

# **Necromancer: I Am A Disaster**

## **Chapter 321: Two Teachers? That's Not Impossible**

Yan Kuangsheng didn't want to listen at first, but he still let Bai Yiyuan finish the story. As Bai Yiyuan recounted Lin Moyu's exploits, he added more flair than necessary. Yan Kuangsheng was visibly shocked.

"You're telling me he went to the Abyssal World, wiped out three cities, and even killed a Demon King's avatar?" Yan Kuangsheng asked, his eyes narrowing.

He then fixed his gaze on Lin Moyu, exerting an invisible pressure. In the presence of a God-level powerhouse, no one dared to lie.

Bai Yiyuan chimed in, "You old freak, didn't I just tell you—"

"Shut your mouth." Yan Kuangsheng cut him off with a growl, "I didn't ask you. I want to hear it from him."

Bai Yiyuan snorted. He'd normally argue, but given he was here to ask for a favor, he held his tongue.

Lin Moyu spoke calmly, "Yes. I massacred three cities, killed the Tetrawing Bull King's avatar, and just before the Demon King's main body arrived, unleashed Poison Star Ring on the Demon King city."

Yan Kuangsheng's brows furrowed, his voice carried a sharp edge, "Poison Star Ring? That's the skill you used just now?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "When combined with my Primordial Rune skill, Poison Star Ring can produce immense power."

Yan Kuangsheng had already felt its potency firsthand—ordinary below level 70 Demons stood no chance of surviving it. For a moment, admiration flickered in his eyes, "Well done."

Bai Yiyuan couldn't help but burst into laughter, "What do you think? We never succeeded in wiping out cities in the Abyssal World, but my disciple has done it."

Yan Kuangsheng shot him a glance, unimpressed, "You didn't do it yourself, so what are you so proud of?"

Bai Yiyuan shrugged off the verbal jab with ease, "My disciple's accomplishments are my own accomplishments. Now, about that item of yours... could you—"

"No." Yan Kuangsheng cut him off again, this time with a flat refusal.

Bai Yiyuan's face darkened, "Don't be so quick to refuse. Let's talk about the conditions. I'm sure we can work something out."

Yan Kuangsheng fixed his gaze on Lin Moyu. Based on Lin Moyu's earlier performance, calling him merely a genius no longer seemed fitting—he was a freak of nature. Yan Kuangsheng had no choice but acknowledge that even he couldn't have accomplished such feats at level 39.

Facing higher-leveled opponents wasn't unusual, but for Lin Moyu to completely dominate adversaries so far above his level was extraordinary. Yan Kuangsheng himself had killed Demon King avatars before, but that was at level 69, just before his third-class awakening. Lin Moyu, on the other hand, was only level 39.

The disparity was astounding.

Reluctantly, Yan Kuangsheng had to admit that Lin Moyu was more exceptional than even he had been at that age.

His eyes gleamed with newfound interest, "Agree to one condition, and I'll give you the item."

Bai Yiyuan, without missing a beat, declared confidently, "Just name it! One condition, ten conditions—I'd agree to anything."

By this point, Bai Yiyuan wasn't concerned about saving face. He had come too far and agreed without hesitation, figuring he could sort out the details later.

Yan Kuangsheng's lips curved into a smirk, "One is enough. Have him become my disciple."

"No problem!" Bai Yiyuan replied instantly.

Both Lin Moyu and Yan Kuangsheng were momentarily stunned. Did this guy really hear it properly? He agreed so readily?

Seeing their reactions, Bai Yiyuan waved it off casually, "What's the big deal? It's perfectly normal for someone to have two teachers. It's like a teacher accepting two disciples—there's no difference." ℞

...

Lin Moyu's mouth twitched slightly, "No difference? There's a huge difference."

But he wisely chose to keep those thoughts to himself. His situation was already critical, and if he didn't resolve it, who knew what might happen next?

Bai Yiyuan jumped in before Yan Kuangsheng could reconsider, "It's settled then! As a mighty god-level powerhouse, surely your word is your bond."

Yan Kuangsheng's expression darkened, cursing silently, "Damn it, I got ahead of myself. I should've demanded that he sever their master-disciple relationship."

But it was too late now. As a god-level powerhouse, he had no choice but to honor his word.

Yan Kuangsheng snorted, then turned to Lin Moyu, "Come with me." He then directed his next words to Bai Yiyuan, "As for you, get lost."

Bai Yiyuan responded cheerfully, "Alright, alright, I'm leaving!" He was more than satisfied. His goal had been achieved, and the rest didn't concern him.

Although the Bloody Land, like the Immemorial Battlefield, was an independent space, it was significantly smaller, spanning only about 100 kilometers in diameter. At its center stood a small courtyard, unlike anything Lin Moyu had expected.

There was no fence surrounding the courtyard, only a solidified bloody murderous aura, forming a boundary. Inside the courtyard, however, grew plants—blood-red in color. Their fragrance carried a faint scent of blood but also exuded a strange vitality. It was a sharp contrast to the desolate, blood-soaked landscape that stretched for kilometers with no other signs of life.

"You'll stay here for a while." Yan Kuangsheng said curtly.

Lin Moyu nodded, but concern tinged his voice as he asked, "Master Yan... what about my murderous aura?"

Without a word, Yan Kuangsheng tossed a black rhomboid gemstone into the air and made a swift gesture with his hand. Immediately, a current of air swept over Lin Moyu, calming the turbulent murderous aura that had been surging within him. It was far more effective than the Tranquil Potion he had used before.

Lin Moyu held the rhomboid gemstone in his hand, realizing that this must be the item Bai Yiyuan had come to ask for. His curiosity piqued, he activated the Detection spell.

[Domain Divine Stone: can create a domain.]

Lin Moyu stared at the stone, puzzled. He had never heard of such a thing before.

Yan Kuangsheng, noticing his confusion, smirked. "Never heard of it, huh?"

Lin Moyu nodded.

"That's because knowledge about domains isn't recorded in books." Yan Kuangsheng explained, "For now, you don't need to know the specifics. Just focus on controlling your murderous aura. Inject it into the Domain Divine Stone. As for how you do that—figure it out yourself. I don't have the time to spoon-feed you."

With that, Yan Kuangsheng turned and went into the house, slamming the door behind him, clearly refusing to let Lin Moyu in.

Left alone, Lin Moyu sighed softly, then turned his attention to the Domain Divine Stone. He attempted to channel his chaotic murderous aura into the stone, but no matter how hard he tried, it wouldn't obey him. It was like trying to grasp smoke.

"Teacher possesses such a strong murderous aura, yet he can control it effortlessly. There must be a trick to it—I just haven't figured it out yet... How can I learn to control my murderous aura?"

He sat there, lost in thought for a long time, but no solution presented itself.

As Lin Moyu pondered, he suddenly noticed the thick murderous aura enveloping the courtyard like a fog. This dense murderous aura, hanging over the area like a storm cloud, had not dissipated—it belonged to Yan Kuangsheng. Lin Moyu could sense his unique presence from it.

Yan Kuangsheng could release and control his murderous aura so precisely, even leaving it outside like this. In this regard at least, he must be far superior to Bai Yiyuan.

"There was something more. Embedded within Teacher's murderous aura is a distinct mark—his soul brand..." Lin Moyu could clearly sense the unique mark left by Yan Kuangsheng within the murderous aura.

A spark of realization struck Lin Moyu, and suddenly, things became clearer. With this insight, he began to experiment, trying to use his spirit force to control his murderous aura. Again and again, he failed. Despite this, he didn't feel discouraged. If others could master it, he believed he could too. He just needed time.

Days passed. Lin Moyu sat, unyielding, working relentlessly to refine his control. Mastery wasn't something that could be achieved overnight, but his determination didn't waver.

For ten days, Lin Moyu remained motionless, consumed by his effort.

Unbeknownst to him, Yan Kuangsheng had been watching, observing Lin Moyu's progress in silence. Throughout the ten day, Lin Moyu's murderous aura frequently spiraled out of control, threatening to erupt. Each time, Yan Kuangsheng effortlessly suppressed it with a mere slap of his hand.

Initially, Yan Kuangsheng had taken Lin Moyu as his disciple merely to spite for Bai Yiyuan. But over time, he found himself developing a sense of approval for the young man. Lin Moyu's relentless perseverance and unyielding will impressed him, far more than he had expected.

Finally, after ten grueling days of relentless effort, Lin Moyu managed to manipulate a wisp of his murderous aura. It wasn't much, but it was a breakthrough. He carefully guided the wisp into the Domain Divine Stone, and with a sudden ding, the stone flew out of his palm, spinning rapidly in the air before transforming into a beam of light and drilling directly into his forehead.

Startled, Lin Moyu realized something had changed within his mental world—the Domain Divine Stone had integrated with it. Checking his attributes, he noticed a new skill had appeared: Domain of Slaughter. However, it was marked as unavailable.

Inside the house, Yan Kuangsheng had been watching the entire scene unfold. He muttered to himself, a rare flicker of surprise crossing his face, "He really did it."

He pushed open the door and stepped outside for the first time in ten days, walking toward Lin Moyu.

Seeing his teacher approach, Lin Moyu immediately stood up and bowed, "Teacher."

Yan Kuangsheng waved him off, "No need for that. You've learned a new skill, haven't you?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Yes, Domain of Slaughter. But I can't use it yet."

"Of course you can't use it." Yan Kuangsheng replied, "At your current level, trying to activate a domain-type skill would be suicide. What you need to do now is focus on injecting all of your murderous aura into the Domain Divine Stone. Only when it's completely filled will you be able to use the skill. Keep at it. I'm heading out for a while."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 322: A Man Must Endure Hardship

In the White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan sat absentmindedly, sipping his tea. Despite being fine tea, it tasted bland.

"Old Meng, do you think Moyu will succeed?" Bai Yiyuan asked, no longer calling him Young Lin, but instead addressing him as Moyu.

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Why would the mighty White God worry about a thing like this?"

Bai Yiyuan sighed, "Moyu's murderous aura is overwhelming. If he had reached the third class awakening or surpassed level 60, I wouldn't be so concerned. By then, he'd be fully capable of controlling it. But now..."

Meng Anwen replied, "Hasn't Old Kuang already intervened? With him around, what are you still worried about?"

Bai Yiyuan snorted, "He gained a disciple at a discount."

Meng Anwen laughed lightly, "You should focus on preparing for Moyu's second class awakening. Once he returns, it'll be time for him to level up."

Bai Yiyuan nodded, "I've made all the preparations. All that's left is for him to come back."

"The second class awakening is crucial—there can be no mistakes."

"Don't worry, there won't be any." Bai Yiyuan assured, waving his hand.

...

Meanwhile, in the Bloody Land, after successfully manipulating the first strand of murderous aura, Lin Moyu had remained still for ten days. His storage space held ample food, left by Ning Yiyi, enough to last half a year.

Gradually, Lin Moyu mastered the art of manipulating murderous aura, infusing strand after strand into the Domain Divine Stone, each containing his spirit mark. His speed increased, and the murderous aura flowed more easily into the stone.

The Domain Divine Stone seemed insatiable, devouring the murderous aura endlessly. Even after pouring in all his murderous aura, the stone was barely one-tenth full.

"Finally, I've infused all the murderous aura." Lin Moyu thought, his mind clearer than ever.

With this new experience, his willpower had grown stronger. With just a thought, the murderous aura within the Domain Divine Stone surged forth like a column of black smoke, rising into the sky. Standing amidst the towering murderous aura, Lin Moyu's gaze remained calm and focused.

This murderous aura was now entirely under his control and no longer posed a threat to him. Instead, it would become a weapon against his enemies. Those with weak willpower would be overwhelmed by its pressure, their strength and speed diminished and their willpower weakened, as if cursed.

With another thought, the murderous aura receded, returning to the Domain Divine Stone.

Lin Moyu exhaled deeply. For the first time in over 20 days, he felt truly relaxed.

Just then, footsteps approached—Yan Kuangsheng had returned.

"Teacher, you're back." Lin Moyu said respectfully, noticing an intense stench of blood in the air. It was far stronger than anything he had ever encountered, even more overwhelming than the massacre of an entire city.

The source of the smell was in Yan Kuangsheng's hand: a piece of beast meat, no larger than his palm, yet it emitted a powerful, bloody scent.

Yan Kuangsheng glanced at Lin Moyu, eyes glimmering. He tossed the meat over, "Eat it." He then added, "Raw. Now."

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu began to eat the meat. Despite the overwhelming smell of blood, the meat had a surprisingly sweet taste and melted in his mouth. It was even more delicious than the Earth Evil Centipede meat.

Still, he couldn't fathom why the piece of meat carried such a potent stench of blood.

Seeing Lin Moyu eat without hesitation, Yan Kuangsheng appeared satisfied, "Aren't you curious about what kind of meat this is?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. "You gave it to me, Teacher, so there's no need to ask."

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, "Bai Yiyuan must have told you this place is called the Bloody Land."

Lin Moyu nodded.

"Do you know why it's called that?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. He had no idea.

Yan Kuangsheng explained, "The Bloody Land is an ancient, independent space. It's 100 kilometers wide and over 100,000 kilometers tall."

Lin Moyu was startled. He had assumed this was a small independent space, but 100,000 kilometers tall? That was far beyond his expectations.

Yan Kuangsheng looked up at the sky, "In this space, there exists a type of beast called the Bloodthirsty Python. The meat you just ate came from one such beast."

Lin Moyu suddenly noticed something strange: there were tears in the hem of Yan Kuangsheng's clothing, which had been intact when he left earlier. Additionally, there were blood stains on his clothing and blade.

"Teacher, were you injured?" Lin Moyu asked.

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, "It's nothing. The Bloodthirsty Python is a god-level beast, and cutting off even a small piece of its flesh comes at a price."

Hearing this, Lin Moyu felt deeply moved. Despite having spoken to him less than ten times in total, Yan Kuangsheng had gone to battle a god-level beast for his sake.

Seeing Lin Moyu's reaction, Yan Kuangsheng waved his hand dismissively, "I've lived here for decades and fought that thing countless times. I'm used to it."

At that moment, Lin Moyu finished eating the meat. Yan Kuangsheng smiled lightly, "All done? Now get ready to enjoy it."

"Enjoy it?" Lin Moyu was confused.

The next moment, a massive power erupted inside his body, and an intense, stabbing pain surged through him. Lin Moyu groaned, trembling uncontrollably.

"It hurts... it hurts!" He muttered inwardly, feeling as though thousands of needles were piercing every inch of his body.

Blood oozed from his skin, and in an instant, Lin Moyu was covered in crimson. Though the pain was unbearable, he remained silent, his body shaking uncontrollably, his handsome face twisting with agony. Gritting his teeth, he asked, "Teacher, why is this happening?"

Yan Kuangsheng replied, "Have you ever heard of the Magical Draught? It's made from Bloodthirsty Python flesh. But once processed into a potion, its potency is greatly



reduced. To get the full effect, you have to eat it raw. You can consume it once before your second class awakening, once after, and once again after your third class awakening. The benefits increase each time, maximizing the attribute boost."

He scoffed, "If you can't endure hardship, how do you expect to become the strongest? An Elementary Miraculous Draught only adds 200 points to your attributes. What's that worth? If you're a man, you have to endure the pain to reap the rewards. You've eaten top-grade Bloodthirsty Python meat. It's leagues beyond mere Elementary Miraculous Draught."

So that was it. Lin Moyu had already noticed his attributes increasing rapidly. Elementary Miraculous Draught added 200 points to all attributes without pain, but Bloodthirsty Python meat—though causing excruciating—would increase his attributes by at least 2,000 points. The effect rivaled that of Intermediate Miraculous Draught, just with far more pain.

Given the choice, Lin Moyu would always pick the option with greater rewards, even if it meant enduring intense pain. A real man didn't fear pain!

Yan Kuangsheng, seeing Lin Moyu endure in silence, felt even more satisfied, "You're approaching your second class awakening, and I'm sure you're aiming for class sublimation, right? Do you know the key to achieving that? There are several factors."

He paused before continuing, "The first is luck. Without it, even a 99% chance can fail. The second is attributes. Your attributes must exceed the limit. The easiest way to break through that limit is with the Miraculous Draught. Don't underestimate those 200 points—it can significantly improve your chance of class sublimation."

"Besides the Miraculous Draught, there are many ways to push past the attribute limit. For instance, the Immemorial Battlefield's Divinity Force or Soul Devour Insects' Soul Crystals. The higher your attributes surpass the limit, the greater your chances of class sublimation."

"The third factor is items that increase the probability of class sublimation, like Blackened Soul Crystal dropped by the Dimensional Battlefield's Battlefield Ghost King. There are also class awakening formations and other supplementary tools that can further enhance the odds of successful class sublimation."

...

Yan Kuangsheng explained in great detail, going on and on. Having lived in solitude for decades, with no one to talk to most of the time, once he started talking, he found it hard to stop.

Lin Moyu listened attentively. Bai Yiyuan had briefly touched on class sublimation before, but his carefree nature meant he didn't explain things in such detail. Now, after

listening to Yan Kuangsheng, Lin Moyu had a new understanding. Now wonder Miraculous Draught was so highly valued—it was essential for breaking through the attribute limit. Considering this, Lin Moyu's attributes...

Yan Kuangsheng interrupted his thoughts, "You've been to the Immemorial Battlefield, right? Did you obtain Divinity Force?"

Despite the sharp pain still surging through him, Lin Moyu gritted his teeth and replied, "I did."

Yan Kuangsheng snorted. "That guy did a decent job, huh? What level is your Divinity Force? Level 5?"

Yan Kuangsheng snorted, "Not bad. What level is your Divinity Force? Level 5?"

Lin Moyu, wincing through the pain, answered, "Level 39..."

"Only level 3..." Yan Kuangsheng looked slightly disappointed, "Although each level of Divinity Force only gives an additional 1% boost, but as your level rises, that difference becomes significant. However, I suppose it's better than nothing."

Lin Moyu gritted his teeth and raised his volume, "Teacher, it's not level 3—it's level 39..."

Clang...

Yan Kuangsheng's blade slipped from his hand, falling to the ground.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 323: Do You Want To Become A Transcendent God-Level Powerhouse?**

Yan Kuangsheng had never been this shocked before. Despite his vast experience, Lin Moyu's words left him utterly speechless. From the look on Lin Moyu's face, he could tell he wasn't lying.

Yan Kuangsheng himself had only reached level 5 Divinity Force, which placed him alongside Bai Yiyuan at the pinnacle of the human race. This was already the highest

recorded achievement in human history. But now, Lin Moyu said he had reached Level 39.

"How... how did you do it?" Yan Kuangsheng stammered, still struggling to comprehend.

Lin Moyu calmly explained how he gained his Divinity Force, touching on his class characteristics but carefully omitting the existence of the Shenzhou Cauldron.

Yan Kuangsheng had never encountered the Necromancer class before and speculated that it might be a newly emerged class. Every few years, new classes would surface among humans, so he didn't find that part strange. After all, he had spent years isolated in the Bloody Land and wasn't fully aware of current developments outside.

As Lin Moyu described his class's unique characteristics, Yan Kuangsheng couldn't help but feel both shocked and a little envious. Lin Moyu's skills automatically leveled up with him, provided he grinded them to match his level. At lower levels, that wasn't difficult to do.

Even with Yan Kuangsheng's temperament, he found himself envying Lin Moyu's abilities. Such a class was truly incredible. He recalled how hard he had worked to grind his own skills—an exhausting process that now seemed almost futile in comparison.

Yan Kuangsheng locked his eyes on Lin Moyu, "You're saying you reached the end of the Divine Selection Secret Realm, and then it... exploded?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Yes, it exploded."

Yan Kuangsheng appeared thoughtful, "So, the Divine Selection Secret Realm might never appear again. Have you told anyone else about this?"

Lin Moyu replied, "Teacher Bai and Senior Meng both know. And now, you, too, Teacher."

Yan Kuangsheng nodded. "Since Meng Anwen knows, let him handle it. We don't need to concern ourselves further."

After a moment, he continued, "Considering the level of your Divinity Force, we'll need to adjust some of our plans. Let me ask you—are you afraid of death?"

Lin Moyu answered without hesitation, "I don't know."

No one could really claim they didn't fear death without experiencing it firsthand—and Lin Moyu was no exception.

Yan Kuangsheng, satisfied with Lin Moyu's response, nodded, "Good. That's honest. The terror between life and death is immense. Anyone who says he isn't afraid is lying.

Now, let me ask you again—if you had the chance to become a transcendent god-level powerhouse but faced a 50% chance of dying in the process, would you be afraid?”

"Transcendent god-level powerhouse... a being that surpasses god-level powerhouses." Lin Moyu thought to himself. The mere idea was daunting. He swallowed, but after a brief pause, his gaze grew resolute, "I'd be afraid, but I'd still seize the opportunity. If I failed, I'd accept death calmly."

Yan Kuangsheng wasn't done yet, "And what if you had to face this life-or-death choice twice?"

Lin Moyu, his expression serious, responded firmly, "I'd make the same decision each time."

