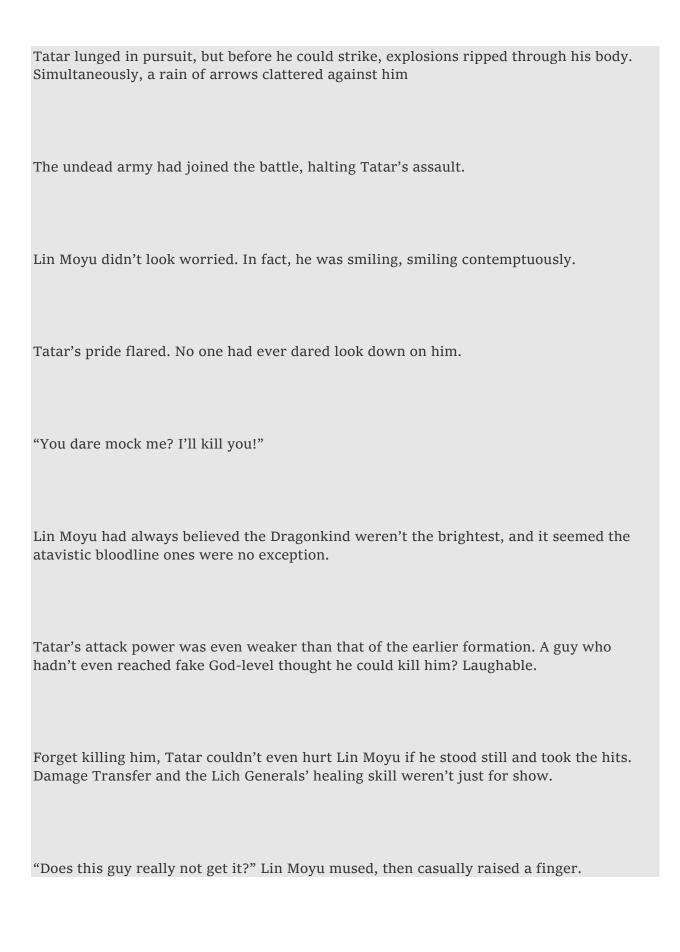
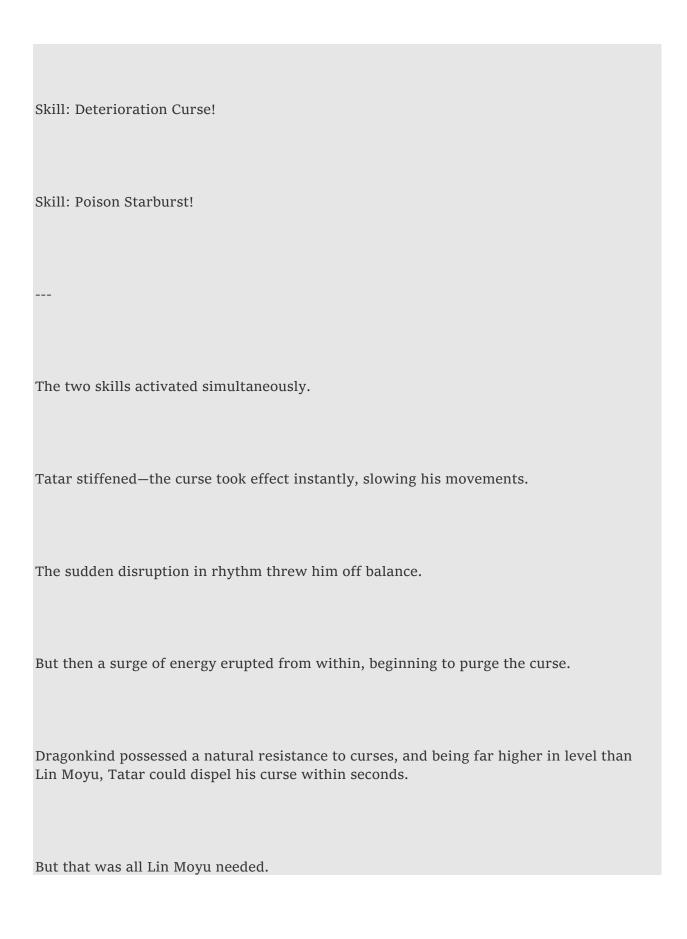
NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 501: Atavistic Bloodlines Are Nothing Special

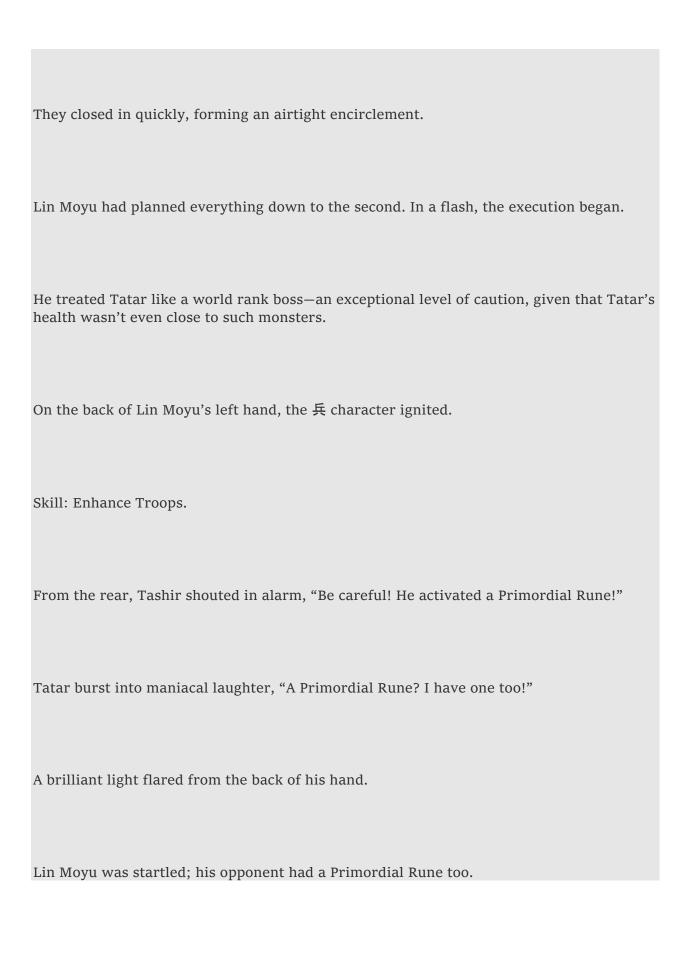
With a deafening crash, Lin Moyu's axe met Tatar's greatsword, and the air trembled, space itself rippling slightly from the force.
Lin Moyu was flung backward, utterly outmatched in raw strength.
He wasn't surprised. Even with Focus Power active, he was only level 53, his strength capped at 1 million.
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.

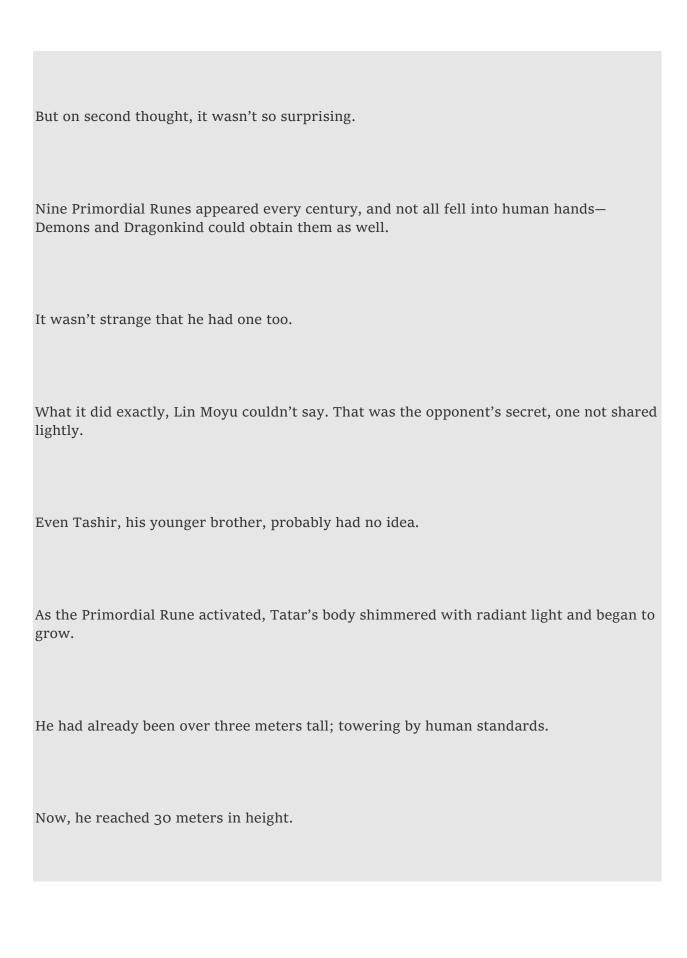
Had Lin Moyu been able to use Berserk Strike, Tatar would've been the one sent flying.
But now
Lin Moyu roughly assessed Tatar's strength.
He was nearing the level of a Dragon King—close, but not quite there, missing some of their defining traits.
This kind of opponent was still manageable.
"You're dead!" 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.
it was rare to face such a wen-matched opponent, and thi moya renshed the chancinge.
Dozens of seconds later, as the effect of Focus Power faded, he swiftly retreated and cast Bone Armor.



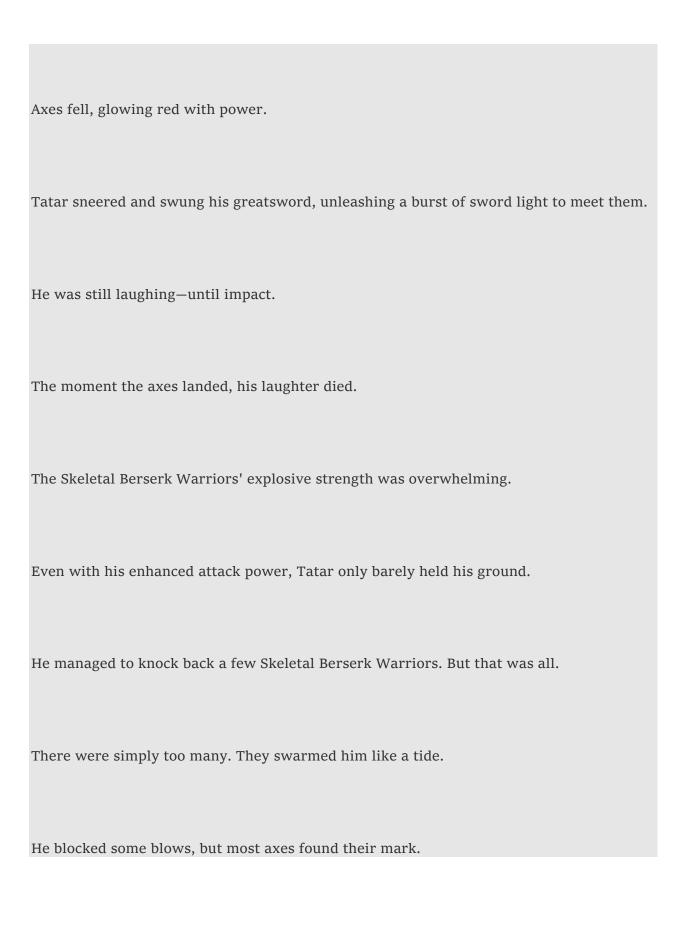


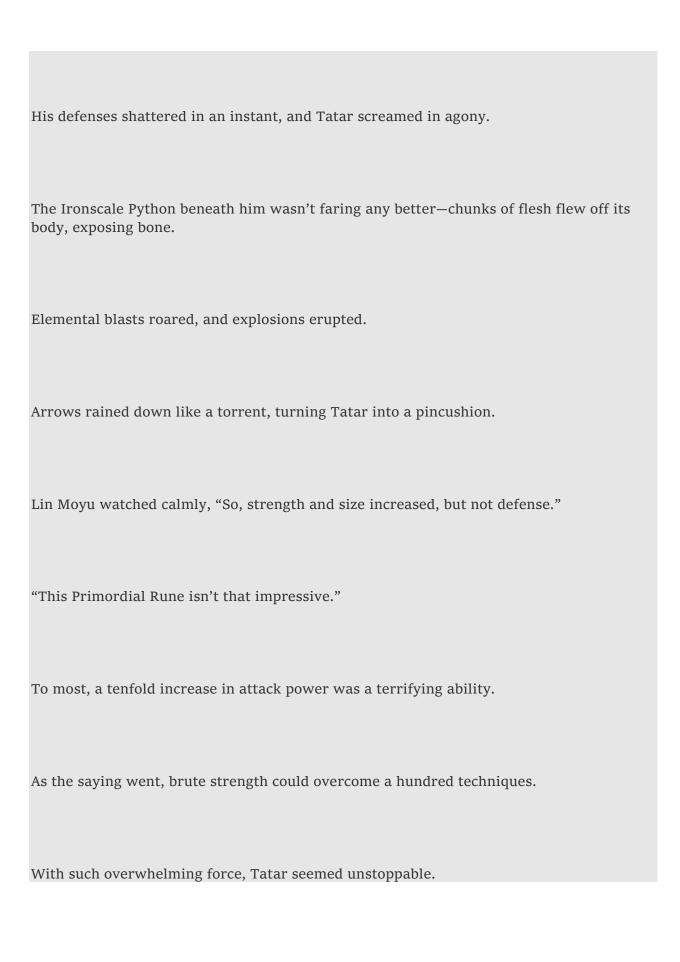
Tatar hadn't noticed that during their earlier engagement, Lin Moyu's undead troops had completely surrounded him.
Now, when Lin Moyu struck, it was a killing blow.
Light flared in six dazzling colors. Flames erupted around Tatar, lightning bolts rained down, and a storm crashed overhead.
"What is this!?" 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.

