

Magic Era 1001

Chapter 1001 Black Burn Scar

The others weren't proficient in alchemy and at most had some basic knowledge of it. Thus, they wouldn't think too much about an Artisan and wouldn't know how difficult it was to reach that stage. However, all the mages of Sky City needed to master alchemy as well as magic.

Their status was directly related to the height they reached in alchemy, and it was even more important than their magical strength. Sky City had two Artisans, one of whom was only a 5th Rank Archmage, but his position in Sky City was the same as that of a Heaven Mage.

Not far from there, Jouyi sighed as he answered Raphael's question. "Sir Merlin is really an Artisan. He is the most talented person I've ever met, and he might become a Saint Alchemist after a few decades. He would be the youngest Saint Alchemist in Noscent's history."

Raphael was reverent and no longer displayed his doubts.

But Dylas still didn't dare to believe it and loudly shouted, "This is impossible! That guy is definitely pretending! Even an Artisan can't use four crystal pens at the same time..."

Lin Yun didn't even look at Dylas as he casually nodded at Raphael, "Sir Raphael, we don't have time to waste. We have to work as fast as possible..."

Raphael nodded. A genuine Artisan's basic rune-carving technique would definitely be a few times above a Master Alchemist's.

His huge pool of knowledge could bring speed and stability that had nothing to do with hand speed.

Lin Yun nodded, and he held a crystal pen in each hand while controlling the other two magically.

He cast Sharp Mind and Haste on himself before countless runes started appearing in his eyes.

In an instant, Lin Yun's hands turned into shadows, while the floating crystal pens turned into mirages.

A large number of runes and patterns appeared like flowing water.

The speed was extremely fast, a few times faster than the four mages of Sky City working together!

Raphael was instantly stunned. And it wasn't just Raphael; everyone watching foolishly.

Raphael was looking at Lin Yun drawing the array with shock. It was as if he was looking at a living God.

'Damn, is this even something a human can do? An Artisan can have such a speed? He not only used Sharp Mind, but he also cast Haste on himself?

'Is his natural hand speed unable to keep up with his thoughts? Such incredible speed, while still being able to maintain the neatness of a textbook... Are Artisans that formidable?'

The bottleneck for alchemists was always the speed of their calculations and analysis, not the drawing speed. This was an accepted truth, yet this person was shattering this truth. Raphael felt that the world had changed. He had always felt that being a first-rate Master Alchemist was worth being prideful about.

But he wouldn't dare call himself a Master Alchemist from now on. It was too shameful...

Everyone from the Odin Kingdom gaping at Lin Yun as he set up the array. Not a single sound could be heard for ten seconds.

Although Jouyi, Harren, and the Azurewave Sword Saint were amazed, what they felt even more strongly was pride.

The Andlusa Kingdom was truly too far behind the Odin Kingdom. The Odin Kingdom had always been looking down on them, especially in the field of alchemy. Yet now, they had been able to display a level of alchemy that could even stupefy the citizens of the Odin Kingdom. They could finally let go of that bad feeling that they had been holding in.

Dylas opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he couldn't find anything to criticize when looking at Lin Yun's artistic performance. Anything he could say would just invite disgrace upon himself.

He had yet to come up with anything to say when Raphael suddenly glared at him.

"Sir Dylas, pay attention to your own task."

Dylas coldly snorted and walked back to the entrance of the valley and replaced the mage there.

With Lin Yun personally making the array, the runes, which would take most of the time, were rapidly dealt with, and the rest of the alchemists weren't able to process magic materials fast enough to keep up with Lin Yun's speed.

In less than twenty minutes, Lin Yun completed the entire array on his own.

Sky City's three alchemists were looking at Lin Yun with admiration. He drew the array so incredibly quickly while using four crystal pens. The array, runes, and patterns could all be used as textbook materials, and many areas had been refined.

The diverse areas that Lin Yun had refined were a lot more effective.

In the world of alchemy, the most formidable ones obtained respect, regardless of where they were from.

After he finished drawing the array, he joined in with arranging the array, doubling the speed at which the array was being put in order.

The array ended up being deployed in less than half an hour. They would have already activated it if they weren't still waiting for the Burning Tower's people to arrive.

After five more minutes, Dedale arrived at the valley after following the magic beacon.

The array was activated, and numerous runes started moving on the ground as a several-hundred-meter-wide array blossomed with terrifying mana fluctuations.

These mana fluctuations instantly gathered back, and ripples spread at the entrance of the valley. It was like a curtain of light sealing the entrance of the valley. Dusky halos covered all the life auras, mana fluctuations, and scents within the range of the array.

Everything that could be discovered by the Undead was bound to this array.

From outside the array, it would seem that the entrance to the valley had disappeared, replaced by ordinary mountain rock, as if there had never been a valley to begin with.

That illusion also had a bewilderment effect. Not only would it appear as if there was a mountain wall on one side, but it also prevented anyone from walking to the front of the wall.

That basic illusion and bewilderment effect should be enough against the Undead. As for the array's primary effect, concealment, it should be enough against the two Heaven Ranks.

Half an hour later, the Undead Army appeared, and many of the Undead carried black burn scars.

The 150-meter-tall Ghost Behemoth was like a small mountain that slowly walked past the valley. That massive nose kept sniffing the air, searching for traces. Its scarlet eyes were like two huge magic lamps that swept the surroundings.

The army of the Undead was silent as death aura swept past the entrance of the valley.

Everyone was sweating as they prayed for the Undead to not discover them.

The array would definitely be discovered if the Ghost Behemoth casually touched this location. They would be done for if that happened.

The simpleton Ghost Behemoth quickly left the entrance of the valley. After a while, they saw the Death Shaman arrive, hovering in the air while being protected by a group of stronger Undead creatures.

There were still more than ten thousand Skeletal Wyverns in the sky protecting the Death Shaman at all times.

It took no less than two hours for all of the Undead to pass the entrance of the valley.

Their huge numbers made everyone feel a chill. There were so many of them below Level 20 that they simply couldn't be counted. And there were at least four thousand that were above Level 30, as well as the Death Shaman and the Ghost Behemoth.

This force could sweep through everyone. Even if they appeared in the Raging Flame Plane, they would be able to easily trample any force there.

After waiting two more hours, everyone sighed in relief.

That was enough time for the Undead to walk very far away. At the very least, they wouldn't discover their tracks again.

The Odin Kingdom's royal family let out a large falcon magic beast that flew very high and surveyed the twenty kilometers around them. It saw no threats at all... It could only see the tracks that the Undead left behind.

After feeling relieved, everyone left the array and kept walking further into the depths of the valley. There was no way they would go back. Who knew if that wretched Death Shaman had left some detection spells behind? If they fell into a trap, their position would be exposed.

Just as they walked a kilometer into the depths of the valley, Raphael doubtfully asked himself out loud, "How come this feels so familiar? It feels as if I've already come here..."

Raphael studied the surroundings, and the more he looked, the more familiar it felt. He hadn't noticed earlier as they were still fleeing, but now he felt more and more puzzled.

Raphael flew up and looked around the valley before exclaiming, "Hell, isn't this the Black Burn Scar?"

Raphael landed on the ground, shock visible in his eyes.

The others were also startled when they heard Raphael's words. Black Burn Scar... This was a well-known place.

"Raphael, are you sure?" Even Dedale looked unnerved.

Still feeling shocked, Raphael nodded and said, "I shouldn't be wrong. This place looks exactly the same as the Black Burn Scar. I just saw many peaks shaped the same way. The structure of the mountain rocks is also identical."

The people of the Odin Kingdom weren't the only ones who were shocked; a few individuals from the Andlusa Kingdom also had horrified expressions.

It was because the Black Burn Scar was too famous. The place was currently under the control of Sky City and was full of chaotic flame power. An ordinary mage couldn't walk in, or they would be burnt to ashes.

Even a mage close to the Heaven Rank would need to use a huge amount of their mana for defense if they wanted to enter. Moreover, they wouldn't be able to stay inside too long. If they met a situation where the flames burst, any mage under the Heaven Rank would die.

This region was famous because the Black Burn Scar left a legend in the Raging Flame Plane.

It was said that in those days, the Black Burn Scar was the most fertile area of the Raging Flame Plane and had been called the Essence Heartzone. The resources produced by one of its canyons would be far more valuable than an entire mountain range.

This was the Raging Flame Plane's most fertile mining site, which had a large number of valuable ore veins and contained the first-rate magic metal of the Raging Flame Plane, and in a shockingly large quantity.

It also produced an outrageous number of precious magic gems, including first-rate magic gems that would even make a Heaven Rank powerhouse personally act.

Back when humans had yet to enter the Raging Flame Plane, the Black Burn Scar's overseers had been the royal family of the Golden Beastmen. However, all eight Tribes could benefit from it, as the royal family would have immediately been jointly attacked if they ever tried to keep everything to themselves.

Chapter 1002 Demon Overlord

Unfortunately, one day, while excavating a vein of ore, a Beastman Tribe accidentally released a Greater Demon Overlord that had been suppressed in the Black Burn Scar.

That Greater Demon Overlord destroyed that Beastman Tribe the instant he was released, and the entire Black Burn Scar, the most fertile mining area of the Raging Flame Plane, was also destroyed. All the ore veins and precious resources had been thoroughly destroyed. From that point on, the Black Burn Scar became a land full of chaotic flames.

This legend was considered one of the most widely spread legends of the Raging Flame Plane. At the time, Sky City occupied an area close to the Black Burn Scar, and they naturally focused on exploring that place, yet they didn't gain anything.

Raphael was one of those people that entered Black Burn Scar, so he could see that this place was an exact replica of the Black Burn Scar.

The only difference was that this place was thriving. All kinds of lush vegetation and plants were growing all over the hillside. It wasn't like the Black Burn Scar he knew, which only had burnt black stones.

The group looked amazed as they cautiously walked towards the depths of the valley, yet they didn't encounter any danger.

As they almost passed through the valley, someone from the Odin Kingdom's royal family suddenly warned, "Beastmen! Beastmen ahead!"

Sure enough, they immediately saw a group of Wolf Riders two kilometers away after taking a turn.

These Beastmen apparently had discovered them too, and they were riding their huge wolves over.

The group immediately took out their magic staves and reflexively emitted some mana fluctuations.

Raphael frowned as he said with worry, "Those Beastmen are all Wolf Riders, and they are all 5th Rank Sword Saints or above, with the strongest being a 9th Rank Warlock.

"They aren't as strong as us, and even though they have three times our numbers, they aren't our match in battle.

"But if we start a fight here, the mana fluctuations will spread very far. The Undead are only two hours away at most, and if that Death Shaman left any probing spells within ten kilometers, it would inevitably discover the fluctuations from the battle."

Raphael shared his worries with everyone. The appearance of all those Undead monsters was strange, and they were extremely powerful. Who knew if they would charge over if they felt the battle fluctuations, or if they might pop out of the ground due to the fluctuations?

The group had serious expressions as they waited. Dedale was standing at the forefront, the dragon on his Burning Soul magic robe already staring at those Beastmen.

But what surprised everyone was that those Wolf Riders warily stopped a hundred meters away.

Moreover, all the Beastmen appeared to be on guard, but they made no offensive movements, and no hostility could be seen in their eyes.

This unforeseen event startled everyone.