Although Lin Moyu didn't fully comprehend the true power of a god-level, much less a transcendent god-level powerhouse, his determination to grow stronger remained unshaken.

Yan Kuangsheng suddenly burst into laughter, "Good, good! I'm satisfied with your answer. Now, let me tell you what you must do next."

Lin Moyu, despite the pain coursing through his body, listened intently.

Yan Kuangsheng's plan revolved around Bloodthirsty Python meat, a rare and magical beast ingredient, and the Miraculous Draught was concocted from its flesh.

Lin Moyu had already consumed some of this meat, resulting in a massive boost—his attributes increased by 2,000, ten times greater than what the Elementary Miraculous Draught offered. However, he wouldn't be able to consume it again until reaching level 50 or even level 60. R◆

Originally, Yan Kuangsheng had planned for this step later in Lin Moyu's journey. But things had changed. Lin Moyu's Divinity Force was far too advanced, and the sooner he increased his base attributes, the greater the benefits. With each level-up, those attribute increases would compound, making the gap in attributes even more dramatic.

Even Yan Kuangsheng couldn't predict how high Lin Moyu's attributes would ultimately reach—but this was the most critical step in his path to becoming a transcendent god-level expert.

According to Yan Kuangsheng's revised plan, Lin Moyu needed to consume another piece of Bloodthirsty Python meat at the beginning of his second class awakening. The goal was to harness the unique properties of the meat to trigger a massive surge in his attributes while simultaneously undergoing class sublimation. Ideally, this process would also unlock a new talent, laying an unparalleled foundation for Lin Moyu's future growth.

However, this approach came with significant risks. As Yan Kuangsheng had warned, there was a 50% chance of death—it all depended on luck.

Lin Moyu, ever calm, said quietly, “Teacher Yan, my luck has always been very good.”

Yan Kuangsheng burst into hearty laughter, clearly pleased with his student’s confidence, “Good, very good! Wait here. I’ll go get a piece of Bloodthirsty Python heart meat for you.”

With that, he shot into the sky like a bolt of lightning.

Different parts of the Bloodthirsty Python's body provided vastly different effects, and the disparity between them was enormous. The most potent part was the brain, followed by heart meat. The rest of the meat was far less effective. Unfortunately, the brain was nearly impossible to obtain; humanity hadn’t seen a piece in a long time. Even heart meat was rare, and it was used to create Intermediate Magical Draught. In reality, heart meat referred to the muscle tissue surrounding the heart, not the organ itself.

Lin Moyu understood just how difficult this meat was to obtain. Even for someone as powerful as Yan Kuangsheng, retrieving it carried immense danger. As he watched his teacher disappear into the sky, his heart swelled with gratitude.

Despite his body being drenched in blood, Lin Moyu’s eyes gleamed with determination. The intense pain had already started to subside. His base attributes had increased by 2,000, though, technically, the net gain was 1,800 because the 200 points previously granted by the Miraculous Draught had been offset the Bloodthirsty Python meat.

His spirit attribute had already exceeded 20,000—a massive number. The extra 2,000 points in spirit made little difference now. However, his other three basic attributes, which had been just over 2,000 before, had nearly doubled. This increase was substantial and immediately noticeable.

Lin Moyu knew that this change was only the beginning. The real transformation would come during his second class awakening.

At that time, his basic attributes would be doubled, and this growth would be calculated based on his current basic attributes.

"The teacher advises that I should eat the Bloodthirsty Python meat right at the start of the second class awakening to maximize my basic attributes. By doing this, my attributes will significantly surpass those of other class users. I can't help but wonder how much they will increase..." Lin Moyu felt a growing sense of anticipation.

Seven days later, Yan Kuangsheng returned to the courtyard. His body was covered in blood, with unhealed wounds—a rare sight for a god-level powerhouse. Normally, someone of his caliber could heal minor injuries almost instantly, their regeneration

ability comparable to that of a world boss. But this time, Yan Kuangsheng's wounds were healing extremely slowly. The faint golden hue of his blood marked the difference between a god-level being and ordinary people.

Yan Kuangsheng noticed Lin Moyu's concern and grinned, "Don't worry about it. These are just superficial wounds. That guy was being stingy, so I had to take it by force."

With a casual motion, Yan Kuangsheng produced a purple talisman. Activating it, a radiant purple light enveloped his body, and in moments, the energy of a god-level Heal worked its magic. His wounds closed rapidly, disappearing as if they'd never existed.

Fully healed, Yan Kuangsheng handed Lin Moyu an ornate box, "The python heart meat is inside. You'll need to consume it at the very start of your second class awakening. The process might be... uncomfortable." He said with a grin, clearly amused, "So, make sure to enjoy it."

Lin Moyu was momentarily speechless. His teacher, known for a rather bad temperament, appeared to have an unusual hobby.

Suddenly, Yan Kuangsheng's expression shifted, and he looked skyward, "Why are those guys here?"

Lin Moyu followed his teacher's gaze but saw nothing.

"It's some old guys from the empire." Yan Kuangsheng explained, "They're here to gather python meat for the Magical Draught. But this time, they're out of luck. That beast isn't in a good mood right now."

The empire frequently sent people to collect Bloodthirsty Python meat for the Miraculous Draught, but after Yan Kuangsheng's fierce battle with the Bloodthirsty Python, it was likely that the creature was still enraged.

Yan Kuangsheng had an amused look on his face, "Come on, let your teacher show you something interesting." As he spoke, a powerful energy enveloped Lin Moyu. In an instant, the two shot into the sky, covering dozens of kilometers in the blink of an eye.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 324: A Bunch Of Fake Gods; Princess Dongfang Yao**

Lin Moyu witnessed firsthand the astonishing speed of a god-level powerhouse as Yan Kuangsheng transported them across dozens of kilometers in an instant. The sheer wind pressure was overwhelming, nearly crushing him as they traveled, and his ears rang with an eerie silence—sound itself had been left far behind.

The once familiar Bloody Land had vanished, replaced by a vast emptiness stretching endlessly before him. Lin Moyu noticed something peculiar: the world appeared to be encased in a glass-like barrier. Beyond the barrier, it seemed as though another world existed, one that strangely felt familiar to him...

Suddenly, it clicked. Lin Moyu remembered his time after the Dragonkind Frontline Outpost dungeon explosion. He had fallen into the void, a chaotic place where swirling energy currents threatened to destroy him. The glass-like barrier before him was now holding back that same deadly energy, separating this world from the void.

"Teacher, what is that?" Lin Moyu asked curiously.

Yan Kuangsheng responded casually, "That's a spatial barrier. Beyond it is the void. It looks fragile, like glass, but it's incredibly strong. Even I would struggle to break through it. But it's not something you need to worry about right now. Let's just watch the show."

"Watch the show...?" Lin Moyu followed his teacher's gaze.

In the distance, a warship cut through space at high speed, leaving a bright trail in its wake. Several figures stood aboard, each radiating an extraordinary presence. Although Lin Moyu couldn't precisely gauge their power, his instincts told him they were formidable—likely level 80-plus top-level, possibly even god-level class users. Yet, despite their impressive aura, the disdain in Yan Kuangsheng's eyes made it clear that none of these individuals were stronger than him.

"See those old guys at the front? They're Grand Councillors of the empire." Yan Kuangsheng said with a smirk.

Lin Moyu felt an immediate sense of respect. In the empire, Grand Councillors were highly revered, often retired members of the Twelve Councillors—the empire's governing body. Though they no longer held active roles, their counsel was sought on major decisions. Even the Twelve Councillors had to defer to them at times.

"Teacher, are these Grand Councillors all god-level powerhouses?" Lin Moyu asked, genuinely curious.

Yan Kuangsheng sneered, "God-level? Not even close. Have you ever seen a Councillor who made it to god-level? Those who fail to reach god-level end up becoming Councillors, plain and simple. When they retire and become Grand Councillors, they're no closer to god-level. At best, they're level 90 fake gods—nothing but rubbish."

His tone was dripping with disdain. As a mighty level 95 god-level powerhouse, Yan Kuangsheng stood at the pinnacle of power. He had even slain several Demon Kings from the Abyss. Naturally, he looked down on these fake gods.

Lin Moyu asked, "Why do you call them fake gods?"

Yan Kuangsheng spat, "They got stuck at level 89 and had to rely on potions to scrape past into level 90. But they can't fuse their skills or achieve the true evolution required to become god-level. How could they not be considered fake gods?"

Lin Moyu's curiosity deepened, "Is the gap between fake gods and true god-level powerhouses really that big?"

Yan Kuangsheng's eyes narrowed, "They're worlds apart. Even if both are level 90, a true god-level can wipe out dozens of these fake gods without breaking a sweat."

Despite Yan Kuangsheng's dismissive attitude, Lin Moyu could still sense the overwhelming presence of the Grand Councillors. Their aura alone was enough to make his heart tremble, and while they may not be true god-level powerhouses, they could still crush someone like him without effort. Their oppressive presence wasn't too far from that of actual god-level figures.

As Yan Kuangsheng observed them from a distance, the Grand Councillors also turned to look at him and offered a respectful greeting, "Greetings, Lord Mad God [1]."

Even though they held the prestigious title of Grand Councillors, they were still well aware of their place beneath a true god-level powerhouse like Yan Kuangsheng. They knew better than to show arrogance in front of someone like him.

Yan Kuangsheng brushed them off, "You guys go about your business. I'm just here with my disciple to watch the battle." Though he said battle, Lin Moyu could tell he meant to simply enjoy a spectacle.

Upon hearing that Lin Moyu was Yan Kuangsheng's disciple, the expressions of the Grand Councillors shifted slightly, and they looked at him in a new light. Even though these people seemed high and mighty, but they couldn't afford to overlook someone under the wing of a god-level figure like Yan Kuangsheng. In the end, true strength determined status, not titles or formalities.

At that moment, a slender figure stepped forward to the bow of the warship. It was a young woman of breathtaking beauty, her every movement elegant and graceful. She gazed toward Yan Kuangsheng and Lin Moyu with curiosity in her eyes.

Yan Kuangsheng's voice turned cold as he focused on her, "You're here to hunt the Bloodthirsty Python for her, aren't you?"



A Grand Councillor stepped forward. "Lord Mad God, this is Princess Yao."

Yan Kuangsheng shook his head, "Never heard of her. Is she that brat Dongfang Yi's daughter?"

"Princess Yao is the emperor's youngest daughter." The Councillor replied, "She just turned 19 this year."

Yan Kuangsheng waved dismissively, "That brat Dongfang Yi has no abilities, but he sure knows how to produce offspring."

Dongfang Yi, emperor of the Shenxia Empire, rarely involved himself in state affairs, leaving most decisions to the Twelve Councillors. He had an exalted status. Yet Yan Kuangsheng referred to him casually as brat, underscoring the vast difference in their standings.

Dongfang Yao bowed gracefully. "Yao greets Lord Mad God. My father often mentions your illustrious name."

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled. "What's there to mention? Did he tell you how I used to discipline him and make him cry for his mommy and daddy?"

Embarrassment flickered across Dongfang Yao's face. Just as her father had warned, Yan Kuangsheng was both domineering and sharp-tongued.

Dongfang Yao forced a smile. "Not at all. According to my father, Lord Mad God, you're a pillar of our empire."

"Enough. Flattery won't work on me." Yan Kuangsheng grumbled, "Go about your business and don't mind us." He dismissed them, paying no more attention.

Dongfang Yao, not daring to press further, turned her attention to Lin Moyu. She studied him curiously with her beautiful eyes. He appeared to be her age, yet somehow, he had become Yan Kuangsheng's disciple. Could this guy really be that talented?

Dongfang Yao never questioned her own abilities. She was a legendary class user, reaching level 36 just over a year after awakening her class. In a couple of months, she expected to complete her second class awakening, likely becoming a high-level user before turning 20.

Even among the top three institutes of Xiajing Academy, it would be hard to find anyone who could rival her. Her father, Dongfang Yi, a god-level expert and the emperor of the Shenxia Empire, had often called her a once-in-a-century genius.

Dongfang Yao naturally had high self-esteem. Even Lin Moyu, despite his recent notoriety, wasn't someone she considered a serious competitor. After all, her talent

would only grow as her level increased. She was destined to become a god-level expert in the future. Lin Moyu might be a genius now, but that didn't guarantee his future.

Yan Kuangsheng suddenly chuckled. "Young Lin, this princess isn't bad-looking. Interested?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "I already have someone I like."

Yan Kuangsheng's eyes gleamed with interest. "Who is she? Is she pretty?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Very much so."

"When are you getting married and having kids?" Yan Kuangsheng pressed.

...

Lin Moyu was at a loss for words. His teacher's thought process was too erratic for him to keep up.

Suddenly, a hoarse roar echoed through the air—a sound deep and oppressive, like the hiss of a snake but deeper, instilling a sense of suffocation and oppression in those who heard it.

Yan Kuangsheng's expression turned serious, "Bloodthirsty Python!"

Even a god-level expert like him remained on high alert, aware of the threat posed by the creature. Lin Moyu wondered how the Grand Councillors, who were only fake gods, would handle it.

According to Yan Kuangsheng, these so-called fake gods were no match for the Bloodthirsty Python, leaving Lin Moyu to suspect there were things he still didn't understand.

A massive python over 200 meters long slithered into view. Its eyes glowed blood-red, a pair of horns jutted from its head, its body was covered in thick scales, and sharp claws extended beneath its body. When it appeared, the smell of blood filled the air.

Lin Moyu recognized the smell instantly—it was the same scent that permeated the Bloody Land. He realized that countless Bloodthirsty Pythons must have perished there, leaving behind that lingering, oppressive odor.

When the beast appeared, Yan Kuangsheng swiftly pulled Lin Moyu back, "We're just here to observe. Let them deal with it."

Yan Kuangsheng had no intention of intervening.

Lin Moyu watched as Dongfang Yao's warship charged toward the Bloodthirsty Python. A circular shield formed around the vessel, protecting it. He could tell that the shield was a fusion of human formations and abyssal barriers, powered by something related to Dragonkind. It was a blend of strengths from all three races.

A thin beam of light shot from the warship, striking the Bloodthirsty Python like lightning. The giant python trembled violently, letting out an even deeper and more hoarse cry.

[1] - the character kuang (狂) in Yan Kuangsheng's name means mad, hence the moniker Mad God

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 325: They're Out Of Luck

The seemingly insignificant beam carried immense power. The Bloodthirsty Python's supposedly impenetrable scales shattered instantly under its attack, sending blood splattering everywhere. Its blood, tinged with a faint yellow hue, dripped to the ground, intensifying the stench of blood in the air.

As soon as Lin Moyu caught a whiff, a primal urge surged within him—a desire to rush forward and consume the python's blood.

A Grand Councillor aboard the warship immediately acted, darting into the air with a massive crystal bottle in hand, collecting every last drop of the blood.

At that moment, Lin Moyu realized why it was called the Bloodthirsty Python. It wasn't the python that was bloodthirsty; its blood triggered an uncontrollable craving in those who encountered it.

Yan Kuangsheng sneered, "Bloodthirsty Python meat may be great, but its blood? Not worth much."

Lin Moyu thought for a moment and then remarked, "Even an ant, small as it is, is still meat."

Yan Kuangsheng burst into laughter. "Well said! Even an ant, small as it is, is still meat."

The Bloodthirsty Python, enraged by the attack, whipped its massive tail with terrifying speed. Lin Moyu couldn't even follow its movement.

In an instant, the python's tail slammed into the warship. The ship's protective shield distorted and deformed, on the verge of shattering. A Grand Councillor pressed his hands against the warship, and it glowed brightly as the shield stabilized.

The warship launched another attack, not with a thin beam this time, but a hundred-meter-long blade, slashing towards the Bloodthirsty Python. In response, the horns on the python's head flashed, releasing a barrage of lightning bolts that collided with the giant blade. Both attacks canceled each other out, vanishing into the empty space.

The Bloodthirsty Python lashed out with its tail again, striking hundreds of times in an instant, each hit reverberating like thunder. The warship's shield rippled under the assault, and terrifying waves of energy rippled through the space.

The Grand Councillors left the warship and launched a full-scale assault on the Bloodthirsty Python.

For the first time, Lin Moyu noticed that they had formed a well-coordinated party—Knight, Warrior, Mage, and Archer. Two other Grand Councillors remained aboard the warship, clearly serving as Healer and support.

The group assembled into a formation and engaged the Bloodthirsty Python, treating it like a boss.

Lin Moyu's eyes sparkled with excitement. It was rare to witness such a high-level fight firsthand.

Yan Kuangsheng still appeared unimpressed, "Just watch. Don't take it too seriously. Real god-level experts don't fight like this."

Lin Moyu was astonished. "They don't? Then how do they fight? Aren't class users supposed to team up? Aren't god-level powerhouses class users too?"

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, "Have you ever seen god-level powerhouses forming a party?"

Of course, Lin Moyu hadn't. He had never even seen a god-level powerhouse in action before. The brief exchange between Yan Kuangsheng and Bai Yiyuan the other day didn't really count.

Yan Kuangsheng continued, "God-level powerhouses are called 'god' because they don't need any assistance. They don't rely on parties to unleash their full combat power. They fight when they want, and leave when they want, free from the burden of parties. But until you reach that level, you won't understand. Eventually, Bai Yiyuan will teach you. No need for me to waste my breath."

Lin Moyu struggled to grasp the concept. But thinking back, Bai Yiyuan had always acted alone. He never teamed up with anyone, and the records of his battles always portrayed him as a solitary figure. Lin Moyu had once wondered, "Didn't Bai Yiyuan need healing or status buffs like others?"

Yan Kuangsheng added, "Remember this: there's a massive difference between level 89 peak-level class users, level 90 fake gods, and level 90 gods. Neither peak-level class users nor fake gods stand a chance against real gods. Even a team of a dozen-plus fake gods wouldn't be enough."

Lin Moyu nodded, "I'll keep that in mind."

He knew that in the later stage, a single level difference could mean a lot. But according to Yan Kuangsheng, the gap could reach incredible proportions, to the point that even a team of level 89 peak-level class users couldn't beat a level 90 god-level expert.

Yan Kuangsheng continued, "However, there are exceptions. Some level 89 peak-level class users have touched the threshold of godhood and can be considered quasi-gods. In fact, they might even surpass level 90 fake gods in strength."

Lin Moyu immediately thought of the Chuangshi Institute's Dean Mo. He had seen Dean Mo fight several times, and each time, the means Dean Mo employed were beyond Lin Moyu's comprehension.

Bai Yiyuan had also mentioned that Mo Xinghe was likely to become the next god-level powerhouse in the empire. Perhaps this was what Yan Kuangsheng meant by quasi-god. Still, with Lin Moyu's current level, it was beyond his understanding.

As the battle reached its climax, the Grand Councillors unleashed their full power, while the Bloodthirsty Python, clearly growing weaker, teetered on the brink of defeat.

Seizing the moment, the Grand Councillor controlling the warship released a powerful aura, sending a massive blade slicing through the air at lightning speed. Blood splattered across the space as a segment of the Bloodthirsty Python's tail was severed. The segment was over five meters long—an enormous chunk.

Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed. That single chunk was hundreds of times larger than what he had eaten before. However, to his shock, the severed tail rapidly shrank, dwindling to less than half a meter in length within seconds. He was left dumbfounded.

Yan Kuangsheng grinned, his smile tinged with disdain, "Once a Bloodthirsty Python's flesh is separated from its body, all impurities are purged, leaving only the pure essence. That piece is enough for five people."

"The tail meat, though." Yan Kuangsheng continued, "Is of the lowest quality. Aside from its size, it's nothing special. At best, it'll boost the attributes by 1,500 points."

It was clear Yan Kuangsheng, having dealt with the Bloodthirsty Python many times, was all too familiar with its properties.

Lin Moyu asked, puzzled, "Looking at the way things are going, doesn't it seem like they have a chance to actually kill the Bloodthirsty Python?"

Yan Kuangsheng burst out laughing, "Not a chance! If they don't retreat fast enough, they might not make it out alive. But don't worry—since I'm here, they won't die."

Despite his dismissive tone, Yan Kuangsheng wasn't entirely indifferent. After all, these Grand Councillors were from the Shenxia Empire, and he couldn't just stand by and let them perish.

Sure enough, just as Yan Kuangsheng predicted, the Grand Councillors, after securing a piece of the Bloodthirsty Python's flesh, hurriedly retreated to the warship. It looked like they were fleeing for their lives.

"Quick, let's go!" A Grand Councillor shouted urgently, his tone making it evident they were desperate.

Dongfang Yao was confused. Why the sudden urgency? Weren't they winning? The battle seemed to be going smoothly. In her view, killing the Bloodthirsty Python didn't seem that difficult. Yet now they were rushing to escape.

Although full of questions, she kept them to herself. Her father, Dongfang Yi, had instructed her before they set out to follow the Grand Councillors' guidance in everything—observe more, speak less, or not at all.

Just then, the Bloodthirsty Python let out an eerie, otherworldly roar—like a child crying out for help after being bullied. The sound broke through the speed of sound and spread across the space.

"Hurry up!" The Grand Councillors grew more frantic.