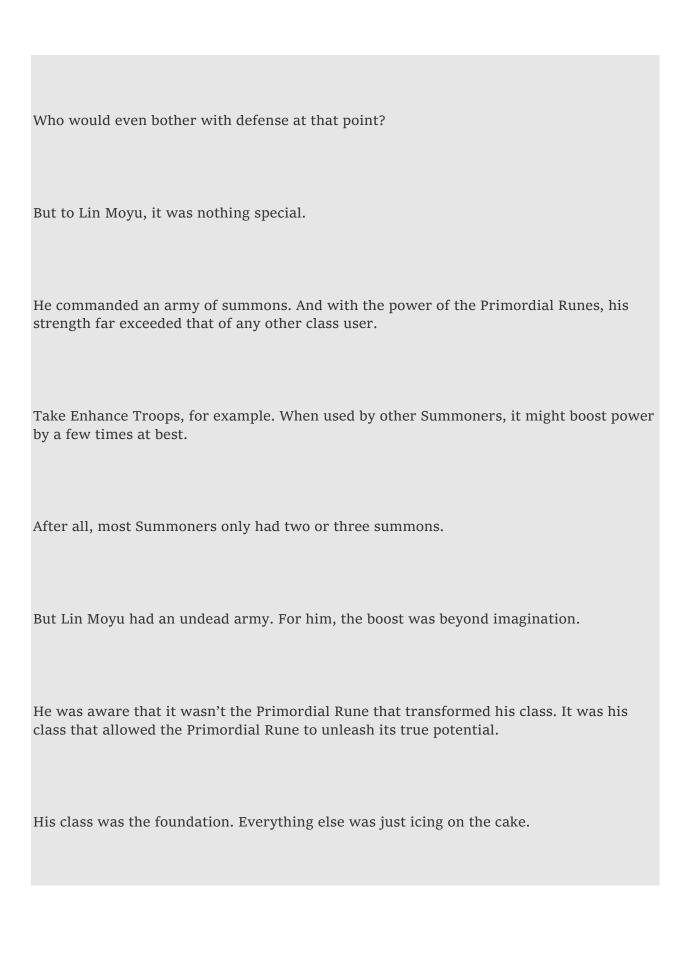




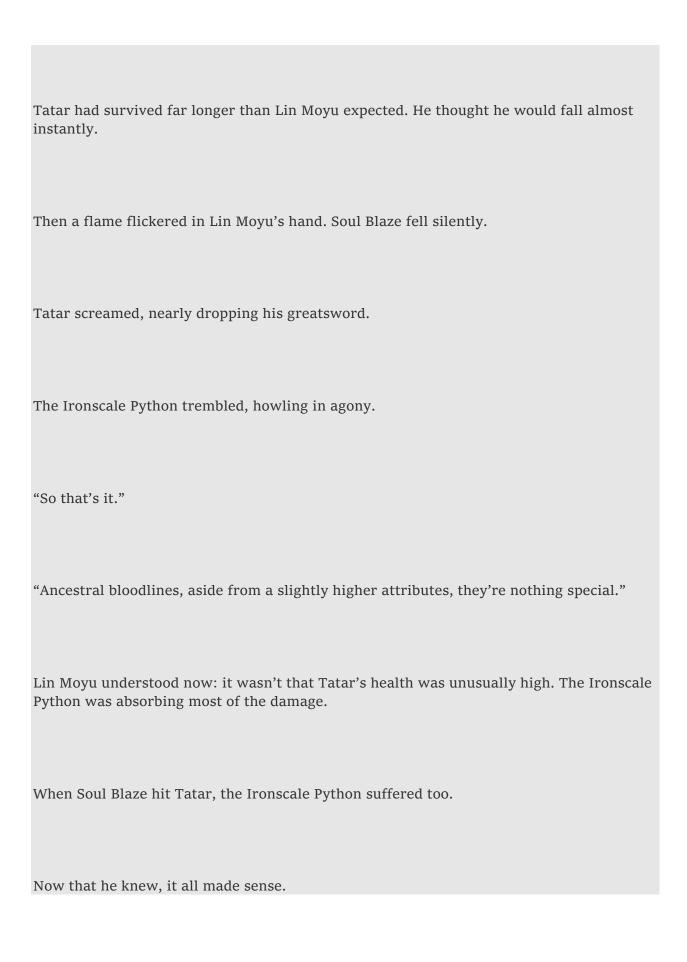
And he wasn't alone.
The Ironscale Python beneath him expanded as well, growing over tenfold until it stretched more than 200 meters long.
Tatar laughed maniacally, "My body has grown tenfold, and my attack power has increased just as much! What can you possibly throw at me to stop me?"
"Those flimsy 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.







"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.



Не	just	needed	to	keep	up	the	assault	a	little	longer.	
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Chapter 502: Dragon Emperor's Palm Strike; Law Crystal

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

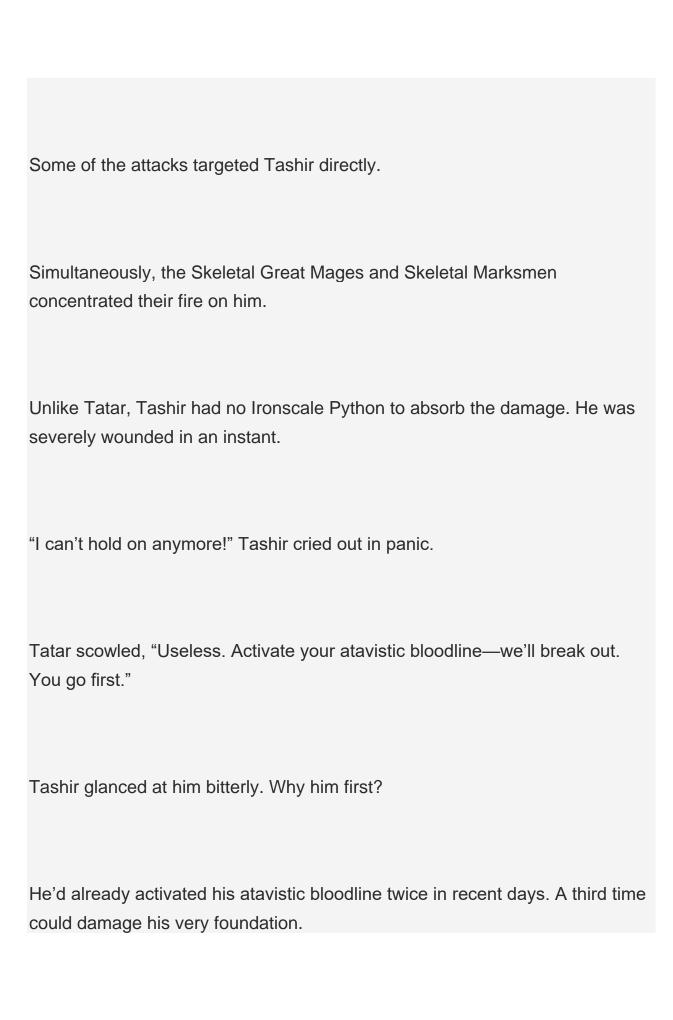
Combined with his formidable offensive power and the Primordial Rune's tenfold damage amplification, he became a truly terrifying force.

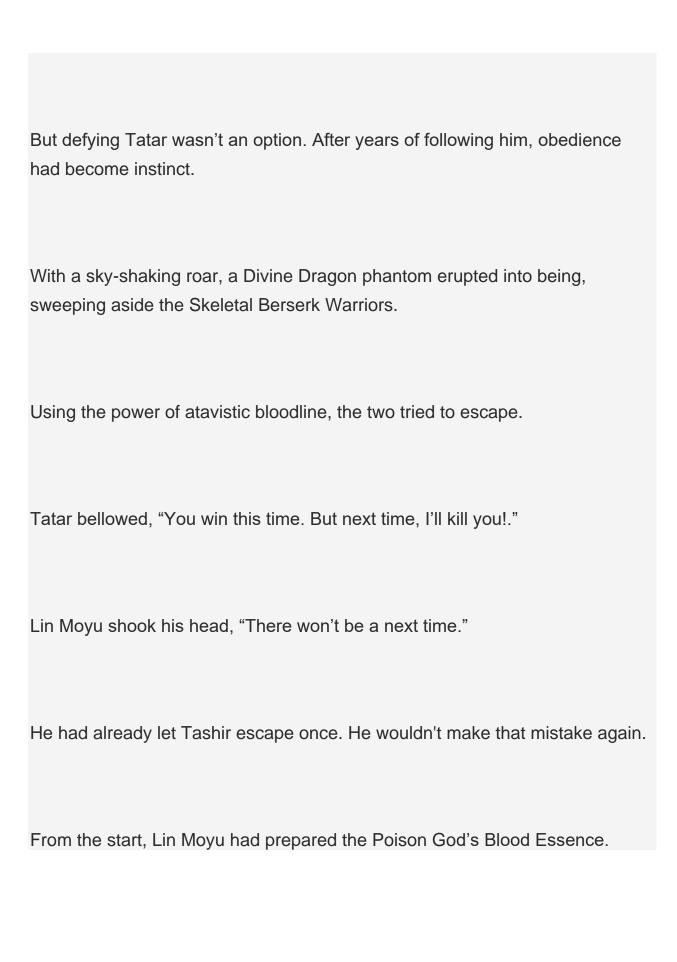
Any other class user would have struggled to contain him.

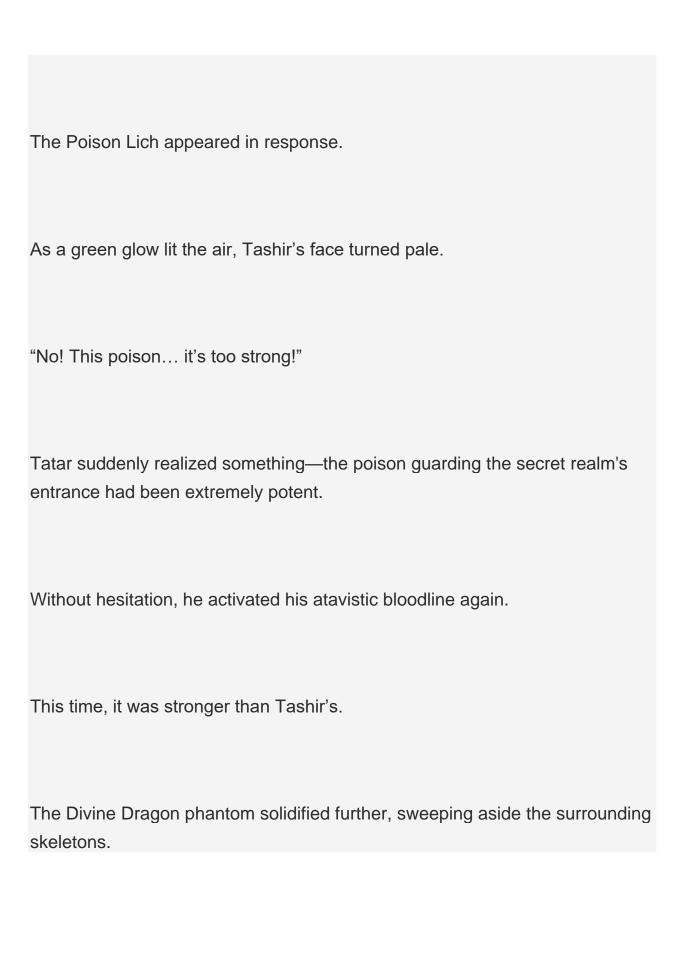
But Lin Moyu was confident in his victory. His only concern was preventing Tatar's escape.

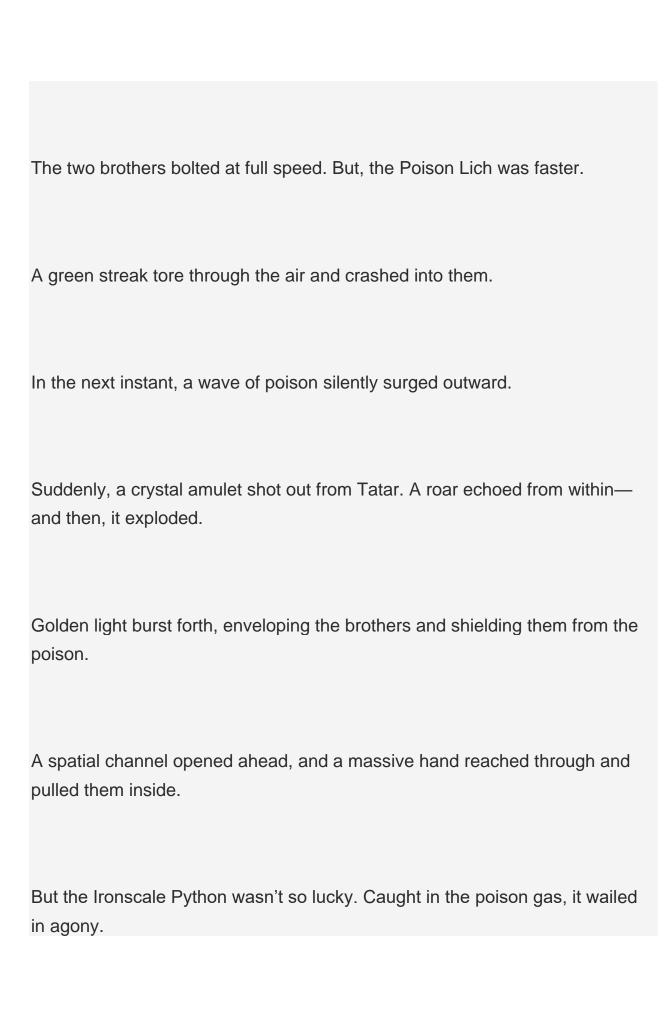
Given their level gap, if Tatar chose to flee, stopping him wouldn't be easy—this kind of situation had happened far too often.
But not this time. Lin Moyu was determined to ensure they never left the secret realm.
Tatar fought bitterly, realizing—amid his growing rage—that he had no chance of winning.
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.

