick me again, I'll burn you to ashes with a Dragon Breath."

The corner of Lin Moyu's mouth curled up slightly. Anyway, he'd already gotten a bit of information.

Who exactly was that guy?

Someone who Antares would refer to in such a manner was certainly no weakling.

Lin Moyu thought for a moment, then shamelessly spoke again, "I've obtained another Primordial Rune. Do you think it's better for me to enter the Primordial Space now or later?"

"What? You got another Primordial Rune?" Antares was slightly surprised.

Very few things in this world could surprise him anymore.

But he quickly calmed down, “There have been quite a few people who have obtained two Primordial Runes. But correspondingly, the difficulty of retaining the skills increases.”

From that, Lin Moyu gleaned more information.

“So should I go now or later?”

“Of course later. Why the hell would you go now?” Antares replied casually.

Lin Moyu quickly followed up, “Then when is the best time to go?”

Antares chuckled, “When to go... I’ll tell you during our next deal.”

With that, the light on the Dragon Bead instantly extinguished.

Antares cut off the communication, clearly hinting for Lin Moyu to return.

If he wanted the answer, he had to complete the current deal first.

From the conversation, Lin Moyu had already grasped two key points.

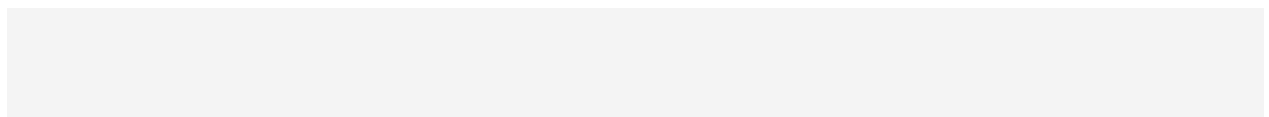
First, there was a trial in the Primordial Space, and to retain your skills, you had to pass it.

Second, after obtaining two Primordial Runes, the difficulty of the trial in the secret realm would increase significantly.

From the second point, he could infer that if he obtained another Primordial Rune, the trial difficulty would increase even further.

However, Lin Moyu had never considered obtaining three Primordial Runes. No one in history had ever achieved that.

Chapter 499: God-Level Formation! Caught Off Guard!



As Lin Moyu crossed the Wind-Lightning Ocean for a second time, he noticed a shift. The lightning was less frequent and significantly weaker.

He suspected this change was tied to the fall of the Lightning God.

With the weakening of lightning, the wind had grown stronger.

In just over ten days, the Wind-Lightning Ocean had become dominated by fierce winds.

This transformation wasn't limited to the ocean; the Wind-Lightning Continent itself was now plagued by intense gales.

In the former Dragonkind stronghold, a shimmering secret realm floated in midair. Dense poison gas enveloped the area around it.

Initially, the poison spread across a 10-kilometer radius, but after being scorched by the Fire Sprite Demon King, it had receded to just 3 kilometers.

It originated from a single drop of blood essence belonging to the Poison God—a mid-tier God far stronger than the Fire Sprite Demon King.

However, without a continuous source of power, the drop had limited endurance. That was the only reason the Fire Sprite Demon King had managed to burn it away.

Had the Poison God been present, even a trace of poison could have killed him instantly.

Over ten days later, the poison still showed no signs of dissipating. No one, not even Lin Moyu, who had unleashed it, knew how long it would linger.

Because of this point, Lin Moyu had chosen not to summon the Poison Lich during the battle at Shenxia City.

The lingering poison gas could have endangered both the city and the human class users inside.

Without that concern, he might have earned another star and been promoted to a four-star godly general.

As the Icefire Demon King he had slain with the Godslaying Lightning from the Thunderclap Tower hadn't granted him EXP or a general star.

Still, Lin Moyu didn't mind. A dead Demon King was a victory, regardless of the method.

Now, he returned to the site, flying directly into the poison fog and diving into the secret realm.

Inside, the poison had also seeped in, saturating a 5-kilometer radius centered around the entrance.

Lin Moyu emerged at the heart of the poison gas.

Thanks to his 100% poison elemental immunity, he moved through the poison gas unconcerned.

“There are signs of corpses.” He observed.

Corrosion marks marred the ground—clear signs that Dragonkind had died, decayed from the poison, and were eventually scorched, leaving dark imprints behind.

The imprints formed a continuous line.

“They must have been Battle General Puppets. Fearless and relentless—not one retreated.”

“Given the time that had passed, any surviving Dragonkind had likely escaped.”

