

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 371: Dragonblood Lizard; The Detection Spell Is Never Wrong

The pool exuded a pungent, rancid stench and possessed highly corrosive properties.

The moment the Skeletal Berserk Warrior stepped in, it began taking continuous damage. Through the skeleton's senses, Lin Moyu caught a fleeting glimpse of the monster lurking beneath the surface.

The creature resembled an octopus, with eight tentacles and a slender body. Each tentacle ended in forked tips resembling beast claws with sharp nails.

At the same time, the tentacles were lined with rows of powerful suction cups, gripping the Skeletal Berserk Warrior with unyielding force.

Lin Moyu could only gather vague details; the skeleton's perspective was limited, far less clear than his own eyes.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior retaliated swiftly. Its axe flared a crimson glow as it slashed at a tentacle.

Boom!

A massive column of water erupted, soaring dozens of meters into the air before crashing back down like rain.

Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao had already retreated to a safe distance when the water column erupted, to get away from the rancid spray.

With its glowing axe, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior severed the tentacle cleanly, as if slicing through tofu. It immediately turned its assault toward the monster's main body.

At the pool's edge, the Skeletal Great Mages locked onto the monster's position through the Skeletal Berserk Warrior's vision. Radiant energy gathered in their hands before they unleashed a relentless barrage of spells into the water.

Elemental blasts detonated in quick succession and thunderous booms echoed, and the pool's contents erupted skyward, rancid water raining down in a toxic deluge.

In mere moments, the small pool was emptied, and the monster within was obliterated.

Dragging the creature's severed head, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior leapt back to dry ground. From a distance, Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell.

[Putrid Octopus]

[Level: 60]

The Detection spell still only revealed the monster's name and level. They had indeed entered the level 60 area.

Judging by the damage inflicted on the Skeletal Berserk Warrior, the monster's strength aligned with other level 60 creatures Lin Moyu had encountered. The key distinction was its attacks carried a potent Putrid Corpse Poison—a term he had learned from Dongfang Yao. **NE**

With each strike, the Putrid Corpse Poison accumulated, and after suffering many attacks, the buildup became quite astonishing. Furthermore, the poison caused continuous damage that lingered for an exceptionally long period.

Lin Moyu had once tested its effects by allowing a Skeletal Berserk Warrior to be bitten by a level 30 low-level Putrid Corpse. Even ten days later, the poison stubbornly persisted.

This persistence astounded him. According to Dongfang Yao, the poison would remain indefinitely unless dispelled.

Its traits of accumulation and persistence made Putrid Corpse Poison a truly fearsome weapon.

Fortunately, the Lich Generals' skill could neutralize the poison. Without it, Lin Moyu would have been forced to abandon poisoned skeletons and summon replacements.

Ahead lay an expanse of thousands of pools, nearly all harboring Putrid Octopuses. Traversing this region would mean enduring relentless attacks.

Lin Moyu was not one to remain passive.

He summoned hundreds of Skeletal Great Mages, who immediately began unleashing Elemental Explosion. Their spells tore through the pools, exposing the lurking Putrid Octopuses.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors, already on standby, charged forward with their glowing axes, quickly reducing the creatures to minced flesh.

Although the Putrid Octopuses wouldn't truly die, but they wouldn't be able to regenerate anytime soon either.

The skeletons moved efficiently, clearing a path through the area.

Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao advanced behind the skeletons, progressing steadily. After half a day of relentless combat, they finally left the pool zone.

The sky brightened as lightning streaked across it in brilliant flashes. Another storm loomed ahead.

Dongfang Yao glanced at Lin Moyu with a teasing smile, “Looks like you can go get struck by lightning again.”

Lin Moyu’s gaze settled on the storm. In the level 60 area, the storms were clearly far more intense than before. Beneath the tempest, a large gathering of monsters—over a hundred strong—gathered.

A massive bolt of lightning split the sky and struck one of the monsters directly.

Boom!

The creature exploded instantly, unleashing terrifying lightning that scattered before being absorbed by the surrounding monsters.

As the disintegrated monster began regenerating, its aura surged, stronger and more menacing than before.

Thunder followed, a deafening roar that shook the ground.

Dongfang Yao shuddered, muttering, “This lightning is far stronger than anything we’ve seen so far.”

Lin Moyu nodded in agreement.

He had realized that the monsters had clustered together to distribute the burden of the lightning among themselves.

The Genesis Lightning, though capable of evolving them, also caused immense damage. If a creature couldn't endure its force, it would be blown apart, needing considerable time to fully regenerate. Lin Moyu had witnessed similar scenes earlier on their journey.

He remarked, looking pensive, "It's surprising... these creatures have learned how to distribute the damage among themselves."

He couldn't help but wonder: *had they developed a rudimentary intelligence, or was this behavior purely instinctual?*

The group of Putrid Corpse monsters was a curious mix of humans, Demons, and Dragonkind. The three races, who fought bitterly outside, coexisted here in eerie harmony.

In the Putrid Corpse Land, all rivalries seemed to vanish. These beings were no longer individuals of their respective races; they were united as Putrid Corpses.

Together, they shared and absorbed the Genesis Lightning, each benefiting from its power and growing stronger.

Then, in unison, they turned their piercing gazes toward Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao.

To the Putrid Corpses, the aura of living beings was like a blazing sun, impossible to ignore.

Without hesitation, the group of over 100 Putrid Corpses charged at them.

Along their journey, the corpses Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao had encountered were fairly scattered—occasionally meeting three or four banded together. This, however, was an entirely different scale.

It was the first time they faced a coordinated assault of this magnitude. Each of the charging Putrid Corpses was over level 60.

Similar to the three races, once they surpassed level 60, the attributes of Putrid Corpses would experience a significant boost.

Before his second class awakening, Lin Moyu would have turned and fled without a second thought.

But now...

In the blink of an eye, the Putrid Corpses closed the distance of over a thousand meters.

Lin Moyu was ready. At the forefront, 500 Skeletal Berserk Warriors formed a solid line, followed by 500 Skeletal Great Mages. At the very rear, two Lich Generals stood watch.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swung their axes with precision, completely halting the charging corpses. Not a single one managed to break through.

In this moment, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors took on the role of Knights. Though they lacked shields, they used their own bodies as barriers, absorbing blows with unflinching resolve.

From behind their sturdy line, the Skeletal Great Mages unleashed a relentless barrage. Explosions filled the air, shaking the battlefield.

However, these Putrid Corpses were far more formidable than the Putrid Octopuses. The Skeletal Great Mages couldn't eliminate them instantly.

[High-level Putrid Corpse]

[Level: 61]

[High-level Putrid Demon]

[Level: 62]

[High-level Putrid Dragonblood Lizard]

[Level: 61]

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell three times in quick succession, each targeting a different type of Putrid Corpse.

The results confirmed what he suspected—these were remnants of the ancient war, hailing from different races.

The Putrid Corpses were of human origin, while the Putrid Demons belonged to the Abyssal Demons. But what puzzled Lin Moyu were the creatures resembling Dragonkind.

“Why is this?” A flicker of surprise crossed his face.

These Dragonkind-type Putrid Corpses had turned into Dragonblood Lizards. While Dragonkind did share some physical traits with lizards, they were vastly different entities.

Dongfang Yao noticed his reaction, asking curiously, “What’s wrong?”.

“Use the Detection spell on the Dragonkind-type Putrid Corpses.” Lin Moyu said in reply.

Dongfang Yao complied, and moments later, she too wore a look of astonishment, “Why are they classified as Dragonblood Lizards?”

Lin Moyu shook his head, deep in thought.

They had encountered Dragonkind-type Putrid Corpses before, but those had been lower-level creatures. Back then, the Skeletal Great Mages had obliterated them so quickly that Lin Moyu didn’t have the chance to use the Detection spell on them.

Now, however, this anomaly demanded his attention.

The Detection spell was never wrong. It was a gift brought back by a human ancestor from the Primordial Space—a universal skill that transcended class and level restrictions.

For countless years, the spell had been an invaluable asset to humanity, its accuracy trusted without question. If the Detection spell identified these creatures as Dragonblood Lizards, then that had to be their true nature.

Lin Moyu felt as though he had uncovered an astonishing secret.

Meanwhile, the relentless assault of his Skeletal Berserk Warriors and Skeletal Great Mages left the battlefield in ruin. The more than 100 Putrid Corpses were swiftly neutralized, reduced to scattered fragments awaiting regeneration.

The Lich Generals dispelled the Putrid Corpse Poison afflicting the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

With the path cleared, Lin Moyu strode confidently into the storm.

“Be careful.” Dongfang Yao called out, her voice tinged with concern.

She had witnessed the terrifying power of the lightning firsthand—it had taken a hundred corpses working together to withstand it. But Lin Moyu was walking in alone.

He didn’t seem to care.

The heath current surged within his body, and with a flicker of energy, the Genesis Scepter appeared in his hand.

