

## NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

# Chapter 361: The Royal Family Shall Be Godly General Lin's Staunchest Ally

Lin Moyu pursued the Thunder Eagle like a streak of lightning.

The massive bird was incredibly fast, its enormous body leaving a blazing trail in its wake—but Lin Moyu was faster. The gap between them closed swiftly.

He soon saw the Thunder Eagle's destination: Thunder Eagle Mountain, a towering peak shrouded in crackling lightning.

Lin Moyu recognized the familiar mechanics of the dungeon. Whether nightmare or hell rank difficulty, the progression was similar. In nightmare rank, when the Thunder Eagle boss was gravely injured, it would retreat to Thunder Eagle Mountain to recover rapidly and grow stronger.

To clear the dungeon, the boss had to be defeated twice—the second battle far more challenging than the first.

Now, Thunder Eagle Mountain loomed ahead, its peak glowing with arcs of destructive lightning. The Thunder Eagle landed at the summit, its injuries visibly mending as bolts of energy struck its body. Its aura surged.

Lin Moyu arrived moments later, but then the Thunder Eagle unleashed a sharp, piercing screech.

In an instant, 30 smaller Thunder Eagles emerged from the mountain, crackling with electricity as they charged toward him.

“This is new.” Lin Moyu thought.

In nightmare rank, the Thunder Eagle boss’s retreat wasn’t followed by smaller Thunder Eagles. But in hell rank difficulty, the challenge escalated.

A twelve-person party attempting this dungeon would now face an overwhelming trial: 30 smaller Thunder Eagles and the boss, whose return was imminent. To succeed, they’d need to eliminate all the smaller foes before the boss rejoined the battle. Coordination, strength, and precision would be paramount.

But Lin Moyu wasn’t concerned. For him, numbers were a plus.

With Lightning Wings shimmering on his back, he darted through the air, evading the pursuit of the smaller Thunder Eagles with ease. He wasn’t attacking yet—he was waiting for the boss to return.

The Lightning Wings had a duration of one minute. By now, 40 seconds remained.

Finally, after another 30 seconds, the Thunder Eagle boss returned, its arrival heralded by a deafening screech.

Its aura was vastly more intimidating than before. After the recuperation, its level had increased by one and its attributes had been amplified.

"Thirty-five seconds..." Lin Moyu noted, his tone calm.

After retreating to the mountain, the Thunder Eagle boss had taken exactly 35 seconds to return to the battlefield. With that knowledge, there was no reason to delay any further.

The Lightning Wings on his back vibrated, and his speed surged. In an instant, he turned sharply midair and landed atop one of the smaller Thunder Eagles.

Though smaller than the boss, the creature was still formidable, measuring three meters in length with a wingspan of ten meters—large enough to carry several people with ease.

Lin Moyu wasted no time. Five Skeletal Berserk Warriors materialized around him.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

Following a flash of red light, the world of the Thunder Eagle shifted: damage increased 15-fold and speed decreased 100-fold.

The five Skeletal Berserk Warriors struck simultaneously. Their massive axes glowed with a fiery red light as they descended.

The smaller Thunder Eagle let out a harrowing screech before collapsing lifelessly.

Lin Moyu didn't stop. As the body of the fallen smaller Thunder Eagle began to drop, he raised a finger.

Skill: Corpse Explosion!

After the second class advancement, the level of the Corpse Explosion skill remained unchanged. However, his talent's amplification had increased from 40 to 50 times. As a result, the range of the skill expanded from 240 to 300 meters, and the damage increased from 14 to 17.5 times the corpse's health. Combined with the curse's 10 times damage multiplier, the effect was utterly devastating.  $\text{R}\hat{\text{A}}\text{N}\text{O}\beta\text{E}\varsigma$

A deafening explosion rocked the battlefield, sending shockwaves through the air. The sky itself seemed to ripple as devastating energy erupted from the corpse.

In one massive blast, every smaller Thunder Eagle was obliterated. Even the boss suffered severe damage.

Lin Moyu hovered at the epicenter, his Lightning Wings spread wide, resembling a Demon God descending upon the battlefield. There were just five seconds left on the wings' duration.

Without missing a beat, he unleashed a flurry of attacks.

Lin Moyu's current skill-casting limit allowed three spells per second, but his training in the Shenxia Tower had taught him an invaluable technique used by Assassin-type class users. By alternating both hands, he could reduce the casting delay to a mere 0.1 seconds, enabling him to cast up to five skills per second.

Before the corpses of the smaller Thunder Eagles could even drop, over ten consecutive explosions rippled outward.

The battlefield was consumed by roaring flames and deafening blasts. The mountain quaked violently, its perpetual lightning extinguished by the sheer force of destruction.

The Thunder Eagle boss, gravely injured and overwhelmed, let out a final, miserable cry. It plummeted from the sky, crashing to the ground with a resounding thud. This time, it did not rise again.

[Defeated Thunder Eagle, EXP +4,900,000]

[Obtained Lightning Sword]

[Obtained Lightning Armor]

[Obtained Lightning Crystal Fragment x4]

[Lightning Sword: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +1,200, increases the power of Swordsman-type skills by 60%. Skill: Lightning Slash.]

[Lightning Slash: deals the opponent 100% of the user's strength as physical damage, along with 100% of the user's strength as lightning elemental damage, with a chance to paralyze the opponent for 5 seconds. Cooldown: 1 minute.]

[Lightning Armor: platinum rank armor, all attributes +800, reduces taken lightning elemental damage by 20%.]

The Lightning Sword's attributes were average at best. Among platinum rank weapons, it barely managed to scrape the bottom tier.

However, its supplementary skill was decent enough to add value. Lin Moyu estimated it would fetch a respectable price.

The Lightning Armor was entirely unremarkable, offering no standout features.

In contrast, the quantity of Lightning Crystal Fragments was a pleasant surprise to Lin Moyu—four fragments dropped at once, a rather impressive haul.

Combined with the fragment he had acquired earlier from the Lightning Ape, Lin Moyu now had enough to synthesize a complete Lightning Crystal.

All things considered, the dungeon raid had been highly fruitful. Not only had Lin Moyu gained the Lightning Wings skill—an unexpected boon—but he had also uncovered hidden information: the cause of the Lightning God's death.

The culprit was none other than the Desolate Beast King, a creature so fearsome it could slay even the Lightning God.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but draw comparisons between the Desolate Beast King and the enigmatic entity he had encountered in the Immemorial Battlefield. Both were unfathomably powerful, beyond anything he could yet comprehend.

After scanning the Thunder Eagle Mountain one last time to ensure nothing was left behind, Lin Moyu exited the dungeon.

...

Outside, the elders of the royal family had already departed, leaving only Dongfang Yao and Dongfang Yi waiting.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized Dongfang Yi—the emperor of the Shenxia Empire.

"Greetings, Your Majesty." Lin Moyu greeted.

Dongfang Yi smiled warmly, "Godly General Lin, so young and yet so accomplished. Your name has been the subject of many legends lately—truly extraordinary."

Lin Moyu responded with a faint smile, "You flatter me, Your Majesty."

Dongfang Yi's tone turned serious yet sincere, "Regarding the earlier incident with Dongfang Shun—on behalf of the royal family, I offer you my apologies. If there is anything you require, you may inform Yao. If it is within the royal family's power, we will see it done."

It was no idle statement; this was a solemn promise. As both emperor and a God-level expert, Dongfang Yi's words carried immense weight.

Lin Moyu acknowledged the gesture with a slight nod. He hadn't given the matter with Dongfang Shun much thought, particularly since he still owed Dongfang Li a favor.



"Thank you, Your Majesty. If there's anything I can help you with, feel free to reach out."

Dongfang Yi laughed heartily, "Good, good! The royal family shall be your staunchest ally, Godly General Lin. Now, I'll leave you young ones to your affairs. This old man won't linger to be a bother."

Dongfang Yi had gotten the answer he sought. Though it was just a single sentence, it was more than sufficient.

He had investigated Lin Moyu thoroughly and knew that the young man's character and integrity were beyond question. If Lin Moyu gave his word, he would see it through.

Maintaining a strong relationship with someone like Lin Moyu was undoubtedly the wisest course of action.

As Dongfang Yi departed, Dongfang Yao's demeanor grew noticeably livelier. Her eyes sparkled with curiosity, and her lips curved into a smile as she eagerly inquired about the dungeon—particularly the specifics of its hell rank difficulty.

Lin Moyu described the changes that came with the upgrade, and Dongfang Yao meticulously documented every detail. This information would prove invaluable for the royal family's raiding parties, making future attempts significantly smoother.

“We’ll organize parties to enter the dungeon once you’ve finished your runs.” Dongfang Yao remarked.

Lin Moyu shook his head, “You can go in now. There’s no need to wait for me.”

Dongfang Yao blinked in surprise, caught off guard. She had assumed Lin Moyu intended to grind in the dungeon for a while. This sudden green light left her wondering.

Was Lin Moyu testing her sincerity earlier? Or perhaps he truly remembered the favor he owed Dongfang Li?

Whatever the reason, his approval meant she could now proceed without hesitation. The royal family’s raiding parties, which had been standing by, were ready to move at a moment’s notice.

“Are you sure?” Dongfang Yao asked, seeking confirmation.

Lin Moyu nodded. “Yes. Go ahead.”

With that, he retrieved a Cooldown Talisman, reset the dungeon’s timer, and re-entered the dungeon without another word.

Having acquired everything he needed, Lin Moyu saw no reason to impose restrictions any longer.

Dongfang Yao's gaze sharpened, a glint of calculation in her eyes. Without missing a beat, she activated her communicator and began issuing commands.

Moments later, a 12-person raiding party arrived, their formation precise and disciplined. After reviewing Dongfang Yao's notes on the dungeon's key points, the group promptly teleported into the dungeon.

Before long, a second party followed, then a third, showcasing the immense organizational power of the royal family.

## Chapter 362: It Seems It Shouldn't Be Killed Too Quickly

With the Lightning Grass and the Lightning God's Sword now in his possession, Lin Moyu no longer needed to block the royal family from entering the dungeon. After all, dungeons were permanent fixtures unaffected by the number of parties raiding them.

His second dungeon run had a clear objective: acquiring Elemental Crystal, much like the royal parties. Upon entering the dungeon, Lin Moyu immediately activated his Lightning Wings, rushing into the valley at full speed.

The monsters outside the valley were too scattered, making them inefficient targets for grinding. Elemental dungeons simply weren't ideal for leveling up.

Lin Moyu's plan was straightforward: clear the dungeon quickly, gather sufficient Lightning Crystals, and then move on to a more suitable dungeon for grinding.

In a flash, the Lightning Wings carried him through the valley and straight into the Lightning Swamp. At the swamp's center, where the largest lightning pool was located, the Lightning Grass was already gone.

The Lightning Ape emerged but was immediately met by Lin Moyu's undead army.

Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen had already taken positions at the edge of the pool. The moment the Lightning Ape appeared, they unleashed a barrage of attacks. The creature barely managed a token counterattack before collapsing, leaving behind only a Lightning Crystal Fragment.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but note that the Lightning Ape was one of the poorest dungeon leaders he'd encountered.

The undead army advanced through the swamp, pressing onward toward Thunder Eagle Mountain.

The Lightning God's Sword was also missing. The area where the sword had been was now filled with a sea of lightning, blocking the path to the mountain. However, without the sword's presence, the lightning's intensity was greatly reduced. It couldn't even breach Lin Moyu's Bone Armor.

