

Wizard 1981

Chapter 1981: Blood Source Seven Changes, Meat Temple!

"Forget it, let's stick to fifteen marks. Since Victor is confident about achieving fifteen, if Holy Infant just pushes himself a bit harder, it should be doable. He is still far from the limit of his spiritual force. If I can find a suitable Truth Oddity for him in the ancient tower, I could further enhance his aptitude."

In truth, Levi's concerns are those of a top-level genius. Ordinary primordial soul wizards don't even have the luxury of such choices and wouldn't dare entertain these thoughts. For them, pushing their luck to barely meet the nine-mark minimum standard for promotion would already be something to celebrate. Twelve marks, let alone fifteen, is unimaginable for them. Even Hundred Flowers and Triss ascended with twelve marks.

"If Hundred Flowers keeps up the current pace, she should reach thirty-six marks at the eight-ring limit. While this surpasses the standard twenty-seven marks by far, achieving promotion to Great Wizard may still be challenging for her. At that point, we'll have to consider other alternatives—or perhaps let Hundred Flowers imprint a few more advanced marks at the seven-ring and eight-ring stages. Though it will take more time, it's worth it to ensure her nine-ring promotion."

Where there's a will, there's a way. Levi believes that with his future power, elevating Hundred Flowers to the Great Wizard realm will not be an issue.

A mere demigod is nothing; his Crimson Emperor Dragon is of Super Divine Level!

Levi stared at the proficiency panel's [Moon Rune] and fell into contemplation.

"Should I let Hundred Flowers try solidifying the Rune Language onto her body? Considering her current abilities, even if she fails, the risks are negligible."

All along, Levi had withheld the knowledge of the Rune Language from anyone, not even his companions in Gray Tower.

It wasn't because he wanted to keep it private.

Let's not forget that the Book of Starforge Runes is merely a weapon-making guide.

Its original purpose when created was to solidify runes onto wizard tools, aiming to mimic the ancient Starforger Civilization and empower the artifacts. However, it was ultimately deemed impractical and abandoned.

Levi's ability to successfully solidify the Rune Language onto his own body and make it effective was purely a stroke of fortune, aided by the proficiency panel.

In fact, the effects of the Rune Language Levi practiced have already deviated from the scope described by its original creator in the book. For example, the Moon Rune was initially detailed as "prolonging the lifespan of wizard tools," but once Levi cultivated it, its effect on the proficiency panel transformed into prolonging his own lifespan.

Otherwise, if it could extend the lifespan of wizards, the Book of Starforge Runes would long since have been declared a divine text by the congress instead of its author being left unappreciated and the book relegated to obscurity.

Moreover, the Rune Language has an extraordinarily high upper limit but is exceedingly challenging to cultivate, far surpassing spells in difficulty.

This fact makes the book a rather impractical weapon-making guide.

Levi, with his proficiency panel, remarkable talent, and unceasing effort, still took five or six centuries to cultivate the simplest Strength Rune to level 14. Other wizards this task is unthinkable for.

"I'll let Hundred Flowers try it one day. I'll supervise to ensure I can step in and halt if there's an issue."

...

Several months later.

Only half a year remained before the opening of the ancient tower.

Levi had more or less solidified his Crimson Emperor Dragon's level 7 realm.

As he had expected, the initial experiments regarding the Moon Rune.

Hundred Flowers failed to solidify the Rune Language on herself.

"As I thought, this is a system-exclusive perk... Otherwise, if the Book of Starforge Runes were truly this amazing, those wizards wouldn't have let it be buried."

Levi shared his thoughts with Hundred Flowers for her reference.

These insights were not necessarily correct, but the principle he emphasized was simple: within the boundaries of personal strength, the more Witch Marks, the better.

Hundred Flowers understood this point herself. Her calculation of twelve marks was based on her capabilities and seemed the most practical number.

If she tried to exceed that, she wasn't sure whether she could achieve eight-ring perfection, let alone a nine-ring promotion.

Hundred Flowers was well aware of her limits, which reassured Levi.

After all, her job was simply to strive, while Levi was confident in creating the necessary conditions for her.

"If there were more Morning Star-level or even Bright Moon-level artifacts, these problems would all cease to exist..."

Levi emerged from his retreat.

His upcoming itinerary would be packed.

First, he planned to visit the Hell Gang's three sisters to subjugate the Demon Elephant Tribe's Young Master. Then, he intended to make money, attend the Netherworld Market, and acquire some Soul Stones to support Holy Infant's cultivation, giving him more time to study primordial soul spells. Since Holy Infant was the main financial pillar, Levi was slightly biased in favor of him. Gandaph and Victor could figure things out themselves.

Second, he aimed to go to the Dark Ancient Tower to subjugate the Dragon King and obtain Level 7 Authority.

Of course, before these two tasks, Levi needed to assess the current state of Ancient Dragon Continent and Wizard World.

After all, the Blood Battle had already raged for four years.

...

Dusk Holy Temple.

Blood Knights and the others were gathered around a sand table, studying tactics. Upon seeing Levi emerge from his retreat, they lit up with joy.

"Commander, you've reached level 7?"

Levi nodded.

"Correct. How have we fared in terms of war casualties these past years?"

Blood Knight replied:

"Thanks to the Extreme Warrior plan's armor suits, overall, our soldiers' casualty rates have been very low and stand up to even Wizard World's elite battle groups. For now, the combat primarily involves low-level demons, with middle-level ones being rare. We're still managing well."

Levi said:

"Not bad. How are the demon corpses being handled?"

Blood Knight responded:

"There's currently a dedicated recovery team using storage rings to collect the corpses to prevent demonic aura contamination."

Levi said:

"I'm planning to establish a restricted zone on the Ancient Dragon Continent, surrounded by arrays and barriers, where we'll pile up demon corpses and cultivate fungi within. I'll assign specialized personnel for management and care."

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Blood Knight said:

"Understood, I'll contact the wizards at the Tower of Dawn immediately."

Levi said:

"By the way, a new group of alien races will soon be settling on the Ancient Dragon Continent. Send someone to the Intis Mountain Range to assist them in building their homes."

He was referring to the Wind Spirit Clan rescued by Gandaph.

Blood Knight said:

"No problem."

...

Several days later.

On the Outer Sea.

The Phantom 60 ship pierced through the skies.

Gandaph returned with the Wind Spirit Clan, who had already been registered with the council, and taught them the universal wizard language.

The leader of the Wind Spirit Clan, Kuros, along with his tribesmen, curiously surveyed this world.

It was simply too vast, seemingly boundless!

Gandaph said:

"We're almost there. Prepare to embrace the new world!"

The Clan Leader said:

"Thanks to the guidance of the Crow God, thank you, Lord Gandaph! Wait... What is that?"

Suddenly, all the Wind Spirit Clan members turned pale.

What appeared was a demon towering several hundred meters tall, emanating overwhelming heat and fury, standing at the edge of the distant continent's horizon.

Its back bore wings, its body engulfed in red flames—undoubtedly a Molten Mountain Demon Bat.

This was a high-level demon, often birthing powerful demon lords.

Back then, the Flame Prince of the Yellow Earth Continent had carried this demon bloodline.

Gandaph chuckled and said:

"No need to panic, everyone. It's merely a Level 6 Peak demon."

Kuros exclaimed:

"Level 6 Peak? That's a malevolent demon capable of destroying our world! Only the Dragon God in his previous incarnation could withstand it!"

In the next moment, a burly figure clad in black armor and carrying a massive sword emerged in the sky.

The Molten Mountain Demon Bat's expression changed drastically.

"Level 7? Pardon me..."

It turned and fled.

The black-armored swordsman merely raised his fist and unleashed a simple, unadorned punch!

