

## **Magic Era 481**

### **Chapter 481: Totem**

But...

It didn't take long before a terrifying crack began to appear in that incomparably huge barrier. Although it blocked the attack of the Lava Giant, this 7th Tier Spell was now on the verge of collapse. After letting out a deep roar, the Lava Giant moved its huge arm back and raised its head high up, splattering more lava around, before heavily punching the Ice Barrier.

A rumble echoed as the Ice Barrier collapsed under the fierce attack, shattering into countless translucent shards of ice falling down from the sky.

Thanks to the time gained by Suval's 7th Tier Spell, everyone had been able to use Fire Elemental Incarnation to move through the sea of flames. Dazzling spells accurately struck the Lava Giant's body, sending boiling lava flying everywhere.

In such a situation, Fire Elemental Incarnation was undoubtedly the best choice, as it could resist most flame injuries while also letting them move around nimbly.

At this time, Lin Yun was surrounded by fire while he wandered in the sea of flames, his Doom Staff blossoming with a dazzling radiance as a cold aura quickly rose up. The surrounding elements frantically surged as a several-meter-long Frost Lance condensed under the influx of mana.

Then, only a sharp sound could be heard as a blue gleam streaked across faster than the speed of sound, its formidable power causing thunderous booms on its way. It pierced and sank into the Lava Giant.

The massive Lava Giant suddenly stiffened and let out a deafening roar. Its arm rose up, and numerous droplets of lava covered the sky, quickly raining down.

Although mages under Fire Elemental Incarnation would be immune to most injuries that fire could inflict, the lava of the Lava Giant wasn't as simple as being extremely hot. It contained an extremely powerful poisonfire with corrosive properties that had almost sent a 2nd Rank Archmage to his death.

But Lin Yun didn't plan to stop. After five consecutive Flame Flashes, he dodged the Lava Giant's attacks and held his Doom Staff horizontally in front of him. His chant caused a cold aura to rage beside him, and each character he chanted condensed into a Frost Lance.

At that time, an innumerable flood of blue lights struck the Lava Giant, and every Frost Lance sent a large amount of lava splashing into the air.

Lin Yun had already cast several hundred Frost Lances.

Although Frost Lance was only a 3rd Tier Spell, he had released several hundred of them in a span of just ten seconds. Not to mention a 5th Rank High Mage, even a 5th Rank Archmage would have already exhausted his mana, leaving his mind in chaos. This was no exaggeration. His current casting style completely relied on his transcendent casting ability, as well as the Magic Array's unlimited spell cooldown compression.

Such exertion would be unbearable torture for any mage.

But he had no choice but to do this now, because he could see that this Lava Giant was quite remarkable. Its strength was around level 36...

If there had been no other factors, the group of Archmages would have been able to deal with the level 36 Lava Giant in less than ten minutes.

But this wasn't the case.

In an environment like the Thawing Fire Tribe's Sacred Land, fire elements were extremely abundant. A Fire Elemental like the Lava Giant would see its fighting strength rise quite a bit, letting it display outrageous power that exceeded that of the 7th Rank Archmage, Suval.

Moreover, Lava Giants had extremely high resistance against fire spells, which meant that Lin Yun and the others would have to resort to ice spells like Frost Lance. But the Sacred Land was a world of fire, so any ice spells would be greatly suppressed there, their power greatly weakened.

Just like this, the battle between the dozen Archmages and the Lava Giant had sunk into a deadlock.

But now, the volley of several hundred Frost Lances instantly left the Lava Giant reeling. A few of the other Archmages cleverly took advantage of this opportunity.

"Rumble..."

At that time, chants kept echoing as one domineering spell after the other fell onto the Lava Giant with loud sounds and dazzling sparks.

Lin Yun, who was wreathed in flames, kept using Flame Flash and charged into the sky. A bright moon appeared behind him as countless spells were released, flooding the Lava Giant's head like a tidal wave.

The Magic Array was roused to its pinnacle, reducing the cooldowns as much as possible. When he raised his hand, close to a hundred Frost Lances quickly swept across like blue lights.

"Roar..."

A mournful and sinister howl echoed as the Lava Giant's huge body shook fiercely. The flowing lava darkened and slowly hardened. In the end, the tall Lava Giant fell motionless, just like a statue.

"Phew..."

Everyone let out sounds of relief when they saw that scene. After cancelling the Elemental Incarnations, the surroundings regained their peace.

Only sounds of deep breathing, as well as the omnipresent flames, could be heard.

"Damn annoying..."

Weiss was clearly quite displeased. He raised his head and looked at the stone statue left behind by the Lava Giant, ruthlessly scolding it. They met one strange thing after the other ever since they arrived in the Thawing Fire Tribe's Sacred Land. First was the spontaneously combusting Raging Flame Beastman, and then there was this very strange Lava Giant.

And most importantly, the Lava Giant was too powerful...

He originally thought that this trip to the Sacred Land would go very smoothly, but there had been too many unexpected complications already. If not for the chance to get the Peak True Spirit Magic Tool, he might have already given up.

The group rested there for over ten minutes before continuing to head deeper into the valley. They were very careful and serious on the way, but after half an hour, they encountered another Elemental lifeform. It was an Ash Elemental shrouded in a sulfurous aura, and it was two to three times as large as ordinary Ash Elementals.

What startled them was that this Ash Elemental was also excessively powerful, not at all inferior to the Lava Giant they previously encountered.

The extremely fierce battle raged on for twenty minutes...

The Ash Elemental's body was filled with toxic gas, making them all afraid to get too close. Even an Archmage's defenses couldn't guard against this toxic gas, and their lives would be in danger if they were infected. Thus, the battle went on for twenty minutes before the huge Ash Elemental slowly collapsed, transforming into ashes.

Everyone could faintly sense that whether it was the Lava Giant or the Ash Elemental, they both had mutated in the special environment of the Sacred Land and gained at least ten levels!

Fortunately, there weren't many such lifeforms. They only met two in the valley. Had there been a few more, the group of Archmages would have had to reconsider whether they should continue onwards or retreat.

After annihilating the Ash Elemental, they continued without pause. After over an hour, some small changes appeared to the environment. The flames, which had originally been everywhere, had now decreased quite a bit, and the temperature had also lowered a lot. The group walked for another ten minutes and the valley regained its original appearance.

They suddenly discovered a faint, hazy silhouette a hundred meters ahead of them.

Everyone, including Lin Yun, felt overjoyed. The silhouette that appeared in front of them was naturally the target of their trip to the Sacred Mountain, the Tribal Chief of the Thawing Fire Tribe.

It remained motionless.

"Hmmm?"

At this time, Lin Yun's Magic Array caught a strange mana fluctuation and he immediately frowned. He waved his hand and three Mage Eyes quickly rose up.

And then...

The scene ahead became clear to Lin Yun...

There was an altar crafted in a mysterious way, and it was emitting an ancient aura. With a mere glance, Lin Yun knew that this altar had inevitably gone through the baptism of countless years. It had special meaning to the Thawing fire Tribe.

The Tribal Chief of the Thawing Fire Tribe was a middle-aged Beastman that was now standing on the altar, looking at the uninvited guests with arrogance. There was no change in his expression, but what truly interested Lin Yun wasn't the Tribal Chief, but rather, the thing in front of the Tribal Chief.

To be more exact, it was the totem inserted in the altar that was covered in all kinds of strange designs just like Dragons' scales. All kinds of mysterious runes were carved on the totem, densely packed like tadpoles and seemingly containing boundless mana, instantly attracting Lin Yun's eyes.

After watching for a few seconds, Lin Yun inwardly shook his head. Those mysterious runes seemed to be Ancient Beastman Runes. Not to mention the fact that he was a human mage, even native Raging Flame Beastmen might not necessarily recognize them.

These mysterious Ancient Beastman Runes were only known by a few higher-ups of the tribe and were one of the inheritances of the Raging Flame Beastman Race.

"That's..."

A flame was burning at the top of the totem, continuously throbbing. Lin Yun couldn't help frowning when he saw that flame. He had an inexplicable feeling, a feeling that the flame had life.

He was startled when he thought of this...

'How could that flame be alive?'

### **Chapter 482: Enlightenment**

It would be understandable if it was actually an Upper Rank Flame Spirit, but it was only the totem's flame, which shouldn't be alive.

There seemed to be a power gathering as that flame throbbed, making Lin Yun's heart beat faster.

'Very frightening...'

Lin Yun paled as he began to sweat from the pressure from the flame. The current Lin Yun had fused the three Meditation Law Sets in the Tulan Mountain Range and had broken through to become a 5th Rank High Mage. His power was more than enough to match high-ranked Archmages.

But he was faltering somewhat when facing that strange flame, which showed how frightening the power contained within it was. He even had a feeling that if the flame unleashed its power, a disaster would happen.

'Hold on...'

But while he was secretly apprehensive, he suddenly had a marvelous feeling as he looked at the flame. It felt as if everything became clear and he found a clue.

This flame was related to the Raising Dragon Array.

Over ten days ago, when the allied army consolidated their control over the Ghost Valley, Lin Yun sneaked out to unearth the Raising Dragon Array, but a formidable defensive power was covering it. Through his analysis, he discovered that if a terrifying flame burst out with enough power, it would scatter this protective aura.

He had then looked for the young Beastman, Yass, and asked about the Ghost Valley. Back then, Yass only spoke of a legend spreading in the Thawing Fire Tribe for countless years. A formidable fiend was sealed at the bottom of the Ghost Valley and needed a certain thing to be released, and that thing was in the Sacred Land of the Thawing Fire Tribe.

At the time, Lin Yun had a feeling that this was related to the Dragon Raising Array, so he agreed to climb the Sacred Mountain with the Black Tower.

The answer was on the verge of being disclosed...

That Peak True Spirit Totem left behind by the Thawing Fire Tribe's ancestor, which the Black Tower had been arduously tracking all this time, was the key to scattering that defensive power.

To be more accurate, he needed the help of the flame at the top of the totem.

But, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry... He'd already known about the existence of the totem when he agreed to work together with the Black Tower, but he hadn't cared about it at the time, calmly giving the totem to the Black Tower during the negotiations even though Harren didn't know about it.