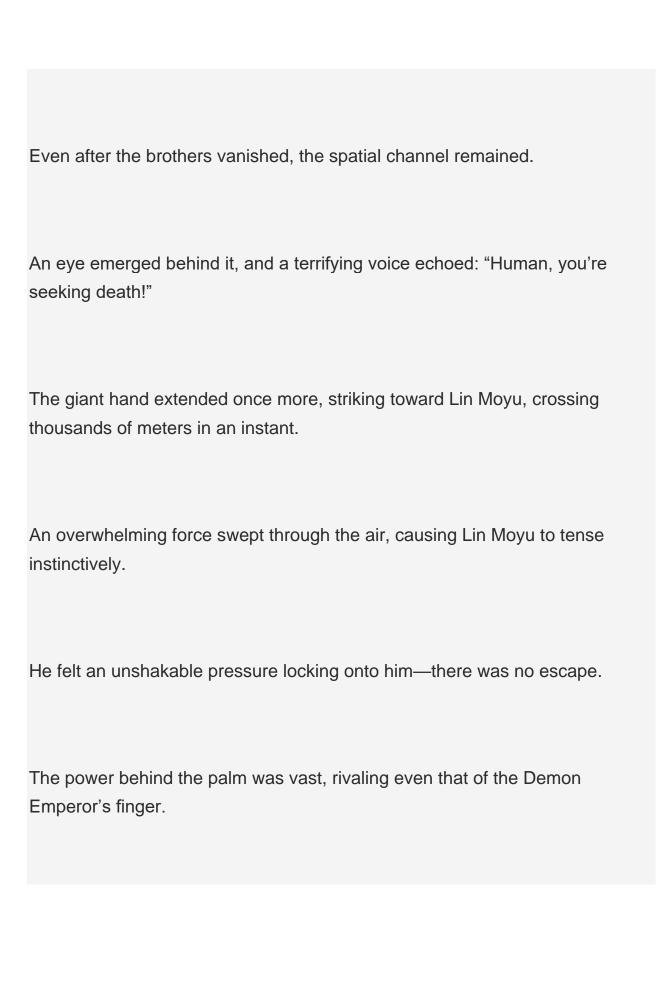
Brandishing his sword, he gathered his strength and charged forward.
Lin Moyu noted Tashir's weakened aura, likely the toll of repeatedly activating his atavistic bloodline. That kind of damage didn't heal easily.
He only offered token resistance, allowing Tashir to step into the battlefield.
By the 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.



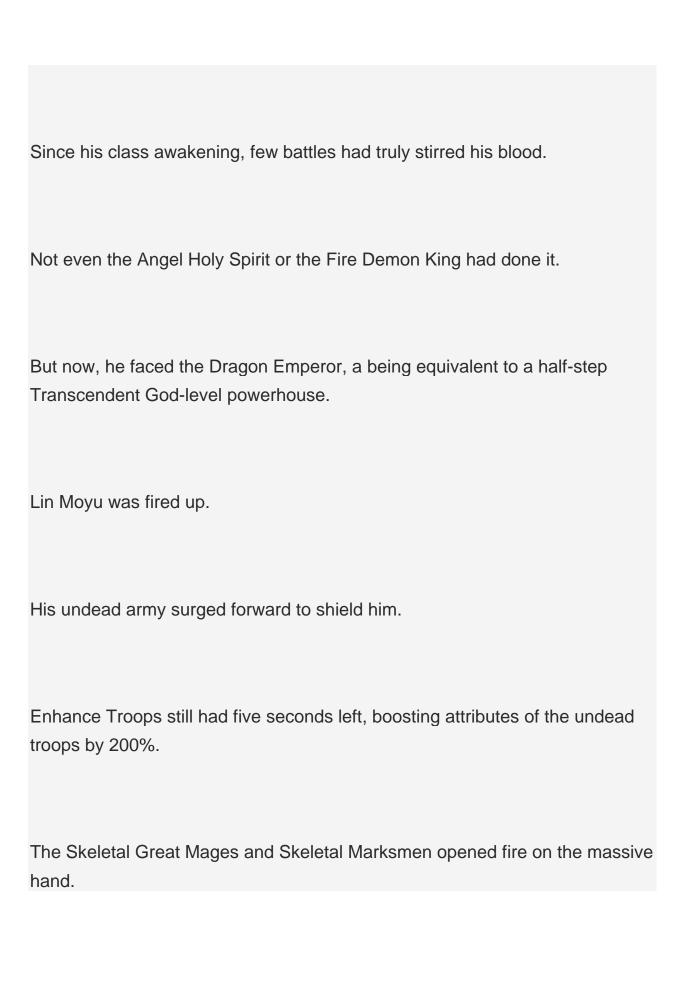


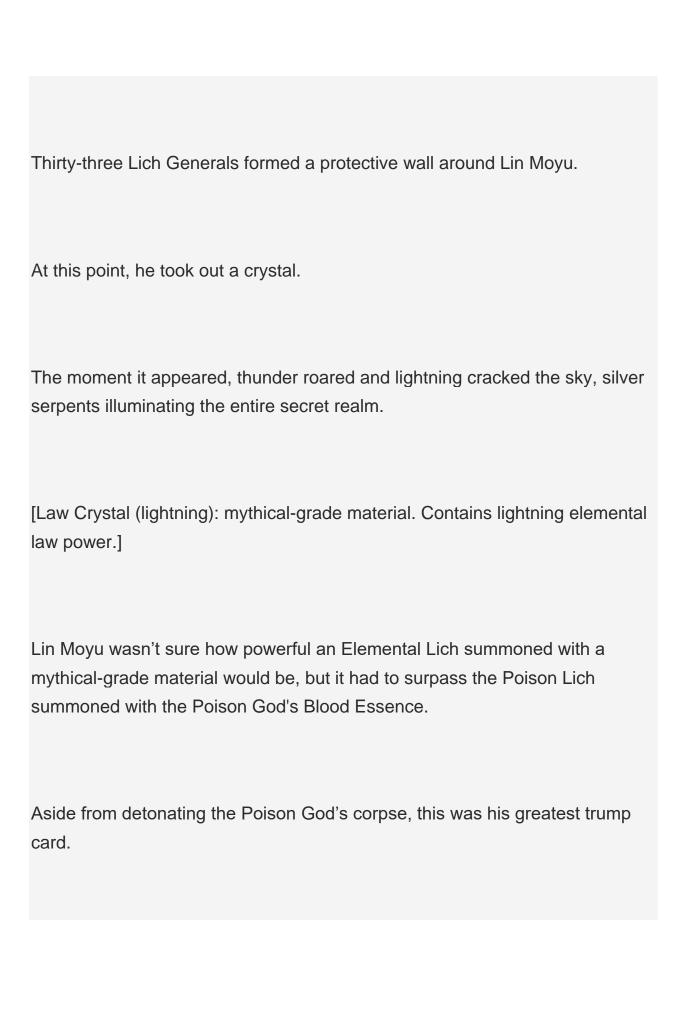






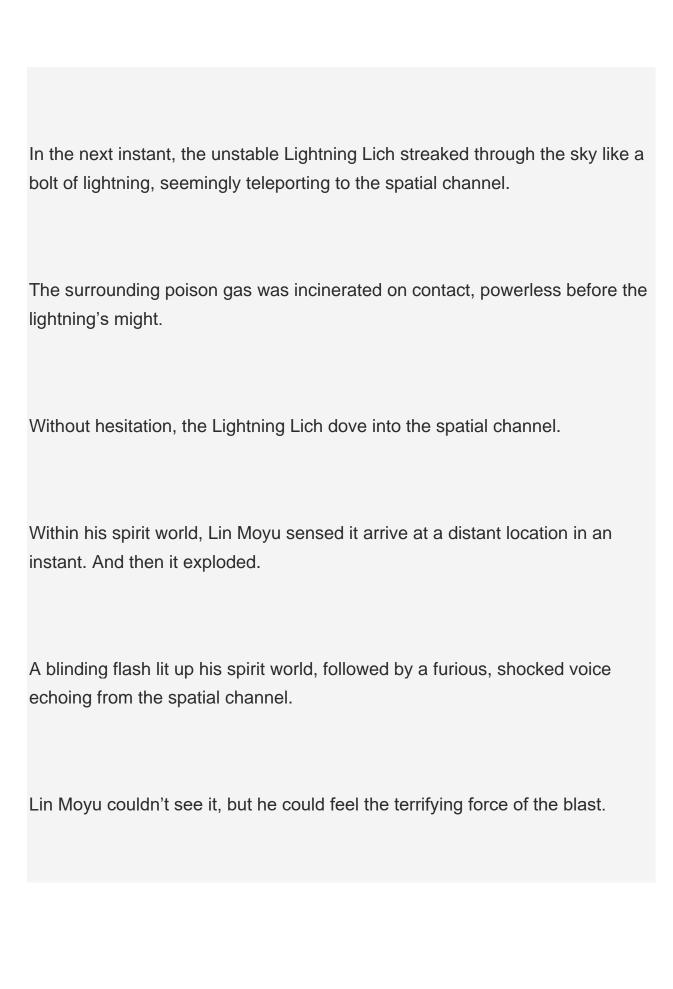
Lin Moyu recognized the owner of the giant hand. It was the Dragon Emperor, the mightiest being of the Dragonkind.
Not only had the Dragon Emperor rescued Tatar and Tashir, but he also intended to kill Lin Moyu.
At this moment, Lin Moyu faced a choice: risk his life and take the hit, or teleport to safety.
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.

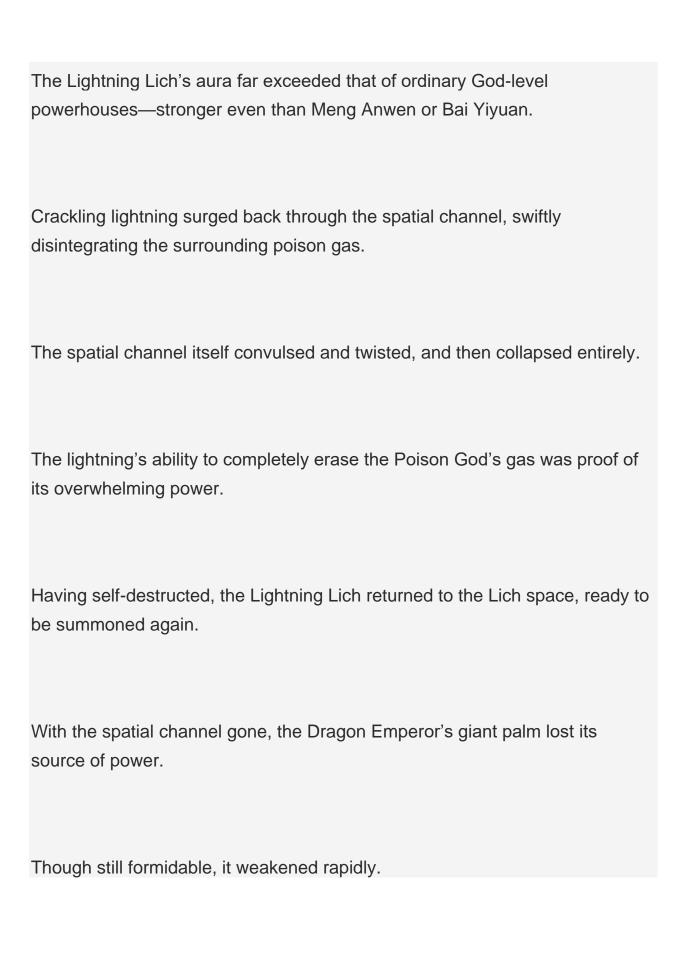




The Dragon Emperor's palm ignored the undead troops' attacks and plunged into their ranks.
The Skeletal Berserk Warriors were the first to be crushed, shattering like porcelain.
Anything the hand touched disintegrated.
Lin Moyu had expected this.
The Dragon Emperor's strike was simply too overwhelming. 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.