For most classes, the sea of lightning would still pose a significant challenge. But for Lin Moyu, it was nothing more than a minor inconvenience. Even when the Lightning God's Sword had been present, its attacks were inconsequential to him, let alone now.

Effortlessly ignoring the dense lightning strikes, he crossed the area and reached Thunder Eagle Mountain.

A sharp screech pierced the air as a massive Thunder Eagle dove toward him, shrouded in lightning. The creature spat out a lightning orb, instantly transforming Lin Moyu's surroundings into a field of electricity.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen, unaffected by the lightning field, stood unfazed, ready to continue battling.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

A crimson glow filled the air, drastically slowing the Thunder Eagle.

The Skeletal Marksmen raised their bows, releasing a volley of flashing arrows. The arrows streaked through the sky, striking the Thunder Eagle in an instant.

Within moments, the mighty bird was enshrouded in thousands of arrows, transforming into a veritable hedgehog eagle.



Among the three skeleton types in the undead army, none rivaled the Skeletal Berserk Warriors in raw explosive power.

With a single synchronized strike, the Thunder Eagle plummeted from the skies.

[Defeated Thunder Eagle, EXP +4,900,000]

[Obtained Lightning Dagger]

[Obtained Lightning Crystal Fragment x2]

[Lightning Dagger: platinum rank weapon, all attributes +1,200, increases the power of Assassin-type skills by 60%. Skill: Lightning Stab.]

[Lightning Stab: deals the opponent lightning elemental damage equal to the user's strength attribute for 30 seconds, with a chance to paralyze the opponent for 3 seconds. Cooldown: 5 minutes.]

Lin Moyu was taken aback. The number of Lightning Crystal Fragments dropped this time was only two—half as many as before. Moreover, only a single item accompanied them.

A trace of confusion flickered in his eyes as he muttered, "Could it be because I killed it too quickly?"

Under normal circumstances, the Thunder Eagle would retreat to Thunder Eagle Mountain before dying to recover. Clearing the dungeon typically required defeating it twice.

However, by not giving the eagle a chance to recover, Lin Moyu suspected he might have drastically reduced the rewards.

The only other plausible explanation was that the drops were random, with the number of Lightning Crystal Fragments ranging from two to four.

After a moment of thought, Lin Moyu exited the dungeon, used a Cooldown Talisman, and re-entered. This time, he allowed the Thunder Eagle to retreat and recover before delivering the final blow.

As expected, more items dropped this time, including four Lightning Crystal Fragments.

"It seems it really shouldn't be killed too quickly." He concluded.

Determined to verify his hypothesis, Lin Moyu raided the dungeon several more times. He confirmed that by adhering to the dungeon's mechanics and allowing the Thunder Eagle to recover before its final defeat, the boss reliably dropped four Lightning Crystal Fragments per run.



One raid yielded a complete Lightning Crystal.

Including the time of the dungeon upgrade, Lin Moyu managed to clear the dungeon six times in just two hours.

Holding two Elemental Divine Stones in his hands, he exhaled deeply, satisfaction washing over him.

Finally, the crystals from the five primary elemental dungeons had been fused together. Beyond just the primary elemental crystals, other elemental crystals had also been added.

[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, poison, earth, light, water, wind, lightning): increases the chances of class sublimation by 35% during the third class awakening.]

[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, earth, light, water, wind, lightning): increases the chances of class sublimation by 30% during the third class awakening.]

The two Elemental Divine Stones were slightly different—one lacked the poison element, making its effect slightly inferior.

"I wonder how long it will take for the Earth Evil Centipede to respawn." Lin Moyu mused, "If there's a chance, I should try to obtain another Poison Crystal. Or perhaps find another boss that drops it."

Opportunities like these were rare and relied heavily on luck.

After storing the Elemental Divine Stones, Lin Moyu exited the dungeon.

He had gained plenty from his efforts and still had four Lightning Crystals in reserve. Alongside them, he still held Fire, Earth, Light, Water, and Wind Crystals, which meant he could assemble a new Elemental Divine Stone at any time.

...

In the royal palace, Lin Moyu walked alongside Dongfang Yao, who was leading him to the teleportation formation.

Over the past two hours, Dongfang Yao had personally witnessed Lin Moyu upgrade the dungeon and clear it six times, amassing an impressive haul of Elemental Crystals.

"Where are you headed next?" Dongfang Yao asked.

Lin Moyu considered briefly before replying, "I might stay at the Dungeon Hall for a while."

Dongfang Yao nodded, understanding his intent, "With your class and strength, as your level increases, your combat power will grow exponentially."

Although Lin Moyu had only recently completed his second class awakening, Dongfang Yao could sense his extraordinary potential. She believed he could already rival many top-level level 70 class users. If he reached level 50 or level 60 and gained new skills, his power would be truly unstoppable.

When they reached the teleportation formation, Dongfang Yao turned to him with a smile, "If I need your help again, how can I contact you?"

Lin Moyu raised his wrist, and they added each other as friends via their communicators. This way, Dongfang Yao could reach him as long as he wasn't in the Dimensional Battlefield or the Immemorial Battlefield. Even if he was in a dungeon, she could leave a message for him to see once he finished.

"Don't turn me down when the time comes!" Dongfang Yao teased, her smile radiant like a blooming flower.

Lin Moyu nodded, his voice calm yet resolute, "If I can help, I definitely will."

After all, he still owed Dongfang Li a favor.

Their relationship subtly shifted—from a purely transactional arrangement to the beginnings of friendship.

Hearing Lin Moyu's response, Dongfang Yao's smile grew even brighter.

As Dongfang Yao activated the teleportation formation, she formed a series of intricate hand seals. The formation lit up, and in a flash, they disappeared.

The visuals during teleportation were strange and disjointed, the swirling colors and fragmented images unlike anything Lin Moyu had experienced before. A sudden twinge of unease gripped him.

Dongfang Yao sensed something was wrong as well. Her body tensed, and she instinctively glanced at Lin Moyu, noticing the caution and vigilance in his eyes.

Teleporting from within the royal palace to the outside should have taken no more than two seconds. Yet, the process dragged on for over five minutes.

At the teleportation formation's speed, such an extended duration could only mean one thing—they had been transported far beyond the borders of the Shenxia Empire.

A frigid wind laden with a putrid stench assaulted their senses, confirming their worst fears.

Dongfang Yao's composure cracked, and she exclaimed in alarm, "Putrid Corpse Land! How did we end up in the Putrid Corpse Land?"

Lin Moyu's eyes sharpened as he observed the surroundings, noticing a corpse running toward them.

## Chapter 363: The Strange Putrid Corpse Land

Lin Moyu extended a finger, and a burst of white light erupted.

Skill: Bone Fangs!

Two thousand white Bone Fangs shot forward, shredding the corpse charging at them into pieces.

His tone was grave as he asked, "How did we end up here?"

Dongfang Yao, visibly shaken, stammered, “I—I don’t know either!”

Lin Moyu coughed lightly, his voice steady, “Don’t panic. Think carefully and tell me—what kind of place is the Putrid Corpse Land?”

Since they were already here, dwelling on how they arrived served no purpose. The priority was understanding their surroundings.

Two more corpses charged at them, moving faster this time. Lin Moyu managed to get a clearer view this time: humanoid shapes with bodies decayed and riddled with holes. By all logic, such creatures should be long dead.

Yet these abominations still moved. Their grotesque forms surged forward with surprising speed, emitting guttural howls.

Lin Moyu unleashed Bone Fangs again, obliterating the two corpses into scattered remnants. Yet, even as their bodies were reduced to pieces, the heads howled relentlessly.

The air grew thick with the stench of decay. Lin Moyu’s brow furrowed as he turned to Dongfang Yao.

“This is the Putrid Corpse Land,” She said hastily, her voice edged with panic, “I don’t know how we ended up here either.”

Lin Moyu cut her off, his tone sharp but controlled, “I know where we are. Calm down and explain properly.”

Dongfang Yao tried to steady herself, but her trembling hands betrayed her fear. Ignoring the nauseating stench, she took a deep breath and spoke, “The Putrid Corpse Land is an ancient, small world. A catastrophic war once raged here, destroying everything. During that war, someone unleashed a horrifying skill. It twisted this entire world, turning everyone into Putrid Corpses.”

“Enough!” Lin Moyu interrupted again, his voice firm, “I’m not asking for a history lesson. What I need to know is what dangers we face here—what we need to watch out for.”

Dongfang Yao flinched at Lin Moyu’s tone and blurted, “I don’t know much about this place. But there’s one thing I do know—whatever happens, don’t let a Putrid Corpse bite you. If you’re bitten, you’ll be infected and turn into one of them.”

Before Lin Moyu could respond, a deafening thunderclap shattered the air. A bolt of lightning, purple with faint white undertones, streaked down and split the earth. Its eerie glow made Lin Moyu’s chest tighten.

Then the rain began.

Instead of cleansing the foul stench of decay, the rain intensified it, saturating the air with the putrid odor.

Lin Moyu’s Bone Armor suddenly shimmered with white light. Alarmed, he exclaimed, “Something’s wrong with the rain!”

The rain was acrid and foul, with strong corrosive properties, enough to trigger his Bone Armor.

“Ah!”

A sharp cry rang out beside him. Lin Moyu turned to see Dongfang Yao grimacing in pain as the rain burned her skin. She conjured a shield and held it above her head like an umbrella. RANÓBEş

The rain sizzled on contact with the shield, emitting green smoke as it corroded the surface at a visibly rapid pace.

“A Knight?” Lin Moyu’s eyes narrowed, noticing her class for the first time.

But something didn’t add up. A true Knight wouldn’t use their shield this way. Lin Moyu, well-versed in various Knight classes, found Dongfang Yao’s style unusual.

Her shield continued to deteriorate under the rain; it wouldn’t last much longer.

Dongfang Yao’s anxious expression betrayed her growing fear.



Lin Moyu acted decisively. He sent her a party invitation, which Dongfang Yao accepted without hesitation. Then he pointed with his finger.

A radiant glow of white light enveloped her, materializing into gleaming Bone Armor that shielded her from the corrosive rain.

“Th-thank you!” Dongfang Yao stammered in gratitude. Without his intervention, she wasn’t sure how much longer she could have lasted.

Although she had spare shields in her storage, there was no telling how long the rain would last.

Lin Moyu’s tone remained steady as he asked, “What else do you know about the Putrid Corpse Land?”

Dongfang Yao responded hesitantly, “I don’t know much. My rank and level are too low, so my access to information is limited. I only know that this place is extremely dangerous, and escaping it will be very difficult.”

“My father once told me that the reason the Dongfang Family became the ruler of the Shexia Empire isn’t because we’re especially powerful. It’s because our family bears the heavy responsibility of guarding the Putrid Corpse Land.”

“Long before the Shenxia Empire was founded, the Putrid Corpse Land already existed. At one point, the Putrid Corpses attempted to invade the Human World. An ancestor of our family sacrificed themselves to halt the invasion, buying humanity enough time to recover. Since then, it’s been our family’s duty to guard this place. When the Shenxia Empire was established, our family naturally became its ruler as part of this obligation.”

Lin Moyu listened silently, then retrieved the Abyssal Teleportation Stone.

However, the stone’s surface was now dim and lifeless—it had lost its function.

Two possibilities crossed his mind: either the Putrid Corpse Land was enveloped by a powerful barrier or formation that blocked teleportation, or it was too far from the Abyss for the stone’s energy to reach. The Abyssal Teleportation Stone had a limited range, and judging by how long the teleportation from the royal palace had taken, both scenarios were plausible.