Unlike ordinary weapons that needed to be stored in the storage space, the Genesis Scepter, similar to the Domain Divine Stone, was usually kept in the spirit world. It could be summoned when needed

The storms in the level 60 area were far more intense, and the Genesis Lightning they produced had grown exponentially stronger. Yet Lin Moyu remained undaunted.

“To kill me with lightning.” He thought, “You’d have to destroy my undead army first.”

His gaze sharpened, anticipation flickering in his eyes. Perhaps this enhanced Genesis Lightning would deliver an unexpected boon.

Chapter 372: A Boss Of The Putrid Corpse Land

Lin Moyu's lightning elemental immunity had already reached 75%, and the Genesis Scepter glowed much brighter than when he first obtained it.

The scepter emitted a radiance, resembling a flawless piece of jade—except numerous cracks and blemishes marred its surface. Lin Moyu speculated that once these imperfections were repaired, the Genesis Scepter would fully recover, revealing its true power.

Compared to the Monarch's Scepter, Lin Moyu was curious to see which one was superior.

Unfurling Lightning Wings on his back, Lin Moyu dismissed his Bone Armor and dove into the stormy clouds, enduring the corrosive wind and rain. In an instant, bolts of lightning rained down upon him.

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +2,000,000]

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +2,000,000]

The storm clearly rejected Lin Moyu's intrusion.

Genesis Lightning in the level 60 area was many times stronger than before.

A tingling sensation coursed through him as vast amounts of Genesis Lightning surged into his body, fueling the heat within him. Once it reached a limit, the energy overflowed into the Genesis Scepter.

At the same time, his undead army suffered staggering damage. Lin Moyu's expression shifted slightly—the damage from just a fleeting moment was astonishing.

Simply remaining in the summon space was no longer sufficient for the skeletons to recover.

Despite 75% lightning elemental immunity and five-fold damage reduction (equivalent to a twenty-fold reduction), Lin Moyu still found the storm's power difficult to withstand.

In response, Lin Moyu unleashed his entire undead army. Skeletons rained down from the sky.

The 20 Lich Generals immediately cast Legion Heal, healing themselves and the skeletons.

As lightning strikes continued, massive amounts of damage were redirected to the skeletons. However, the Lich Generals' quick and comprehensive healing outpaced the inflicted damage.

Lin Moyu paid no further attention to the lightning strikes.

The heat continued to flow into the Genesis Scepter, causing it to shine even brighter. His lightning elemental immunity also showed signs of increasing.

By the time the storm's Genesis Lightning was completely absorbed, Lin Moyu's lightning elemental immunity had risen to 76%.

This single storm was more powerful than ten storms from the previous area.

Over half the cracks on the Genesis Scepter had vanished. Based on this progress, Lin Moyu calculated that with a few more storms, the Genesis Scepter could be fully restored.

His EXP skyrocketed, jumping from 30% to 50%.

With a hint of satisfaction, Lin Moyu ventured deeper into the level 60 area alongside Dongfang Yao, continuing their search for storm clusters.

His undead army cleared the path ahead, continuously relaying information about their surroundings back to Lin Moyu. However, as they advanced, it became evident that the number of storm clusters in the level 60 area was significantly lower. ƎǺN0bÈš

Over the course of three days, they managed to locate only two storms.

After absorbing all the Genesis Lightning from these storms, Lin Moyu's EXP climbed to level 41 (88%), and his lightning elemental immunity rose to 79%.

By now, only one crack remained on the Genesis Scepter. This single fracture ran along its entire length, stretching from the base to the very tip.

Lin Moyu estimated that absorbing lightning from one more storm would allow him to reach level 42, push his lightning elemental immunity to 80%, and fully restore the Genesis Scepter.

The thought brought a faint smile to his face.

In the three days they traveled, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao ventured another 2,000 kilometers into the level 60 area.

The Putrid Corpse monsters they encountered began exceeding level 64, but surprisingly, no boss-type monsters had appeared so far.

Lin Moyu began to doubt whether the Putrid Corpse Land contained any boss rank monsters at all. Dongfang Yao, who had already shared everything she knew about the place, was equally uncertain.

Storms became even rarer, and the surrounding conditions shifted once more.

The corrosive wind intensified, howling across the barren, desolate expanse.

Lin Moyu had to reapply Bone Armor every ten minutes to shield himself and Dongfang Yao. The wind's attack power was staggering, growing more ferocious with each step they took. Without the Bone Armor's protection, Dongfang Yao wouldn't have survived even a minute in this environment.

Even a level 60 Knight would struggle to endure more than a couple of minutes, requiring constant support from a Healer just to persist.

The wind wasn't the only threat. As they ventured deeper, the number of monsters multiplied significantly.

The undead army scouted ahead, often encountering swarms of enemies.

After level 60, each level increase greatly boosted the attributes.

For instance, level 64 monsters were three to four times stronger than level 60 monsters. To defeat such a foe, the Skeletal Great Mages had to cast Elemental Explosion 30 to 40 times.

On the fifth day of their journey through the level 60 area, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao encountered a massive group of over 300 monsters, ranging from level 64 to level 65.

Despite the overwhelming numbers, the monsters were swiftly dealt with, thanks to Lin Moyu's formidable undead army.

Dongfang Yao was visibly shaken, "It's a good thing it's you. If it were anyone else, they'd have no choice but to escape."

Lin Moyu remained calm, "A level 70-plus top-level class user could handle these monsters without much difficulty. They have the advantage of extended flight and can retreat if they're outmatched."

Dongfang Yao shook her head in disagreement, "But what if there are Putrid Corpse monsters above level 70 up ahead?"

Her words made Lin Moyu's expression grow serious.

What she said was entirely possible.

If they encountered level 70 Putrid Corpse monsters, the challenge would increase exponentially—especially if those monsters were also capable of flight.

He pondered the potential dangers ahead, but there was only one way to find out. No matter what awaited them, they had come too far to turn back now.

Suddenly, a bright flash lit up the distance, followed by a deafening clap of thunder just two seconds later.

Lin Moyu's face lit up with excitement, "A storm!"

Without hesitation, the two rushed toward the source of the sound.

It had been two days since their last storm. The deeper they ventured into the level 60 area, the scarcer storms became.

Another flash illuminated the sky, and rolling thunder echoed through the barren land. Though the sound seemed close, the storm was still far away.

After some time, they finally arrived.

In the distance stood a gigantic storm, far larger than any they had encountered before.

The howling winds lashed against them, and the Bone Armor creaked under the pressure.

At the storm's edge, the corrosive wind was far more terrifying than anything they had previously experienced.

Lin Moyu gazed at the colossal storm cluster ahead, his excitement tempered by resolve.

If he could absorb all the Genesis Lightning within this storm, he was confident of reaching level 42. Additionally, there was an 80% to 90% chance the Genesis Scepter would be fully restored.

Dongfang Yao pointed toward the center of the storm, "Look, what's that?"

In the very heart of the storm stood an enormous monster.

Towering over 30 meters tall, it resembled a small mountain. It exuded a powerful aura of decay.

A bolt of lightning struck the creature, enveloping its entire body in a brilliant glow—only to be absorbed effortlessly by it.

"A boss!" Lin Moyu mused, "As expected, there are bosses in the Putrid Corpse Land."

However, this boss was rather unusual.

The monster had the head of a human, wings of a Demon, and the tail of a Dragonkind, and its body was covered in dark, glossy scales. It looked like a hybrid between the three races.

Dongfang Yao frowned, her voice tinged with unease, "How could such a monstrosity exist?"

Faced with the unknown, Lin Moyu remained cautious. He cast the Detection spell on the monster.

[Hybrid Putrid Monster (boss rank monster)]

[Level: 66]

It was indeed a boss. However, the Detection spell failed to reveal any of its attributes or skills, leaving Lin Moyu in the dark about its strengths and weaknesses.

"It reeks!" Dongfang Yao exclaimed, pinching her nose in disgust.

The storm's howling wind carried a putrid stench—a nauseating smell emanating from the boss itself, sharp and overwhelming.

As the boss absorbed the Genesis Lightning from the storm, its aura visibly intensified. Then, it turned its gaze toward Lin Moyu, its hollow, glowing eyes locking onto him.

In an instant, the monster charged out.

Despite its colossal size, the boss moved at an astonishing speed, closing the distance with terrifying swiftness. Its speed rivaled that of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, a clear indicator of its high agility attribute.

Given its immense size and bulk, Lin Moyu also deduced that its strength attribute would not be low.

With a command from Lin Moyu, Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged to intercept the monster.

The sheer size and momentum of the creature were like an unstoppable tidal wave. It barreled through the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, knocking them aside.

Lin Moyu's expression darkened slightly as he observed the scene.

Even after receiving status buffs, the level 41 Skeletal Berserk Warriors had their strength attribute boosted to 168,000—yet they were still unable to resist the boss's power.