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

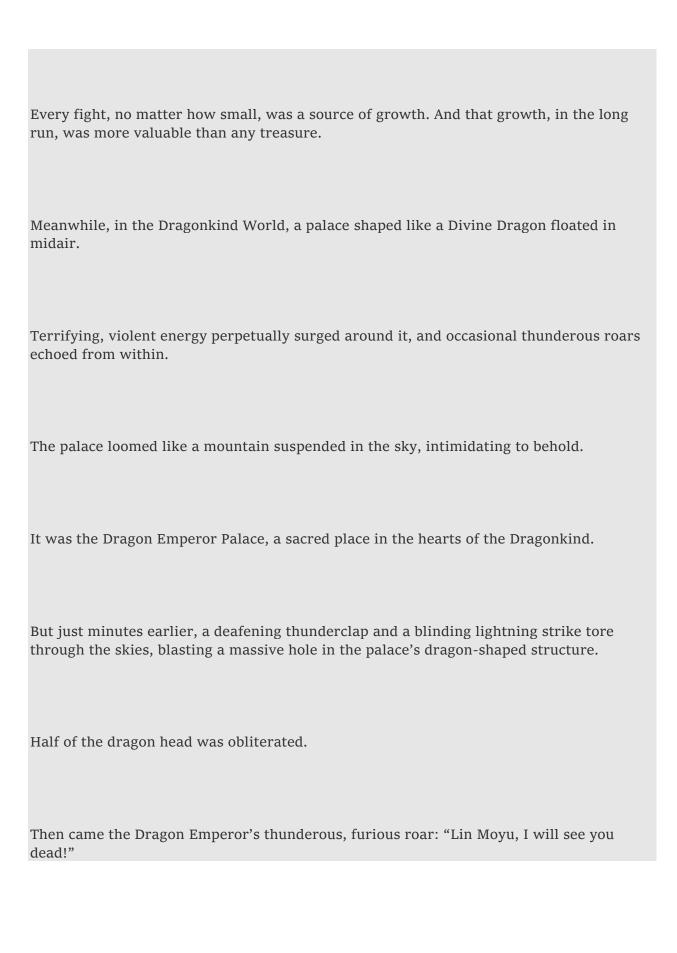
The Dragon Emperor's strike, though weakened by traveling through the spatial channel,

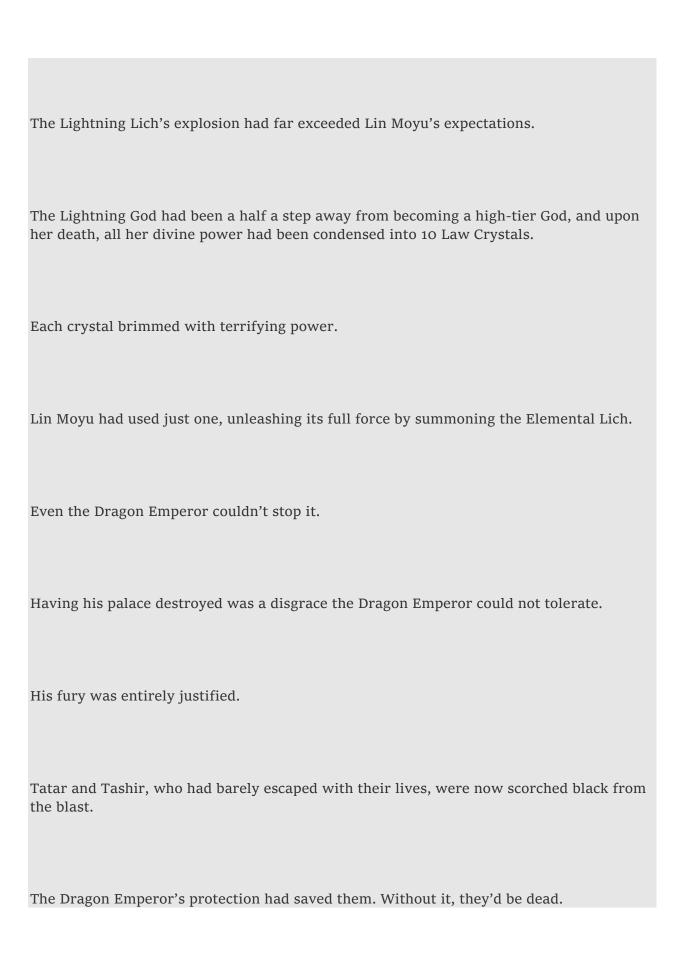
Even in its diminished state, it wasn't something easily defended against.

was still devastating.

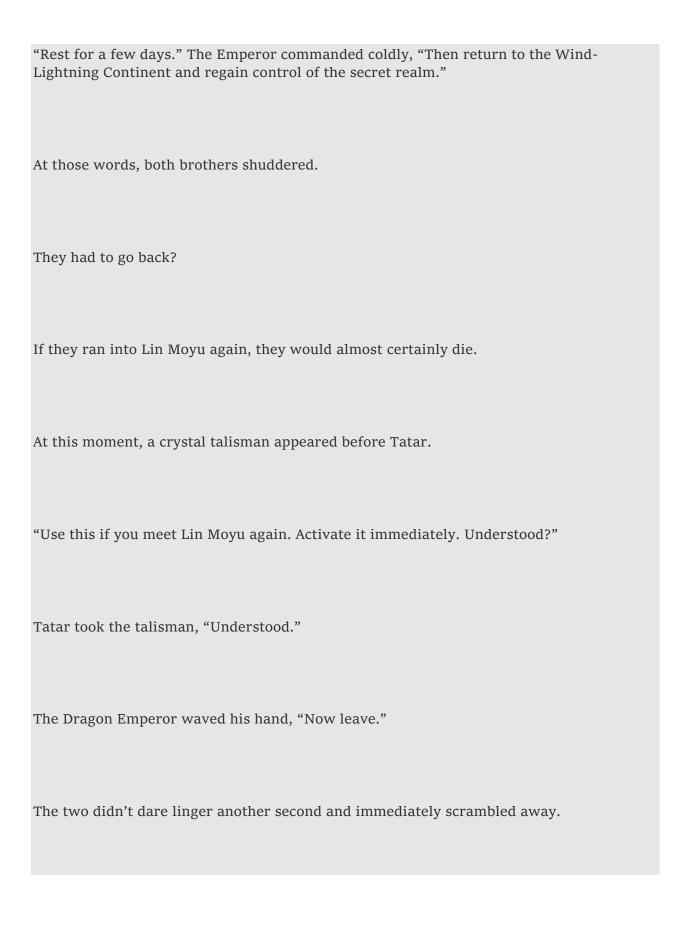
Had the Lightning Lich not self-destructed and shattered the spatial channel—cutting off the strike's source of power—Lin Moyu estimated he would have needed to teleport to escape.
His life hadn't truly been in danger. Lin Moyu knew this, which was why he had dared to take such bold risks.
Otherwise, 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.

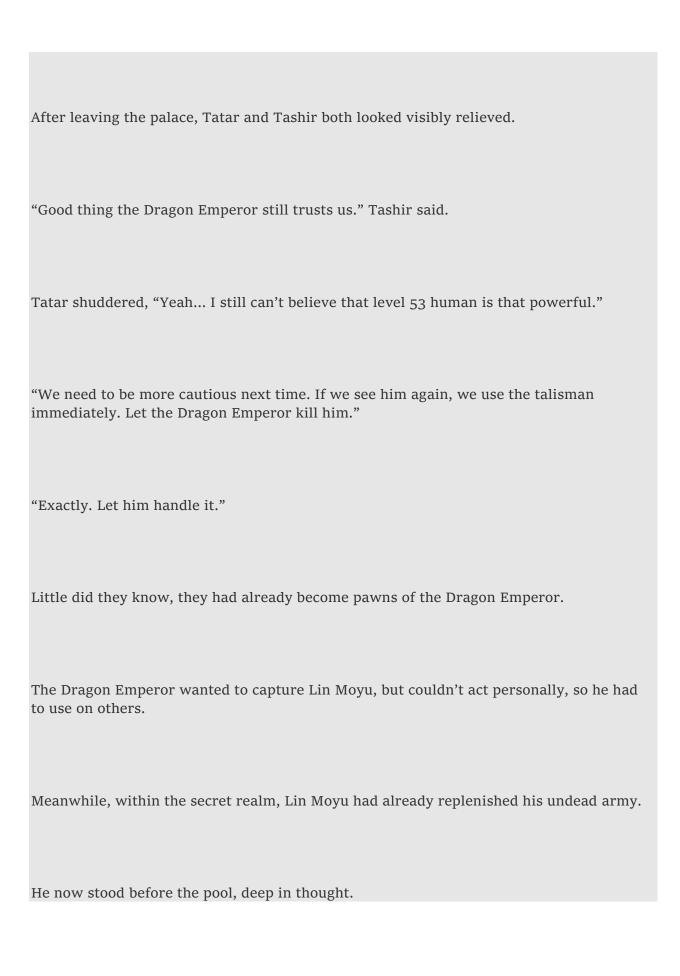




Now, trembling uncontrollably, they were filled with dread.
If Lin Moyu had used that skill from the start, they would've been vaporized instantly.
A cold snort echoed from ahead. The two brothers dropped to their knees, heads bowed, not daring to look up.
Tatar's pride as a bearer of an atavistic bloodline 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.

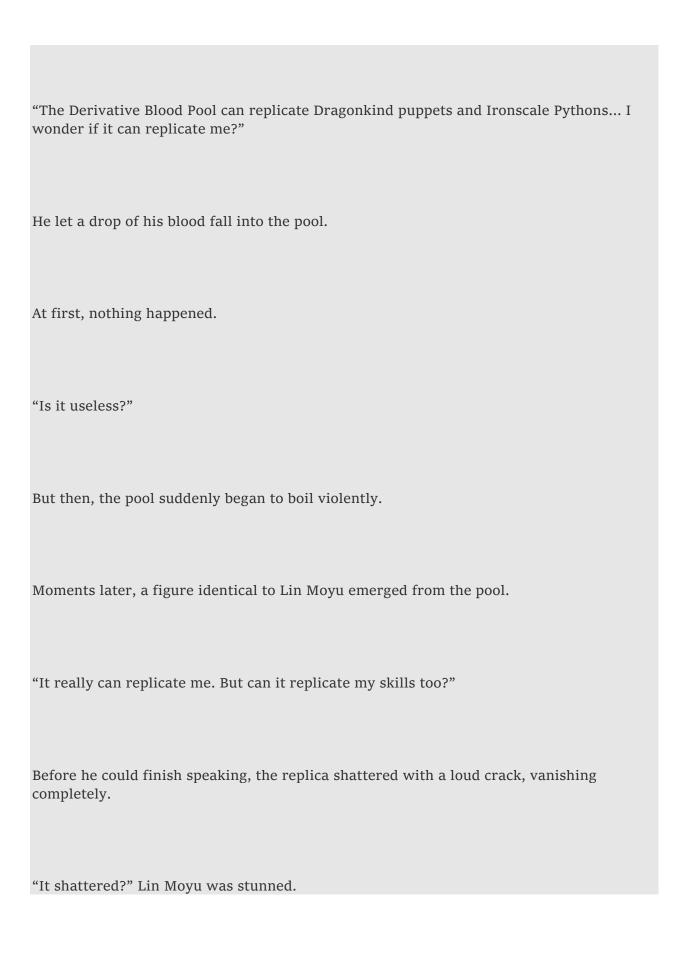


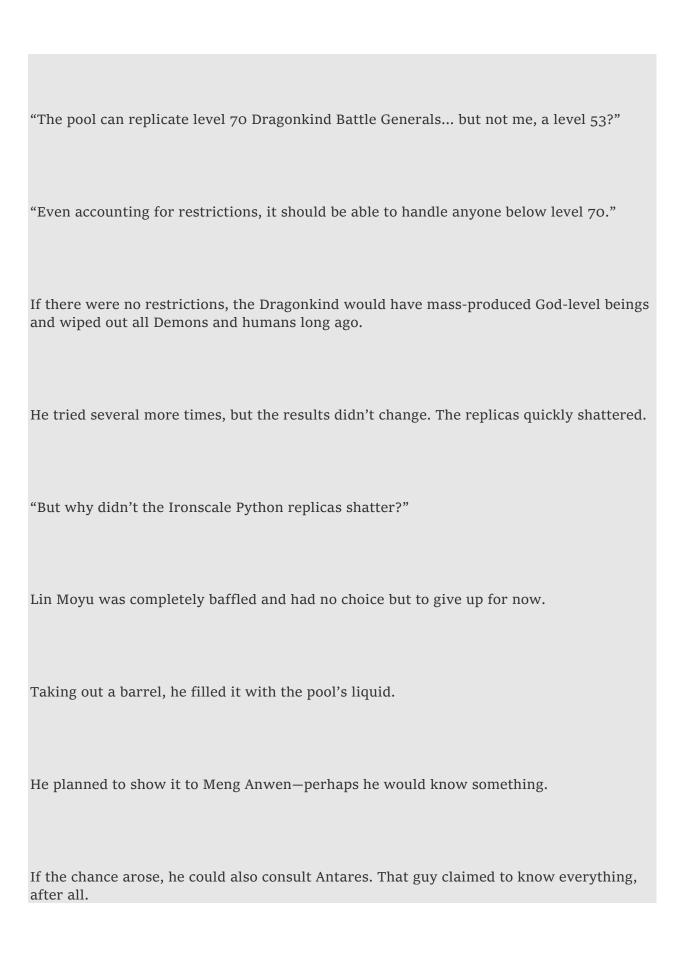
Once they left, the Dragon Emperor's gaze turned contemplative: "Unexpected Lin Moyu actually possesses the Lightning God's Law Crystal."
"So the Lightning God was the one who fell a few days ago"
"What on earth happened back then? Why did almost all the Gods perish?"
"Judging by the crystal's power, 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.



