

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 501: Atavistic Bloodlines Are Nothing Special

With a deafening crash, Lin Moyu's axe met Tatar's greatsword, and the air trembled, space itself rippling slightly from the force.

Lin Moyu was flung backward, utterly outmatched in raw strength.

He wasn't surprised. Even with Focus Power active, he was only level 53, his strength capped at 1 million.

Tatar, by contrast, was a level 88 atavistic bloodline Dragonkind Knight with slightly higher overall attributes.

However, due to his class, his attributes weren't evenly distributed—strength and physique were significantly boosted, exceeding 1 million and likely reaching 1.2 or even 1.3 million.

And now he had activated his atavistic bloodline and merged his aura with the Ironscale Python beneath him, so it was only natural for Lin Moyu to be sent flying.

Had Lin Moyu been able to use Berserk Strike, Tatar would've been the one sent flying.

But now...

Lin Moyu roughly assessed Tatar's strength.

He was nearing the level of a Dragon King—close, but not quite there, missing some of their defining traits.

This kind of opponent was still manageable.

“You're dead!” Tatar roared, surging forward and closing the distance to Lin Moyu in an instant

The two clashed once more. Though Lin Moyu was the weaker of the two, his combat skills more than compensated. He avoided direct confrontation and skillfully held his ground.

It was rare to face such a well-matched opponent, and Lin Moyu relished the challenge.

Dozens of seconds later, as the effect of Focus Power faded, he swiftly retreated and cast Bone Armor.

Tatar lunged in pursuit, but before he could strike, explosions ripped through his body. Simultaneously, a rain of arrows clattered against him

The undead army had joined the battle, halting Tatar's assault.

Lin Moyu didn't look worried. In fact, he was smiling, smiling contemptuously.

Tatar's pride flared. No one had ever dared look down on him.

"You dare mock me? I'll kill you!"

Lin Moyu had always believed the Dragonkind weren't the brightest, and it seemed the atavistic bloodline ones were no exception.

Tatar's attack power was even weaker than that of the earlier formation. A guy who hadn't even reached fake God-level thought he could kill him? Laughable.

Forget killing him, Tatar couldn't even hurt Lin Moyu if he stood still and took the hits. Damage Transfer and the Lich Generals' healing skill weren't just for show.

"Does this guy really not get it?" Lin Moyu mused, then casually raised a finger.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Skill: Poison Starburst!

The two skills activated simultaneously.

Tatar stiffened—the curse took effect instantly, slowing his movements.

The sudden disruption in rhythm threw him off balance.

But then a surge of energy erupted from within, beginning to purge the curse.

Dragonkind possessed a natural resistance to curses, and being far higher in level than Lin Moyu, Tatar could dispel his curse within seconds.

But that was all Lin Moyu needed.

Tatar hadn't noticed that during their earlier engagement, Lin Moyu's undead troops had completely surrounded him.

Now, when Lin Moyu struck, it was a killing blow.

Light flared in six dazzling colors. Flames erupted around Tatar, lightning bolts rained down, and a storm crashed overhead.

"What is this!?" Tatar was stunned.

Where did these attacks come from? Why was he on fire? And what was with the lightning?

The damage wasn't massive, but the constant burning and paralyzing shocks left him reeling.

At the undead troops' feet, rings of light glowed, creating a dazzling array of colors.

The already-fast Skeletal Berserk Warriors surged forward, their speed amplified by one of the glowing rings.

They closed in quickly, forming an airtight encirclement.

Lin Moyu had planned everything down to the second. In a flash, the execution began.

He treated Tatar like a world rank boss—an exceptional level of caution, given that Tatar's health wasn't even close to such monsters.

On the back of Lin Moyu's left hand, the 兵 character ignited.

Skill: Enhance Troops.

From the rear, Tashir shouted in alarm, "Be careful! He activated a Primordial Rune!"

Tatar burst into maniacal laughter, "A Primordial Rune? I have one too!"

A brilliant light flared from the back of his hand.

Lin Moyu was startled; his opponent had a Primordial Rune too.

But on second thought, it wasn't so surprising.

Nine Primordial Runes appeared every century, and not all fell into human hands—Demons and Dragonkind could obtain them as well.

It wasn't strange that he had one too.

What it did exactly, Lin Moyu couldn't say. That was the opponent's secret, one not shared lightly.

Even Tashir, his younger brother, probably had no idea.

As the Primordial Rune activated, Tatar's body shimmered with radiant light and began to grow.

He had already been over three meters tall; towering by human standards.

Now, he reached 30 meters in height.

And he wasn't alone.

The Ironscale Python beneath him expanded as well, growing over tenfold until it stretched more than 200 meters long.

Tatar laughed maniacally, "My body has grown tenfold, and my attack power has increased just as much! What can you possibly throw at me to stop me?"

"Those flimsy skeletons? They're nothing but junk!"

Lin Moyu had clearly overestimated Tatar's intelligence. He'd just shouted out his own abilities.

"This brain... completely hopeless." Lin Moyu muttered.

He didn't waste time replying. Instead, his Skeletal Berserk Warriors activated their skill, bringing their axes crashing down like a storm.

Earlier, Tatar's smaller size had limited how many Skeletal Berserk Warriors could engage him at once.

Now, with his enormous frame, they had free access, and they struck with full force.

Axes fell, glowing red with power.

Tatar sneered and swung his greatsword, unleashing a burst of sword light to meet them.

He was still laughing—until impact.

The moment the axes landed, his laughter died.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors' explosive strength was overwhelming.

Even with his enhanced attack power, Tatar only barely held his ground.

He managed to knock back a few Skeletal Berserk Warriors. But that was all.

There were simply too many. They swarmed him like a tide.

He blocked some blows, but most axes found their mark.

His defenses shattered in an instant, and Tatar screamed in agony.

The Ironscale Python beneath him wasn't faring any better—chunks of flesh flew off its body, exposing bone.

Elemental blasts roared, and explosions erupted.

Arrows rained down like a torrent, turning Tatar into a pincushion.

Lin Moyu watched calmly, "So, strength and size increased, but not defense."

"This Primordial Rune isn't that impressive."

To most, a tenfold increase in attack power was a terrifying ability.

As the saying went, brute strength could overcome a hundred techniques.

With such overwhelming force, Tatar seemed unstoppable.

Who would even bother with defense at that point?

But to Lin Moyu, it was nothing special.

He commanded an army of summons. And with the power of the Primordial Runes, his strength far exceeded that of any other class user.

Take Enhance Troops, for example. When used by other Summoners, it might boost power by a few times at best.

After all, most Summoners only had two or three summons.

But Lin Moyu had an undead army. For him, the boost was beyond imagination.

He was aware that it wasn't the Primordial Rune that transformed his class. It was his class that allowed the Primordial Rune to unleash its true potential.