In the Raging Flame Plane, Humans and Beastmen were mortal enemies. A battle would be unavoidable if one discovered the other. Even if they encountered a single member of the other race, the latter would either be captured or killed. There was no third option.

But these Beastmen only remained vigilant and didn't show any enmity, and they also weren't showing any signs of attacking.

"Who are you?"

The leader of those Beastmen rode a giant wolf and left the protection of the group as he rode a bit closer to ask this question. Although his tone couldn't be considered friendly, it wasn't overtly hostile. It seemed that he was only vigilant against seeing something unknown.

The group looked at each other, as this was different from what they had imagined.

Dedale's expression slightly changed as he gave everyone a meaningful glance, signalling them not to make a move.

Stepping forward, Dedale greeted the other side by following mage etiquette.

"We are human mages from another plane. Something happened as we were travelling through a Planar Path and we encountered some spatial chaos before accidentally arriving here. We have no evil intentions. Could you tell us where we are?"

Dedale weaved a careful lie, but this was actually something very common. When travelling through a Planar Path, let alone spatial chaos, something unexpected could even lead to the Planar Path having a deviation, and this could cause one to end up in another plane. Being able to remain alive in such a situation could be considered very lucky.

It also made sense that they didn't know where they were. Even the Beastmen wouldn't doubt this.

After Dedale finished his words, the leader of that group of Beastmen was actually bewildered, as if he had heard completely foreign words.

"What did you say? What's a Planar Path?"

Dedale didn't know how to respond to that. He looked at the group of Beastmen and noticed that their leader wasn't the only one that looked confused. These Beastmen couldn't understand what he said... They definitely weren't pretending.

Dedale hesitated a bit before explaining what a Planar Path was.

"A Planar Path is a path leading to another plane. That path could be dangerous. As long as there is a little bit of fluctuation, the direction might be influenced. If there is a little mistake in the direction, the Planar Path might lead to another path, or even the endless void..."

Dedale explained for a while, but the Beastmen were still confused, apparently unable to make sense of what he was saying.

"Alright, no need to explain. I don't care where you are from, but this is my tribe's territory, so please leave!"

The leader of the Beastmen was vigilant, and his expression wasn't that good. The Wolf Riders behind him also tightly held their weapons, ready to attack immediately if the humans showed any signs of hostility.

But contrary to their expectations, none of the humans made any drastic moves. No one wanted to start a battle.

The group consisted of powerhouses standing at the peak of each force, so everyone held some authority. Anywhere else, if someone so much as tried to coerce them, they would definitely attack first and discuss later.

But they all sighed in relief. It would be fine as long as they didn't have to start a fight that drew the Undead over.

Dedale didn't argue with the Beastmen either. Instead, he apologized with a smile.

"Alright, I'm really sorry. We trespassed on your territory by accident. We will take our leave immediately."

In addition to Dedale, everyone else appeared very willing. This made the leader of the Beastmen even more doubtful. He couldn't understand why these people were acting so polite, and he wondered if it was a plot.

"We will lead you out of our territory. We must watch as you leave our territory!"

The Beastmen's leader appeared very unyielding, clearly showing that he didn't trust the humans.

But none of them got angry about this. They felt that this was even better.

These Beastmen had clearly lived there for a long time, and they were very familiar with the place. They should be very familiar with the Undead, so they probably knew how to avoid them. If they followed these Beastmen, there would be very little chance that they would run into the Undead again.

Everyone instantly understood that reasoning. This was exactly what they were looking for. Someone leading them was for the best, so how could they object? Since these Beastmen wanted to lead them out, then they should hurry up and oblige. Leaving without any delay was logical.

Although Beastmen were vigilant, they didn't say anything as they saw the humans cooperate. The Wolf Riders encircled the humans and led them through the canyon.

They had walked for less than three minutes when a roar echoed from the depths of the valley and thick, black smoke covered the horizon.

A dense smell of sulfur assaulted their noses as an abyssal aura spread through the canyon. After a few seconds, everyone could see a towering Demon looming in the distance. He was covered in black smoke and had two huge curved horns on his head. His eyes were like two bright, purple moons, and his limbs had long sharp claws that looked metallic. He also had a scorpion tail protruding from his back.

As the Demon rushed over, all the vegetation in his wake withered and rapidly turned to ashes. The earth also became burnt black. The Demon was over a hundred meters tall, and the span between each step was enormous, leaving blazing burnt footprints on the ground.

Moreover, there were ten Lesser Demon Overlords behind him.

Seeing that group of Demons, the leader of the Wolf Riders suddenly roared, “Sh*t, it’s the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, careful!”

The Wolf Riders instantly abandoned the humans and formed a charging formation with a powerful Beastman Sword Saint at the forefront. He led the several dozen Wolf Riders as he attacked with a greatsword.

Golden-red Aura Slashes flew out and formed a single huge Aura Slash that tore at the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

The Demon’s eyes suddenly changed and transformed into two crescent moons. In an instant, his two huge clawed hands expanded into two enormous claws that ruthlessly slashed down.

As the Aura Slash collided with the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord’s claws, sharp, metallic sounds of friction echoed. The hundred-meter-long Aura Slash was like a huge sword forcibly torn apart by the Demon Overlord’s claws.

The grinding sound made the humans look more concerned.

The attack that required the cooperation of several dozen Sword Saints was like an ordinary attack in the eyes of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, who casually tore it to shreds.

“Disperse!” the Beastmen’s leader suddenly shouted, and the Wolf Riders surrounding them suddenly scattered.

The next moment, the Purple-Eyed Demonic Overlord extended his large claws and swung it down at the earth.

The earth fiercely shook, and several thick cracks spread from the Demon Overlord’s claws. A rich sulfuric aura surged from the cracks, soon followed by blazing geysers of lava.

In one second, close to three hundred meters had been covered in lava. The Wolf Riders barely dodged the geysers of lava.

All of the Wolf Riders left the range of the lava geysers, but two of the mounts still ended up being burnt to death from the blazing lava.

Chapter 1003 Worship Warsong

The Demon Overlord sneered sinisterly as he pushed back the Wolf Riders squadron. He seemed very disdainful as he walked on the lava and chased the Beastmen.

The ten Lesser Demon Overlords behind the Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord all roared and raised their arms, a large amount of black smoke surging out of their bodies.

In an instant, a meteor dragging a long black trail of smoke fell towards the Wolf Riders, followed by huge dark green fireballs falling down like a Meteor Shower.

A large number of Abyssal Spells fell down and suppressed the Beastmen by coordinating with the Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord’s charge.

A few Beastman Warlocks situated behind the Wolf Riders raised their bone staves, their magic patterns shining one after another on their skin. A large fire cloud appeared in the sky and eight-meter-big flaming meteors dragging long trails fell towards those Purple-Eyed Demons.

Further behind was a Beastman with his arms spread wide open in worship. He was loudly chanting an ancient Beastman warsong and emitting boundless ancient aura. In an instant, all the Beastmen appeared to be berserk, their eyes rapidly turned red, and their momentum also seemed berserk.

After a Valor Warsong, the worshipping Beastman proceeded with the second warsong. His voice had extraordinary piercing power and it felt like a burning flame. The humans couldn't understand the warsong's ancient language, but they could feel the flame power in the surroundings converging.

A very faint red flame enveloped all the Beastmen, but not a single one was injured. On the contrary, they had very high resistance to the spells released by the Purple-Eyed Demons, and the lava couldn't burn their bodies.

A strange expression appeared in Lin Yun's eyes.

Warsongs were powerful techniques unique to Beastmen. If a Beastman Priest participated in a large-scale battle, the power the Beastmen could display would be a few times higher.

That Beastman Priest chanted the Valor Warsong and the Worship Warsong with very ancient intonations. This kind of warsong was very rare within the current Beastman Tribes. Except for some Tribes with very ancient traditions, the rest of the Beastman Tribes simply couldn't use these Ancient Warsongs.

The Valor Warsong increased all of the Beastmen's strengths and made them fearless, allowing them to display even more power. This warsong had spread widely, but the Worship Warsong was only passed down in Tribes with a few ten thousand years of history.

Beastmen affected by the Worship Warsong could ignore flames' burns and could walk on flames without feeling anything. Even the damage from some strange high grade flames would be greatly reduced.

'This is only a small squadron of Beastmen, how could they use the Worship Warsong?'

A wisp of doubt flashed in Lin Yun's eyes, because not a single tribe in the Raging Flame Plane had inherited the Worship Warsong.

As Lin Yun was doubtful, the battle between the Beastmen and the Purple-Eyed Demons unfolded. Green poisonfire kept falling as a large abyssal meteor carrying corrosive toxins fell.

Flaming meteors and Aura Slashes made the scene chaotic.

That Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord was fiercely charging forward, relying on his physical body to resist all spells. Those two thirty-meter-long claws flickered with a metallic luster, and easily tore through spells and aura.

It took three minutes for the first Beastman to fall, he failed to dodge and was swept by the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord's sharp claws. Those nine-meter-long fingernails sliced twice and that Beastman's weapon, body, and even mount were instantly torn to shreds.

Five Wolf Riders soon followed, torn to shreds in less than five minutes.

The Beastmen retreated again and again, and that Beastman Priest was extremely pale. Two formidable Warsongs consumed almost all his energy, but he chanted once again, to buff all the Beastmen with another warsong, increasing their speed and dexterity.

But this couldn't prevent the battle from being lost. The ten Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords kept casting, while the Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord was personally charging. This wasn't something the Beastmen could withstand.

As the Beastmen kept retreating, the spells of those Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords started affecting the human side. Black meteors kept falling down and mixed with the large amount of poisonfire to pollute the air, making it highly toxic.

The plants within several kilometers withered as the poisonous gas emitted by the poisonfire spread, their vitality was thoroughly extinguished. Some small animals and insects were unable to flee from the poisonous gas and their corpses rapidly rotted.

"We have to fight. Those Demons definitely won't let us off after they kill the Beastmen, and who knows if that fight will lure the Undeads over. We have to settle this fight as fast as possible."

Dedale turned to look at everyone and made the decision to fight.

No one objected.

Everyone was confused by the current situation, they had first encountered a sea of Undeads, before encountering Beastmen that surprisingly didn't seem to want to fight to death, and now, they were facing a Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord as well as ten Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords.

All these encounters stunned them, they couldn't make sense of it.

But they knew that they had no other choice but to fight. These Purple-Eyed Demons clearly wouldn't let them off, and they wouldn't have an easy time once the Beastmen died, they wouldn't be able to defeat the Purple-Eyed Demons without losses then.

Purple-Eyed Demon Overlords were nobles among the Demon Race. Of the seventy-two Demon Sub-Races, although the Purple-Eyed Demons were far below the ten greatest golden ruling bloodlines, they were still regarded as a noble bloodline. They were powerful and cruel, and if they met anyone from the golden bloodlines weaker than them, they wouldn't hesitate to ruthlessly kill them.

Since the human group had appeared in this prairie, they had been continuously running in fear and everyone had been holding in their anger. It wasn't just Dedale, everyone wanted to vent.

Since they were of the same mind, how could they still hesitate? Dedale rushed out first, his body emitting orange flames as he instantly fused with the Burning Soul magic robe and transformed into a long Flame Dragon's head elemental lifeform.