The rain continued to pour, corrosive and foul, yet the smashed remains of the three Putrid Corpses lay undisturbed. Lin Moyu’s sharp eyes caught something unsettling: under the relentless downpour, the severed heads of the corpses began gulping down the rancid water.

To his horror, they showed signs of regeneration. New rotting flesh grew beneath their necks.

The grotesque sight made Dongfang Yao scream again. She couldn’t suppress her terror—after all, she was still a young girl unaccustomed to such horrors.

“Should we leave this place?” She asked, her voice trembling as her wide eyes remained fixed on the grotesque scene.

“Leave? Where to? Which direction would we go?” Lin Moyu’s tone was calm but pointed. The surroundings were pitch-black, filled with the stench of decay, offering no clues about any path.

Dongfang Yao suggested, “We should head toward the center. I remember hearing that the heart of the Putrid Corpse Land contains a secret realm. Inside that secret realm, there’s a teleportation formation that can take us back to the Human World.”

“Why didn’t you mention this earlier?” Lin Moyu asked, his tone sharp.

Dongfang Yao looked embarrassed and muttered, “I was scared... I forgot.”

Lin Moyu sighed but didn’t press the issue, “Fine. Then how do we get to the center?”

Dongfang Yao shook her head helplessly, “I don’t know...”

Great. That was no help at all.

With no sense of direction and no idea how vast the Putrid Corpse Land might be, it was clear the search wouldn't be easy. Realizing this, Lin Moyu decided against rushing into action.

The area they were in was temporarily safe, so it made sense to plan first. Confronted with such an eerie and hostile environment, caution was paramount.

Since Lin Moyu didn't move, Dongfang Yao stayed rooted to the spot as well. She huddled close to him, their Bone Armor pressing together. It almost seemed as though she was clinging to him for reassurance.

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell, but the results were disappointingly sparse.

[Low-level Putrid Corpse]

[Level: 5]

Aside from the name and level, no other information appeared.

Next, Lin Moyu summoned a Skeletal Berserk Warrior, which strode through the corrosive rain toward one of the Putrid Corpses. The skeleton deliberately extended its foot toward the corpse's mouth.

The Putrid Corpse bit down with its decayed teeth. Lin Moyu sensed only a negligible amount of damage to the Skeletal Berserk Warrior—hardly worth noting. The Putrid Corpse’s attack power was abysmal; its strength attribute couldn’t exceed 100 points.

In fact, the corrosive rain posed a far greater threat than the Putrid Corpse itself.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior hefted its axe and brought it down heavily, splitting the corpse’s head in two with a loud crack.

There was no blood—it was just like splitting firewood. Yet, disturbingly, even with its head cleaved in two, the Putrid Corpse’s mouth continued to move.

Under the relentless rain, its head began to show signs of regeneration.

“Can’t be killed?” Lin Moyu muttered to himself.

He commanded the Skeletal Berserk Warrior to piece the two halves of the Putrid Corpse’s head back together.

In moments, the head fused into a whole, marked by a grotesque scar.

Dongfang Yao, overwhelmed by fear, shut her eyes tightly, unwilling to look at the unnerving scene. She couldn't understand why Lin Moyu was doing this.

Lin Moyu had the Skeletal Berserk Warrior strike again—this time using the back of its axe to crush the corpse's head. The crushed remains were then pieced back together, and to Lin Moyu's shock, the mangled head began mending itself under the rain.

The sight was as horrifying as it was fascinating.

Dongfang Yao clung to Lin Moyu from behind, too terrified to speak.

## **Chapter 364: No Souls; Immune to Curses; Not Living Beings**

Lin Moyu stood frozen, staring at the bizarre scene before him. Something felt profoundly wrong.

He refused to believe in the existence of truly unkillable beings. Even Desolate Beasts could be slain. How could mere level-5 low-level Putrid Corpses defy death?

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior struck again, reducing the shattered remains into even finer fragments, ensuring they couldn't merge back together. Yet, under the relentless rain, the slimy pieces began regenerating—independently.

A sense of unease crept over Lin Moyu.

Dongfang Yao, summoning her courage, peeked out from behind Lin Moyu. Her eyes landed on the gruesome sight of an axe smashing a head. Overcome by nausea, she quickly shut her eyes again, her face pale.

Lin Moyu paid her no mind. Deciding the first Putrid Corpse was no longer useful, he shifted his attention to another target. He summoned Soul Blaze, directing the flame at a rotting head.

The fire fell, but there was no reaction—no screams, no struggle, not even a flicker of resistance.

“These things... have no souls.” Lin Moyu murmured, stunned.

Soul Blaze was completely ineffective. Without a soul, this attack was powerless.

“What kind of monsters are these?”

If they couldn't be truly killed, skills like Corpse Explosion were also useless. A chill ran down Lin Moyu's spine as he grappled with the situation.

Dongfang Yao, still struggling to steady herself, weakly spoke up, her voice trembling, “My father once told me... the Putrid Corpses in the Putrid Corpse Land can’t be killed.”

Lin Moyu shook his head, his eyes narrowing, “Nothing is truly unkillable. We just haven’t found the right method yet.”

As she spoke, he summoned a Skeletal Great Mage to test another approach.

Skill: Elemental Explosion!

With a thunderous boom, the Putrid Corpse head was blasted apart.

The elemental explosion obliterated most of it, leaving behind only tiny, nearly invisible specks. As the specks touched the ground, they vanished—yet Lin Moyu remained locked onto them.

He noticed something unsettling: the specks were regenerating in the rain, albeit at a painfully slow pace.

After careful observation, Lin Moyu made a rough calculation. At this rate, it would take years for the fragments to fully regenerate.



The Skeletal Great Mage struck again. Elemental explosions thundered in quick succession.

Lin Moyu ensured not even the smallest speck escaped destruction. By the end, not a trace remained.

Yet, no kill notification appeared.

Was there just no kill notification, or had the target not been killed in the first place?

This world continued to baffle Lin Moyu, leaving him with a gnawing sense of unease.

He turned his attention to the last Putrid Corpse head.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

A red glow surged forth as he pointed, but nothing happened.

Lin Moyu's pupils narrowed. The curse had no effect.

It was then he realized something critical: these Putrid Corpses weren't living beings.

Even undead creatures like his skeletons, though technically not alive, still had souls. A soul was the essence of existence—the foundation of any living being. *RĀNŌBES*

But these Putrid Corpses had no souls. They were truly, utterly dead.

This explained their immunity to curses and their resistance to soul-based attacks. The reason they couldn't be killed was devastatingly simple: they were already dead.

Yet a deeper question gnawed at Lin Moyu.

If they were dead, how could they move, attack, and regenerate even after being reduced to fragments?

No answer presented itself, leaving Lin Moyu grappling with the enigma before him.

“Let's go.”

With the experiments concluded, there was no reason to linger any longer. Their next priority was to locate the exit at the center.

Dongfang Yao exhaled in relief and followed closely behind Lin Moyu, not daring to fall a single step behind.

The two moved forward through the corrosive rain, which hissed and sizzled as it struck their Bone Armor. Lin Moyu periodically reapplied the armor for both himself and Dongfang Yao.

Along the way, they encountered more Putrid Corpses. Each was obliterated into fragments by the Skeletal Great Mage's Elemental Explosion. The Putrid Corpses were weak, requiring only a single blast to be reduced to smithereens.

Meanwhile, the skeletons endured continuous damage from the foul, corrosive rain, preventing Lin Moyu from recalling them. They could only be dismissed once they left the rain's range.

After half an hour of trudging through the relentless downpour, they finally emerged from its corrosive grasp.

Lin Moyu immediately recalled the skeletons. The Skeletal Great Mage returned to the summon space without issue. However, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior remained.

Lin Moyu paused, frowning in confusion.

They had clearly exited the rain's range, so why couldn't the Skeletal Berserk Warrior be dismissed?

Upon closer inspection, he noticed something peculiar: the Berserk Warrior was still taking damage. The effect was minuscule—so faint that it was nearly imperceptible. Without close attention, he might have overlooked it entirely.

Digging deeper, Lin Moyu found the source. A tiny bite mark, smaller than a strand of hair, marred the location where the Berserk Warrior had been bitten by a Putrid Corpse head.

Such a small wound, such a seemingly insignificant attack—yet the damage persisted for hours.

Lin Moyu turned to Dongfang Yao, his expression sharp, “You mentioned earlier that it's dangerous to be bitten by the Putrid Corpses?”

Dongfang Yao, now much calmer, nodded, “Yes. My father told me that if you're bitten by a Putrid Corpse, you'll eventually turn into one yourself.”

Dongfang Yao's expression shifted, her tone urgent. “Are you saying your skeleton was infected with Putrid Corpse Poison?”

“Poison? Or something else...” Lin Moyu muttered under his breath.

He summoned a Lich General. The Lich General waved its stave, and brilliant white light enveloped the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

Skill: Nullify.

[Nullify (level 3): eliminates all abnormal statuses of legion members.]

Under Nullify’s effect, the faint wound on the Skeletal Berserk Warrior’s bone quickly vanished.

Lin Moyu exhaled in relief. This world was bizarre, but it wasn’t entirely hopeless. At least this strange injury could be healed.

He tried recalling the Skeletal Berserk Warrior again. This time, it worked flawlessly. Clearly, the problem had been resolved.

Dongfang Yao’s eyes widened in astonishment, “You’ve neutralized the Putrid Corpse Poison?”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “It wasn’t me—it was my summon.”

Dongfang Yao's voice grew urgent, "Can your summon neutralize the Putrid Corpse Poison for other people as well?"

"It can't." Lin Moyu replied flatly, "The summon's skill only works on my summons."

Disappointment washed over Dongfang Yao's face. The flicker of hope that had briefly sparked in her eyes faded into resignation. She sighed softly, her shoulders sinking.

Lin Moyu resumed walking, and Dongfang Yao quickly fell into step beside him. Her voice softened as she spoke, "Lin Moyu, if you ever gain the ability to cure the Putrid Corpse Poison, would you save someone for me?"

Lin Moyu glanced at her and nodded, "As long as it doesn't harm me, I don't mind."

Dongfang Yao offered a faint smile, "Thank you."

Lin Moyu, his expression thoughtful, asked, "Have you figured it out yet? Why did we end up here?"

The Dongfang Family had guarded the Putrid Corpse Land for generations, so there must be a reason they were transported here. It was undoubtedly tied to the Dongfang Family.

Dongfang Yao's brows furrowed as she thought, "If my guess is correct, this must be the work of Third Uncle. He must have tampered with the teleportation formation."

Lin Moyu gazed at her, gesturing for her to continue.

.....

"Third Uncle is Dongfang Tuo, Dongfang Shun's father." Dongfang Yao began, her tone heavy, "He's a level-81 peak-level class user—extremely powerful. He holds a high status and wields considerable influence within the Dongfang Family. Moreover, he's been to the Putrid Corpse Land before and knows its location."

Listening to her explanation, Lin Moyu nodded slightly, a cold sneer forming on his lips, "Does he really think I won't make it back alive?"

Dongfang Yao shook her head, her voice tinged with unease, "Perhaps he never considered the possibility of our survival. The Putrid Corpse Land is a horrifying place; even a God-level expert could face grave danger here. Besides, even if we do manage to survive and return, we'll likely have no concrete proof."

Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed with murderous intent, "Sometimes, no proof is needed. I only hope your Dongfang Family doesn't choose the wrong side when the time comes."

A chill ran through Dongfang Yao.

Lin Moyu's words struck a nerve, filling her with dread.