His class was the foundation. Everything else was just icing on the cake.

“Impossible! This is impossible!”

Tatar roared, swinging his greatsword, fending off the Skeletal Berserk Warriors—but that was all he could do.

Not a single skeleton fell. They just kept attacking relentlessly.

Meanwhile, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed a constant barrage, tormenting him to no end.

Beneath him, the Ironscale Python writhed and cried out, clearly suffering as well.

Tatar was losing control, consumed with rage, desperate to break through and kill Lin Moyu.

But he couldn't.

“How is his health this high?”

Whether Dragonkind or Demons, they all had high attributes, but none could compare to bosses in terms of health.

Tatar had survived far longer than Lin Moyu expected. He thought he would fall almost instantly.

Then a flame flickered in Lin Moyu's hand. Soul Blaze fell silently.

Tatar screamed, nearly dropping his greatsword.

The Ironscale Python trembled, howling in agony.

"So that's it."

"Ancestral bloodlines, aside from a slightly higher attributes, they're nothing special."

Lin Moyu understood now: it wasn't that Tatar's health was unusually high. The Ironscale Python was absorbing most of the damage.

When Soul Blaze hit Tatar, the Ironscale Python suffered too.

Now that he knew, it all made sense.

He just needed to keep up the assault a little longer.

Chapter 502: Dragon Emperor's Palm Strike; Law Crystal

The Ironscale Python's exceptional health greatly enhanced Tatar's own health.

Combined with his formidable offensive power and the Primordial Rune's tenfold damage amplification, he became a truly terrifying force.

Any other class user would have struggled to contain him.

But Lin Moyu was confident in his victory. His only concern was preventing Tatar's escape.

Given their level gap, if Tatar chose to flee, stopping him wouldn't be easy—this kind of situation had happened far too often.

But not this time. Lin Moyu was determined to ensure they never left the secret realm.

Tatar fought bitterly, realizing—amid his growing rage—that he had no chance of winning.

He roared, “What are you standing around for? Help me!”

Tashir hesitated, anxious.

It wasn't that he didn't want to help, but what difference could he make?

If even Tatar was being overwhelmed, what could he possibly do?

Still, with Tatar calling him, he had no choice.

Brandishing his sword, he gathered his strength and charged forward.

Lin Moyu noted Tashir's weakened aura, likely the toll of repeatedly activating his atavistic bloodline. That kind of damage didn't heal easily.

He only offered token resistance, allowing Tashir to step into the battlefield.

By the time Tashir realized something was wrong, he was already surrounded.

Lin Moyu sighed inwardly, feeling that dealing with Dragonkind was easier than with Demons.

The Enhance Troops skill had just 15 seconds remaining. There was no time to delay.

The remaining Skeletal Berserk Warriors, still holding their skill in reserve, surged forward and unleashed their full power.

Some of the attacks targeted Tashir directly.

Simultaneously, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen concentrated their fire on him.

Unlike Tatar, Tashir had no Ironscale Python to absorb the damage. He was severely wounded in an instant.

“I can’t hold on anymore!” Tashir cried out in panic.

Tatar scowled, “Useless. Activate your atavistic bloodline—we’ll break out. You go first.”

Tashir glanced at him bitterly. Why him first?

He’d already activated his atavistic bloodline twice in recent days. A third time could damage his very foundation.

But defying Tatar wasn't an option. After years of following him, obedience had become instinct.

With a sky-shaking roar, a Divine Dragon phantom erupted into being, sweeping aside the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Using the power of atavistic bloodline, the two tried to escape.

Tatar bellowed, "You win this time. But next time, I'll kill you!."

Lin Moyu shook his head, "There won't be a next time."

He had already let Tashir escape once. He wouldn't make that mistake again.

From the start, Lin Moyu had prepared the Poison God's Blood Essence.

The Poison Lich appeared in response.

As a green glow lit the air, Tashir's face turned pale.

“No! This poison... it's too strong!”

Tatar suddenly realized something—the poison guarding the secret realm's entrance had been extremely potent.

Without hesitation, he activated his atavistic bloodline again.

This time, it was stronger than Tashir's.

The Divine Dragon phantom solidified further, sweeping aside the surrounding skeletons.

The two brothers bolted at full speed. But, the Poison Lich was faster.

A green streak tore through the air and crashed into them.

In the next instant, a wave of poison silently surged outward.

Suddenly, a crystal amulet shot out from Tatar. A roar echoed from within—and then, it exploded.

Golden light burst forth, enveloping the brothers and shielding them from the poison.

A spatial channel opened ahead, and a massive hand reached through and pulled them inside.

But the Ironscale Python wasn't so lucky. Caught in the poison gas, it wailed in agony.

Even after the brothers vanished, the spatial channel remained.

An eye emerged behind it, and a terrifying voice echoed: “Human, you’re seeking death!”

The giant hand extended once more, striking toward Lin Moyu, crossing thousands of meters in an instant.

An overwhelming force swept through the air, causing Lin Moyu to tense instinctively.

He felt an unshakable pressure locking onto him—there was no escape.

The power behind the palm was vast, rivaling even that of the Demon Emperor’s finger.

Lin Moyu recognized the owner of the giant hand. It was the Dragon Emperor, the mightiest being of the Dragonkind.

Not only had the Dragon Emperor rescued Tatar and Tashir, but he also intended to kill Lin Moyu.

At this moment, Lin Moyu faced a choice: risk his life and take the hit, or teleport to safety.

He could use the Abyssal Teleportation Stone to escape to the Abyssal World, activate Antares' Dragon Bead to return to the upper layer, or rely on Shenxia City's mark to return there.

But Lin Moyu didn't flee. He wanted to test the gap between himself and the Dragon Emperor.

If defeat was inevitable, he could still retreat.

Once the thought took root, it ignited something deep within him.

Since his class awakening, few battles had truly stirred his blood.

Not even the Angel Holy Spirit or the Fire Demon King had done it.

But now, he faced the Dragon Emperor, a being equivalent to a half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse.

Lin Moyu was fired up.

His undead army surged forward to shield him.

Enhance Troops still had five seconds left, boosting attributes of the undead troops by 200%.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen opened fire on the massive hand.

Thirty-three Lich Generals formed a protective wall around Lin Moyu.

At this point, he took out a crystal.

The moment it appeared, thunder roared and lightning cracked the sky, silver serpents illuminating the entire secret realm.

[Law Crystal (lightning): mythical-grade material. Contains lightning elemental law power.]

Lin Moyu wasn't sure how powerful an Elemental Lich summoned with a mythical-grade material would be, but it had to surpass the Poison Lich summoned with the Poison God's Blood Essence.

Aside from detonating the Poison God's corpse, this was his greatest trump card.