The orange flames turned into a tornado that sent Dedale charging towards the Purple Demon Overlord. In an instant, over a hundred fireballs appeared around Dedale, dragging long trails behind as they rapidly charged into the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

The Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord nastily grinned as he swatted with his two sharp claws, seemingly wanting to tear through the spells, just like before.

But the orange flames directly exploded when they came in contact with the body of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord. The dense flames kept exploding, turning the front of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord into a sea of orange flames. The exploding orange flames were like blisters inflating one after another.

The terrifying explosive forces layered together and made the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord unable to resist, he couldn't help falling back four hundred meters.

The Purple Demon Overlord shouted as he flew into a rage, the purple crescent moons in his eyes slowly grew in size until they became full moons. His sinister aura turned into a storm spreading out.

Dedale directly collided with that Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, causing the air to stop flowing for a short moment. That guy's burst power was terrifying, even if he was borrowing the power of a Magic Tool, he was really displaying the power of a Heaven Rank powerhouse.

Lin Yun watched as Dedale rushed to the forefront and stalled the Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord on his own and let out a sigh, rating Dedale's strength fairly high, before immediately attacking the Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords.

Having lost the threat of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, the remaining people assisted the Beastmen in handling those ten Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords.

The strongest Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlord was Level 39 while the weakest was Level 37. They were rapidly suppressed by the group of 9th Rank Archmages and Sword Saints, as well as several dozen 5th Rank Sword Saint or above Wolf Riders.

Dark Arrows, Quicksand Binding, Flame Storm, Frost Nova...

A large number of spells fell, and it took ten seconds for a Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlord to be torn apart by the chaotic spells.

Seven minutes later, the ten Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlords had been completely eradicated. Afterwards, everyone started besieging that Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlord.

Dedale was at the forefront, while in the back, the Quicksand Tower's mages roused quicksands and transformed the surroundings of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord into sand. The Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord started sinking in the ground, unable to struggle out no matter how much he tried.

The Shadow Tower's mages used Shadow Bindings, several dozen shadow hands surged from the shadows of the two mountains surrounding this ravine and firmly grabbed the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord's body.

The four mages of Sky City controlled four 10-meter-big floating fortresses and frantically cast spells. From a distance, it looked like four elemental rivers linking the four fortresses to the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

That berserk flood of spells exploded on the black smoke fiercely fluctuating on the skin of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord. That layer of dense abyssal defense was becoming weaker and weaker. The Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord angrily roared, but was unable to struggle free.

A member of the Odin Kingdom's royal family raised a staff that looked like a miniature dragon spear and incanted. After the incantation was over, a several-dozen-meter-tall golden dragon spear shadow appeared behind him, and in a split second, numerous golden dragon spears charged into the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord's body.

As for the Andlusa Kingdom's side, Jouyi summoned his galaxy-like spell, Harren cast his darkness spells, and the Azurewave Sword Saint let out his Sky Sword Aura.

The earth-shattering abilities fell onto the body of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

And the most eye-catching were actually Lin Yun and his subordinates. Lin Yun held his Draconic Staff, a mysterious wheel shadow appearing behind him as eight huge elemental vortexes were formed above his head. The earth, fire, wind, and water elements were all present as these eight vortexes transformed into a huge circle. Ten-meter-thick spellwaves flowed out of these eight vortexes.

These spellwaves fused into a seventy-meter-thick terrifying elemental storm in midair, which ruthlessly fell onto the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord's body.

Enderfa and the patched puppet stood together, also using elemental storms and spellwaves.

Chapter 1004 Great Prophe

Following the performance of the three casters of Lin Yun's group, the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord's abyssal defense rapidly dissipated and his flesh got lacerated in less than three minutes. A large amount of purple blood sprayed out and the fishy smell contained inside mixed with the smell of sulfur present in the air.

Reina dove down in her Frost Dragon Shape, a blue light beam spurting out of her mouth.

The light beam touched the surface of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord and immediately transformed into an icy blue halo spreading out. A layer of ice rapidly spread over the skin of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

The enraged Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord suddenly started panicking as he was getting frozen from the Frost Dragon's breath. Words in Abyssal Language came out of his mouth and turned into abyssal runes made of black smoke.

The two purple moons flew out of his eye sockets and fused with the abyssal runes above his head.

Suddenly, a purple demonic moon shadow over a hundred-meter-big appeared above the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord. As rays of lights shone from the demonic moon, the body of the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord suddenly turned illusory. It looked as if everyone's spells fell into another space as they could no longer hit the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord.

The Demon Overlord roared in rage, fiercely glaring at everyone, before jumping and disappearing into the demonic moon.

As for the demonic moon, it slowly turned into a shadow and dissipated.

After the fight was over, everyone sighed in relief. The Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord wasn't killed that easily, just breaking through his defenses took ten minutes of concentrated attacks.

Moreover, that Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord was clearly more powerful physically-wise. If he had given up on his casting abilities, his body could have become even more powerful and spells under the Heaven Rank would have only caused some superficial wounds to that guy. Getting rid of him would be an impossible task then.

The leader of the Beastmen scattered his Aura and took a deep breath.

"I hadn't expected that Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord to have already fused with two moons and to be able to summon a demonic moon shadow. He should possess the royal bloodline of the Purple-Eyed Demons, we can't stop him if he wants to escape."

The injured Beastmen started looking after their injuries while their leader went towards the humans. He clenched his right fist and placed it on his chest before solemnly bowing to all of them.

"Thank you for helping us repel these damned Demons and allowing us to not fall under these demons' hands. I'm very sorry about the previous matter. We don't have a way to express our thanks at the moment, but I would like to invite you to our tribe as guests. You already won our friendship. I'm named Diers but my clansmen call me Goshawk."

Dedale promptly walked over after being thanked by Diers. Beastmen always had straightforward characters, thus they couldn't politely exchange some flattery or they would think they were insulted.

Moreover, they didn't understand everything about this place, strange things kept happening one after another, and thus, going to Diers' tribe was clearly the best choice, they should find a lot of useful information and clues about that world over there.

Dedale turned to look at everyone, and the leaders from every force slightly nodded. After confirming with everyone, Dedale turned around and smiled.

"Sir Diers, we are very happy to be your guests."

Diers was very happy after getting a reply. He enthusiastically led Dedale in the valley and kept introducing everything in the surroundings.

Not far from the valley, they could see a large amount of ancient buildings. The rough buildings were full of Beastman style and were erected on the ground. There were also many tall buildings, with the tallest one being over a hundred meters in height.

Those buildings were built from large chunks of stones piled together and layered together. Each floor was six to seven meters in height and the exterior of the buildings were covered in blood-carved ancient runes. There was also some totems turned into pillars.

Those were ancient methods with which Beastmen reinforced their houses. The ancient runes carved from blood weren't very good-looking, but the houses were far more durable than humans' houses.

The Beastmen considered their mounts as partners, they would let their own mount into their houses. As they approached, they could even see huge Kodos extending their heads from windows to look over there.

Whimpering sounds could be heard as the huge fort residing at the entrance of the valley was wide open and a group of Wolf Riders came to meet them.

Four to five hundred Wolf Riders had rushed out of the fort. At that time, they discovered that these Wolf Riders were not any weaker than the ones escorting them, they were all at least Level 35.

Diers roused his mount and rushed over to discuss, recounting what they had encountered and explaining that the humans saved their lives. This made those vigilant Beastmen suddenly smile and cordially escort them in the fort.

In the fort, many Beastmen were observing them from the side, while many children were curiously following their group, as if they had never seen humans.

As they walked, Jouyi suddenly used High Elven Language, "Have you noticed? These Beastmen don't seem to be from the Raging Flame Plane. Although they look very similar, they are definitely not from any of the eight Tribes, they aren't even from a branch, they are too friendly for that, just look at those children..."

High Elven was a kind of magic language that all mages had to learn. Many incantations were chanted in High Elven and many High Tier Spells had High Elven intonations.

Everyone was stunned after Jouyi's words and they observed their surroundings, discovering that the Beastmen in the surroundings were very friendly. They sincerely welcomed their arrival after hearing that they had saved one of their Wolf Rider squadron.

Even the children didn't have a single wisp of hate in their eyes, there was only curiosity.

Such circumstances was impossible in the Raging Flame Plane, any Beastman of the Raging Flame Plane would hate humans, and before the Beastman children even weaned, they would be soaked into the hate of humans and the notion that humans were their arch-enemies.

Thus, these Beastmen definitely weren't Beastmen of the Raging Flame Plane, they had never seen humans.

Jouyi's words immediately got acknowledged by everyone.

Raphael nodded as he sank into deep thoughts, also using High Elven to answer, "Right, let's observe first. This place is too strange. We shouldn't provoke them if they have no malice, obtaining those Beastmen's friendship would pose us no harm."

Dedale also nodded, "It is very strange, we should just observe for now. That Tribe is very powerful, but we aren't weak either. If we hadn't met an Undead Tide, how could we be forced in such a bad situation? Even if there is a situation, we can escape. Just be careful not to cause trouble..."

They were led to the tribe's huge central square where a pile of ten-meter-big bonfires were ignited. Several dozen big forks were stuck above the bonfires, with prey slowly cooking at their end.

A group of Beastmen was standing at the edge welcoming everyone.

The three Beastmen heading them were all at the Heaven Rank!

A 2.6-meter-tall Beastman covered in rock-like muscles stood in the middle. Just from standing there he was emitting a fierce tyrannical aura. He was wearing a hide crown, showing that he was the Great Tribal Chief of this Tribe.

And on the left of the Great Tribal Chief was a 1.8-meter-tall “small” Beastman. That Beastman was wearing a robe, something rarely seen in the Beastman Tribe, and he was holding a short staff. He appeared aged and the traces left by the years could be seen on his face, his eyes were glittering, and his gaze felt ancient and filled with wisdom.

This was this Tribe’s Great Prophet, the Tribe’s sage, the most revered Beastman, the inheritor of Beastmen knowledge, the one in charge of all priests, and the source of all their knowledge.

And on the right of the Great Tribal Chief was a robust Beastman 2.2-meter-tall with the surface of his body covered in scars similar to tree forks. Those were scars left behind by a lightning strike, and some faint wisp of lightning light could be seen circulating within the scars.

This was the Tribe’s Great Shaman, he was leading the Tribe’s Shamans and Warlocks, and every Shaman in the Tribe was his disciple.

Diers was at the humans’ side, introducing the Tribe’s three strongest to everyone.

Being granted an audience by three Heaven Rank powerhouses, even with the knowledge that they were well-intentioned, made even the strongest Dedale sweat. The three Heaven Rank weren’t emitting any aura, yet it felt as if they were pressured by three mountains.

The stronger one was, the clearer they felt it. Lin Yun felt the terrifying power of the three Heaven Rank powerhouses. The Great Tribal Chief was like a sleeping volcano waiting to burst.

Just by standing there, the Great Shaman could make them feel as if thunder was echoing within their souls. There was no need to think to know that this Shaman was a Lightning Shaman, and his lightning spells were very powerful, powerful enough to injure himself.

As for that Great Prophet, he was like a deep and calm pond of water whose depths couldn’t be felt. His gaze was full of wisdom and he was similar to the humans’ greatest sages. Even without mana, he would still give people a kind of soul pressure.