No one had ever dared to threaten the Dongfang Family like this before.

Since the founding of the Shenxia Empire, the Dongfang Family had been the royal family—the rulers of the empire.

The royal family governed politics, while the godly generals commanded the military. The two sides complemented each other but operated independently.

Yet if a godly general were to die at the hands of the royal family... it would be catastrophic.

For soldiers, godly generals were revered like the sky itself. They would think: *while I risk my life and shed my blood on the frontline to protect the country, the royal family is betraying a godly general?*

The consequences would be unimaginable.



Dongfang Yao clasped her head, “Lin Moyu, I promise to give you an explanation when we return. For the sake of the empire, please give me a chance.”

Lin Moyu stared at her for a long moment before nodding slowly.

Her explanation would need to satisfy him.

Lin Moyu had no desire to plunge the empire into chaos; it would bring no benefit to its people or humanity at large. But to ask him to spare the culprit for such reasons? That was impossible.

He wasn’t that selfless.

Another clap of thunder roared through the sky, illuminating the surrounding space. Rain began to pour once more, its relentless drumming filling the air.

## Chapter 365: The Sole Dual-Class God-Level Expert

This time, the rain cluster brought more than torrential rain—it came with streaks of lightning. The purple bolts tinged with black danced across the sky, exuding an eerie and oppressive aura. The corrosive rain was even stronger than before, its acrid stench choking the air.

The Putrid Corpses stirred restlessly under the downpour, their movements unusually vigorous.

Lin Moyu quickly realized that he and Dongfang Yao, as living beings, had become glaring beacons in the desolate expanse of the Putrid Corpse Land.

From the distance, more and more Putrid Corpses converged on their location.

Lin Moyu surmised that the aura of life radiating from them was like a magnet for these creatures. The corpses seemed to harbor an innate hostility toward intruders, reacting with a ferocity that left no doubt about their intent.

Dongfang Yao had shared what little she knew about the Putrid Corpse Land, but her knowledge was limited. Despite her efforts, Lin Moyu had no concrete strategy and could only adapt as the situation unfolded.

Boom!

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck Lin Moyu squarely. His Bone Armor absorbed the impact, emitting a faint hum as it deflected the attack.

The lightning was no joke—its power far exceeded that of the rain.

Dongfang Yao gasped in alarm, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” Lin Moyu replied with composure. Having recently endured the lightning elemental dungeon, he was no stranger to being struck by lightning.

At this time, the sound of shuffling feet transmitted through the rain cluster. A Putrid Corpse barreled toward them, undeterred by the heavy rain.

Boom!

Another bolt lit up the sky and struck the corpse, obliterating it into fragments.

Lin Moyu paused in astonishment. Why would the lightning target the Putrid Corpses? Could the strikes be purely random?

His thoughts were interrupted as his eyes caught something peculiar. Electric sparks danced across the shattered remains of the corpse. Like living tendrils, the sparks pulled the fragments back together, seamlessly reconnecting them.

The reassembled corpse appeared significantly stronger than before.

Intrigued, Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell.

[Low-level Putrid Corpse]

[Level: 10]

It was still classified as a low-level Putrid Corpse, but its level had risen to level 10. This was a significant leap in strength compared to the ones they had encountered so far. Until now, all the Putrid Corpses they had faced were level 5. This marked the first time they had encountered one at level 10.

No—before it was struck by lightning, this Putrid Corpse had also been level 5. The lightning had triggered its evolution.

A bold idea flickered through Lin Moyu's mind: what if he allowed himself to be struck by the lightning without the protection of his Bone Armor? Could it induce some kind of transformation in him as well? **ÂÑÕËŠ**

Of course, it was a fleeting thought. In this strange and unpredictable world, experimenting without absolute certainty was far too dangerous. No matter how daring Lin Moyu might be, gambling with his life was out of the question.

Lin Moyu summoned a Skeletal Great Mage. With a resounding blast, the skeleton unleashed Elemental Explosion, instantly obliterating the newly evolved Putrid Corpse.

Though the creature would regenerate eventually, Lin Moyu was confident it would take a long time for it to recover.

Two days had passed since their arrival in the Putrid Corpse Land.

There was no day or night here, only the perpetual gloom. Thankfully, their communicators allowed them to keep track of time.

Through a full day of exploration, they had finally started piecing together an understanding of this bizarre place.

Rain dominated the landscape. In the span of two days, they had traveled roughly a thousand kilometers, enduring ten separate downpours along the way.

The intensity of the rain varied: heavier rains were more focused, while lighter rains stretched across vast areas.

Two of the downpours stood out for their violence, accompanied by frequent lightning strikes. Lin Moyu had been struck five times; Dongfang Yao, twice.

Besides targeting them, lightning also struck the Putrid Corpses. Without exception, every Putrid Corpse hit by lightning underwent a transformation, evolving into a stronger form.

Lin Moyu noticed something peculiar: the lightning never struck aimlessly—it always had a target.

As he continued forward, he began encountering level 6 and level 7 Putrid Corpses. This pattern finally revealed a path to follow.

Lin Moyu speculated that the closer they approached the center of this world, the higher the level of the Putrid Corpses. This phenomenon reminded him of other domains he had explored.

In the Immemorial Battlefield, high-level monsters were concentrated in the core area. Similarly, in the Abyssal World, the intensity of Abyssal Fire increased toward the center, drawing in stronger Demons.

It stood to reason that Putrid Corpse Land followed a similar rule.

Based on this theory, Lin Moyu used the levels of the Putrid Corpses as makeshift coordinates and pressed forward.

Dongfang Yao, though uneasy, agreed with his logic and followed closely behind without raising any objections.

At this point, she dared not question him. She understood all too well that without Lin Moyu, her fate would likely be sealed—either death or a transformation into one of the very creatures stalking this land.

Meanwhile, in the royal palace, chaos reigned.

Dongfang Yao had been missing for two days, throwing the royal family into disarray.

In the grand hall, Dongfang Yi sat on the throne, his expression dark and furious. His voice boomed through the room, “Have you discovered anything yet?”

On his left sat members of the royal family. On his right sat the Grand Councillors.

The chamber was silent.

Finally, one of the Grand Councillors stepped forward and uttered, “Your Majesty, we are still investigating. However, it appears that the teleportation formation was tampered with. We are examining it thoroughly.”

Dongfang Yi’s voice grew colder, “Two days, and you still have nothing? Is Grandmaster Zhang Heyu in charge of the investigation?”

The Grand Councillor nodded, “Yes, Your Majesty. Grandmaster Zhang Heyu is personally overseeing the investigation, but as of now, there have been no breakthroughs.”

At this time, an elderly man, leaning on a staff, entered the chamber. His attire, adorned with an intricate formation emblem embroidered on his collar and cuffs, marked him as a Formation Master.

The moment Dongfang Yi saw him, he rose to his feet, prompting everyone else in the room to stand as well.

Striding forward to greet him, Dongfang Yi spoke with urgency, “Grandmaster Zhang, how is it? Have you discovered anything?”

Zhang Heyu shook his head, his expression heavy, “I’m sorry. I’ve made no progress. Whoever tampered with the formation is exceptionally skilled. After the teleportation, they scrambled the circuits entirely. The formation is in complete disarray. I can’t untangle it.”

Dongfang Yi’s face darkened. He understood all too well that while setting up or sabotaging a teleportation formation was straightforward, deciphering its scrambled circuits—especially to trace the direction of the teleportation—was an entirely different challenge.

“Is there no other way?” He asked.

Zhang Heyu, renowned as the royal palace’s most formidable Formation Master and a level 89 class user—just a step shy of reaching God-level—was their best hope. If even he couldn’t solve this, Dongfang Yi was at a loss.



Zhang Heyu hesitated for a moment before speaking, “There might be someone who can help.”

Dongfang Yi’s eyes sharpened, “Who?”

With a solemn expression, Zhang Heyu replied, “Meng Anwen. The Serene God, humanity’s foremost Formation Master.”

The name carried weight. Meng Anwen, also known as the Serene God, was a legendary figure, the master of Shenxia Tower, and a peer to figures like Bai Yiyuan.

Though his reputation preceded him, little was known about Meng Anwen’s life. He was so low-profile that even Dongfang Yi hadn’t immediately considered him.

Meng Anwen wasn’t just humanity’s greatest Formation Master—he was also its most accomplished Alchemist. He was a dual-class user.

Dual-class users were exceedingly rare, far rarer than legendary class users. However, among them, only Meng Anwen had reached God-level.

After a moment of contemplation, Dongfang Yi made his decision, “I’ll go invite him personally.”

After a moment of contemplation, Dongfang Yi made his decision. “I’ll go invite him personally.”

To enlist Meng Anwen’s help, Dongfang Yi had to go himself. No one else was qualified for such a task.

Normally, finding Meng Anwen would be a challenge. But with the Shenxia Tower trial currently underway, his location was no secret. This gave Dongfang Yi a rare opportunity.

The situation was urgent, not just because it involved his daughter but also Lin Moyu.

From what Dongfang Yi knew, Lin Moyu shared a close relationship with Meng Anwen. This connection increased the likelihood that Meng Anwen would intervene.

Without hesitation, Dongfang Yi transformed into a streak of light, speeding toward Xiajing Academy.

In less than a minute, he arrived above the academy grounds, spotting the imposing Shenxia Tower in the distance. The trials were still in progress.

After Lin Moyu had used the 500 participants as a stepping stone to hone himself, Meng Anwen had arranged for them to undergo a standard trial. The rewards this year were

even slightly better than previous years—perhaps as a subtle form of compensation for the participants.

Feeling anxious, Dongfang Yi couldn't afford to bother other things now. Time was of the essence. He flew straight toward the tower without delay.

He called out in a resonant voice, "Serene God, I, Dongfang Yi, have come to pay a visit. Please come out and meet me!"

His voice echoed through the entirety of Xiajing Academy, causing an immediate commotion.

"Wow! It's Emperor Dongfang Yi!"

"The Emperor himself came to meet Serene God?"

"Isn't Emperor Dongfang Yi supposed to be the most handsome man in Shenxia? I can't believe I'm seeing him in person!"

"I've heard Serene God is quite good-looking too... imagine if they're standing side by side!"

The academy buzzed with excitement, as students eagerly craned their necks to catch a glimpse of these legendary figures.

Strangely, many female students seemed more captivated by the appearance of Dongfang Yi and Serene God than by their legendary strength.

When they caught sight of Dongfang Yi, gasps of admiration rippled through the crowd.

Dongfang Yi was indeed incredibly handsome, radiating a refined aura. It was no wonder he fathered a daughter as stunning as Dongfang Yao.

Dongfang Yi stood quietly, his expression calm as he awaited a response to his summons.

Ten seconds later, a figure emerged from the Shenxia Tower.

Meng Anwen floated in the air, his robe billowing gently in the wind. The presence he exuded was nothing short of majestic—a true display of a God-level expert.

The crowd erupted again.

“Wow, Serene God is so handsome!”

“Elegant and poised—look at that temperament, that figure! Truly unmatched!”

“Honestly, I think Serene God might even be more handsome than the Emperor!”

“I want to marry Serene God!”

Meng Anwen raised a single finger, and a shimmering barrier enveloped himself and Dongfang Yi. All sound from the outside world was instantly silenced.

“Emperor Dongfang.” Meng Anwen began, his tone calm yet commanding, “What brings you here?”

## Chapter 366: The Dongfang Family Awaits Its Burial

When the formation was set up, Dongfang Yi felt a slight tremor in his heart. A God-level Formation Master truly was extraordinary.