The Dragon Emperor's palm ignored the undead troops' attacks and plunged into their ranks.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors were the first to be crushed, shattering like porcelain.

Anything the hand touched disintegrated.

Lin Moyu had expected this.

The Dragon Emperor's strike was simply too overwhelming. Even his Comprehensive Link talent couldn't help.

He felt a peculiar force within the palm—similar to the Law Crystal he held.

“Is this... law power?” He wondered.

Then, amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, a two-meter-tall Elemental Lich emerged, cloaked in crackling electricity.

Its aura was volatile, as if it might explode at any second.

The moment it appeared, a colossal bolt of purple lightning crashed down from the sky, striking the Dragon Emperor's palm with thunderous force.

The Dragon Emperor's massive palm froze midair, its overwhelming aura visibly diminished.

Beneath the undead troops' feet, the Lightning Rings turned a vivid purple, their energy surging.

A relentless storm of lightning bolts rained down on the massive palm, steadily eating away at its power.

The skeletons continued to fall. Although weakened, the palm still held enough force to annihilate them instantly.

In the next instant, the unstable Lightning Lich streaked through the sky like a bolt of lightning, seemingly teleporting to the spatial channel.

The surrounding poison gas was incinerated on contact, powerless before the lightning's might.

Without hesitation, the Lightning Lich dove into the spatial channel.

Within his spirit world, Lin Moyu sensed it arrive at a distant location in an instant. And then it exploded.

A blinding flash lit up his spirit world, followed by a furious, shocked voice echoing from the spatial channel.

Lin Moyu couldn't see it, but he could feel the terrifying force of the blast.

The Lightning Lich's aura far exceeded that of ordinary God-level powerhouses—stronger even than Meng Anwen or Bai Yiyuan.

Crackling lightning surged back through the spatial channel, swiftly disintegrating the surrounding poison gas.

The spatial channel itself convulsed and twisted, and then collapsed entirely.

The lightning's ability to completely erase the Poison God's gas was proof of its overwhelming power.

Having self-destructed, the Lightning Lich returned to the Lich space, ready to be summoned again.

With the spatial channel gone, the Dragon Emperor's giant palm lost its source of power.

Though still formidable, it weakened rapidly.

The undead troops, undeterred by death, continued to sacrifice themselves, draining the remaining strength of the Dragon Emperor's palm.

At last, after the loss of over 10,000 skeletons, the Dragon Emperor's palm finally dissipated.

“So strong...”

Lin Moyu clenched his fists. He had actually managed to block it.

Chapter 503: The Derivative Blood Pool

The Dragon Emperor's strike, though weakened by traveling through the spatial channel, was still devastating.

Even in its diminished state, it wasn't something easily defended against.

Had the Lightning Lich not self-destructed and shattered the spatial channel—cutting off the strike’s source of power—Lin Moyu estimated he would have needed to teleport to escape.

His life hadn’t truly been in danger. Lin Moyu knew this, which was why he had dared to take such bold risks.

Otherwise, he would have fled the moment the strike came.

“The losses are quite significant.” Lin Moyu murmured.

Over 10,000 skeletons were destroyed, which constituted nearly a third of his undead army.

The cost was steep, but worth it.

Because Lin Moyu had experienced the aura of a half-step Transcendent God-level being, an opportunity beyond rare.

Moreover, summoning the Lightning Lich using a Law Crystal had granted him a direct taste of that extraordinary power.

There was a distinct resonance between the power of the Dragon Emperor and the Lightning Lich.

Though Lin Moyu didn't yet fully understand it, he engraved that sensation into memory.

In time, it would prove invaluable.

The Ironscale Python had succumbed to the poison. Its massive body was too large, even for the Dragon Emperor to retrieve.

Without the Ironscale Python, the atavistic bloodline Dragonkind was nothing special

At this moment, Lin Moyu no longer cared for anything beneath God-level. His gaze was now set on Demon Kings and Dragon Kings.

"I don't think it'll be long before I can face them head-on... without relying on external power."

He began summoning skeletons to rebuild his army.

At the same time, he calmly reviewed the battle, weighing gains against losses.

This was his habit.

Every fight, no matter how small, was a source of growth. And that growth, in the long run, was more valuable than any treasure.

Meanwhile, in the Dragonkind World, a palace shaped like a Divine Dragon floated in midair.

Terrifying, violent energy perpetually surged around it, and occasional thunderous roars echoed from within.

The palace loomed like a mountain suspended in the sky, intimidating to behold.

It was the Dragon Emperor Palace, a sacred place in the hearts of the Dragonkind.

But just minutes earlier, a deafening thunderclap and a blinding lightning strike tore through the skies, blasting a massive hole in the palace's dragon-shaped structure.

Half of the dragon head was obliterated.

Then came the Dragon Emperor's thunderous, furious roar: "Lin Moyu, I will see you dead!"

The Lightning Lich's explosion had far exceeded Lin Moyu's expectations.

The Lightning God had been a half a step away from becoming a high-tier God, and upon her death, all her divine power had been condensed into 10 Law Crystals.

Each crystal brimmed with terrifying power.

Lin Moyu had used just one, unleashing its full force by summoning the Elemental Lich.

Even the Dragon Emperor couldn't stop it.

Having his palace destroyed was a disgrace the Dragon Emperor could not tolerate.

His fury was entirely justified.

Tatar and Tashir, who had barely escaped with their lives, were now scorched black from the blast.

The Dragon Emperor's protection had saved them. Without it, they'd be dead.

Now, trembling uncontrollably, they were filled with dread.

If Lin Moyu had used that skill from the start, they would've been vaporized instantly.

A cold snort echoed from ahead. The two brothers dropped to their knees, heads bowed, not daring to look up.

Tatar's pride as a bearer of an atavistic bloodline had completely vanished.

After all, before them stood the Dragon Emperor, the undisputed sovereign of the Dragonkind.

They had only survived thanks to the talisman he had given them.

The Dragon Emperor's voice was still laced with fury, "You two good-for-nothings."

Neither dared make a sound, their foreheads nearly touching the ground.

“Rest for a few days.” The Emperor commanded coldly, “Then return to the Wind-Lightning Continent and regain control of the secret realm.”

At those words, both brothers shuddered.

They had to go back?

If they ran into Lin Moyu again, they would almost certainly die.

At this moment, a crystal talisman appeared before Tatar.

“Use this if you meet Lin Moyu again. Activate it immediately. Understood?”

Tatar took the talisman, “Understood.”

The Dragon Emperor waved his hand, “Now leave.”

The two didn’t dare linger another second and immediately scrambled away.

Once they left, the Dragon Emperor's gaze turned contemplative: "Unexpected... Lin Moyu actually possesses the Lightning God's Law Crystal."

"So the Lightning God was the one who fell a few days ago..."