Lin Yun knew better than anyone that this Peak True Spirit Magic Tool had no use in the hands of humans. Back then, the Black Tower had lost over ten Archmages without getting any benefits, only profiting Heaven Shaman Luser...

Lin Yun truly hadn't expected that the thing he needed to open the Raising Dragon Array would be this totem.

Besides Lin Yun, the two Representatives of the Black Tower, Weiss and Suval, also knew some secrets. When they saw the totem on the altar, they immediately became excited, their hearts beating extremely fast. But after his experience in the Tulan Mountain Range, Weiss was a bit calmer. He frowned and vigilantly watched the surroundings and the Tribal Chief, not acting blindly.

"Are you the Thawing Fire Tribe's Tribal Chief?"

But Suval actually stepped forward and broke the deadlock. He looked at the middle-aged Beastman across him and frowned as he coldly said, "The Thawing Fire Tribe has been completely extinguished. You are the last one, so pitiful. If you take the initiative to hand over the totem, you might be able to keep your life..."

Suval's tone was filled with a feeling of superiority as he looked at the Tribal Chief with disdain.

He had assessed the Tribal Chief's mana fluctuations when he first discovered him and found out that the Tribal Chief was comparable to a human 6th Rank Archmage. This kind of power would be considered top-notch in all of the Raging Flame Plane.

But what about it?

After all, this group consisted of Archmage powerhouses, while he himself was a 7th Rank Archmage. The others might not even need to get involved. He should be able to easily kill the Tribal Chief on his own.

It would be a bit more troublesome if the Tribal Chief could rouse the power of the totem, but that should only be a bit of trouble, as he simply wasn't Suval's opponent.

Suval was so confident because the outcome was already decided in his eyes. Regardless of what the Tribal Chief chose to do, in the end, the totem would fall into the hands of the Black Tower.

"I don't have much time to keep you company, so I hope you can make your decision quickly. But you should naturally understand that this will decide your future..." Seeing no reaction from the Tribal Chief, Suval's expression turned icy. "I already gave you the opportunity, whether you can grasp it or not is up to you..."

"Human, although you eliminated the Thawing Fire Tribe, our Great Ancestor will punish intruders such as you and make you die in despair..."

The Tribal Chief still had a lofty attitude while standing on the altar, looking over everyone within a hundred meters, not seeming to realize his situation. A fierce expression appeared on his face, filled with boundless hatred.

"Unfortunately, you missed your only opportunity..." The smile on Suval's face disappeared as his eyes sharply watched the Tribal Chief. He couldn't help inwardly shaking his head and laughing. "If your damn ancestors truly existed, would they have watched helplessly as we eliminated the Thawing Fire Tribe? I have to say, you Beastmen are truly naive..."

"Forget it, it's better that I take it personally and see your ancestors on the way," Suval sneered, not concealing his killing intent. He already regarded the Tribal Chief as a dead person, his words seemingly pronouncing his death sentence. He then slowly moved and walked over to the altar.

In fact, he had never put the Tribal Chief in his eyes. This self-confidence stemmed from his own formidable power. He was an entire rank higher than the Tribal Chief, and the gap between them was like heaven and earth. Each step was incomparably difficult in the Archmage realm, especially after the 5th Rank.

He was completely certain that this battle wouldn't last more than ten minutes.

"Wait a moment..."

But Suval didn't even take two steps before a voice echoed behind him. Although that voice was very gentle, it clearly echoed in everyone's ears. Suval stiffened, his body turning as a cold smirk appeared on his face. "What? Mafa Merlin, you want to renege on our deal?"

Representative Suval, who had come out from the Black Tower's Holy Land, had naturally learnt some core secrets of the Black Tower, particularly the secret behind this collaboration with the Merlin Family to jointly attack the Thawing Fire Tribe. The Black Tower had obtained top secret information a hundred

years ago unveiling the existence of a powerful Magic Tool within the Thawing Fire Tribe, a Peak True Spirit Magic Tool at that.

The Black Tower had wanted to get that Magic Tool for a while, but they couldn't transfer so many of their forces. Thus, the plan to obtain it had been halted indefinitely, up until Mafa Merlin dropped by to suggest working together.

Moreover, he clearly knew that in this collaboration, the Black Tower had priority in taking loot from the Thawing Fire Tribe. The Black Tower was the one putting forth most of the effort, and although it looked like they were taking a loss on the surface, in reality, after eliminating the Thawing Fire Tribe, the Black Tower would get the Peak True Spirit Magic Tool and earn quite a bit...

Thinking of this, Suval looked at the young mage with ridicule. 'It looks like Mafa Merlin finally understands what happened... You must be regretting now, aren't you? Sadly for you, there is no medicine for regret!

'You thought the Black Tower was collaborating with the Merlin Family only for the Ghost Valley? Who cares about an insignificant Ghost Valley? What the Black Tower really wants is that Peak True Spirit Magic Tool. If used appropriately, it wouldn't be long before the Black Tower has more Peak Archmage powerhouses!'

But the young mage remained indifferent, not seeming regretful as Suval thought he would.

'It's an act... It's definitely an act. That is a Peak True Spirit Magic Tool! If such a thing appeared in Noscent, it would lead to a bloody battlefield between major forces, with countless powerhouses trying to obtain it. Unless Mafa Merlin is an idiot, how could he not care about it?

'Telling me to wait like that was the best evidence. He clearly wants to stop me from getting the totem. But this does make sense.' Suval couldn't help inwardly shaking his head. 'He is too young...'

"Mafa Merlin, if I'm not wrong, you came to an agreement with Sir Harren, right? After eliminating the Thawing Fire Tribe, our Black Tower would have loot priority. I can tell you the truth now... The thing our Black Tower wants to take is that totem on the altar..." When saying those words, Suval was inwardly gloating, as he could finally share this secret.

'Mafa Merlin might still think he made a profit by working with the Black Tower, but reality is cruel. Telling him this should be a slap to his face.

'The Black Tower isn't collaborating with your Merlin Family, it's using your Merlin Family!'

"Although I'm sorry, I still have to say that if you want the totem, you would be breaking the agreement with the Black Tower and would have to face our rage. Of course, I don't mind if you do so, because that would speed up the destruction of the Merlin Family, Hahaahaha!" Suval took a good look before no longer bothering with the young mage. He turned and slowly started walking towards the altar.

### **Chapter 483: Wait A Moment**

Unable to persuade Suval, Lin Yun didn't say anything else and remained in place, watching with a frown as Suval's back got further and further away.

As for Weiss, who stood to the side, he looked somewhat embarrassed. He was inwardly scolding Suval in his heart. 'Damn, although those are facts, can you be less blunt about it? Haven't you noticed how I have been lowering myself in front of High Mage Merlin? Not long ago I even gave him all the tents of the Thawing Fire Tribe. That's a huge sum, I wouldn't make such a huge sacrifice if I hadn't been ordered to befriend Mafa Merlin.'

'I barely managed to get some goodwill with him, but you just went ahead and ran your mouth, even going as far as threatening him. Even if Mafa knew the truth of the matter, the Black Tower could give some compensation afterwards to repair this weak friendship, but you went ahead and told him that we're just using him...'

'This is very troublesome...'

What Harren really wanted to avoid was the wrath of the powerhouse behind Mafa Merlin. If that Heaven Rank was angered and came over, then the Black Tower would run out of luck.

But, Suval didn't know of Weiss' worries. He happily walked to the altar while looking at the Tribal Chief with a disdainful expression. "Haha, I really didn't think you had so much courage! You are actually so unyielding, is it the so-called pride? Truly ridiculous."

Suddenly, a roar burst out from the calm Tribal Chief, his entire body flickering with dark red runes as he released a blazing aura. The totem in front of him shook as the frighteningly powerful flame atop the totem split, exploding in an instant before being followed by rising mana fluctuations. They could faintly see a transparent silhouette appear in the air.

Everyone, including Lin Yun, felt palpitations when facing that silhouette.

The mana fluctuations emitted by it were too frightening...

It made everyone feel like they couldn't prevail.

At this time, the silhouette suddenly darkened and quickly descended, merging into the body of the Tribal Chief and making the latter's power sharply increase. The runes on his body flickered fiercely as if they were igniting, and the temperature in the surroundings shot up dangerously.

The two faintly red eyes had long since turned crimson. They seemed somewhat empty, as if there was no life within. The Tribal Chief's palm suddenly grabbed the totem while the other hand grabbed a hatchet.

"Drop dead!" the Tribal Chief roared as the frightening mana fluctuations crazily rose up. He jumped down from the altar, his legs heavily stomping the ground. Only a rumbling sound could be heard as very large holes appeared under his feet and rocks were sent flying away with great momentum.

Naturally, this was only the beginning.

A loud sound echoed as the hatchet covered in countless flames was thrown at a lightning speed, echoing as it ripped through the air. In a flash, the flames were a few dozen meters away from Suval!

'Damnit...'



The sudden changes stunned Suval. He was scared to death when he sensed the force behind that huge hatchet. The Tribal Chief's power far exceeded his imagination. Suval's scalp felt numb as he thought, 'How should I face such a frightening attack?'

But he didn't have time to consider it. He let out a panicked shout before raising his old magic staff. At that time, the staff burst out with dazzling light as he subconsciously cast the most powerful defensive spell an Archmage could use, Elemental Shield. But not feeling reassured, countless runes also floated over, forming a Runic Shield.

Then, they collided.

The hatchet covered in flames was like a scorching sun as it directly pierced the Elemental Shield! Then, countless runes rose up to resist the attack, but it was useless. The Runic Shield didn't even last a second before being snuffed out. The hatchet smashed heavily into Suval's stomach.

In a split second, over ten of his defensive spells were damaged.

Suval was sent flying a few dozen meters back, unable to struggle or let out a scream, before crashing onto the floor, raising a cloud of dust. While he was on the ground, a fearful expression appeared on his face and he spat out blood.

Apart from Suval's coughing, nothing could be heard in the surroundings. Everyone was looking at the Tribal Chief with deep fear.

He was truly too frightening...

Only one hit seriously injured 7th Rank Archmage Suval!

This showed that the Tribal Chief's strength had already reached an unreasonable level, far surpassing that of a 7th Rank Archmage. The power he burst out with just now was most likely that of an 8th Rank Archmage.