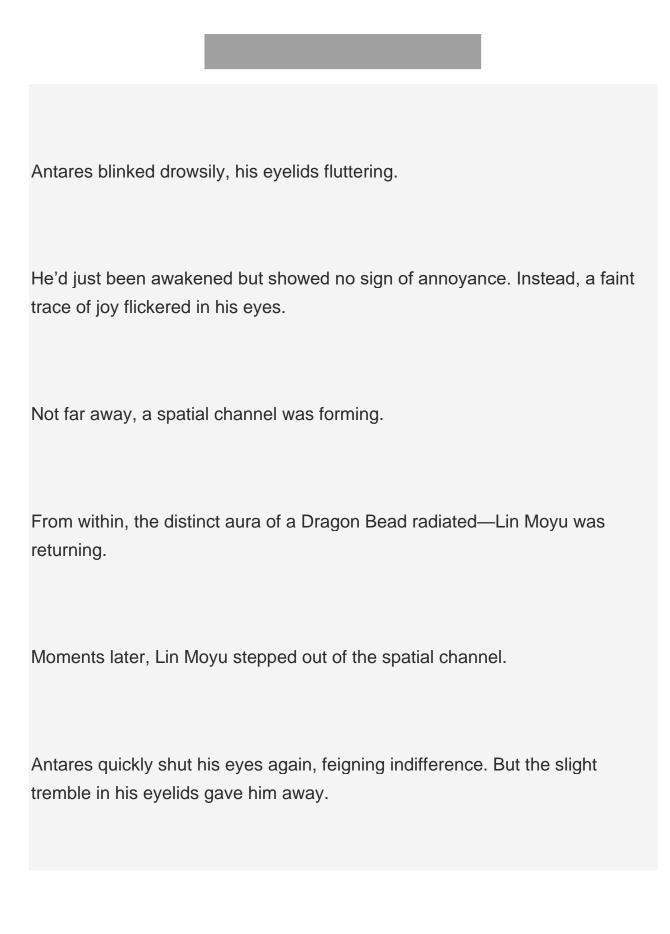
Earlier, he had witnessed the flesh and blood of the Ironscale Python fall into this very pool, only for a swarm of level 70 Ironscale Pythons to emerge soon after.
Though smaller and not particularly strong, the auras of these level 70 Ironscale Pythons were identical to that of the original Ironscale 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.

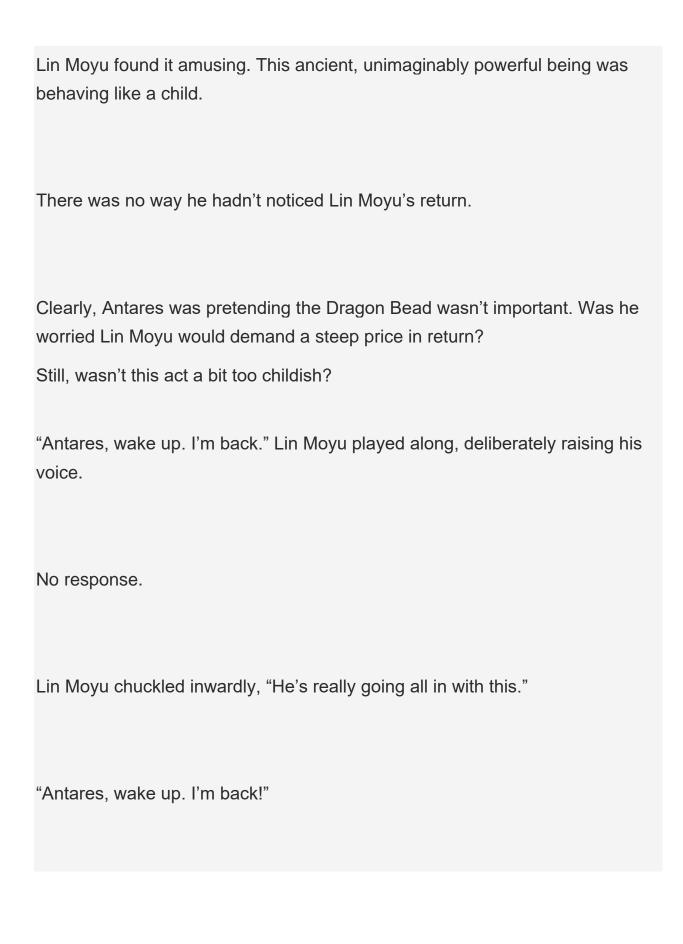
A thought immediately surfaced in his mind.
The secret realm had once been home to the Derivative Beasts.
At some point, the Dragonkind discovered it, and with it, the secret of the Derivative Beasts' blood.
They launched an invasion, slaughtered countless Derivative Beasts, and collected their blood 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.



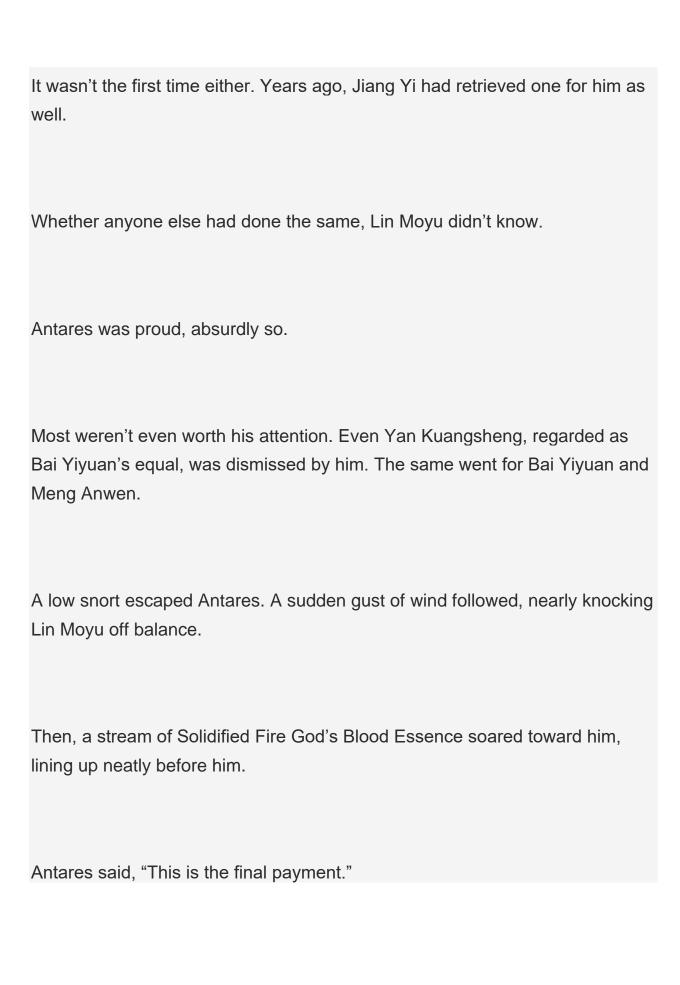


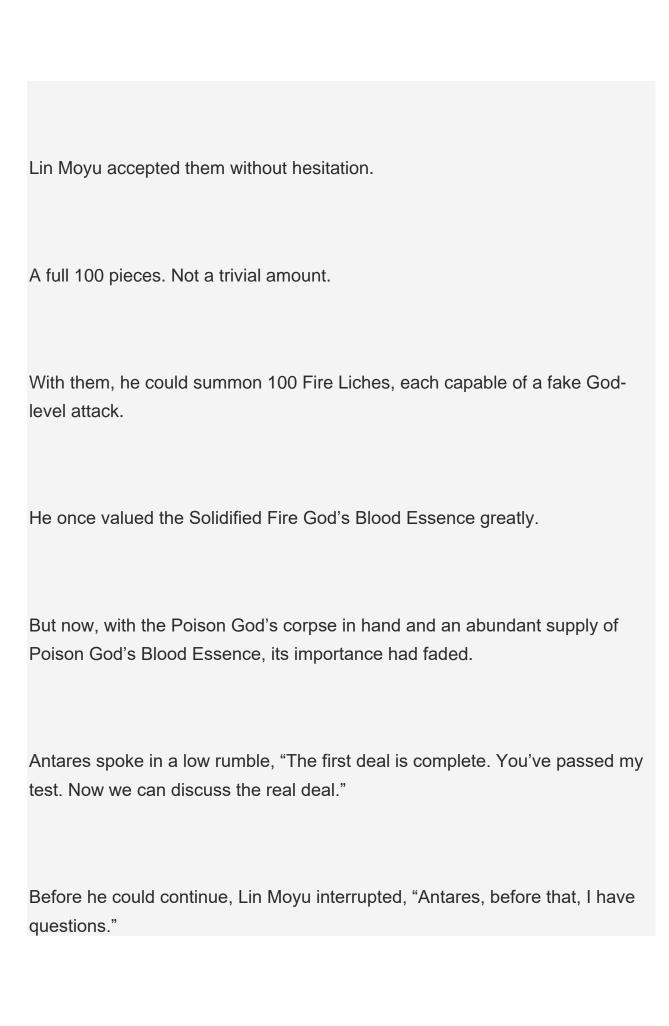
After leaving the secret realm, Lin Moyu glanced back at its entrance.
The poison gas still lingered, showing no signs of dispersing anytime soon.
With it around, entering the secret realm would be nearly impossible.
Even the Dragonkind would struggle to reclaim it.
Leaving the secret realm by using 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

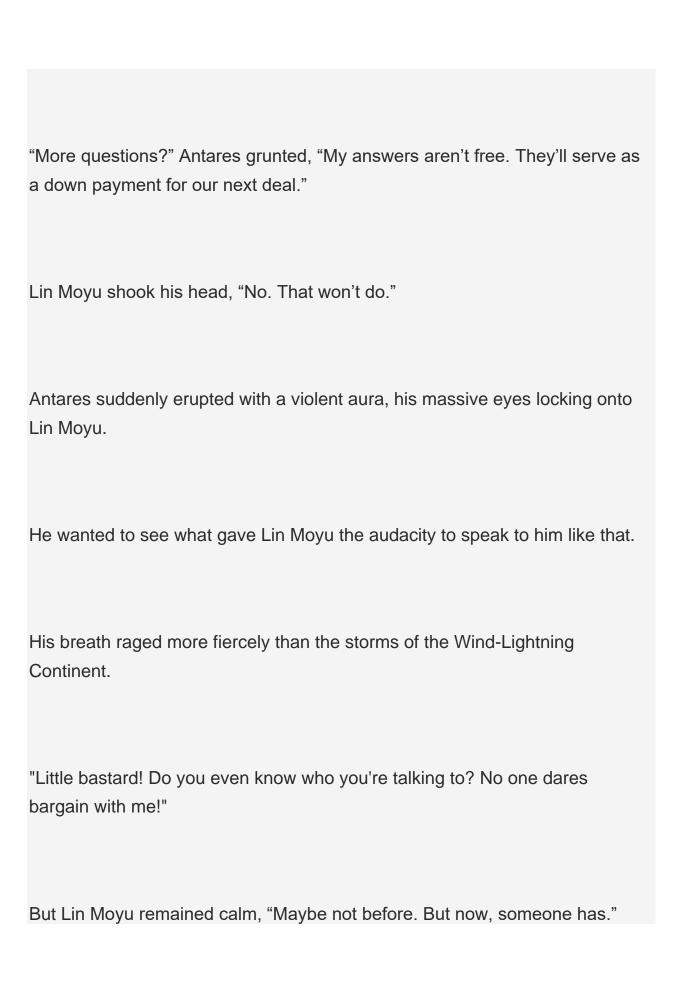


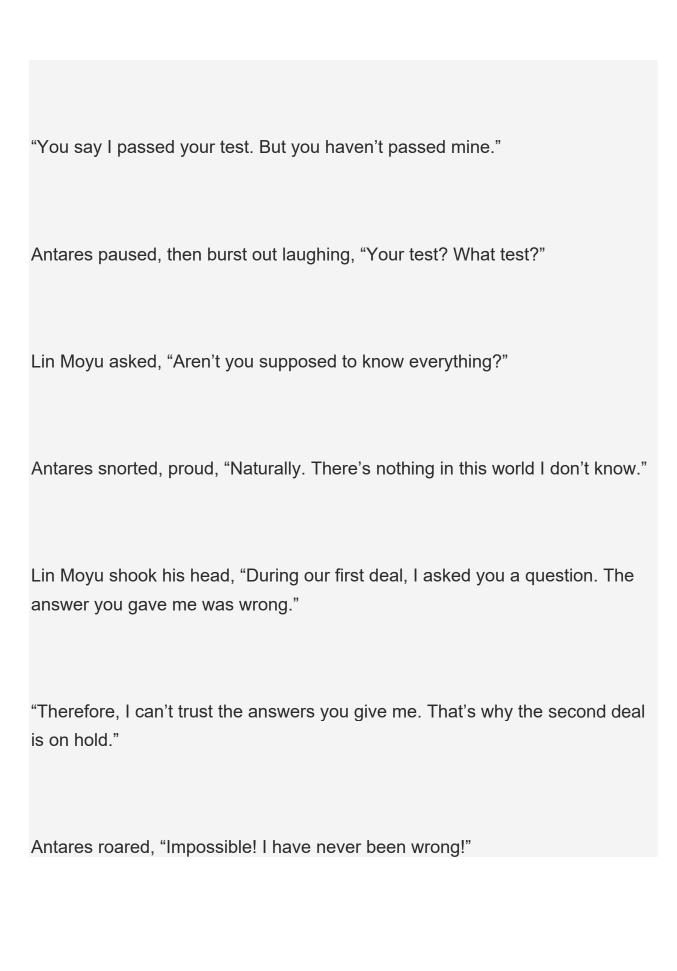


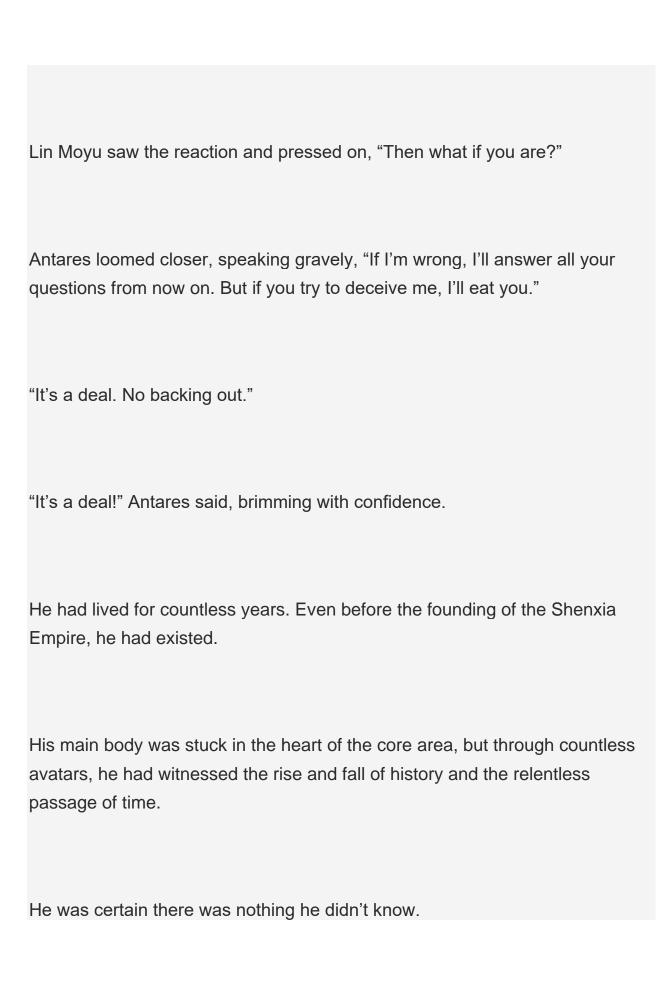
This time he repeated it louder.
Finally, Antares stirred. His eyelids lifted slowly, revealing eyes larger than Lin Moyu's entire body.
"Oh, you're back."
Lin Moyu held out the Dragon Bead, "Here's what you wanted."
With a dismissive grunt, Antares casually inhaled, drawing the bead into his mouth. 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.