Based on this, Lin Moyu estimated the boss's strength attribute to exceed 200,000.

One direct blow from the boss could likely shatter the Bone Armor, making it an extremely dangerous adversary.

"Fall back. Keep your distance." Lin Moyu commanded sharply, then charged forward alongside the undead army.

Lin Moyu knew he could withstand the boss's attacks, but if Dongfang Yao got caught in the fray, she wouldn't survive more than two hits.

The undead army surged forward, their numbers swelling as Lin Moyu brought out his full force.

Having reached level 41, his summoning capabilities were raised again: the summon space expanded from 600 to 630 slots; the number of troops commanded by the Lich Generals increased accordingly.

In total, there were now 21 undead legions, each comprising 630 skeletons—an even mix of Warriors, Mages, and Archers.

This brought Lin Moyu's undead army to a total of 13,230 undead soldiers.

Thousands of Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged forward, this time halting the boss's advance and surrounding it.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors unleashed their skill, and glowing red axes slashed down on the boss.

Simultaneously, fiery explosions erupted across its massive frame as the Skeletal Great Mages unleashed their Elemental Explosion skill.

From a distance, thousands of arrows fired by the Skeletal Marksmen streaked through the air and struck the boss with unerring accuracy, turning the creature into what looked like a grotesque hedgehog.

Chapter 373: The Unstoppable Putrid Corpse Poison; A Secret Realm!

Under the relentless triple assault, chunks of rotting flesh were blasted off the boss's grotesque body.

This abomination was clearly a fusion of Putrid Corpses from three different races. Its form began to disintegrate under the onslaught.

"Roar!"

A guttural, oppressive howl pierced the air—the first sound Lin Moyu had ever heard from a creature in the Putrid Corpse Land. It was deep, hoarse, and profoundly unsettling.

Amid the roar, the boss activated its skill. It detonated a massive chunk of decayed flesh, sending fragments hurtling into the Skeletal Berserk Warriors with tremendous force, knocking them away.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed. The flesh carried a highly potent Putrid Corpse Poison—contagious and spreading rapidly among the skeletons. Not even the Lich Generals' skill could neutralize its effects.

Without pausing to ponder the cause, Lin Moyu swiftly commanded the poisoned skeletons to encircle the boss, while the remaining Skeletal Berserk Warriors retreated to a safe distance.

Hundreds of Skeletal Berserk Warriors—472 in total—were now infected. They would serve to hold the boss at bay while the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed their attacks from afar.

The boss, after expending its skill, began to shrink in size and weaken. Apart from the highly troublesome Putrid Corpse Poison, it seemed unremarkable compared to the bosses Lin Moyu had met on the Immemorial Battlefield.

Elemental Explosions continued to erupt in rapid succession, the deafening booms tearing through the air. Each explosion blasted away more of the boss's flesh, shrinking its form further. Meanwhile, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors and Skeletal Marksmen maintained their unrelenting assault.

In less than a minute, the boss was obliterated under the intense barrage.

But Lin Moyu knew it wasn't truly dead—just temporarily destroyed. Like every monster in the Putrid Corpse Land, it would regenerate before long.

Since entering this realm, Lin Moyu hadn't truly killed a single monster. In fact, he lacked the ability to kill any of them outright. At best, he could only temporarily destroy them. The reason for this remained a mystery to him.

What concerned Lin Moyu now was the poisoned Skeletal Berserk Warriors. The Putrid Corpse Poison was incredibly potent, causing severe damage every second. Without the support of his Comprehensive Link talent—where summons shared damage—and the Lich Generals' healing skill, the infected skeletons wouldn't last even two minutes.

Dongfang Yao hurried back, immediately sensing something was wrong. She asked gravely, "You can't neutralize the Putrid Corpse Poison?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "The boss's poison is too advanced—it can't be neutralized."

Dongfang Yao said with a serious expression, "This is a big problem. If the poison can't be neutralized, it will persist until the target dies—and it's contagious. What a headache."

Lin Moyu was already well aware of this.

Due to the Putrid Corpse Poison, he couldn't recall the 472 infected Skeletal Berserk Warriors to his summon space. Nor could he risk letting other skeletons come into contact with them. He couldn't even approach them himself. ㄹㄹㄹ

Although his Comprehensive Link talent kept the infected skeletons from dying outright, the rest of his undead army had to share the ongoing damage. Lin Moyu finally understood the true menace of the Putrid Corpse Poison—it had transformed his strength into a weakness.

Dongfang Yao asked anxiously, "What do you do now?"

Lin Moyu took a deep breath, "I'll deal with it later. For now, I'm heading into the storm. Keep your distance from them."

As he spoke, Lin Moyu unfurled his Lightning Wings, becoming a streak of light as he soared into the storm clouds.

He dismissed the Bone Armor and summoned the Genesis Scepter into his grasp.

A torrent of lightning struck him, the overwhelming damage immediately distributed among his undead army. The Lich Generals cast their healing spell incessantly. As long as the undead army didn't fall, Lin Moyu himself remained unharmed.

The storm was vast, its Genesis Lightning more abundant than in any previous instance.

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +2,000,000]

[Obtained Genesis Lightning, EXP +2,000,000]

The massive amount of lightning caused his EXP to surge. In just half a minute, Lin Moyu's body glowed as he leveled up.

Simultaneously, the heat within his body broke past its limits once more, flowing into the Genesis Scepter.

The scepter radiated a bright light as the final crack on its surface vanished.

In an instant, the entire Genesis Scepter erupted with dazzling brilliance, illuminating the land below.

Amidst the radiant glow, Lin Moyu felt an overwhelming vitality—a boundless aura of life.

[Genesis Scepter (damaged)]

[Can be repaired by using the Life Core.]

The Detection spell revealed only minimal information—nothing about the nature or location of the core.

"It's still unusable?" Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "The Genesis Scepter... What kind of weapon is this?"

Boom!

Bolts of lightning descended again, but this time they weren't aimed at Lin Moyu. Instead, they struck the Genesis Scepter in his hand.

The storm's lightning was nearly spent, yet the remaining bolts converged on the scepter. As the Genesis Scepter absorbed the energy, its radiance intensified, and the air around it began to ripple with spatial distortions.

Suddenly, a glowing gate appeared before Lin Moyu.

"A secret realm!" He murmured in astonishment.

The Genesis Scepter had unexpectedly opened a hidden secret realm—its gate concealed within the storm, invisible from the outside.

As the duration of his Lightning Wings expired, Lin Moyu descended, still glowing from his recent level-up.

Dongfang Yao greeted him with a smile, “Congratulations on leveling up again.”

“I was just lucky.” Lin Moyu replied nonchalantly.

It had been a month since he entered the Putrid Corpse Land, and in that time, he had only leveled up twice—a frustratingly slow pace.

Lin Moyu’s thoughts drifted to his sister, wondering what level she had reached by now.

If he hadn’t been trapped here; if he had focused on raiding suitable dungeons in the Dungeon Hall, he would probably be level 45 by now, if not higher.

Dongfang Yao’s voice broke his thoughts, “What about these skeletons?”

Lin Moyu pondered for a moment before replying, “I can only dispel them.”

With no cure for the Putrid Corpse Poison, his only choice was to dispel the infected skeletons and summon new ones.

He hadn’t anticipated that, despite having the Comprehensive Link talent, a day would come when he’d have to destroy his own summons. It was a stark realization: no talent or skill was without flaws.

With a single thought from Lin Moyu, the 472 poisoned Skeletal Berserk Warriors disintegrated, the Putrid Corpse Poison vanishing along with them.

Immediately, Lin Moyu began summoning replacements.

Now at Level 42, his summon space had expanded by 30 slots, bringing the total to 660. He could now have 22 Lich Generals, each capable of leading an undead legion of 660 skeletons. This meant his undead army could now reach a total of 14,520 skeletons.

Thanks to his unlimited spirit, Lin Moyu could summon skeletons without stop. In just over half an hour, he replenished the destroyed skeletons and restored his undead army to full strength.

After storing his undead army back into the summon space, Lin Moyu turned his gaze toward the storm. He could still sense the presence of the secret realm gate, lingering within the turbulent clouds.

“I’ll take you somewhere.” Lin Moyu said calmly.

Dongfang Yao was puzzled, wondering in her heart, “Take me somewhere? In the Putrid Corpse Land? Where could he possibly take me?”

“To the sky.” He added.

Before Dongfang Yao could respond, Lin Moyu took her hand.

With a soft hum, his Lightning Wings unfurled, and in a flash, the two soared into the air.

Dongfang Yao, though accustomed to flying, felt her cheeks flush at the unexpected hand-holding, feeling slightly embarrassed.

The Lightning Wings were incredibly fast. In mere moments, they pierced through the storm clouds and arrived before the glowing secret realm gate.

Dongfang Yao gasped in surprise, “A secret realm? Why is there a secret realm here?!”