An 8th Rank Archmage...

Such a powerhouse was rarely seen, even in the Andlusa Kingdom. It was evident from the Merlin Family's Ancestral Land. In the Family Council, apart from Lin Yun, only Oren and Ryan were 8th Rank Archmages or higher, while the others were all around 6th or 7th Rank.

How terrible...

Lin Yun had a very serious expression, and beads of sweat appeared on his forehead as he frowned. It was troublesome even for him.

He could naturally see that the Tribal Chief had linked to a mysterious existence with the help of the totem, thus sharply increasing his power. As for that mysterious existence, it was most likely an ancestor of the Thawing Fire Tribe!

The power of the ancestor descended into the body of the Tribal Chief through the totem. At this time, the Tribal Chief was no longer the original Tribal Chief...

The Beastman Tribes generally pursued Shamanism, which was divided into two fields. The first field dealt with the elements. It wasn't hard to understand, as it was their own elemental power. For example, the Raging Flame Beastmen all had extremely formidable control over fire and had an innate advantage when summoning fire elementals.

The other field was a bit special. Each tribe would worship their ancestors, producing a power similar to faith, and after more than a thousand years of accumulation, the remnant of an ancestor's soul, or even an ancestor himself would become extremely powerful after being immersed in this kind of power. When the tribe met danger, the ancestor would descend to help.

It was clear that the Tribal Chief had used the totem to summon a certain ancestor, and that the price to summon an ancestor was death.

Thus, it all made sense. The Tribal Chief knew that the Thawing Fire Tribe didn't have any chance of winning in the previous battle, so he remained hidden in the Sacred Land, waiting for the arrival of the strongest foes. He then used his life to summon an ancestor, dying to avenge his clansmen.

This was a plan that had been premeditated.

"Damn..."

Suval took out a small potion from his pocket and drank the light blue liquid, and mana fluctuations flowed out as the weak and injured Suval regained some color.

After cursing, he once again looked at the Tribal Chief and couldn't help turning pale. He was still afraid of that power. Had he cast only an Elemental Shield, he might have already died.

He only now understood why the young mage had told him to wait a moment earlier.

As he thought of this, Suval couldn't help glaring angrily at Lin Yun. 'Damn, why weren't you clearer if you knew something was strange? You only said to wait a moment, how could I know what you meant?'

Suval's hatred towards Lin Yun deepened.

"Rumble..."

The fiery hatchet returned to the hand of the Tribal Chief, and he immediately brandished it, turning into a red silhouette radiating incredible heat before charging at the group. Each move was extremely frightening and even this group of over ten Archmages had some trouble dealing with the fierce Tribal Chief.

After all, the power of the Tribal Chief was that of an 8th Rank Archmage, while the strongest within the group, Suval, was only a 7th Rank Archmage, and he had already been seriously injured. He managed to recover a part of his strength due to using some precious potions, but he would only be able to display the power of a 6th Rank Archmage for now.

Apart from this, there was still 6th Rank Archmage Weiss, 5th Rank Sword Saint Thorne, as well as Lin Yun.

The rest were all low-ranked Archmages. These people might be famed for being powerful outside, but in front of the terrifying Tribal Chief, the careless ones might die.

The fire elements in the surroundings were flaring up. An aura of destruction rose as the large sword in the hand of Crimson Flame Sword Saint Thorne was ignited with raging flames, emitting boundless Sword Aura. Thorne launched an attack on the Tribal Chief.

A loud rumble echoed. The Tribal Chief's body only stiffened for a moment when receiving such a fierce attack. The runes on his body flickered for a bit, but he was unexpectedly unaffected. The blazing hatchet in his hand was raised high up before colliding with Thorne's Crimson Flame Sword. After this first exchange of blows, Thorne was forced to fall back a few dozen steps before managing to stabilize himself.

#### **Chapter 484: Reversal**

Thorne, who was an expert at relentlessly fierce attacks, felt powerless for the first time. He had used a large amount of Aura for that assault, but he had been completely unable to injure the Tribal Chief. Instead, he received various kinds of injuries each time he attacked.

He had a feeling that his opponent wasn't just a Raging Flame Beastman, but rather a tireless slaughtering machine. No one could contend against it.

At this time, Lin Yun cast Fire Elemental Incarnation, wrapping his body in flames. He used Flame Flash to travel through the battlefield with the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel behind him, roused to its pinnacle. Endless spells kept raining down on the Tribal Chief.

But...

Those spells disappeared after striking the Tribal Chief as if they had sunk into a quagmire when those dark red runes flickered.

This was somewhat terrifying...

After all, the eruption of power from the activation of the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel, which had become a Mid-Rank True Spirit Magic Tool, could only be described as horrifying. Even 6th Rank or 7th Rank Archmages would have no choice but to fully remain on the defensive, and they might even be wounded if they didn't pay attention.

But the Tribal Chief wasn't affected by the flood of spells.

In fact, Lin Yun hadn't planned on exerting himself in the Sacred Mountain. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have thought much of all this and would have already stood on the sidelines to watch the performance. After all, why would he spend energy to help the Black Tower?

But unexpectedly, the totem of the Thawing Fire Tribe was the only thing that could help him open the Raising Dragon Array. Without it, his plan of cracking the Raising Dragon Array to get the Chromatic Dragon Crystal would be at a standstill. He would have to wait until he had the power of Star Sage Jouyi to force his way through.

He clearly couldn't wait that long...

His only choice was to kill the Tribal Chief and get the totem.

But the Tribal Chief had the strength of an 8th Rank Archmage now, so he wasn't that easy to kill. The squad of Archmages was having a hard time fighting against him. They were at a complete disadvantage and kept losing mana. When their mana eventually was exhausted, they would all perish.

Thinking of this, Lin Yun's expression became extremely serious. He cast three Flame Flashes successively and used Levitation to remain in midair, looking at the Tribal Chief from above. His Ten Thousand Spell Wheel continuously rotated, pouring out countless spells to occupy the Tribal Chief.

The Tribal Chief's roar could faintly be heard through all that.

But Lin Yun didn't plan to stop. He gave control of the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel to Enderfa and took out an ancient book with a dense aura of death. He let the book float in front of him as frightening fluctuations spread through the surroundings. There were three pitch-black designs on the book, emitting strange energy.

"Roar..."

As mana was poured within, black mist came out of the book, and with a deafening roar, a black sword suddenly rose up, surging with death aura as it rushed towards the Tribal Chief.

The summoned Undead Horseman wielded a long, rusted sword as it rode a Nightmare that was over two meters tall, his armor rotten beyond repair. It instantly rushed towards the Tribal Chief and started a fierce melee.

Suddenly, more black mist came out and a bone-chilling aura appeared. At the same, a bony silhouette appeared from the black mist. This was a Lich holding a bone staff and wearing a black robe.

As it appeared, it started chanting, and the next moment, boundless death aura was emitted, and it condensed into countless Bone Spears which flew towards their target.

The target was naturally the Tribal Chief...

For a moment, the Tribal Chief kept snarling, brandishing the totem and the hatchet as he erupted with extremely frightening power. But he had been under the constant assault of a dozen Archmages, and now there was the addition of the Undead Swordsman and the Lich. The Tribal Chief ended up on the defensive and had a hard time coping with it all.

After all, the Undead Horseman was a genuine level 36 powerhouse and those kinds of Undead beings had incredibly tough bones. They were much stronger than magic beasts of the same level.

As for the Lich, needless to say, it was level 37 and had extremely frightening casting abilities. It was not inferior to Suval in any regard.

Just this was enough to reverse the tides...

But...

Only Lin Yun himself knew that maintaining the current situation was impossible for him. The two domineering Summons used a large amount of death energy and it wouldn't be long before the energy stockpile in the Book of Death was exhausted. Once the two Summons disappeared, the Tribal Chief would regain the upper hand.

This wasn't something he was willing to see...

After taking a deep breath, he cast Haste, making his flaming body even more nimble. He moved through the air with extreme speed, leaving behind fiery afterimages. In order to deal with the Tribal Chief, he used almost all of his power just to temporarily suppress him.

But he didn't dare to relax. Dense ice elements began to fill his surroundings before countless Ice spells assaulted the Tribal Chief's body. At that time, the Tribal Chief let out a snarl, his crimson eyes locking onto Lin Yun apparently preparing something. Suddenly, he tossed the hatchet, which ripped through the air as it swept towards Lin Yun.

This was an all-out attack from a powerhouse comparable to an 8th Rank Archmage. When the battle started, Suval had been faced with such a fierce attack and was seriously hurt.

Lin Yun was startled when he sensed the terrifying power contained within that hatchet. It would only need a fraction of a second to pierce his body if it hit him.

He didn't hesitate and instantly cast a Runic Shield. His body was covered in dazzling lights as countless runes condensed together like a curtain of light covering him from top to bottom.

The hatchet whistled by, carrying an aura of destruction. The red flowing light heavily rammed into his shield, echoing with a deep sound. Under the fierce strike, the runes of his Runic Shield started becoming chaotic and the defensive spell slowly dimmed.

"Lord Shawn, it's up to you now..."

At this time, a smile appeared on the flaming Lin Yun's face. He used a Flame Flash and a red silhouette streaked across the sky, leaving behind a scorched area.

He appeared two meters away from the Tribal Chief and dazzling lights appeared when he gently rubbed his ring.

"Hell!"

Shawn's faintly visible shadow appeared. After cursing, he suddenly pounced at the Tribal Chief before his silhouette suddenly disappeared.

However...

The Tribal Chief's body remained motionless, his aura quickly declining. Even those two crimson eyes returned to their original light-red color.

"Now!"

Lin Yun became gleeful as he used the 8th Character of the Book of Death to enter Unlimited Mode. The huge mana consumption allowed him to ignore spell cooldowns and element exhaustion. He didn't even apply defensive spells at that time.

He displayed incredible casting abilities at this moment.

One gorgeous spell after another landed on the Tribal Chief. In less than ten seconds, he fired close to a hundred spells, and all these spells could only be described as magnificent. Moreover, as Lin Yun was

casting, he was also simultaneously controlling the Undead Horseman and the Lich to launch their fiercest attacks.

“Aaah...”