But Lin Moyu remained cautious. History was filled with tales of people who died after letting down their guard in seemingly safe places.

Once clear of the poison gas, Lin Moyu summoned his undead troops.

With the help of Lightning Deathwings, two undead legions fanned out, beginning a systematic sweep of the surroundings.

As they advanced, a map of the terrain formed in Lin Moyu's mind.

He soared into the air and surveyed the secret realm.

It was a vast secret realm, with a mountain range stretching across hundreds of kilometers.

This was by far the largest secret realm he had ever encountered.

"A secret realm this massive shouldn't be empty."

"Did the Dragonkind exterminate all native creatures?"

As Lin Moyu ventured deeper into the mountains, he discovered traces of the Dragonkind.

A fortress-like structure lay abandoned among the woods, and signs of massive destruction hinted at a fierce battle.

From the clues he gathered, it seemed the Dragonkind had waged war against the native creatures of the secret realm and won.

After their victory, they constructed an aerial fortress beyond the secret realm and stationed a powerful army there to maintain control.

Lin Moyu believed his deduction was correct: the secret realm held a great secret.

Otherwise, the Dragonkind would have simply left after harvesting its resources, instead of sealing it off completely.

He pressed onward. After traveling several hundred kilometers, the mountain range split, forming a canyon.

The Wind-Lightning Continent was known for its canyons and pools, and the secret realm was no exception.

This particular canyon was massive, stretching dozens of kilometers deep and far larger than even the Lightning Burial Canyon.

If it weren't nestled in the heart of the mountain range, it wouldn't even be called a canyon. It would be classified as a plain.

At its center lay a pool about 100 meters wide, surrounded by scattered buildings

Lin Moyu noticed nothing unusual at first.

Around the lake stood a Dragonkind military base.

From a distance, it appeared abandoned and eerily silent. The remnant traces suggested a hasty departure.

Examining the buildings more closely, Lin Moyu saw some resembled factories.

He was now certain that the Dragonkind's secret to mass-producing Battle General Puppets was hidden here.

But they had either taken or destroyed the data before leaving.

“I wonder if anything was left behind.” He muttered.

His skeletons had arrived ahead of him, scouring the area.

Numerous skeletons swept outward in a grid-like search.

But they found nothing. Many places bore signs of fire and deliberate destruction.

“It’s spotless.” He frowned, “Did they really erase everything?”

He descended slowly. The moment his feet touched the ground, an immense pressure crashed down from above.

“This isn’t good!”

His expression darkened as a massive formation appeared in the sky.

The Abyssal Demons specialized in barriers, but the Dragonkind were masters of formations.

This formation had been hidden in the air using special methods, so well-concealed that even Lin Moyu hadn't noticed it.

The moment he landed, it activated.

The pressure was suffocating. Then came a deafening boom, and the entire military base erupted in a violent explosion.

The shockwave hurled Lin Moyu back, shattering his Bone Armor and slamming into him with devastating force.

His summoned Lich Generals immediately began casting their healing spell.

But the damage was overwhelming, both physical and elemental in nature.

It was a God-level formation, with fake God-level power.

Lin Moyu could feel his undead troops suffer tremendous damage. Even the Lich Generals' healing couldn't keep pace.

The explosions kept coming, each shockwave battering him like a crashing wave.

If this continued, his undead army wouldn't hold.

"I was careless!"

He had only summoned three undead legions, so just three Lich Generals stood outside the formation. Their healing alone wasn't enough.

If he'd summoned all his legions and left them outside the formation, things might've turned out differently.

But now, at the heart of the explosion-riddled formation, releasing the rest would only get them killed faster.

Amid the relentless blasts, Lin Moyu was tossed about like a candle flickering in a storm.

The formation struck the ground again and again, annihilating everything inside it.

Gritting his teeth, Lin Moyu let out a roar.

The rune on the back of his right hand blazed to life—the 者 character lit up.

Skill: Focus Power!

He connected with all his undead troops. Instantly, his attributes surged.

His physique skyrocketed from over 90,000 to 1,000,000, a tenfold leap. His defense soared.

The damage lessened at once, and The Lich Generals finally caught their breath.

Lin Moyu's figure steadied. He looked up and saw hundreds of Magic Crystals suspended at the heart of the formation.

These Magic Crystals were the power source. Destroying them would collapse the entire formation.

Gripping his axe, Lin Moyu charged forward, forcing his way through the crushing pressure.

His strength, agility, physique, and spirit now all stood at 1,000,000.