This punch appeared basic.

But within Levi's cells, countless Power Divine Palaces and numerous Crimson Emperor True Forms resonated as he punched. Outside the palaces, the Flame True Symbol radiated brightly!

An explosive Flame Fist formed instantly, its searing high temperatures caused the air to ripple with white waves, scattering the clouds in the high heavens. Even the Wind Disaster Stratum's fierce gales

paused briefly, revealing a molten crystal wall behind them. And then, a hundred-mile-long flame corridor tore through the Void.

The Molten Mountain Demon Bat's vitality was utterly extinguished, leaving only a scarlet crystal floating midair, glistening with treasure-light.

Kuros and the Wind Spirit Clan members were stupefied, their breaths rapid, unable to break free from the awe of that single punch.

"Even the Dragon God couldn't do this... Is the Wizard World actually the Divine Realm?"

"Unthinkably powerful!"

Gandaph said:

"There are no gods in this world. You've been isolated for too long; you'll understand in due time. As long as you work hard here and contribute your efforts, you'll all have a bright future."

The Void corridor slowly restored itself.

Levi collected the Level 6 Peak Demon Crystal Core and cursed inwardly.

"Damn it! Why was this damned demon so weak? It couldn't even withstand a single punch?"

"What a waste, ruining a perfectly good Level 6 demon corpse. From now on, when taking down demons of this level, I'll have to rely on basic Strength or Sword Qi—no use of Crimson Emperor Dragon Flames or spells. Otherwise, the materials get scorched to ashes."

Levi, ever cautious and accustomed to applying his full strength, wasn't yet accustomed to the enormous changes brought forth from advancing to Dragon Emperor Level 7.

[You have slain a Level 6 Late Stage Molten Mountain Demon, earning 300,000 points and 300,000 war merits. You are currently ranked #123 on the Eighth-Level (Seven-circle) Demon Slaying List.]

An alert sounded from the advanced bracelet, exclusive to primordial soul wizards.

Since Levi currently possessed a Level 7 power, he had registered for the Eighth-Level Demon Slaying List, competing alongside Seven-circle wizards.

If he wanted, he could hold back to a wizard's six environments and join the Seventh-Level Demon Slaying List, but it served no purpose.

The rewards for the Eighth-Level ranking far surpassed those of the Seventh-Level just for appearing on the list.

The top 100 received 1,000 merits annually.

The top 30, 3,000 merits.

The top 10, 5,000 merits.

The first place received 10,000 merits.

To put things into perspective, killing a single, most basic Level 6 Early Stage Demon would only yield around 100,000 war merits. As for Level 1 demons, their merits were merely worth 1 point.

Across the Wizard World, there weren't many Seven-circle Wizards, and many of them were old beings stationed in organizations, seldom venturing outside. As long as Levi didn't slack, he was certain to be ranked.

Levi glanced at the current first place on the Eighth-Level Demon Slaying List, a Thunder Sect warlord named [Destruction Realm Thunder·Harvis]. This man had accumulated an incredible 9.9 million points.

A Level 7 Early Stage demon yielded an average of 1 million points.

"This guy must've slaughtered a ton of low-level demons. Otherwise, how could he locate so many high-level demons in such a short period?"

The Demon Slaying List rules didn't prevent high-level wizards from grinding low-level demons to climb the rankings.

But demons weren't fools. Locations where low-level demons congregated often had high-level demons guarding or ambushing.

Grinding low-level demons to climb the list wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Levi took a casual approach to the list, letting nature take its course. He wouldn't deliberately aim for the top, prioritizing cultivation as his main pursuit.

The Wind Spirit Clan leader led his tribesmen and respectfully knelt before Levi.

"The ancient prophecy foretold that the Dragon God, upon descending from the Divine Realm, would become the swordsman walking among mortals and save us! Dragon God above!"

"Leader, since when was this prophecy mentioned?"

"Just now! Stop asking too many questions and just reverently follow me in worship!"

Levi, already well versed in the peculiar antics of the Wind Spirit Clan through Gandaph, responded coldly:

"Next, someone will come to guide you to your settlement. Once you've acclimated, use your abilities to hide within the Wind Disaster Stratum, assassinating the demons invading the continent."

The Wind Spirit Clan, like Scythe creatures, were born to command raging winds and could meld invisibly within them, making them excellent assassins.

The Clan Leader said:

"We obey the divine decree!"

After settling this alien race, Gandaph returned to the Midland Continent.

Because Gondor City was relatively secure and the Three Avatars currently lacked a need for ordinary cultivation resources, apart from planning against the Flame Demons, they hadn't begun slaughtering yet. Thus, the highly competitive Seventh-Level Demon Slaying List was completely out of reach. For them, ascending to Seven-circle rank was the priority; climbing the rankings could wait, and Levi hadn't imposed any demands.

As for the Sixth-Level Demon Slaying List, it was even more fiercely contested—like celestial beings waging war. After all, there was a significantly larger number of Fifth-circle Wizards, with vast disparities between individuals, as evidenced during the Black Ancient Tower’s genius battle.

Before departing for Hell.

Mana informed Levi that in the Ancient Banyan Fairyland, the seeds previously brought back by Ayak had sprouted.

In the fairyland.

Levi gazed at the green saplings emerging like bamboo shoots.

Their trunks faintly bore adorable human faces.

Their branches formed hands, roots anchored deeply into the earth like legs.

He turned to Mana and asked:

"Are these Tree Men?"

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Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

Faced with Levi's confusion, Mana indicated that she couldn't provide answers either.

Recently, she had just awakened from her slumber and successfully advanced to Level 6 Late Stage, when she began to feel an itch in her toes.

Her root system, after hundreds of years of growth and spread, had long filled the underground.

The source of her itch? These little green saplings.

Based on Mana's perception as a divine tree, she believed these were a type of transcendent creature, something between plants and animals.

Considering they were planted by Levi, she called him over.

Levi looked at the saplings, emitting raspy, infant-like cries.

In the alien races of the Wizard World, there exists a species known as "Tree Men."

They have bark-like exteriors and can perform photosynthesis.

The plants before him shared some similarities.

Their roots were frantically absorbing nutrients from the Golden Fertilizer underground.

Slowly, they began to grow at a speed visible to Levi's naked eye.

Moreover, after testing, he found their bark exceptionally hard, enough to withstand an attack from a high-level pharmacy apprentice's cantrip.

It's worth noting—they had only just been born; they were still children.

"If they grow into their Complete Body, these Tree Men will likely possess significant strength."

Suddenly.

One of the Tree Men bent waist towards the distant ancient banyan tree, gazing at it with reverence, and in a soft, childlike voice said:

"Ma... Mama, Mother... Goddess!"

This caused Mana's expression to shift.

"Levi, what's going on? Why are they calling me mom?"

As a young girl, despite living for tens of thousands of years, Mana had never experienced anything resembling romance, let alone motherhood.

Levi couldn't help but laugh.

He too was curious what exactly Ayak had brought back this time.

With one Tree Man taking the lead, the others went into a frenzy, parroting like little echo machines, calling either "Mama" or "Mother Goddess."

Mana declared:

"I'm not your mother! Levi, explain this to them!"

Levi replied, somewhat helplessly. "I'm at a loss too."

One particular Tree Man, which looked slightly different, lightly extended its roots to make a connection with Mana's. A stream of information entered her mind.

She was silent for a moment before speaking:

"I understand what they are now. They call themselves... the Green Tribe."

Levi mused:

"The Green Tribe?"

Surrounded by a group of tiny Tree Men, Mana and Levi recounted the story of the Green Tribe.