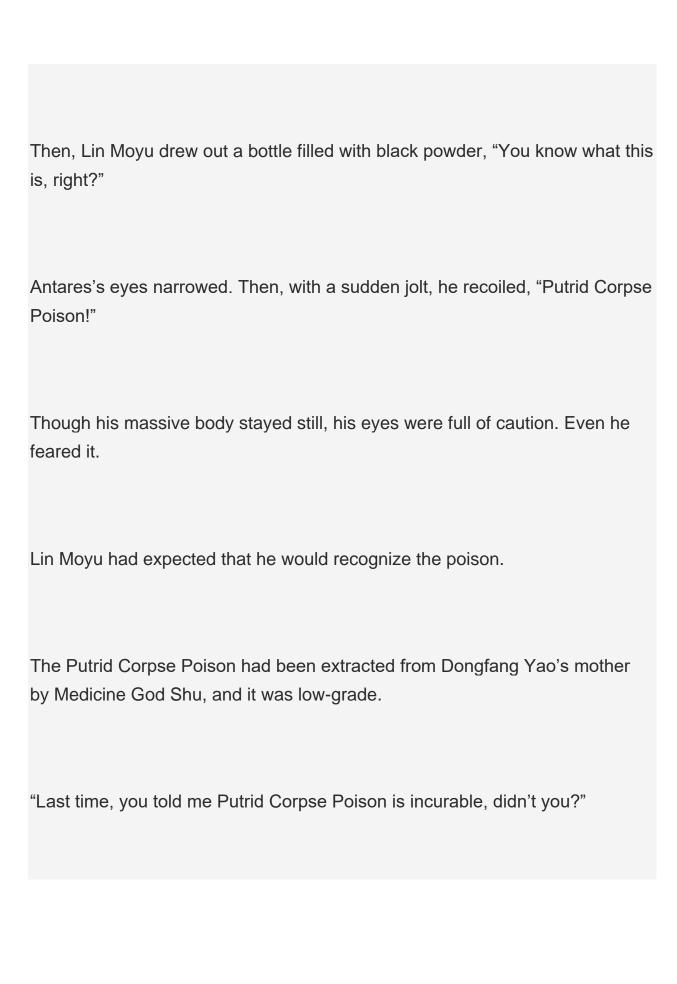


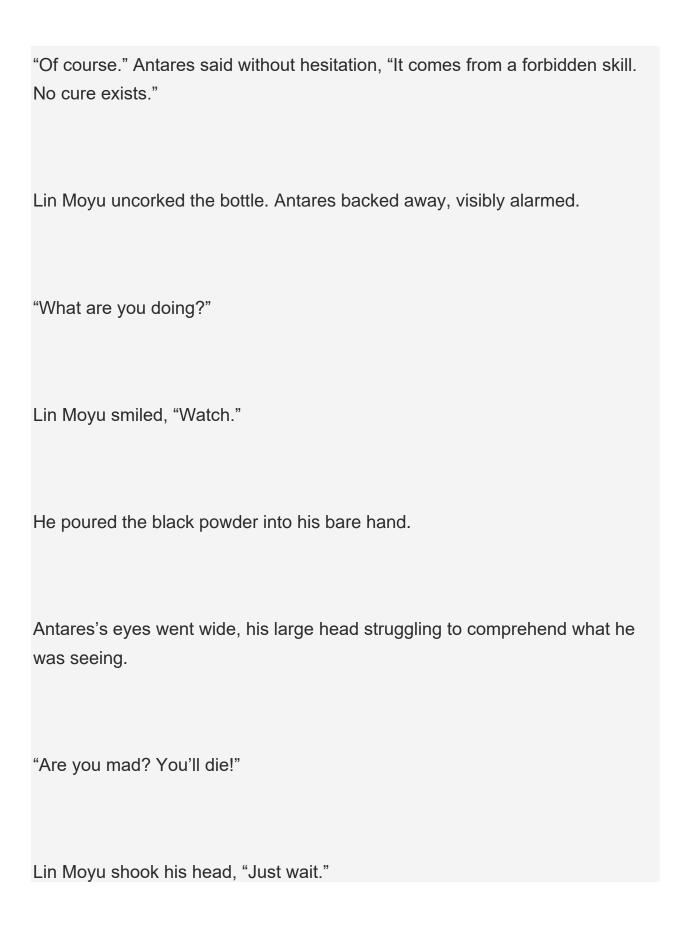


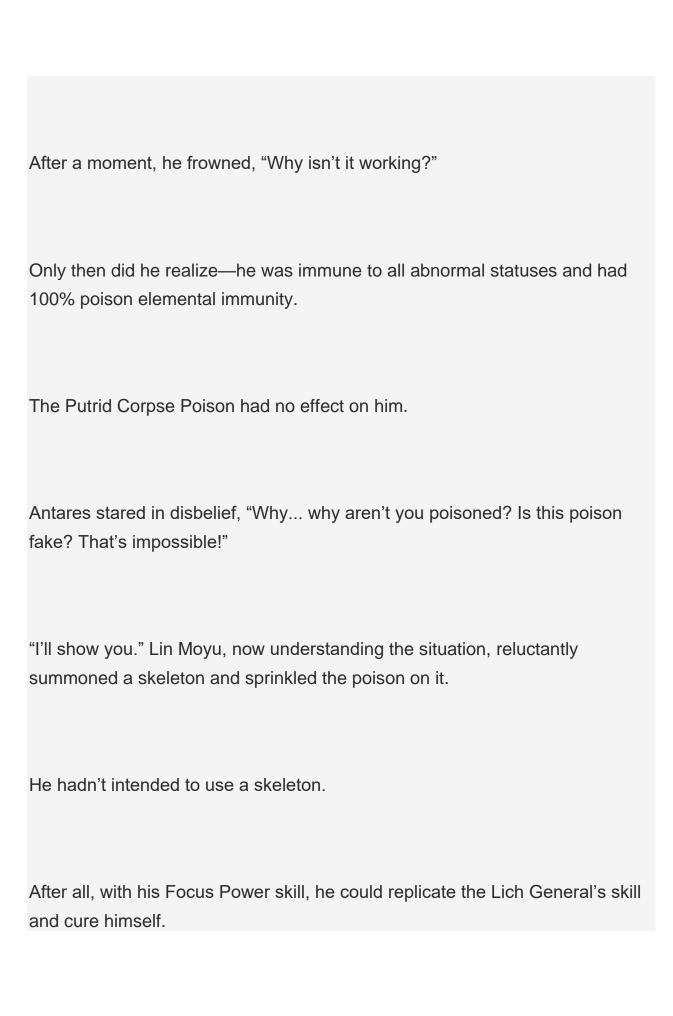


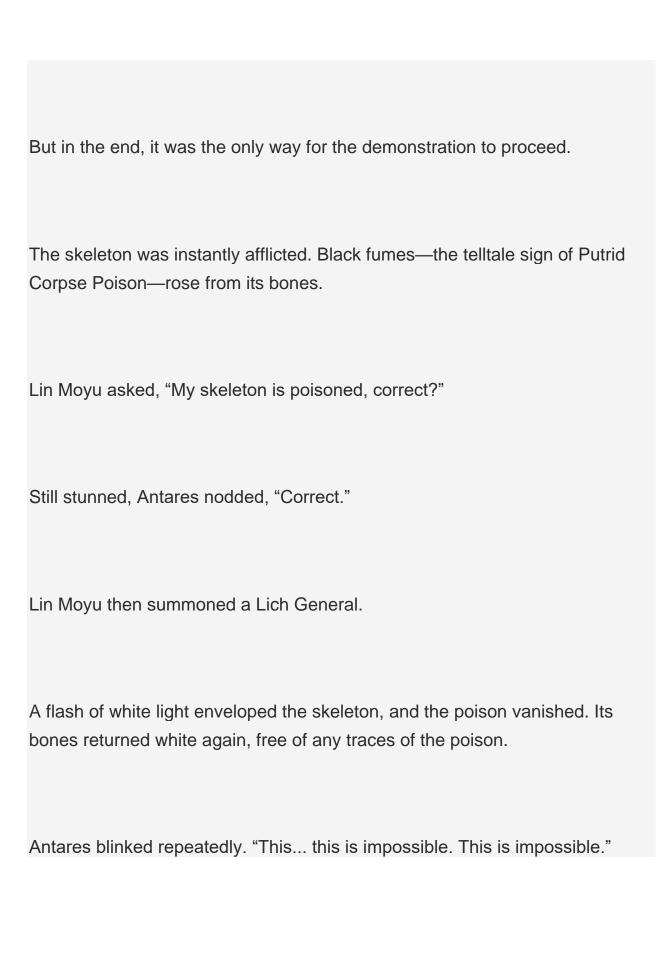


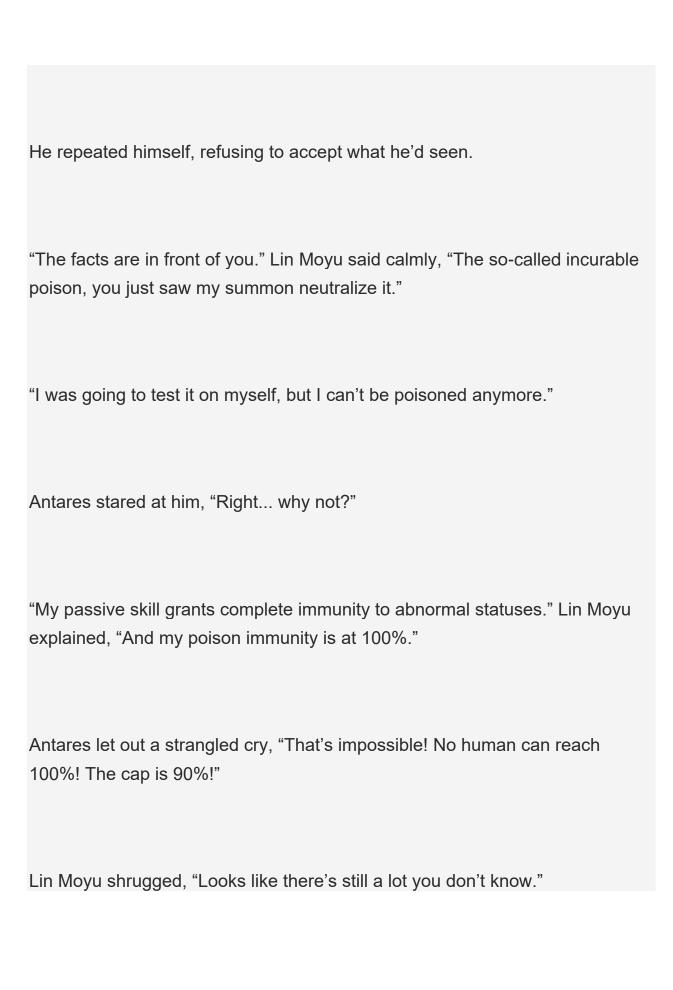






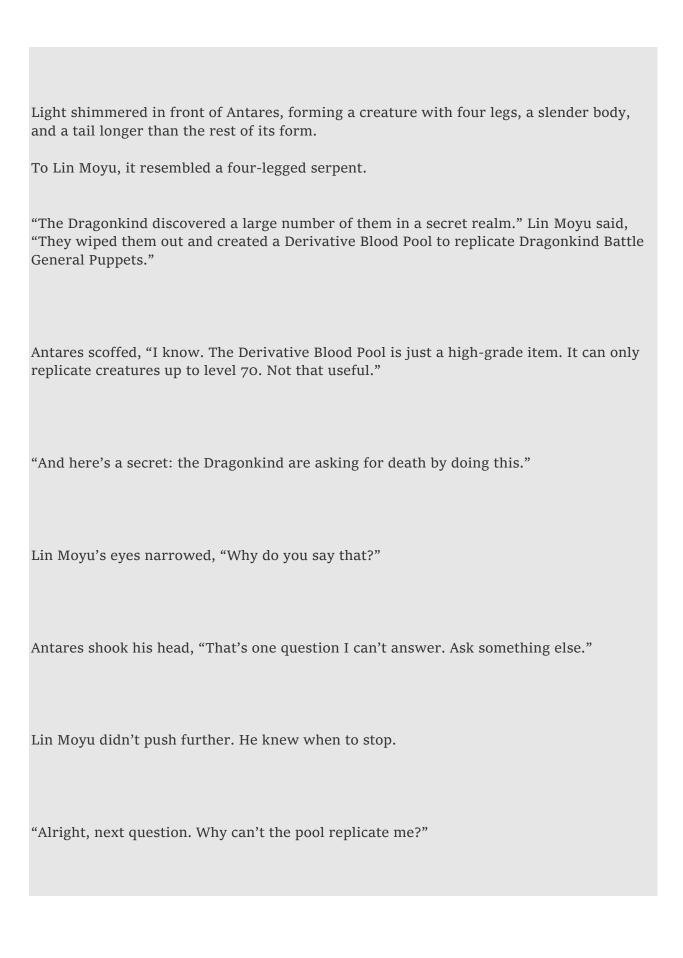






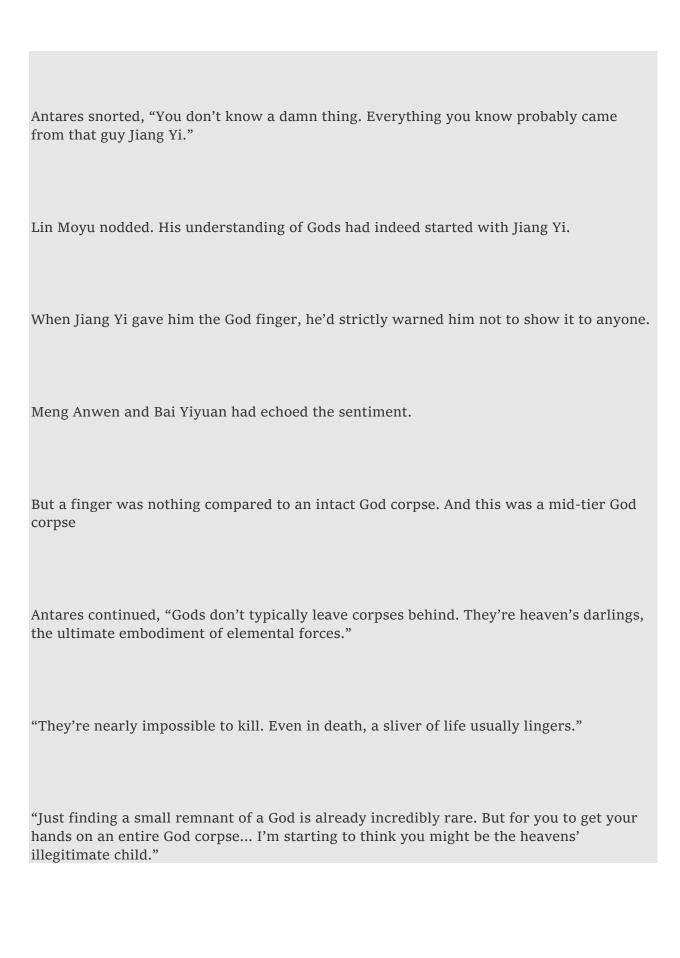
Chapter 505: Trading Questions And Answers Like Old Friends

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."

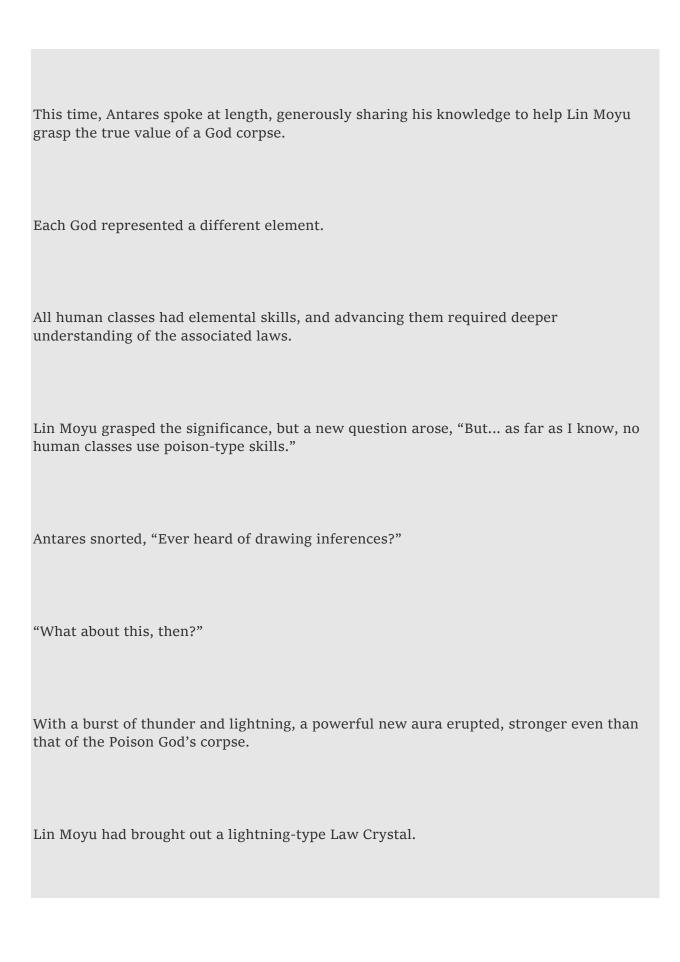


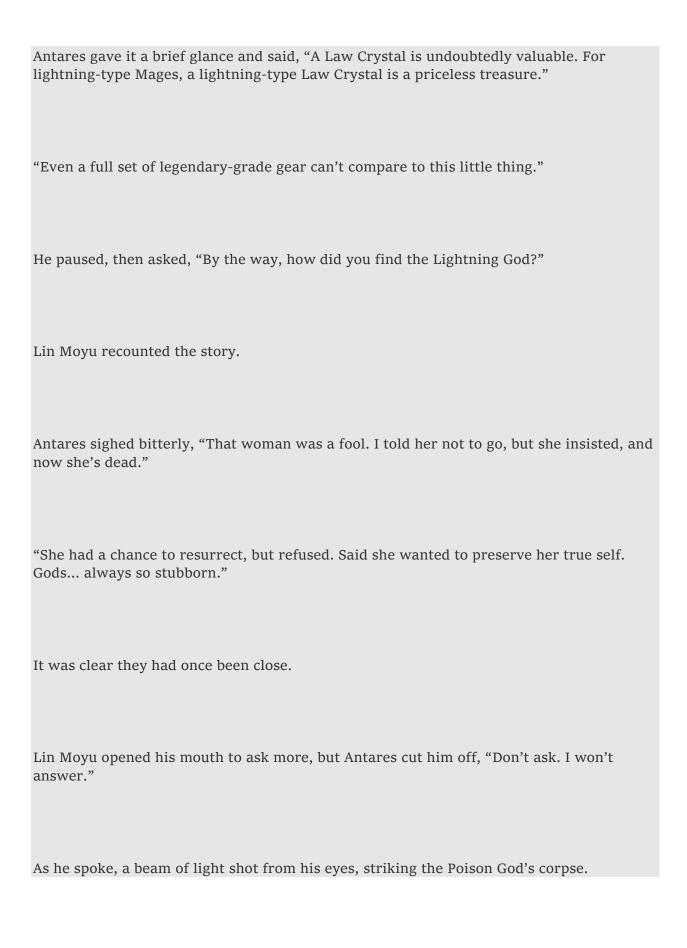
Antares answered casually, "It only works on lower-tier races."
This time, Lin Moyu was the one stunned.
Antares burst into laughter, relishing the shift in dynamic. At last, he had the upper hand.