Lin Moyu didn't explain. Without hesitation, he led her into the gate.

Lin Moyu's mind raced with thoughts as they crossed into the unknown. What could lie beyond this gate? Was it dangerous? Could it be worse than the Putrid Corpse Land?

At his current strength, Lin Moyu could handle the challenges of the level 60 area with ease. But what if the secret realm held higher-level threats?

What if there were level 70 or 80 Putrid Corpses? Or worse... God-level corpses?

Though confident in his abilities, Lin Moyu was not arrogant. He knew his limits.

Dongfang Yao had never explicitly mentioned God-level corpses in the Putrid Corpse Land, but Lin Moyu was certain they must exist.

Why else would the Dongfang Family guard this place?

If there were no God-level corpses, a few powerful God-level powerhouses could surely sweep through the Putrid Corpse Land.

While the corpses couldn't be permanently destroyed, God-level powerhouses would undoubtedly have ways to control or suppress them.

The boss's Putrid Corpse Poison had been a wake-up call. Lin Moyu realized one truth: his level was still too low.

No matter how powerful his skills were, he was still helpless against the advanced Putrid Corpse Poison.

After weighing the risks, Lin Moyu made the decision to enter the secret realm.

The secret realm might hold its dangers, but it couldn't possibly be worse than the Putrid Corpse Land.

Chapter 374: The Genesis Secret Realm And The God of Life

Warm sunlight bathed the land, the gentle chirping of birds filled the air, and the sweet fragrance of flowers surrounded them. The world before their eyes was vibrant, welcoming, and teeming with life.

Moments ago, they had been in the dark, foul-smelling, frigid expanse of Putrid Corpse Land—a place devoid of life. Now, they had stepped into an entirely different realm, and the stark contrast left Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao momentarily disoriented.

The brightness felt almost overwhelming. Dongfang Yao squinted, shielding her eyes as she struggled to adjust.

Lin Moyu gradually adapted. The Genesis Scepter materialized in his hand, glowing brilliantly. Its radiance harmonized perfectly with the light of the secret realm.

The scepter emitted a pure white beam of light, brimming with vitality, pointing steadily toward the horizon.

Lin Moyu immediately grasped its intent. The Genesis Scepter was guiding him.

Dongfang Yao finally acclimated to the brightness, her face alight with wonder, "What is this place?"

Lin Moyu surveyed their surroundings.

The land was blanketed with lush greenery, a kaleidoscope of flowers, and vibrant plants, resembling a sprawling celestial garden. Above them hung a small, radiant sun, casting warmth and energy across the entire realm.

Intrigued, Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell, directing its magic toward the small sun. The gentle wave of energy swept through the garden like a whisper.

[Genesis Secret Realm]

The spell's result was brief—just three words.

Genesis Lightning, Genesis Scepter, Genesis Secret Realm—the connection between the three piqued his curiosity.

Dongfang Yao followed Lin Moyu's lead and cast her own Detection spell, arriving at the same conclusion—this place was called Genesis Secret Realm.

Lin Moyu said, "Let's move."

He unfurled his Lightning Wings, prepared to take flight, but the moment he attempted to ascend, he was pulled back down.

Flight was restricted here. Realizing this, the pair proceeded on foot instead.

Treading on the soft grass and breathing in the fresh air, Dongfang Yao seemed to relish the moment.

"The air here is so fresh, far better than in Putrid Corpse Land." Dongfang Yao remarked with relief.

The air in Putrid Corpse Land had been suffocating, akin to standing in a decaying garbage dump—foul, acrid, and oppressive. This realm was its complete antithesis.

Tiny insects scurried across the garden floor, their faint noises adding to the symphony of life. Ahead, the sound of flowing water reached their ears, leading them to a serene pond nestled at the edge of the garden.

The pond's water was crystalline, revealing fish that darted playfully beneath the surface. Birds soared above, their wings cutting graceful arcs through the sky. Everywhere they looked, life flourished in harmony.

Guided by the Genesis Scepter's beam of light, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao traversed the vibrant garden and crossed a small forest, before finally emerging to an enchanting sight—a secluded manor.

The manor stood hidden among the trees, with a gentle stream flowing around its perimeter, transforming it into an island isolated from the rest of the realm, accessible only by a small bridge, creating the impression of a hidden paradise.

It was distinct from the Righteous God Secret Realm.

The Righteous God Secret Realm had a grounded charm, exuding the essence of a world where mortals once thrived. This place, however, felt ethereal, as though no human had ever dwelled here.

"Ah!" Dongfang Yao's sudden cry of pain broke the tranquility.

Lin Moyu spun around instantly and saw a transparent barrier shimmered faintly in the air behind him. Dongfang Yao, distracted by the surroundings, had unwittingly walked into it.

"Strange, when did this barrier appear?" Lin Moyu muttered, his brow furrowing.

There had been no barrier moments ago. He took a couple of steps back, easily passing through the barrier. Then, moving forward again, he re-entered without any resistance.

The barrier seemed to have no effect on him whatsoever.

However, Dongfang Yao wasn't so fortunate. No matter how she tried, she couldn't cross the invisible wall..

Lin Moyu's thoughts turned to the Genesis Scepter. Could it be the key?

He extended the scepter toward Dongfang Yao, but the attempt was futile. To her, the Genesis Scepter was like a mirage—visible, yet intangible.

After several tries, Dongfang Yao sighed, "You should go in alone. I'll wait here."

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate. Without delay, he summoned an undead legion to guard Dongfang Yao, ensuring her safety before proceeding alone.

He stepped through the barrier effortlessly, crossed the small bridge that spanned the stream, and arrived at the manor's gate.

Lin Moyu halted as his eyes caught the intricate carving on the gate—a scepter. The design was unmistakable; it mirrored the Genesis Scepter he held in his hand.

Except for one detail.

The scepter etched into the gate was adorned with a hexagonal gem—one missing from the Genesis Scepter.

Understanding dawned on him instantly. The gem was the Life Core, the final piece needed to complete the scepter.

Lin Moyu pressed his hand against the gate. It swung open smoothly, as if welcoming him. Stepping through, he heard the creak of the gate closing behind him, sealing him inside.

The manor's interior was surprisingly simple—just a small garden with no buildings in sight. The garden lacked flowers, featuring only grass. At its center stood a statue, its hand positioned as if grasping something unseen.

Lin Moyu searched the garden thoroughly but found nothing out of the ordinary. Finally, his attention returned to the statue at the garden's center.

The statue depicted a woman, exquisitely crafted with lifelike detail. From its intricate features, it was clear she was breathtakingly beautiful.

Lin Moyu couldn't discern anything unusual. Even when he cast the Detection spell, there was no reaction.

In this world, the Detection spell always provided feedback, even if only a name. For the spell to yield nothing was extraordinary, proving that the statue was far from ordinary.

After another close inspection, Lin Moyu's gaze settled on the statue's outstretched hand. The fingers were curved as if gripping something invisible.

A thought struck him, and he carefully placed the Genesis Scepter into the statue's hand.

To his surprise, the Genesis Scepter—which Dongfang Yao couldn't even touch—fit perfectly in the statue's grasp.

The moment it settled in her hand, radiant light erupted from the scepter, enveloping the statue in a blinding brilliance.

Lin Moya took a few steps back. Though he sensed no immediate threat, he stayed alert.

Amidst the dazzling light, the statue transformed into a woman. She looked no different from a human, yet her presence was anything but ordinary. Her beauty was indescribable—noble, sacred, and otherworldly.

The woman held the Genesis Scepter in her hand, her gentle eyes meeting Lin Moya's. When she spoke, her voice was soft, almost melodic.

"Hello, human." She greeted him warmly.

Lin Moya's thoughts raced, and then he steadied himself and asked, "May I ask who you are?"

The woman smiled faintly, "I used to be the God of Life."

Lin Moya's breath caught. A chill ran down his spine, leaving him momentarily numb.

He had suspected the Genesis Scepter was extraordinary, most likely a legendary rank weapon. After all, the Monarch's Scepter was a legendary rank weapon.

But to encounter a God? That was something he never imagined.

Her words, however, struck a deeper chord. "Used to be"—what did she mean by that?

A hint of sadness flickered in the beautiful eyes of the God of Life. The sorrow radiating from her was palpable, and in that instant, Lin Moyu felt an overwhelming wave of grief well up inside him.

The Domain Divine Stone within his spirit world spun abruptly, unleashing a surge of murderous aura that jolted Lin Moyu's spirit, snapping him back to awareness.

He shuddered—she hadn't spoken or acted, yet a mere hint of her emotion was enough to affect him.

"Are Gods truly this terrifying?" He thought, his mind reeling.

The God of Life lowered her gaze, her voice soft with apology, "Forgive me. I failed to control my emotions."

She turned gracefully and walked to a patch of barren soil where flowers should have bloomed. With a simple wave of the Genesis Scepter, vibrant blossoms erupted from the ground, unfurling their petals in an explosion of life and color.