The origin of the Green Tribe remained a mystery; not even their inner sages, known as the [Green Prophet], were aware of it. This civilization lacked a tradition of recording history and instead relied upon genetic Brands to pass down legends about the Mother Goddess.

The Mother Goddess was likely a powerful divine tree, their god.

The Green Tribe was, in essence, a form of plant-based life that propagated through seeds or spores.

Every member of the Green Tribe contained seeds or spores within their body structures.

If they died, as long as suitable conditions for growth were met, new individuals could emerge.

This resembled the way ordinary plants reproduce.

Moreover, while most plants had male and female distinctions, the Green Tribe did not.

Additionally.

Within the Green Tribe, a giant tree would often emerge, known as the "Green Prophet," whose responsibility was to communicate with the Mother Goddess and relay her divine will.

The Green Prophet's body contained the seeds of all types of Green Tribe lifeforms, akin to a genetic library, ensuring the continuity and completeness of their species.

Furthermore.

Powerful Green Prophets could even create mutating Green Tribe lifeforms, giving rise to stronger species.

The distinct sapling that had communicated with Mana was likely destined to become this group's future Green Prophet.

This explained its remarkable intelligence and unique abilities.

Levi hadn't expected such astonishing magic from these simple seeds.

Just as Sauron had said, the Multidimensional Plane was full of limitless wonders.

Levi remarked:

"Mana, why not go ahead and become their Mother Goddess? My guess is the real Mother Goddess has long since perished."

Mana herself was a divine tree. It made perfect sense for her to become the deity of this Green Tribe.

Within the Multidimensional Plane, divine trees were often revered as deities of various civilizations.

Pandora's mother tree was the god of the elves, the Golden Ancient Tree was the deity of the Golden Absolutes Race...

These species were both creations and devotees of their divine trees. Their faith, in turn, nurtured the divine trees' evolution.

The path of faith wasn't exclusive to the gods of the astral world.

Inhabiting the Multidimensional Plane, native totems also followed the same path.

Moreover, Mana herself, as a divine tree, possessed immense potential.

For her, even if faith dissipated, it wouldn't hinder her strength.

She was not like some gods whose powers were precariously built atop faith alone.

The path of faith could serve as a side venture for her growth as a divine tree.

Mana thought it over and replied:

"That would be fine. After all, I've got nothing better to do. These little ones are rather pitiful too."

Thus, she used her abilities as a divine tree to establish communication with the young Green Prophet.

"Indeed, I am the Mother Goddess!"

Mana stopped pretending and revealed her true intentions.

The Green Prophet and the surrounding saplings were ecstatic, chanting "Mother Goddess above" in awe.

From Mana, Levi learned the Green Tribe had a myriad of soldier species, numbering in the hundreds. Among them, a few stood out as the most crucial and most common.

First, the Ancient Tree Guardian.

This species represented the pinnacle of growth, capable of reaching up to a thousand meters in height and theoretically living for thousands of years. Their strength ceiling was Level 6, though most struggled to exceed rank five. Ancient Tree Guardians possessed incredibly tough bark and rooted themselves deeply into the Earth, creating dense underground perception networks to thwart enemies attempting to burrow into their territories. Their branches could extend into unyielding vines, resistant to blades and projectiles, and with their towering height, even provided a degree of aerial defense. When one Ancient Tree Guardian ensnared an enemy, nearby Guardians would respond instinctively, resulting in the victim being strangled and rendered into fertilizer for collective growth. That said, even without fertilizer, they adapted well and were capable of photosynthesis like ordinary plants.

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Second, the Green Skin Spellcaster.

This is another critical branch of the Green Tribe, serving as the second major defensive line protecting the Green Prophet. The Green Shooters aren't as towering as the Ancient Tree Guardians and are relatively fragile, but they boast powerful firepower systems. They can differentiate into various elemental soldier species such as [Flame Shooter], [Frost Shooter], [Thunderbolt Thrower], [Poison Liquid Splatterer], and [Earth Spike Shooter]. Therefore, if they can grow into a complete body, apart from being inconvenient to move, their spellcasting ability is quite strong and comprehensive.

Third, the Suicide Squad.

This branch typically consists of Green Tribe members like [Earth Explosion Clan] and [Pugong Clan], utilizing suicide tactics to eliminate enemies. The Earth Explosion Clan resembles potatoes, usually hiding underground. When enemies get close, they self-destruct, unleashing massive destructive power. The Pugong Clan hides translucent, floating explosive seeds in the skies around their territory, creating a web of strikes akin to Heaven's Net.

Besides these.

There's also a type of Green Tribe that can be planted on the seabed, growing into a broad stretch of plants resembling seaweed. Like Water Ghosts, they drag enemies underwater, strangling them to death. Their surface is also covered in poisonous spines. These are known as "Swaying Seaweeds."

Of course, at the core of every branch in the Green Tribe is the "Green Prophet," capable of controlling the entire tribe and communicating mentally with its members. It is akin to the Queen of the insects, their intellect and their central nerve system.

Upon realizing how powerful the Green Tribe is, Levi was overjoyed.

This was absolutely perfect for the current situation on the Ancient Dragon Continent.

As the Blood Battle progresses, the number of demons will inevitably increase.

These members of the Green Tribe can serve as a "Green Protective Forest," weakening the strength of the demons. Even if they perish, they can self-replicate their next generation, ultimately forming a cycle. All they need is a viable environment to survive, requiring minimal energy and financial resources to maintain.

"In a sense, the Fungus Queen's development of the Fungus Path shares similarities with the Green Tribe. Both are biological weapons. Perhaps she encountered the Green Tribe by chance and drew inspiration from them."

With biological weapons, mechanical creatures, and major battle groups layered one after another, the combination fortified the territory into an impenetrable bastion.

After assigning the Green Tribe matters to Mana, Levi arrived at the location where the Level 7 Giant Elephant was being subdued.

After a hundred years of purification and healing, this Giant Elephant King had finally regained clarity of mind.

Since Levi had just removed its Crimson Enslavement, the Elephant glared at Levi, letting out a deep, rumbling roar.

Levi's gaze was indifferent as he said:

"I don't have much patience. If you want to live, submit to me. Otherwise, I won't hesitate to kill you. See that large worm over there? It'll devour you bit by bit, breaking you down into excrement. Then you'll be absorbed as nutrients by the plants of this world. Moreover, your soul will be eaten by those tiny insects over there, leaving you no chance for reincarnation. Your memories will merely become part of my collection..."

Before Levi could finish speaking,

The Giant Elephant collapsed with a heavy thud, kneeling on the ground.

Fine! I submit!

For fuck's sake, what other choice was there?

There was no way to win in a fight. It sure as hell didn't want to end up as a pile of dung.

A hundred years ago, when this man was only Level 6, he had already chased after it relentlessly. Now he was Level 7, and the Giant Elephant couldn't even fathom how powerful he had become.

After its submission, Levi implanted a Spiritual Enslavement Mark within its body to act as a safeguard and a means of control.

"Very good. You're wise to know your place. A man who recognizes the times is a true hero."

Riding atop the Giant Elephant, Levi arrived at the Dusk Holy Temple.

The knights, upon seeing this Level 7 giant beast, felt their spirits waver with fear.

The overwhelming aura emanating from the Giant Elephant could even crush the one who ranked right below the Commander and his wife in the Blood Knight battle group.

And yet, the beast was docilely serving as Levi's mount.

Such was the Commander's dominance!

Levi said:

"From now on, this Giant Elephant will guard the Dusk Holy Temple. During times when I am in seclusion or away, should the Ancient Dragon Continent face an enemy too formidable for you to handle, apart from Baihua and Madam Triss, you may also command it."

The Blood Knight stared in awe at the towering Giant Elephant.