"We're going as fast as we can!" Shouted the Councillor controlling the warship.

At that point, the vessel was already flying at maximum speed, streaking toward the distance like a beam of light.

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled darkly, "Watch carefully. Now the real show begins. Tell me, do you think they can escape?"

Lin Moyu was completely confused, thinking to himself, "How would I know? I don't even understand what's happening."

But in the next moment, his eyes widened in shock. The warship, which had been racing at incredible speed, suddenly came to a complete stop, as if frozen in midair, unable to advance even an inch. The protective shield around it began to buckle, distorting under immense pressure.

An overwhelming smell of blood filled the air, seeping into Lin Moyu's nose. He swallowed hard, feeling a gnawing hunger deep inside him, as if some irresistible delicacy had just appeared before him.

Then, a monstrous sight appeared. A terrifying Bloodthirsty Python, over a thousand meters long, emerged. Its sheer size dwarfed anything Lin Moyu had ever seen—its massive claws alone spanned two to three hundred meters each. One enormous claw gripped the warship firmly, holding it in place. No matter how much the Grand Councillor controlling the vessel tried, it wouldn't budge an inch.

Lin Moyu could scarcely believe such a creature existed. One thought flashed through his mind: "God-level world boss."

Aboard the warship, the faces of the Grand Councillors, including Dongfang Yao, turned deathly pale. Panic set in.

"How did it get here so fast?"

"It wasn't this fast before!"

"This is it—we're done for!"

"Quick, call for Mad God's help!"

Their voices trembled as they begged Yan Kuangsheng to intervene. He was their last hope, their only chance of survival.

Yan Kuangsheng grinned knowingly, "I told you—they can't escape. It's not that easy to obtain Bloodthirsty Python meat. A few successful attempts might be chalked up to luck, but luck doesn't hold out forever. This time, they're out of luck. If I don't step in, they're 100% dead."

With a casual tone, Yan Kuangsheng added, "Fine, since they're from the Shenxia Empire, I'll begrudgingly save them. Kid." He glanced at Lin Moyu, "Pay attention. This is how god-level experts really fight."

With that, Yan Kuangsheng charged forward, slashing with his hand as a blade of light, a thousand meters long, tore through the space.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 326: Can You Guess How I Felt At That Moment?

As Yan Kuangsheng sprang into action, the Grand Councillors aboard the warship erupted in joy.

"We're saved, we're saved!"

"We should be fine now!"

Their faith in Yan Kuangsheng was absolute. His reputation as a god-level powerhouse reassured them, and they believed nothing could go wrong now.

Yan Kuangsheng summoned a radiant blade ray, which streaked through the air and struck the Bloodthirsty Python's massive claw. The impact was immediate—a sharp cut appeared, and blood splattered into the air.

The Bloodthirsty Python was in pain, instinctively loosened its grip on the warship. Seizing the opportunity, the vessel shot forward at maximum speed, disappearing into the distance.

Lin Moyu barely registered the warship's escape. His eyes were glued to Yan Kuangsheng, watching intently. He was desperate to understand how god-level powerhouses fought.

The Bloodthirsty Python roared furiously, lashing out at Yan Kuangsheng with its colossal claw. Simultaneously, bolts of electricity burst from its body, transforming into thunderbolts that rained down on him.

Suddenly, multicolored rings of light appeared around Yan Kuangsheng.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed in surprise, "Those are supports' status buffs... but Yan Kuangsheng is a Divine Warrior. Where did he get the status buffs skill?"

With the buffs in place, Yan Kuangsheng's combat power surged exponentially. His blade ray shone brighter, radiating intense blade energy that sliced through the incoming thunderbolts.

Lin Moyu observed every move, awestruck. What seemed like simple blade strikes were actually a skill. More impressively, Yan Kuangsheng executed this skill without a



pause—there was no delay, no cooldown between each strike. The seamless fluidity of his movements allowed him to chain dozens of strikes together in just a second.

Blade energy hit the Bloodthirsty Python with devastating force, tearing through its impenetrable scales and drawing a torrent of blood.

In a fit of rage, the Bloodthirsty Python let out an earth-shaking roar. Its entire body lit up, casting a glow that illuminated the space. In an instant, the space around them was filled with countless thunderbolts, hurtling toward Yan Kuangsheng from different directions.

But Yan Kuangsheng remained unfazed. With a mighty swing, his massive blade cleaved through the air, surrounding him in a storm of blade energy.

Lin Moyu watched in awe, "So this is how god-level powerhouses fight?"

Ignoring cooldowns, they unleashed skills freely, each as devastating as a forbidden spell.

The blade energy, 100 meters wide and 1,000 meters long, swept forward like a tidal wave. Even a mere graze, Lin Moyu felt, would be fatal. His Bone Armor, Summon Health Link, and Damage Transfer—all would be rendered useless. No matter how many skeletons he had, he would be obliterated in an instant. ㄖㄚ

Compared to this, the earlier skirmish between Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng seemed like child's play.

Aboard the warship, Dongfang Yao's face was pale with disbelief. She had finally witnessed Mad God her father spoke of, and his power was overwhelming. Yet a spark of confidence ignited in her eyes—one day, she believed she could reach such heights.

The man and beast clashed furiously, appearing evenly matched. The Bloodthirsty Python's giant claws shattered the blade energy, sending Yan Kuangsheng hurtling hundreds of kilometers away.

In an instant, Yan Kuangsheng returned as if through teleportation, delivering fresh wounds to the Bloodthirsty Python. By now, the warship had flown far out of sight.

Lin Moyu noticed a chunk of flesh missing from the Bloodthirsty Python's chest and recalled the heart meat stored in his storage space—it was the very piece from the beast's chest. Gratitude welled up in him, and he began to understand why Dongfang Yao and her group had been so unlucky. Yan Kuangsheng's earlier words hinted that he had known this would happen. The battle over the heart meat had drawn the super Bloodthirsty Python to end up nearby.

Suddenly, along with a flash of light, Yan Kuangsheng appeared before Lin Moyu.

"Let's go!" Yan Kuangsheng grabbed him and quickly fled.

Yan Kuangsheng was covered in blood, clearly wounded, but his expression remained unfazed, as if the injuries were nothing serious. Behind them, lightning erupted, filling the void and turning an area a thousand meters in radius into a sea of crackling lightning.

Yan Kuangsheng laughed heartily, "That guy's gone mad! Let's move, quickly!"

Lin Moyu was left speechless. The title Mad God fit Yan Kuangsheng perfectly—there was an undeniable madness to the way he fought.

As they sped away, Yan Kuangsheng asked, "So, did you understand?"

Lin Moyu hesitated, "I felt like I understood for a moment, but then again, maybe I didn't."

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, "No worries, no worries. It's fine if you don't get it now. It's still early."

He didn't elaborate further. For now, what mattered was Lin Moyu's second class awakening, not these more distant concepts.

After a pause, Lin Moyu asked, "Teacher, there were two Bloodthirsty Pythons...?"

Yan Kuangsheng nodded, "The smaller one is called Bloodthirsty Python. The larger one has already evolved into a flood dragon—it should be called Bloodthirsty Flood Dragon. It's level 96 and is incredibly strong."

Lin Moyu nodded thoughtfully, "It's indeed very strong. Even the small one is far beyond anything I can handle."

He felt that the Bloodthirsty Python was even stronger than the Archaic Luanniao, and then his thoughts drifted to the Archaic Earth Dragon, wondering how they would compare.

"Teacher, have you ever met the Archaic Earth Dragon in the core area of the Immemorial Battlefield's upper layer?" Lin Moyu asked.

Yan Kuangsheng suddenly stopped in his tracks, his face growing serious, "You've seen it?"

Lin Moyu recounted his experience in the Earthheart dungeon.

Yan Kuangsheng fell silent, resuming their escape, though the pace had slowed significantly. It seemed he was no longer concerned about the Bloodthirsty Flood Dragon. In fact, it wasn't even pursuing them.

When they finally returned to the courtyard at the heart of the Bloody Land, Yan Kuangsheng used the talisman to heal his wounds and changed out of his bloody clothes. While doing so, he pointed to a deep scar on his chest. "See this scar?"

There was a scar running from his right shoulder all the way down to his left abdomen.

Lin Moyu found it strange. For class users, they would either die or come out entirely unscathed, with even severed limbs able to regenerate. Scars were unheard of. And for a god-level powerhouse like Yan Kuangsheng, a single god-level healing spell should have erased any trace of injury—unless he chose to keep it.

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, "You're thinking I left this scar on purpose? You're wrong!"

After he finished dressing, Yan Kuangsheng continued, "When I was level 69, I ventured into the core area with a group of class users around the same level as me. We killed boss after boss, feeling pretty good about ourselves. And then..."

Lin Moyu listened carefully, but something in Yan Kuangsheng's expression shifted.

Yan Kuangsheng smiled bitterly, "Then we saw it—from a distance. No one dared to make a move. It glanced at us once and then closed its eyes. That one look was enough. We turned and ran, tails between our legs. Looking back, it was a blessing we didn't attack. We would've all died."

He walked into his house, leaving the door open, and Lin Moyu followed him inside. The interior was simple, with no bed—only a meditation mat and a small tea table. On the table sat a teapot, the water within perpetually boiling.

Yan Kuangsheng sat down, and Lin Moyu poured him tea. Without caring about the scalding liquid, Yan Kuangsheng drained the cup before continuing, "The second time, I was level 89, just a step away from god-level. I found a spatial channel in the lower layer that led to the upper layer's core area. This time, I made my move. Can you guess what happened?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. "I have no clue."

Yan Kuangsheng downed another cup of tea, "It casually lifted a claw and swiped down. I was knocked out of the core area instantly."

Lin Moyu shuddered at the story. The core area was vast—tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of kilometers wide. The sheer power behind a strike that could send Yan Kuangsheng flying for such a distance was terrifying.

Yan Kuangsheng emptied his third cup of tea and smiled, "Consider this your tribute to me as my disciple."

Lin Moyu nodded in acknowledgment. Three cups of tea, three tributes—a symbolic ceremony of becoming a disciple. From this moment on, Lin Moyu had gained a second teacher.

"Teacher, is that how you got the scar?" Lin Moyu asked.

Yan Kuangsheng laughed heartily. "No... I was seriously injured that time, but it didn't leave a scar. The third time—I had already reached level 93 god-level—I ventured from the deep layer back to the lower layer, and by chance, found a spatial channel leading to the upper layer. As a god-level expert, I could only stay in the upper layer for 10 minutes, and I had just one opportunity to attack. But once again, I lost... in a single strike."

Yan Kuangsheng paused, his expression shifting slightly, "This time, it spoke—just three words: 'You're too weak!'" He leaned forward, eyes gleaming, "Guess how I felt at that moment?"

Lin Moyu smiled bitterly, "You probably thought, 'The damn monster can actually talk...'"

Yan Kuangsheng slapped the table, bursting into laughter. "Ha-ha-ha-ha! You're damn right I did!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 327: A Journey Of A Thousand Miles Begins With A Single Step**

Yan Kuangsheng laughed to the point of tears welling up in his eyes, "Yes, that's exactly what I thought back then. The monster can actually talk."

Lin Moyu recalled his shock when he first heard the Archaic Earth Turtle speak. Afterward, he had assumed that only the most powerful bosses had the ability to communicate, but now it seemed that wasn't the case.

Considering Yan Kuangsheng's status as a god-level powerhouse, his surprise at encountering a talking boss was telling.

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, patting his scar, "This scar is from that time. I've killed countless bosses, cleared endless dungeons. The stronger the boss, the smarter they are, but this one... it was the only one boss I met that could speak."

Lin Moyu asked, "I heard no one's ever defeated it."

Yan Kuangsheng scoffed, "Even I was almost killed instantly—who could possibly defeat it?"

A name came to Lin Moyu's mind, and he asked in a quiet voice, "What about the old man from the Chuangshen Institute?"

Yan Kuangsheng suddenly looked at Lin Moyu, his eyes shining brightly before dimming, "Did Bai Yiyuan tell you about him?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Teacher Bai mentioned him a few times. My sister is his disciple."

Yan Kuangsheng's disbelief was palpable, "Your sister became that old man's disciple?"

"Yes." Lin Moyu confirmed.

Yan Kuangsheng muttered to himself, "With that old man's standards, for him to accept your sister... her talent and class must be very exceptional."

"Yes, she is very exceptional." Lin Moyu admitted, thinking of his sister. She was probably over level 60 by now, maybe even approaching level 70. The gap between them felt like it was widening with every step.

A wry smile crept onto his face as he felt a pang of envy for her natural talent.

Yan Kuangsheng shook his head, "The old man is impressive, no doubt. But even he wouldn't be a match for that creature. At least he couldn't kill me in one hit—it would take two."

The usual arrogance in Yan Kuangsheng's tone faded as he spoke of the old man. In his entire life, there were only two people he had ever truly respected: the mysterious figure in the core area, and the old man from the Chuangshen Institute.

Lin Moyu asked again, "Teacher, that creature must be a transcendent god-level expert, right?"

Yan Kuangsheng shook his head, "It's close, but not quite there yet. If we humans could produce a true transcendent god-level expert, maybe we'd have the opportunity to raze the Abyss. Kid, since that creature wants to make a deal with you, then once you're strong enough, head to the core area. The feeling it gives me is extraordinary—truly extraordinary."

Lin Moyu nodded. He had already planned to go.

With that, Yan Kuangsheng waved his hand, "Alright, it's time for you to head back. Remember to keep infusing murderous aura into the Domain Divine Stone. It's been wasted in my hands for years—hopefully, one day, you'll unlock its potential." †

Lin Moyu understood the Domain Divine Stone was something special, but for now, he wasn't strong enough to use it.

Yan Kuangsheng opened an exit channel, sending Lin Moyu out of the Bloody Land.

Lin Moyu still didn't understand why Yan Kuangsheng chose to live in such isolation, but since he didn't explain, Lin Moyu didn't pry.

Lin Moyu had spent around 20 days in the Bloody Land. When his feet landed in the Human World, the sunlight and fresh air felt like a refreshing embrace, as if he had been away for an eternity.

"You're out as well?" A clear voice suddenly called out.

Lin Moyu looked up to see Dongfang Yao standing not far away, a Grand Councillor by her side. Her aura had changed—no doubt from consuming the Bloodthirsty Python's flesh, greatly enhancing her attributes.

Seeing Lin Moyu remained silent, his gaze fixed on her, Dongfang Yao felt a surge of displeasure. However, mindful of his status, she suppressed her irritation and asked, "What's your name?"

Though she restrained her temper, her princessly demeanor still shone through, her lofty attitude unmistakable.

Lin Moyu glanced at her briefly, then turned and walked away without a word.

Dongfang Yao frowned, "How rude. Just because you're Mad God's disciple, you think you can ignore me?"

Lin Moyu responded in a low voice, "I'm not ignoring you. I just don't want to talk to you."

Dongfang Yao was taken aback by his reply. She asked instinctively, "Why?"

"No particular reason." Lin Moyu replied, "I just don't want to."

Without another word, he activated the Teleportation Stone and vanished instantly.

Dongfang Yao didn't get angry. Instead, she turned to the Grand Councillor beside her, "Grand Councillor Zhang, do you know why?"

Grand Councillor Zhang, wise with age and insight, responded calmly, "This young man is proud. Being chosen by Mad God as his disciple means he's likely a top-tier talent. Princess, while you didn't lose your temper just now, your natural aloofness—something cultivated over the years—may have made him uncomfortable. He doesn't dislike you; he simply prefers not to engage with you."

Hearing this, Dongfang Yao's initial irritation dissolved. "That makes sense." She said thoughtfully. Then, she asked, "Grand Councillor Zhang, now that I've consumed the Bloodthirsty Python's flesh and increased my attributes, what's the next step?"

Grand Councillor Zhang's expression turned solemn, "Princess, the Emperor's preparations for your class awakening are nearly complete. There's only one final step left."

He continued, "For now, focus on leveling up. By the time you reach level 40, the Emperor should be ready as well."

Dongfang Yao stretched, accentuating her perfect figure, "Alright, let's go level up. It's been a while since I've been to the academy. I may as well make a visit."

...

Lin Moyu walked into the White God Courtyard. The courtyard was as peaceful as ever, an oasis of calm. Meng Anwen, with his ever-composed demeanor, sat quietly, his presence radiating a tranquil aura that seemed to soothe the very atmosphere around him.

Bai Yiyuan was absent. With his eyes closed, Meng Anwen remarked, "The Domain Divine Stone is quite a valuable item. It could be very useful in the future."

Lin Moyu, impressed by Meng Anwen's seemingly boundless knowledge, responded respectfully, "Thank you, Senior Meng. I understand."

Meng Anwen added, "I assume Old Kuang gave you some Bloodthirsty Python meat, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did." Lin Moyu confirmed. He then proceeded to explain Yan Kuangsheng's plan to Meng Anwen.

Meng Anwen narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, "Old Kuang's approach might yield the best result, but it's certainly risky. And becoming a transcendent god-level powerhouse requires far more than just this. It'll give you a slight edge, but it's no guarantee. Think carefully before you proceed."

Before Lin Moyu left, Yan Kuangsheng had echoed a similar sentiment, warning him to weigh the risks. The danger was real, but if successful, the benefits would be immense.

Lin Moyu, however, had already made up his mind, "I've thought it through. A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. If I don't dare take the first step, there won't be anything that follows."

Meng Anwen smiled, his expression showing a hint of approval, "Well said. In that case, follow your instincts. Your class awakening ceremony is nearly ready—Old Bai should have everything in place within a couple of days. In the meantime, raise your level to level 40, then come back."

Lin Moyu nodded. "Alright, I'll head out now."

Leveling wasn't difficult for him. He was only 55% away from leveling up, something he could easily achieve with a few dungeon runs at the Dungeon Hall.

The Dungeon Hall was as bustling as ever, filled with students from the Xiajing Academy, all eager to grind their level. It was the perfect training ground, a paradise for those seeking to improve their combat power.

Dongfang Yao's arrival turned heads. Her stunning beauty, flawless figure, and noble aura made her the center of attention. Like a rose in full bloom, she captivated everyone around her. Although she was a student of the Xiajing Academy and had lived at the academy for a period of time, but no one knew her true identity.

Dongfang Yao scanned the Dungeon Hall and selected a dungeon suited to her level: the Water God's Courtyard, a level 37 water elemental dungeon. At level 36, it was a perfect fit for her. The dungeon only had nightmare rank difficulty, which wasn't too difficult with her skills. All she needed was a decent party, and she felt confident she could clear it with ease.

Dongfang Yao had complete confidence in herself. She enjoyed the admiring gazes of the students. Her equipment, both elegant and functional, accentuated her natural beauty.

Just as she was about to look for a suitable party, the focus of the crowd suddenly shifted.

Someone had walked out from the teleportation formation, drawing everyone's attention.

"Why is he here?" Dongfang Yao murmured in surprise as her gaze landed on Lin Moyu.



Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 328: I'm Soloing Hell Rank Difficulty

When Lin Moyu appeared, the Dungeon Hall fell into an abrupt silence.

"It's Lin Moyu. He's back."

"Lin Moyu? You mean Godly General Lin."

"The youngest godly general of the human race, the one who single-handedly wiped out a 10,000-strong Drake Legion."

"His combat power may not rival the other godly generals, but his group attack ability is off the charts."

"He's practically unbeatable at his level..."

"Unbeatable? He took down a level 70 Dragonkind Battle General alone, even after his undead army was sealed!"

"I bet once Godly General Lin completes his third class awakening, he'll be able to take down Demon Kings solo."

...

The conversations reached Dongfang Yao's ears.

Only then did she realize that the guy who brushed her off earlier was that Lin Moyu—the one whose fame had recently skyrocketed.

At first, she had dismissed the stories as exaggerated rumors. It seemed impossible for someone so young to be as powerful as the tales claimed. The more she heard, the more outlandish they sounded, pushing the limits of belief.

But now... her doubt wavered. After all, being chosen by Mad God as a disciple spoke volumes about Lin Moyu's abilities. A god-level powerhouse like Mad God wouldn't make such a choice lightly.

"So, you're Lin Moyu." Dongfang Yao stood in front of him, blocking his path.

There was no denying that Dongfang Yao was breathtakingly beautiful, her presence filled with a regal grace. She embodied nearly every quality one could admire in a woman.

Unfortunately...

"Please move aside." Lin Moyu's voice was calm, indifferent. To him, Dongfang Yao was nothing more than a stranger.

Dongfang Yao felt her rage rise, "Why are you like this?"

She thought she had been polite enough this time. She hadn't acted haughty, and yet Lin Moyu still treated her like she wasn't worth his time. She couldn't help but feel aggrieved.

Lin Moyu sighed, "Please, make way. I really need to level grind. We can talk after I'm done."

"You..." Dongfang Yao trailed off, finally realizing that Lin Moyu truly didn't know how to engage in conversation.

Her mind raced as she quickly changed her approach, "Which dungeon are you planning to raid? Let's team up."

Lin Moyu shook his head, "I'm going solo."

...