A mournful scream echoed, before being replaced by an eerie silence. The Tribal Chief had fallen, the dark red runes on his body had thoroughly dissipated, and traces of the magic bombardment could be seen on his lacerated body. There wasn't a single part of his skin that was intact.

“Phew...”

Lin Yun finally sighed in relief and slowly descended. He removed his Elemental Incarnation and unsummoned the Undead Horseman and the Lich, both of them gradually becoming blurry before disappearing back into the Book of Death.

This was the most difficult situation he had gone through in the Raging Flame Plane, and he had used all the mana in his Magic Tools and himself. Now, he could only hold a high level mana crystal and slowly absorb the mana from within.

“Damn, Merlin, don't look for me the next time this kind of thing happens. It's too dangerous! Even if you give me a lot of mana crystals, Lord Shawn won't do it...” Shawn's faint silhouette appeared. His body had become somewhat illusory, as he had clearly used up a lot of mana. “The reward must be at least ten level 20 mana crystals!”

“Why do you want so many...”

Lin Yun was startled, though he didn't really mind too much. He took out the mana crystals from his pocket and gave them to Shawn.

Shawn had truly played a big role this time...

He had known from the start that the increase in power had come from the Tribal Chief linking to an ancestor via the totem, obtaining that ancestor's strength. In this kind of situation, the souls of the Tribal Chief and the ancestor had to be linked extremely tightly. If the connection was severed midway, the Tribal Chief's power would fall back to that of a 6th Rank Archmage.

Shawn himself was a master at manipulating souls, and he had recently fused with the Evil Dragon Eye, recovering his former strength and even advancing to Mid True Spirit Rank. This helped him progress even further in the field of souls.

#### **Chapter 485: Borrow**

Thus, Lin Yun intended to draw support from Shawn to sever the connection between the Tribal Chief and the ancestor.

And Shawn didn't disappoint...

Lin Yun held nothing back when the connection was severed. He utilized all his power and entered Unlimited Mode, ignoring all spell cooldowns. The Undead Horseman and the Lich also burst with their power.

This kind of offensive, even if it was just for an instant, wasn't something a 6th Rank Archmage could handle, and thus, just as Lin Yun expected, the Tribal Chief died.

"This was still too much... Merlin, will there be some easier tasks in the future? You can't even imagine how frightening that Beastman's soul was..." Shawn gritted his teeth as he said that, showing a narcissistic expression. "Fortunately Lord Shaw was the one to make a move and helped you deal with this problem. Forget it, Lord Shawn won't argue too much with you, it's time to depart..."

But the Ghost Wolf suddenly stopped mid-sentence...

His prideful expression also disappeared as he looked at the Tribal Chief's corpse. He jumped in fright and fear could even be felt in his voice. "Hell! That damn guy hasn't disappeared yet!"

"What?"

Lin Yun was stunned. He couldn't remember Shawn forgetting himself like this before. He immediately looked to see what had happened and noticed a strange mana fluctuation gradually rising up.

He followed Shawn's line of sight and saw a dark-red smoke coming out from the Tribal Chief's body. That smoke looked especially strange as it kept twisting in the air, radiating terrifying heat.

An indistinct roar echoed as the smoke rushed into the air, condensing into the silhouette of a huge Beastman. It occupied over half of the sky above them and looked down at them with a pair of ice-cold eyes.

"Damnit!" Even Lin Yun couldn't help but curse at such a time. He was looking at the silhouette with dread, sweat unconsciously dripping down his forehead. Only now did he know for sure who Shawn was talking about.

It was actually the ancestor of the Thawing Fire Tribe!

This was no joke... The power of an ancient existence like the ancestor could only be described as terrifying.

The worship of an ancestor by the tribe would result in a kind of Faith Energy, and over the years, it would make the ancestor extremely powerful, a lot more troublesome than Jouyi or Harren. It was at least at the Heaven Rank.

But...

The only fortunate thing was that existences like the ancestors would be rejected by the plane's source of power, so they couldn't descend with their real bodies. They could only send their power across via certain special methods, such as what happened earlier with the Tribal Chief connecting to the ancestor's soul by using the totem.

In other words, what appeared before them was nothing more than an Incarnation.

Thinking of this, Lin Yun inwardly relaxed.

“Human, you should pay the price of your actions! I swear that once I descend, you and the forces behind you will definitely fall to Hell...”

At that time, the huge silhouette in the sky let out a deafening snarl. Countless runes appeared and once again turned into a dark-red smoke, flitting across the horizon before disappearing in the north.

“High Mage Merlin...” Once the silhouette disappeared completely, the pale Weiss came over to Lin Yun, with the totem in hand. He had clearly been scared by the sudden appearance of the Beastman Ancestor, as he was covered in sweat. “If there is nothing else, we should quickly return...”

“Alright, let’s go back first...” Lin Yun nodded. He didn’t want to stay there too long either. As he looked at Weiss, his eyes stopped on the totem for a moment. “Sir Weiss, can I borrow that thing for some time?”

“This...”

Weiss truly didn’t expect the young mage to raise such a request. He was somewhat embarrassed at this moment... He wouldn’t have hesitated to agree had it been anything else.

But it was the Peak True Spirit Totem.

The Black Tower spent so much effort in the past hundred years for this Magic Tool. They even transferred as many powerhouses as they could to the Raging Flame Plane and paid a huge price to annihilate the Thawing Fire Tribe.

But now, with the youth asking to borrow it, Weiss could only be hesitant.

It wasn’t that he was suspicious, but rather, this Peak True Spirit Totem was just too important to the Black Tower.

“I only need to borrow it for half a month, and during that time I’ll remain in the Raging Flame Plane. If Sir Weiss cannot make the decision, you can return and let Sir Harren know...” Lin Yun smiled as he casually said this.

He wasn’t worried.

He knew that the Black Tower attached great importance to this totem, but it was useless in their hands. Once Harren found out, he would definitely be exasperated about it, so borrowing the totem then certainly wouldn’t be a difficult matter.

Of course, Weiss didn’t know this, so after thinking deeply about the matter, he said with a dignified expression, “Rest assured, I’ll relay everything to Sir Harren. If Sir Harren agrees, I’ll personally deliver it to you...”

Not long after, the squad went back through the path they had originally taken, leaving the Sacred Land and converging with the army waiting outside the valley.



Three hours later, the two major forces officially separated. The Black Tower's Caster Legion left and hurried back to the Dark Moon Fort, while Lin Yun led the Merlin Family's Planar Legion to the Flame Demon Fort.

However...

At the dawn of the next day, the Black Tower's Weiss rushed to the Flame Demon Fort and lent the totem to Lin Yun.

After discussing a bit with Weiss, he expressed his gratitude towards the Black Tower and saw him off. Lin Yun then led the fifty High Mages to rush to the Ghost Valley. Now, the entire northeastern part of the Raging Flame Plane was jointly controlled by the Black Tower and the Merlin Family. There was not a single Beastmen force in the area.

Lin Yun's group soon reached the location of the Raising Dragon Array. They had already finished the excavation half a month ago. After arranging a few arrays, Lin Yun went deep within underground until he saw that dark-red defensive power wrapped around the Raising Dragon Array.

He then took out the totem...

In a flash, the temperature around the flame at the top of the totem became frighteningly high. At the same time, that protective force was greatly affected. Countless dark-red runes rippled up and down, showing faint signs of chaos. But it didn't take long before they condensed once again.

'As expected...'

A happy expression appeared on Lin Yun's face as he saw this. His judgement was right. Although that force was powerful, a Peak Archmage would need to spend quite some effort to open it. But there was a fatal weak point. The impact of the tyrannical flame could cause chaos within the runes, and once it reached a critical point, this defensive power would thoroughly collapse.

But Lin Yun still didn't dare to do so...

Because he knew that once it disappeared, the true power of the Raising Dragon Array would emerge. Especially the Chromatic Dragon Crystal at its core... Its power could only be described as utterly terrifying, and if it erupted, the entire Ghost Valley might be razed to the ground.

And the Black Tower would definitely not be satisfied with the destruction of the Ghost Valley.

The most important part was that even with his current strength, Lin Yun would find it very difficult to even narrowly dodge the attack of the Raising Dragon Array.

Lin Yun couldn't help frowning as he thought of it, before bitterly smiling. He didn't have many options. He could only use the totem to slowly wear it down. Although this process would be very slow, taking about ten days, it would be a lot safer.

'That's the only way...'

With a resigned expression, Lin Yun took out a crystal pen from his pocket, dipped it into a bottle of ink he had prepared beforehand, and started writing runes on the ground. Seconds slowly ticked by...

Soon, a somewhat crude but very practical array was completed. Lin Yun then cautiously put the totem in the middle of the array. The flame at the top began emitting the shocking heat again, and it constantly attacked the protection around the Raising Dragon Array.

With each attack, the defensive power was weakening at a subtle rate.

After finishing this, Lin Yun stretched and once again returned to the surface.

But he didn't leave the area, he instead found a vacant spot in the surroundings and started meditating. During his meditation, his Magic Array kept working at maximum capacity, observing everything within a few kilometers.

After all, the Raising Dragon Array was a major matter. If there was an accident, a disaster could happen.

Thus, he had to remain there and check his surroundings. This would prevent others from disturbing him, while also allowing him to observe the changes to the Raising Dragon Array.

Those fifty High Mages didn't remain idle. Under Ida and Yuri's lead, they scattered into the surroundings, meditating and forming a powerful line of defense.

Facing all of them, even a Representative of the Black Tower like 7th Rank Archmage Suval wouldn't be able to burst in and come out unscathed.

It was very peaceful over the next few days. Nothing unexpected appeared during the cracking of the Raising Dragon Array until the 8th night, when Lin Yun noticed a nearly imperceptible mana fluctuation. It was very strange, feeling like it didn't come from a human, a Beastman, or even an Elemental.

The mana fluctuation was sometimes powerful, sometimes weak, and was very hidden. If not for the Magic Array's special nature, he would have had a hard time noticing it. Thus, this made Lin Yun frown, his eyes shining brightly in the dusky night. He dazedly looked towards the east with a thoughtful expression.

## **Chapter 486: Discussion**

A glamorous flame slowly rose up, appearing two kilometers away and emitting a strange mana fluctuation. This was caught clearly by the Magic Array...

'Strange...'