"Understood. With a creature of this caliber guarding us, we'll feel much more assured."

You've got to be kidding. This was a Level 7 expert. In the early stages of the Blood Battle, the strongest demons were usually Level 6 at most. Level 7s were rare, as rare as phoenix feathers.

With this arrangement, Levi freed up a Crimson Enslavement slot for unforeseen circumstances.

...

Hell.

Seventh Floor.

In the wilderness.

The Purgatory Demon Sword hugged Levi, patting his back fervently, and said with great excitement:

"Big brother, we meet again."

Levi chuckled and replied:

"Not bad. Your spiritual force is almost at its peak now, isn't it?"

The Purgatory Demon Sword said:

"Indeed, big brother. I've now imprinted 13 Witch Marks."

Levi said:

"13, huh? As a child of the Mythical Dragon Clan, your lifespan should far exceed that of ordinary wizards. I suggest you imprint 15 Witch Marks before stepping into the seven-circle level. Aim to imprint 45 before reaching ninth-circle."

The Purgatory Demon Sword asked:

"15 marks, big brother? What's the reasoning behind that?"

He had thought that 13 marks would suffice. Adding two more might mean waiting another hundred years before advancing to the seven-circle level.

Levi replied:

"It's merely a suggestion. Doing so could make it easier to ascend to Grand Wizard status. Ultimately, you should base your decision on your own circumstances. Either way, 13 marks is already impressive."

The Purgatory Demon Sword said:

"If you think 15 is better, then I'll push myself further. Big brother, forgive my curiosity, but how many marks have you imprinted?"

Levi laughed and said:

"You'll find out eventually, but be prepared—it might shock you."

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He was worried about the number of Witch Marks he possessed, which had made the Purgatory Demon Sword question its existence.

The Desire Realm Witch said:

"Lord, this is the information we gathered about the Elephant Demon Tribe."

Elephant Demon Tribe.

Just like the Demon Fox Tribe, it was a top-tier tribe on the seventh floor.

Their clan leaders were both Level 8 powerhouses.

Among them, the Elephant Demon Tribe's [Ghost Elephant Master], Alex, was notably the fiercest in combat. Currently suspected to be a Level 8 Middle Stage powerhouse, looking across the eighth level, he was a nearly unrivaled force.

Furthermore, similar to the Demon Fox Tribe, the Elephant Demon Tribe had backing among the Seventy-Two Pillars of the ninth layer, specifically the [Sky Supporting Giant Elephant], also known as the "Power Tyrant!"

It was said this being possessed unparalleled strength.

Among Level 9 beings, excluding the Level 10 existences, on the sole measure of strength, none could rival it.

Even the Seventy-Two Pillars' [Dragon Ghost Master], a pure-blooded dragon, was not its opponent.

Only the [Dead Sea Tyrant Whale] could match it to some extent.

This dominance rendered the Elephant Demon Tribe reckless and lawless on the seventh floor. Even the Demon Fox Tribe dared not provoke them lightly.

Otherwise, given the typical behavior of devil tribes and the Desire Realm Witch's fearless temperament, had she taken a liking to a man, she would have long since captured him and brought him home.

Levi's current goal was to help the three women subjugate the Elephant Demon Tribe's Young Master, while also extorting some money from these wealthy heirs to attend the Netherworld Market.

The Young Master was named [Black Elephant Isenke].

This individual possessed Level 7 Early Stage cultivation but unmatched physical strength and wielded powerful Ghost Tools, making him no less difficult to handle than certain Level 7 Middle Stage devils. The three sisters lacked the power to act against him.

Levi asked:

"Subjugate the Young Master of the Elephant Demon Tribe? What's your plan? Bring him to Aile City?"

The Desire Realm Witch replied:

"No, let him remain in the Elephant Demon Tribe. If we bring him to Aile City, the Ghost Elephant Master might suspect me of draining his son's essence, and he would undoubtedly seek trouble. My reputation in Hell nowadays... isn't very good."

Levi said:

"No problem."

After their discussion, they decided to act one month later.

By then, the Ghost Elephant Master, Demon Fox Mistress, and other powerful figures would gather on the ninth layer for a meeting to discuss the upcoming invasion of Nora.

Meanwhile, Isenke would head to [Dragon Fall Valley] to capture Undead Slaves, to be used as cannon fodder and advance troops for Hell's invasion of Nora.

Levi and his team planned to ambush Isenke at Dragon Fall Valley.

...

One month later.

Dragon Fall Valley.

"Too weak! Becoming my mount should be your honor!"

Isenke launched his fist forward, sending a giant Bone Dragon with a wingspan of over a kilometer flying.

This Bone Dragon was none other than the [Ghost Bone Dragon], a former companion of the [Evil Spirit Monarch].

It had personally witnessed the Evil Spirit Monarch being captured by a Sixth-Circle Wizard and had decided to hide in Dragon Fall Valley, never leaving.

Invading the Wizard World? One would have to be donkey-kicked to think that was a good idea.

The Ghost Bone Dragon couldn't comprehend what the rulers of Hell were truly planning.

What angered it the most was that these devils wanted to invade the Wizard World but used undead like it as cannon fodder in the vanguard, leaving their own forces untouched.

It wasn't stupid.

Seeing Isenke coming at it again, the Ghost Bone Dragon, devoid of fighting intent, scraped the Void with its claws in an attempt to flee.

Two Level 6 Peak devil forces appeared in front of it, clutching a Ghost Tool shaped like a chain.

"Where do you think you're going?!"

Clang!

With the sound of chain breaking through the air.

The chain instantly wrapped around the Ghost Bone Dragon's entire body, squeezing its decayed bones until they creaked.

"Oh, my hips."

The aging Ghost Bone Dragon couldn't endure the agony.

Boom!

Taking advantage of its confinement.

A colossal fist resembling an elephant's leg materialized from the Void!

Crack.

Hundreds of bones across the Ghost Bone Dragon's body shattered.

Even its Soul Fire began to dim.

This Bone Dragon's body had been used for far too long, passed through countless souls.

By its generation, the body was nearly beyond repair.

Although it was a Bone Dragon, it had its pride.

"Damn it, I, Assassin, will fight you to the death!"

Abandoning its intent to flee, the Ghost Bone Dragon unleashed a storm of Death Energy from its body, cold and dark as it swept forth!

The innumerable undead buried in the valley were awakened by its call!

These undead charged desperately towards the towering, thousand-meter devil in the sky!

Isenke sneered, transforming into an immense locomotive, smashing through everything in his path.

Black gas swirled around him, morphing into a blender that pulverized Skeletons and specters alike, extinguishing their Soul Fires.

Isenke looked down from above at the trembling ghost fires that flickered like candles in the wind.

"Be grateful, insects. I'm liberating you from these fragile shells, granting you a chance to reincarnate."

He took a step forward, appearing above the Ghost Bone Dragon, and descended mightily!

Boom!

The Ghost Bone Dragon crashed from the sky, scattering its skeletal frame all over the ground.

Yet under the influence of Soul Fire, the bones began to quiver, flying back to the dragon's body.

For undead creatures, Soul Fire was the essence of existence; as long as it remained, their bodies could be reassembled endlessly.

But each reconstruction required consumption of Soul Energy.

Isenke asked:

"Do you yield?"

He again dispersed the Ghost Bone Dragon's body with a punch, aided by two assistants using top-grade Ghost Tools.

The Ghost Bone Dragon, resolute and unyielding, replied:

"I, Assassin, would rather die than become someone's mount."

It began burning its Soul Fire, preparing for ascension, ready to risk everything against Isenke!

At that moment.

From the Void, a shadowy structure resembling the Colosseum descended!

Boom boom boom!.