But what surprised the group was behind them. Apart from the three Heaven Rank powerhouses, there was still a group of powerhouses that surpassed level 39 but had yet to advance to the Heaven Rank.

These powerhouses would be generals that could lead armies of ten thousand people in the Raging Flame Plane, but here they were just a group of Beastmen, and if one didn’t pay attention, they would think that they were just the followers of the three Heaven Rank powerhouses.

Apart from these, there was still a few dozen 9th Rank Sword Saint and 9th Rank Arch-Warlock powerhouses in the back.

There was a lot of Beastmen sitting on the ground, or on the side of the bonfires, but not a single one was below Level 35.

Everyone looked at each other, they could see the shock in their eyes, but they didn't dare to casually discuss in front of three Heaven Rank powerhouses, who knew if the wise Great Prophet could understand them.

Shock could also be seen in Lin Yun's eyes, because that Beastman Tribe was too powerful, it absolutely could compare to the most powerful Gold Beastmen Tribe of the Raging Flame Plane.

Chapter 1005 Bonfire Banque

They could absolutely fight the Golden Beastmen over the ruling power if they appeared in the Raging Flame Plane. Destabilizing the Golden Beastmen's power would be a very easy matter.

The thing was that on the way, Lin Yun estimated that there were about twenty thousand Beastmen in the tribe.

That number was too small. The weakest tribe of the Raging Flame Plane had over a hundred thousand Beastmen.

The number of high-ranked powerhouses could match the Golden Beastmen, but there were too few of them overall. If they were in the Raging Flame Plane, they would at best pose a challenge to the Golden Beastmen's rule, but they wouldn't be able to take over the ruling status.

But even if they only had about twenty thousand Beastmen, they would be able to easily sweep the floor with the twenty-seven humans and three non-humans.

They were invited to the square, and the fragrance of barbecue wafted in. The tall Great Tribal Chief walked over with large strides, laughing heartily.

"So you are the heroes who saved our tribe's brave warriors? Your valor already obtained our tribe's friendship. We are conducting a Bonfire Banquet in your honor to welcome your arrival!"

The Great Tribal Chief's voice loudly echoed like thunder. His voice was so loud that there was no need to use magic to amplify it.

Following his words, the Beastmen on the square raised their hands in a cheer. Furthermore, groups of strong female Beastmen carried 1-meter-tall jugs of wine over.

The humans were almost all mages, so their faces turned slightly green when they saw those wine jars that were big enough for them to bathe in, but they couldn't decline now.

The Bonfire Banquet was a Beastman tradition. It would only be conducted when they welcomed some noble guests or for important celebrations. The three Heaven Rank powerhouses appearing together immediately raised the standard of that welcoming ceremony. If they refused the alcohol, it would be like spitting on their faces, and it might even make them hostile.

The group was led over to sit next to the bonfires. Dedale was unwilling to pass his responsibility to any others, so he was led to sit by the Great Tribal Chief. Dedale's face turned slightly green as he looked at the hunk of barbecued meat as thick as his waist, as well as the blood dripping from the meat.

A loud sound echoed as a 1.5-meter-tall wine jar was put in front of Dedale. The Great Tribal Chief burst into a loud peal of laughter, picked up his enormous slab of roasted meat, and tore a big mouthful from it. Thin rivulets of blood dripped down his cheek as he ate more than half of the meat in just seconds. He then picked up the huge wine jar in front of him and drank half of it.

“Friends, don’t be polite. Sharing good wine and meat is something we should do for a friend of our tribe.”

The mages all had greenish complexions as they looked at the portions of wine. And the half-cooked roasted meat still dripping blood made them sweat. Even the puppet was treated as a guest, so it had a pile of roasted meat and a wine jar was in front of it.

Lin Yun sat at Dedale’s side, feeling himself start to sweat. He secretly glanced at Dedale and saw that particularly large wine jar, as well as the 15 kilograms of half-cooked meat... And Lin Yun’s eyes seemed to be grinning.

Fortunately, Dedale had been leading for the past few days...

Lin Yun calmly used a knife to cut a slice of barbecue and then passed the rest to Xiuban and glared at him.

Xiuban was beaming with joy as he ate the meat covered in fat and blood and drank the dozens of liters of wine.

Next to Lin Yun, Dedale was a bit pale as he ate a bit of the meat and took a sip of the spicy drink before promptly shifting the topic.

“Sir Great Tribal Chief, you have been living here for so long... Do you know what’s going on with all the Undead on the prairie?”

As Dedale started inquiring about the Undead, the rest of the group tried to listen. They came to this tribe mostly because they wanted to ask about this. The group had almost been surrounded and killed, so how could they not want to get more information?

These Beastmen seemed to have been living here for a very long time, so they definitely had a good understanding of those Undead creatures. They might even know many secrets.

But as the Great Tribal Chief heard Dedale’s question, he seemed to be at a loss.

“The Undead? What Undead? You met some? Damnit, don’t tell me a Necromancer appeared!

Dedale frowned, feeling like this Great Tribal Chief was tricking him.

“It’s not a Necromancer, but a big group of the Undead, just like a tide. They have huge numbers, and they chased us into this canyon.”

The Great Tribal Chief shook his head, a trace of doubt still visible on his face.

“An Undead army? Impossible, we have been living here for such a long time and have yet to hear about any of the Undead here, let alone an army...”

Dedale didn't understand why the Great Tribal Chief would lie to him, but it was such an easy lie so easy to see through. They had been living here for a long time, so how could they not have seen any of those Undead creatures?

"There really is an Undead army, and it numbers in the several hundreds of thousands. Moreover, they are all Undead Beastmen, as well as Undead Wolf Riders and Skeletal Wyverns..."

Dedale had yet to finish his words when the Great Tribal Chief suddenly interrupted him and looked at him in an unfriendly way. "My friend, you obtained the friendship of our tribe by saving our tribe's warriors, so we welcomed you in and entertained you as guests... How could you talk nonsense and blaspheme our Beastmen?"

"We, the Beastmen, can't turn into filthy the Undead. Under the protection of the great Beast Gods, the souls of all dying Beastmen only have two places to return to. One is to turn into an Ancestor Soul to guard the tribe, while the other is to return to the embrace of the earth. We definitely can't turn into the Undead. Don't even speak of an army of them..."

The Great Tribal Chief put down the roasted meat, apparently unwilling to budge.

Dedale's expression became unpleasant, and he wanted to insist that he had met the Undead army...

"Sir Great Tribal Chief, I'm not blaspheming your clansmen. In fact--"

Dedale, as the leader of the Burning Tower, was now considered the leader of this group, so he couldn't let others doubt him.

But the expression of the Great Tribal Chief sank as Dedale kept talking.

Lin Yun frowned. 'That guy doesn't understand the situation. Talking about Undead Beastmen in front of Beastmen... Isn't that just asking for trouble? Moreover, it doesn't look like that Great Tribal Chief is lying.'

"Sir Great Tribal Chief, what kind of meat did you use for this roasted meat? And this wine, it's so spicy. I suppose that the brewing process isn't that easy?" Lin Yun suddenly interrupted Dedale's question and hurriedly shifted the direction of the conversation.

Letting Dedale ask again would definitely turn the situation sour.

Dedale frowned as he looked at Lin Yun, but he noticed Lin Yun's signal and looked around at everyone. Whether it was the Beastmen or the humans, the atmosphere had frozen. Although he was unwilling, Dedale didn't keep mentioning the matter of the Undead.

The Great Tribal Chief proudly laughed when he heard Lin Yun's question.

"This is the meat of the Three-Horned Oxen that we are breeding. It tastes pretty good, eh? It has enough energy and is chewy enough. Moreover, this wine, hehe, I personally improved the brewing recipe. This is a wine for true males, it is powerful!"

The Great Tribal Chief smiled with delight as he bragged. Apparently, brewing this kind of spicy wine was a bigger achievement to him than advancing to the Heaven Rank.

He forgot about the matter of the Undead Beastmen in an instant, and the mood suddenly recovered.

The bonfire banquet continued for four hours. The Beastmen were singing and dancing, and the atmosphere was very good. Some Beastmen even held totems as they fought in the square to liven things up.

The humans didn't obtain the answer they'd wanted and were somewhat absent-minded. Even Lin Yun was baffled.

He observed the buildings of this Beastman Tribe, and from the wear and tear, noticed that many of the buildings had existed for over a millennium. Furthermore, the tall fence surrounding the tribe was at least two or three millennia old.

These Beastmen had no concept of Planar Paths and planes. When added to the scattered pieces of information he had obtained on the way back, he was certain that these Beastmen had been living here for millennia.

After such a long time, how could they have not seen that army of Undead Beastmen, or not even know of the existence of the Undead?

But after observing for a while, Lin Yun could see that the Great Tribal Chief hadn't been lying. He had certainly been at a loss when he heard about the Undeads, and he had truly been unhappy when Undead Beastmen were mentioned. There wasn't been a single flaw, so Lin Yun judged that he really didn't know about the army of Undead Beastmen.

There had to be something wrong there...

Lin Yun was doubtful, while Dedale was bewildered, utterly confused.

After the end of the banquet, everyone returned to their rooms to rest. They were all noble guests of the Beastmen, and their resting space was naturally arranged in one of those hundred-meter-tall buildings.

After a routine meditation, Lin Yun was about to take out his Book of Mantras to keep studying the incantations within, when he suddenly got an ominous feeling.

He promptly walked to the window and looked outside, only to see a scene that shocked him to the core.

The building they had been residing in had less than twenty floors, and they were occupying the 15th floor. At this height, they could directly see what was happening outside the tribe.

The tribe was situated on the edge of a mountain range, very close to the endless prairie, and from there, they could see everything within the boundless prairie.

Under the moonlight, Lin Yun's eyes suddenly widened as he saw that the prairie outside the tribe was filled with Undead Beastmen.

It looked like an ant colony, and Kodos could be seen among them, glaringly standing out. There was also a large group of Skeletal Wyverns circling in the air.

Moreover, many of the Undead were entering the mountain range and unconsciously walking around before slowly approaching the tribe.

The large group of the Undead walking around looked like a huge group of patrolling soldiers, tirelessly investigating every corner.

Lin Yun was alarmed by the appearance of the Undead army. He wanted to wake up the others, but after turning his head, he noticed that the windows on both sides were already opened and that the others were already watching the Undead from those windows.

Chapter 1006 There Aren't Any Undead

Everything seemed to be normal in the Beastman Tribe, as they apparently hadn't noticed anything yet. The guards at the edge of the tribe were also loyal to their duties, but it seemed that they simply didn't notice the Undead.

Seeing this situation, as well as what happened at the Bonfire Banquet, no one recklessly acted, but they were all worried.

When they were chased before, they hadn't been able to get a feel as to how many of the Undead were chasing them.

But from their current vantage point, they could see the Undead covering the ground like the prairie was covered in an ash-gray rug. There were traces of the Undead wherever they looked. They could see at least a few hundred thousand of them.

"Merlin, what should we do now? I'm afraid this tribe won't be able to resist," Enderfa said with a worried tone as he floated beside Lin Yun.

Lin Yun frowned, also clearly worried. When faced with this kind of Undead army, he could only run to survive. If he fought, he would inevitably die after being exhausted.