Lin Yun couldn't help looking in that direction, a suspicious expression on his face, but he ended up shaking his head to return to his thoughts.

He couldn't do anything about it because the opening the Raising Dragon Array was at its critical juncture. Within three days, that part of the defensive power would be thoroughly removed. Under such circumstances, he couldn't get away.

But there really was something strange in that region... Once the matter of the Raising Dragon Array came to an end, he would have to go over there and check.

In the past eight days, the Ghost Valley had gone through countless changes. The Merlin Family and the Black Tower sent many people over, in accordance with the terms they negotiated beforehand.

Now that the threat of the Thawing Fire Tribe was no more, both the Merlin Family and the Black Tower were relatively more relaxed than the other forces in the Raging Flame Plane. Both sides could transfer promising talents from their major forts to meditate in the Ghost Valley and grow stronger. Just the past few days had been enough to make the two major forces beam with joy.

This place scarily rich in mana...

Not only Great Mages, but even High Mages would grow at an astonishing speed.

Controlling the Ghost Valley brought enormous benefits to the two major forces.

But, in Lin Yun's eyes, the greatest winner in this collaboration wasn't the Black Tower, but the Merlin Family and himself.

The Raising Dragon Array's defensive power was on the verge of being cracked, which meant that he would soon get his hands on that Chromatic Dragon Crystal. At that time, the Doom Staff, the True Spirit Magic Tool with boundless potential, would have a qualitative change. This would be very important for the Doom Staff's path to become the Strongest True Spirit Magic Tool, or even evolve into an Extraordinary Magic Tool.

Even from his point of view, he felt that it was worthwhile to spend so much time and effort on this in this trip to the Raging Flame Plane.

As for the Merlin Family, it went without saying.

They didn't have to spend much effort taking control of the Ghost Valley, and they also didn't lose many people. However, their gains were monumental. They had gotten a great bargain.

Several months ago, Lin Yun and Harren decided on the allocation of the Ghost Valley's space, and the Merlin Family's share was 70%.

No place rich in mana would be infertile. Lin Yun's Demiplane was a good example... It had 20 times the mana density of other places, and in a short few months, it gave birth to a large mana pond with mana crystals at the bottom. Moreover, the last time he entered the Demiplane, Lin Yun discovered a few ore veins slowly forming, and some places suitable for the development of vegetation actually had some medicinal plants growing.

No one knew how long the Ghost Valley had existed, but just from the information Lin Yun got from the Ancestral Land, he knew that it was at least a millennium old...

Although the mana density of the Ghost Valley was far from that of the natural Demiplane, after so many years, the Ghost Valley had long since nurtured countless precious resources.

In fact, Lin Yun had already discovered them when he first came to the Ghost Valley. He had recently found much more detailed information regarding the Ghost Valley and discovered that the quantity of natural resources there was simply frightening. There were over twenty rich veins of ores and many precious medicinal herbs within the valley.

To the Merlin Family, who controlled 70% of the Ghost Valley, the earnings there were equivalent to their gains in the entire Raging Flame Plane. Their foundation had more than doubled.

At this time, Lin Yun suddenly noticed a tyrannical mana fluctuation slowly approaching his area. He opened his eyes, clearly in a bad mood, got up, and walked in a certain direction. After a couple minutes, a few silhouettes appeared in front of him.

“Sir Suval, I’m really not deceiving you, High Mage Mafa is busy and doesn’t have time to meet you, how about you wait for two more days?”

“No way! I have something very important I want to discuss with him, this can’t be delayed! I have to see him today! I’ll give you two options... Either call him to see me, or I’ll break in. It’s your choice, so I hope you’ll think about it carefully,” Suval coldly said as he looked at Ida, a sneer on his face.

“Please forgive us, High Mage Mafa isn’t receiving any guests right now...” Ida stiffly forced a smile, beads of sweat dripping down his forehead. His expression was getting more and more strained. Had it been someone else, he would have just driven them away without saying anything else, but it was Suval, an important member of the Black Tower. If they weren’t careful, they might cause trouble for the Merlin Family.

He was really embarrassed. The young mage had told him a few days ago that no one was to disturb him. He respected the young mage from the bottom of his heart. Just handling the Thawing Fire Tribe brought countless benefits to the Merlin Family. The youth’s contribution in the past days was far greater than most members of the Ancestral Land.

Thus, Yuri and Ida had been cautiously and conscientiously standing guard here, not letting anyone approach.

But Black Tower’s Representative, Suval, had come and made things difficult for Ida. On one hand, Ida didn’t want to disturb the young mage, but on the other hand, he didn’t dare to offend Suval.

“Hmpf, you are truly overestimating your abilities. You want to stop me? With just you?” Suval was unusually calm. He didn’t seem angry, and he was actually smiling. Since it was like this, he had some justification to make a move. The wound left by Santon Merlin three hundred years ago had severed his magic path, so he hated every single member of the Merlin Family.

“You...”

At this time, Ida and Yuri were both frightened as they looked at Suval with pale expressions. The other side had an overbearing attitude and was emitting shocking mana fluctuations while talking. He seemed sure he could easily scare them off.

The two of them were extremely nervous... It was already hard for the two of them to handle a 5th Rank Archmage, let alone a 7th Rank Archmage like Suval...

‘What should we do...’

Ida and Yuri looked at each other and saw that they were both worried, but then, Ida seemed to have found hope in his peripheral vision and exclaimed, “High Mage Mafa, you came...”

“Yes...”

Lin Yun slowly walked over. He glanced at Ida and Yuri and smiled, before turning to face Suval with a sharp expression. He icily said, "Turns out to be Sir Suval. What brings you here? Oh... By the way, how is your injury, Sir Suval? I'm truly sorry, I've been too busy and didn't have time to visit you."

"We aren't familiar with each other, there is no need for you to pay a visit to me!" Suval's expression became completely ashen. He often replayed the battle against the Tribal Chief in his mind. Lin Yun's words clearly had a deeper meaning. Suval felt this and was thoroughly enraged. "Mafa Merlin, stop with the useless chatter, I came this time to discuss something with you."

"Oh?"

"Mafa Merlin, you definitely know that the area distributed to our Black Tower was too little while we have too many people. It's simply not enough for us to use! I hope the Merlin Family can cede a part of their area to our Black Tower. After all, in handling the Thawing Fire Tribe, our Black Tower put forth quite a bit of effort. Raising such a request shouldn't be considered excessive, right?" Suval's eyes shone as he stared at Lin Yun.

This was the true reason behind Suval's trip.

The Black Tower occupied 30% of the Ghost Valley. After being able to examine the Ghost Valley more closely, they gradually discovered that the Ghost Valley was far more fertile than they had imagined. Even just occupying 30% would bring unimaginable wealth to the Black Tower every year.

But the Merlin Family was actually occupying 70%, which was over twice as much as the Black Tower. It would have been fine had it been any other force... After all, Sir Harren was the one who made the decision, so he wouldn't be able to change it. But that force was the Merlin Family, which he hated the most. If this kept going, the Merlin Family would slowly increase their power, which was something he didn't want to see.

In fact, he had yet to give up on dealing with the Merlin Family somehow.

Although Harren had told him some things and ordered him to never provoke Mafa Merlin and the Merlin Family, Suval figured that he knew why... Harren was someone who put benefits before anything else. He had warned him back then because he didn't want him to affect the collaboration between the two forces.

But the collaboration was over now...

Thus, he rushed to the Merlin Family's territory to probe Harren's attitude on this while raising the matter of the uneven distribution of the Ghost Valley. If Harren didn't say anything, then it would prove that he was turning a blind eye, and Suval would be able to deal with the Merlin Family without any worry.

"Haha, Sir Suval, you just said that we weren't familiar with each other. I hope you don't believe that you can make our Merlin Family give you part of its territory at the drop of a hat, because that is impossible. I might have considered this if it came from Sir Harren, but the question is, did Sir Harren say that?" Lin Yun funnily looked at Suval, inwardly shaking his head. He and the Merlin Family had greatly benefitted from this collaboration, and it was hard for the tyrannical Black Tower to not be exasperated when they discovered that the totem was useless.

Lin Yun was actually worrying about Harren the most.

But it was obvious that if Harren wanted to discuss this, he would have sent Weiss over, and not Suval.

“You...”

Lin Yun’s answer instantly made Suval’s face turn red, The young mage’s meaning was clear: Suval’s words didn’t have enough weight. But before he could get angry, Lin Yun’s voice echoed once again...

“Eh, I suddenly remembered something. There is still a vacant area in the east, but that place is somewhat dangerous...” Lin Yun had a calm expression, but his gaze became a bit strange as he looked at Suval.

“Is there?” Suval had a pensive look on his face, clearly masking how cheerful he was inside. He originally thought the young mage would keep arguing, but it seemed like it wasn’t the case. He was clearly afraid of the Black Tower’s power, so he was going ahead and taking the initiative to cede them a “vacant area”.

### **Chapter 487: Plot**

Suval didn’t care about what the young mage said afterwards regarding the danger of that area. It wasn’t because he was so happy with the victory, but because he was so confident in his power.

Danger?

This was simply a joke to a 7th Rank Archmage like himself, unless it was an existence on par with him or stronger.

But such an existence simply couldn’t appear in the Ghost Valley now.

“I’ll give up on that vacant area and let the people from the Black Tower take care of it. How about this, Sir Suval... You can send people over, and if you can come back unscathed after three days, the ownership of that area will pass to the Black Tower. But whatever happens during those three days has nothing to do with me. I hope that Sir Suval can keep this in mind...” Lin Yun scratched his cheek as he pointed to the east. “It’s roughly two kilometers away from here.”

In fact, Lin Yun couldn’t stop laughing inwardly...

“You don’t need to worry about little things like that...” Suval expressionlessly glanced at Lin Yun before heading in the indicated direction, a slight smile on his face.

After saying that, Suval clearly wasn’t in the mood to stay any longer, and his back disappeared under the gazes of Lin Yun’s group.

“High Mage Mafa, you...” Once Suval left, Ida’s face regained some color. But he had a doubtful expression on his face. He didn’t understand why this young mage who was always so unyielding suddenly showed weakness to Suval, conceding a large area of land to him.