The valley trembled, bone ash filling the air.

Chapter 1986: Divine Palace Roars, One Punch Kill!

At the peak of the Colosseum, a lone black-armored swordsman stood with an air of supremacy.

His arms were crossed over his chest, and in his calm gaze, a fiery battle intent burned brightly.

Isenke asked:

"Who are you? Do you even know who I am?"

Levi responded:

"Black Elephant Isenke?"

Isenke chuckled:

"Since you know who I am, why don't you scam already?"

Levi replied:

"So, it seems I wasn't mistaken."

Swish!

Levi vanished in an instant, reappearing right in front of Isenke.

A fist the size of a boulder suddenly launched forward!

The air exploded with a deafening roar as absolute Strength compressed the airflow, and friction with the ash in the air created a scene akin to a thunderstorm!

Isenke, with vast combat experience, had been guarding against Levi. Raising his ghost-tool bracers, his arms crossed before him, black gas entwined and morphed into a massive circular giant shield!

BOOM!

It was like two planets colliding!

The shockwave from the explosion reverberated across a range of dozens of miles, shaking everything within its radius!

Countless undead corpses turned to ash.

Levi crashed down to the Earth with explosive force, causing the ground to quake violently.

As for Isenke, his body shot backward as though a balloon had been popped, sending him tumbling into mountains, one after another.

He plowed through thirteen mountain peaks before finally coming to a halt a hundred miles away, where he struggled to his feet.

He glanced incredulously at the cracks spreading across his bracers, exhaling heavily.

"Just who in the world are you? The Purgatory Demon Sword? No, he only has Level 6 strength—there's no way he's this formidable!"

His bracers, crafted from Level 7 metal and forged into ghost tools, were not of the highest quality but still should not have been shattered by a single punch.

Two accompanying guards stood frozen in shock, their mouths agape.

"Too strong... too strong!"

Since following Isenke, they had never witnessed anyone capable of sending the Young Master flying with a single punch... except perhaps the Young Master's father.

"You two useless fools—attack together already!"

Isenke couldn't help but curse.

He launched himself forward like a projectile, his right fist clenched, aiming to kill Levi.

The two guards snapped out of their stupor, their chains lashing towards Levi.

"Black King Nine Slashes!"

BOOM!

Nine black vortices, swirling with destructive energy, abruptly materialized between heaven and earth, shattering the chains!

The Purgatory Demon Sword glanced at Isenke, complaining:

"Am I really as weak as you think?"

BOOM!

Isenke's fist came crashing down!

The vortex of the Black King Nine Slashes clashed with the fist wind, only to be torn apart instantly like dried weeds.

The Purgatory Demon Sword quickly disengaged and turned to deal with the two guards.

"Big brother, it's up to you now."

If it were an ordinary Level 7 Early Stage opponent, with his talent and strength, he might have lasted a move or two.

But against Isenke, a man whose talent rivaled that of the Desire Realm Witch and who possessed matchless Strength, surviving even a single move was near impossible.

BOOM!

Levi's fist collided with Isenke's, his body retreating slightly.

This time, Isenke was prepared and did not get blown away.

He glanced at his bracers, now marred with deeper cracks. Sneering coldly, he tore them off.

"I don't care who you are. Today, I will grind you into dust!"

His pillar-like arms tensed, muscles bulging like a devil's physique. Black gas entwined them, gleaming with a metallic sheen.

BOOM!

Another unadorned exchange of punches.

Levi felt the strain on his bones and the boiling of his blood, a grin spreading across his face.

"Not bad. At last, I've found a worthy opponent."

Though Isenke was only Level 7 Early Stage, his true combat power was no less than that of the Old Dragon King. He was perfect for a warm-up.

Streams of crimson gas seeped from Levi's pores, igniting his entire body.

The red flames wrapped around Levi, transforming into an imperial robe, obscuring his visage.

This scene was strikingly identical to the Red Emperor True Form inside the divine palace.

The Crimson Dragon Slash manifested, and in a flash, an immense red flame sword energy surged skyward and downward!

CRACK.

The sword energy clashed with Isenke's black fist!

The sword energy shattered. Isenke's fist, however, had its skin split open, blood streaming down, revealing flesh and muscle.

"Come again!"

Disregarding his injuries, Isenke's form grew massively, his aura erupting like a raging inferno. Revealed now was his devil's true body, towering higher than a mountain. In his hand appeared a spiked club—crafted from Level 7 Black Star Nether Iron by the clan's artisans, weighing an astronomical twenty million pounds and of immeasurable value!

With its immense weight, the spiked club smashed downward, splitting the sky. Its swing leveled mountain peaks in its path, and even the Colosseum's projection trembled under its force.

Levi's Crimson Dragon Slash, itself a Level 7 divine weapon forged from the finest metals, roared as it unleashed another torrent of red flame sword energy!

"Uncontainable Fury!"

BOOM!

Crimson and black clashed, flooding the valley!

The sword energy cleaved through the club's violent wind, striking Isenke directly in the chest and carving a deep trench, blood cascading out.

His eyes filled with awe and shock.

"Impossible! My attack—capable of crushing an average Level 7 Mid Stage foe—was overpowered? Is this human's Strength superior to mine? Wait, could I have fallen victim to some powerful undead illusion?"

BOOM!

Levi's great sword vanished into the Void and then descended from above, aiming directly for Isenke's face!

Roc Ascends to the Ninth Heaven + Roc's Mighty Sweep Across the Skies + Uncontainable Fury!

This strike was blindingly fast. Isenke had no time to respond and could only instinctively raise his spiked club to block.

BOOM!

A deafening shockwave echoed.

The valley began to collapse as Isenke's mountainous form was smashed into the ground, plunging into the Abyss!

Both arms shattered entirely, the pain unbearable.

In the ensuing clash, he had been utterly dominated, unable to land a single effective counterattack. The sheer terror of his opponent left him shaken to his core.

Realizing this, Isenke—once fearless on the seventh floor—decided retreat was the wisest choice. A good warrior avoids unnecessary losses.

Chapter 1987: Divine Palace Roars, One Punch Annihilation!

Boom!

He stomped down fiercely, soaring into the sky. The elephant trunk extended continuously, sweeping across all directions. The horrifying black flame flow, like a whirlpool, filled the heavens and earth. In addition to his formidable body, he also mastered numerous devil spells.

The Colosseum's seal was forcibly shattered.

Isenke let out a sharp screech and prepared to escape.

Boom!

Yet, behind the veil of heaven, a Nine-tailed Demon Fox shrouded in Black Flame appeared, her face twisted in a menacing expression as she stared at him.

"Desire Realm Witch?! You actually colluded with a foreigner to frame me!"

At this moment, how could Isenke not understand that this was all tied to the Demon Fox Tribe?

The Nine-tailed Demon Fox let saliva drip from the corner of her mouth and said softly:

"I've said it before: any man I set my sights on, I will have!"

Of course, except for my master... she whispered to herself internally.

Isenke roared angrily:

"Witch! Don't even dream of getting me! Even if you take me, you won't have my heart!"

Boom!

The Nine-tailed Demon Fox's Black Flame fell back like a roaring waterfall, blasting Isenke into the Colosseum!

Within Levi's body, countless divine palaces roared. Red-robed emperors' shadows stood up one by one from their thrones, their deep gazes all directed towards the heavens!

Rumble!

The thunderous noise within his body was ceaseless!

The forty-five-mile-wide Red Emperor Domain granted Levi endless power!

To avoid killing his opponent outright, Levi held back from using the Whale Emperor Power Book, Strength Runes, or Holy Image Law.

He had absolute confidence that this punch was enough!

"Lower Hook Earth Splitting Punch!"