"What on earth happened back then? Why did almost all the Gods perish?"

"Judging by the crystal's power, the Lightning God had already reached the threshold of the high-tier God realm. Even she couldn't survive..."

"What exactly happened back then?"

"Lin Moyu was likely the last person to see the Lightning God alive. He might know something."

"I hope those two run into him again."

"I want to capture him and question him face-to-face."

His muttering gradually faded, and silence returned to the Dragon Emperor Palace.

After leaving the palace, Tatar and Tashir both looked visibly relieved.

“Good thing the Dragon Emperor still trusts us.” Tashir said.

Tatar shuddered, “Yeah... I still can’t believe that level 53 human is that powerful.”

“We need to be more cautious next time. If we see him again, we use the talisman immediately. Let the Dragon Emperor kill him.”

“Exactly. Let him handle it.”

Little did they know, they had already become pawns of the Dragon Emperor.

The Dragon Emperor wanted to capture Lin Moyu, but couldn’t act personally, so he had to use on others.

Meanwhile, within the secret realm, Lin Moyu had already replenished his undead army.

He now stood before the pool, deep in thought.

Earlier, he had witnessed the flesh and blood of the Ironscale Python fall into this very pool, only for a swarm of level 70 Ironscale Pythons to emerge soon after.

Though smaller and not particularly strong, the auras of these level 70 Ironscale Pythons were identical to that of the original Ironscale Python.

The secret clearly lay within the pool.

Yet to the naked eye, it looked ordinary—slightly murky, but otherwise unremarkable.

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell.

[Derivative Blood Pool (advanced): a pool formed from the blood of Derivative Beasts. Possesses the ability to replicate living creatures from their flesh and blood.]

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed with curiosity.

So this was no ordinary pool. It was formed from the blood of a type of creature called Derivative Beast.

A thought immediately surfaced in his mind.

The secret realm had once been home to the Derivative Beasts.

At some point, the Dragonkind discovered it, and with it, the secret of the Derivative Beasts' blood.

They launched an invasion, slaughtered countless Derivative Beasts, and collected their blood to create the pool now before him.

That also explained why, upon entering the secret realm, he had found a Dragonkind fortress within the woods.

Clearly, a massive war had taken place here in the past.

In the end, the Dragonkind emerged victorious.

The mystery was solved. The Dragonkind hadn't developed some new puppet technology; they had seized control of the Derivative Blood Pool.

Draining monsters of their blood was a cruel method, but Lin Moyu knew the Dragonkind were more than capable of such brutality.

“The Derivative Blood Pool can replicate Dragonkind puppets and Ironscale Pythons... I wonder if it can replicate me?”

He let a drop of his blood fall into the pool.

At first, nothing happened.

“Is it useless?”

But then, the pool suddenly began to boil violently.

Moments later, a figure identical to Lin Moyu emerged from the pool.

“It really can replicate me. But can it replicate my skills too?”

Before he could finish speaking, the replica shattered with a loud crack, vanishing completely.

“It shattered?” Lin Moyu was stunned.

“The pool can replicate level 70 Dragonkind Battle Generals... but not me, a level 53?”

“Even accounting for restrictions, it should be able to handle anyone below level 70.”

If there were no restrictions, the Dragonkind would have mass-produced God-level beings and wiped out all Demons and humans long ago.

He tried several more times, but the results didn’t change. The replicas quickly shattered.

“But why didn’t the Ironscale Python replicas shatter?”

Lin Moyu was completely baffled and had no choice but to give up for now.

Taking out a barrel, he filled it with the pool’s liquid.

He planned to show it to Meng Anwen—perhaps he would know something.

If the chance arose, he could also consult Antares. That guy claimed to know everything, after all.

After leaving the secret realm, Lin Moyu glanced back at its entrance.

The poison gas still lingered, showing no signs of dispersing anytime soon.

With it around, entering the secret realm would be nearly impossible.

Even the Dragonkind would struggle to reclaim it.

Leaving the secret realm by using some item was easy, but returning was another matter.


But Lin Moyu couldn't stay here forever; he had other things to do.

If anyone was to guard this place, it should fall to the military.

“Time to head back.”

Chapter 504: You Haven't Passed My Test





Antares blinked drowsily, his eyelids fluttering.

He'd just been awakened but showed no sign of annoyance. Instead, a faint trace of joy flickered in his eyes.

Not far away, a spatial channel was forming.

From within, the distinct aura of a Dragon Bead radiated—Lin Moyu was returning.

Moments later, Lin Moyu stepped out of the spatial channel.

Antares quickly shut his eyes again, feigning indifference. But the slight tremble in his eyelids gave him away.

Lin Moyu found it amusing. This ancient, unimaginably powerful being was behaving like a child.

There was no way he hadn't noticed Lin Moyu's return.

Clearly, Antares was pretending the Dragon Bead wasn't important. Was he worried Lin Moyu would demand a steep price in return?

Still, wasn't this act a bit too childish?

"Antares, wake up. I'm back." Lin Moyu played along, deliberately raising his voice.

No response.

Lin Moyu chuckled inwardly, "He's really going all in with this."

"Antares, wake up. I'm back!"

This time he repeated it louder.

Finally, Antares stirred. His eyelids lifted slowly, revealing eyes larger than Lin Moyu's entire body.

"Oh, you're back."

Lin Moyu held out the Dragon Bead, "Here's what you wanted."

With a dismissive grunt, Antares casually inhaled, drawing the bead into his mouth. His demeanor remained calm, but Lin Moyu could tell he was agitated.

The Dragon Bead clearly meant a lot to him.

For reasons Lin Moyu couldn't fathom, Antares couldn't retrieve it himself. He had to rely on others.

It wasn't the first time either. Years ago, Jiang Yi had retrieved one for him as well.

Whether anyone else had done the same, Lin Moyu didn't know.

Antares was proud, absurdly so.

Most weren't even worth his attention. Even Yan Kuangsheng, regarded as Bai Yiyuan's equal, was dismissed by him. The same went for Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen.

A low snort escaped Antares. A sudden gust of wind followed, nearly knocking Lin Moyu off balance.

Then, a stream of Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence soared toward him, lining up neatly before him.

Antares said, "This is the final payment."

Lin Moyu accepted them without hesitation.

A full 100 pieces. Not a trivial amount.

With them, he could summon 100 Fire Liches, each capable of a fake God-level attack.

He once valued the Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence greatly.

But now, with the Poison God's corpse in hand and an abundant supply of Poison God's Blood Essence, its importance had faded.

Antares spoke in a low rumble, "The first deal is complete. You've passed my test. Now we can discuss the real deal."

Before he could continue, Lin Moyu interrupted, "Antares, before that, I have questions."