Dongfang Yao wasn't ready to give up, "Soloing normal rank difficulty will slow you down a lot."

"I'm soloing hell rank difficulty."

The words hit Dongfang Yao hard. She stared at him, momentarily speechless. There was no way she could believe he could solo hell rank dungeons. It sounded absurd. She wanted to argue but realized Lin Moyu had already walked past her and entered the Dungeon Hall proper.

Lin Moyu knew who Dongfang Yao was—an imperial princess, a daughter of a god-level powerhouse. Coming from such a privileged background, she carried herself with an air of superiority, but Lin Moyu saw no reason to engage. Dealing with people like her was simply too much trouble.

Dongfang Yao followed after him, "Who are you trying to fool?"

Lin Moyu didn't bother responding. He had already decided which dungeon to tackle. Everything he'd said was the truth, whether she believed him or not.

He stopped in front of the Water God's Courtyard dungeon and looked up at the dungeon details. It was a level 37 dungeon, and the current record, set three months ago on nightmare difficulty, stood at 1 hour, 8 minutes, and 22 seconds. That time indicated that the dungeon wasn't particularly challenging—at least, that was what Lin Moyu initially thought.

On second thought, he realized his mistake.

The Water God's Courtyard was a level 37 dungeon that allowed entry to class users between level 32 and level 42. The party that set the record must have been composed of level 40-plus high-level class users. After the second class awakening, attributes and skills would see a significant boost and equipment would be upgraded to platinum rank.

That explained their speed. Not to mention, it was just nightmare rank difficulty, which wasn't particularly hard.

Seeing Lin Moyu stopping in front of the Water God's Courtyard, Dongfang Yao said, "You're doing this elemental dungeon? Me too. We really should team up."

At this moment, she made a strong effort to suppress her pride. She couldn't remember the last time she had been so patient with anyone. But her curiosity about Lin Moyu—the youngest godly general in human history and a disciple of Mad God—overpowered her frustration. These two prestigious identities cloaked Lin Moyu in an aura of mystery, and Dongfang Yao couldn't help but want to uncover more about him.

Lin Moyu replied, "The dungeon might upgrade soon. You shouldn't go in for now."

Before Dongfang Yao could respond, Lin Moyu disappeared into the dungeon, leaving her stunned.

"The dungeon will upgrade? What does that even mean?!" She muttered in disbelief, "He really went in alone... is he planning to solo normal rank difficulty?"

What Lin Moyu had said wasn't just for her; it caught the attention of many others in the hall.

"Didn't the Fire God's Hall dungeon get upgraded after Lin Moyu went in?"

"Seems like he's the trigger for dungeon upgrade."

As these discussions flared up, the entire Dungeon Hall buzzed with speculation. Bets were placed on how long it would take Lin Moyu to clear the dungeon.

Curious, Dongfang Yao turned to the nearest group and asked, "Does he really always go solo?"

Being a beautiful woman, she was met with a swift and eager response, "Not always, but most of the time."

Another student immediately interjected, "What do you mean 'most of the time'? It's always solo! As for the time in the Tyrant Desert dungeon, he carried 39 people to earn points."

"Earn points? That was Godly General Lin doing charity. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have been able to finish the dungeon mission."

"Exactly! You have no idea how long we've been stuck on this mission."

"I wonder what record Godly General Lin will set this time."

"It'll definitely be another unprecedented one."

The Dungeon Hall was filled with chatter, and Dongfang Yao listened carefully, slowly realizing that Lin Moyu wasn't exaggerating—he really soloed dungeons. People spoke about him with almost blind faith, as if he were unstoppable. He held records for multiple dungeons in the Dungeon Hall, each of which were feats in and of themselves. He even soloed the large Tyrant Desert dungeon.

The more she learned, the more Dongfang Yao had to concede—this was no fluke. Lin Moyu's achievements were staggering, a true testament to his monstrous skill.

In the end, Dongfang Yao summarized it perfectly: "this guy is a total monster."

Even among god-level experts, no one had been as monstrous as Lin Moyu in their youth. He was constantly setting new records, pushing the limits of what anyone thought was possible. Dongfang Yao had a strong sense that Lin Moyu was destined to become a god-level expert in the future.

...

In the Water God's Courtyard dungeon, Lin Moyu took in the serene surroundings. He stood in a courtyard framed by stone pillars, and waterfalls cascaded gently around him, contributing to the tranquil beauty of the place. The water element was abundant and lively, making the dungeon feel like a world purely devoted to the water element.

In the courtyard, there were water elemental monsters lazily floating in the water. These creatures had no defined form—they were blobs of water, with no hands, feet, or eyes.

Recalling his experience with the Fire God's Hall dungeon, Lin Moyu understood that to trigger a dungeon upgrade, it required an intense disruption—in other words, he had to clear the dungeon at an incredible speed.

[Spring Spren (enhanced elite monster)]

[Level: 37]

[Strength: 14,000]

[Agility: 6,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 10,000]

[Skill: Engulfed]

[Traits: Water Elemental Immunity, Physical Immunity]

Despite being nightmare rank monsters, their attributes weren't strong. However, they had a significant advantage: complete immunity to both water elemental attacks and physical attacks. This meant Lin Moyu's Skeletal Warriors couldn't harm them, leaving only his Skeletal Mages—excluding the water-type Mages—capable of dealing effective damage.

A cold wind howled as Lin Moyu summoned his undead army, quickly occupying the courtyard. His 19 undead legions advanced without hesitation, accompanied by eerie cracking sounds.

The Spring Spren reacted instantly. Despite lacking limbs, they attacked by leaping onto the Skeletal Warriors, enveloping their heads with their amorphous bodies. Although the Skeletal Warriors took continuous damage from this, it wasn't enough to seriously harm them. The Spring Spren, immune to physical damage, couldn't be countered by the Skeletal Warriors.

The Skeletal Mages—fire, earth, and wind types—unleashed devastating spells with. Lin Moyu commanded over 3,600 Skeletal Mages, nearly 3,000 of which were effective in this dungeon. These level 39 Mages decimated the level 37 nightmare rank monsters, often eliminating them in a single strike.

The group advanced rapidly, moving without pause. Since elemental monsters left no corpses behind, Lin Moyu couldn't use Corpse Explosion. But their speed was already high enough. It didn't make much difference. The undead troops swept through the dungeon, clearing the monsters effortlessly.

For the level 39 Lin Moyu, raiding a level 37 dungeon, on nightmare rank difficulty, posed no challenge at all. He bulldozed through it with ease.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 329: A Dungeon Radiating An Artistic Atmosphere

Lin Moyu strolled leisurely through the Water God's Courtyard, the dungeon's layout swiftly mapping itself in his mind. The entire dungeon consisted of interconnected courtyards, each with an open-air design, bordered by small waterfalls on all sides. The environment was masterfully crafted—elegant and harmonious.

The gentle sound of flowing water filled the air, blending together like a symphony. Each courtyard had its own unique melody, creating a soothing atmosphere.

Among all the dungeons Lin Moyu had ventured into, the Water God's Courtyard stood out for its artistry. Every courtyard featured eighteen stone pillars, some damaged, others intact. Intricate carvings adorned each pillar, depicting various creatures—some beast-like, others humanoid.

One figure appeared repeatedly in the carvings: a female figure. Though the carvings lacked facial detail, her distinctive presence made her instantly recognizable. She was clearly the central figure in these depictions.

"These carvings seem to tell a story." Lin Moyu mused, "It's a pity that many of the pillars are damaged, leaving the narrative fragmented."

In less than twenty minutes, his undead army had cleared all eighteen courtyards, each featuring eighteen stone pillars. Together with the distinct melodies and sounds, the entire dungeon radiated an artistic atmosphere.

The courtyards were arranged in a circular pattern, spiraling inward. At the center was a massive whirlpool.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu dove into the whirlpool, plunging into its depths. As he descended, the entire dungeon shook violently.

Back in the Dungeon Hall, the entrance to the Water God's Courtyard suddenly erupted with brilliant light, and an unusual energy quickly spread throughout the Dungeon Hall.

"It upgraded!"

"Godly General Lin was right—the dungeon really upgraded."

"The same thing happened with the Fire God's Hall last time!"

"As expected of Godly General Lin! Now we can collect water elemental crystal fragments from the water dungeon too!"

Shouts of amazement filled the Dungeon Hall as Lin Moyu activated the Water God's Courtyard's upgrade mechanism by clearing the stage with incredible speed. He had accomplished a similar feat in the Fire God's Hall, where he had swiftly dealt with the early-stage monsters to trigger a dungeon upgrade. However, this time, Lin Moyu completed the task with even greater ease.

As the dungeon's upgrade concluded, the vortex at the entrance stabilized. Dongfang Yao checked the dungeon's updated information and saw that a new hell rank difficulty had been added.

The dungeon had indeed been upgraded.

Although she had heard of such occurrences, but seeing it firsthand left Dongfang Yao astonished. The Water God's Courtyard had been in the Dungeon Hall for hundreds of years, unchanged since the day it was placed here. No one had ever succeeded in obtaining the fabled water elemental fragments. Now she understood why: only by upgrading the dungeon and clearing its hell difficulty could those fragments be acquired.

The person or party responsible for upgrading a dungeon would automatically face its hell difficulty. At this moment, Dongfang Yao's curiosity about Lin Moyu deepened—she genuinely wanted to understand everything about him. How could one person achieve such extraordinary feats?

...

Following the whirlpool's current, Lin Moyu found himself in a vast underwater world. Below him stretched a massive palace with a transparent roof, offering a clear view of the gentle currents flowing within.

The palace gate stood firmly shut, appearing to be immensely sturdy, but this did not concern Lin Moyu. Without hesitation, his Skeletal Warriors and Skeletal Mages launched a simultaneous attack. In a matter of seconds, the gate crumbled under their assault.

Suddenly, a powerful surge of the water element poured out from behind the gate, forming a trident that shot toward Lin Moyu with blinding speed. It moved too fast for him to dodge.

Narrowing his eyes, Lin Moyu recognized the trident. It was the same weapon depicted in the courtyard carvings, always appearing beside the mysterious female figure. R

The trident struck Lin Moyu, but his Bone Armor shimmered and absorbed the impact, sending the weapon flying back into the palace.

"Pretty good attack power." Lin Moyu murmured.

Judging by the impact on the Bone Armor, Lin Moyu estimated the opponent's strength attribute to be around 50,000—impressive for a level 37 dungeon.

"It seems the dungeon has upgraded. It should be at hell rank difficulty now." Lin Moyu remarked calmly, unfazed by the change. Having experienced something similar before, he wasn't surprised.

His undead army surged into the palace ahead of him, but before Lin Moyu could follow, a dazzling light engulfed the interior. Countless tridents materialized in midair, raining down on the skeletons in an overwhelming display. Despite the sheer number of attacks, their power was lacking. The skeletal warriors shrugged off the assault. The Lich Generals casually cast a few healing spells, effortlessly managing the situation. The relentless trident barrage failed to slow their advance.

The palace was vast and empty. Even with Lin Moyu's entire undead army inside, they occupied only a fraction of the space. The shimmering blue light from the transparent ceiling illuminated the entire area.

Lin Moyu entered the palace himself, feeling the dense concentration of the water element that permeated the air. It was an inexhaustible source of power. As soon as he stepped in, the tridents turned their attention to him as well. However, his Bone Armor neutralized the attacks with ease.

While his Skeletal Warriors charged deeper into the palace, Lin Moyu hung back, surveying the surroundings. The palace walls were weathered and damaged, with faint traces of ancient murals that had mostly been erased or destroyed. Eighteen massive stone pillars supported the structure, though several had collapsed. Like the murals, the carvings on these pillars were badly damaged, making them difficult to interpret.

"It feels like something has been intentionally concealed." Lin Moyu thought, a sense of doubt creeping in. The damaged murals and carvings suggested that someone had deliberately erased certain parts.

After walking for a while, he arrived at the heart of the palace. In the center stood a grand throne. Beside the throne, a radiant trident was embedded in the floor, glowing brilliantly. This trident was clearly the source of the attacks.



As the Skeletal Warriors drew closer to the throne, the blue gem embedded in the trident suddenly flashed. With a deafening bang, columns of water erupted from the floor, forcefully repelling the nearby skeletons. Immediately after, a shimmering water barrier formed around the trident.

[Water God's Trident (projection)]

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell on the trident, but the results were minimal—only a name appeared: Water God's Trident. There was no indication of its level, attributes, skills, or traits. No further information was provided. As for what "projection" referred to, Lin Moyu wasn't sure. Based on the name, it was clearly linked to the Water God. But if the trident was here, where was the Water God?

Regardless, the trident was now an obstacle that needed to be dealt with.

His Skeletal Warriors surrounded the shimmering water barrier, relentlessly slashing at it with their blades, while the Skeletal Mages unleashed a barrage of spells. In less than two seconds, the water screen shattered with a loud crash, leaving the trident exposed. Immediately, the Warriors and Mages focused their attacks on it.

The trident let out a mournful, resonant sound, as if it had been wounded. It lifted off the ground, glowing brightly, and the entire palace shook. The water element surged from every direction, and massive water dragons formed, charging at Lin Moyu's undead army.

However, to Lin Moyu, this attack was no different from the previous ones. Despite its grandeur, the actual power was weak and posed little threat to his skeletal forces. The Skeletal Mages continued casting their spells, effortlessly breaking through the water dragons, while the Skeletal Warriors leapt into the air, grabbing hold of the trident and hacking away at it without mercy.

The trident trembled violently, emitting strange sounds.

Suddenly, a female figure appeared on the throne. She looked remarkably human, her aura intensifying as she gazed down upon Lin Moyu and his army. Her presence was powerful and commanding.

Lin Moyu cast Detection again, this time focusing on the figure, hoping for more information about this new opponent.

[Water God (incomplete projection)]

[Level: 41]

[Strength: 60,000]

[Agility: 10,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 40,000]

[Skills: Water's Roar, Everfreeze]

[Traits: Water Elemental Immunity, 50% Physical Damage Reduction]

The Detection spell revealed the female figure's level: level 41, with the combined attributes totaling 120,000. For most class users, facing such a powerful boss would be a near-impossible challenge.

But to Lin Moyu, this was just another obstacle—one he viewed as a ripe fruit, ready to be harvested at any moment.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 330: Only Wind And Lightning Remain**

The Water God's Courtyard was more than just a dungeon structure—it was a masterpiece brimming with artistry. From the flowing water and harmonious melodies to the intricate stone carvings and murals, everything exuded elegance. Even the boss before him radiated an artistic aura, particularly due to the armor it wore, which was adorned with exquisitely detailed engravings.

Lin Moyu took a quick glance and thought of only one word: perfect. But perfect things were often the easiest to destroy—a single flaw could bring them crumbling down.

His Skeletal Warriors rushed in from all directions, unleashing their Berserk Strike skill, while the Skeletal Mages launched concentrated fire. In an instant, the boss was severely injured. Its exquisite armor shattered, leaving its body scorched and blackened.

The boss let out a silent scream as the gem embedded in its trident gleamed. A blue light rippled through the palace, and the temperature dropped sharply, the water ceased to flow, and a thick white mist spread. In almost an instant, the palace was turned into a frozen world.

Skill: Everfreeze!

The freezing attack sealed the skeletons in ice, but its power was insufficient. The skeletons broke free effortlessly and charged forward again. Attempting to freeze them with such a weak attack was wishful thinking.

The Lich Generals raised their staves.

Skill: Nullify!

The ice instantly melted away, freeing the skeletons completely. Lin Moyu then tapped the air with his finger.

Skill: Damage Curse!

The Water God (projection) was cursed, causing the damage it received to increase tenfold. Now free from the ice, the skeletons resumed their relentless assault.

The trident shimmered once more, summoning a massive water tornado to scatter the skeletons. Yet, they stood firm, continuing their attack despite the swirling storm.

Lin Moyu watched calmly after casting the curse, knowing that the boss's struggle was in vain. Its fate was sealed. Even with its 50% Physical Damage Reduction trait and high health as a boss, it couldn't escape the inevitable.

Sure enough, after a dozen seconds, the Water God (projection) collapsed, full of unwillingness. Its once-perfect armor was completely shattered, with not a single part intact.

"What a pity." Lin Moyu sighed softly.

The armor that adorned the boss was a true work of art, but it wasn't real—it had merely been a construct of the water element. The hell rank boss, considered an immense challenge for most class users, had been effortlessly defeated by Lin Moyu.

[Killed Water God (projection), EXP +4,100,000]

[Obtained Water Crystal Fragment x2]

[Water Crystal Fragment: collect five Water Crystal Fragments to fuse into a Water Crystal.]

Lin Moyu glanced at his spoils and checked his EXP—it has increased by merely over 2%, not even 3%. He still needed another 53% to level up. Even if he opted for hell rank difficulty from the start, where the monster count and EXP gain were higher, he estimated the EXP increase would only be about double that of nightmare rank. At best,

he could gain 5% per run, meaning he'd have to clear the dungeon a dozen more times to level up.

"The efficiency isn't great." He mused, "But at least it's easy, the scenery is nice, and the air is fresh."

After a moment of consideration, Lin Moyu decided to continue raiding the Water God's Courtyard. While the EXP gain was lacking, he still needed Water Crystals. With two fragments per run, he'd need three runs to obtain a full Water Crystal. He required two crystals to fuse with his two Elemental Divine Stones. Any extras could be kept for later use.

"Too bad I didn't get a water elemental gem." He muttered, slightly disappointed by the poor haul. The dungeon's only benefit was its beautiful scenery.

Just as he was about to leave, something caught his eye—the trident, still lying on the ground. The boss's body had long since vanished, but the trident remained, completely intact. The gem embedded in it sparkled, radiating the aura of the water element.

"A gem?" Suspicion flickered in Lin Moyu's mind as he bent down and picked it up.

To his surprise, the trident felt incredibly light, almost weightless. As soon as it rested in his hand, the trident began to shrink. In the blink of an eye, it had reduced to the size of his palm, and the gem embedded in it popped out, gleaming brightly.

[Water God's Key; a key that can open the true Water God's Palace]

[Water Gem]

[Water Gem: permanently reduces water elemental damage by 50% and may grant a water elemental skill. Effective only upon first use.]

Lin Moyu's eyes brightened with joy, "I knew it... I almost missed this since it wasn't dropped directly by the boss. Now I have the key, but there's still one more thing needed—something that can awaken the Water God."

From past experiences, Lin Moyu felt certain he had overlooked something. He scanned the palace carefully, until he finally spotted an object embedded in one of the stone pillars—a flute-like instrument.

The flute was small and rather ordinary in appearance. If he hadn't been searching intently, he likely would have missed it entirely. A skeleton retrieved the flute and handed it to Lin Moyu.

[Water God's Flute: can be used to awaken the Water God.]

"The four items from the elemental dungeons are finally accounted for. Fire, water, and light are complete—only wind and lightning remain." Lin Moyu thought, feeling a surge of anticipation. He was confident that he would clear all five elemental dungeons soon and wondered what miraculous changes might occur once he completed them all.

It felt as though a layer of mystery was slowly being peeled away, and Lin Moyu's curiosity was piqued. Without hesitation, he activated the Water Gem, and a soft blue light enveloped him.

...

Back at the Dungeon Hall, the bell rang again—a sound that had grown familiar to those present. Unlike before, there was no rush to see what had happened. The people inside knew exactly what it meant.

"Godly General Lin set another new record."

"I wonder what his time was this time."

"There's no need to check; this won't be his best score anyway."

Dongfang Yao overheard the conversation and felt a sense of curiosity. She turned to the students nearby and asked, "Excuse me, what do you mean by that?"

One of the students, clearly infatuated with her beauty and barely able to contain his excitement, responded eagerly, "Well, you see, every time Godly General Lin sets a new dungeon record, his first attempt is good—better than anyone else's for sure—but it's never his personal best. His second or third attempts are when things get really crazy!"

Just then, Lin Moyu's score was displayed above the dungeon entrance. Since the dungeon had been upgraded, all previous records had been erased. So regardless of what Lin Moyu's time was, he automatically ranked first.

[48 minutes, 22 seconds]

Dongfang Yao was taken aback. Achieving such a score in a hell rank dungeon wasn't just impressive—it was almost inconceivable. Yet to others, this first attempt wasn't even considered noteworthy. What kind of score would actually impress them? Dongfang Yao couldn't wrap her head around it.

"I think this score is already quite good. It would be hard for anyone to beat it." She remarked, still puzzled.

The student chuckled, "For anyone else, yes. But not for Godly General Lin. You'll see for yourself soon. When he goes for his second run, you'll be shocked."

"Really?" Dongfang Yao was skeptical.

Just as she spoke, the space near the dungeon entrance shimmered, and Lin Moyu appeared once again. Without missing a beat, he re-entered the dungeon for another run.

Outside the Dungeon Hall, shouts erupted.

"Godly General Lin has started his second run. The betting is officially open His first run took 48 minutes. The benchmark is set at 24 minutes. Place your bets on whether he'll finish in under or over 24 minutes. 1,000 points per bet. The odds are 2 to 1 for under 24 minutes, 1 to 1 for over. Don't miss out on this rare opportunity—who knows when Godly General Lin will raid a dungeon again!"