With an extremely ferocious punch, he blasted forth!

Isenke's body was once again smashed into the Earth by Levi!

His arms, raised to block, were completely shattered by Levi, turning into a mist of blood!

A gaping hole appeared in his chest, rupturing his internal organs.

Boom!

A mushroom cloud, carrying ashes and smoke, rushed into the sky, visible clearly within a radius of hundreds of miles!

The shockwave spread across Dragon Fall Valley, rippling outwards. Countless innocent Undead perished miserably on the spot!

Isenke's entire body suffered near-total bone fractures. His skeletal structure and flesh intertwined messily, and he had completely lost consciousness. His Ghost Armor, known for being impervious to weapons, was now shattered beyond recognition.

This strike settled the Qian Kun!

Meanwhile, on the other side.

The Desire Realm Witch and Purgatory Demon Sword had just killed two elite guards, only to witness Isenke getting smashed out of sight by Levi's punch.

The Purgatory Demon Sword approached the edge of the deep crater.

Looking at the mess of flesh that Isenke had almost turned into, he sighed.

"Bro... uh... is this guy gonna die?"

Levi replied:

"Don't worry, he won't die. I've got this under control. For warriors of this caliber, if you don't beat them within an inch of their life, you can't subdue them."

The Nine-tailed Demon Fox transformed into her Desire Realm Witch form.

"This is just... tragic."

Her chest heaved, her emotions turbulent.

Evidently, the scene was far too shocking.

This was Isenke, the Ghost Elephant Master's most favored son, the top-tier genius of the Elephant Demon Tribe. In terms of fighting prowess, even two of her couldn't compare to Isenke.

The Purgatory Demon Sword bowed deeply in submission.

He had thought that after a century of Yin Yang Replenishment Training, his strength should have almost caught up to Levi.

But now it seemed he was sorely mistaken.

Not only had he failed to close the gap, but the chasm had widened instead.

The most terrifying thing was that Levi had yet to utilize his wizard forms or spell-based techniques, relying purely on the Power of the Body.

Is this guy even human?

He's more like a humanoid Dragon!

No, not even a Dragon could compare to him!

After all, in terms of sheer strength, the Elephant Demon Tribe was top-tier, the ultimate benchmark in Hell, rivaled only by the Eight Layers of the Whale Demon Department.

Even more stunned than the Purgatory Demon Sword and Desire Realm Witch was a blazing cluster of Soul Fire burning in a corner of the battlefield—none other than Assassin.

It had endured collateral damage from the battle, reduced to nothing but a Skeleton Dragon Head. Its soul trembled within its eye sockets.

"It... it's the wizard who captured the Evil Spirit Monarch a century ago! He's even stronger now—he killed Isenke with a single punch! This is terrifying!"

A mere hundred years.

The progression of this man's power was simply inconceivable!

Previously, even fighting one Evil Spirit Monarch had been a challenge.

Now it seemed he could easily crush three Evil Spirit Monarchs... In another century, could he take down ten? What kind of justice is this? What laws even exist anymore?

Within the deep crater.

Levi injected the Scarlet Dragon's power into Isenke's mind, subduing him.

He expended most of his internal Death Ember Dragon power and performed the Earth's Blood spell just to barely pull Isenke back from the brink of death.

Even Death Ember Dragon power wasn't omnipotent. Healing low-level creatures was trivial, but the higher the level, the more effort it took—especially against beings exceeding the Death Ember Dragon's realm, the consumption skyrocketed.

Normally, Levi's Death Ember Dragon power was primarily used on the Red Flame Mink. This method greatly boosted his efficiency in harvesting its fur, essentially exploiting a loophole in the process.

Of course, some organs simply couldn't be restored with Death Ember Dragon power. These parts often contained origin power—once lost, they were gone forever. For instance, the eyes of the Four-eyed Shrimp Dragon...

Isenke sat up, his towering frame bowing his head.

"Master, what are your orders?"

Levi said:

"Not much. From now on, I need you to cooperate with the Elephant Demon Tribe's operations. Continue playing your role as the good son without revealing that you're under my control. As for the deaths of those two guards, find an excuse to cover it up yourself."

Isenke replied:

"I understand."

Levi added:

"Hand over everything you're carrying..."

He certainly had his eye on that spiked club.

But since it was the most prized artifact gifted to Isenke by the Ghost Elephant Master—and exceptionally valuable—seizing it would risk drawing too much attention. For now, he'd leave it alone.

Chapter 1988: Divine Palace Roars, One Punch Kill!

Finally, after claiming the spoils of the guard.

Levi arrived at the corner of the battlefield, staring at the pale skeletal dragon head.

"Stop pretending to be dead."

Within its eye sockets, Soul Fire slowly began to burn.

"You... how did you know I wasn't dead?"

Assassin had always been confident in his secret technique for feigning death, which had helped him cheat death numerous times.

In the void, Leon's figure appeared.

For some inexplicable reason, Assassin felt a sudden wave of fear.

A dignified Level 7 Undead actually felt terrified of this Level 6 bugman.

Leon placed one hand on his hip and pointed smugly at the bone dragon:

"Hmph, you can't escape Leon's Perception for food!"

Assassin was filled with despair.

Damn it, what kind of freaks are these people?

Levi asked,

"What's your name?"

Bone Dragon replied,

"Assassin."

Levi stood with his hands behind his back.

"Assassin, would you be willing to leave Hell with me?"

Assassin responded,

"To Wizard World?"

Levi nodded.

Assassin shook his head vehemently, like a rattle-drum.

"Wizard World is far too terrifying. I won't go there—kill me instead, it'll be a relief."

Levi unsheathed the Crimson Dragon Slash, Sword Qi surged forth.

Moreover, behind him emanated an unparalleled, awe-inspiring Dragon's Might that soared to the skies, causing Assassin's Soul Fire to tremble uncontrollably.

"Stop! I've thought it through carefully, taking a look might not be so bad. The world is indeed vast; there's no need to stay caged in Hell..."

Levi said,

"If it weren't for me saving you, you'd already be dead. Follow me, and you'll have a chance to rise back up. Otherwise, you'll forever be tormented by devils. Don't you want revenge on the Demon Elephant Tribe? Lords and kings—would they be born any differently?"

Assassin reminisced about the bitterness and tears of his journey and lamented,

"Yes, Lord, you speak the truth. I am willing to pledge allegiance to you."

Bone dragons are dragons after all, and susceptible to submission under Dragon's Might.

While they are weak within the Dragon Clan, at least they're Level 7.

As the blood battle intensified, having a Level 7 bone dragon to guard the Ancient Dragon Continent would undoubtedly be advantageous.

With a single thought, Assassin summoned all the scattered bone fragments on the ground, restructuring his massive form, and crouched at Levi's feet.

Levi flew to the top of the bone dragon's head and said,

"Second Brother, I'll leave the cleanup here to you. Once this is resolved, I'm returning to Wizard World."

The Purgatory Demon Sword nodded deeply and said,

"Thank you, Big Brother! I will dedicate myself to cultivation and grow our forces in Hell."

With the three sisters and this Demon Elephant Tribe's Young Master, he already had the credentials to influence many factions within the seventh floor.

The Sorceress of the Sensual Realm and the Sky Realm Witch were themselves Level 6 Peak, and both held the promise of reaching Level 7 in the future.

The bone dragon roared, flapping its wings, carrying Levi into the high skies.

Levi suddenly asked,

"By the way, Assassin, I recall you said you'd rather die than become a mount?"

Assassin hurriedly replied,

"Lord, you must've heard wrong. What I meant was... even in death, I'd want to be a mount."

...

In the sky.

The vast Nether River stretched across the horizon.