Everyone stood at the window to observe, waiting for the Beastman Tribe to react. But by the time the Undead reached a place not far from the tribe, they suddenly seemed to encounter some incorporeal obstruction before changing direction, walking towards another area.

The Undead apparently didn't discover the huge Beastman Tribe, and neither did they feel the convergence of the huge aura of life.

And the Beastmen people also seemed to be unable to discover the Undead army. Everything was peaceful.

The Undead patrolled outside the entire night and quietly retreated when the sky brightened. Many of them directly dug into the ground and disappeared.

Only the gray earth was left behind after they all disappeared, and the grass of the prairie emitted a thick aura of death.

But as the sun rose, something unexpected happened. The black earth suddenly started recovering, and the grass started growing from the ground. In less than ten minutes, grass once again filled the ground,

and the earth had turned emerald green, just like the previous day during the daytime. There was no difference from before.

It was getting bright, and the Beastman Tribe that had been silent during the night once again woke up. Every Beastman was busy with their own matter, whether it was herding livestock, or planting cereals in the back of the Tribe.

When they met with the Beastman Tribe's Great Tribal Chief once again, Dedale impatiently inquired, "Sir Great Tribal Chief, did you notice the Undead army outside the tribe last night?"

The Great Tribal Chief burst out into loud laughter and patted Dedale's shoulder.

"Hahaha, my dear friend, your alcohol tolerance is truly lacking. As a male, how could you be unable to drink wine? Look at you, you are so intoxicated you still can't wake up from your dream.

"What Undead? You must have been ruthlessly suppressed by the Undead before, but rest assured, there aren't any Undead here. I suggest that you rest for a while..."

The Great Tribal Chief burst into laughter again before leaving. Dedale was frowning, not understanding what was happening. He had noticed this time that the Great Tribal Chief had really been telling the truth... He really hadn't noticed the Undead.

As for Lin Yun, he was pensive, apparently thinking of something.

Ultimately, at daybreak of the 3rd day, battle drums echoed within the tribe and hurried sounds could be heard as all the warriors of the tribe rapidly converged.

Over a thousand of them gathered in ten minutes. Moreover, the tribe's three Heaven Rank powerhouses also appeared together. The warriors there were all Level 30 or above.

The Great Tribal Chief personally led the warriors as they rushed out of the tribe, attacking the nearby canyon. The large group of Beastmen were surrounding that canyon, apparently waiting for something.

Lin Yun and everyone else were a bit puzzled, wondering what the Beastmen were thinking about.

After all, everyone could see the dense black smoke soaring from the canyon into the sky, accompanied by the pungent smell of sulfur assailing their nostrils. Everyone immediately understood that it was an Abyssal Demon.

A large cloud of black smoke surged from within the canyon like a flood rushing out. Four gigantic Demon Overlords roared as they rushed out of the canyon, and one of them was the Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord they had met earlier.

Of the remaining three, one of them was also a Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, while the other two were Horned Demons with long single horns.

The Horned Demons' bodies were half as thin as the Purple-Eyed Demons. They could only be considered an inferior race of Demons, and their bodies were far less powerful. They lived in the rare icebergs of the Abyss and could naturally release very powerful ice spells.

The four huge Demon Overlords rushed out of the canyon, and from the black smoke, several dozen Lesser Demon Overlords from the Horned and Purple-Eyed races followed them.

As this group of Demons rushed into the canyon, the two Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlords waved their claws before charging into the Beastman army.

In the back, the two thin Horned Demon Overlords led the group of Lesser Demon Overlords and started casting abyssal spells.

Black smoke covered the sky and rapidly condensed into a roiling black cloud from which Meteors and Black Ice Spikes alike fell down, pressuring the Beastmen.

The Great Tribal Chief held a long, golden greatsword as he met the two Purple-Eyed Demon Overlords on his own. Golden Aura spurted out and transformed into a several-dozen-meter-long sword that kept colliding with the two Purple-Eyed Demon Overlords.

In the sky, the Great Prophet chanted ancient warsongs with an ancient voice.

He used the Heroic Warsong that was even more formidable than the Valor Warsong, the Worship Warsong that increased magic resistance, as well as the Ancestors' Praise, which increased vitality.

In an instant, a layer of red flames appeared on the bodies of the Beastmen, and everyone seemed unaffected when faced with the pressure of the Heaven Rank. Moreover, an Ancient Beastman rune was imprinted onto the forehead of every Beastman.

As for the Great Shaman, he released two huge totem pillars. Two rough, yet gorgeous patterns spread out from the totems. At the same time, purple and orange halos spread beneath the feet of every Beastman.

At that time, the movement speed and attack speed of every Beastman was greatly increased.

Afterwards, the Great Shaman tossed a blood sphere, which exploded and fused with the bodies of the Beastmen. At that time, the bodies of the Beastmen swelled up out of nowhere. Their eyes became blood red, and their arms were covered in a layer of bloody aura.

After buffing every Beastman, the Great Shaman took out a lightning staff and flew up into the air to start casting.

The Great Prophet took out a two-meter-wide dark red ancient wardrum. The wardrum seemed to have been bathed in blood countless times as it was emitting a strong bloody odor mixed with a fierce and berserk aura.

As the sounds of the wardrum echoed, the "Ba-thump" sounds made all the Beastmen go somewhat crazy, and the power of their Aura Slashes suddenly increased by 30%.

Lin Yun, who was looking at the battle from a distance, was amazed.

The inherited ancient warsongs were far more powerful than what the current Beastmen were using, and those two totem pillars were the endurance halos of the Half-Beastmen. No, the Half-Beastmen's endurance halos only had one totem pillar.

Moreover, the Great Shaman's Mass Bloodthirst wasn't weakened at all when used on a Heaven Rank powerhouse like the Great Tribal Chief, making him even stronger.

The wardrums from the Great Prophet should be the rumored Behemoth Wardrums. They roused the Beastmen's bloodline power and raised their fighting power even more, by about 30%. Even the power of Aura was increased by 30%. These war drums had gone through at least five millennia of battle history.

After being buffed by the Great Prophet and the Great Shaman, the power of these Beastmen doubled, but the power they could display was two to three times higher. A Heaven Rank powerhouse like the Great Tribal Chief could even display four to five his power.

The Great Tribal Chief was already 3.4 meters tall, and even though he was fighting the two Purple-Eyed Greater Demon Overlords on his own, he still had a slight edge.

The Great Shaman turned into the incarnation of lightning and soared into the sky. Black clouds covered the sky, and thick lightning bolts started falling towards the Great Shaman. It only took three seconds before his lightning staff turned into a hundred-meter-long lightning bolt.

As he waved his staff, several dozen thick glaring lightning bolts hacked down towards the two Horned-Demon Overlords.

Black ice and lightning collided and created fierce mana fluctuations, making the elemental power in that part of the canyon extremely chaotic. Elements converged into a tide, but they were crushed by the even more intense mana fluctuations.

The Great Tribal Chief battled the two Purple-Eyed Demon Overlords, the Great Shaman battled the two Horned Demons Overlords, while the army of Beastmen fought against Lesser Demon Overlords.

The fearless Beastmen fought against the cruel Demons, and the scene appeared desperate.

Scarlet blood kept sprinkling over the battlefield

A Purple-Eyed Lesser Demon Overlord was torn into two halves by a Beastman Sword Saint, before being cut into pieces by a few dozen Aura Slashes.

A Beastman Shaman just released a raging flame spell onto a Horned Lesser Demon Overlord when claws suddenly extended from the side and crushed his head.

The bitter fight continued for an hour. More than half of the Lesser Demon Overlords had been sliced while the Beastmen had lost a few hundred people.

Of the two Purple-Eyed Demon Overlords, one had an arm cut, while the other had half of its neck cutoff, his head almost beheaded.

The Great Tribal Chief was also covered in blood, fresh blood was dripping over his skin, and a huge chunk of flesh was torn out of his back.

Of the two Horner Demon Overlords, one had been turned into coal by a lightning strike, while the other was burnt black with one of his one arms turned into coal and his blood unable to flow from it.

Chapter 1007 Not There

The Great Shaman was extremely pale and the lightning injuries he bore became more and more serious. Rays of lightning kept flickering in his surroundings, as if the lightning bolts cleaving the sky were attracted to him.

The Great Prophet standing in the back was also pale, the frequency at which he was hitting the drums had greatly slowed down.

The Great Tribal Chief went all-out and blocked a hit. After cutting the arm of a Purple-Eyed Demon Overlord, the two Purple-Eyed Demons became fearful and unhesitantly used their Demonic Moon Projection to escape.

Only a Horned Demon remained, but how could he continue fighting? He unhesitantly gave up on the Lesser Demon Overlords and escaped back into the canyon's smoke on his own, disappearing without a trace.

The Great Tribal Chief and the Great Shaman no longer had their hands tied and rapidly dealt with the Lesser Demon Overlords trying to escape.

The fight was over, but both sides had suffered. Of the four Greater Demon Overlords, one had died and the other three had been seriously injured. All of the Lesser Demon Overlords had been eliminated.

As for the Beastmen, the Great Tribal Chief's injuries weren't light, but they weren't life-threatening. The Great Shaman had drawn in too much lightning, it was to the point where lightning would surge out when he opened his mouth. Lin Yun now understood what caused the Great Shaman's injuries.

The Great Prophet hadn't directly joined in the battle, but he was the most exhausted of the three. His bright eyes had dimmed. Whether it was the warsongs or the Behemoth Wardrums, they both consumed his soul power, he had spent the most energy.

Over a thousand Beastmen level 30 or above had joined the battle, but only a bit over six hundred returned home. The losses could be said to be disastrous.

Lin Yun remained silent as he looked at the returning Beastmen. Battles weren't so desperate in the Raging Flame Plane. These Beastmen all held the belief that they would tear their opponents apart even if they had to lose their lives. They hadn't fought for long, but the losses were just terrible.

When comparing the Raging Flame Plane's battles to this one, the losses of level 30 Beastmen in a month, or level 35 Beastmen in three months couldn't compare to the losses in an hour of battle in this place.

Watching the Great Tribal Chief return to the tribe, doubt could be seen in Lin Yun's eyes and he sent Xiuban to deliver some Health Potions.

These blood-soaked fighters already won everyone's respect, both the living and those that sacrificed themselves for their tribe.

It wasn't just Lin Yun, the others also delivered some medicine to treat injuries.

"This is a Health Potion, it can treat your injuries after drinking it."

Lin Yun looked at the Great Tribal Chief with a puzzled expression as he explained.

The Great Tribal Chief smiled and stuffed the entire bottle into his mouth, chewing down the glass and swallowing it down.

“It’s awesome, I already feel my injuries recovering, but the taste isn’t that great, it’s a bit hard...”

Lin Yun’s eyelid twitched, but he didn’t explain that the bottle didn’t need to be eaten. These Beastmen’s bodies were outstanding, they could even eat a lump of iron and still be able to digest it.

“Great Tribal Chief, what is the situation? You...”

Lin Yun pointed at the canyon with a doubtful expression. Lin Yun wasn’t the only puzzled one, others were also wondering what was going on with these Demon Overlords.

The Great Tribal Chief fiercely glared at the canyon.