He chose not to elaborate, intent on frustrating Lin Moyu. No matter how much Moyu pressed, he wouldn't 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.

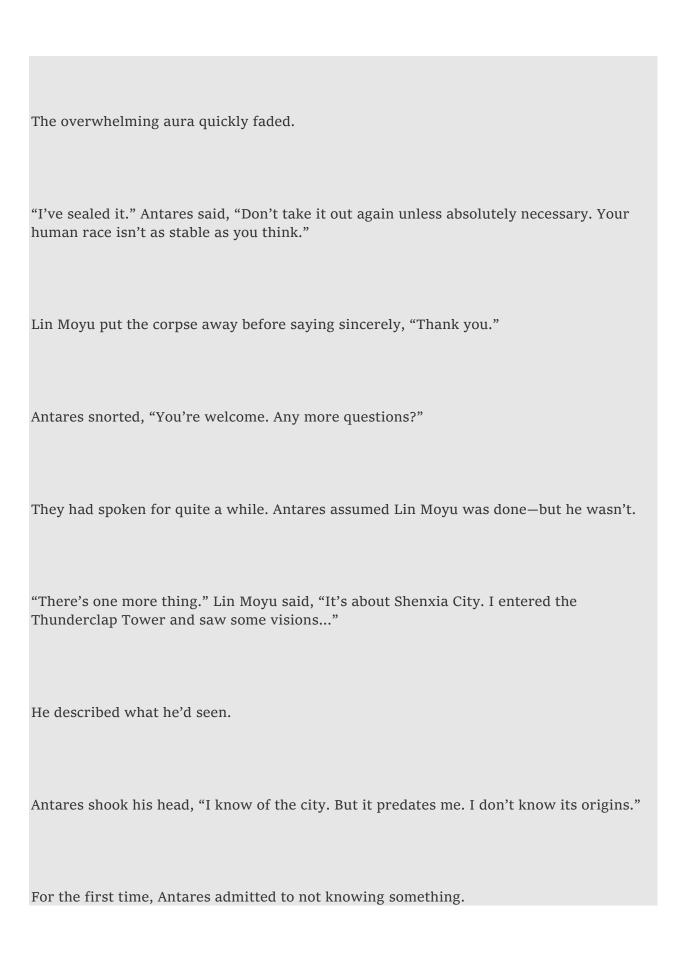








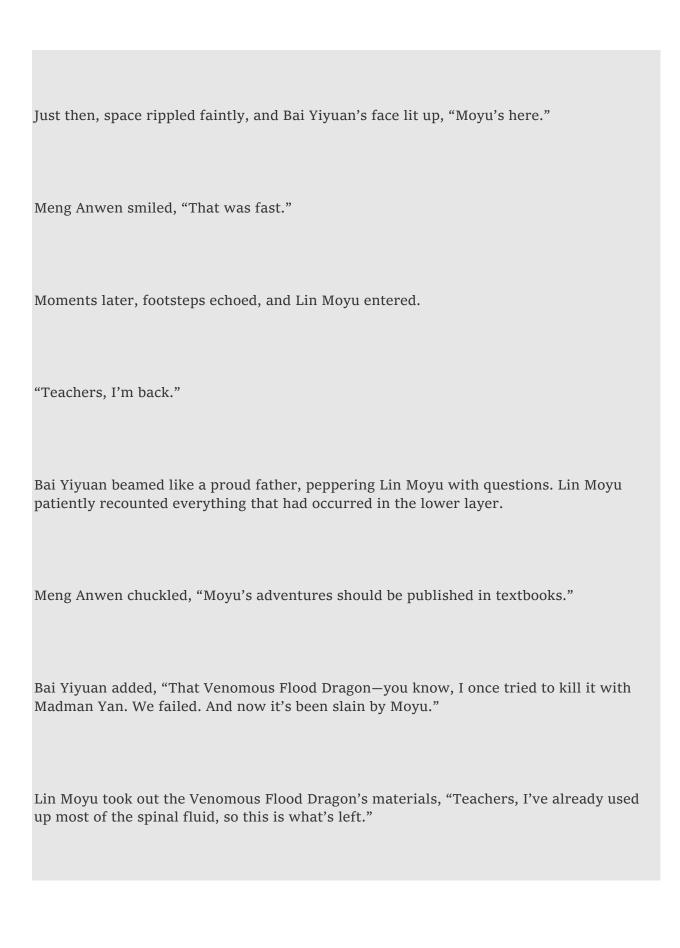




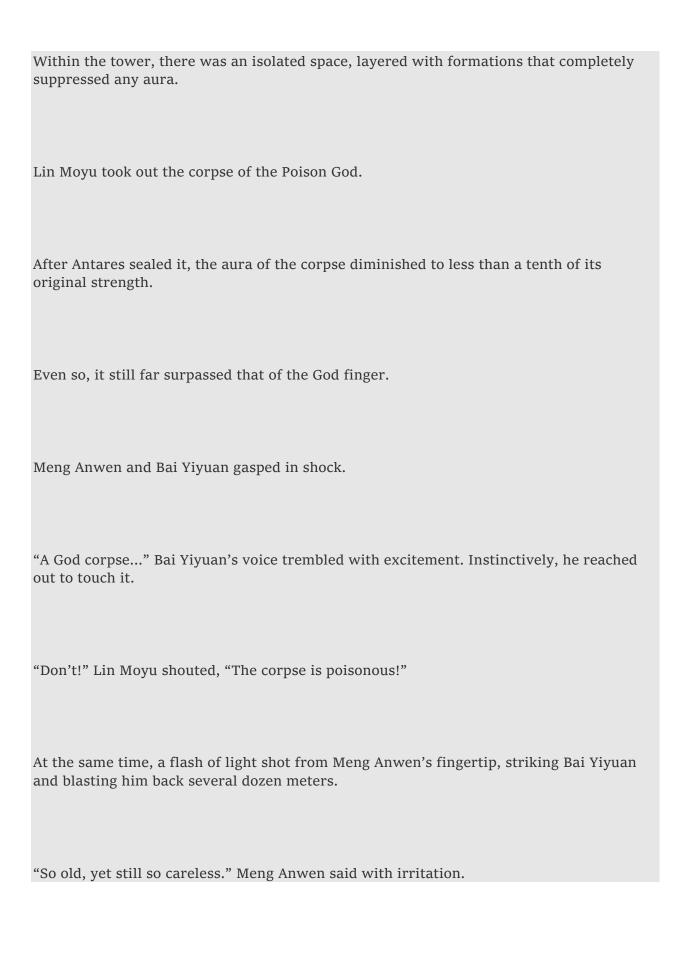
Lin Moyu was stunned. Shenxia City was older than even Antares?
A sense of awe washed over him. He was now certain the city's origin was anything but ordinary.
Chapter 506: Black Dragon Guild, Get Out Here and Die!
Lin Moyu and Antares reached a new agreement under fair and pleasant terms.
Lin Moyu was 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.