But after thinking about it, Ida felt relieved. Although the young mage had tyrannical power as a Commander, the other side was the Black Tower. They couldn’t be easily offended.

“High Mage Mafa,” he continued, “you shouldn’t worry about this. In fact, our Merlin Family obtained more than enough benefits, it would be hard to avoid some trouble if we are too greedy. I think what you did was right...” Although he was flattering the young mage, Ida truly approved of the way things had been handled.

“Haha... Wait and watch the show.” Lin Yun didn’t plan on explaining too much, he smiled at the two before walking back to the Raising Dragon Array. It was at a crucial point right now, so he couldn’t leave for too long.

Sure enough, after more than an hour, the area was no longer peaceful. There would often be loud sounds, and Lin Yun knew that this was Suval leading some people to hurry to that eastern area. Although he was in meditation, his Magic Array was still working at full capacity, so he could clearly see the circumstances around Suval.

In a flash, a day passed. Suval and the people he brought pitched camp two kilometers to the east, and in the darkness of the night, that camp was emitting very bright light.

“Rumble...”

Suddenly, flames soared as countless meteors fell from the sky, bursting with a deafening sound. Those meteors were all aimed at the camp.

Some powerhouses within the camp had noticed the abnormality, but it was already too late, they simply couldn’t escape. Miserable shouts kept echoing as the red lights streaked across the horizon.

Lin Yun had been startled the first time he discovered it a few days ago. He had been near the Raising Dragon Array and had noticed that strange aura and that entrancing flame rising up. Back then, he knew that the area wasn’t simple.

He originally planned on waiting until finishing up with the Raising Dragon Array before investigating the area, but he altered his plan after Suval’s appearance the previous day. He took the initiative to let the Black Tower deal with it and raised an extra condition: If they could come out safe and sound within three days, he would give that unoccupied area to the Black Tower.

It seemed like quite a sound decision. Not only was that land strange, but it also contained a huge danger. Even a 7th Rank Archmage like Suval would have a hard time dealing with it.

After a short few minutes, the miserable screams died down by quite a bit, meaning that the losses were likely disastrous.

“Rumble!”

A loud sound suddenly echoed, shaking the earth and emitting a frightening aura. A thick smell of sulfur quietly spread all over as everyone was shocked, including Lin Yun. That was clearly a fiendish aura. They were surprised and curious at the same time. ‘The Ghost Valley had a Demon?’

This was unimaginable...

A roar could be heard as a crack appeared in the ground, releasing a frightening amount of heat. At the same time, a tide of lava rose up from the crack, submerging a wide area, igniting the trees and ground, and forming a land of fire.

Lin Yun had already rushed over. He used Levitation to float in the air and quickly found a familiar silhouette in the land of fire. The Black Tower's Representative, Suval.

That person had extremely high influence in the Black Tower and was a powerful Representative, but he cut a sorry figure at this moment. He was maintaining Fire Elemental Incarnation and using Flame Flashes to shuttle around the fiery area. The enemy seemed to be something like a Lava Giant, flowing with lava all over.

At first glance, everyone would definitely think that this was a Lava Giant.

But strangely, it was only a few dozen meters tall, not even reaching half the size of an ordinary Lava Giant. The shocking part was that its body not only had a wisp of Elemental aura, but it also carried a deep aura of sulfur.

An existence that was part Demon and part Elemental!

Lin Yun immediately knew the answer. This should be a Lesser Lava Overlord. Among Lesser Demonic Overlords, only Lesser Lava Overlords were this special. To be more exact, the information regarding Lesser Lava Overlords was something he had found in the decaying library. This kind of Lesser Demonic Overlord was rarely seen in Noscent.

He could clearly remember that during the peak of the Magic Era, every first-rate force would long to capture a Lesser Lava Overlord. Some Heaven Rank powerhouses wouldn't hesitate to take great risks and leave for the Abyss to look for Lesser Lava Overlords, but the success rate was extremely low. There were even a few Heaven Ranks who fell in the process of their search.

Lin Yun truly hadn't expected that a Lesser Lava Overlord would actually appear in the Ghost Valley.

That was a chance to get a Lava Heart...

It wasn't just a first-rate alchemy reagent...

Even Lin Yun was somewhat excited, but he didn't make a move yet. Instead, he remained motionless, waiting in midair while observing.

He wasn't worried that Suval would kill the Lesser Lava Overlord and take its heart.

Because he knew that Suval simply couldn't!

Usually, a Lesser Overlord would be level 35 or 36, just like the Lesser Flame Overlord he met in the magic forest in the Tulan Mountain Range. But the strength of Lesser Lava Overlords would greatly increase in a place like the Raging Flame Plane. They wouldn't be any weaker than ordinary Demons.

For the Lesser Lava Overlord to put Suval in such an awkward state, it could easily be seen that its power was around level 37.

"So hateful... Mafa Merlin, what are you doing staring blankly, why aren't you helping?" Although Suval's face was covered in flames, he still seemed somewhat pale. He had clearly used up a large amount of mana while dealing with the Lesser Lava Overlord. In this battle, the 7th Rank Archmage didn't get any attacks in, and was instead having to dodge around precariously.



His heart was filled with rage, but he had nowhere to vent it. He clearly understood why that young mage had been so generous, giving the Black Tower a chance to obtain this land...

This had been a plot all along.

How was this “somewhat dangerous”? This was absurdly dangerous! The power of the Lesser Lava Overlord could only be described as terrifying, and only Peak 7th Rank Archmages would even have a chance to be able to handle this Lesser Lava Overlord.

“Haha, my thanks to Sir Suval for making a heroic contribution by making a stand against that Demon...” Lin Yun was smiling in the air, not leaving, but also not planning to make a move. He only kept his hands behind his back like he was watching a good show.

This was indeed a good show...

There weren't many opportunities to see a 7th Rank Archmage like Suval in such dire straits.

He didn't have the least bit of a favorable impression towards Suval. Ever since they first met, Suval kept trying to cause problems for him, making things difficult whenever he could during the collaboration and suggesting to the Charlotte Family Patriarch, Wollings, that he could attack him.

“You...”

Suval used a Flame Flash and managed to avoid another attack of the Lesser Lava Overlord. He was completely infuriated. ‘What damned contribution!? If I could, I would immediately leave the Raging Flame Plane and never face this Lesser Lava Overlord!’

But he quickly calmed down and focused on his current situation...

He might fall if this kept going, and moreover, this place was very remote in the Ghost Valley. Even if the battle caused a huge commotion, and reinforcements from the Black Tower and the Merlin Family rushed over, they would need at least half an hour.

But he wouldn't be able to last half an hour...

The only thing he could do was to seek help from the young mage. The power that young mage had shown in the Sacred Land was a bit stronger than Suval's own. If they worked together, then let alone just defending, they might be able to defeat this Lesser Lava Overlord.

But it was clear that he had already thoroughly offended the young mage.

“Mafa... High Mage Merlin, I really need your help. You should understand that this Demon is very powerful, I simply can't handle it with my own power. We are the strongest in the entire Ghost Valley. If we don't kill that damned Demon now, then it might go to another area and cause great losses to the Merlin Family and the Black Tower...” Suval ground his teeth as he lowered himself as much as he was willing to.

“And what if I don't help?”

Suval never could have expected that Lin Yun still wouldn't seem concerned.

**Chapter 488: Lowering One's Head**

Suval was terrified when he heard the young mage's dull tone. He was deathly pale and so nervous that he actually stopped breathing.

This was no joke...

His enemy was a level 37 Lesser Lava Overlord that was attacking him crazily. Even an 8th Rank Archmage might be injured in this situation, let alone him.

Suval felt anxious, and a feeling of despair rose up for the first time in his mind. He was in a terrible situation and was constantly using up a large amount of mana to resist the Lesser Lava Overlord's attacks. He simply didn't have any opportunities to flee or counterattack. The consequences would be too terrible if the young mage didn't help him now.

Suval had the urge to curse...

He could see that the young mage was simply doing this to retaliate against him.

But it had no meaning even if he knew about it. He used Flame Flash once again, leaving a shadow behind as he managed to dodge another attack from Lesser Lava Overlord. He then gloomily said, "High Mage Merlin, I know there have been some unpleasant matters between us, but it's clearly not the time to bicker over this. I need your help to kill this Demon..." He continued, "If we don't kill this Demon and allow it to rise in the Ghost Valley, the Merlin Family and the Black Tower will suffer huge losses. I hope High Mage Merlin can think this over..."

After saying all this, Suval scrunched up his face in dissatisfaction. In the entire Black Tower, he would only be this polite to Harren, yet he was having to act like this to a youth, and furthermore, one he hated.

Under such circumstances, the highly qualified Representative of the Black Tower was already reining in his temper.

"Haha, Sir Suval, I didn't say I wouldn't help you..." At this time, Lin Yun released some raging flames as he hovered in the air, covering his entire body. After using Fire Elemental Incarnation, Lin Yun didn't remain there for long and disappeared with a Flame Flash.

Then, a red light cut into the horizon, sweeping with momentum before engulfing the Lesser Lava Overlord.

To be honest, he really didn't want to get involved if he could help it.

Unfortunately, he had no choice but to act. Although he didn't have a good opinion of Suval and was even disgusted with him, that person was an important member of the Black Tower, one of the Representatives of the Council of Seven. There would be no benefit to him if Suval bafflingly died there... He wouldn't be able to explain to Harren.

But this could also be considered giving a lesson to Suval...

Moreover, this lesson was deep enough.

“Roar!” A deafening sound echoed as the Lesser Lava Giant Overlord let out a deep bellow, instantly filling the surrounding with fire elements. They flared up and were frantically surging. At the same time, scalding lava kept splattering, filling the sky with a rain of fire that had a thick aura of sulfur.

The entire area was already submerged in flames.

Lin Yun, under Fire Elemental Incarnation, was flitting through the sea of fire. The Doom Staff in his hand burst with a dazzling light, raging with a bone-chilling aura as tyrannical ice spells exploded on the body of the Lesser Lava Overlord.

Then, a loud rumble kept echoing.

But this hadn't caused the Lesser Lava Overlord any substantial injuries.

Although he'd made such a big move, the Lesser Lava Overlord was a level 37 demonic lifeform. It was an extremely terrifying existence in the Raging Flame Plane and couldn't be injured by low-tier spells. Even if there were many of them, it still wouldn't have much of an effect.