“These filthy Demons will appear once in a while. If we don’t ruthlessly get rid of these damn guys, they’ll threaten the tribe and keep summoning other Demons, drastically increasing their numbers. Today can still be considered pretty good, we got rid of a Greater Demon Overlord

“Guarding our home is the responsibility of every Beastman, we have to fight those filthy Demons to the end!”

Lin Yun was pensive and didn’t continue asking. He was moved as he looked at the corpses of the returning Beastmen.

Then, the injured Beastmen went back to heal. With the humans’ medicines, their recovery speed more than doubled, especially with Lin Yun’s Health Potions, they were especially efficient.

The Great Tribal Chief originally had a thirty-centimeter-long piece of flesh cut off from his back and his bones could faintly be seen. But after taking the Health Potion, his blood was no longer flowing and the flesh slowly recovered. With the Great Tribal Chief’s constitution, it would take less than a day for him to recover.

The tribe became busy and the corpses of the fallen Beastmen carried to the cemetery at the back of the mountain.

At night, Lin Yun quietly left his room and buffed himself with Hide, Mana Curb, Windsoar, and Muffle...

There wasn’t a single mana fluctuation as he flew out the window, nor was there any sound, and the air flow turned into a breeze. He wouldn’t be discovered unless he went past a Heaven Rank powerhouse.

After sneaking into the back of the mountain, Lin Yun rapidly found the location of the cemetery. During the day, Lin Yun had dispatched Xiuban. As a Beastman, Xiuban was easily acknowledged by this tribe and very easily learnt of the location of the cemetery.

The cemetery was guarded by the power of the Beastmen’s ancestors, ordinary Beastmen couldn’t enter. They could only enter when they had to bury clansmen.

But that couldn’t stop Lin Yun, he took out the Book of Death and chanted three runes. This quickly created a two-meter-tall opening in the transparent layer of defense covering the cemetery.

Lin Yun frowned as he entered the cemetery.

The cemetery was spreading for at least three kilometers. Numerous graves were occupied and had simple tombstones in front of it. Most of them only had one name, only a few introduced the deceased achievements during his lifetime.

But the strange thing was that this big and strange cemetery far exceeded the standards of this tribe. Moreover, there wasn't a bit of a gloomy aura in the cemetery, nor was there any Death Aura.

If he closed his eyes, it would be as if he was in an overgrown mountainous region. Although there was no Life Aura, there was no Death Aura either.

Even if the Beastmen hadn't turned Undeads, their corpses would naturally scatter Death Aura, this was something all lifeforms couldn't prevent.

The Beastmen's souls could directly return to the earth, but even if their corpses didn't turn Undead, they would still slowly rot until they integrated with the earth.

But here, the huge and massive cemetery didn't have an aura of death. Lin Yun had the Undead Predator ability, and thus, was very sensitive towards Death Aura, yet, he couldn't feel a single bit of Death Aura at this time.

He released two aura probing spells, without result.

As he followed the cemetery's trail, he found a new area. From the tombs and the soil, he could see that these graves belonged to the Beastmen that died today, the numbers matched too.

As he walked to this part of the cemetery, Lin Yun's gaze became deep. He spat out a rune and a ripple appeared in the air before slowly entering these graves.

Lin Yun's expression changed a few seconds later as he got some new information. It even looked like he had been expecting it.

The grave was empty!

The deceased had many things buried along with him, as well as brand new clothes. But these brand new clothes were lying down in the graves, crumpled, as if the Beastman that was wearing them had suddenly disappeared and the clothes fell.

Every tomb was sealed and a totem was used to cover the opening of the tomb. Unless the tomb had been forcibly opened, one couldn't dig into it.

But now, the corpse within this tomb had completely disappeared. Lin Yun walked to another nearby tomb and once again released a probing spell, but the outcome was the same. All the buried things were there, only the Beastman was missing.

Lin Yun frowned and stood in front of the cemetery, silently looking at these seemingly intact but empty tombs for a very long time.

Suddenly, a wisp of spatial fluctuation appeared from the side and Lin Yun vigilantly turned to look, only to see the tribe's Great Shaman appearing in the air.

The Great Shaman had a sullen face as he walked to the new tombs and looked at them while mumbling to himself.

“As expected, they aren’t here...”

Lin Yun understood. The cemetery was so big and strictly protected. How could these Beastmen not know what happened. Now it looked like at the very least, the Great Shaman knew the situation.

The Great Shaman looked at the cemetery for a long time before softly sighing. He then turned to look at Lin Yun, not asking how he entered the cemetery, nor accusing him to have entered without permission, he only said, “It looks like you already know.”

Lin Yun nodded, “I’ve already noticed something wrong when we met those Undead Beastmen. Beastmen rarely turn Undead, let alone in such huge numbers, this was very abnormal.”

The Great Shaman nodded, remaining silent for a moment before pointing to the ground.

“This land can no longer open its arms to welcome Beastmen. There is an evil power in this land making Beastmen unable to return to the earth, our souls can no longer merge with the earth.

“Beastmen, or any other lifeforms will be devoured by the earth... Or it would be better to say, they will be devoured by this evil land. It has a strange magic, our soul can’t return to the earth and rest in peace.”

Lin Yun remained silent, calmly listening.

The Great Shaman pointed at the cemetery with a distressed expression.

“Aren’t you wondering why our cemetery is so large, far beyond the scope of our Tribe?”

“I can tell you. Over a thousand years ago, our tribe was ruling this prairie. This vast grassland was our pasture, our livestock didn’t have any boundary, our grazing Kodos were as big as mountains. Level 35 raised Prairie Wolves weren’t qualified to serve as our mounts, and the Level 35 Wyverns could only serve as means of transportation.

“Those qualified to be called warriors numbered over a million, and no lifeform on this prairie could pose a threat to us.

“But you can see what our tribe looks like now.

“The prairie is desolate, the rabbits that were as numerous as weeds before can’t even be found now, livestock are nowhere to be found. Kodos, Prairie Wolves, and Wyverns are very few in numbers, to the point where we can’t even form an army.

“The tribe only has about twenty thousand people left, and that is including the naive children and the toothless elderly.

“We are prisoners of this prairie, and our tribe might end up extinct in a few dozen years, trapped here even in death...”

The Great Shaman was a Heaven Rank powerhouse, but his eyes were filled with despair. The Beastmen weren't afraid of dying in battle, they weren't afraid of pain, but slowly watching as his race sunk into this endless prison was the worst pain.

Chapter 1008 Invasion

Lin Yun frowned. There was definitely a huge secret there, but he hadn't expected anything specific.

The Great Shaman silently disappeared, not caring that Lin Yun was still in the cemetery.

Lin Yun looked at the place where the Great Shaman had disappeared, understanding his mood. The corpses being missing from the cemetery might be a secret kept by the Great Shaman. The rest of the tribe might very well be unaware, and maybe even the Great Tribal Chief didn't know.

After quietly leaving the cemetery and returning to the tribe, Lin Yun immediately gathered everyone. The current situation wasn't something one or two people could settle.

"...The situation is like this. The Beastmen's corpses disappeared, and if there is nothing unexpected, the corpses of those Beastmen should be turning into new Undead Beastmen.

According to the Great Shaman's hypothesis, anyone that dies in this land will turn into one of the Undead..."

Lin Yun recounted his experience in the cemetery. After listening to it, they were all thinking deeply.

Morgan looked rather grim as he said, "Great, there are a few hundred more Level 35 Undead Beastmen now. Their power is growing even stronger..."

Dedale calmly looked at everyone's faces.

"We are already trapped here, and the Undead are tirelessly patrolling the prairie. Although they can't approach the tribe, we are also unable to go out, and if the Undead besiege this place, no one would even be able to think of leaving alive."

Someone immediately added, "Moreover, the appearance of those Undead Beastmen is too strange. They might crawl out of the ground at any time. Who knows where they are? They might surround us in an instant and stop everyone from running, leaving us only one option, which would be to join the ranks of the Undeads!"

The group didn't have good expressions, and Lin Yun casually said, "This place is very abnormal. There is definitely a force influencing it, or the Beastmen wouldn't turn Undead. If we want to leave this place, we have to break this Undead curse."

Dylas' gloomy expression became even worse when he heard Lin Yun's words. A mocking sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth as he told Lin Yun, "Hmpf, these Beastmen have been here for who knows how long, yet you are saying that you can break the curse that they have been suffering from for over a millennium?"

"I don't believe in some Undead Curse. There is definitely another way to kill our way out."

Lin Yun glanced expressionlessly at Dylas before ignoring him.

Dylas suddenly stood up in anger and loudly said, "Go ahead if you want to wait for death in there, I'm leaving this cursed place..."

He then stormed out in a fury. Someone wanted to persuade him, but Dedale suddenly pulled that person back. He looked at the backs of Dylas and the two members of the Shadow Tower while pointing at the prairie. "Since he wants to give it a try, let him give it a try. The sky is already bright, and the Undead have disappeared."

Everyone stood by the side of the window and watched Dylas lead two members of the Shadow Tower out of the tribe.

Soon, the Shadow Tower's three mages turned into small black dots disappearing into the horizon. An hour later, someone monitoring the prairie suddenly let out in alarm, "They returned! And the Undead are chasing them!"

Everyone stood by the window, using Eagle Sight to watch. Sure enough, they saw a large group of the Undead crazily charging towards the tribe, and in front of them were three exhausted people running for their lives.

But the Undead army suddenly stopped when they reached the perimeter, and all of the Undead retreated together.

After some time, they all fell back like a tide, and the earth once again regained its peace. Even the fragments of bones left by the Undead disappeared as if swallowed by the earth.

The grass, which had been rotting due to the death aura, started growing rapidly, and soon, all traces of their passage disappeared.

The Shadow Tower's three mages returned to the tribe still shaking in fear, unable to say anything.

Lin Yun wasn't in the mood to laugh at Dylas. He was frowning while looking outside the window, still perplexed.

In the evening, a large group of the Undead was patrolling the prairie, still veering away whenever they got close to approaching the tribe, as if they had encountered an invisible wall.

At first, he still thought that there was some magic tool stopping the Undead. During the day, the Undead had chased the Shadow Tower up till they reached the defensive perimeter of the tribe before bafflingly giving up on the chase.

More importantly, Lin Yun had discovered that the distance the Undeads had retreated from at the time was different from the distance when they'd started to retreat at night!

At night, the Undead would get close to the tribe, but they would retreat from further away during daytime. And whether it was daytime or nighttime, they always remained outside the Beastmen's defensive perimeter. In other words, as long as the Undead didn't get closer, the tribe's Beastmen would never discover them!

The Beastmen had formidable constitutions, and there were many Beastman Warlocks with powerful casting abilities, but their casting abilities came from their bloodlines.

Human mages could grasp Eagle Sight and such support spells, but the Beastmen couldn't. Their guards heavily relied on the Wyverns.

But this tribe had very few Wyverns, so they couldn't luxuriously use Wyverns all the time to guard.

A strange train of thought formed in Lin Yun's mind. The Undead here had a very good understanding of this tribe, and it looked like they weren't willing to approach this tribe...

Could it be that what was stopping the Undead wasn't a magic tool?

Lin Yun then recalled the Great Shaman's words and became even more puzzled. He was certain that the Great Shaman knew many things and was hiding something.

The Undead were assuredly related to a big secret, but he couldn't understand it quite yet.

A member of the Odin Kingdom's royal family suddenly started speaking as Lin Yun was lost in thoughts.