Levi transformed into his classic Pig Demon appearance, mingling amongst the devils.

As for Assassin, Levi had stored him away in the Ancient Banyan Fairyland.

He had already taken stock of the loot from this battle.

That Isenke, worthy of being the Young Master of the Demon Elephant Tribe, alone contributed seven hundred million joss paper in cash to Levi. Adding the two guards, he instantly gained a total of one billion one hundred million joss paper for free.

Aside from that, there were some rare materials, many of which could be used to upgrade the [Book of the Undead] to seven-circle, saving Levi the trouble of procuring them himself.

There were also around twenty Soul Stones.

Although not a large amount, it could save the Holy Infant quite a bit of cultivation time.

"Time to start shopping spree!"

Levi followed the crowd, making his way to the mast sail ship.

Within the plaza, the Underworld merchants stationed there were no longer minotaurs and hulking figures in Black Armor but rather a colossal centaur-like creature.

It stood thousands of meters tall, its head resembling a skeletal warhorse ablaze with red flames, exuding an overwhelming aura.

"Another Level 8 Peak powerhouse..."

The centaur stood asleep but no one dared to attempt anything sneaky.

Scanning the marketplace, Levi suddenly noticed a seven-story pitch-black wizard tower catching his eye.

"What? There's actually a wizard tower for sale?"

He immediately approached the wizard tower, fearing someone would purchase it before him.

As it turned out, no other devil showed any interest in it.

After all, these things were useless to them.

[Seven Jails Demon Tower: Price—seven hundred million joss paper]

"Seven hundred million? That's ridiculously cheap!"

Levi stared incredulously at the number, double-checking to ensure it was correct.

He could tell that the seven-story wizard tower seemed to be damaged, with certain functionalities broken or incomplete.

But even with that, seven hundred million was a steal.

He immediately purchased it. Even if it was unusable, it could be dismantled as construction material for his own wizard tower, guaranteeing profits. He originally planned to tear down the Sky Fire Fortress, but now it seemed less pressing. And if the tower could be repaired for use, Gandaph or Lord Victor could take it for themselves.

Clink-clink-clink!

Seven hundred million joss paper vanished in an instant.

The Underworld merchant who witnessed Levi's lavish spending remained calm, closing their eyes again to rest.

[Netherworld Soul Date: One piece—ten million joss paper]

Levi spotted another item of interest.

"It's a Level 7 medicinal herb, Netherworld Soul Date... This item is essentially the premium version of Death Soul Date. Consuming and refining it could save years of arduous cultivation. In Wizard World, a single piece costs twenty million Aether Stones and is always out of stock. Unfortunately, there's only fruit available here, no seeds—it's likely that the Underworld has whole plants."

Such treasures were naturally things Levi wanted to transplant into the Ancient Banyan Fairyland. However, like Death Soul Date, Fire Date, Host God Fruit, and other Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures, these plants didn't propagate via seeds but only emerged under specific conditions through serendipity.

There were eight pieces available at the stall, and Levi bought them all.

"Sixth-level treasure, Evil Spirit Armor, at two hundred million joss paper? Bought! Once I'm back in Wizard World, I'll auction this off for billions of Aether Stones worth of profit!"

The Evil Spirit Armor was imbued with countless evil spirits and ghosts, making it perfect for wizards of the School of Death—both offensive and defensive in nature.

"A small fragment of Level 7 Nether River Wood, originating from the Underworld, infused with negative energy—priced at one hundred twenty million joss paper? Bought! This is crucial material for upgrading the Book of the Undead."

Soon, Levi was left with only one hundred million joss paper.

As per his usual approach, he spent it all, buying ten thousand blind boxes.

This was always the most exciting part of the Netherworld Market.

After emptying his funds, Levi prepared to turn and leave.

A hoarse and ancient voice suddenly transmitted into his mind:

"Don't you want to know the origins of that wizard tower?"

Chapter 1989: Demon Extermination Shuttle, Double Dragons End the War!

Within the mast sailing ship.

Levi's figure froze.

He turned around, and the brawny centaur giant was still seated with his eyes closed, deep in thought.

"I'm Hao Shan. I heard about you from Di Gao and Mosi."

Levi immediately understood.

This centaur was with the black-armored burly man and the minotaur—a team, most likely.

Well, fantastic, they've formed a squad to come find me...

Surely, this has something to do with the Undying Nether Emperor's aura emanating from me.

Hao Shan said:

"Wait for me one day."

Levi thought about it for a moment and then found a spot in the corner of the plaza to sit upright.

After the devils in the plaza dispersed.

Hao Shan strode over to Levi with earth-shaking steps.

Levi said:

"Senior, did you prepare this wizard tower specifically for me?"

Hao Shan replied:

"Correct. You might find this useful, yes?"

Levi nodded.

"Thank you for your kindness, senior. What does this junior need to do in return?"

In this world, no goodwill exists without ulterior motives or objectives.

Hao Shan undoubtedly has his reasons.

Levi debated whether to return the wizard tower to Hao Shan.

To avoid incurring debts he couldn't repay or entangling relationships he couldn't handle.

Hao Shan burst into laughter.

"Young one, don't overthink it. I won't ask anything of you—you don't have the power to help me anyway. I just heard about your extraordinary nature from those colleagues and wanted to introduce myself in advance. This wizard tower is something I stumbled upon in Hell, seemingly left behind by a School of Death wizard named Black Soul Demon Witch. A journal belonging to him is included as well; here, take it."

Levi understood.

Hao Shan simply used the wizard tower as an excuse to strike up conversation.

On the surface, he seemed affable, but he was more cunning and socially astute than the previous two encounters.

This made Levi even more cautious internally.

Nevertheless, he accepted the journal and skimmed through it.

"Black Soul Demon Witch Valon."

The name triggered Levi's memory.

"Soul Drawing Demon Wizard Wagner."

This individual was the very creator of the ****Book of the Undead**** and ****Book of Ten Thousand Spirits****.

But according to what Levi learned from the Immortal Banyan Dragon, Wagner had already been killed.

Levi wasn't sure about the connection between Wagner and Valon.

In any case, both belonged to the School of Death—perhaps, like Levi, they each had multiple duplications.

Levi pocketed the journal, planning to examine it upon his return from the Dark Ancient Tower.

He expressed his gratitude:

"Thank you, senior."

Hao Shan replied:

"You're welcome."

Next.

Hao Shan and Levi discussed matters related to the Undying Nether Emperor.

As Levi had suspected, Hao Shan had been one of the Undying Nether Emperor's subordinates in the past.

However, since the Undying Nether Emperor's reincarnation and departure from the Underworld.

He, along with Di Gao, Mosi, and other departmental colleagues, had been reassigned to a different Nether Emperor.

This new Nether Emperor was far inferior to the Undying Nether Emperor in terms of personal charisma and overall capabilities.

Thus, Hao Shan and his brothers—as well as other colleagues—spent their days longing for the return of their old leader to the Underworld.

But no one knew where the Undying Nether Emperor currently resided.

Due to the black-armored burly man's accidental encounter with Levi, they learned about Levi's cultivation path, which was related to the Nether Emperor and assumed it might have something to do with their former leader.

This trio thus came to Levi to inquire about any news of the Undying Nether Emperor.

The problem was, Levi had no idea.

Hao Shan sighed and said:

"Ah well, we can only hope that us old-timers live to see the Nether Emperor's return."

They were civil servants of the Underworld, possessing Level 8 power and lifespans far exceeding those of most beings in the Multidimensional Plane, even among longevity species—but they were still mortal...

Regardless, having secured a connection with Levi by offering an item of little value found accidentally in Hell, Hao Shan considered it worthwhile.

High above.

The Underworld Source River roared endlessly, waves surging.