“More questions?” Antares grunted, “My answers aren’t free. They’ll serve as a down payment for our next deal.”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “No. That won’t do.”

Antares suddenly erupted with a violent aura, his massive eyes locking onto Lin Moyu.

He wanted to see what gave Lin Moyu the audacity to speak to him like that.

His breath raged more fiercely than the storms of the Wind-Lightning Continent.

"Little bastard! Do you even know who you're talking to? No one dares bargain with me!"

But Lin Moyu remained calm, “Maybe not before. But now, someone has.”

“You say I passed your test. But you haven’t passed mine.”

Antares paused, then burst out laughing, “Your test? What test?”

Lin Moyu asked, “Aren’t you supposed to know everything?”

Antares snorted, proud, “Naturally. There’s nothing in this world I don’t know.”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “During our first deal, I asked you a question. The answer you gave me was wrong.”

“Therefore, I can’t trust the answers you give me. That’s why the second deal is on hold.”

Antares roared, “Impossible! I have never been wrong!”

Lin Moyu saw the reaction and pressed on, “Then what if you are?”

Antares loomed closer, speaking gravely, “If I’m wrong, I’ll answer all your questions from now on. But if you try to deceive me, I’ll eat you.”

“It’s a deal. No backing out.”

“It’s a deal!” Antares said, brimming with confidence.

He had lived for countless years. Even before the founding of the Shenxia Empire, he had existed.

His main body was stuck in the heart of the core area, but through countless avatars, he had witnessed the rise and fall of history and the relentless passage of time.

He was certain there was nothing he didn’t know.

Then, Lin Moyu drew out a bottle filled with black powder, “You know what this is, right?”

Antares’s eyes narrowed. Then, with a sudden jolt, he recoiled, “Putrid Corpse Poison!”

Though his massive body stayed still, his eyes were full of caution. Even he feared it.

Lin Moyu had expected that he would recognize the poison.

The Putrid Corpse Poison had been extracted from Dongfang Yao’s mother by Medicine God Shu, and it was low-grade.

“Last time, you told me Putrid Corpse Poison is incurable, didn’t you?”

“Of course.” Antares said without hesitation, “It comes from a forbidden skill. No cure exists.”

Lin Moyu uncorked the bottle. Antares backed away, visibly alarmed.

“What are you doing?”

Lin Moyu smiled, “Watch.”

He poured the black powder into his bare hand.

Antares’s eyes went wide, his large head struggling to comprehend what he was seeing.

“Are you mad? You’ll die!”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “Just wait.”

After a moment, he frowned, “Why isn’t it working?”

Only then did he realize—he was immune to all abnormal statuses and had 100% poison elemental immunity.

The Putrid Corpse Poison had no effect on him.

Antares stared in disbelief, “Why... why aren’t you poisoned? Is this poison fake? That’s impossible!”

“I’ll show you.” Lin Moyu, now understanding the situation, reluctantly summoned a skeleton and sprinkled the poison on it.

He hadn’t intended to use a skeleton.

After all, with his Focus Power skill, he could replicate the Lich General’s skill and cure himself.

But in the end, it was the only way for the demonstration to proceed.

The skeleton was instantly afflicted. Black fumes—the telltale sign of Putrid Corpse Poison—rose from its bones.

Lin Moyu asked, “My skeleton is poisoned, correct?”

Still stunned, Antares nodded, “Correct.”

Lin Moyu then summoned a Lich General.

A flash of white light enveloped the skeleton, and the poison vanished. Its bones returned white again, free of any traces of the poison.

Antares blinked repeatedly. “This... this is impossible. This is impossible.”

He repeated himself, refusing to accept what he'd seen.

"The facts are in front of you." Lin Moyu said calmly, "The so-called incurable poison, you just saw my summon neutralize it."

"I was going to test it on myself, but I can't be poisoned anymore."

Antares stared at him, "Right... why not?"

"My passive skill grants complete immunity to abnormal statuses." Lin Moyu explained, "And my poison immunity is at 100%."

Antares let out a strangled cry, "That's impossible! No human can reach 100%! The cap is 90%!"

Lin Moyu shrugged, "Looks like there's still a lot you don't know."

Chapter 505: Trading Questions And Answers Like Old Friends

At last, Antares lowered his head in resignation, “Alright, I admit there are things in this world I don’t know.”

“Since that’s the case, ask me whatever you want. I’ll answer what I can.”

He slumped his head to the ground, defeated.

That was exactly what Lin Moyu wanted to hear.

“I’ve got a lot of questions. Brace yourself.”

“Go ahead. Let’s just call it a chat.” Antares sighed, looking at Lin Moyu like he was some kind of freak.

Lin Moyu began, “Do you know about Derivative Beasts?”

“I do. Like this.”

Light shimmered in front of Antares, forming a creature with four legs, a slender body, and a tail longer than the rest of its form.

To Lin Moyu, it resembled a four-legged serpent.

“The Dragonkind discovered a large number of them in a secret realm.” Lin Moyu said, “They wiped them out and created a Derivative Blood Pool to replicate Dragonkind Battle General Puppets.”

Antares scoffed, “I know. The Derivative Blood Pool is just a high-grade item. It can only replicate creatures up to level 70. Not that useful.”

“And here’s a secret: the Dragonkind are asking for death by doing this.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes narrowed, “Why do you say that?”

Antares shook his head, “That’s one question I can’t answer. Ask something else.”

Lin Moyu didn’t push further. He knew when to stop.

“Alright, next question. Why can’t the pool replicate me?”

Antares answered casually, "It only works on lower-tier races."

This time, Lin Moyu was the one stunned.

Antares burst into laughter, relishing the shift in dynamic. At last, he had the upper hand.

He chose not to elaborate, intent on frustrating Lin Moyu. No matter how much Moyu pressed, he wouldn't say another word.

Antares believed he was masking his emotions well, but the smug glint in his eyes gave him away.

Seeing that, Lin Moyu didn't follow up. Instead, he began asking unrelated, trivial questions.

Antares quickly grew irritated. He cursed Lin Moyu silently and began calling him "little bastard" while answering, trying to vent.

Lin Moyu didn't care and kept calling him by name.

Despite the vast power gap between them, the two now talked like old friends.

Antares was actually curious about Lin Moyu's class, but pride held him back from asking directly.

Through their continued exchange, however, he managed to piece together a few key details—especially how Lin Moyu had achieved 100% poison elemental immunity.

When Lin Moyu finally brought out the corpse of the Poison God and laid it before him, Antares was stunned once again.

"Little Bastard, do you even know what you've gotten your hands on?" Antares's tone grew serious, an overwhelming aura radiating from him.

Under its pressure, the Poison God's aura was completely suppressed.

This wasn't just a bone or severed limb. It was a complete God corpse. Its aura was so potent, even the Shenxia Tower might not be able to contain it.