Meng Anwen's skills had seamlessly become an extension of his being, wielded with natural precision.

“I, Dongfang Yi, greet Serene God.” He said humbly.

Though an emperor, Dongfang Yi shed his royal demeanor before a God-level powerhouse. He understood that his title held no weight here. Only as a fellow God-level powerhouse could he converse with Meng Anwen as an equal.

Meng Anwen, who had met Dongfang Yi once many years ago, got straight to the point, “Your Majesty, speak plainly. Why have you come?”

Dongfang Yi explained the dire situation involving his daughter and Lin Moyu.

Meng Anwen’s expression darkened, “Missing?”

Dongfang Yi nodded gravely, “Yes, they disappeared. The teleportation formation was tampered with. We can’t determine what happened.”

Without hesitation, Meng Anwen said, “Lead the way, Your Majesty.”

Anything involving Lin Moyu demanded his attention.

The two turned into streaks of light and sped toward the royal palace. In an instant, they reached the teleportation formation within the palace grounds.

Meng Anwen stepped into the formation, placed his hand in the air, and closed his eyes. Moments later, he spoke: “It has indeed been tampered with. The culprit is highly skilled, completely scrambling its circuits.”

“Can it be unraveled?” Dongfang Yi asked anxiously.

Meng Anwen chuckled softly, “A mere trifle.”

With deft movements of his fingers, runes began to flow into the teleportation formation. The formation emitted a low rumble, shaking incessantly as Meng Anwen worked.

Dongfang Yi stood silently, unable to comprehend the intricate process unfolding before him.

Within minutes, the teleportation formation suddenly emitted a brilliant light, accompanied by a steady hum.

Meng Anwen said softly, “Done.”

Dongfang Yi's face lit up with hope, “Serene God, have you found where my daughter and Godly General Lin are?”

Meng Anwen's tone grew solemn. "Their last destination..." His expression darkened abruptly, "The Putrid Corpse Land your Dongfang Family has guarded for generations!"

"What?!" Dongfang Yi's face turned ashen, "How did they end up there?! That's impossible! The Putrid Corpse Land was sealed long ago, with only one gateway remaining—and it's located elsewhere. How could they have teleported there from here?"

Dongfang Yi grew increasingly frantic. As the emperor of the Shenxia Empire and a God-level powerhouse of the Dongfang Family, he knew the horrors of the Putrid Corpse Land.

Since the Putrid Corpse Land had been sealed, teleporting there was nearly impossible. This made no sense.

Meng Anwen continued examining the formation, his lips curling into a cold smile, "Clever. They used a Sealbreaker Fire Stone to momentarily breach the seal and triggered a random teleportation." 果然

Dongfang Yi was stunned. The Sealbreaker Fire Stone wasn't a human item—it was a creation of Abyssal Demons. Formed from Abyssal Fire, it could break through most seals and barriers, even disrupting the seal of the Putrid Corpse Land for a fleeting moment.

In that brief window, the teleportation formation sent Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao into the Putrid Corpse Land.



Dongfang Yi's face paled further. The use of a Sealbreaker Fire Stone meant a connection to Abyssal Demons. His thoughts immediately turned to the Demon Worship Society.

A chilling realization struck him: the society had infiltrated the Dongfang Family.

It was like a thunderbolt in his mind. The shock was compounded by the memory of their infiltration of the Council—and whispers of their meddling in Fortress No. 9 of the military.

Now, their corruption had reached his family. The weight of the revelation left Dongfang Yi shaken to his core.

“Serene God, can you identify the culprit?” Dongfang Yi asked without hesitation.

At this moment, rescuing Dongfang Yao was secondary. The issue of the Demon Worship Society was far more critical. As Emperor, he understood the priorities.

Meng Anwen, however, dismissed his concern, “No rush. They won’t escape. First, tell me how to reach the Putrid Corpse Land. I’m bringing Moyu back.”

A cold sneer played on Meng Anwen's lips, and his eyes burned with chilling murderous aura. What happened within the Dongfang Family was of no interest to him. His only focus was Lin Moyu.

The Putrid Corpse Land was no ordinary place. It was a nightmarish remnant of an ancient war, and being trapped there meant grave danger.

Dongfang Yi sighed bitterly, "It's impossible. You can't bring him back."

"What did you say?" Meng Anwen's voice turned icy, his God-level aura surging. The temperature of the entire royal palace plummeted.

Meng Anwen hadn't fought in decades, and no one truly knew the extent of his power.

Dongfang Yi quickly clarified, "It's true! My daughter is trapped there as well. I'm deeply concerned, but the Putrid Corpse Land... it's unreachable. Come with me, Serene God, and you'll understand."

Without hesitation, Dongfang Yi stepped into the teleportation formation and activated it. After forming a series of seals, the two were transported to another location.

They arrived in a vast underground chamber. The circular space was colossal—500 meters tall and spanning over 10 kilometers in diameter.

In the circular chamber, a magnificent formation thrummed steadily, drawing an immense flow of elemental energy from the depths of the earth to sustain its operation.

Meng Anwen frowned, “A God-level formation?”

Dongfang Yi nodded, “Yes, left behind by our ancestors.”

Meng Anwen asked no further questions. He stepped directly into the formation and cast a rune,

“Formation Spirit, come forth!”

Every God-level formation had a Formation Spirit.

Formation Spirits possessed intelligence, with their level of intelligence directly tied to the formation's rank and duration of operation. The formation before Meng Anwen had existed for countless years, meaning its Formation Spirit possessed exceptional intelligence.

A massive orb of light materialized within the formation.

"Honored God-level Formation Master, welcome. I am the Formation Spirit of the Evil Sealing Formation." It announced.

As expected, it was capable of coherent communication, demonstrating its noteworthy intelligence.

Meng Anwen asked, "What is your function?"

The Formation Spirit responded, "To guard the Putrid Corpse Land's seal, issue warnings, and assist human experts in stopping the Putrid Corpses' invasions."

Formation Spirits couldn't lie. While intelligent, they were bound by simplicity and lacked proactive thought.

Meng Anwen continued, "I wish to enter the Putrid Corpse Land."

The Formation Spirit replied, "Impossible. The Putrid Corpse Land opens once every hundred years. It remains sealed and cannot be entered otherwise."

Meng Anwen frowned, "What if I insist on going in?"

The Formation Spirit stated plainly, "The formation will self-destruct, and all energy will be redirected to reinforce the seal. No one below half-step Transcendent God-level will be able to force entry."

Meng Anwen did not doubt its words. He could feel the immense, terrifying energy accumulated within the formation—an energy that even he, a God-level powerhouse, dared not trifle with. This power, built over centuries, would make the seal impenetrable for decades if unleashed.

Such an act could buy humanity precious time.

Meng Anwen asked, "How long until the next scheduled opening of the passage?"

The Formation Spirit replied, "Three years, twelve days, three hours, twenty-one minutes, and fifty-five seconds."

More than three years—far too long.

After a moment, Meng Anwen posed another question, "If someone accidentally entered the Putrid Corpse Land, how could they return?"

The Formation Spirit answered, "There is an exit at the center of the Putrid Corpse Land. If it is a human, they can use this exit to return."

Meng Anwen nodded solemnly, "Very well. If someone exits through that passage, notify me immediately."

As Meng Anwen spoke, a spirit mark emerged from him and landed on the Formation Spirit.

The Formation Spirit hummed in response, "I shall follow your instructions, honored God-level Formation Master."

With that, Meng Anwen stepped out of the formation, and the Formation Spirit vanished.

In the next moment, a surge of murderous aura emanated from Meng Anwen. His eyes glinted coldly as he declared, "Now, we deal with your family's traitor."

He turned to Dongfang Yi, his tone sharp and unforgiving, "Your Majesty, if Moyu returns safely, all will be well, and you may continue ruling as you have. But if anything happens to him..."

Meng Anwen's voice grew icier with each word, "You will receive a visit from the Shenxia Tower, the White God's fists, the Mad God's blade, and the military's battle formations. I doubt your family wishes to face any of those."

Dongfang Yi's face drained of color. The weight of Meng Anwen's words was suffocating. It was no veiled threat—it was a promise: *If Lin Moyu dies, your Dongfang Family will perish with him.*

He opened his mouth to respond but found himself unable to utter a word. Never had he imagined the situation could escalate to this level.

Meng Anwen paid no heed to his reaction and continued in a grim tone, “Moyu is the disciple of myself, White God, and Mad God. His elder sister is that person's sole disciple.”

Meng Anwen's gaze bore into Dongfang Yi, his words deliberate. “The bond between Moyu and his sister is profound enough that they've shared a Primordial Rune—an act most wouldn't dream of. Moyu is a godly general, the youngest in humanity's history. You had better hope for his safe return.”

His words were clearly aimed at impressing upon Dongfang Yi the gravity of the situation.

As Meng Anwen spoke, a faint thread of energy manifested in his hand, piercing through space and extending into the distance.

Meng Anwen explained coldly, “Follow this thread and apprehend whoever it leads to. Interrogate them thoroughly. Ensure that they stay alive—until Moyu's situation is resolved.”

# Chapter 367: Falling Into The Putrid Corpse Land May Not Be A Bad Thing

When it came to understanding Abyssal Demons, no one surpassed the military.

After years of relentless battles against these beings, the military had amassed extensive knowledge, not just about the Demons themselves but also the peculiar items they left behind. Among these were stone-like creations, including the Sealbreaker Fire Stone.

Forged with Abyssal Fire, the Sealbreaker Fire Stone possessed the power to break seals, barriers, and formations.

The mere presence of such an item changed the nature of this incident.

The enmity between the human race and the Abyssal Demons was absolute. Any association with the Abyss was tantamount to treason—a crime punishable by death.

The use of a Sealbreaker Fire Stone left a trace of abyssal aura that lingered for ages. Similarly, meddling with formations left evidence visible to a Formation Master of Meng Anwen's caliber.

Guided by Meng Anwen, Dongfang Yi arrived at Dongfang Tuo's quarters, only to find them abandoned. Dongfang Shun was also missing.



All that remained was a Substitution Puppet, its aura meticulously crafted to mimic Dongfang Tuo's. This puppet had been used to mask his escape and conceal the lingering abyssal aura.

"He's gone!" Dongfang Yi's face darkened.

The implications were staggering. A member of the royal family collaborating with the Abyss was an unprecedented disgrace for the Dongfang Family—a scandal of monumental proportions.

Meng Anwen's sneer was sharp as a blade, "I'll issue a military-wide wanted notice. As for the empire's response, that's for you to handle. But mark my words—if anything happens to Moyu, you will face the consequences."

With that, Meng Anwen departed, his murderous aura hanging heavily in the air.

Although he wasn't officially Lin Moyu's teacher, but Meng Anwen treated him as his disciple. And in his heart, Lin Moyu had long considered Meng Anwen his mentor.

Dongfang Yi's face was ashen. He could do nothing but pray for Lin Moyu's safe return.

Orders were swiftly issued from the royal palace, spreading across the nation. Dongfang Tuo was declared a wanted criminal, charged with the unforgivable crime of betraying humanity.

Shortly after Meng Anwen returned to the Shenxia Tower, an overwhelming murderous aura erupted from within.

The skies over Xiajing City turned pitch black, as if day and night had suddenly reversed. A thick, storm-like murderous aura engulfed the royal palace, exerting immense pressure that alarmed every member of the royal family.

It felt as though a sword hung over their heads, ready to strike at any moment. Buildings within the palace groaned under the pressure, and some collapsed entirely.