On the mast sailing ship, Hao Shan gazed at Levi with a faint smile, waved his hand, and disappeared.

"If you come across any news about the Nether Emperor, let me know."

His voice echoed within Levi's mind.

Levi exhaled in relief.

Even if he did know something, he couldn't disclose it to these people recklessly.

Who could say what motives might truly lie behind their inquiries?

Levi had no intention of getting entangled in grand conspiracies or disputes.

As for the wizard tower, he decided to keep it—for this was something he had spent a fortune to acquire.

...

In the human realm.

Off the coast of Ancient Dragon Continent.

A group of Spiny Pufferfish Demons stealthily emerged from the seawater.

The Spiny Pufferfish Demon—a type of lower demon—was weak, with most at Level 1 or Level 2 strength. They were typical Abyss cannon fodder, primarily populating abyssal layers dominated by water worlds.

Their flattened bodies appeared almost two-dimensional, and coupled with masterful disguise techniques, they could hide underwater, remaining undetected. When entering combat mode, they immediately puffed up, spewing toxic water and launching venomous spikes in attack.

On the coastline, a patrol unit adorned with fiery flame dragon emblems inspected the area in red mecha.

Suddenly.

A Spiny Pufferfish Demon was swept ashore by the tides.

"Swoosh!"

Venomous spikes transformed into dark streaks, shooting out rapidly!

Duang!

Metallic clashing resounded loudly.

A Red Flame Mecha blocked the venomous spike.

"Enemy attack—it's demons!"

Boom boom boom!

Flashes of red burst forth instantaneously.

Cannons detonated indiscriminately across the surface of the sea!

Torrents of water surged skyward.

The previously calm-looking sea suddenly oozed eerie black water.

Dense swarms of Spiny Pufferfish Demons leapt out from beneath the waves, forming a black mass.

"It's Spiny Pufferfish Demons! Call for reinforcements—there are over a thousand of them!"

Chapter 1990: Demon Extermination Shuttle, Double Dragons End the War!

The knights of the Fire Dragon Apostle Group unsheathed their chain saw power swords or power flying axes.

Slaughter began.

Thousands of demons—this was not a small swarm, as they were all transcendent creatures.

Among them were many elite aquatic demons, each possessing power comparable to middle-level wizards.

Yet, the team executing this mission from the Fire Dragon Apostle Group consisted of only a few dozen members.

When the artillery ran out, the knights and demons began hand-to-hand combat.

With exquisite combat techniques, the knights transformed into killing machines, eliminating demon after demon with graceful and powerful strikes.

But more demons kept coming in droves.

In the distance, a small group of level 5 demons could be faintly seen, coldly watching the scene.

At their center stood a towering demon, over a hundred meters tall and resembling a catfish. It was unmistakably level 6 in strength.

This was a Bottom-dwelling Fish Demon residing in the depths of the Abyss World, classified as a high-level demon. In this species, demon lords were commonplace.

"Kill them! Spill their blood and pollute the coastline of this continent."

The Bottom-dwelling Fish Demon Lord chuckled.

It watched the demons charge to their deaths without a hint of concern.

Low-level demons were abundant in the Abyss, which was why the Abyss constantly launched invasions into the Multidimensional Plane.

Sending them to die was almost a necessity; otherwise, the Abyss itself would be overwhelmed.

The greatest purpose of ash demons was to gradually deplete the living forces of the Wizard World.

Through an immensely protracted war, the patience and willpower of the wizards would be worn away.

Moreover, the death of these demons would inevitably contaminate the Earth, ocean, and sky of the Wizard World.

Even though the congress had purification methods, they could only mitigate the damage.

If the demonic aura accumulated excessively over a prolonged period, and could not be dispelled,

Nora's World Will would also be affected.

It could potentially be assimilated by the Abyss Will, thereby becoming less vigilant against strong level 10 demons.

If that were to happen, the powerful beings lurking in the Land of Darkness could invade Nora with relative freedom, triggering an ultimate showdown against the Legendary Wizards.

This was the Abyss's overt scheme, a sinister intent known to the Wizard Council.

However, even knowing this did not enable them to act decisively.

Due to the vast disparity in strength between the two sides, the wizards could only hold their ground in Nora.

Only by relying on Nora's geographical advantage could the Legendary Wizards fully harness their combat capabilities.

Not long after.

In the sky, came the roar of machines!

A group of mechanical creatures, exuding a sci-fi aesthetic, pierced through the clouds as streams of light, advancing from afar with increasing speed.

"Reinforcements are here!"

"It's the Demon Extermination Shuttles from the Tower of Dawn!"

"Fantastic!"

Seeing the incoming shuttles, the knights' eyes lit up with excitement.

These were the latest weapons researched by Herman, the elder—a devastating creation with an exorbitant cost per unit.

The Demon Exterminating Divine Shuttle Formation consisted of one hundred units.

Streamlined and shaped like water droplets,

they were engineered for maximum flight efficiency.

Blue exhaust flames spewed from their tails!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Silver streaks of light descended upon the battlefield, weaving fluidly through the mass of demons with dizzying precision.

Low-level demons were instantly pierced through, their heads blown apart.

This was a true dimensional strike.

"Incredible! No wonder it's nicknamed a million-Aether-Stone money-burning machine!"

"Complete domination!"

"It's said the fastest cruising speed of these Demon Extermination Shuttles allows them to strike any coastline of the Ancient Dragon Continent within a quarter of an hour from their launch base!"

"This is no less than a mechanical secret sword!"

"Exactly right! Even Fifth-Circle Wizards cannot match the speed of the Demon Extermination Shuttles."

The knights, as if intoxicated, unleashed relentless destruction!

The thousand-strong demon army was thrown into disarray by the hundred autonomous Demon Extermination Shuttles.

Instinctively, the demons began to retreat.

"Roar!"

A booming roar erupted.

A level 5 peak demon clad in black shell armor emerged and charged into battle.

It wielded a shell shield, striking one Demon Extermination Shuttle away.

"Not so tough after all!"

The demon sneered, its demonic aura surging wildly with crackling sounds.

One shuttle after another attacked it relentlessly.

Cracks began to appear on its shell armor.

Fortunately, at that moment, the distant, observing level 5 demons jumped into action to assist.

"What kind of nonsense is this? Watch me smash it!"

The level 5 demons unleashed their abilities, countering the attacks from the Demon Extermination Shuttles.

Suddenly.

All the Demon Extermination Shuttles ascended into the sky, vanishing into the clouds.

"Hahaha! They're scared!"

The demons cackled, regarding the knights as lambs awaiting slaughter.

The Fire Dragon Apostle Group knights formed a circle, their expressions heavy.

Boom!

An explosion from the sky!

A hundred Demon Extermination Shuttles dove downward, combining mid-fall like interlocking Lego pieces, finally forming a silver greatsword over a hundred meters long. Lightning flickered across its blade, electric snakes danced along its surface!

The Tower of Dawn.

Inside the cluster control room.

Levi and the Tower Master watched the combat projection on the screen.

The Tower Master asked:

"By the way, what should we name this move?"

Levi replied:

"Let's call it... the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths Demon-Slaying Divine Shuttle. We should manufacture more of these; they'll greatly facilitate support for battle groups. If future technology allows, forming attacks with thousands upon thousands of Demon Extermination Shuttles could even annihilate a demon lord!"

After finishing, he turned and walked away, his figure shimmering as he stepped into the Void.

In reality, the Demon Extermination Shuttle was a type of cluster combat mechanical creature inherited from the Machine Sage, originally named 'Silver Assassin.' Levi had only renamed it out of a quirky sense of humor. After all, this dharma treasure was famously renowned in his past life.