He moved faster than ever before.

Suddenly, a thunderous roar erupted. A dark figure burst from the pool, a wave of stench following in its wake as it lunged toward him.

“A monster?”

Lin Moyu reacted instantly. His axe swept out in a wide arc, striking the creature with a metallic clang.

The dark figure trembled but didn't retreat. Instead, it lunged and bit down.

He dodged, countering with multiple axe strikes, but still couldn't push it back.

A powerful recoil surged through the axe, revealing the opponent's immense strength.

Soul Blaze flickered in his left hand.

A single spark fell, and the dark figure let out a blood-curdling scream, its body convulsing before crumpling to the ground.

“It feels pain. It’s not a puppet.”

Lin Moyu reacted without hesitation. A flash of crimson light erupted, and Deterioration Curse took hold.

The dark figure’s movements slowed at once.

Seizing the moment, Lin Moyu broke free from the entanglement and dashed toward the heart of the formation.

His axe glowed blood-red.

Skill: Berserk Strike!

Chapter 500: Are The Dragonkind's Ancestors Divine Dragons From Chinese Mythology?

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior's skill amplified Lin Moyu's explosive power to an astonishing degree.

With a burst of strength reaching 7 million, it was already approaching the threshold of a fake God-level.

Although still slightly inferior to the might of the formation, the gap was negligible.

But Lin Moyu had no intention of matching the formation head-on. His true goal was to destroy the Magic Crystals embedded within it.

Like all formations, this one had its weaknesses. And in this case, it had been optimized solely for offense, abandoning any defensive functions.

The Dragonkind had likely assumed that under the formation's relentless barrage, Lin Moyu would have no opportunity to strike back.

They had converted all defensive capabilities into raw offensive power, enabling the formation to rival fake God-level might.

And they had almost succeeded. Almost.

Lin Moyu forced a path forward using Focus Power, enduring wave after wave of crushing attacks.

He charged toward the Magic Crystals, and with a thunderous crash, his massive axe shattered the largest crystal at the heart of the formation.

It was the formation's core.

In an instant, the formation's power collapsed by half.

At the same time, Lin Moyu's undead troops materialized, tearing apart the remaining Magic Crystals.

Just then, a dark figure appeared—over twenty meters long, its body covered in thick scales and lined with hundreds of tiny wings along its back.

It was a monstrous, serpent-like creature with an eerie, unsettling presence.

It was struck by Soul Blaze, sent tumbling to the ground, then quickly took to the air once more.

Lin Moyu used Detection.

[Dragonkind Ironscale Python]

[Level: 88]

[Strength: 1,000,000]

[Agility: 1,200,000]

[Spirit: 600,000]

[Physique: 1,500,000]

[Skill: Dragon Breath, Entangle]

[Trait: 50% Physical Damage Reduction]

“So this is an Ironscale Python.”

Lin Moyu finally understood what he was dealing with.

With a total attributes of 4.3 million and a level of 88, it was powerful enough, even without any special abilities.

Dragonkind Ironscale Pythons were a kind of rare, specialized weapon of the Dragonkind—monsters tamed, trained, and cultivated to serve them in battle.

When they were low-level, Ironscale Pythons didn't have high base attributes.

But once they leveled up, and especially when stimulated by the Dragonkind's special methods, their attributes would skyrocket.

At high-level, they could nearly rival atavistic bloodline Dragonkind of the same level.

Moreover, they were obedient, making them invaluable weapons.

But a level 88 Ironscale Python was a rarity even among the Dragonkind.

To think the Dragonkind would deploy it here just to kill him.

And with the Ironscale Python present, there had to be Dragonkind nearby as well.

Ironscale Pythons achieved peak combat power only when paired with an atavistic bloodline Dragonkind.

The Ironscale Python let out a shrill, piercing roar and charged at Lin Moyu once more.

Though Lin Moyu's attributes still lagged behind the Ironscale Python's, his superior combat skills bridged the gap.

Thanks to the curse, the Ironscale Python's speed had dropped dramatically. Combined with Lin Moyu's flawless combat skills, the tide turned in his favor.

With damage amplified, the Ironscale Python's defenses began to crumble, with scales shattering and flesh splattering.

Chunks of flesh fell into the pool below, sending the water into a violent turmoil.

Suddenly, smaller Ironscale Pythons burst from the pool.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, "So the secret lies in the pool."

He hadn't given it much thought before. After all, pools were common across the Wind-Lightning Continent.