Dongfang Li jolted awake in his secret realm, rushing out in shock. As a level 92 God-level powerhouse, he could immediately sense the magnitude of the threat. With a single glance, he could discern that the other party was far stronger than him.

Moments later, Dongfang Zhan, another level 92 God-level powerhouse, emerged from the royal palace to join him.

“This murderous aura...” Dongfang Li’s voice was low and grim, “It’s overwhelming. At least level 95.”

Dongfang Zhan’s expression hardened, “This murderous... it belongs to the Mad God. When did we offend him?”

Dongfang Yi arrived soon after, his demeanor equally grave, “This is a warning from the Mad God.”

At this moment, all three God-level powerhouses of the royal family were gathered here.

Dongfang Yi sighed deeply and recounted Dongfang Tuo's actions.

As the details unfolded, Dongfang Li and Dongfang Zhan's faces darkened with fury.

Dongfang Zhan declared, his tone icy, "Find Dongfang Tuo—dead or alive."

Dongfang Li added, "And investigate the family thoroughly. Root out any other traitors who may be lurking among us."

The God-level powerhouses' commands set the Dongfang Family into a flurry of activity.

Yet, Dongfang Yi understood that no matter their efforts, everything hinged on Lin Moyu's safe return. Otherwise, it wasn't just Meng Anwen's wrath they had to fear—Yan Kuangsheng alone would bring unimaginable trouble. The stakes had never been higher.

Return to Top

Meanwhile, deep within the Putrid Corpse Land, Lin Moyu had already found the correct path forward.

The Putrid Corpses they encountered grew progressively stronger, their movements faster and more coordinated. They had faced level 10 Putrid Corpses, and even witnessed one struck by lightning in a rain cluster, evolving into a level 15 Putrid Corpse before their eyes.

Lin Moyu wasted no time. Amid the rain cluster, he defeated the newly evolved level 15 Putrid Corpse.

Dongfang Yao followed closely, unwilling to stray even a single step from his side.

By now, three days had passed. Dongfang Yao had completely calmed. Lin Moyu's unflinching determination had rubbed off on her, and she adopted a similar "come what may" attitude.

During their journey, Lin Moyu learned about Dongfang Yao's class: Sacred Shield Warrior. This was a superior class exclusive to the Dongfang Family, passed down through their bloodline.

Many noble families possessed similar hereditary classes. For instance: the Ni Family was known for the Legion Overlord bloodline, while the Mo Family carried a Summoner bloodline and the Ning Family carried an Assassin bloodline.

Some bloodlines were particularly extraordinary, such as the Feng Family's Divine Swordsman lineage and the Dongfang Family's Sacred Shield Warrior lineage.

These bloodlines granted a unique class promotion ability.

At first glance, the Sacred Shield Warrior seemed like nothing more than a superior class. But upon reaching the second class awakening, it had an almost 100% chance of directly promoting to a legendary class.

This wasn't standard class sublimation but a unique ability stemming from the bloodline—a manifestation of the bloodline's latent power being activated. If class sublimation occurred alongside this promotion, then the class would leap directly to a mid-tier legendary class.

As Dongfang Yao talked about her lineage, a glimmer of pride lit her face, “Aside from the Dongfang Family, no other Sacred Shield Warriors exist. Our class is a perfect blend of Knight and Warrior skills, combining a Knight's impenetrable defense with a Warrior's devastating attack power...”

Her words carried the implication that Sacred Shield Warrior was an exceptionally powerful class.

However, midway through her speech, Dongfang Yao suddenly fell silent. A realization struck her: standing before her was someone with an incomparably strong class. She relied entirely on his protection just to survive in the Putrid Corpse Land.

In this context, her Sacred Shield Warrior class seemed... insignificant.

Lin Moyu didn't comment. He didn't underestimate any class.

Having mastered the majority of classes, he firmly believed there were no useless classes—only class users who failed to unlock their potential. Even livelihood-type classes had their own advantages.

“As long as the level is high enough, every class can shine.” He thought to himself.

They continued their trek until another rain cluster loomed ahead.

A sour, rancid stench filled the air as lightning bolts illuminated the desolate ground, striking Putrid Corpses with unnerving accuracy. Those fortunate enough to be hit by the lightning were all upgraded.

Lin Moyu suddenly spoke, “I want to try getting struck by the lightning.”

Boom!

A thunderclap drowned out his words.

“What did you say?” Dongfang Yao let out a gasp.

Lin Moyu replied softly, “Nothing. Wait here quietly and don’t move.”

With that, he summoned two Skeletal Great Mages to stand guard around her. Then, without hesitation, stepped alone into the rain.

Dongfang Yao watched, wondering what he was up to.

Boom!

Another lightning bolt descended, this time directly targeting Lin Moyu.

Throughout their journey, both of them had been subjected to numerous lightning strikes, but the Bone Armor always absorbed the brunt of it, leaving them unharmed.

But this time, as the lightning surged down toward him, Lin Moyu did something unthinkable—he dismissed his Bone Armor and allowed the bolt to hit him directly.

The lightning bolt was accompanied by the corrosive rain.

Dongfang Yao let out a horrified scream, her mind reeling in disbelief.

“Did he just... get struck by lightning?!”

In the next moment, Lin Moyu radiated a brilliant white light as his Bone Armor reappeared.

Dongfang Yao exhaled in relief.

Lightning continued to course through Lin Moyu, leaving a slight numbness and a faint heat spreading within him.

Thanks to Damage Transference, all the harm was absorbed by his skeletons, leaving him completely unscathed. However, that faint heat current lingered in his body, intriguing him.

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +100,000]

A notification flashed before him, and Lin Moyu’s eyes flickered with surprise, quickly followed by realization.



The pieces clicked into place: the Putrid Corpses struck by lightning evolved because they gained EXP, allowing their levels to rise. Similarly, when he was struck by lightning, he, too, received EXP.

However, 100,000 EXP was insignificant to him—barely a drop in the bucket.

From his observations over the past few days, he noticed an interesting phenomenon: lightning during in a rain cluster never struck the same target twice.

Lin Moyu shared his discovery with Dongfang Yao, who stared at him in amazement. She had never heard of anything like that before.

Still, Dongfang Yao knew she couldn't replicate his actions. Without Damage Transference, exposure to the corrosive rain alone would be fatal to her.

The two continued their journey, and in the days that followed, Lin Moyu made it a point to get struck by lightning in every rain cluster they encountered.

It wasn't for the EXP—such a trivial amount meant little to him.

Every time lightning struck him, he felt a trace of heat, the mysterious Genesis Lightning, remain in his body. His instincts told him it was nothing ordinary. If he accumulated enough of it, he suspected it might lead to something extraordinary.

It seemed that, in this respect, falling into the Putrid Corpse Land wasn't all bad

## Chapter 368: If Anything Happens To Moyu, I Will Annihilate Your Dongfang Family

Lin Moyu recalled Meng Anwen's words: *Opportunities often come with danger. The more perilous the place, the greater the hidden opportunity. Yet, behind great opportunities, death may lurk.*

These words resonated deeply now, proving undeniably true.

The Putrid Corpse Land, described by Dongfang Yao as a perilous place even for God-level experts, was home to a phenomenon as miraculous as Genesis Lightning. Lin Moyu had deliberately sought out this lightning, allowing himself to be struck over a hundred times in the span of several days. With each strike, the heat coursing through his body grew stronger, filling him with exhilaration.

Seven days had passed since they entered the Putrid Corpse Land, covering over 3,000 kilometers. Lin Moyu's chosen path seemed accurate, as the corpses they encountered grew progressively stronger. They now faced Putrid Corpses at level 20 or above.

Genesis Lightning caused level 20 corpses to evolve to level 24, the rate of progression slowing. This slowdown occurred because while the EXP provided by the lightning remained constant, the EXP needed to level up increased with each level.

“Have you noticed a pattern?” Lin Moyu asked.

Dongfang Yao looked puzzled, “What pattern?”

Lin Moyu explained, “The evolved corpses leave their original areas. I suspect that corpses of different levels inhabit distinct zones.”

Dongfang Yao’s eyes lit up, “If the level of the corpses increases the closer you get to the center, we can follow their movement to find the core of this land.”

Lin Moyu nodded. “Exactly. That’s why I’ve been adjusting our route. I believe we’re heading in the right direction.”

Dongfang Yao suddenly realized that Lin Moyu had indeed made subtle changes to their path over the past few days. It became clear they had been following the trail of the corpses.

As the realization dawned, a faint blush spread across her face. She hesitated before blurting out, “I thought...”

“Thought what?” Lin Moyu asked, giving her a curious look.

Dongfang Yao muttered shyly, “I thought you were adjusting our route just to find rain clusters so you could get struck by lightning.”

The corners of Lin Moyu’s mouth twitched. Women’s thoughts could sometimes be truly peculiar.

“That’s part of it.” He clarified, “But the main reason is to find the path to the center.”

Lin Moyu’s thoughts also wandered to the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land, which was about to open. He couldn’t afford to miss this opportunity. It was directly tied to whether he could achieve class sublimation during the third class awakening.

His attributes had skyrocketed during the second class awakening, in part thanks to the first class sublimation. Though its effects weren’t immediately apparent, Lin Moyu knew his explosive growth was due to it. Achieving a second class sublimation during the third awakening would push his attributes to their absolute peak. rÅNOBĚş

Meanwhile, the outside world was in chaos.

Several major events had rocked the Shenxia Empire.

The empire and the military simultaneously issued wanted notices for former royal family members Dongfang Tuo and Dongfang Shun, who had gone into hiding, vanishing without a trace.

On Dongfang Yi's orders, the two were declared traitors to humanity, and could be killed on sight.

The Shenxia Tower trial concluded three days ago. Shortly afterward, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng arrived together at Fortress No. 9.

It was said that murderous intent permeated Fortress No. 9 that day, and several individuals were executed on the spot.

In parallel, a nationwide campaign against the Demon Worship Society was launched. This operation would span an extended period, resulting in countless deaths.

For humanity, anyone with ties to the Abyssal Demons deserved nothing less than death.

After leaving Fortress No. 9, Bai Yiyuan did not return to the White God Courtyard. Instead, he entered the Hall of Heroes at Fortress No. 1 to monitor Lin Moyu's soul imprint.

Meanwhile, Yan Kuangsheng returned to Shenxia Tower. Since his arrival, his terrifying murderous aura loomed over the royal palace like a dark, oppressive cloud.

In Xiajing City, dark clouds seemed to perpetually shroud the royal palace, creating an extremely heavy atmosphere. The royal family dared not speak up. After all, this suffocating presence belonged to Yan Kuangsheng, a man who lived by the creed: *might makes right*.

On the fifteenth day after Lin Moyu's disappearance, a figure arrived outside the royal palace.

She was tall and slender, with near-perfect features, long legs, and an aura of overwhelming charm that drew countless gazes.

With a graceful yet deliberate stride, she approached the teleportation formation outside the palace.

"Who are you?" Demanded a guard squad stationed at the formation.

The woman let out an enchanting laugh as two exquisite swords appeared in her hands. She moved like a dancer, her swords slicing through the air with lethal precision. In moments, the entire squad of six—each averaging level 55—was severely injured.

With a few more strikes, her swords destroyed the teleportation formation in its entirety.

An alarm blared sharply across the royal palace, and experts surged into the air, rushing toward the commotion.

“Presumptuous!”

“To destroy the royal teleportation formation—do you realize the gravity of your crime?”