Moving from one area to another, she repeated the act, and soon the entire garden was awash with blooms of every hue imaginable. The air filled with their fragrance, and the garden transformed into a living masterpiece, bursting with vitality.

Lin Moyu watched in stunned silence, his senses numb, "Is this the power of a God? As the God of Life, could she truly wield control over life itself?"

The God of Life returned to his side, her steps light and elegant.

"I haven't seen this sight in so long," She murmured, her tone bittersweet, "And this may be the last time."

She turned her gaze to him, her eyes carrying the weight of centuries, "Human, did you know? The world you call Putrid Corpse Land was not always like this."

Lin Moyu nodded slightly, recalling the records, "It's said that after a great war, an unimaginably terrifying skill was unleashed, turning it into the wasteland we know today."

The God of Life sighed deeply, "That skill... was cast by a God. He destroyed my world, transforming it into a realm of death. He annihilated the three races, killed me... and killed himself in the process. It was a skill of unimaginable power, but the price it demanded was unimaginable."

Lin Moyu's blood ran cold as her words sank in.

"Wasn't this just a war between the three races?" Lin Moyu's thoughts churned, "How did it escalate to involve Gods? And a skill capable of killing even them—how terrifying must that power have been?"

His mind buzzed with questions, but one stood out. He asked, "Honored God of Life, may I ask... what kind of beings are Gods?"

The God of Life chuckled softly, "Young human, the nature of the Gods is a secret that cannot be spoken. One day, you will come to understand."

Her words carried the weight of finality. It was clear she had no intention of answering this directly.

But Lin Moyu wasn't ready to give up. He quickly followed up with another question, "Between Gods and our human God-level powerhouses... who is stronger?"

The God of Life's smile deepened, as if she found his question amusing.

“God-level powerhouses of humanity, Demon Kings of the Abyss, and Dragon Kings of Dragonkind... they all stand at the same tier as us, the Gods. Who is stronger depends on who has advanced further within this tier.”

Her words resonated with something Meng Anwen had once told him: *strength ultimately depends on the individual*.

Lin Moyu felt a slight sense of reassurance. So, Gods were not as powerful as he had imagined.

"Then you..." He decided to continue with the next question.

Chapter 375: The Cause Of That Great War And The Forbidden Skill

The God of Life smiled once more.

Lin Moyu had to admit, her smile was mesmerizing—ethereal, otherworldly, and far beyond anything he had ever seen in mortal women.

She began walking again, heading toward a garden. This time, Lin Moyu followed without hesitation. He felt no malice in her presence.

With a graceful wave of her hand, petals lifted into the air, swirling gently before descending in an elegant cascade and forming a stairway of blossoms.

"Human God-level powerhouses are much like these steps." She began, "With every step, they grow stronger. There's a saying: *ascending to the heavens with a single step*. A single step at their level marks a world of difference."

She paused briefly before continuing, "We Gods, however, are divided into three ranks: low, mid, and high. I am a high-rank God, equivalent to a level 97 God-level powerhouse."

Lin Moyu's thoughts raced. Meng Anwen and the other two were already level 95 God-level powerhouses, the pinnacle of humanity. Yet even if all three combined their strength, they would still pale in comparison to the God of Life.

The chasm between levels at the God-level was staggering, each step an unfathomable leap in power.

It was hard to imagine how terrible that great war must have been for even a mighty being like the God of Life to fall.

The God of Life raised her hand once more, and a flurry of petals danced around them. This time, they transformed into vivid images.

Some petals shaped themselves into Demons, others into Dragonkind, and still others into humans. Amid these familiar forms, several Gods appeared.

One of the Gods bore an unmistakable resemblance to the God of Life herself.

She used the petals to reenact scenes from the war. The battle was ferocious beyond imagination—so intense it obliterated an entire world.

The war had been a chaotic tempest of destruction, involving the three races and the Gods alike.

Finally, the God of Life spoke again, her tone somber, "The true cause of that war was this."

She lifted the Genesis Scepter in her hand.

Lin Moyu's eyes widened in shock. The great war had been fought over the Genesis Scepter.

What kind of power could this unassuming-looking scepter possess to ignite such a catastrophic conflict?

The God of Life began to explain, "At the start of the great war, I was not yet the God of Life. Later, I obtained the Genesis Scepter and ascended to this station."

As she spoke, her beautiful eyes settled on Lin Moyu. In that moment, realization struck him—the Genesis Scepter was the key to becoming the God of Life.

Such a treasure was far more valuable than any legendary rank weapon—truly priceless. It was no surprise it ignited a war

"A God can become the God of Life by acquiring the scepter." Lin Moyu said slowly, his mind racing, "But what value would it hold for us humans?"

The God of Life smiled faintly, "It holds even greater value for humans. If one of your kind can comprehend the power within the scepter, they would have a chance to become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse."

Lin Moyu listened intently as she explained the origin and outcomes of the great war, her tone measured and elegant. By the time she finished, the entire story became clear to him.

The great war had begun over the unassuming Genesis Scepter.

The former God of Life had fallen unexpectedly, leaving the Genesis Scepter behind. To the Gods, this artifact represented inheriting the legacy of the God of Life. Whoever claimed it would become the next God of Life.

Even among the Gods, hierarchy mattered. The God of Life stood as a high-rank God, equivalent to a level 97 God-level powerhouse.

For humans, obtaining the Genesis Scepter could bring unimaginable rewards. With the legacy of the God of Life, they could potentially ascend to Transcendent God-level or, at the very least, reach the half-step Transcendent God-level. ṚḶNḐBĚS

For Demons, the prize was equally alluring. With the scepter, a Demon could ascend to the rank of Demon Emperor.

For Dragonkind, the scepter offered the chance to elevate their bloodline, to undergo atavism and ascend to Dragon Emperor.

Before the great war, the world now known as the Putrid Corpse Land had been a flourishing world called the Genesis Realm. It was a realm of creation, teeming with life and vitality, ruled by the God of Life.

During the great war, the God of Life before Lin Moyu acquired the Genesis Scepter. However, another God unleashed a forbidden skill, sacrificing his own life to destroy the Genesis Realm. The once vibrant world was reduced to what was now the Putrid Corpse Land.

The God of Life had only just completed her divine succession. She had not yet fully embraced her powers when her life was abruptly ended. Yet, in her final moments, she wielded the Genesis Scepter to leave a sliver of hope for the world.

As she perished, the Genesis Scepter split into two.

One part became the Genesis Lightning. The other part, the Life Core, vanished without a trace.

Before her death, the God of Life imbued her last will into a Genesis Secret Realm. The key to unlocking this secret realm was the Genesis Scepter.

Now, the God of Life before Lin Moyu was no more than that will—without even a soul.

After hearing the story, Lin Moyu couldn't help but sigh deeply, "So that's how it all happened..."

His curiosity compelled him to ask, "Even you don't know where the Life Core is?"

The God of Life gently dispersed the petals in the air, "No, I don't. If it is your destiny to find it, perhaps you will."

Her voice softened, carrying a note of gratitude, "Thank you for bringing the Genesis Scepter here. It has allowed me to see the flowers bloom again and savor their fragrance one last time. Now that I've said all I needed to, my time has come to an end. Let me give you a final gift."

A brilliant light radiated from the God of Life, and the Genesis Scepter returned to Lin Moyu's hand.

At the same time, a glowing Life Core materialized on the Genesis Scepter.

"Young human friend." She said softly, "This is a fake Life Core, created with the last of my strength. It grants you three uses of God-level power, but only equivalent to level 90. Use it wisely."

Lin Moyu asked, "I remember hearing that Gods are difficult to kill. Is there any chance for you to be resurrected?"

"When you become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse, you will understand if there is a chance."

The God of Life's voice grew faint, like a whisper carried by the wind, before disappearing completely

[Genesis Scepter (fake core)]

[Uses remaining: 3/3]

When the God of Life had spoken, Lin Moyu could deeply feel her sorrow.

It wasn't sadness for her own death but for the countless lives lost and the ruin of the once-vibrant Genesis Realm. Her grief was genuine, coming from her heart, and Lin Moyu was certain he wasn't mistaken.

She was a kind and compassionate God.

The thought lingered in his mind. If there was ever a chance, he would consider finding a way to resurrect her.

Lin Moyu recalled the Genesis Scepter. Now that he was its owner, he just needed to find the missing Life Core to fully restore it.

When he looked around, he realized the surroundings had changed. The majestic statue of the God of Life disappeared, the vibrant flowers wilted, and the grand manor dissolved into the wind like smoke.

Outside the manor, Dongfang Yao watched in surprise as the barrier that had kept her at bay vanished along with the entire estate.

When she saw Lin Moyu standing alone, lost in thought, she hurried over to him, “What’s going on?”

Lin Moyu shook his head slowly, “Nothing, really. I just... learned a few things.”