“Very powerful...”

But, a smile could be seen on Lin Yun's flame-covered face. He had only done a probing attack just now, using a few dozen low-tier ice spells. Although they didn't injure the Lesser Lava Overlord, they did have an impact, and they allowed him to assess the Lesser Lava Overlord's true strength.

The most important part was that those spells formed a thin layer of ice elements.

This would result in his next action doing twice as much with half the effort.

For outstanding mages, any step, any detail, would have to go through careful calculations. Just like the current Lin Yun. Faced with a Lesser Lava Overlord, an existence that possessed high fire resistance and high fire affinity, it would be very hard for the fire spells he was proficient in to play a big part.

Ice spells were undoubtedly the best choice.

But, under the influence of the Lesser Lava Overlord, the surroundings had already turned into a burning sea filled with fire elements. Under such circumstances, the power of any other spells would be greatly weakened.

Thus, not long ago, Lin Yun released a wave of low tier-ice spells to rouse up the ice elements near the Lesser Lava Overlord.

Those ice elements would be a huge help...

Because Lin Yun's next spell was somewhat special.

In an instant, Lin Yun raised the Doom Staff in his hand and it burst with a dazzling light. He chanted profound and mysterious characters and a shocking mana fluctuation rose up, covering the entire area.

Just as he finished his incantation, gales whistled past as the surroundings turned into a vast expanse of whiteness. Countless ice shards floated down, fluttering in the air, looking quite gorgeous.

In a short few seconds, the frighteningly high temperature disappeared and was replaced by a bone-chilling cold. Even High Mages wouldn't be able to last long in the midst of this before being frozen stiff with their blood congealing.

This was a 6th Tier Spell, Frost Lock.

Frost Lock wasn't an offensive spell, but rather a control spell.

Its restrictive power could only be described as terrifying.

Naturally, the mana consumption was also monumental. Although this was only a 6th Tier Spell that could be used by any mage above the 5th Rank, even 9th Rank High Mages would find it very difficult to maintain this spell for just three seconds. It could be seen from this how terrifying Frost Lock was.

Generally speaking, even some Archmages wouldn't be able to maintain the spell for long because its consumption was too terrifying.

But Lin Yun had two Alchemic Mana Whirlpools, so he felt no pressure when using Frost Lock. What he needed now was actually this spell which was of little value in most people's eyes.

After the cast was over, a silvery-white layer covered the entire area, and boundless ice shards solidified together to completely submerge the Lesser Lava Overlord, forming a thick block of ice. From a distance, it looked like shackles trapping the Lesser Lava Overlord.

"Roar..."

The faint roar of the Lesser Lava Overlord could be heard through the layers of ice. But regardless of how it shook its body, it was unable to break free.

A 6th Tier Control Spell was in no way that simple. Even an existence like a level 37 Lesser Lava Overlord would remain trapped, unable to get out for some time.

Lin Yun, who was maintaining the Frost Lock, could feel his mana emptying at a frightening pace. He had no time to lose, so he cast a Flame Flash, instantly arriving a dozen meters in front of the Lesser Lava Overlord. He raised the Doom Staff and all the elements in the surroundings turned berserk.

Then, he demonstrated his shocking casting ability once more, compressing spell cooldowns to their limits as another powerful spell was sent out each time the Doom Staff flickered. He didn't need to guard against the shackled Lesser Lava Overlord. He only needed to keep casting.

Every single spell he cast greatly injured the Lesser Lava Overlord...

After roughly ten seconds, he was starting to feel the strain, but he pushed further and used the Ultimate Spells within the Sage Chapter. At that time, the slot representing the Ultimate Haste instantly darkened.

"High Mage Merlin, many thanks..."

Suval, who had originally been facing the Lesser Lava Overlord on his own, had been cutting a sorry figure. He was finally able to breathe after Lin Yun joined in.

But just as he was thanking him, he suddenly discovered that after the young mage cast Haste and turned into a shadow, using some kind of unimaginable speed to quickly leave this battlefield.

Suval hadn't been able to finish thanking him and remained there awkwardly, feeling stunned. He didn't dare to believe what he saw. 'That damn youngster left me and ran away on his own...

'To hell with him!'

Suval inwardly cursed, a vein pulsing on his forehead. But he suddenly stopped cursing. The anger completely disappeared from his face and was replaced by an uncertain fear. Cracking sounds could be heard in the surroundings, as if a glacier was breaking apart. He turned his head and saw a crack appearing on the Frost Lock and then rapidly start spreading. At the same time, an aura of extreme heat was quickly emanating from inside.

It was followed by the deafening roar of the Lesser Lava Overlord.

Suval was truly scared to death this time, his face devoid of blood as he looked at the Lesser Lava Overlord almost within reach of him with a betrayed expression.

### **Chapter 489: Conclusion**

He really felt betrayed.

The young mage's attacks had obviously infuriated the Lesser Lava Overlord, but now he was the one that had to face the Lesser Lava Overlord's fury.

Suval could feel the anger from the Lesser Lava Overlord's roar, but the culprit had already escaped the battlefield.

The Lesser Lava Overlord certainly wouldn't let it go...

Without a doubt, Suval was the only target the Lesser Flame Overlord could use to vent. A boundless demonic aura surged towards Suval like a tide, and lava splattered, soaring in the sky like the flames of purgatory. Even Suval was stuck in an awkward situation because of this. After repeatedly dodging the attacks, his aura was extremely weak.

But he then realized that the Lesser Lava Overlord was actually seriously injured from the young mage's flood of spells. Its power had declined, or else Suval wouldn't have been able to survive those attacks.

This discovery made Suval relax to some extent...

But the young mage's actions were still truly too hateful. He was unwilling to help at first, watching his plight from a distance. And even after he finally gave a hand, he still harbored evil thoughts and ruthlessly left Suval trapped with the enraged Lesser Lava Overlord.

Fortunately, the Lesser Lava Overlord was no longer at its peak.

Otherwise, he, as a Representative of the Black Tower, would have died from the young mage's trap.

The more Suval thought about it, the angrier he became. He wanted to curse aloud, but he restrained himself. He needed the help of the young mage to handle the Lesser Lava Overlord, and the consequences would be horrible if he offended the young mage at this crucial time.

After all, Suval didn't have that youth's abnormal speed, allowing him to escape the battlefield anytime he wished.

The young mage's blazing silhouette once again appeared and started a fierce offensive on the Lesser Lava Overlord. At this moment, brilliant and dazzling spells swirled in the air as they exploded against the Lesser Lava Overlord, causing lava to surge in a wide area.

Seeing him return, Suval let go of his grievances and the magic staff in his hand blossomed with a dazzling brilliance. He kept chanting, gesturing, and guiding spells as he methodically attacked.

For over ten minutes, the two cast their spells with full intensity. Every time they threw a spell, the next one would be prepared, making an unending cycle.

Fortunately, with such an intense spell bombardment, the two gradually gained the advantage.

The heavy expression on Suval's face had long since disappeared. How could he not see that this battle was already won? It was just a matter of time now.

Naturally, this would only be the case if nothing unexpected happened with the young mage.

When he thought about this, he subconsciously turned his head to look in the young mage's direction, but Suval was startled by what he saw. He could see the flames on the young mage sharply increasing before he suddenly turned and became a shadow.

"Damnit..."

Suval was even more exasperated this time, and he couldn't help cursing. The young mage was truly playing with him, and it wasn't just once... He just kept tricking him. The first time he suddenly escaped almost ended up killing him, and it was even more excessive now. They were clearly close to winning. With one more effort, they would defeat the foe, yet the young mage suddenly withdrew. This definitely would greatly influence the outcome of the battle, as his previous efforts had all gone up in smoke.

For a moment, Suval's anger reached its peak.

But, no matter how furious he was, he could only face reality. The young mage's sudden disappearance broke the tenuous balance and increased the pressure on Suval once more. In a flash, a white light shrouded in a cold aura rose up as one Ice Wall after another rose up to protect Suval.

But countless drops of lava fell on them, creating cracking sounds.

Then, the barrier made of several dozen Ice Walls quickly started collapsing. Suval was nervously hiding behind his layers of defenses.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared. It was a tall and imposing silhouette whose body was covered in a thick layer of ice and was emitting a bone-chilling aura. Rumbles could be heard when the legs stomped heavily on the ground, leaving large holes behind and sending rocks flying.

Of course, Lin Yun was the one under that thick layer of ice.

His ice-covered arm suddenly shook and countless runes appeared as the dense ice elements condensed into a several-meter-long Frost Lance. He fiercely threw it, turning it into a blue ray of light streaking across the sky.

But this was far from over...

A white mist appeared, spreading a cold aura in all directions. Up to a hundred Frost Lances condensed around Lin Yun, blossoming in the dusky environment. Sharp, ear-piercing sounds could be heard as those numerous Frost Lances pierced the Lesser Lava Overlord.

The Lesser Lava Overlord let out a mournful cry as it suffered from this fierce attack. Its huge body shook as countless drops of lava splattered around, some fluttering in the sky.

Lin Yun simply didn't care about these...

He instantly removed his Ice Elemental Incarnation and once again was covered in flames. He used a Flame Flash, only leaving an afterimage behind as he raised the Doom Staff, which was bursting with dazzling lights. He had already used the 8th Character of the Book of Death and was casting innumerable formidable spells without rest for half a minute.

The vitality of the level 37 Lesser Lava Overlord was far superior to that of an ordinary Demon, but after suffering from the waves of attacks, most of the lava on its body had darkened and dried up, and a shocking crack could even be seen.

“Roar...”

The Lesser Lava Overlord let out an agonizing roar as its pupils suddenly ignited, filled with a crazed expression. At this time, flames soared as a blazing meteor fell from the sky, heavily crashing into the ground with a loud rumble, creating a large crater.

“It's over...” Lin Yun remained unmoved. He used Flame Flash to shuttle back and forth between the falling meteors, and a disk flickering with red and blue quietly rose up, glittering like a bright moon in the dusky sky.

As mana was poured in, countless spells turned into a flood, and in a split second, they thoroughly overwhelmed the Lesser Lava Overlord's huge body.