"In the most ancient history of the Raging Flame Plane, the greatest ruler was the Raging Flame Emperor, but the greatest tribe was actually the Blood Fang Tribe of the ancient era. They ruled the entire Raging Flame Plane then with their extreme power.

But a huge disaster happened later on, and the tribe was destroyed. Only a few clansmen survived, and their descendants lived in the Black Burn Scar. The Beastmen defending that location were the last descendants of the Blood Fang Tribe.

Unfortunately, these last descendants were engulfed in the fury of a Greater Overlord, and the Blood Fang Tribe was thoroughly eradicated."

Everyone was stunned by his words.

The Blood Fang Tribe.

At this time, they all remembered that the magic patterns on this tribe's Beastmen seemed to be blood-colored fangs.

They hadn't thought of this before due to the sheer number of Beastman Tribes. Moreover, the Blood Fang Tribe had been extinguished ten thousand years ago, so no one had expected to see them there.

Morgan exclaimed, "Could this tribe be the Blood Fang Tribe? Impossible, right?"

"Right, the Blood Fang Tribe's last clansmen were thoroughly destroyed in the Black Burn Scar ten millennia ago, so what's going on with this Blood Fang Tribe?"

The group looked at each other in dismay. No one understood what was happening.

The Blood Fang Tribe was part of the Raging Flame Plane's most ancient history. During that era, the Raging Flame Plane had two most powerful tribes. Besides the Blood Fang Tribe, there was also the Golden Top Tribe.

These two tribes were endlessly contending for hegemony, fighting for control over the Raging Flame Plane. That was the most ancient era of the Raging Flame Plane, as well as the most powerful era.

The Raging Flame Plane's strength as a whole back then was more powerful than when the Raging Flame Plane was controlled by the Raging Flame Emperor, and it was at least ten times more powerful than the current Raging Flame Plane.

The current eight Beastman Tribes would have either been unremarkable small tribes that could be easily blown away, or they would have been outsiders like the Gray Beastmen.

The Blood Fang Tribe and the Golden Top Tribe had been extinguished a long time ago, with the Blood Fang Tribe's last descendants dying ten millennia ago.

If the Blood Fang Tribe and the Golden Top Tribe were still in control of the Raging Flame Plane, humans wouldn't have even thought about conquering the Raging Flame Plane.

The price and time needed to conquer the Raging Flame Plane would have been at least a few dozen times higher.

It could be said that this part of the Raging Flame Plane's history had disappeared in the river of time. Now that they had been dug out, everyone was shocked, some were even horrified.

At this time, everyone understood why this tribe only had twenty thousand left, yet three Heaven Rank powerhouses among them. Even the Beastmen above Level 30 only numbered a thousand.

The ratio of powerhouses to the general population was too exaggerated. It was far stronger than the current rulers of the Raging Flame Plane, the Golden Beastmen.

But what made people horrified was that the Blood Fang Tribe had already been extinguished... So what was going on with this tribe? This tribe didn't seem to have moved here, as they had been living here for a very long time.

They couldn't figure it out, and they were frowning as they racked their brains, trying to get a clue as to what was the truth.

Suddenly, a roar could be heard outside the tower as surging energy fluctuations spread over. Everyone looked out the window. Gales were whistling in the sky, and golden lights were flickering.

The wardrums were thumping as a large group of Beastmen kept loudly roaring, accompanied by howling Prairie Wolves.

They all walked to the side of the window to look outside. A group of Beastmen had suddenly appeared outside the tribe, and these Beastmen also had Wolf Riders.

There were three to four thousand of them, most of which were Wolf Riders, with a few Kodo Riders here and there.

These Wolf Riders had started fighting with the Blood Fang Wolf Riders, and the sound of fighting was continuously echoing through the ground. Aura lights kept flickering before the fierce aura transformed into a crimson Blood Dragon that soared up.

Chapter 1009 Who Did It?

Two Heaven Rank powerhouses were floating in the sky. One of them was very tall, his body emitting a dense glaring aura comparable to the Great Tribal Chief.

The other one was thin and frail, he was wearing hide clothes and holding a magic staff, while three smoky fireballs were hovering around him. He was obviously a Beastman Warlock.

Looking at the Beastmen attacking, Morgan, who had just released an Eagle Sight, immediately let out an alarmed shout, "They are from the Golden Top tribe!"

He clearly felt that this was inconceivable. The appearance of the Blood Fang Tribe, which should have been extinguished a long time ago, was already shocking them, but they could also see the Golden Top Tribe now. This was enough to show how abnormal this place was.

Lin Yun buffed himself with an Eagle Sight and looked at the battlefield. Sure enough, the Beastmen that didn't belong to the Blood Fang Tribe had a golden magic pattern on their forehead. The center of the magic pattern was located between their eyebrows and looked like a golden gem. Two complicated decorative patterns went over his eyes and inserted themselves into their temples, as if they were wearing a golden crown.

This was one of the characteristics of the Golden Top Beastmen, and their unique characteristics were more easily recognizable than the Blood Fang Tribe's. Among all the Beastman Races, only the Golden Beastmen had such a magic pattern on their forehead.

"Damn b*stard! You actually dare to come attack our tribe?! Don't even think of leaving today! I'll return you to the embrace of the earth!" The Great Tribal Chief of the Blood Fang Tribe shouted in a rage.

He held that greatsword over-three-meter-long and clashed with the Great Tribal Chief of the other tribe. A large amount of golden light and bloody light crisscrossed in the sky. The two Heaven Rank Sword Saints' silhouettes were extremely fast and all they could see were the clashes of their Auras.

Lights kept crisscrossing in midair, and soon, only the flickering light could be seen in the sky and the two powerhouses couldn't be seen fighting.

Only Aura Slashes could be seen occasionally falling down. A several-dozen-meter-long Golden Aura Slash fell down and slashed at the Blood Fang Tribe's several-meter-tall wooden fence surrounding the tribe. The fence had soaked in blood for several years and was buffed by totems, it was far sturdier than stainless steel, yet a slash caused a thirty-meter-long breach in the fence.

As for the Heaven Warlock of the Golden Top Tribe, he was battling the Blood Fang Tribe's Great Shaman. Fire and lightning kept intertwining. Flames kept exploding while lightning fluttered in the air like a snake.

The surging mana fluctuations made everyone within a kilometer feel as if a stone was pressing against their chest.

But no one noticed that the Great Shaman's situation wasn't that great. During the fight with the Demons, the Great Shaman's body had already been on the verge of collapse. In order to increase his power, he had used his body to usher in thunder and lightning, greatly injuring himself in the process, and he had yet to recover so far.

Moreover, this was the Blood Fang Tribe, the Great Shaman also had to protect the tribe against spells from the enemy. Since the start of the fight, he had been in a passive state, and being defeated was only a matter of time.

The human group was calmly watching the fight from the tribe's tower.

Raphael pointed at the battle happening outside the tribe and said, "Should we help this Blood Fang Tribe? The Great Prophet has consumed too much soul power in the previous fight and is now defending the tribe, he can't even participate in the fight.

"None of the Great Tribal Chiefs seemed to be having the upper hand, the outcome of the battle won't be decided for a while. But the Great Shaman might be unable to last long.

"If they lose, what about us?"

They all had different expressions.

Dylas indifferently shook his head, "The Blood Fang Tribe and the Golden Top Tribe are old rivals. No matter what they do, it's a matter between Beastmen, we can't rashly get involved. Even if we win, we might not obtain the appreciation of the Blood Fang Tribe, they might even turn hostile."

No one retorted, because this was a kind of tradition that humans couldn't understand. In a fight between two Beastmen, if one of them got a helping hand, even if they won, they wouldn't be grateful, they might instead view them as enemies.

In the eyes of Beastmen, only the cowardly Beastmen lacking courage would need others' help in a fight. They would be looked down upon by everyone.

It would be tolerable if they got help from within their race, but seeking help from another race would be destroying the rules spread by the Beastmen for a very long time, and the helped Beastmen were likely to be spurned.

This kind of racial fight was even harder to meddle in for outside races.

Lin Yun, who had been watching the battlefield, suddenly had a surprised expression.

On the battlefield outside the tribe, within the Wolf Riders, there was a Beastman that seemed to resemble the Golden Top Beastmen, it even had a magic pattern drawn on his forehead, but with a single look at his magic pattern, they could see that this wasn't a Golden Top Beastman.

Moreover, there were also a few other Golden Beastmen pretending to be Golden Top Beastmen. If not for Lin Yun having seen that guy before, he wouldn't have noticed it.

"Kraff?"

Hearing Lin Yun's exclaim that name in shock, Jouyi's expression suddenly changed as he let out in fear, "Kraff? The son of the Golden Beastman's Tribal Chief? They also came?"

Their faces instantly changed color. They hadn't expected the Raging Flame Beastmen to also come over, let alone the Gold Beastmen.

Orange flames burst out of Dedale's body as he took out his metal staff.

“Golden Beastmen? Where?”

Lin Yun pointed at Kraff’s position on the battlefield.

“I’ve seen that guy before, but I hadn’t expected him to have also come, let alone together with the Golden Top Beastmen. I was wondering why the Golden Top Beastmen were suddenly attacking the Blood Fang Tribe, it turns out they got a helper...”

Dedale had a cold expression as he looked at the battlefield. Neither the Golden Top Beastmen nor the Blood Fang Beastmen had conflicts with the humans. But the Raging Flame Beastmen were different, especially the ruling Golden Beastmen. They were humans’ mortal foes.

But now, the Golden Beastmen had unexpectedly joined the Golden Top Beastmen and they wanted to attack the Blood Fang Tribe. Who knew if it was a plot by the Golden Beastmen to destroy the Blood Fang Tribe.

The Golden Beastmen’s understanding of this place was far superior to them, their tribe went through the Raging Flame Plane’s history. They weren’t like the humans who were practically flying blind.

“We have to help the Blood Fang Tribe!”

Dedale got ready to help after saying those words. At that time, the Great Shaman, who had been forced back again and again, had no other choice but to usher in thunder and lightning once more. But he lasted less than three minutes before suddenly spitting out blood and falling down.

The Warlock of the Golden Top Tribe didn’t let go of that opportunity, he cast a twenty-meter-big fireball and chased behind the silhouette of the falling Great Shaman.

The Great Shaman supported his body, wanting to intercept this huge fireball, but the lightning injuries on his body burst open, burning one side of his body with black fork trees scars.

Dedale had already flown out of the tower at that time, his Burning Soul’s Magic Tool Incarnation already flying out and fusing with Dedale and the Burning Soul’s magic robe.

“Roar...”

A roar echoed as Dedale rapidly transformed into a long burning Dragon’s head. He waved that huge metal rod and used it like a staff to create a circle flaming shackles-like orange flames, before rapidly coiling them around that huge fireball.

The orange flames rapidly flew up and instantly slowed down the speed of the Fireball. Then, more and more flame shackles appeared and squeezed the fireball, thoroughly suppressing it in the air.

A loud explosion echoed as this twenty-meter-big fireball exploded. The terrifying flame power spread in the surroundings and was about to hit the tribe below.

Dedale roared and the orange flames on his body instantly condensed into the shape of a twenty-meter-tall Flame Dragon.