Lin Moyu said, "It's a complete God corpse. By studying it, the human race could produce more God-level powerhouses, or help existing ones advance."

"I know I shouldn't reveal it. But it's in my hands, and sooner or later, I'll have to use it."

Antares snorted, “You don’t know a damn thing. Everything you know probably came from that guy Jiang Yi.”

Lin Moyu nodded. His understanding of Gods had indeed started with Jiang Yi.

When Jiang Yi gave him the God finger, he’d strictly warned him not to show it to anyone.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan had echoed the sentiment.

But a finger was nothing compared to an intact God corpse. And this was a mid-tier God corpse

Antares continued, “Gods don’t typically leave corpses behind. They’re heaven’s darlings, the ultimate embodiment of elemental forces.”

“They’re nearly impossible to kill. Even in death, a sliver of life usually lingers.”

“Just finding a small remnant of a God is already incredibly rare. But for you to get your hands on an entire God corpse... I’m starting to think you might be the heavens’ illegitimate child.”

His eyes narrowed, regarding Lin Moyu like some rare anomaly.

Lin Moyu chuckled, “Sure, let’s go with that. So... what exactly can you do with a God corpse?”

Antares replied, “Didn’t I just say? Gods are ultimate elemental manifestations. Isn’t it obvious what that means?”

“It’s not.” Lin Moyu admitted honestly. He truly didn’t know.

Human education was always gradual. You only learned what you could handle—too much knowledge too early could be dangerous.

Antares explained, “Ultimate elemental manifestation means laws. You should already sense it. There’s a strong law aura emanating from this one.”

“All Gods carry law auras. The Poison God, being a mid-tier God, has a stronger one. A low-tier God, like the Fire God, has a weaker law aura.”

“That’s why God corpses are treasures. They contain laws. By studying them, God-level powerhouses can progress further.”

This time, Antares spoke at length, generously sharing his knowledge to help Lin Moyu grasp the true value of a God corpse.

Each God represented a different element.

All human classes had elemental skills, and advancing them required deeper understanding of the associated laws.

Lin Moyu grasped the significance, but a new question arose, “But... as far as I know, no human classes use poison-type skills.”

Antares snorted, “Ever heard of drawing inferences?”

“What about this, then?”

With a burst of thunder and lightning, a powerful new aura erupted, stronger even than that of the Poison God’s corpse.

Lin Moyu had brought out a lightning-type Law Crystal.

Antares gave it a brief glance and said, “A Law Crystal is undoubtedly valuable. For lightning-type Mages, a lightning-type Law Crystal is a priceless treasure.”

“Even a full set of legendary-grade gear can’t compare to this little thing.”

He paused, then asked, “By the way, how did you find the Lightning God?”

Lin Moyu recounted the story.

Antares sighed bitterly, “That woman was a fool. I told her not to go, but she insisted, and now she’s dead.”

“She had a chance to resurrect, but refused. Said she wanted to preserve her true self. Gods... always so stubborn.”

It was clear they had once been close.

Lin Moyu opened his mouth to ask more, but Antares cut him off, “Don’t ask. I won’t answer.”

As he spoke, a beam of light shot from his eyes, striking the Poison God’s corpse.

The overwhelming aura quickly faded.

“I’ve sealed it.” Antares said, “Don’t take it out again unless absolutely necessary. Your human race isn’t as stable as you think.”

Lin Moyu put the corpse away before saying sincerely, “Thank you.”

Antares snorted, “You’re welcome. Any more questions?”

They had spoken for quite a while. Antares assumed Lin Moyu was done—but he wasn’t.

“There’s one more thing.” Lin Moyu said, “It’s about Shenxia City. I entered the Thunderclap Tower and saw some visions...”

He described what he’d seen.

Antares shook his head, “I know of the city. But it predates me. I don’t know its origins.”

For the first time, Antares admitted to not knowing something.

Lin Moyu was stunned. Shenxia City was older than even Antares?

A sense of awe washed over him. He was now certain the city's origin was anything but ordinary.

Chapter 506: Black Dragon Guild, Get Out Here and Die!

Lin Moyu and Antares reached a new agreement under fair and pleasant terms.

Lin Moyu was tasked with going to the lower layer again to enter the Dragon King Hall dungeon.

According to Antares, Lin Moyu was currently the only human qualified to access it.

However, the dungeon had a minimum level requirement of 70—one Lin Moyu had yet to meet.

Unfortunately, even Antares had no solution for that.

As for what lay inside the Dragon King Hall, Antares claimed ignorance. He had never set foot in it himself.

What he did know was that a Dragon Bead resided within. Lin Moyu had to retrieve it.

As for the reward, Antares painted a grand picture for Lin Moyu, saying it involved the secret to becoming a Transcendent God-level powerhouse.

It was an offer Lin Moyu could not refuse. Becoming such a Transcendent God-level powerhouse was his ultimate dream.

Antares understood this well and used it to seal the deal.

Still, Lin Moyu didn't hold it against him. On the contrary, he felt he had already gained a huge advantage.

Yet, with no down payment offered, it remained to be seen who would benefit more in the end.

In the White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen sipped tea with a relaxed air.

Bai Yiyuan had just returned and glared at him with annoyance.

"Why didn't you tell me Moyu was safe?"

"I had to wait in the Hall of Heroes all this time—it was so boring. That was a low move."

Meng Anwen sensed Lin Moyu's return to the upper layer and promptly informed Bai Yiyuan.

Meng Anwen smiled lightly, "I didn't tell you, but you could've asked. You used to ask constantly."

Bai Yiyuan huffed, "I forgot, okay? Anyway, it's good that Moyu's fine. That kid's already a three-star godly general—impressive."

Meng Anwen nodded, "Unexpected, but true. He even obtained a second Primordial Rune. His bound to surpass us in the future."

Bai Yiyuan agreed without hesitation, "His goal is to become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse—far beyond our reach."

"Yes, indeed."

Just then, space rippled faintly, and Bai Yiyuan's face lit up, "Moyu's here."

Meng Anwen smiled, "That was fast."

Moments later, footsteps echoed, and Lin Moyu entered.

"Teachers, I'm back."

Bai Yiyuan beamed like a proud father, peppering Lin Moyu with questions. Lin Moyu patiently recounted everything that had occurred in the lower layer.

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Moyu's adventures should be published in textbooks."

Bai Yiyuan added, "That Venomous Flood Dragon—you know, I once tried to kill it with Madman Yan. We failed. And now it's been slain by Moyu."

Lin Moyu took out the Venomous Flood Dragon's materials, "Teachers, I've already used up most of the spinal fluid, so this is what's left."

“But I still have the bones and fascia.”

Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen exchanged glances, both smiling.

Lin Moyu offered up the precious items without hesitation.