Dongfang Yao was perceptive enough not to press further. If Lin Moyu had wanted to explain, he would have done so already. There was no point in prying when he clearly preferred not to.

Suddenly, an exit appeared before them. Standing by it, they could feel the distinct aura of the Putrid Corpse Land.

Lin Moyu sighed softly, thinking, “What a pity—a beautiful world, reduced to this...”

He couldn’t help but wonder what had been going through the mind of the God who used the forbidden skill to destroy the Genesis Realm. However, he wasn’t a God and couldn’t understand their reasoning.

“Let’s go.” He said finally.

After retrieving his undead legion, Lin Moyu stepped forward and left the secret realm together with Dongfang Yao.

A thunderous roar erupted, and an overwhelming pressure surged from all directions, as though intent on crushing them into dust.

A massive tail lashed out, slamming into Lin Moyu with terrifying force.

The Bone Armor surrounding him flared brightly, absorbing the impact but shattering under the sheer power of the blow.

Before he could recover, a colossal palm descended, crashing onto him with a thunderous noise.

Lin Moyu didn't flinch. The damage was seamlessly transferred to his undead army, sparing him any harm.

Nearby, a boulder hurtled through the air, smashing into Dongfang Yao. Her Bone Armor shattered under the impact, leaving her vulnerable.

A massive claw followed, slashing downward toward her.

Lin Moyu snapped out of his disoriented state that followed the teleportation just in time. He promptly reactivated Bone Armor around Dongfang Yao, shielding her from what would have been a fatal blow.

Another strike or two would have been manageable for him, but Dongfang Yao wasn't able to withstand such punishment. If she were hit again, she would surely die.

The Bone Armor activated just in time, saving Dongfang Yao. Lin Moyu quickly reapplied it to ensure her protection.

At the same moment, he summoned his undead legion. A dense horde of skeletons surged forward, forming a protective barrier around them both.

Only then did Lin Moyu finally take a moment to assess their surroundings.

They were in a valley, surrounded by six towering peaks that pierced the sky like swords.

The sight jolted Lin Moyu, and he muttered, "The central area..."

In the God of Life's vivid presentation, this valley had been the epicenter of the great war.

The defining feature of the central area was unmistakable—the six peaks. These peaks were seamlessly integrated with the very fabric of the world, their durability unmatched. Not even the cataclysmic event of the great war had been able to destroy them.

“Ah... how did we end up here?” Dongfang Yao finally regained her senses, her voice tinged with confusion.

Lin Moyu didn’t respond. His sharp gaze darted across the surroundings, searching. Soon, his eyes locked onto something—a barrier hidden in an unassuming corner of the valley.

“Is that it?” He asked urgently.

Just then, a colossal, decayed tail swept through the air with devastating force, smashing into the undead army.

Thousands of skeletons were flung into the air like scattered leaves, before falling like rain drops. The damage was immense.

The 22 Lich Generals worked frantically, casting their healing spell to heal the undead army.

Dongfang Yao stood frozen, struggling to process the situation.

Lin Moyu grabbed her arm, pulling her close as he pointed toward the barrier, his voice sharp and urgent, “Is that the exit?”

Chapter 376: Fate Decided In One Minute

Wave after wave of relentless attacks struck with overwhelming force. The undead army teetered on the verge of collapsing into a chaotic mess.

If not for the Comprehensive Link talent, the assaulted skeletons would have perished already. Only the talent and tireless healing from the Lich Generals allowed them to endure.

Lin Moyu had yet to even glimpse the enemy.

Under his urging, Dongfang Yao confirmed, “Yes. The barrier bears our family’s emblem.”

“The passage leading out of the Putrid Corpse Land—is it there?” Lin Moyu pressed, seeking final confirmation.

Meanwhile, more skeletons were hurled into the air, barely holding together. Healing light continuously bathed them.

After surveying the area and carefully deliberating, Dongfang Yao finally affirmed, “Yes, it’s there.”

“Let’s move!”

Lin Moyu wasted no time. Grabbing Dongfang Yao, he activated Lightning Wings and shot toward the barrier.

In a flash, he reached his maximum speed, streaking like a bolt of lightning. Hundreds of meters vanished in less than half a second.

The undead army disappeared. In an instant, it reappeared around the two and encircled them completely.

In that fleeting moment, Lin Moyu finally caught sight of the attackers—there wasn’t just one; there were several.

One was a Dragonkind Putrid Corpse, its tail stretching over a hundred meters. Perched atop a mountain peak, it lashed out with its tail, tearing through space with each attack. That was why only its tail was visible as it struck.

Another was a decayed creature with the appearance of a Demon, winged but with only a single, skeletal wing remaining. It pummeled the undead army with its hands, its blows rending through space from hundreds of meters away.

Lin Moyu couldn’t gauge their levels but knew they were at least level 80.

As he reached the barrier’s entrance, a shock coursed through him.

From the six mountain peaks, terrifying auras surged, and pairs of blood-red eyes ignited.

The next moment, dark silhouettes began to descend from the mountain peaks, their ominous forms hurtling toward Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao.

Lin Moyu's expression shifted drastically, and he pressed his hand against the barrier. To his relief, the barrier didn't reject him—it allowed passage. But the process was agonizingly slow. At this rate, it would take five minutes to cross entirely, a delay that placed him in extreme peril.

Dongfang Yao declared, "I can open the barrier."

Lin Moyu immediately withdrew his hand, "Do it. Quickly!"

Without hesitation, Dongfang Yao began weaving intricate seals, unique of the Dongfang Family, sending them flying toward the barrier.

Her eyes burned with urgency, even greater than Lin Moyu's, "I need some time."

"How long?"

“One minute.” She replied.

“Alright!”

Lin Moyu didn’t hesitate. He turned to face the encroaching danger, preparing to buy her that crucial minute. Whether he could manage it was a question he couldn’t afford to dwell on. 瞬眼

The dark silhouettes from the six mountain peaks darted toward the undead army.

Each one was at least level 80, their power unmistakable.

They were remnants of the great war, formidable beings killed by the forbidden skill and resurrected as Putrid Corpses.

Though their souls were long gone, their overwhelming strength remained largely intact.

For Lin Moyu, they were an impossible challenge at his current level. With the aid of the undead army, he could only hope to delay them—but for how long, he couldn’t say.

These terrifying creatures defied logic. They were neither alive nor dead. They couldn't be killed, weren't affected by curses, and lacked souls. Their very existence seemed beyond comprehension, and many of Lin Moyu's skills were useless against them.

The sky darkened as one of the figures loomed overhead. It spewed a fiery breath, and flames engulfed the skeletons below

"Dragonkind! Dragon Breath!" Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed as he immediately identified the attacker.

It had been the creature's signature ability in life, and even after becoming a Putrid Corpse, it retained this ability.

Now, the Dragon Breath was even more terrifying, infused with potent Putrid Corpse Poison, poisoning the affected skeletons.

But the skeletons didn't go down without a fight.

Bursts of light from Elemental Explosion lit up the dark silhouette, while arrows tore through the air, striking its massive form with ringing impacts.

Yet, the creature's defenses were impenetrable. Neither the explosions nor the arrows caused significant damage.

As the Dragon Breath continued to rain destruction, the ground trembled violently. Another monstrous Putrid Corpse arrived—a towering figure over a hundred meters tall, its massive form partially veiled in darkness.

Lin Moyu quickly discerned its identity—Abyssal Demon. Whether it was a peak-level Demon or a Demon King, he couldn't be sure.

With a thunderous roar, the creature slammed its colossal hands into the earth. The impact sent shockwaves through the battlefield, flinging countless skeletons into the air.

Moments later, crimson threads surged from the ground, ensnaring the airborne skeletons. They burst apart midair, shattering into fragments.

Lin Moyu's body tensed as a numbing realization washed over him. The skeletons had truly died. For the first time, his talent had failed.

Lin Moyu gritted his teeth, grappling with a sobering truth: his talents weren't omnipotent.

If he had talents, so did others—possibly ones designed to counter his own.

The Abyssal Demon monster's relentless assault continued, slamming the ground repeatedly and annihilating wave after wave of skeletons.

In just five seconds, over a thousand skeletons had been destroyed, while the remaining skeletons were severely injured.

Without the Lich Generals' desperate healing, the undead army would already have been wiped out.

Their numbers were dwindling fast, and the undead army's ability to hold the line was collapsing. They wouldn't last a full minute.

Lin Moyu gritted his teeth

Suddenly, the back of his hand burned hot, emitting a brilliant light.

He had no choice now. Enhance Troops, his most powerful skill—his ultimate trump card—was finally activated.

[Enhance Troops: for 30 seconds, increases all basic attributes of the host and their summons by 200%, and all attacks deal an additional 500% of damage. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

The most remarkable aspect of Enhance Troops was its ability to amplify basic attributes—even after accounting for talents.

The Lich Generals' enhancement skill also became stronger, now doubling the boost to basic attributes.