Dongfang Yao was dumbfounded. People were gambling on this? Her curiosity piqued, she walked toward the crowd, where the excitement was palpable. Dozens of people were placing bets, shouting their guesses. For the first time in a long while, Dongfang Yao found herself swept up in the excitement.

As the empire's princess and the daughter of a god-level expert, she felt it beneath her to place a modest 1,000-point bet like the rest. Instead, she wagered the maximum allowed—10,000 points. She was convinced that completing the dungeon in under 24 minutes was impossible, even for Lin Moyu.

Even a fully staffed party of twelve high-level class users couldn't hope to achieve such a feat.

After placing her bet, Dongfang Yao's attention was fully on the dungeon. She had completely forgotten she had come here to grind and level up herself.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 331: Please, Let Me Join You On A Dungeon Run**

Inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu's undead army surged forward once again. Following closely behind, Lin Moyu's eyes flickered with a trace of disappointment. Earlier, he had used the Water Gem, gaining 50% immunity to the water element, but no new skills came with it.

His disappointment, however, was fleeting. A moment later, his gaze sharpened with resolve. His class was already powerful enough—additional skills would be nothing more than a bonus, a small enhancement that wouldn't fundamentally change his abilities. Mastery of his existing class, he realized, was far more important.

In the dungeon's hell rank difficulty, both the number and strength of monsters had increased significantly, which in turn boosted the EXP gained. Lin Moyu estimated that a full dungeon run would earn him about 5% EXP. If he continued at this pace, leveling up would only take around a dozen runs.

"Neither too fast nor too slow. Just a few more hours." He mused to himself.

Dungeons came in various sizes, but the Water God's Courtyard was relatively small, divided into two sections. Aside from the eighteen courtyards, there was only the palace—and inside the vast palace, just the boss. The raid progressed quickly.

This time, Lin Moyu's undead army didn't bother with fighting the monsters along the way. Instead, they lured the enemies and charged straight toward the final courtyard. Lin Moyu didn't pause to inspect the carvings on the pillars and simply followed his army at full speed.

In a mere twelve minutes, they reached the last courtyard. The many Skeletal Warriors, their heads now enveloped by the monsters, were enduring constant attacks, as if continuous blows were raining down on them. The attack power of the monsters had risen noticeably compared to the nightmare rank difficulty. The Lich Generals gathered their spirit force, with at least three of them casting healing spells simultaneously.

The Skeletal Warriors held their ranks under the assault of the Spring Spren, while the Skeletal Mages unleashed spells in unison, greatly boosting the efficiency. Even without using Corpse Explosion, they wiped out the nearly a thousand Spring Spren in just five minutes.

At the eighteenth minute, Lin Moyu jumped into the whirlpool. Then, the skeletons smashed open the palace gate and charged in, enduring a hail of trident strikes.

This was his second time inside the palace, and Lin Moyu immediately noticed something different—the trident wasn't the same as before. It seemed to have lost its previous aura of spirituality, and the gem that had been embedded in it was now missing.

When he turned to look, Lin Moyu also noticed that the Water God's Flute, previously embedded into a stone pillar, had vanished. From this point forward, there would be no more Water Gem, Water God's Flute, or Water God's Key.

Meanwhile, his skeletal army had already engaged the trident. Without the gem, the trident was noticeably weaker. After a round of attacks, the trident summoned the Water God's projection.

The Water God's projection appeared, still clad in armor as exquisite as a work of art—armor that the skeletons quickly ravaged. As the boss of a level 37 hell rank dungeon, the Water God's projection was relatively unimpressive. Its skills were formidable, particularly its freezing skill, which could easily cause catastrophic casualties for a typical party, potentially wiping them out.

But unfortunately for the Water God, it was up against Lin Moyu's undead army. The skeletons could break free from the ice, and the Lich Generals swiftly cast their skill to cleanse any negative effects.

The Water God's projection didn't last more than three minutes before it was completely destroyed.

When Lin Moyu's new score appeared above the dungeon, the Dungeon Hall erupted in excitement.

[22 minutes, 58 seconds]

The speed was mind-blowing. It completely overturned Dongfang Yao's understanding of dungeon raiding. She didn't care much about the 10,000 points she lost. However, Lin Moyu's score beyond comprehension. Soloing a hell rank dungeon was already an incredible feat, but to do it in such a short time...

In her mind, it seemed utterly impossible, no matter how strong Lin Moyu was.

"Could it be that after the dungeon upgraded, the monsters in hell rank difficulty aren't that strong?" She wondered, "That's the only explanation I can think of. I have to see for myself." ❖

Fueled by her doubts, Dongfang Yao entered the dungeon herself. Barely two minutes later, she was forced to come out, looking utterly defeated. As soon as she entered, she encountered three Spring Spren, and they quickly overwhelmed her. She had no choice but to run with her tail between her legs. If she hadn't escaped fast enough, she might have died inside.

Dongfang Yao was shaken to the core. She now found her previous thoughts absurd. Hell rank difficulty was, without a doubt, as brutal as its name suggested. She couldn't manage nightmare rank difficulty on her own, and here she was, foolishly attempting to solo hell rank. It was laughable.

"What's wrong?" A calm voice sounded beside her.



Startled, Dongfang Yao turned to see Lin Moyu standing there. He looked completely composed, as if he had finished his dungeon run without breaking a sweat. There was no sign of exhaustion, not even a change in his breathing.

Her face darkened, still reeling from the near-death experience she had just narrowly escaped.

"It's nothing." Dongfang Yao replied, shaking her head. "Hey..." She wanted to say more but noticed that Lin Moyu had already turned and entered the dungeon again, leaving her words hanging.

Her large eyes flickered with restless energy before a smile spread across her face, "I have to figure out how exactly you raid dungeons."

Determined, Dongfang Yao stayed put, waiting at the dungeon entrance. Sure enough, about 20 minutes later, Lin Moyu reappeared.

Blocking his path, she spoke, "Lin Moyu, can you do me a favor?"

Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow, puzzled by what the imperial princess might want from him.

Her voice softened as she asked, "Can you let me join you on a dungeon run? Just one time?"

Lin Moyu was taken aback, unsure of her intent, "Shouldn't it be easy for you to find a party?"

Dongfang Yao shook her head. "I just want to experience the upgraded water elemental dungeon for myself. My father is close friends with Lord Mad God, so we're kind of connected... Please, just this once. I won't ask for anything else."

What she didn't know was that apart from Water Crystal Fragments, nothing else dropped in the Water God's Courtyard. But to her, this plan was her best bet. She had to witness firsthand how Lin Moyu cleared the dungeon so effortlessly. No amount of second-hand information could compare to seeing it with her own eyes. For this, she set aside her pride and made a request for the first time.

Lin Moyu regarded her silently. Bringing someone along for a dungeon run wasn't a big deal to him. At worst, it would cost him an additional 20 minutes and add another dungeon run to his schedule.

Seeing his hesitation, Dongfang Yao quickly added, "If you bring me along, I'll take you to the Imperial Archives. There are documents there that you won't find anywhere else, including some not even Lord Mad God knows about."

Lin Moyu's eyes lit up at the offer. The archives held knowledge that could be invaluable to him, and this seemed like a worthwhile trade.

Noticing his interest, Dongfang Yao immediately sensed an opening. With a playful tone, she added, "Please? You've got nothing to lose."

"Just once?" Lin Moyu asked, raising an eyebrow.

Dongfang Yao nodded vigorously, "Just once."

"Alright then." He finally said.

When Lin Moyu agreed, Dongfang Yao jumped up in excitement. Without wasting any time, they formed a party, reset the dungeon's cooldown, and entered the Water God's Courtyard.

From the moment they stepped inside, Dongfang Yao kept her eyes fixed on Lin Moyu, determined to witness every step of his dungeon run. They were about the same level, so why was the gap in their abilities so massive? What was she missing?

The very next moment, her expression shifted dramatically. Her eyes went wide, and her mouth fell wide open. Lin Moyu's undead army had appeared in the courtyard, swiftly drawing the dungeon's monsters and moving forward with ease.

Lin Moyu, noticing her shock, glanced at her, "Don't just stand there. Let's go"

Snapping out of her stupor, Dongfang Yao muttered in disbelief, "Are all these your summoned creatures?" She still couldn't process the sight of the massive undead horde storming ahead.

Lin Moyu gave her a curious look, "Isn't my undead army already well-known? Why do you look like you've just came back from outer space? There should be information about my class in the empire's records. You can check it when you get back."

Dongfang Yao nodded. With her status, she had access to most information. And for anything beyond her reach, wasn't her father still there to help? She suppressed her shock and followed Lin Moyu through the dungeon, still trying to wrap her head around things.

When they reached the final courtyard, she noticed the whirlpool and assumed that Lin Moyu was going to leave the monsters behind and just jump straight in. But to her surprise, the skeletons regrouped, and the Skeletal Mages unleashed a concentrated barrage of magic spells. The courtyard lit up with a brilliant onslaught so intense that Dongfang Yao had to squint her eyes.

She could feel the immense power radiating from the Skeletal Mages' attacks. The magic spells were overwhelming, and within minutes, the entire swarm of Spring Spren was wiped out.

Dongfang Yao was utterly dumbfounded, asking in disbelief, "Is that it?"

"That's it." Lin Moyu replied calmly, then jumped into the whirlpool.

While others painstakingly battled monsters one by one, Lin Moyu gathered them en masse and wiped them out in a single sweep. Now, Dongfang Yao understood the secret behind his speed. His efficiency in pulling and eliminating entire hordes at once made his dungeon runs incredibly fast.

Once inside the palace, the skeletons quickly surrounded and annihilated the Water God's projection with ease. In no time, the boss was down, and the two exited the dungeon.

Still dazed, Dongfang Yao was processing what she had just witnessed. Lin Moyu's method wasn't just fast—it was mind-blowing.

"Remember your promise." Lin Moyu reminded her as he left the party, his tone indifferent. Without waiting for a response, he to do another solo run.

It had been a one-time deal, and Lin Moyu had no intention of repeating it. To him, it was purely a transaction. Dongfang Yao had received what she wanted, and he had no doubt she'd keep her word. There was no need for further interaction.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 332: Dongfang Yao Is Deeply Shaken; The Second Class Awakening Is Finally Around The Corner**

Dongfang Yao left the Dungeon Hall in a daze, her mind reeling from what she had witnessed, any motivation she had to level grind evaporated. Lin Moyu's dominance in the dungeon had shaken her confidence, leaving her feeling almost insignificant in comparison. It wasn't until she returned home that her mind began to clear.

Dongfang Yao hurriedly sought out a Grand Councillor. She needed to know everything there was to know about Lin Moyu. Within half an hour, various reports and information about Lin Moyu were placed before her.

As she flipped through the documents, she quickly realized that the data wasn't complete. Certain details were missing—particularly concerning his time on the Immemorial Battlefield and his feats in the Abyss. However, what had occurred in the public eye was thoroughly documented.

The more she read, the more astonished Dongfang Yao became. She had never imagined that someone's life could be so legendary.

While she had been focusing on leveling up, Lin Moyu had risen to prominence like a blazing comet. His achievements seemed almost too incredible to believe. From the moment he awakened his class, in just over half a year, he had climbed from level 1 to level 39 i, and now, his second class awakening was around the corner. His leveling speed was as if he were riding a rocket.

Dongfang Yao was deeply shaken, feeling insignificant compared to him. She read about his extraordinary feats. He claimed first place in the great examination and dominated the class user competition, securing first place in both the team and individual categories and even shattering the centuries-old undefeated record in the unrestricted competition.

And in the Dimensional Battlefield, he slaughtered Demons as though they were nothing. Recently, he had single-handedly defeated an entire legion and got promoted to a godly general.

Each of these accomplishments was legendary in its own right. For most, just one of these achievements would be enough to boast about for a lifetime—but Lin Moyu had done it all, and more. Dongfang Yao couldn't even imagine what had been left out of the report. The missing details hinted at even more untold feats.

What stunned her most was discovering that Lin Moyu was Bai Yiyuan's disciple. Dongfang Yao was left utterly speechless, "Isn't he Mad God's disciple? How could he also be White God's disciple? Does he have two god-level teachers? That's unheard of! Oh my god!"

Her face flushed, and her breathing quickened. No one had ever been taken as a disciple by two top-tier god-level experts simultaneously. Lin Moyu's genius was beyond unparalleled—it was monstrous. No one in the past millennium had scaled such heights so quickly.

As Dongfang Yao processed this overwhelming information, her eyes fell on a line about Lin Moyu's relatives, "Lin Mohan? So, he has a sister. If he's this much of a genius, his sister must be just as remarkable."

Driven by curiosity, she requested details on Lin Mohan. As she read through her information, she was utterly stunned. Lin Moyu was already a freak, but his sister? She was even more of a freak.

“What kind of monstrous family is this?” Dongfang Yao muttered under her breath.

The information on Lin Mohan was concise yet mind-blowing. She had joined Xiajing Academy a year and a half ago, and then entered the Chuangshen Institute. Just half a month ago, she had reached level 69 and was preparing for her third class awakening. In only a year and a half, she had advanced from the first class awakening to the third.

Dongfang Yao was floored. The papers slipped from her hands as she sat in a daze, unable to process the shock.

“Yao, what’s wrong?”

A voice interrupted her thoughts. Dongfang Yi, clad in luxurious attire, approached. His resemblance to Dongfang Yao was unmistakable, with striking features that radiated grace. Though he couldn’t rival Bai Yiyuan or Yan Kuangsheng in strength, but when it came to looks, he easily outshone them both.

Dongfang Yao’s beauty was, without a doubt, inherited from him.

Showing none of a ruler’s formal airs, Dongfang Yi bent down to pick up the papers she had dropped. At this moment, he was just a doting father.

After skimming through the papers containing Lin Moyu's information, Dongfang Yi quickly surmised the situation. His daughter must have been unsettled by what she’d discovered.

Smiling, he said reassuringly, "Lin Moyu is indeed a rare talent, one that only appears once in a millennium. He even surpasses White God back in the day. Why were you looking into him, Yao? You don't know him, do you?"

Dongfang Yao replied, "I met him today when I went with the Grand Councillors to get Bloodthirsty Python meat. He's not just White God’s disciple—he’s also Mad God’s disciple."

“Oh?” Dongfang Yi raised an eyebrow, “That’s unexpected. To be taken as a disciple by both of them, he must truly be exceptional. Yao, if the opportunity arises, try to get along with him. You’re both geniuses; maybe you can become friends.”

Dongfang Yao smiled bitterly, thinking, “Compared to him, what do I even amount to?”

"Father, take a look at this." She then handed him the information about Lin Mohan. In her eyes, Lin Mohan was an even greater enigma than her brother.

After reading through it, Dongfang Yi sighed deeply, "Lin Mohan is that person's disciple. These siblings are both top-tier geniuses and must not be taken lightly."

Dongfang Yao nodded. "Don't worry, Father. I'll keep it in mind."

Dongfang Yi had previously told her about the elite experts of the empire—Bai Yiyuan, Yan Kuangsheng, Meng Anwen, Ning Tairan—each of them was a top-tier being. But there was one person who stood above them all. According to Dongfang Yi, this individual was not just a pillar of the empire, but a cornerstone of humanity itself. In his youth, Dongfang Yi had aspired to become that person's disciple, but his request had been rejected. Even now, after reaching god-level status, Dongfang Yi still carried the weight of that disappointment.

...

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu tirelessly raided the Water God's Courtyard dungeon. Each run increased his EXP by about 5%, and while the gains seemed modest, the efficiency was solid. His level 39 Divinity Force granted him an incredible recovery ability, and even after ten consecutive dungeon runs, he felt no fatigue. At this point, the Fatigue Potion seemed entirely unnecessary.

After each raid, Lin Moyu would collect two Water Crystal Fragments. After ten successful runs, he had gathered 20 fragments, which he then used to form four Water Crystals. He proceeded to fuse two of these crystals into his two Elemental Divine Stones.

[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, poison, earth, light, water): increases the chances of class sublimation by 25% during the third class awakening.]

[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, earth, light, water): increases the chances of class sublimation by 20% during the third class awakening.]

For every additional element contained within an Elemental Divine Stone, the chances of class sublimation increased by 5%. Lin Moyu planned to continue collecting elemental crystals, aiming to fuse as many as possible to maximize his chances of class sublimation during the third class awakening.

The third class awakening was known to be the most difficult. While many legendary class users achieved sublimation during their second class awakening, the odds of a second sublimation during the third class awakening were staggeringly low. To date, only a handful of people had ever accomplished a two-time class sublimation.

The challenge of achieving two-time class sublimation was second only to three-time talent awakening.

Inside the dungeon, Lin Moyu checked his EXP.

[Level: 40 (0%)]

"Level 40 at last." He murmured, clenching his fists, his body trembling with anticipation. Reaching level 40 meant one thing: he was finally eligible for the second class awakening.

At this point, his progress had halted. No matter how many monsters he defeated, his EXP remained frozen at zero. His attributes had also stagnated, unchanged from when he was level 39. To break through, Lin Moyu needed to undergo a class awakening ceremony and complete the second class awakening. Without that, further advancement was impossible.

His highest attribute was his spirit—26,830. Strength, agility, and physique all sat at 4,006, bringing his total attributes to 38,848—far exceeding what most level 39 class users could achieve. By comparison: ordinary class users at level 39 typically had around 15,000 in total attributes; superior class users usually reached 18,000, a 3,000-point advantage over ordinary class users; legendary class users boasted 23,000 in total attributes, 5,000 points more than superior class users and 8,000 more than ordinary class users.

While the focus of each class was different depending on their core strengths, the overall difference in total attributes wasn't significant. After the second class awakening, total attributes would double, widening the gaps between the class grades dramatically. At high levels, legendary class users would dwarf ordinary class users, not just in raw attributes but also in the power of their skills.

After all his experiences, Lin Moyu's total attributes neared 39,000. However, after subtracting the 15,000 points of spirit from Soul Crystals, the 8,000 points from Bloodthirsty Python meat, and the attribute boosts granted by Divinity Force from level 30 onwards, Lin Moyu realized that his original attributes weren't much different from those of legendary class users.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 333: What If He Makes History?**

Lin Moyu shared his confusion with Meng Anwen. After listening patiently, Meng Anwen smiled and continued sipping his tea leisurely. Lin Moyu had left the White God Courtyard to do level grinding. But in just half a day, he had already reached level 40. By the time he returned, Bai Yiyuan still hadn't come back.

Meng Anwen's voice was calm as he began, "You're aware that some classes are strong in the early stage, while others become strong in the late stage. But how exactly do we define the early and late stages?"

Lin Moyu nodded. This was common knowledge, something even ordinary students understood. It was deeply rooted in their minds. However, as Meng Anwen posed the question, Lin Moyu realized he'd never considered how to define "late stage" precisely. Was it at level 70? Or level 80?

After pondering, Lin Moyu said, "Perhaps everyone has a different definition of the late stage."

Meng Anwen smiled, clearly pleased with his answer, "Exactly. Everyone's definition varies. For some, who struggle to even complete the third class awakening, level 70 is their late stage. But for your two teachers? They might consider level 90 to be their late stage."

A revelation struck Lin Moyu. He quickly asked, "Are you saying some classes only truly reveal their strength after reaching god-level?"

Meng Anwen chuckled softly, "Have you heard of Force God?"

Lin Moyu nodded. Of course, he knew of Force God—a god-level powerhouse, though not as famous as White God or Mad God.

Meng Anwen carried on, "Do you know what Force God's class is?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. He knew Force God one of the god-level powerhouses of the Shenxia Empire, but he had no idea what his class was.

With a teasing smile, Meng Anwen revealed, "When Force God first awakened, his class was... Blacksmith."

Lin Moyu's eyes widened in shock. Blacksmith? That didn't make sense. Everyone knew that Blacksmiths weren't combat-oriented. Their skills revolved around forging equipment, not fighting on the battlefield. How could a Blacksmith rise to the level of a god-level powerhouse?

Seeing Lin Moyu's stunned expression, Meng Anwen chuckled. It was rare for Lin Moyu—someone who usually surprised others—to be the one being surprised.

Meng Anwen continued, "When Force God underwent his second class awakening, his class evolved from an ordinary to a superior class—Warsmith. With this evolution, he gained two combat skills. They weren't particularly powerful, but they allowed him to be considered half a Warrior. Over time, through astonishing perseverance, Force God



reached level 70 and completed his third class awakening. He sublimated his class once again, joining the ranks of legendary class users, and awakened a talent.”

Meng Anwen paused, then added, “By level 70, he could barely handle dungeons anymore. But thanks to his talent and sheer willpower, he fought his way to level 89 over several decades. In the end, through a stroke of luck, he became a god-level powerhouse. Once at that level, he displayed astonishing combat power—no weaker than that of other god-level combat-type powerhouses.”

Lin Moyu had heard of Force God's achievements, and they were indeed remarkable. He began to understand Meng Anwen's point—each class's "late stage" varied, and the key was to keep progressing until one reached god-level.