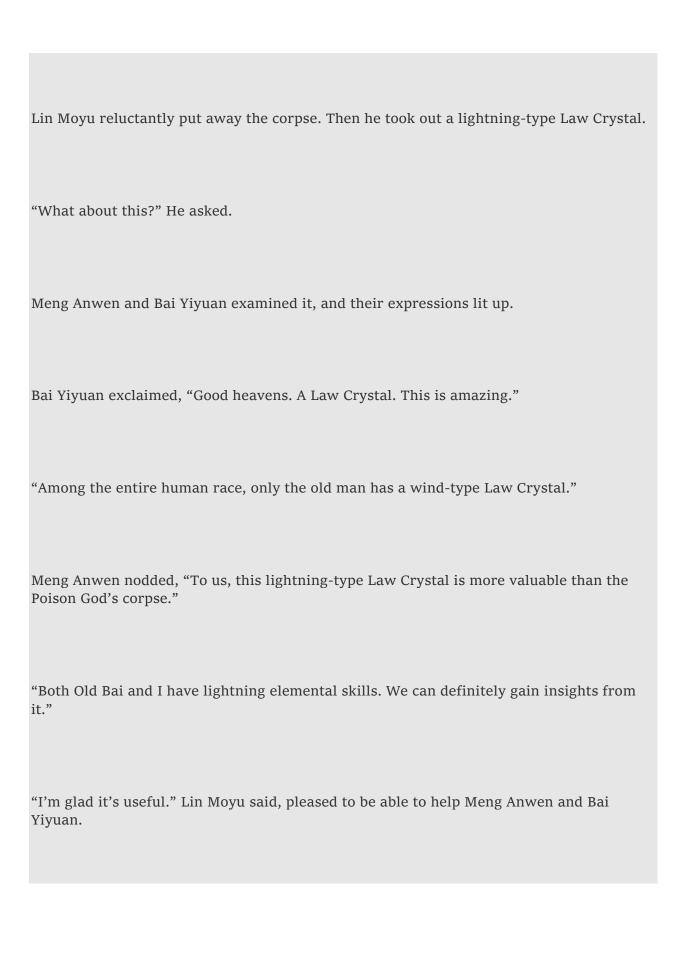
"Why didn't you tell me Moyu was safe?"
"I had to wait in the Hall of Heroes all this time—it was so boring. That was a low move."
Meng Anwen sensed Lin Moyu's return to the upper layer and promptly informed Bai Yiyuan.
Meng Anwen smiled lightly, "I didn't tell you, but you could've asked. You used to 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."



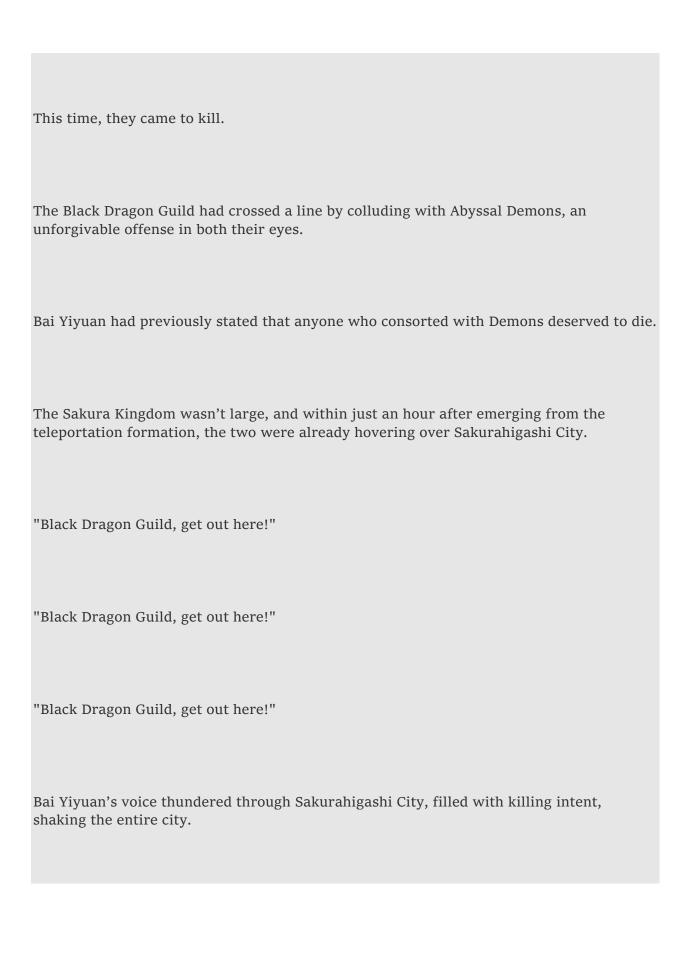
"But I still have the bones and fascia."
Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen exchanged glances, both smiling.
Lin Moyu offered up the precious items without hesitation.
Although they were legendary-grade materials, but they no longer held much use for him.
After a bit of polite back-and-forth, Meng Anwen accepted 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.



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.



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.



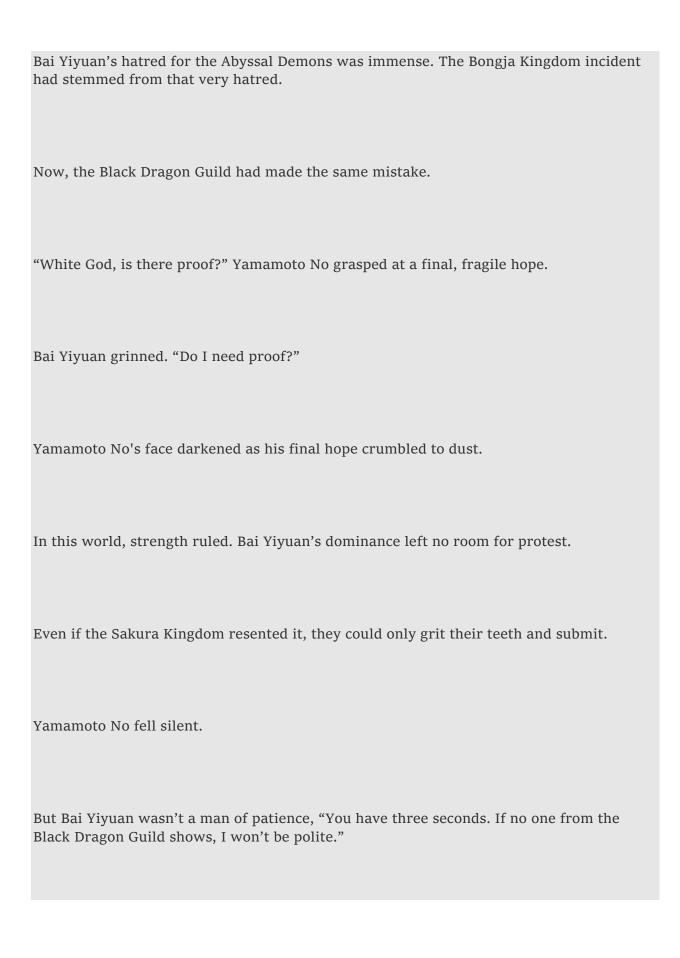
Chaos erupted at once.
A large number of top-level class users rose into the sky, surrounding the intruders.
As the capital of the Sakura Kingdom, Sakurahigashi City housed not only the nation's most powerful class users but also a formidable army.
Right now, that army was already on the move.
Before 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-tie 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.

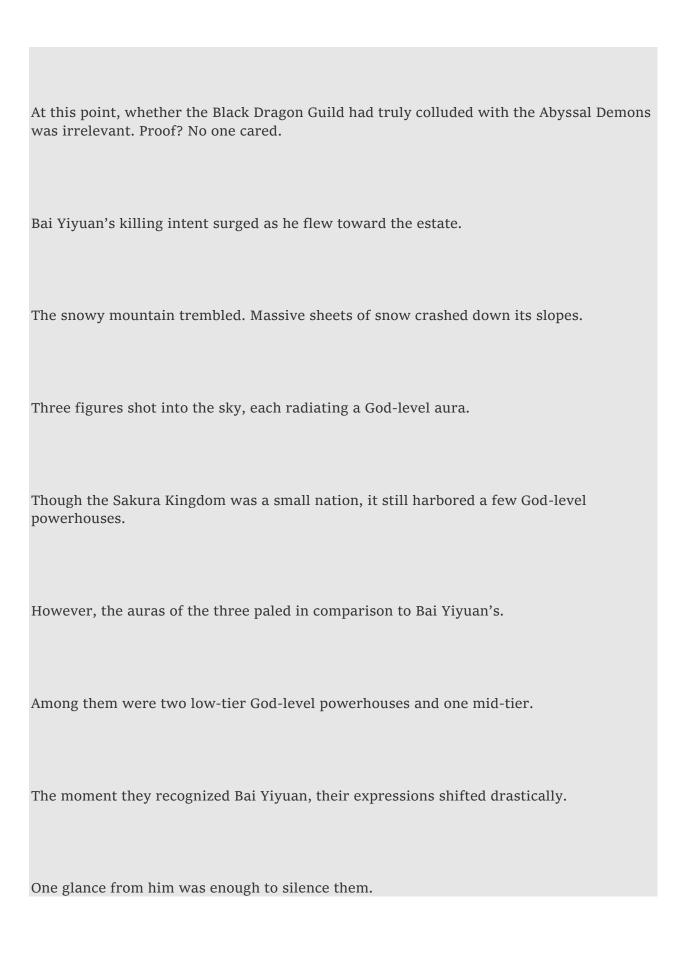
"Old Man Yamamoto, no need for pleasantries. I'm not here for your Sakura Kingdom."

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.



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.



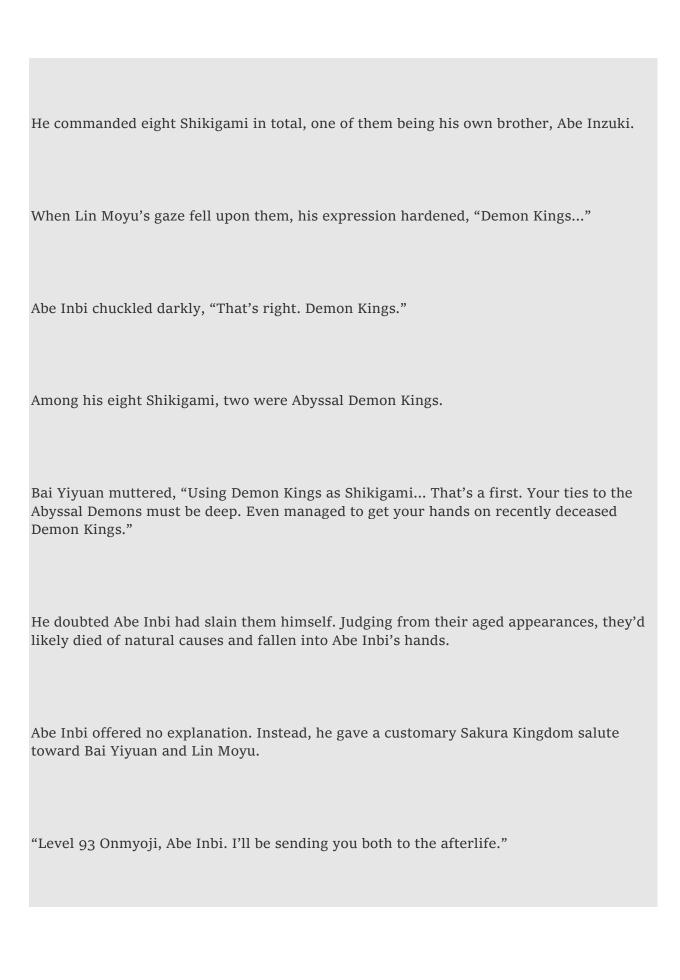
Hovering above the Black Dragon Guild's headquarters, Bai Yiyuan gazed down at the estate teeming with people.
As the Sakura Kingdom's strongest guild, it boasted many powerful class users.
Among them were no fewer than twenty peak-level level-80-plus class users—normally arrogant and commanding figures 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.



"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.



Level 93—mid-tier God-level, with eight God-level Shikigami at his command.
His strength was beyond imagination.