The Flame Dragon opened its mouth and shot out a breath of flames. It was as if the chaotically falling flames had met their bane as they transformed into a long line of fire which was rapidly devoured by the orange Flame Dragon.

After blocking the attack, Dedale brought back the seriously injured Great Shaman before charging towards that Fire Warlock in the sky.

The orange flames turned into a long river, and Dedale stepped on one of its waves to charge into the sky. He firmly resisted the Fire Warlock's spells while the Flame Dragon tightly followed him, continuously devouring the spells of the Fire Warlock.

After a few seconds, Dedale took over the situation and even forced that Fire Warlock away from the battlefield.

Dedale firmly resisted the Heaven Rank powerhouse while the other humans flew towards the Blood Fang's armies outside of the tribe.

"Cowards of the Blood Fang Tribe, you actually asked an outsider for help!"

A thunderous voice boomed as the Great Tribal Chief of the Golden Top Beastmen immediately started shouting, making a scene.

Sure enough, this raised the attention of the Great Tribal Chief of the Blood Fang Tribe, putting him at a disadvantage, while also affecting the strength of the Blood Fang Tribe's soldiers, almost putting them in mortal danger.

Kraff was overjoyed when he saw the appearance of humans and immediately exulted, roaring, "Warriors of the Golden Top Tribe, let's get rid of these cowards and wipe the Blood Fang Tribe from these lands! Kill!"

Kraff suddenly felt a faint wisp of mana fluctuations in front of him as soon as he finished his shout. In an instant, a head-sized sphere of water condensed in front of his face and smashed into it.

Kraff let out a scream and almost fell down from his saddle. He touched his nose and felt blood flowing steadily. His head was drenched in water.

"Damn b*stard, who did this!?"

Lin Yun floated in the air, unable to restrain his laugh as he looked at Kraff.

"Kraff, are you brainless? Even if the magic pattern you drew on your forehead is pretty good, your clothes are too different from the Golden Top Beastmen's..."

Kraff was suddenly startled and felt his forehead, the fake magic pattern had already been messed up.

As for the warriors of the two tribes, they had clearly seen what happened, Kraff had been posing as a Golden Top Beastman.

"Despicable Golden Top Beastmen, you actually looked for an outsider to attack the Blood Fang Tribe! And you had them pretend to be one of yours. That's truly despicable! We can't stand it anymore, let's expose these swindlers' true identity!"

“Warriors of the Blood Fang Tribe, let’s squish those despicable Beastmen...”

“Let’s get rid of these guys who dare violate our ancestors’ teaching!”

Chapter 1010 Complacen

In an instant, the morale of the Blood Fang Tribe surged, while the Golden Top Beastmen were shocked and confused. Clearly, they had fought a lot without knowing that they actually had been receiving external help.

Kraff wiped the blood off his face and sneered. He took out a three-meter-long totem with numerous Ancestral Soul runes deeply carved on top of it, and at the peak of the totem was the imprint of a golden crown. This was the totemic mark of the Golden Top Tribe.

Kraff tossed the totem and loudly chanted the summoning eulogy. Blinding light blossomed from the totem, and an ancient aura covered the entire battlefield. This was the power of the Beastman Ancestor descending.

The totem scintillated with golden light as it transformed into a huge golden crown. That hundred-meter-wide crown appeared far above Kraff’s head, and a huge Ancestor Soul descended from the center of the crown.

The Ancestor Soul’s huge soul body was covered in ancient Beastman Runes, and its forehead clearly had the magic pattern of the Golden Top Beastmen. And that pattern appeared even more ancient and more powerful.

Kraff looked around with killing intent before his eyes locked onto Lin Yun.

“You will all die, you are dead!”

After saying that, Kraff took out another golden crown and slowly placed it upon his head.

In an instant, the huge crown of light in the sky fell down and landed on the head of the Golden Top Ancestor Soul. That crown resonated with Kraff’s, and the Ancestor Soul took a step towards Kraff before its huge body shrank by a few dozen times.

After three steps, the Ancestor Soul wearing the bright golden crown fused with Kraff’s body. The two crowns became one, and Kraff’s aura started frantically expanding.

His body also fiercely expanded, almost doubling in size, and he was covered in a faint layer of light. Under his two arms, two rays of light formed two extra arms.

One of Kraff’s own arms was holding a magic staff while the other was holding the totem. The two arms of light were empty. The air forcibly burst as they were clenched, and lightning crackled within his fists.

“All of you will die! The Golden Beastmen are invincible! As for you, you f*cker, you were lucky enough to sneak attack me last time, but let’s see how you’ll manage to cheat this time! I’ll break all your bones and suppress your soul here for all eternity, I’ll make you turn into the filthy Undead!”

As Kraff loudly shouted, his terrifying aura transformed into whirling gales that sent the surrounding Beastmen flying. That terrifying aura already exceeded the limits of the Archmage realm. Only Heaven Rank powerhouses could emit such a terrifying aura.

Kraff had summoned his tribe's Ancestor Soul and then fused with it, making his strength suddenly reach the Heaven Rank. It had only been a few seconds, but the human side was greatly alarmed, and the Blood Fang Tribe was also worried. The seriously wounded Great Shaman struggled to stand up to join the fight once again, but lightning burst out of his body as he moved, immobilizing him.

Kraff brandished his staff, and boundless power instantly surged through his body. Over a hundred flaming meteors suddenly condensed in front of his body before shooting out like arrows.

At that time, both the humans and the Blood Fang Beastmen were forced to defend while retreating due to the pressure.

After the wave of meteors shot out, another wave of meteors rapidly condensed. These meteors were falling on his enemies like rain.

Three Blood Fang Wolf Riders were crushed to death one after another, along with their mounts.

The group of humans all used their own defensive spells to resist this dense rain of meteors, barely able to endure this outburst that disregarded mana consumption.

But less than three seconds later, Kraff sneered and brandished his totem. Suddenly, a totem shadow flew out and rapidly expanded in the air and floated into the sky.

The totem shadow was emitting a terrifying power. It was like a mountain dropping from the sky, pushing away the air and forming turbulent wind on both sides.

Facing this power that was definitely beyond any Archmage, both the human side and the Blood Fang Beastmen hastily dodged towards the side.

The totem shadow ruthlessly smashed into the ground, and following the deafening rumble, the earth heavily shook. Huge cracks spread all around from the center of the totem shadow and, and shockwaves were sent out in all directions.

Ten Blood Fang Beastmen, as well as a few Golden Top Beastmen, failed to dodge in time and were directly hit by the shockwave. For a moment, it looked as if their bodies were made of sand as they rapidly turned into ashes.

Sky City's floating fortress was sent flying by the turbulent shockwave, and the Quicksand Tower's mages wrapped themselves in sand to protect themselves as they were knocked away.

The Shadow Tower's people transformed into shadows that rapidly fled, but they only managed to cross a few dozen meters the shockwave caught up to them, knocking them out of the shadows.

The Henry Family went all-out and destroyed a True Spirit Magic Tool to forcibly defend themselves, while the Odin Kingdom's royal family rode their mounts and flew out.

As for the Andlusa Kingdom, they were all protected by Lin Yun. A semicircle-shaped runed-covered Earth Wall appeared in front of everyone, sheltering them. As the shockwave impacted on the Earth

Wall, the runes instantly flowed into the ground, and with the Earth Wall as the center, they expanded to cover more than a hundred meters, diffusing the shockwave into the ground.

Even so, the group couldn't stand stably. Their mana fluctuations were very fierce, and it was somewhat difficult for them to cast spells.

Everyone was startled by Kraff's sudden display of Heaven Rank power. The Great Tribal Chief fighting in the sky wanted to help out, but he was being kept busy by the Golden Top Tribe's Great Tribal Chief.

Dedale was covered in orange flames, and his fighting style was extremely fierce. He was continuously charging into the Golden Top Heaven Rank Shaman, so he couldn't be distracted or help the battlefield below.

The Great Prophet of the Blood Fang Tribe was powerless at the moment, while the Great Shaman had been seriously injured. No one could block Kraff.

Kraff laughed his head off as his arms of light suddenly swelled up and swatted towards the humans.

"Damned scoundrel, I want to crush all your bones! You'll die, you can't resist my power!"

The humans had many powerful mages among them, but apart from Dedale, no one could display the power of the Heaven Rank.

The others were all 9th Rank Archmages. The gap between them and the Heaven Rank was huge, and even if Kraff didn't have Extraordinary Power, the power he was using was at the level of the Heaven Rank.

His mana was comparable to that of a Heaven Rank after fusing with the Golden Top Ancestor Soul. He didn't need to worry about mana consumption when casting, and the power and casting speed of his spells had substantially increased. He might not have Extraordinary Power, but he made up for it with the sheer number of spells.

This oppressive fighting style forced everyone to just passively take a beating without any opportunities to break free.

They all kept retreating, making Kraff feel more and more pleased with himself.

"Damned scoundrel! I know you are here, Mafa Merlin! I'll tear you to shreds first, and then I'll make the others accompany you!"

Two huge radiant hands flew across to hit Lin Yun.

Lin Yun looked at Kraff and sneered. His seemingly thin body suddenly burst with mana, and the mana transformed into raindrops of mana that kept dripping out from Lin Yun's surroundings. The surrounding elements fluctuated, and the air suddenly stopped flowing.

A huge wheel shadow appeared behind Lin Yun. His Draconic Staff flashed with purple light as the shadow of the Purple Dragon also appeared behind him and held the wheel, looking at Kraff with a cold expression.

Lin Yun became twice as big in an instant.

With one step, boiling lava appeared under his foot and rapidly covered his body, turning him into a Lava Giant.

With another step, Lin Yun turned into a nine-meter-tall Lava Giant, and a huge wave of lava swelled under his feet.

An ancient book bound by metal shackles was now in Lin Yun's left hand. The shackles collapsed, and the book opened on its own. A light flashed as Lin Yun's form almost doubled in size.

The originally sharply rising aura rose once again and instantly exceeded the limits of the Archmage realm to reach the momentum of the Heaven Rank.

The raindrops of mana in the surroundings rapidly turned into spheres of lava that floated around Lin Yun. Lin Yun indifferently looked at Kraff and let out a rune. Two more runes flew out of the Book of Death and strengthened his body, increasing the Lava Giant's size by more than a meter.

"Kraff, you were lucky last time... Your general protected you. But your general isn't here this time. No one can protect you now, little chicken."

Kraff was startled. He could clearly feel that Lin Yun was more powerful than last time, but he still sneered back, "You simply sneak attacked me last time, you were lucky! You're screwed now, I'll slowly play with you until you die..."

The humans were all stunned as they saw Lin Yun's power. What they had seen as a small herbivore had turned into a fierce T-rex in an instant. Not to mention his fighting strength, the mana fluctuations he emitted had increased by at least ten times!

Lin Yun was expressionless. Everything in his surroundings had been put aside, and the mana surging from his body suddenly burst out. In an instant, the ground within three hundred meters melted to form a pond of lava.

Lin Yun's silhouette disappeared as he used the lava pond to flicker two hundred meters away in less than a second, shrinking his distance from Kraff to a hundred meters.

Kraff was slightly startled. The next moment, Lin Yun had already appeared sixty meters from him. This was already a dangerous distance in fights of this level. Some instant spells could appear before one's face in the blink of an eye.