Meng Anwen went on, “Attributes are both important and unimportant. They're important because they form the foundation of your power. Once you become a god-level powerhouse, having exceptionally strong attributes can put you at the top of god-level. One could even surpass level 91 and level 92 powerhouses while still at level 90. However, they're also unimportant because, if you never reach god-level, even the strongest attributes mean nothing. Unless, of course, your attributes break through some extraordinary limit... but how likely is that?”

Lin Moyu nodded thoughtfully, “I understand. My primary goal is to reach god-level, no matter what.”

Meng Anwen burst into laughter, “Not quite. Your primary goal right now is to complete your second class awakening. Let's not jump ahead.” He then said, “Your teacher is back, so I'll leave the rest to him.”

Lin Moyu also sensed the subtle spatial fluctuations and bowed respectfully, “Thank you for your guidance, Senior Meng.”

Meng Anwen's words seemed useful, but at the same time, not really. However, they subtly guided Lin Moyu in the right direction. Realizing this, Lin Moyu felt a deep sense of gratitude.

As Bai Yiyuan returned and saw Lin Moyu, a wide grin spread across his face, “So, you've finally hit level 40, huh? Tell me, have you managed to take control of your murderous aura yet?”

Lin Moyu smiled and replied, “I have. Thank you, Teacher.”

Bai Yiyuan waved his hand, “Why are you thanking me? If you want to thank someone, thank Madman Yan. That guy may not be great at fighting, but no one understands murderous aura better than him.”

Lin Moyu couldn't help but smile. Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng were equals in power, yet they constantly teased and belittled each other.

Bai Yiyuan continued, "That lunatic gave you the Domain Divine Stone, didn't he? And he fed you Bloodthirsty Python meat, right?"

"He did..." Lin Moyu nodded and then explained Yan Kuangsheng's plan.

After listening, Bai Yiyuan frowned, looking indecisive. He glanced at Meng Anwen, seeking advice, "Old Meng, what do you think?"

Meng Anwen replied, "Respect Moyu's decision."

"I get it." Bai Yiyuan nodded, knowing that Lin Moyu would aim for the peak. His determination was unshakable; as long as there was a chance, he wouldn't hesitate, no matter the danger, "Since that's the case, let me explain the key details for your class awakening. Keep this in mind, once it begins, you'll be on your own."

...

Bai Yiyuan carefully outlined the critical points Lin Moyu needed to pay attention to. Lin Moyu listened attentively, committing each point to memory and summarizing them for himself.

Bai Yiyuan had already prepared everything required for Lin Moyu's second class awakening—from the Blackened Soul Crystal to Mermaid's Tears, and other valuable resources, even adding extras beyond what was needed. He ensured the best possible external conditions. Now, it was all up to Lin Moyu. No outside help could be given at this stage.

A firm will, attributes beyond the limit, and a strong desire for power—all these factors could lead to different outcomes. Ultimately, whether Lin Moyu could achieve class sublimation or awaken a new talent remained uncertain.

"You already have two talents." Bai Yiyuan said, "So the chances of gaining another one are slim—probably less than 1%. Don't try to force it. Focus on achieving the class awakening itself. Keep in mind, you still have the attribute boost from the Bloodthirsty Python heart meat."

He continued, "Skill changes will depend on your class, so there's no need to worry about them. Now, meditate to adjust your state, and get ready for the class awakening."

Lin Moyu had already committed all the requirements to memory. Following Bai Yiyuan's advice, he began to meditate.

Suddenly, Meng Anwen asked, "Old Bai, do you think our human race could ever produce a four-talent class user?"

Bai Yiyuan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Impossible. I've never heard of anyone having more than three talents. That's the limit."

Meng Anwen shook his head, "Limits are meant to be broken. Perhaps Moyu has a chance. Before him, did you ever imagine a class user like him would appear? A level 37 godly general? Or consider the possibility of someone venturing into the Abyss and wiping out entire cities?"

Bai Yiyuan glanced at Lin Moyu, still deep in meditation, and Meng Anwen's words struck him. He realized he had been bound by past thinking. Maybe... it was possible.

"If that happens." Bai Yiyuan said quietly, "It will make history."

Meng Anwen laughed, "History is meant to be made."

His words hinted at the high expectations he held for Lin Moyu, and even the future of the entire human race.

After some time, Lin Moyu's energy had fully replenished. Bai Yiyuan patted his shoulder, "Let's go. Time for your class awakening."

In a flash of light, the two teleported away.

The teleportation lasted a while, and it seemed they had left the borders of the Shenxia Empire entirely. When the teleportation ended, Lin Moyu found himself gazing up at a brilliant starry sky.

They were in a wilderness, where the elemental forces felt particularly rich, swirling in abundance around them. The primary elements—wind, fire, water, lightning, and light—were all present.

But Lin Moyu could sense even more. Earth, poison, the dark element from the Abyss, and other unfamiliar elements he couldn't name but could feel in the air.

Bai Yiyuan smiled, "This is the Desolate Voidland, where primal forces and elements converge. Conducting the class awakening here will give you the best possible results."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 334: The Desolate Voidland; Unkillable and Uninjurible Desolate Beasts

Bai Yiyuan had chosen the Desolate Voidland as the ideal place for Lin Moyu's class awakening. This vast, primordial expanse was said to be the birthplace of class user power, where all elements, including the rare dark element of the Abyss, converged in abundance.

However, the Desolate Voidland was not without its dangers. It was home to creatures known as Desolate Beasts, notorious for their strength. During class awakenings, there was a high likelihood that Desolate Beasts would appear.

Bai Yiyuan assured him, "Focus on your class awakening. Leave the rest to me."

Lin Moyu nodded, trusting that Bai Yiyuan had a plan for any threats that might emerge.

"Open!" Bai Yiyuan shouted, pointing forward.

With his command, a radiance burst, and it was as if a veil had been lifted from the world. A shimmering ice barrier melted away, revealing a hidden, intricate class awakening formation. It was far more complex than the one Lin Moyu had seen during his first awakening. The formation was comprised of countless lines, weaving together to form intricate patterns, with Magic Crystals positioned at each node.

At the most critical nodes, Lin Moyu recognized two Blackened Soul Crystals. He also spotted Mermaid's Tears and other treasures, some so rare that even Lin Moyu couldn't identify them. Each item was clearly invaluable.

Bai Yiyuan had spent a long time preparing for this moment, exhausting a years' worth of savings. The cost of the Magic Crystals alone was staggering, and the sheer complexity of the class awakening formation was far beyond what any ordinary person could create.

Lin Moyu estimated that only a top-level Formation Master could have designed something so intricate. Just looking at it made him feel lightheaded.

"Don't stare at it." Bai Yiyuan warned, "This formation was drawn by a god-level Formation Master. It's beyond your current ability to comprehend."

Lin Moyu was stunned to learn that a god-level Formation Master had crafted the intricate formation for his class awakening. Only someone with Bai Yiyuan's influence could convince such a powerful figure to take on such a task.

"Stand in the center of the formation. I'm going to activate it now." Bai Yiyuan instructed, "Once it's activated, focus entirely on your class awakening. Leave everything else to me."

Lin Moyu nodded, then stepped into the formation and sent down at its center.

Bai Yiyuan whispered a command, releasing an overwhelming surge of energy. The previously quiet formation sprang to life, glowing with intense brilliance. Beams of light shot up from the nodes, intertwining to form a glowing net above him. A massive surge of elemental energy gathered from all directions and then entered the formation, flowed through its nodes—passed through the Magic Crystals—and ultimately converged on Lin Moyu.

The class awakening had officially begun.

Immense power surged through the formation, flooding Lin Moyu's body. He grunted as his attributes began to rise again. With the continuous torrent of energy pouring in, he was on the verge of surpassing his limit, ascending to a new stage, and embarking on a new phase of growth. His base attributes before the class awakening served as the foundation upon which he would climb—the stronger they were at level 39, the higher he could climb.

Since this was the case, Lin Moyu wanted to push his base attributes even higher, to turn what others considered an endpoint into his starting point. With this fierce ambition, he took out the Bloodthirsty Python heart meat at the very start of the class awakening and consumed it without hesitation.

Boom!

His body convulsed violently as an overwhelming amount of power surged into him from the outside. At the same time, an equally terrifying force erupted within him. The two forces collided, threatening to tear him apart.

Lin Moyu groaned, blood bursting from his skin as his body struggled to contain the overwhelming forces battling within him.

Bai Yiyuan's eyes narrowed as he watched. Now that the class awakening had begun, it was entirely up to Lin Moyu.

The Bloodthirsty Python heart meat was extraordinarily potent. After all, it came from a god-level monster and was harvested from around its heart. If Lin Moyu could fully absorb its power, his attributes could increase by 20,000 each. But absorbing such a massive amount of power was far from easy, and the process brought excruciating pain.

ř

Inside Lin Moyu's body, the elemental energy from the formation and the ferocious energy of the Bloodthirsty Python heart meat continued to collide. The sheer force of their battle threatened to destroy his body.

"It hurts! It hurts so much!" Lin Moyu screamed in his mind, consumed by the unbearable pain.

Despite the blood covering his body, Lin Moyu made a surprising discovery: he wasn't actually injured. Though it looked scary, with blood bursting from his skin, but the wounds were superficial, if they could even be called wounds at all. Nearly all the damage—99.9%—was being absorbed by his undead troops. Aside from the agonizing pain, his body remained intact.

Meanwhile, the formation continued to intensify. The energy flowing into it grew more powerful with each passing moment. Under the dual impact of the formation's energy and the Bloodthirsty Python heart meat, Lin Moyu finally broke through his limit. His attributes surged wildly, climbing to new heights.

In the Desolate Voidland, where Lin Moyu was undergoing his class awakening, the surrounding thousand kilometers trembled under the disturbance. In the distance, beast roars echoed through the air.

Bai Yiyuan sneered, and a pair of fist wraps appeared on his hands. "So, they've finally shown up!" He called out, his eyes glowing with fighting spirit, "Old Meng, take care of Moyu!"

Suddenly, a towering structure appeared above the formation—the Shenxia Tower. This was no mere projection; it was the main body, manifesting its majestic form. Its brilliant light enveloped Lin Moyu, surrounding him in a protective aura.

With the tower's protection in place, Bai Yiyuan felt entirely at ease.

Within moments, a Desolate Beast closed in. The beast resembled a strange cross between a tiger and a deer, with thick, shaggy fur and a long, whip-like tail. It flew through the air with incredible speed, driven by the powerful energy radiating from Lin Moyu's awakening ceremony.

"Get lost!" Bai Yiyuan roared as he leaped into the air, his fists slamming into the Desolate Beast's abdomen with the force of cannon fire, knocking the beast away.

Yet, within moments, more Desolate Beasts appeared. This time, it wasn't just one but five, rushing in from another direction. And to Bai Yiyuan's annoyance, the beast he had just knocked away had already returned, completely unharmed, as if his attack had left no mark at all. Its strength was terrifying, showing why these creatures were so feared.

Their Desolate Beasts' eyes gleamed with murderous intent, focusing on Bai Yiyuan, recognizing him as their primary target. These beasts, though lacking in intelligence, followed one simple rule: attack anyone who strikes at them.

Bai Yiyuan laughed loudly, "Come at me!"

This was exactly what he wanted—to lure all the Desolate Beasts away from Lin Moyu and keep them focused on himself. Bai Yiyuan knew from experience that the beasts were unkillable, so his only goal was to buy time, to hold them off until Lin Moyu completed his class awakening.

His fists moved like streaks of lightning, striking hundreds of times per second. Each punch landed squarely on the beasts, sending them flying backward. But within seconds, the Desolate Beasts returned, relentless in their assault.

The air was filled with the roars of beasts, as more and more Desolate Beasts were drawn to the ever-growing surge of power radiating from Lin Moyu's class awakening ceremony.

Bai Yiyuan fought fiercely, blocking every beast with relentless fury. His punches thundered across the Desolate Voidland, their sheer force shaking the very landscape. Yet despite the power behind his strikes, he could only hurl the Desolate Beasts away, unable to kill or even wound them.

Soon, more than 20 beasts had surrounded him, pressing in from all sides. At this moment, Bai Yiyuan's combat prowess were fully unleashed. He used a series of powerful skills, continuously pushing the beasts back.

Suddenly, his ears twitched as a strange cry echoed in the distance. His expression darkened instantly, "Damn it, why did a Desolate Beast Lord show up here?"

A particularly massive Desolate Beast appeared in his line of sight, dwarfing the others in size and presence. It roared repeatedly, and in response, the other beasts erupted with glowing rings of light.

The effect was immediate. The Desolate Beasts went into a frenzy, their strength and speed increasing dramatically. The pressure on Bai Yiyuan doubled in an instant.

The Desolate Beast Lord was like a support class user among humans, amplifying the combat abilities of its kin. It not only applied powerful status buffs to the Desolate Beasts, but also possessed a certain degree of intelligence. Under its influence, the Desolate Beasts' combat power surged.

Even more frustrating was their unkillable nature, and even Bai Yiyuan couldn't harm them.

The Desolate Voidland was a mysterious, largely unexplored place. No one knew its full scope. All that was known was that it was home to indestructible Desolate Beasts, along with a vast array of elements.

As more beasts joined the fray, the pressure on him mounted, pushing him closer to his limit. The Desolate Beast Lord's relentless roars summoned even more of its kind.

Bai Yiyuan's voice rang out, "Old Meng!"

In response, the Shenxia Tower's light intensified, and the massive tower began to rotate, sending out waves of energy that knocked the Desolate Beasts back. Even the Shenxia Tower couldn't harm them—it could only push them away temporarily, buying Bai Yiyuan a moment to catch his breath

Just then, the world brightened as a thousand-meter-long blade ray tore through the air, carrying a terrifying murderous aura.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 335: A New Unique Godly Talent**

In the wake of Yan Kuangsheng's blade ray, the Desolate Beasts were swept away, each one enveloped in his murderous aura. Unlike before, when they were merely knocked back without harm, the beasts now wailed in agony.

"Ha-ha! This time, victory is mine!" Yan Kuangsheng charged forward with wild laughter, unleashing a storm of blade rays that sent the Desolate Beasts flying.

The Desolate Boss Leader backed away, as if terrified of Yan Kuangsheng's murderous aura.

Bai Yiyuan frowned. "Madman Yan, why are you here?"

Yan Kuangsheng laughed heartily. "Why shouldn't I be? Moyu is my disciple too! Naturally, as his teacher, I must be present for his class awakening."

Bai Yiyuan's tone darkened, "How did you know the class awakening would happen here?"



“I have my ways.” Yan Kuangsheng chuckled dismissively, clearly having no intention of explaining further

Bai Yiyuan snorted and let it go.

At this moment, the Desolate Beast Leader let out another series of roars, and more beasts appeared in response.

“More are coming.” Bai Yiyuan warned.

Yan Kuangsheng waved it off, unconcerned, “Let them come! With my murderous aura, Although I may not be able to kill them, but injuring them won’t be a problem. This round is my victory!”

Bai Yiyuan realized that Yan Kuangsheng could actually injure the Desolate Beasts, while he could only push them back. Yan Kuangsheng was correct—he had won this round.

Bai Yiyuan silently acknowledged Yan Kuangsheng’s victory without dispute. Surprisingly, Yan Kuangsheng chose to let it go, and for once, the two didn’t argue.

As the Desolate Beasts charged forward, Yan Kuangsheng unleashed a barrage of blade rays that fell like rain, augmented by his terrifying murderous aura, sending them flying in all directions. It wasn’t that his combat power exceeded Bai Yiyuan’s; rather, in this place, against the indestructible Desolate Beasts, he held the advantage. His murderous aura was their bane, effectively preventing any of them from closing in.

...

Lin Moyu remained oblivious to the battle outside the formation, his attributes skyrocketing. The Bloodthirsty Python heart meat boosted his base attributes, and the second class awakening further enhanced them. Other people’s end point had become Lin Moyu’s starting point.

Though the pain persisted without signs of easing, Lin Moyu was unfazed; as long as he survived, it didn’t matter. His undead troops absorbed the damage, allowing him to press on without worry.

When his attributes reached a critical level, the Blackened Soul Crystals and Mermaid’s Tears erupted in radiant light. Lin Moyu was enveloped in this brilliance as the entire class awakening formation hummed, drawing in vast amounts of elemental energy. The Magic Crystals within the formation glowed intensely, while the various treasures Bai Yiyuan had prepared unleashed a torrent of boundless energy.

At this moment, the formation reached its peak. Everything hinged on this moment.

Lin Moyu experienced a vivid vision. A Necromancer clad in a magical robe stood in the void, facing countless enemies—millions upon millions. He brandished a scepter, conjuring gusts of eerie wind as a massive undead army materialized to confront the foes.

Suddenly, hundreds of warships emerged from the other side, each over a hundred meters long and radiating an imposing presence. The Necromancer pointed his scepter at the warships, unleashing a surge of red light that filled the space. In an instant, all the warships were annihilated.

After this display of power, the Necromancer turned to look at Lin Moyu, and the vision shattered.

Simultaneously, a seven-colored beam erupted from Lin Moyu's body. Both Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng beamed with joy.

“Class sublimation!”

“Most people experience a three-colored light during their first class sublimation. Why does Moyu have a seven-colored light?”

“As expected of a unique class. It's truly exceptional.”

“He'll definitely become a transcendent god in the future!”

The two old men were as happy as if they had undergone class sublimation themselves. Both knew that, given all the preparations Bai Yiyuan had made and Lin Moyu's attributes far exceeding the limit, class sublimation was virtually assured. Still, there was always that slim chance of failure, so seeing the light of class sublimation filled them with relief.

Bai Yiyuan exhaled, and he wasn't alone—Meng Anwen at the White God Courtyard also breathed a sigh of relief. What had seemed nearly certain was now confirmed. With the appearance of the sublimation light, Lin Moyu's class sublimation was guaranteed.

Now, all that remained was to wait for the process to complete. His attributes would surge, and his skills would transform and upgrade. Class sublimation also offered another advantage: the mastery of new skills that were meant to be unlocked at level 40. Unlike regular second-awakened class users who needed Skill Scrolls to learn new skills, Lin Moyu would automatically learn new skills.

Though class sublimation was difficult to achieve, the rewards were immense. Lin Moyu could feel his attributes rising as his class awakening continued.

Meanwhile, Yan Kuangsheng kept cutting down Desolate Beasts. The creatures seemed to recognize that he was not to be trifled with and instead surrounded him from a distance, hesitant to charge in.

Yan Kuangsheng welcomed the temporary peace, remaining alert while keeping a close eye on Lin Moyu. As the seven-colored sublimation light gradually faded, another beam shot straight into the sky—a pure, flawless white light. Lin Moyu lifted into the air, suspended in this radiant glow.

Bai Yiyuan exclaimed in excitement, "Talent awakening!"

At the same moment, in the White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen's eyes snapped open, a brilliant light radiating from them, "Talent Awakening!"

Lin Moyu had awakened his third talent.

Bai Yiyuan trembled with excitement, while Yan Kuangsheng frowned and said, "Why are you so excited? It's just a talent awakening. We've seen that before."

"You don't understand." Bai Yiyuan replied, barely able to contain himself, "This is Moyu's third talent."

"So what?" Yan Kuangsheng asked, unimpressed.

"So what? Moyu has a Talent Divine Stone! When he reaches level 70 and completes his third class awakening, he can awaken a fourth talent!"

Yan Kuangsheng's eyes widened in shock, and he blurted out, "Holy crap, four talents!"

But his expression quickly changed, "Do you really think the Talent Divine Stone will work on someone with three talents?"

"Well..." Bai Yiyuan hesitated, stunned. He hadn't considered that before. What if three talents were the limit? Could a fourth even appear? His previous assumptions suddenly felt unrealistic.

"We'll just have to wait and see." Bai Yiyuan muttered, uncertainty creeping in.

[Acquired talent: Summon Spirit Link]

[Summon Spirit Link: establishes a spirit link between the host and the summons. When the host's spirit force is consumed, the summons will transfer their spirit force to replenish it.]

Lin Moyu's heart swelled with joy as he read about his new talent. With this talent, didn't it mean his spirit was virtually infinite? He knew how high his summons' spirit was—and

there were so many of them. He could keep casting skills for months without exhausting his spirit. His combat endurance had just become nearly limitless.

With this new talent, Divinity Force's spirit recovery trait seemed redundant. Who needed faster recovery when spirit was limitless? But having it didn't hurt, so Lin Moyu didn't mind.

Suddenly, a voice echoed in his mind.

[The system detected the host has awakened a new talent. Commencing optimization.]

The system appeared out of nowhere and started to optimize the talent. Lin Moyu couldn't imagine how his talent could be optimized.

After a few seconds, the system spoke again.

[Talent optimization complete.]

[The Summon Health Link and Summon Spirit Link talents have been fused.]

[Host has acquired the unique godly talent: Comprehensive Link]

[Comprehensive Link: establishes a comprehensive link with summons, sharing damage, healing, and spirit consumption.]

...