Under these combined enhancements, the skeletons' attributes reached unprecedented heights.

For instance, after being boosted by the Comprehensive Amplification talent, the basic attributes of the level 42 Skeletal Berserk Warriors reached 130,000 each. With Enhance Troops, these values skyrocketed to 390,000 each.

With the Lich Generals' Legion Enhancement skill, their attributes surged to an astonishing 546,000 each, with total values exceeding 2 million.

Additionally, the 500% damage boost to all attacks, combined with the Skeletal Berserk Warriors' skill—dealing 500% of their strength as damage—pushed their attack power to incredible heights.

More importantly, their defenses had also been significantly reinforced.

This enhancement extended to not only the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, but also to the Skeletal Great Mages, the Skeletal Marksman, and even Lin Moyu himself.

For the next 30 seconds, Lin Moyu was confident that losses could be drastically minimized. What happened after that depended on how long he could hold on.

Meanwhile, Dongfang Yao was putting in her best effort.

The barrier was incredibly complex. Although she knew the method, her lack of power—being under level 40—made it an uphill battle.

Lin Moyu could do only one thing: buy time.

A radiant glow emanated from the skeletons.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors withstood the Dragon Breath, holding their ground without being blown away. Even the deadly red strings failed to deal fatal damage.

The counterattack began in earnest.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors, moving like lightning, closed the distance to the Dragonkind monster in an instant and leaped into the air, bringing their red-glowing axes down in a flurry of strikes.

Simultaneously, the Skeletal Great Mages' Elemental Explosions unleashed unprecedented destructive power, blasting large chunks of rotting flesh from the monster's body.

The Skeletal Marksmen fired arrows with lightning speed and precision. Each arrow pierced deep into the creature's decayed form before detonating in a violent explosion.

Fragments of decayed flesh and scales rained down, crashing heavily onto the ground.

At last, the attacks had pierced through the Dragonkind monster's formidable defenses.

Seemingly enraged, the creature retaliated with another round of Dragon Breath.

However, the skeletal army, bolstered by Enhance Troops, withstood the attack. The enhanced defenses significantly mitigated the damage caused by the Dragon Breath.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had already closed in on the Abyssal Demon monster, cutting through decayed flesh.

Lin Moyu didn't remain idle. He unleashed Bone Fangs in rapid volleys—2,100 projectiles per volley, five volleys per second.

The battlefield lit up with dazzling streaks as the whistling projectiles tore through the air, riddling the monstrous enemy with countless punctures.

The light from the assault illuminated the creature, giving Lin Moyu a full view of his opponent for the first time.

It was undeniably a Dragonkind, its massive body spanning at least 500 meters.

Its head was fully decayed, leaving only blackened bones visible, while its wings had been reduced to skeletal frames. The only thing remaining on its body were its scales.

Lin Moyu could scarcely imagine the power this Dragonkind must have possessed in life.

If it hadn't reached God-level, it must have been close.

Even now, in death, its presence was awe-inspiring—though its combat abilities had been diminished.

The loss of intelligence had rendered its attacks predictable, relying almost exclusively on Dragon Breath.

Yet, Lin Moyu also recognized that it had grown even more terrifying in death than it had been in life. Its true horror lay in the Putrid Corpse Poison—eternal and incurable.

Chapter 377: The Final Ten Seconds: A Life-and-Death Struggle

The Putrid Corpse Poison inflicted relentless, continuous damage. The higher its potency, the more devastating its effects—eternal and incurable. At least, no cure had been found so far.

Those killed by the poison transformed into Putrid Corpses themselves. Worse still, the poison was highly contagious, capable of spreading rapidly and triggering catastrophic outbreaks.

Fortunately, the Putrid Corpse Land remained sealed, its horrors contained. The only exit was guarded by the Dongfang Family's barrier, which only they could open. While others could pass through, the process required time—a scarce luxury when besieged by such abominations

Suddenly, a terrifying aura erupted from a mountain peak and descended like a tidal wave. Lin Moyu's expression darkened. This one felt even stronger.

Wielding a massive staff, the new foe swung it down with devastating force. The ground cracked under the impact, a shockwave blasting Lin Moyu's skeletons away.

The staff swept through the air, transforming into a colossal projection hundreds of meters long. It slammed into the airborne skeletons, hurling them against a mountain peak hundreds of meters away. The collision shook the mountain, awakening yet more Putrid Corpses. Blood-red eyes flared to up, a suffocating wave of terrifying auras surged toward Lin Moyu.

His heart sank, "How many Putrid Corpses are there?"

His senses registered over a hundred at level 80 or higher, an overwhelming force.

Lin Moyu doubted whether he could endure until the end.

The skeletons flung into the mountain were lost to him; Lin Moyu knew that much. Still, reinforcements surged forward. Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen rained attacks from a distance, while Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged headlong into the fray.

Elemental Explosions erupted upon the Putrid Corpse, casting a dazzling display of colors amidst the chaos.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swung their large axes. At the same time, Bone Fangs shrieked through the air.

The Putrid Corpse swung its staff, conjuring a gigantic staff projection that swept with devastating force.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors attempted to close in but were flung aside, their attacks thwarted before they could land a single blow.

Under the light of the explosions, Lin Moyu finally got a clear look at the monstrous figure. Despite its decayed state, the contours of its form revealed it had once been a human powerhouse. Its immense combat power was unmistakable—far surpassing even the Dragonkind and Demon Putrid Corpses.

Even with the enhancement from the Enhanced Troops skill, the skeletons stood no chance against it. Lin Moyu even suspected that it had reached the God-level.

"So strong!" He muttered, his expression grim.

Realizing the futility of a full-on assault, Lin Moyu ordered the Skeletal Berserk Warriors to advance in staggered waves, sacrificing themselves to buy precious seconds. 屍兵衛

Wherever the staff swept, destruction followed, leaving nothing standing in its wake.

Lin Moyu sent a Lich General charging to the forefront.

While Lich Generals lacked offensive power, they possessed the highest defense among all his summons. With a base physique of 270,000, further boosted by the Enhanced Troops skill and their own ability, their physique attribute exceeded 1.1 million.

If anything could withstand the attacks of the staff-wielding Putrid Corpse, it would be the Lich Generals.

Without hesitation, the Lich General surged forward, meeting the staff head-on.

With a resounding crack, the staff struck the Lich General, delivering a devastating blow that left it severely injured. Yet, the Lich General didn't waver, standing firm as it absorbed the full force of the attack.

The remaining 21 Lich Generals quickly cast their healing skill, allowing it to recover rapidly.

Lin Moyu, seeing the effectiveness of this strategy, made a swift decision. He abandoned any offensive against the staff-wielding Putrid Corpse, relying on the Lich General to hold it at bay.

The tank-like summon took hit after hit, each blow echoing like thunder across the battlefield.

The chaotic clash had reached its 20th second, with over 2,000 skeletons already fallen. Lin Moyu knew without the Enhanced Troops skill, his army wouldn't have lasted this long ago.

But the clock was ticking. Enhanced Troops had only 15 seconds remaining.

"Within 15 seconds, I must eliminate two..." Lin Moyu's eyes burned with determination.

His focus shifted away from the staff-wielding corpse. Instead, he zeroed on the other Dragonkind and Demon Putrid Corpses.

If he couldn't eliminate the Dragonkind and Demon Putrid Corpses within 15 seconds, and more arrived after that, they might as well end their own lives then and there.

Lin Moyu gritted his teeth. With the Skeletal Berserk Warriors holding off the Demon Putrid Corpse and the Lich General tanking the staff-wielding Putrid Corpse, he directed the remaining Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen to focus their firepower on the Dragonkind Putrid Corpse.

He himself wasn't idle. Summoning every ounce of his strength, he unleashed a relentless barrage of Bone Fangs at the Dragonkind Putrid Corpse.

Among the three Putrid Corpse, the Dragonkind Putrid Corpse appeared the weakest, making it the ideal starting point.

These 20 seconds were the most intense of Lin Moyu's life.

He didn't even have the luxury to cast the Detection spell. Knowing the enemy's level was irrelevant at this moment—what mattered was eliminating them as quickly as possible.

After six seconds of unrelenting assault, the Dragonkind Putrid Corpse finally disintegrated in midair before collapsing to the ground.

Lin Moyu didn't pause to celebrate. Without missing a beat, he redirected his focus to the Demon Putrid Corpse.

The Enhance Troops skill had only nine seconds left.

The Demon Putrid Corpse was swarmed with Skeletal Berserk Warriors. Despite being riddled with the corrosive effects of Putrid Corpse Poison, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors pressed on, swinging their massive axes with unyielding resolve. Poison or not, they would fight until their last.

Now bolstered by the firepower of the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen, the tide shifted. The combined assault overwhelmed the Demon Putrid Corpse.

Finally, with just one second remaining on the Enhance Troops skill, the Demon Putrid Corpse was blasted into pieces.