Although they were legendary-grade materials, but they no longer held much use for him.

After a bit of polite back-and-forth, Meng Anwen accepted the fascia and half the bones.

As for the spinal fluid, neither teacher took it.

At their level, growth came not from materials, but from the comprehension of laws and power.

“Teacher Meng, please open the Shenxia Tower and activate its formations.”

Seeing Lin Moyu so serious, Meng Anwen grew solemn as well. He summoned the Shenxia Tower and brought all three of them inside.

Within the tower, there was an isolated space, layered with formations that completely suppressed any aura.

Lin Moyu took out the corpse of the Poison God.

After Antares sealed it, the aura of the corpse diminished to less than a tenth of its original strength.

Even so, it still far surpassed that of the God finger.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan gasped in shock.

“A God corpse...” Bai Yiyuan’s voice trembled with excitement. Instinctively, he reached out to touch it.

“Don’t!” Lin Moyu shouted, “The corpse is poisonous!”

At the same time, a flash of light shot from Meng Anwen’s fingertip, striking Bai Yiyuan and blasting him back several dozen meters.

“So old, yet still so careless.” Meng Anwen said with irritation.

Lin Moyu explained, “Teachers, this is the corpse of the Poison God. The entire body is toxic. I used its blood essence to kill a God-level Demon King avatar.”

Meng Anwen added, “The Poison God was a mid-tier God, no weaker than either of us. His poison is incredibly troublesome. Once infected, purging it will take immense effort.”

Bai Yiyuan’s face flushed, but he didn’t argue. He knew he’d been careless.

Lin Moyu asked, “Is it possible to comprehend laws from the corpse?”

Meng Anwen shook his head, “The corpse may be valuable, but it’s of no use to us. We don’t understand the poison elemental law, and with little to no experience, it’s nearly impossible to draw inferences from it.”

Though Antares had said it was possible, he spoke from a much higher vantage point.

For Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan, it was far from easy.

It wasn’t like the God finger Jiang Yi had given last time—though its law aura was faint, it was at least usable.

Lin Moyu reluctantly put away the corpse. Then he took out a lightning-type Law Crystal.

“What about this?” He asked.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan examined it, and their expressions lit up.

Bai Yiyuan exclaimed, “Good heavens. A Law Crystal. This is amazing.”

“Among the entire human race, only the old man has a wind-type Law Crystal.”

Meng Anwen nodded, “To us, this lightning-type Law Crystal is more valuable than the Poison God’s corpse.”

“Both Old Bai and I have lightning elemental skills. We can definitely gain insights from it.”

“I’m glad it’s useful.” Lin Moyu said, pleased to be able to help Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan.

As he spoke, Lin Moyu produced another Law Crystals, handing one to each of them.

He had set these aside from the beginning, including one for Yan Kuangsheng.

One had already been expended in a self-destruction attack, leaving six at his disposal.

A Law Crystal, used properly, was equivalent to a full-force blow from a high-tier God.

In addition, Lin Moyu still possessed 105 pieces of Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence and the corpse of the Poison God—its exact store of Poison God's Blood Essence unknown.

The corpse itself remained his ultimate trump card.

He realized then: he held a terrifying arsenal. If he went all out, even a God-level powerhouse like Bai Yiyuan might fall.

Half a day after Lin Moyu returned, a teleportation formation suddenly activated in the skies above the Sakura Kingdom.

Lin Moyu and Bai Yiyuan emerged from the formation and immediately flew toward the capital—Sakurahigashi City—killing intent radiating from both.

This time, they came to kill.

The Black Dragon Guild had crossed a line by colluding with Abyssal Demons, an unforgivable offense in both their eyes.

Bai Yiyuan had previously stated that anyone who consorted with Demons deserved to die.

The Sakura Kingdom wasn't large, and within just an hour after emerging from the teleportation formation, the two were already hovering over Sakurahigashi City.

"Black Dragon Guild, get out here!"

"Black Dragon Guild, get out here!"

"Black Dragon Guild, get out here!"

Bai Yiyuan's voice thundered through Sakurahigashi City, filled with killing intent, shaking the entire city.

Chaos erupted at once.

A large number of top-level class users rose into the sky, surrounding the intruders.

As the capital of the Sakura Kingdom, Sakurahigashi City housed not only the nation's most powerful class users but also a formidable army.

Right now, that army was already on the move.

Before anyone could speak, Bai Yiyuan roared, "Get lost! This has nothing to do with you!"

A God-level aura exploded outward.

Hundreds of top-level class users were crushed from the sky, falling to the ground in disarray, eyes wide with shock.

The opponent was actually a God-level powerhouse.

Lin Moyu's eyes flickered with surprise—he hadn't expected Bai Yiyuan to be this powerful.

From the aura he exuded, Bai Yiyuan was nearly at level 96, just half a step from high-tier God-level, capable of breaking through at any moment.

He hadn't been this strong before. Lin Moyu guessed that the God finger he'd obtained from Jiang Yi had significantly accelerated his progress.

"White God, it's an honor to receive you! Forgive me for not coming to greet you sooner." A deep voice echoed as a figure soared up from the city below.

Bai Yiyuan's presence had finally drawn the attention of the Sakura Kingdom's God-level powerhouses.

Chapter 507: I'll Be Sending You Both To The Afterlife

Bai Yiyuan watched the approaching figure, his expression dark with murderous intent.

"Old Man Yamamoto, no need for pleasantries. I'm not here for your Sakura Kingdom."

Yamamoto No exhaled in relief.

As long as this God of Slaughter wasn't targeting their country, that was enough. Who in their right mind would provoke him?

The Bongja Kingdom incident was still fresh—Bai Yiyuan had nearly razed the entire country single-handedly.

That incident cemented his reputation as the God of Slaughter, a name whispered with dread among God-level powerhouses.

In the Shenxia Empire, there were two notorious madmen: God of Slaughter Bai Yiyuan and Mad God Yan Kuangsheng. Anyone who crossed them was screwed.

However, no one dared call Bai Yiyuan the God of Slaughter to his face. They all called him White God.

"May I ask, White God." Yamamoto No ventured carefully, "What offense has the Black Dragon Guild committed? I'll have them apologize."

Bai Yiyuan shot him a cold glance. "No need. They haven't offended me, and I don't want an apology. They colluded with the Abyssal Demons. They die."

Yamamoto No stiffened. He hadn't expected that.

Bai Yiyuan's hatred for the Abyssal Demons was immense. The Bongja Kingdom incident had stemmed from that very hatred.

Now, the Black Dragon Guild had made the same mistake.

"White God, is there proof?" Yamamoto No grasped at a final, fragile hope.

Bai Yiyuan grinned. "Do I need proof?"

Yamamoto No's face darkened as his final hope crumbled to dust.