Lin Moyu was shocked, "Talents can merge?"

After the merger, he now possessed another unique godly talent. Three talents had been become. If he told anyone, who would believe him? But it had actually happened.

He felt conflicted, "How am I supposed to explain this to my teachers? I can't exactly tell them I have a system..."

The system's voice interrupted his thoughts.

[Detected the host is undergoing the second class awakening and mastering new skills. Commencing optimization and merger of new skills.]

[Acquired skill: Bleeding Curse. Commencing optimization and merger with Poison Star Ring.]

[Commencing optimization and merger of Slow Curse and Damage Curse.]

[Acquired skill: Status Resistance. Commencing optimization and merger with Blessing of Light.]

...

As the process continued, Lin Moyu noticed the increase in his attributes slowing, signaling the end of his second class awakening.

Outside the magic formation, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng watched, pleased with the success of the class awakening.

Suddenly, a loud noise echoed from the distance. Both their expressions changed drastically.

"It's a Desolate Beast King!"

Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng exchanged worried glances, silently urging Lin Moyu's class awakening to finish quickly.

As the Desolate Beast King roared, the surrounding Desolate Beasts dropped to the ground in submission, as if welcoming the arrival of their ruler. In the distance, an enormous beast—towering over a thousand meters—rushed toward them at terrifying speed.

A thunderous boom erupted as the magic formation shattered, scattering Magic Crystals and treasures in all directions. The class awakening had reached its end.

Without hesitation, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng dashed to Lin Moyu's side.

"Old Meng, we need to leave, now!" Bai Yiyuan shouted.

The Shenxia Tower shone brilliantly, swiftly whisking the three people away from the Desolate Voidland. At the same time, the tower itself began to dim and fade.

The Desolate Beast King charged forward like lightning and then belched a black beam of light that shot toward the Shenxia Tower. As the tower hummed, it was struck by the beam and knocked away before vanishing.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 336: Humanoid Boss: Lin Moyu**

Lin Moyu, Bai Yiyuan, and Yan Kuangsheng appeared in the White God Courtyard.

Bai Yiyuan frowned as he glanced at Meng Anwen, "You're injured?"

"I got a belched by that guy." Meng Anwen smiled lightly, referring to none other than the Desolate Beast King.

Lin Moyu, unsure of what exactly had happened, noticed the paleness in Meng Anwen's face, "Senior Meng, are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Meng Anwen reassured him. In his palm, the projection of the Shenxia Tower appeared, glowing softly. As the gentle light fell on him, his complexion gradually improved.

Yan Kuangsheng remarked, "That guy really is terrifying. Once I level up two more times and my murderous aura strengthens, I'll go slay it."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "It's unkillable. Why waste your energy?"

Bai Yiyuan sighed. "It's true. Its strength is beyond comparison. The three of us could put up a decent fight together, but no matter how hard we tried, killing it would be impossible. It's pointless."

Yan Kuangsheng scoffed, his smile icy, "Who needs to team up with you? I can handle it alone."

Lin Moyu smiled to himself. Yan Kuangsheng had once said that he only respected two beings in his life, namely the Archaic Earth Dragon of the Immemorial Battlefield and the old man of the Chuangshen Institute. It seemed true that hadn't acknowledged anyone else.

Ignoring Yan Kuangsheng, Bai Yiyuan turned to Lin Moyu, "Moyu, how did your class awakening go?"

"I'll take a look now!" Lin Moyu hadn't had a chance to check his attributes yet, so he immediately began examining them carefully.

[Name: Lin Moyu]

[Class: Necrolord (unique)]

[Level: 40 (0%)]

[Strength: 47,850]

[Agility: 47,850]

[Spirit: 106,510]

[Physique: 47,850]

[Equipment: none]

[Characteristics: 50% Physical Damage Reduction, 50% Poison Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Fire Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Light Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Water Elemental Damage Reduction]

[Summon space: 390/600, Skeletal Warrior (200), Skeletal Mage (190)]

[Undead legions: 19/20]

[Traits: Divinity Force (level 40)]

[Talents: Comprehensive Amplification (level 5, unique) Comprehensive Link (unique)]

[Passive skills: Status Immunity, Damage Transfer, Elemental Resistance (level 1), Physical Resistance (level 1)]

[Active skills: Soul Blaze (level 40), Corpse Explosion (level 6), Bone Armor (level 40), Bone Fangs (level 40), Summon Skeletal Berserk Warrior (level 40), Summon Skeletal Great Mage (level 40), Summon Skeletal Marksman (level 1), Summon Lich General (level 40), Deterioration Curse (level 40), Poison Star Burst (level 40), Enhance Troops, Domain of Slaughter (unavailable)]

[Divinity Force (level 40): all attributes increase by an additional 40% when leveling up, spirit force restoration increases by 4,000%, and fatigue recovery increases by 4,000%.]

[Comprehensive Amplification (level 5): enhances the effects of all skills by 50 times.]

[Comprehensive Link: establishes a comprehensive link with summons, sharing damage, healing, and spirit consumption.]

[Status Immunity: immune to all negative statuses.]

[Damage Transfer: transfers all damage taken by the host to the summons.]

[Elemental Resistance (level 1): passive skill, increases resistance to elemental attacks for host and summons by 10%.]

[Physical Resistance (level 1): passive skill, increases resistance to physical attacks for host and summons by 10%]

[Soul Blaze (level 40): deals damage to the target's soul. The power depends on spirit force and skill level.]

[Corpse Explosion (level 6): detonate a corpse and deal 35% of the corpse's health as damage to enemies within a radius of 6 meters.]

[Bone Armor (level 40): summons an armor of bones that provides 4,000 points of physical defense for five minutes. The skill can also be used on others.]

[Bone Fangs (level 40): releases Bone Fangs to attack enemies. The amount and power of Bone Fangs depends on the skill's level and the host's spirit force.]

[Summon Skeletal Berserk Warrior (level 40): summons a Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior.]

[Summon Skeletal Great Mage (level 40): summons a Platinum Skeletal Great Mage.]

[Summon Skeletal Marksman (level 1): summons an Iron Skeletal Marksman.]

[Summon Lich General (level 40): summons a Lich General to form an undead legion. Each Lich General can command a number of units equal to the summon space.]

[Deterioration Curse (level 40): curses enemies within a range of 100 meters and reduces their speed by 100% and increases the damage they receive by 30%. Duration: 1 minute.]

[Poison Starburst (level 40): deals poison-type damage to all enemies 400 points of strength per second within 100 meters. Duration: 100 seconds.]

[Enhance Troops: for 30 seconds, increases all basic attributes of the host and their summons by 200%, and all attacks deal an additional 500% of damage. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

Class sublimation was a success—Lin Moyu's Necromancer class had transformed into the Necrolord class.

When he finally checked his attributes, Lin Moyu was stunned. Strength, agility, and physique had each reached a staggering 47,850. For comparison, most legendary class users, after completing their second class awakening, would have a total attribute score of around 46,000. Yet a single one of his attributes had already exceeded that number on its own.

Even someone like Mo Yun, who had undergone class sublimation and upgraded to a mid-tier legendary class, had a total attribute score of only about 60,000. Lin Moyu, however, surpassed 100,000 just by combining two attributes, completely outclassing



her. And his spirit attribute alone had shot past 100,000. Altogether, his total attribute score had reached a jaw-dropping 250,000.

Lin Moyu felt as though he had transformed into a humanoid boss.

For context, the level 58 Earth Evil Centipede had a total attribute score of around 440,000. At this rate, by the time Lin Moyu reached level 58, he could very well surpass it. In terms of raw attributes, he was now on par with a world boss, an achievement worthy of being etched into the annals of human history.

Despite his excitement, Lin Moyu stayed grounded. He knew his overwhelming power came from a series of extraordinary factors. The Bloodthirsty Python heart meat had boosted his attributes by 20,000 each. He consumed it at the very start of his class awakening, effectively using an item meant only for high-level class users before even reaching that stage himself. The attribute increase had been further amplified during the class awakening, nearly doubling the effect, and then was further enhanced by Divinity Force.

Looking back, he realized how dangerous this action had been. If not for his passive skill Damage Transfer, he would likely be dead now. Anyone else attempting this would've had little chance of surviving.

Seeing Lin Moyu's expression, Bai Yiyuan asked urgently, "How is it?"

Lin Moyu remained silent, eyes closed.

Yan Kuangsheng spoke up, "What's the rush? The second class awakening brings significant changes. Let Moyu finish checking things."

Realizing his impatience, Bai Yiyuan nodded, stepping back to give Lin Moyu time.

After checking his attributes, Lin Moyu turned his attention to his skills. The first thing he reviewed was his talents. During the class awakening, his talents had merged into a new godly talent, Comprehensive Link.

[Comprehensive Link: establishes a comprehensive link with summons, sharing damage, healing, and spirit consumption.]

During the class awakening, Lin Moyu hadn't fully grasped its significance, but now that he took a closer look, the talent wasn't as simple as it seemed. The fact that skill consumption was shared among his summons gave the impression that his spirit was practically infinite. But upon careful consideration, Lin Moyu understood that it had a deeper meaning.

With Comprehensive Link, Lin Moyu could summon a large number of skeletons in a short period of time. Even if they were decimated by a powerful attack, as long as he

survived, he could quickly reform his undead army in not time. As long as his undead troops remained, killing him would be no easy task.

"No wonder it's considered a godly talent. It's indeed amazing" Lin Moyu thought, realizing the incredible possibilities it offered.

With his attributes and talents reviewed, Lin Moyu finally turned to his new skills. Like a commander inspecting his army, he carefully examined the changes in each skill, noting how they had evolved and strategizing how best to use them in future battles.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 337: You Haven't Read Enough**

Thanks to the class awakening, Lin Moyu had automatically mastered the skills of level 40 without needing skill scrolls. Along with these new skills, the system had also optimized and merged some of his existing ones.

As he reviewed his skills, he realized most of them remained unchanged but had been significantly enhanced.

The first notable transformation involved Blessing of Light, which he had previously acquired through a Light Gem. This active skill had now merged with a new one, becoming a passive skill: Status Immunity.

[Status Immunity: immune to all negative statuses.]

Negative statuses covered by the skill included curses, control, and sealing. Blessing of Light had been an active skill with a 30-minute duration and a cooldown period of the same length. Now that it had become a passive skill, Lin Moyu no longer needed to manually activate it—he was permanently immune to all negative statuses.

As far as Lin Moyu knew, no class had a passive skill like this. Even the Dragonkind, who were naturally resistant to negative statuses, couldn't achieve complete immunity.

The second major change involved two of his most frequently used skills, Slow Curse and Damage Curse, which had fused to form a new skill: Deterioration Curse.

[Deterioration Curse (level 40): curses enemies within a range of 100 meters and reduces their speed by 100% and increases the damage they receive by 30%. Duration: 1 minute.]

After the merger, the speed reduction aspect of Slow Curse's portion had been slightly weakened, but the range had been extended to 100 meters, allowing the curse to affect far more enemies. Meanwhile, Damage Curse's portion remained the same in terms of damage amplification, but its range was significantly expanded.

Under the effect of the Complete Amplification talent, the curse's effects would skyrocket, reducing the enemies' speed by 50 times and increasing the damage they received by 15 times. With the fusion of the two curses, Lin Moyu no longer needed to choose between the two—they were now combined into a single devastating skill.

The third thing to change involved the Bleed Curse skill, which he had acquired during the second class awakening. It had merged with Poison Star Ring, creating a deadly new skill: Poison Starburst.

[Poison Starburst (level 40): deals poison-type damage to all enemies 400 points of strength per second within 100 meters. Duration: 100 seconds.]

The skill retained the original power of Poison Star Ring, but both its range and duration were dramatically increased. In situations where no corpses were available, this would become Lin Moyu's most potent group attack skill. Under the effects of Comprehensive Amplification, Poison Starburst inflicted the equivalent of 20,000 points of strength per second for 5,000 seconds. The total damage output was staggering. When paired with the Primordial Rune's Enhance Troops skill, its destructive power would escalate to a terrifying degree.

After reviewing these massive improvements, Lin Moyu shifted his attention to his newly acquired skill, Summon Skeletal Marksman.

[Summon Skeletal Marksman (level 1): summons an Iron Skeletal Marksman.]

This skill provided Lin Moyu with a much-needed ranged physical attack ability. With the inclusion of Skeletal Marksmen, Lin Moyu's undead legions now had a full spectrum of units: Warriors, Mages, and Archers. The addition of Skeletal Marksmen greatly increased his tactical versatility.

He realized that after the second class awakening, he had mastered a total of three new skills. Two of these skills had fused with older skills, leaving Summon Skeletal Marksman as the only one that had remained unchanged. His other summoning skills had also undergone significant transformation.

[Summon Skeletal Berserk Warrior (level 40): summons a Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior.]

[Summon Skeletal Great Mage (level 40): summons a Platinum Skeletal Great Mage.]

Although Lin Moyu hadn't checked their exact attributes yet, he was certain that these newly upgraded skeletons would be far stronger than their previous versions.

Another major discovery was that his summon space had expanded dramatically. Previously, his summon space had increased by 10 slots per level. At level 39, he had 390 slots, and by level 40, it should have increased to 400. However, after the class sublimation, his summon space expanded to 600—an increase of 50%.

This meant that each Lich General under his command could now control 600 skeletons. With 20 Lich Generals at his disposal, Lin Moyu could now command an undead army of 12,000 skeletons. Given the enhanced attributes of his skeletons, he felt confident he could clear any dungeon with ease.

He also noticed something unusual. Both his title and equipment were gone. The attribute bonus from his title had vanished, and his equipment no longer provided any buffs. This change, he suspected, was related to his class.

Previously, Lin Moyu had already been unable to enjoy status buffs provided by supports, but now it seemed even titles and equipment had become ineffective.

"I have to rely entirely on myself now!" Lin Moyu thought as he exhaled deeply. But it didn't bother him much—he was already incredibly strong. With his boundless spirit and incredibly high attributes, titles and equipment no longer mattered.

The gains from the second class awakening were immense—soaring attributes, new godly talent, new skills, all incredibly powerful.

Opening his eyes, Lin Moyu saw Bai Yiyuan, Yan Kuangsheng, and Meng Anwen quietly drinking tea, though it was clear they were eagerly awaiting his update. While they appeared nonchalant, Bai Yiyuan kept sneaking glances his way. Lin Moyu noticed but chose not to call attention to it.

"Teachers, Senior Meng, my class awakening has concluded. Thank you for your protection" Lin Moyu said respectfully, serving tea to the trio.

Bai Yiyuan accepted his tea with a calm grunt, masking his curiosity, "How did it go? Tell us."

Though they could all see that Lin Moyu's class had evolved into Necrolord, a completely new class never before seen in human history, they were eager to hear the details.

Lin Moyu began explaining the talent and skills he had acquired. When he mentioned that his newly acquired talent had merged with the one he'd obtained from the Dragon

Crystal, forming a new godly talent, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng's expressions shifted dramatically. Both exclaimed in shock, "How is that possible?"

Meng Anwen, however, remained unruffled. He coughed softly and said, "No need to be so surprised. Talent fusion has happened before in history."

Both Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng immediately turned their attention to him, disbelief written on their faces.

Bai Yiyuan narrowed his eyes, "I've never heard of anything like this. Old Meng, you better not be pulling my leg."

Meng Anwen remained composed, "It's in the Imperial Chronicles. Pages 73, 256, and 399. You can check it for yourselves. Not only can talents be fused, but skills as well. It just proves the two of you haven't read enough."

Lin Moyu let out a sigh of relief. Earlier, he wasn't sure how to explain things, but now, realizing there were documented cases of talent and skill merging, he felt relieved. It saved him the trouble of inventing an excuse.

Meng Anwen asked, "What are your current attributes?"

Lin Moyu replied honestly, "My spirit attribute has surpassed 100,000, and the other three are at 47,850."

Yan Kuangsheng sipped his tea and nodded, "Hmm, a total of 150,000 in attributes. Even without the bonus from the Bloodthirsty Python heart meat, you'd still have 70,000—pretty impressive, higher than most other class users."

Suddenly, Bai Yiyuan exclaimed, "Wait a second... when you say your other three attributes, do you mean their sum or individual values?"

"They're 47,850 each." Lin Moyu clarified.

Pffft! Yan Kuangsheng spat out his tea, spraying it all over Bai Yiyuan, "So your total attributes are actually 250,000?"

Lin Moyu calmly confirmed with a simple, "Mhm."

Even as a god-level powerhouse, Yan Kuangsheng couldn't contain his excitement. At level 40, Lin Moyu's attributes were several times greater than other class users of the same level!"

Bai Yiyuan took a sip of tea and said, his voice trembling with excitement, "Your attributes are already several times higher than a mid-tier legendary class user. You're practically a humanoid world boss at this point!"

Lin Moyu smiled, "It's all thanks to your guidance. Without Teacher Yan's Bloodthirsty Python heart meat, Teacher Bai's class awakening formation, and Senior Meng's advice, my attributes wouldn't have reached such heights."

He gave credit to Bai Yiyuan and the others, which the three old men greatly appreciated.

Yan Kuangsheng said modestly, "Your effort played a big part as well."

Bai Yiyuan waved his hand, tossing a small box to Lin Moyu, "This is a gift for your successful class awakening."

Curious, Lin Moyu opened it, and dazzling light spilled out, along with strong elemental fluctuations. Inside were three accessories—a ring, a pair of earrings, and a necklace—all boss accessories, plus a talisman.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 338: Did He Fall Asleep Inside The Dungeon?**

After leaving the White God Courtyard, Lin Moyu was still holding the small box that Bai Yiyuan had given him. Inside were three boss accessories, along with an Intermediate Cooldown Talisman.

[Intermediate Cooldown Talisman: cancels the cooldown of dungeons below level 70. No. of uses left 30/30.]

Bai Yiyuan had thoughtfully prepared the talisman for Lin Moyu in advance. While it wouldn't be needed in the Dungeon Hall, it could prove invaluable in other situations. Lin Moyu gratefully stowed it away before turning his attention to the three boss accessories.

[Core Ring: platinum rank accessory, increases all attributes by 10%, increases the resistance to all negative statuses by 50%, reduces the duration of all negative statuses by 500%, increases the level of all skills by one level.]

[Zakan Earrings: platinum rank accessory, increases all attributes by 15%, reduces all damage by 5%, increases all skill damage by 30%.]

[Felin Necklace: platinum rank accessory, increases all attributes by 20%, increases all skill damage by 30%, reduces skill cooldown by 20%.]

Each accessory was platinum rank, offering immense attribute boosts. Instead of adding fixed amounts, they amplified attributes by percentages, meaning the stronger the user's base attributes, the greater the enhancement. Even at level 70, or even god-level, these items would still be effective. Combined, they could increase the wearer's base attributes by 45%, along with other bonuses.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that a level 40 class user equipped with these items could easily challenge someone at level 45, or even level 47. Additionally, platinum rank equipment could be enchanted, further enhancing their abilities.

However, these powerful accessories were completely useless to Lin Moyu. He tried them on, but they provided no boosts. It was as if he repelled equipment—whether ordinary gear or boss accessories, nothing worked.

Lin Moyu wanted to return the accessories, but Bai Yiyuan waved him off, saying it made no sense to take back a gift. He suggested that if Lin Moyu didn't want them, he could save them for a future child or give them to someone else. In short, even if he had no use for the items, returning them wasn't an option.

With no other choice, Lin Moyu accepted the accessories.

Bai Yiyuan then advised him to first get accustomed to his upgraded skills and attributes before returning to see him. Lin Moyu thought about it for a moment and decided to head to the Dungeon Hall.

Upon arriving at the Dungeon Hall, the bustling place suddenly fell silent. All eyes turned toward Lin Moyu. He had just completed his second class awakening, and his aura hadn't yet fully settled. At this time, he radiated the power of a high-level class user, which naturally created pressure for the low-level class users present. Although there were some high-level users in the Dungeon Hall, but the majority were low-level.

Whispers began to spread quietly among the crowd.

"Godly General Lin... he's already a second-awakened."

"My god, it's only been half a year since he enrolled! How did he become a second-awakened so fast?"

"Godly General Lin's leveling speed is unreal!"

"No kidding! Godly General Lin always solos nightmare rank dungeons. No wonder he's leveling is fast."

"I've been here for five years and haven't reached the second class awakening yet. Compared to him, I'm just trash."

Despite the quiet chatter, no one dared speak too loudly. Lin Moyu's position had drastically changed. Although he was still technically a student, but his status as a godly general placed him on a stage that most people could only dream of reaching. The Shenxia Empire, with its billions of citizens, had only a handful of godly generals—and Lin Moyu was now one of them.

Lost in thought, Lin Moyu entered the Dungeon Hall and selected the wind elemental dungeon. The best way to get familiar with his new skills and attributes was through combat. Moreover, he needed to fill his undead army and grind his newly awakened Summon Skeletal Marksman skill to level 40.

He chose the Whirlwind Plains dungeon, one of the five elemental dungeons. It was a level 42 dungeon, available to class users between levels 37 and level 47. Since it hadn't yet been upgraded, it only offered ordinary and nightmare rank difficulties. Lin Moyu opted for the nightmare rank difficulty.