An explosion echoed...

The lava flowing on the body of the Lesser Lava Overlord quickly solidified in a short few seconds. The crack shockingly widened, and with a deafening explosion, the Lesser Lava Overlord's large body fell apart and several black rocks pieces flew out, scattering everywhere.

The area suddenly became silent...

Lin Yun was heavily panting, holding a mana crystal in his hand and slowly absorbing the mana from within. This battle had been extremely difficult. Even with his two Alchemic Mana Whirlpools, when he used the 8th Rune at the end, he consumed 80% of his mana.

With the death of the Lesser Lava Overlord, he should finally be able to relax, but he couldn't...

Because there was still an extremely important matter.

'Right, the Lava Heart...'

Lin Yun had already recovered a part of his power after completely absorbing the mana from the level 25 mana crystal. He roused his Magic Array and quickly locked onto the aura of the Lava Heart.

After the death of the Lesser Lava Overlord, its entire body solidified before ultimately exploding. Now, only a pile of black crushed rocks remained. The Lava Heart was buried in this big pile of rocks, waiting for Lin Yun to go through the trouble of excavating it.

But this wasn't a problem for Lin Yun.

He raised his hands and familiar mana fluctuations rose up as one Earth Puppet after another was summoned by Lin Yun. Then, under Lin Yun's command, they began to move aside pieces of rock. After roughly ten minutes, flames soared up and Lin Yun used Mana Hand to grab that Lava Heart.

This Lava Heart was dark-red and fist-sized, emitting a terrifying amount of heat. It might even burn some newly advanced Archmages if they tried to approach it.

It was currently throbbing as if it was alive. Lin Yun could feel the incredible power contained within with just a glance, and a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. He cautiously put away the Lava Heart and stood up.

"Mafa Merlin, you deliberately harmed me..."

At this time, Suval walked over, expressing his rage. This Representative of the Black Tower was extremely pale. He clearly used a lot of mana in the fight.

His face was distorted as he said those words.

How could he not be angry...

He was in such a wretched state because of that young mage!

### **Chapter 490: Demon Contract**

He had been overjoyed when he was given that extra piece of land from the young mage and summoned a few dozen talented youths from the Dark Moon Fort, but he hadn't expected such an outcome. Those youths all became corpses in that sea of fire, without any exception.

'This is all because of Mafa Merlin!'

"Sir Suval, you cannot say such things..." Lin Yun looked indifferently at the raging Suval as he reminded, "I told you that there was danger in that unoccupied area when I gave it to you. Don't tell me you have forgotten, Sir Suval?"

"You..."



Suval choked, he was stunned speechless. He clearly remembered what happened the previous day... The young mage indeed had said something like this, but Suval hadn't cared about the warning. Who would have thought that a peak level 37 Demon existed in the Ghost Valley?

He wasn't sure whether the young mage actually knew of the Demon's existence beforehand and deliberately trapped him.

Thinking of this, Suval threw an extremely strange glance at the young mage, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he turned and walked away, his exhausted body quickly disappearing in the darkness of the night.

Lin Yun still stuck around to look into something after Suval left.

He felt that the appearance of the Lesser Lava Overlord was a bit unusual.

'How could a Demon randomly appear out of nowhere? Is it really as the Thawing Fire Tribe's legend said? A Demon was sealed in the Ghost Valley and could be released with a certain thing...?'

"Hmm?"

Just as he was about to give up due to the lack of clues, his Magic Array suddenly discovered a life fluctuation.

This immediately made Lin Yun's eyes shine. He didn't hesitate and cast Haste on himself, rushing through the sea of fire before stopping a few hundred meters away.

The source of the life fluctuation was in a sprawl of shrubs.

Lin Yun frowned and cautiously released a Light spell to see better.

Then...

In the depths of the verdant and lush shrubbery, there was an altar with dark-red runes on it emitting an ancient aura. It looked especially mysterious in the darkness of the night.

With one glance, Lin Yun could feel that the architectural style of this altar was somewhat similar to the Thawing Fire Tribe's altar in the Sacred Land. It also had countless carved Ancient Beastman characters densely packed like numerous tadpoles and seemingly containing boundless mana.

But what really attracted Lin Yun's eyes wasn't the altar itself, but the silhouette next to the altar.

This was an old and bony Raging Flame Beastman with ash-colored hair. His eyes were completely empty and he wasn't emitting the slightest bit of aura. He looked as if he had gone through a lot, and his expression didn't change at all when looking at Lin Yun. After a few seconds, he said in a hoarse voice, "I can't accept this... In spite of everything, I wasn't able to kill you damn invaders..."

"Turns out to be you..."

Lin Yun thoughtfully looked at him for a moment, before frowning. After half a minute, a smile appeared on his face as he suddenly realized what had happened.

The Raging Flame Beastman before him was one of the six Great Prophets. When Lin Yun entered the Ghost Valley for the first time, he was attacked by a Beastman army. And the one leading that army was this Great Prophet, Lazart. At the same time, Lazart was the teacher of the young Raging Flame Beastman, Yass.

The decisive battle between the allied army and the Raging Flame Beastmen at the foot of the Sacred Mountain resulted in the destruction of the entire Thawing Fire Tribe, but after a careful inspection, some people realized that there had only been five Great Prophets. There had always been six Great Prophets in the Thawing Fire Tribe, yet the remaining one never appeared.

And Lazart was that missing Great Prophet...

If Lin Yun hadn't seen him a few months ago in the Ghost Valley, he would have never believed that this Beastman before him was a Great Prophet.

Because the current Lazart was in an unusual state... He was really too weak, and so were his life fluctuations. He was even inferior to a Great Mage right now. His life had already been used up, and it wouldn't be long before his death.

Many people wouldn't even spare a glance to a Raging Flame Beastman that was in such a state.

No one would believe that he was a tribe's Great Prophet.

After all, the tribe's Great Prophets were considered their strongest powerhouses, comparable to the high-ranked Archmages of the human race.

"You are the one who summoned that Demon? Using some kind of soul sacrifice..." Lin Yun muttered aloud with a pondering smile as he looked at Lazart on the altar.

With his insight, he could easily figure these things out. The altar before him was specially used for sacrifices, and given that Lazart's vitality had been completely sapped away, he had most likely made a sacrifice.

"Yes, so what? I just wanted to kill you damned invaders to avenge my tribe.." Lazart's aged face was already thoroughly distorted from madness. With a sinister voice, he threatened, "Although I failed and wasn't able to kill you invaders, don't stay happy for too long. When two suns appear in the sky, the fire of the Volcanic Mountain Range will burn you... Damn invaders, you'll sink in hell for all eternity..."

The sound of flesh tearing could be heard.

Lazart's voice came to an abrupt halt as a Frost Spike pierced his chest, taking his life.

'Two suns... Volcanic Mountain Range...'

Lin Yun kept pondering over Lazart's words on the way back. Two suns appearing in the sky sounded a bit unimaginable. It simply couldn't happen here.

But Lin Yun had experienced the even more unimaginable end of times, so what if two suns appeared...?

Naturally, the most important part was that Lazart mentioned the Volcanic Mountain Range.

The Volcanic Mountain Range was extremely important to Lin Yun. It was the place he had to go to on this trip to the Raging Flame Plane. The Book of Ten Thousand Mantras was being nurtured in the Volcanic Mountain Range, and it was related to the very awkward problem that Lin Yun was now facing. He had to fuse his Meditation Law Sets with his Magic Conducting Rune if he wanted to advance to the Archmage realm.

But he only had the Magic Array as his Magic Conducting Rune, and while the Ten Thousand Spell Wheel could be used to fuse with another Meditation Law Set, there was still one left. Thus, Lin Yun could only pin his hopes on the Book of Ten Thousand Mantras.

Thus, he had no choice but to go to the Volcanic Mountain Range.

Moreover, the Family Council didn't dispatch him to the Raging Flame Plane to participate in the fight over the plane, but to cooperate with the Watson Family to go to the Volcanic Mountain Range and find the ruins left behind by the Merlin Family's ancestor.

Regardless of which reason it was, the depths of the Volcanic Mountain Range weren't just mysterious; they also held the most powerful Beastman Tribe.

After spending over ten minutes, Lin Yun returned to the surroundings of the Raising Dragon Array. After working on it for nine days, the defensive power was almost weak enough to be completely disregarded, but Lin Yun didn't dare to act rashly and kept watch on the side. He estimated that the power should be completely removed within a day.

'Lava Heart...'

After a few hours of meditation, Lin Yun recovered and suddenly recalled the Lava Heart in his pocket. This was a material that would make any alchemist go crazy. It didn't have a wide range of uses... It could be used like a mana crystal, but that was a waste of resources.

The Lava Heart's worth lay in the fact that it can be used to set up a miraculous array called the Demon Contract.

At the peak of the Magic Era, almost every first-rate force had a Demon Contract. It could be said that this array was the symbol of a first-rate force. After all, Lesser Lava Overlords, these special Demons, were extremely rare in Noscent. If one wanted a Lava Heart, then unless one had good luck like Lin Yun, they would have to go to the lowest floor of the Abyss to kill a Lesser Lava Overlord.

The moment he took out the Lava Heart, a terrifyingly high temperature spread in the surroundings. Once the Lava Heart appeared, it started beating, and with every throb, Lin Yun could sense a shocking power, seemingly slowly recovering.

Lin Yun took a quill from his pocket and dipped it into prepared ink before slowly writing runes on the Lava Heart. Even with his current skill in the field of alchemy, he had no choice but to be cautious with each step, because any small alteration might lead to failure, which would be a terrible loss.

After a short few minutes, he was covered in nervous sweat, but he couldn't care about that for now. His mind was focused on the array.

He had to go through a lot of calculations every time he wrote a rune on the Lava Heart. Had he been an ordinary Master Alchemist, he would have needed to spend at least four to five days on calculations to confirm whether it was feasible, but Lin Yun's speed was greatly shortened by the Magic Array. After three hours, the smooth exterior of the Lava Heart was filled with countless golden runes.

'Good...'

After writing the last rune, Lin Yun put down his quill and wiped the sweat off his forehead. He felt drained and exhausted. After all, this was dull work. With his terrifying computing ability, he was able to complete the preliminary part of the Demon Contract.