The royal family was already burdened by mounting troubles, their struggles made worse by the oppressive dark clouds overhead that made even breathing feel suffocating. Amid this tense atmosphere, someone had the audacity to challenge them directly. And it was no ordinary person—it was a stunningly beautiful woman.

Lin Mohan, holding her dual swords, ascended gracefully into the air. Her poised figure exuded confidence as she stood in midair.

Her clear, melodic voice reverberated across the palace grounds: “From this day forward, no member of the royal family is permitted to take even a single step outside the royal palace. Anyone who does will be executed on the spot.”

Her voice was sweet and captivating, yet every word dripped with murderous intent.

“Such audacity!”

“She must have a death wish!”

Several top-level class users from the royal family sneered, their expressions turning icy. Without hesitation, they attacked Lin Mohan simultaneously.

Lin Mohan twisted her graceful body, unleashing a surge of sword energy. The energy transformed into a dragon, its ferocious roar echoing as it struck the top-level class users. They were thrown back violently, left seriously injured and incapacitated.

Despite both sides being top-level class users, the disparity in power was glaring.

Lin Mohan treated the confrontation as trivial, her demeanor calm yet imposing. Her voice grew cold and resolute: “If anything happens to Moyu, I will annihilate your Dongfang Family!”

Inside the royal palace’s grand hall, Emperor Dongfang Yi, the God-level powerhouse Dongfang Zhan, and several elders were gathered. They were ready to take action, but Dongfang Yi intervened and stopped them.

“Outrageous! This is infuriating! She dares to rampage at our doorstep!”

“Your Majesty, why are you stopping us?”



The chamber buzzed with anger.

Dongfang Zhan's tone was frigid, "When has the Dongfang Family ever suffered such humiliation? Your Majesty, why do you hesitate?"

Dongfang Yi sighed heavily, "She is Lin Mohan—Lin Moyu's older sister."

In recent days, all the Dongfang Family's troubles seemed to revolve around Lin Moyu. Yet it wasn't just Lin Moyu who was trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land—the princess was also stuck there.

Tension boiled over as royal family members, already at their breaking point, voiced their frustrations.

"Even if the matter with Godly General Lin was our fault, this blatant provocation cannot be ignored! How can the Dongfang Family maintain its dignity?"

"She's only level 70. I'll deal with her myself. I'll make sure she isn't hurt."

Dongfang Yi shook his head. "It's not that simple. Lin Mohan is the disciple of that person—his only disciple."

A collective gasp swept the room.

In the entire human race, there was only one individual deserving of the title “that person” from Dongfang Yi’s lips.

The weight of those words settled over the chamber like an anvil.

The younger brother was already a godly general and the disciple of the White God, the Mad God, and the Serene God.

Now, the older sister proved to be even more extraordinary. Despite her youth, she had reached level 70, possessed terrifying combat prowess, and had been personally accepted as a disciple by that person.

The weight of her presence left everyone in the royal palace inwardly cursing.

Of all the people in the world, why did they have to offend these two freaks?

Attack her? Who would dare? If Lin Mohan were harmed even slightly, that person might intervene personally and obliterate the Dongfang Family.

That person was infamous for his protectiveness—historical records left no doubt.

The elders could only grit their teeth and swallow their rage, silently praying that nothing happened to Lin Moyu. If anything did, it would spell the end of the Dongfang Family.

...

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao stood before a colossal rain cluster, its diameter exceeding 10 kilometers.

Previously, the rain clusters they encountered had been stationary. This one, however, was different—it moved slowly, bringing torrential rain and terrifying lightning strikes with it.

The environment had changed.

Booming thunder echoed from the rain cluster, interspersed with flashes of blinding lightning. Amidst the chaos, they could vaguely make out the silhouettes of Putrid Corpses standing in the rain, some with grotesque and distorted forms.

Lin Moyu's instincts told him they had stepped into a new, far more dangerous region.

Suddenly, the world around them seemed to darken.

“Watch out!” Dongfang Yao exclaimed.

A dark figure lunged at Lin Moyu with incredible speed, slamming into him. His Bone Armor erupted with a brilliant white light, repelling the attacker.

The figure tumbled to the ground, only to bounce back almost instantly, moving with agility far surpassing that of the Putrid Corpses.

Lin Moyu’s eyes narrowed.

“Abyssal Demon Hound!”

## **Chapter 369: Danger And Opportunity Go Hand-in-hand; The Genesis Scepter**

Unexpectedly, an Abyssal Hound appeared in the Putrid Corpse Land.

However, like the Putrid Corpses, the Abyssal Hound was also a corpse, its flesh and skin riddled with decay.

The moment Lin Moyu laid eyes on the Abyssal Hound, a revelation struck him: the great war that created the Putrid Corpse Land must have involved the Abyssal Demons.

“Could the Dragonkind have been involved as well?” Lin Moyu speculated, his mind racing.

With a flick of his finger, he cast the Detection spell.

[Putrid Hound]

[Level: 40]

The information confirmed his suspicions—he had crossed into another territory. His path was indeed correct.

In the distance, another Putrid Corpse staggered into view. Upon spotting Lin Moyu, it charged toward him, much faster than any Putrid Corpse he had encountered so far.

“It’s likely also level 40. A mid-level Putrid Corpse?” He mused.

The Detection spell fed back exactly what he anticipated: it was a mid-level Putrid Corpse, level 40.

Not only had the environment shifted, but even the corpses themselves exhibited a marked change.

It was as though an invisible boundary divided the low-level and mid-level areas. Behind lay the low-level area; ahead lay the mid-level area.

From a distance, Lin Moyu noticed corpses running to the mid-level area from the low-level area. Upon crossing the threshold, they slowed, resuming their sluggish, shuffling movements. Unless they found a target to attack, the corpses moved sluggishly.

Lin Moyu pointed with his finger, and Skeletal Great Mages materialized beside him. Without hesitation, they unleashed Elemental Explosion, obliterating the Putrid Hound and the mid-level Putrid Corpse in an instant.

Even at level 40, the corpses stood no chance against the overwhelming power of the Skeletal Great Mages.

Still, Lin Moyu grew more cautious after he entered this area. He summoned several Skeletal Great Mages to accompany him—a precautionary measure and a mark of respect for the corpses in this area.

Dongfang Yao clung closely to Lin Moyu, her unease growing.

To Lin Moyu, the level 40 corpses were trivial. But to Dongfang Yao, they were terrifying. A single misstep could lead to her doom, especially if two or three of them attacked simultaneously.

Worse, she couldn't afford to be bitten by the Putrid Corpses, as the infection would turn her into one of them.

Fully aware of the danger, Dongfang Yao stayed practically glued to Lin Moyu, unwilling to stray from his side.

As they approached a looming rain cluster, Lin Moyu spoke calmly, "Wait here."

With those words, he strode forward into the rain cluster, leaving Dongfang Yao behind.

By now, she was accustomed to this routine. For the past several days, every time they encountered a rain cluster, Lin Moyu would venture in alone to get struck by lightning, leaving her outside. *RaNòBĖŞ*

This time he left two Skeletal Great Mages to guard her, a precaution necessitated by their entry into the mid-level area.

As Lin Moyu stepped into the range of the rain cluster, he immediately noticed the stark difference.

The rain here was far heavier than in the low-level area, carrying a nauseating stench and heightened corrosiveness. The cluster wasn't just rain—it was a full-fledged storm, complete with fierce, howling winds.

In the low-level area, these phenomena were limited to mere rain clusters, absent of wind. But in the mid-level area, there were strong winds, and the winds contained a powerful corrosive property, amplifying the storm's lethality.

Through his Bone Armor, Lin Moyu could clearly assess the increase in damage. Compared to the low-level area, the storm's intensity here was nearly tenfold.

Lin Moyu stood in the storm for half a minute before welcoming the first lightning strike.

This bolt of lightning was far thicker than those from the low-level area, streaked faintly with black lines, exuding an eerie, menacing aura.

As the lightning struck, Lin Moyu dismissed his Bone Armor, allowing the bolt to hit his body directly.

The Damage Transfer skill and Comprehensive Link talent activated instantly, distributing the damage evenly among all his summoned creatures.



[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +1,000,000]

As the notification appeared, a surge of heat—ten times greater than before—flooded Lin Moyu's body. It merged swiftly with the accumulated heat already circulating within him.

The heat grew stronger and reached its limit in an instant, before undergoing a fierce transformation. Electric sparks erupted across his body, accompanied by sharp crackling sounds.

Lin Moyu had sensed this coming. The Genesis Lightning he had been absorbing was nearing a critical threshold, and some sort of transformation was coming.

After bearing over a hundred lightning strikes in the low-level area, he finally arrived at the mid-level area and his absorbed more potent Genesis Lightning. This marked the tipping point.

Lightning began surging uncontrollably from his body, its intensity signaling a profound shift. Lin Moyu quickly realized that one of his attributes was changing.

Previously, after absorbing the Lightning Crystal, Lin Moyu had gained a 50% immunity to lightning elemental damage. Now, this attribute was enhanced to 60%—60% lightning elemental immunity.

When combined with his five-fold elemental damage reduction stemming from Comprehensive Amplification and Elemental Resistance, the effect was staggering. For

instance, if he were to receive 10,000 points of lightning damage, the reduction would cut it down to just 800 points—a full 12-fold decrease.

Moreover, the remaining damage would still be evenly distributed among all his summons, further minimizing its impact.

However, this was only the beginning.

As the transformation progressed, something extraordinary happened. A small scepter materialized in Lin Moyu's palm.

The scepter, no larger than his hand, appeared to be forged entirely from lightning itself. Its design was elegant yet formidable, with a lightning symbol embedded at its apex like a finely cut gemstone.

[Genesis Scepter (damaged)]

[Can be repaired by absorbing Genesis Lightning.]

The scepter looked like a weapon, but it bore no attributes or additional descriptions. Lin Moyu surmised that its damaged state was the reason for this.

Absorbing Genesis Lightning...

Lin Moyu pondered for a moment, his gaze shifting to the turbulent thunderclouds above. With a thought, he activated Lightning Wings, and a pair of radiant wings unfolded behind him. In a flash, Lin Moyu transformed into a streak of lightning and shot toward the thunderclouds.

Outside the storm, Dongfang Yao could only stare in astonishment, and mutter, “How can he fly? Those lightning wings are incredible.”

As Lin Moyu dove into the thunderclouds, the storm’s wrath immediately descended upon him. Arcs of lightning struck relentlessly, as if trying to drive out this unwelcome intruder.

Gripping the Genesis Scepter tightly, Lin Moyu attempted to absorb the surging lightning. However, his Bone Armor glowed faintly, deflecting every bolt. Not a single spark reached the Genesis Scepter.

Frowning, Lin Moyu made a decisive choice—he dispelled his Bone Armor.

In that instant, dozens of lightning bolts struck him.

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +1,000,000]

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +1,000,000]

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +1,000,000]

A cascade of notifications flooded his mind, and his EXP soared at an unprecedented rate.

The heat within his body surged once more, its speed growing rapidly dozens, until it was dozens of times faster than before.

When it reached its limit, the heat transformed into raw lightning energy that coursed through his body before flowing into the Genesis Scepter.

The scepter emitted a soft glow, its brilliance slightly stronger than before.

At that moment, Lin Moyu understood the process. He needed to act as a medium, channeling enough Genesis Lightning into his body before transferring it to the scepter.

It wasn't the lightning itself that the scepter required but rather a special substance contained within it. After deducing this, Lin Moyu realized that he might be the only one capable of completing such a task.