But this one was the crux of the entire secret realm.

Under relentless assault from the undead troops, the formation finally collapsed and, with a blare, shattered into fragments.

The undead troops surged downward, clashing with the small Ironscale Pythons that emerged from the pool.

But the small Ironscale Pythons were far weaker, no match for the undead troops. They were torn apart in moments.

All of a sudden, spatial ripples shimmered in the distance, and a spatial channel opened inside the secret realm, and two Dragonkind flew out.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized one: the Dragonkind commander who had previously fled from him.

He bore an atavistic bloodline, placing him among the highest tier of the Dragonkind, his status on par with Dragon Kings.

But with his level, he couldn't control a level 88 Ironscale Python.

Which meant the other Dragonkind was the true master.

"So you finally showed yourself." Lin Moyu smiled coldly.

The Ironscale Python stopped fighting and flew toward the newcomers.

Lin Moyu didn't pursue; he watched in silence.

The Ironscale Python hissed softly, almost pitifully, like a child crying to its parent after being bullied.

The Dragonkind gently stroked it, offering comfort.

This was its master.

According to Dragonkind rules, only someone with both level 88 and an ancestral bloodline could control be the master of a level 88 Ironscale Python.

Lin Moyu grew serious. A level 88 atavistic bloodline Dragonkind was no joke.

“You’re Lin Moyu?” The Dragonkind asked in a low voice.

Lin Moyu smiled, “You already know the answer, so why ask? And what about you?”

“Level 88 atavistic bloodline Knight—Tatar.” He lifted his chin with pride.

Tatar was just one step away from becoming a Dragon King, and one with an atavistic bloodline at that, second only to the Dragon Emperor.

He had every right to be proud

Lin Moyu smirked, “And you, defeated foe?”

The other Dragonkind’s expression twisted in fury, and he let out a low growl.

Lin Moyu’s jab landed like a slap.

His pride could not tolerate the sting of defeat.

Tatar stepped in: “Where is the atavistic bloodline pride? So what if we lose once? We just have to return and fight again.”

The other Dragonkind nodded, his eyes burning with killing intent, “Level 85 atavistic bloodline Warrior—Tashir.”

“Tatar, Tashir... brothers, I presume.” Lin Moyu said flatly.

“Correct.” Tatar replied, “We are brothers. Who would’ve thought the human race could produce a genius like you? But do you know what I enjoy most? Slaughtering geniuses.”

“You survived the formation we set up; that alone proves your strength. You’ve earned my attention.”

“Soon, I’ll turn your skull into a necklace and wear it as a symbol of my strength.”

He flicked out his long tongue to lick the corners of his mouth, thick with the scent of blood.

Lin Moyu had no idea where this guy got his courage, or which deity gave him the confidence to think he could kill him.

That said, Lin Moyu wasn’t entirely sure he could kill Tatar either. After all, if things went south, the Dragonkind excelled at escaping.

Tashir whispered, “Brother, this guy’s strong. Be careful.”

Tatar burst out laughing, “Strong or not, he’s just a human. And only level 53!”

The comment stung Tashir, who’d been defeated by that very same level 53 human.

A greatsword appeared in Tatar’s hand.

Unlike most Knights who used sword-and-shield combos, Tatar chose a greatsword, trading defense for greater offense.

The Ironscale Python moved beneath him, allowing Tatar to stand on its head.

At the same time, their auras merged instantly, rapidly intensifying.

For the Dragonkind, the combination of atavistic bloodline and Ironscale Python represented their most powerful combat state.

“As a sign of respect, I’ll use my full power to kill you!” Tatar raised his greatsword high and roared, “Atavism!”

Unlike Tashir’s previous atavistic bloodline outburst, Tatar had far stronger control over his bloodline.

A massive Divine Dragon phantom materialized in the sky.

Lin Moyu was taken aback. This Dragon didn’t resemble the Dragonkind of this world—it looked like a Divine Dragon from Chinese mythology.

Seeing his dazed expression, Tatar laughed maniacally, “Shocking, isn’t it? That’s an ancestor of the Dragonkind! One day, I’ll fully revert and become a Divine Dragon!”

He roared again and charged forward.

At the same time, the Divine Dragon phantom merging into him, and his power surged. He was now cloaked in the Divine Dragon phantom’s form.

Lin Moyu was indeed shocked, but more by curiosity than fear.

He had a lot of questions. But now wasn’t the time.

His Focus Power skill was about to end.

Taking advantage of the skill’s final moments, he suddenly swung his axe.