In this world, strength ruled. Bai Yiyuan's dominance left no room for protest.

Even if the Sakura Kingdom resented it, they could only grit their teeth and submit.

Yamamoto No fell silent.

But Bai Yiyuan wasn't a man of patience, "You have three seconds. If no one from the Black Dragon Guild shows, I won't be polite."

And everyone knew what “not being polite” meant.

Once Bai Yiyuan lost control, no one could stop him.

This wasn’t Shenxia, and the people here weren’t Shenxians—he could unleash himself without restraint.

Yamamoto No pointed without hesitation and said, “Their estate’s over there.”

It wasn’t a difficult choice. Between the Sakura Kingdom’s people and the Black Dragon Guild, he instinctively chose the latter.

Bai Yiyuan sneered. He’d expected as much.

At the foot of a snow-covered mountain beyond Sakurahigashi City stood a sprawling estate—the Black Dragon Guild’s headquarters.

“They picked a scenic spot.” Bai Yiyuan remarked coldly, eyes gleaming with killing intent.

Yamamoto No exhaled in relief.

At this point, whether the Black Dragon Guild had truly colluded with the Abyssal Demons was irrelevant. Proof? No one cared.

Bai Yiyuan's killing intent surged as he flew toward the estate.

The snowy mountain trembled. Massive sheets of snow crashed down its slopes.

Three figures shot into the sky, each radiating a God-level aura.

Though the Sakura Kingdom was a small nation, it still harbored a few God-level powerhouses.

However, the auras of the three paled in comparison to Bai Yiyuan's.

Among them were two low-tier God-level powerhouses and one mid-tier.

The moment they recognized Bai Yiyuan, their expressions shifted drastically.

One glance from him was enough to silence them.

Hovering above the Black Dragon Guild's headquarters, Bai Yiyuan gazed down at the estate teeming with people.

As the Sakura Kingdom's strongest guild, it boasted many powerful class users.

Among them were no fewer than twenty peak-level level-80-plus class users—normally arrogant and commanding figures with significant influence.

Now, under Bai Yiyuan's suffocating aura, they were as silent as cicadas in winter.

"Abe Inbi, get out here!" Bai Yiyuan's voice boomed as he stared at a particular building, dense with God-level aura.

Inside was the Black Dragon Guild's guild master, Abe Inbi.

Lin Moyu frowned, "Teacher... there's more than one God-level presence in there."

Bai Yiyuan remained calm, "Indeed, there's more than one pest."

A sinister laugh echoed as the door opened, and two men emerged—both God-level powerhouses.

Bai Yiyuan sneered coldly, “Abe Inzuki... you’re here too.”

Abe Inbi and Abe Inzuki were twin brothers, indistinguishable in face, build, and temperament.

Abe Inzuki’s gaze radiated a chilling, inhuman coldness. He chuckled darkly, revealing a pair of sharp fangs, “Bai Yiyuan, didn’t expect to see me again, did you?”

A cold chill gripped Lin Moyu’s heart, “Something’s wrong... he’s not human.”

He whispered, “Teacher, that guy’s... off.”

Bai Yiyuan grunted, “He’s dead. That’s Abe Inbi’s Shikigami now. Seems I was too merciful last time—didn’t kill him thoroughly enough.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes widened in realization.

Abe Inzuki had fallen to Bai Yiyuan before, yet Abe Inbi had turned his brother’s corpse into a Shikigami, a half-human, half-spirit entity.

Onmyoji possessed the cruel skill to bind a recently slain soul before it dispersed, forcing it into eternal servitude. Many used this dark art against their enemies.

Ordinarily, Shikigami lost all memories and consciousness of their former lives. But Abe Inzuki was an exception.

Abe Inzuki clung to the memories and hatred of his past life, his heart burning with a single desire: to flay Bai Yiyuan alive.

He spoke coldly, “The blood feud from back then... I’ll never forget it. And today, I’ll repay it tenfold.”

Bai Yiyuan let out a mocking laugh, “Becoming a Shikigami must’ve rotted your brain. With just you...?”

Abe Inzuki answered only with a chilling laugh.

Beside him, the Black Dragon Guild’s guild master, Abe Inbi, spoke in a low voice, “You must be Lin Moyu, youngest godly general of the Shenxia Empire.”

Lin Moyu’s reputation preceded him. There were few who hadn’t heard his name.

Abe Inbi continued, “Before my son died, he managed to send word back. The one who killed him was you, wasn’t it?”

“To destroy my son’s soul... Godly General Lin, you’re quite capable.”

Abe Yoshino was Abe Inbi’s son. Bai Yiyuan had already briefed Lin Moyu about him on the way here.

With his abilities, Abe Yoshino had no business colluding with the Abyssal Demons.

Without Abe Inbi’s authorization, he wouldn’t have dared target Jialan Lieyang.

It was clear the Black Dragon Guild was involved, and so was Abe Inbi.

Abe Inbi’s voice dropped darker still, “You killed my son, and now you come to wipe out my Black Dragon Guild? Bai Yiyuan, you’ve gone too far.”

His voice was low, almost as if he were muttering to himself."

“Since that’s how it is... don’t blame me for being impolite.”

“White God, you might escape today—but Godly General Lin won’t.”

He suddenly stomped the ground. The entire estate erupted in brilliant light as a barrier enveloped it.

“A barrier...” Bai Yiyuan muttered, “So it’s true. You’ve been colluding with the Abyssal Demons.”

The moment the barrier appeared, the suspicions were confirmed. The Black Dragon Guild was working with the Abyssal Demons.

The Abyssal Demons wielded barriers, while Dragonkind mastered formations.

Humans fused both arts, giving rise to the Formation Master class.

As the barrier shimmered into being, multiple Shikigami appeared behind Abe Inbi.

As a God-level Onmyoji, he could control many Shikigami.

He commanded eight Shikigami in total, one of them being his own brother, Abe Inzuki.

When Lin Moyu's gaze fell upon them, his expression hardened, "Demon Kings..."

Abe Inbi chuckled darkly, "That's right. Demon Kings."

Among his eight Shikigami, two were Abyssal Demon Kings.

Bai Yiyuan muttered, "Using Demon Kings as Shikigami... That's a first. Your ties to the Abyssal Demons must be deep. Even managed to get your hands on recently deceased Demon Kings."

He doubted Abe Inbi had slain them himself. Judging from their aged appearances, they'd likely died of natural causes and fallen into Abe Inbi's hands.

Abe Inbi offered no explanation. Instead, he gave a customary Sakura Kingdom salute toward Bai Yiyuan and Lin Moyu.

"Level 93 Onmyoji, Abe Inbi. I'll be sending you both to the afterlife."

Level 93—mid-tier God-level, with eight God-level Shikigami at his command.

His strength was beyond imagination.