For someone like Dongfang Yao, even a single bolt of Genesis Lightning would probably reduce her to ashes. Only someone with his unique abilities—distributing damage among numerous summons and possessing exceptional resistance to the lightning element—could absorb vast amounts of lightning, condense the special substance within it, and transfer it into the Genesis Scepter.

As more lightning was absorbed, the Genesis Scepter in Lin Moyu's hand grew increasingly radiant.

Time passed, and the relentless barrage of lightning gradually weakened.

After a minute, his Lightning Wings entered cooldown, and Lin Moyu descended from the skies.

By now, the thunderclouds had nearly exhausted their fury. The lightning had faded, leaving only heavy rain and gusting winds.

The Genesis Scepter, though significantly brighter than before, remained in a damaged state. However, Lin Moyu noted with satisfaction that his EXP had increased by a substantial 5%.

At level 40, gaining EXP had become an arduous task. Previously, he had raided the wind and lightning element dungeons nearly twenty times, yet his EXP had only risen by 20%—an average of 1% per dungeon run.

Now, just a single minute of exposure to the Genesis Lightning within the thunderclouds had achieved the equivalent of five dungeon runs.

Lin Moyu also observed another change: his lightning elemental immunity characteristic had increased slightly, from 60% to 61%. The most significant boost occurred when the Genesis Scepter was formed first, increasing the characteristic by a full 10%. Now, despite absorbing even greater amounts of Genesis Lightning, the increase was marginal at best.

Lin Moyu frowned slightly, pondering the discrepancy.

“Danger and opportunity truly go hand-in-hand.” He thought.

This trip to the Putrid Corpse Land might be a rare opportunity.

"Watch out!" Dongfang Yao's urgent voice rang in Lin Moyu's ears.

Before he could react, she had already rushed to his side, positioning herself in front of him with a glowing shield in hand.

Three Putrid Hounds charged at them with terrifying speed. Dongfang Yao's skill failed to activate, leaving the Bone Armor as the first line of defense.

With a series of loud bangs, the Putrid Hounds were knocked back.

But the danger was far from over. A mid-level Putrid Corpse followed closely behind, its decayed form lunging forward. It collided with the Bone Armor, sinking its rotting teeth into it with a series of sickening crunches.

Dongfang Yao's face was pale with fear, but she stood her ground, refusing to retreat even a single step.

At this moment, Lin Moyu had no Bone Armor protecting him—he had dismissed it earlier to absorb the Genesis Lightning.

Dongfang Yao had noticed this immediately. Without hesitation, she had placed herself between him and the threat.

Her actions caught Lin Moyu completely off guard. He stared at her in surprise, marveling at her sudden courage.

“When did she become this bold?” He wondered.

# Chapter 370: The Level 60 Area: Consuming Lands

Without the protection of Bone Armor, relying solely on her skills, Dongfang Yao might have fended off the attacks, but injuries—scratches or bites—would have been inevitable. And getting injured here... she understood the consequences all too well.

Seeing her tense expression, Lin Moyu realized she hadn't fully considered the risks.

Truthfully, Lin Moyu himself wasn't entirely sure what would happen if he were bitten. However, he believed he'd be fine. The Lich Generals could dispel negative statuses. Moreover, his passive skill granted him immunity to negative statuses.

In his assessment, even if bitten, the Putrid Corpse Poison wouldn't affect him. As for the physical damage? It could easily be dismissed.

Without hesitation, he pressed his hand down and reapplied the Bone Armor for both of them.

At the same time, Skeletal Great Mages materialized beside him. With explosive bursts, they unleashed Elemental Explosion and obliterated the mid-level Putrid Corpse and the Putrid Hounds in an instant.



Only then did Dongfang Yao snap out of her daze, gasping for air.

“It’s okay now.” Lin Moyu said gently. “But don’t breathe so hard—there are still particles in the air.”

Startled, Dongfang Yao quickly covered her mouth.

Lin Moyu chuckled and resumed moving forward. Some things didn’t need to be said—just remembered.

Clad in Bone Armor, he pressed on through the rainstorm, the Skeletal Great Mages at his side, clearing monsters along the way.

Dongfang Yao hurried to catch up, her voice hesitant as she asked, “How did you fly earlier?”

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, “You’ve heard of Elemental Gems, haven’t you?”

She paused, thinking for a moment, then nodded. “I have.”

Dongfang Yao's family background granted her access to a wealth of knowledge. Even if she hadn’t encountered something personally, she had likely read about it in books. Such was the advantage of a family steeped in heritage.

Lin Moyu explained, “I obtained a Lightning Gem and awakened a skill called Lightning Wings. It lets me fly for short periods.”

Dongfang Yao's eyes flickered with envy, “That’s incredible luck. The chances of awakening a skill from an Elemental Gem are absurdly low—less than one in a thousand.”

Lin Moyu was startled. Was it really that rare? He hadn’t gotten that impression.

He had already awakened skills from three Elemental Gems—Poison, Light, and Lightning. Could it all just be luck? It seemed like the only explanation.

Dongfang Yao pressed further, “Why did you charge into the thunderclouds earlier?”

“To absorb Genesis Lightning.” Lin Moyu replied, “It boosts lightning immunity and grants EXP.”

“But isn’t that dangerous?” She asked, her tone tinged with concern.

Earlier, she had thought Lin Moyu had lost his mind. The thunderclouds were terrifying, and she could sense the immense power of the lightning. A single strike, she estimated, could leave her half-dead. Yet Lin Moyu had withstood countless strikes and emerged unscathed. **NO BEs**

Lin Moyu smiled and shook his head, “Not at all. I know what I’m doing.”

As they continued, the monsters they encountered grew stronger and higher in level. Yet for Lin Moyu, it was as effortless as a stroll. With a few spells from his Skeletal Great Mages, the creatures were obliterated before they could get close.

Dongfang Yao began to wonder if the Putrid Corpse Land was as perilous as her family had described. It felt more like sightseeing—albeit with grim scenery.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu remained focused, carefully adjusting their course, chasing storms. He needed vast quantities of Genesis Lightning—to gain EXP, enhance his lightning immunity, and repair the Genesis Scepter. To him, this was the greatest opportunity the Putrid Corpse Land had to offer.

Before they knew it, a month had passed. Over thirty days, they had traversed more than 20,000 kilometers, winding their way through the hostile terrain.

Lin Moyu had encountered numerous storms and absorbed over 10,000 bolts of Genesis Lightning.

Unknowingly, he achieved his first level-up since his second class awakening, reaching level 41. The advancement brought massive boosts to all four of his attributes, further solidifying his strength.

[Strength: 48,690]

[Agility: 48,690]

[Spirit: 112,810]

[Physique: 48,690]

Compared to level 40, Lin Moyu's spirit attribute had increased by 6,300, while his other three attributes had each risen by 840—a total increase of approximately 8,800. His total attributes now stood at an astounding 258,880, just shy of 260,000.

This rate of improvement was nothing short of extraordinary. For comparison, mid-tier legendary class users at level 40 typically boasted a total attribute count of around 60,000, with each level-up yielding less than 5,000 in growth.

Lin Moyu's level-up offered nearly 90% greater gains per level. If this trend continued, the disparity between him and other class users—especially those of lower grades—would grow to astronomical proportions by levels 50, 60, and beyond.

Following his level 41 breakthrough, Lin Moyu resumed his search for storm clusters to absorb more Genesis Lightning. His EXP had already climbed to 30%, and he estimated that at this pace, he could gain several more levels in the Putrid Corpse Land.

However, while the absorption of Genesis Lightning continued to boost his lightning elemental immunity, the rate of improvement was noticeably slowing. After the initial 10% surge, subsequent storms increased his immunity by only 1% per storm.

By the time his immunity reached 70%, it took multiple storms to raise it by even 1%. Now, at 75% immunity, the most recent 1% increase had required facing 10 full storm clusters.

Meanwhile, the Genesis Scepter, though visibly brighter than before, remained damaged and far from fully restored despite the massive amounts of lightning Lin Moyu had absorbed.

Over the past month, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao had crossed through the level 40 area and entered a level 50 area. Here, Lin Moyu encountered putrid Abyssal Demons—not mere Hounds, but genuine Abyssal Demons.

He also came across Dragonkind. These were now corrupted and forever stranded in the Putrid Corpse Land.

Lin Moyu confirmed that the great battle in this land had involved the three major races. The scale and ferocity of the conflict must have been unimaginable, capable of shattering an entire small world.

The final skill unleashed to end the battle had clearly been the work of an unfathomably powerful and ruthless figure, one who had transformed this realm into the desolate no man's land it had become.

Upon entering the level 50 area, Lin Moyu summoned 100 Skeletal Great Mages. After some testing, he discovered that their Elemental Explosion skill was highly effective in this region.

The Putrid Corpse monsters were relatively scattered. With the skeletons, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao advanced unimpeded.

The terrain ahead changed. Sulfur-like pools dotted the surface—not actual sulfur, but a similarly colored material. The air grew thick with a pungent, suffocating stench, one even Lin Moyu found difficult to tolerate. In here, storms still raged on, and the roar of lightning echoed continuously.

The change reminded Lin Moyu of the Immemorial Battlefield's core area, where the environment had also changed.

A thought crossed his mind: did these change signify that the monsters here would be even more unusual?

Breaking the silence, he said calmly, "We're about to enter the level 60 area."

Dongfang Yao tilted her head thoughtfully, "When I was little, my father had mentioned this place. Let me think..."

Seeing her lost in thought, Lin Moyu decided not to interrupt.

Dongfang Yao sifted through her childhood memories, though they were somewhat faded. Her father, Dongfang Yi, had told her stories about the Putrid Corpse Land when she was young.

After a moment, her eyes lit up, "I remember now!"

She pointed at the pools, "This area is called the Consuming Lands. Those pools are extremely corrosive, so be careful not to fall in."

Lin Moyu nodded, "Anything else?"

Dongfang Yao nodded vigorously, "Yes! My father also said there are terrifying creatures in those pools. They drag people in and devour them. He used to scare me with stories about them when I misbehaved. Whenever he mentioned them, I'd immediately behave!"

As Dongfang Yao spoke, a slight blush spread across her cheeks, She was embarrassed by the mention of her childhood antics.

Lin Moyu didn't dismiss her story as a mere tale meant to frighten children. In this strange, treacherous world, there was a good chance it was true.

The pools emitted a noxious stench, reminiscent of the acrid smell of the rainwater during a thunderstorm, only far more intense.

As for the monsters said to dwell in these waters, their existence seemed entirely plausible. In a world where creatures thrived in lava, it wasn't far-fetched for some to live in these acrid, rancid pools.

"Let's proceed carefully." Lin Moyu said.

To ensure their safety, he summoned 100 Skeletal Berserk Warriors to clear the path ahead, while the Skeletal Great Mages formed a protective circle around him and Dongfang Yao.

As the Skeletal Berserk Warriors stepped into the Consuming Lands, Lin Moyu immediately sensed they were taking damage. The air was filled with corrosive gas, akin to poison, which continuously inflicted damage to the skeletons. Thankfully, the damage was negligible.

When Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao entered the Consuming Lands, their Bone Armor activated automatically, shielding them from the corrosive atmosphere.

Dongfang Yao glanced at Lin Moyu, her expression solemn. She understood clearly: without him, she wouldn't have made it this far. Without his protection, she would likely have become one of the undead—another wandering corpse in this land of death.



Suddenly, a splash shattered the tense silence.

From a nearby pool, the foul water erupted into the air. A massive tentacle shot out, wrapped around a Skeletal Berserk Warrior, and dragged it into the pool.