Someone in the Dungeon Hall immediately noticed Lin Moyu entering the Whirlwind Plains dungeon and exclaimed, "Godly General Lin just entered the Whirlwind Plains dungeon! That means this elemental dungeon is about to upgrade!"

Many onlookers were drawn by this, and those who understood the implications quickly blocked others from entering the dungeon. When a dungeon upgraded, its difficulty would instantly jump from nightmare rank to hell rank, posing a serious danger to anyone inside. Since they were all schoolmates, they naturally took it upon themselves to warn others, ensuring no one unknowingly entered the dungeon and faced unnecessary danger.

Inside the Whirlwind Plains dungeon, Lin Moyu stood on soft grass as a gentle breeze brushed against his face, carrying the fresh, calming scent of nature. This was a world of wind, with an endless plain stretching out in every direction. The ground was blanketed in a thick layer of short grass, swaying gently in the wind, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

Lin Moyu summoned a Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior for the first time since his second class awakening. An eerie wind howled around him, and for a brief moment, the entire world seemed to darken. The Skeletal Berserk Warrior appeared, glowing with a soft white light. Its bones shimmered with a metallic luster, while faint red streaks of light pulsed across its frame.

The soul fire burning within its skull was fiercer and brighter than before. The Warrior itself had undergone a dramatic transformation—standing nearly two meters tall, its frame was broader and more imposing. Its previous large blade was now replaced with a massive battle axe, giving it an even more menacing appearance.

"It looks pretty intimidating." Lin Moyu remarked with a smile, impressed by the Warrior's new form. He then checked its attributes.



[Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior]

[Level: 40]

[Strength: 110,000]

[Agility: 110,000]

[Spirit: 110,000]

[Physique: 110,000]

[Skill: Berserk Blast (level 1)]

[Berserk Blast (level 1): deals 500% of the user's strength as damage to the target.  
Cooldown: 10 minutes.]

Each attribute was 110,000, adding up to a total of 440,000. It was quite impressive, but still within Lin Moyu's expectations. At level 39, the Warriors already had individual attributes of 76,000. Back then, excluding the 40-fold amplification, the base attributes were 1,900. Now, the base attributes had risen to 2,200, and after the amplification, each attribute reached 110,000.

Without the Comprehensive Amplification talent, the skeletons weren't particularly remarkable. However, their true power came from their sheer numbers. Without the amplification, they might be weaker than class users of the same level individually, but when there were thousands of them, even legendary class users would have no choice but to flee.

With Comprehensive Amplification, Lin Moyu could easily fight higher-level opponents, crafting a series of legendary feats in battle.

"Now, let's check the Mage unit." Lin Moyu muttered, his focus shifting.

Suddenly, the elemental energy around him stirred violently, and large amounts of elemental energy gathered from all directions, triggering a howling wind.

The Platinum Skeletal Great Mage appeared, slightly smaller in stature compared to the Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior. It wielded no giant axe or stave. Instead, it held a swirling elemental vortex in each hand, brimming with various elements.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed—the Mage had undergone significant changes.

[Platinum Skeletal Great Mage]

[Level: 40]

[Strength: 25,000]

[Agility: 25,000]

[Spirit: 150,000]

[Physique: 25,000]

[Skill: Elemental Explosion]

[Elemental Explosion: deals mixed elemental damage to the target. The power is determined by spirit force.]

The Mage no longer specialized in a single element. It now wielded multiple elemental forces at once. This change meant that even if a monster was immune to one or two types of elemental damage, the Mage could still contribute in battle. It no longer had to be like before, where a specific type of Mage could only stand by idly, like a cheerleader. This made it a far more versatile and reliable asset in Lin Moyu's undead army.

After summoning two skeletons in a row, Lin Moyu noticed his spirit attribute briefly drop by one point, only for it to be instantly restored. If he hadn't been closely monitoring his spirit, he wouldn't have even noticed the fluctuation. This made him think back to when he had painstakingly raided the Tyrant Desert dungeon countless times in search of Desert Fruit, solely to grind his skills. It had been such a bother.

With a light sigh, Lin Moyu began grinding his Summon Skeletal Marksman skill. Now, aside from Corpse Explosion, it was the only skill left for him to grind. With his spirit no longer a limitation, his grinding speed now was only limited by how fast he could cast.

Lin Moyu began casting his skill again and again. Each time, he would summon a Marksman, then cancel the summoning immediately, repeating the process once every second. Through this repetition, the skill leveled up rapidly.

His spirit consumption was minimal, and any points used up were quickly replenished. Thanks to the sheer number of skeletons he had under his command, he possessed an immense spirit pool, making it nearly impossible to deplete.

Outside the Whirlwind Plain dungeon, a group of onlookers continued to wait, expecting the dungeon to upgrade at any moment. However, as time passed and the dungeon remained unchanged, confusion began to spread.

An hour passed, and nothing happened. Then two hours, three hours, and still no change. The current record for clearing the Whirlwind Plain dungeon on nightmare rank difficulty was 2 hours and 32 minutes. Yet, Lin Moyu had already been inside for over

four hours, and not only had the dungeon failed to upgrade, but he hadn't come out either.

"Godly General Lin has been in there for over four hours. Did he fall asleep inside the dungeon?"

"I have no clue. What's going on?"

"Strange... this isn't like him at all."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 339: Brand New Undead Army; Experimenting With Skills**

Lin Moyu wasn't concerned with the people waiting outside the dungeon. He was too focused on grinding his skill, and with his nearly limitless spirit reserves, skill grinding became the same anywhere he was. The pace of skill grinding now hinged solely on his casting speed.

At the lower levels, the progress was rapid. Within just an hour, Lin Moyu managed to grind Summon Skeletal Marksman to level 10. However, as the skill level increased, the pace slowed. It took another three hours to reach level 20. And from level 30 to level 40, the process became even more time-consuming, requiring nearly 15 hours of relentless casting.

In total, it took about 26 hours to raise Summon Skeletal Marksman to level 40. If it weren't for his new talent, then even his high spirit recovery speed, along with the Earth Evil Centipede meat, the grind would have taken him several days.

"The grinding is still a bit slow. My casting speed isn't fast enough." Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "Fortunately, my recovery speed is fast enough!"

After casting his skill nonstop for more than a day, he didn't feel tired at all, thanks to his 40-fold recovery speed keeping him energized.

It took Lin Moyu over a day to grind his skill from level 1 to 40. Still, to him, it felt slow. If he could increase his casting speed, the grinding speed could be further increased.

Unfortunately, though some equipment could enhance casting speed, he couldn't use any of them due to his unique limitations. He felt a twinge of regret at this. However, if other class users heard him complain about his "slow" progress, they'd surely scoff at him.

The Platinum Skeletal Marksman stood about the same height as the Platinum Skeletal Great Mage, though slightly smaller than the Platinum Skeletal Berserk Warrior. In its hands, it gripped a bow adorned with bone spikes, its string fashioned from an unknown material. There were no arrows in sight—this Marksman used energy arrows, not physical ones.

Zzzt.

Lightning crackled along the bow, emitting sharp, electric sounds, making it a striking sight to behold.

[Platinum Skeletal Marksman]

[Level: 40]

[Strength: 60,000]


[Agility: 80,000]

[Spirit: 60,000]

[Physique: 60,000]

[Skill: Soul Lock]

[Soul Lock (passive): attacks are guaranteed to hit.]

The Skeletal Marksman's attributes were significantly weaker than those of the Skeletal Berserk Warrior, roughly on par with the Skeletal Great Mage. However, it had an unusual passive skill that caught Lin Moyu by surprise. 

"Finally, a way to deal with Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind." Lin Moyu thought, pleased.

During his time in the Abyss, Lin Moyu had been attacked from a distance by Abyssal Sword Demons. Although his Skeletal Mages could counterattack, their effectiveness was minimal. He couldn't do anything about the Abyssal Sword Demons. But now, if he replaced the Skeletal Mages with Skeletal Marksmen, their passive skill could make a great difference.

Lin Moyu was excited to see Skeletal Marksmen in play. He knew that attributes alone didn't tell the full story; actual performance mattered more.

Instead of leaving the dungeon right away, he began to mass summon skeletons. The key to success was preparing the right tools, and before leveling up, he needed to strengthen his undead army.

With the summon space expanded, his army grew to 12,000, though there were still over 4,500 vacancies. He continued summoning nonstop, a task that would take more than an hour to complete.

Outside the dungeon, only a few people remained waiting. Lin Moyu had been inside for over a day, and some assumed he had already left. It was possible to teleport out of the dungeon without passing through the Dungeon Hall, but since the record hadn't changed and the dungeon hadn't upgraded, it indicated that Lin Moyu hadn't cleared the dungeon.

After spending more than an hour, Lin Moyu finally filled his undead army: 20 legions, each with 600 skeletons—200 Berserk Warriors, 200 Great Mages, and 200 Marksmen, totaling 12,000 skeletons. The sight of this massive army was imposing and terrifying, and Lin Moyu felt they were even stronger than the Drake Legion he'd faced before.

"Let's put them to the test." He thought.

After staying still for a day and a half, Lin Moyu finally moved, leading his undead troops deeper into the dungeon. It wasn't long before he encountered a group of monsters—four wind elemental sprites floating in midair.

Following his command, the Lich Generals raised their staves and cast status buffs.

Skill: Legion Enhancement!

[Legion Enhancement (Level 4): increases attack power by 40%, increases attack speed by 40%, increases casting speed by 40%, increases physical defense by 40%, increases elemental defense by 40%, increases control resistance by 40%]

The undead troops' attributes surged dramatically. Four Skeletal Marksmen locked onto their targets, and four arrows materialized out of thin air. The speed was astonishing—so fast that the arrows appeared to hit their targets the instant they left the bows, almost like bolts of lightning.

Lin Moyu quickly activated the Detection spell.

[Wind Faerie (enhanced elite monster)]

[Level: 43]

[Strength: 20,000]

[Agility: 30,000]

[Spirit: 30,000]

[Physique: 30,000]

[Skill: Whirlwind Ball]

[Traits: Wind Element Immunity, 50% Physical Damage Reduction]

The Wind Faeries weren't entirely immune to physical attacks, as they weren't purely elemental creatures. Plus, the Skeletal Marksmen's attacks were not just physical—they had a lightning element, making them compound attacks.

Bang!

The four arrows struck simultaneously, merging into a single sound. Instantly, the Wind Faeries reacted. With an agility attribute of 30,000, their speed was formidable. In a flash, wind energy gathered before them, quickly coalescing into a Whirlwind Ball.

Bang!

Another sharp collision echoed as the second volley of arrows struck, barely a second later. The Wind Faeries' skill was interrupted, plunging them into a brief moment of stasis.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four more volleys followed. During the short window of stasis, the Marksmen unleashed attacks four times in quick succession.

[Killed level 43 Wind Faerie, EXP +860,000]

[Killed level 43 Wind Faerie, EXP +860,000]

Four kill notifications appeared as the four Wind Faeries were slain.

"With the buffs from Legion Enhancement, the Skeletal Marksmen now fire at a rate of three arrows per second, matching the attack speed of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors and slightly surpassing that of the Skeletal Great Mages. While their attack power isn't as strong as that of the Berserk Warriors, but the Marksmen make up for it with long-range and flawless accuracy."

Lin Moyu quickly realized that the Skeletal Marksmen's efficiency might actually exceed that of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Next, he tested the Skeletal Great Mages' new skill, Elemental Explosion. Unlike traditional spells, it detonated directly on the target without following a flight path and couldn't be dodged. Moreover, its 10-meter range gave it an AOE ability.

Both the Skeletal Marksmen's arrows and the Skeletal Great Mages' spells couldn't be dodged. The Skeletal Great Mages possessed immense power; while it took six arrows from the Marksmen to bring down a level 43 Wind Faerie, the Great Mages' Elemental Explosion required only three hits to achieve the same result. The efficiency of the two was identical: the Skeletal Marksmen could fire six arrows in two seconds, while the Skeletal Great Mages could cast three spells in the same timeframe.

However, in terms of sheer explosive power, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors remained unmatched. Their new skill, Berserk Blast, could claim the life of a level 43 nightmare rank Wind Faerie with one strike.

Having tested his undead troops, Lin Moyu moved on to his skills. With increased spirit attribute and skill upgrade, the power of Soul Blaze and Bone Fangs had significantly improved. Poison Starburst was also very useful, and when paired with Deterioration Curse, it proved devastating for mass combat. Even without his undead forces, Lin Moyu now wielded formidable offensive power.

With the Deterioration Curse weakening the Wind Faeries, the Skeletal Marksmen easily picked them off with a single shot. The combined might of his undead army swept through the nightmare rank dungeon effortlessly.

After finishing with his tests, Lin Moyu had a clear understanding of his combat strength. He took a deep breath. "I can get serious now."

Having spent so much time in the wind elemental dungeon, he saw no reason in continuing the raid. Dismissing his undead army, he exited the dungeon, reset the cooldown, and then entered again. The real dungeon run had officially begun.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 340: All Monsters Cleared; Dungeon Upgraded**

Lin Moyu left the dungeon and then entered it again. In the few moments he spent in the Dungeon Hall, he caught the attention of the people paying attention.

“Godly General Lin hasn’t left!”

“He’s been in the dungeon for over a day without clearing it. What could he be doing?”

“I bet he was doing skill grinding. Since his class awakening, maybe he’s been grinding his skills in there.”

“But isn’t that what the Skill Grinding Center is for?”

“Maybe Godly General Lin's skills are special and need to be grinded in the dungeons.”

Speculation buzzed as Lin Moyu began his first dungeon run after his second class awakening.

The plain stretched endlessly before him. Choosing a direction was necessary but tricky, with high chances of heading the wrong way. For Lin Moyu, though, this was no problem.

He deployed his twenty undead legions, sending 12,000 skeletons racing in different directions. The dungeon map in his mind rapidly took shape, with unexplored areas being meticulously scouted.

Thanks to his platinum rank skeletons, the search radius had expanded dramatically, though Lin Moyu still wasn’t sure of their maximum range.

In moments, the skeletons had covered 10 kilometers, then 15, then 20, and finally reached the dungeon's edge. The plain, a circular expanse with a radius of about 25 kilometers, was fully mapped.

The plain housed only one type of monster: the Wind Faerie. These creatures appeared in small groups of three or four, scattered across the plain, totaling over a thousand. Occasionally, a lone Wind Faerie would appear here and there.

Although there were a thousand monsters, they were sparse, spread across the circular plain with a 25-kilometer radius. For an ordinary party of six, clearing them all would be nearly impossible. Only Lin Moyu's undead troops could achieve it.

The skeletons scoured the plain, eventually locating the passage to the next stage at its far edge. By then, every Wind Faerie had been eliminated. The four Wind Faeries guarding the passage fell, leaving no monsters remaining on the plain.

At that moment, a slight tremor shook the dungeon.



Lin Moyu smiled, "It upgraded."

He realized that the Whirlwind Plains dungeon's upgrade mechanism differed from that of the Fire God's and Water God's dungeons. To activate the upgrade here, the key wasn't kill speed but total monster elimination. Clearing every creature on the plain triggered the upgrade.

By this point, he had been inside the dungeon for over an hour. The students waiting outside looked disheartened.

"Seems Godly General Lin didn't manage to trigger the upgrade this time either."

"See? Even Godly General Lin has his limits."

"He's powerful, but he's just had his second class awakening. His actual strength can't match that of the other godly generals."

"Maybe that whole day he spent in there before was just him trying to figure out how to upgrade it."

Some were quick to criticize Lin Moyu, concealing jealousy in their words. But others defended him.

"Upgrading a dungeon isn't simple; who can say they truly understand the mechanics involved?"

"I've been to that plain. The map is enormous—it's tough to kill enough monsters in a short period of time."

"Exactly! If you think you can do it better, why don't you go in?"

Both sides stood their ground, each presenting their case.

Suddenly, the dungeon vortex began to spin intensely, whipping up powerful winds that howled through the Dungeon Hall and spilled outside, drawing everyone's attention. The doubters, who had assumed Lin Moyu had failed, stared in disbelief—the dungeon had upgraded.

Lin Moyu had truly done it.

Supporters of Lin Moyu grinned in delight, while those envious of him grimaced and quietly left the scene.

The passage leading from the edge of the plain was a channel of wind, brimming with the wind element. Lin Moyu stepped onto it, feeling as if he were walking on cotton, a

sensation both surreal and exhilarating. His undead troops had been recalled, and the wind carried him forward, away from the ground.

The vast plain shrank below him until it vanished completely. A new plain materialized before him, smaller in diameter—only about five kilometers across—but floating in midair. Beneath it, a colossal whirlwind spun, generating an immense force that supported the entire plain.

Lin Moyu marveled at the spectacle. The sheer energy required to suspend an entire landscape was unfathomable, almost miraculous. At last, he understood the true meaning of Whirlwind Plains.

The wind carried him to the floating plain's surface. The moment he landed, a fierce whirlwind hurtled toward him, striking with a powerful impact. The sharp gusts cut like blades, though his Bone Armor shimmered in response, deflecting the force with a series of clanging sounds.

Ignoring the whirlwind, Lin Moyu stepped forward and surveyed the scene. The plain was blanketed with whirlwinds, clustered densely across the landscape.

"There are no monsters?"

Lin Moyu squinted, scrutinizing the whirlwind battering against him, and realized that it was, in fact, the enemy. He quickly cast the Detection spell.

[Whirlwind Spren (hell rank elite monster)]

[Level: 44]

[Strength: 40,000]

[Agility: 40,000]

[Spirit: 10,000]

[Physique: 50,000]

[Skill: Whirlwind Strike]

[Traits: Wind Elemental Immunity, Physical Immunity.]

As the dungeon upgraded, the monsters within grew stronger. The level 44 hell rank elite monsters now had total attributes of 140,000, including a physique of 50,000, with immunity to wind elemental and physical damage—rendering the Skeletal Berserk Warriors ineffective.

The Skeletal Marksmen's attacks were significantly weakened. Fortunately, the Skeletal Great Mages remained useful. Since these pure elemental monsters left no corpses, Corpse Explosion was unusable. Drawing on his experience, Lin Moyu knew he had to eliminate the Whirlwind Spren one by one.

With a thought, Lin Moyu summoned his undead forces. 4,000 Skeletal Great Mages began clearing the monsters. Boosted by the Lich Generals' buffs, just a few Elemental Explosions were enough to defeat a Whirlwind Spren.

The group advanced swiftly as Lin Moyu pressed forward. In the undead army's wake, the Whirlwind Spren were quickly eliminated. In the distance, beyond the hundreds of Whirlwind Spren, Lin Moyu saw a palace floating in midair, connected by a suspended pathway formed from stone platforms.

The undead army surged forward, quickly reaching the pathway. The skeletons swiftly leaped onto the stone platforms, advancing toward the palace.

Following his second class awakening, Lin Moyu's agility attribute had soared. Though still lower than that of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors and Skeletal Marksmen, it far surpassed that of the Skeletal Great Mages. He leapt forward, moving nimbly between the stone platforms toward the palace.

.....

As he landed on the platform outside the palace, a massive hand lunged toward him. The hand, several times larger than Lin Moyu himself, churned with fierce, blade-like winds from its palm. Lin Moyu didn't dodge; instead, several Skeletal Berserk Warriors appeared beside him, each wielding a large axe, charging fearlessly against the wind.

Along with resounding crashes, their axes—glowing with a fierce scarlet light—collided with the giant hand. Screams echoed as the hand, now bleeding heavily, retreated.

Before the palace stood a towering, tiger-shaped monster nearly 10 meters tall, its fur bristling and tail raised skyward, baring sharp fangs. A fierce wind swirled around it, so densely infused with the wind element that it glowed with a greenish hue, slicing through the air like a living weapon.

[Whirlwind Tiger (hell rank elite leader)]

[Level: 45]

[Strength: 60,000]

[Agility: 50,000]

[Spirit: 20,000]

[Physique: 50,000]

[Skill: Whirlwind Claw, Gale Critical Strike]

[Traits: Wind Elemental Immunity, 50% Physical Damage Reduction, Enhanced Health, Enhanced Speed]

After a quick glance at its attributes, Lin Moyu dismissed the creature from his mind. Its attributes weren't even on par with a lord rank boss—hardly worth his concern.

The Whirlwind Tiger struck first, lunging at Lin Moyu with astounding speed. Enhanced by the Speed Enhancement trait and the wind element, its agility was pushed to the limit, leaving a blurred trail in its wake. Its speed exceeded Lin Moyu's vision, making it difficult to pinpoint.

But Lin Moyu didn't need to pinpoint its location. With a resonant hum, a red light ignited.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

The curse's 5,000-meter range easily covered the palace and extended across the entire floating plain. The Whirlwind Tiger slowed immediately, moving as though in slow motion. Atop its head, a blood-red sword materialized, a chain hanging from its hilt—marking the fusion of the two curses.

In the next instant, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched their assault simultaneously.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

-