The very next moment, the Enhance Troops skill entered cooldown. The augmented attributes receded like a retreating tide, leaving Lin Moyu's summons weaker and more vulnerable.

At this moment, there were 25 seconds left until the minute was up.

The staff-wielding Putrid Corpse struck again with terrifying force. This time, the Lich General, who had been barely holding on so far, was sent hurtling through the air, disappearing from sight moments later. It was finished.

For the first time since the creation of his undead army, Lin Moyu had lost a Lich General.

Lin Moyu clenched his fists. The next 25 seconds would be even more grueling.

Still, he refrained from urging Dongfang Yao. She was already pushing herself to the limit, and he understood that adding pressure would only backfire.

Instead, he calmed his mind.

The undead army began to disperse, following his silent command. The staff-wielding Putrid Corpse's attacks were devastating area-of-effect strikes. Keeping the skeletons bunched together would only lead to their faster demise.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors sprinted across the battlefield, drawing the staff-wielding Putrid Corpse's attention.

Fortunately, the opponent's intellect was almost nonexistent. If it had retained its intelligence after becoming a Putrid Corpse, Lin Moyu would have been its first target.

But even as the battle raged, the dormant powerhouses on the mountain peaks began to awaken, one by one.

A massive, decayed tree materialized in the sky. Its grotesque form was covered in rotten branches, its decayed trunk radiating an aura of death and decay. Identifying its species was impossible.

Lin Moyu froze. He recognized it instantly.

In the God of Life's descriptions of the great war, this entity had been a present.

"The Tree God..." Lin Moyu muttered.

It was a plant-type God, with incredibly powerful vitality, making it nearly impossible to kill.

During the great war, it had caused havoc, slaying indiscriminately. Eventually, it was severely injured by a human powerhouse, yet it refused to die.

It managed to escape the battlefield, but in the end, it succumbed to the forbidden skill and was transformed into a Putrid Corpse.

The forbidden skill swept across the entire world, leaving no living thing within it untouched.

The moment the Tree God appeared, Lin Moyu was struck by an overwhelming chill, and a suffocating sense of danger washed over him.

This creature was more powerful than the staff-wielding Putrid Corpse—and not by a small margin.

The Tree God hovered ominously in the void, its decayed branches drooping low. Then, without warning, the dozens of branches split into hundreds and pierced through space with horrifying speed, sweeping through the skeletons.

The assault was instantaneous and devastating.

The skeletons swept by the branches were crushed instantly, shattering with a resounding bang. They died without any chance to fight back.

At this point, the Comprehensive Link talent had become little more than an empty promise.

Earlier, Lin Moyu had witnessed skeletons being killed outright, making him realize that his talent was not all-powerful. The opponent possessed abilities that could bypass his talent.

The Putrid Corpse tree before him, once a noble God, wielded a similar power.

What was this power? Was it a talent? Or something else entirely? Lin Moyu couldn't tell. His level and understanding of things were far too low.

In just over two seconds since the Putrid Corpse tree had appeared, more than a thousand skeletons had been obliterated.

At this point, a third of his undead army was gone, reduced to dust and fragments. Now only 10,000 skeletons remained.

And there were still 22 agonizing seconds until the minute was up.

As the undead army's numbers dwindled, its collapse accelerated. Skeletons fell in droves, the relentless onslaught of the Putrid Corpse Tree carving through their ranks without pause.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly, each passing second marked by the demise of his skeletal forces.

Behind Lin Moyu, Dongfang Yao was clearly nearing the end, with the barrier growing increasingly brighter.

“Hold on, just a little longer.” Lin Moyu repeated the mantra in his mind.

Then, another 10 seconds passed. The undead army was reduced to fewer than 4,000 skeletons.

Lin Moyu’s expression darkened. The final 10 seconds would decide everything.

With a flash of light, the Genesis Scepter appeared in his hand. This was his last resort—an artifact of extraordinary power, capable of unleashing three devastating attacks at level 90.

Level 90 was the domain of God-level powerhouses. Whether false God-level or true God-level, reaching level 90 marked an undeniable stage of power.

The moment the Genesis Scepter materialized, the six surrounding mountain peaks trembled violently.

Terrifying auras erupted from every peak, shooting skyward and crashing down on him like an unrelenting wave.

Lin Moyu's chest tightened. He had made a grave mistake.

The Putrid Corpses inhabiting this land had once fought to the death over the Genesis Scepter. Even in death, their obsession with it had not faded.

By revealing the scepter, Lin Moyu had painted a target on himself.

But what choice did he have? If he didn't use it, death was all but a certainty.

Above the battlefield, the Putrid Corpse tree locked onto him, and its decayed branches surged forward at lightning speed.

Lin Moyu felt an overwhelming sense of dread, the shadow of death looming over him.

This was it.

Determination blazed in his eyes as he gripped the Genesis Scepter tightly. Raising it high, he aimed at the Putrid Corpse tree.

Chapter 378: Will That Defies Time

Out of nowhere, a flash of dark light streaked across the battlefield, cutting through the withered branches with precision.

A dark figure emerged in front of Lin Moyu.

The figure was clad in armor and wielded a sword, both of which bore marks of human craftsmanship.

Despite the ravages of time, the armor had not worn down, and the sword had not dulled.

Without question, these two pieces of equipment were of legendary rank, their owner a former God-level powerhouse of the human race.

The figure turned its head and looked at Lin Moyu, and then at the Genesis Scepter, his eyes glowing red

Lin Moyu froze, his mind racing. He hadn't yet activated the Genesis Scepter. Even if he did, he doubted it would make a difference now.

This person—this corpse—was far too strong.

The figure turned away, shifting its focus to the Putrid Corpse Tree, exposing its back to Lin Moyu.

Then, without hesitation, it raised its sword and soared into the sky, launching itself at the Putrid Corpse tree.

Lin Moyu stood motionless, his heart pounding in his chest, "He... is protecting me... No, not me, but a human. His body is completely rotten; he's clearly dead. Yet his final will remains—protect humanity!"

Lin Moyu was greatly shocked.

What kind of will was this? Even after death, even after transforming into a Putrid Corpse, it had not been erased. The will had become an obsession.

Other powerful beings started descending, their eyes locked onto the Genesis Scepter in Lin Moyu's hand.

Each was an unstoppable force, their power far beyond anything Lin Moyu could withstand. Yet, before their attacks could reach him, human God-level powerhouses appeared before Lin Moyu, shielding him.

Again and again, as if answering an unspoken call, human God-level powerhouses emerged, pulling Lin Moyu back from the brink of death.

A storm of emotions surged in Lin Moyu's heart—shock, awe, and a profound respect. What kind of will could defy time itself? Could transcend life itself? It wasn't just a conviction; it was etched into their very essence, unyielding and eternal.

"All set!" Dongfang Yao's voice broke through the chaos.

Though the barrier seemed unchanged, Lin Moyu could feel the difference. His hand passed through effortlessly.

Pausing, he cast one final look at the human God-level powerhouses locked in battle.

"If the opportunity arises." Lin Moyu vowed silently, "I will bring you all back to life."

He had no way of knowing if the opportunity would present itself or if he would possess the power, but the promise still burned brightly within him.

Lin Moyu turned and stepped into the barrier. As he departed, the Genesis Scepter's aura and the aura of the living vanished.

The battle outside ceased almost instantly. The human God-level powerhouses retreated to a mountain peak, their forms growing still once more.

The other Putrid Corpses also withdrew to their respective domains.

Silence fell. Darkness reclaimed the Putrid Corpse Land, restoring its eerie, oppressive stillness. In the next moment, the undead army Lin Moyu had left crumbled, collapsing into dust. RÄNÖBES

Behind the barrier lay a secret realm, modest in size, no more than a hundred meters in radius. At its center stood a teleportation formation.

Lin Moyu scanned the secret realm, his eyes drawn to the intricate formations carved within. Before, these formations would have baffled him. But now, with his experiences as a Formation Master, he could discern their purpose, if only partially.

These formations were linked to the barrier, as well as a terrifying seal. According to Dongfang Yao, this seal had sealed the entire Putrid Corpse Land.

In the past, humanity had paid a heavy price to create this seal and seal off the Putrid Corpse Land.

“This is great. We can return using the teleportation formation.” Dongfang Yao said, inspecting the teleportation formation.

The formation bore the Dongfang Family’s emblem, a design she was familiar with and knew how to control.

“There’s no rush. Let’s rest here for a bit.” Lin Moyu replied.

Dongfang Yao looked at him, puzzled. They had a clear path home—why delay? But as she observed him, realization dawned.

Lin Moyu had already begun summoning skeletons, one after another. Despite the battle lasting only a minute, his undead army had been nearly annihilated. The skeletons that survived were contaminated by the Putrid Corpse Poison, leaving fewer than 2,000 unscathed.

Of his 22 Lich Generals, three had fallen—arguably a minimal loss, but without skeletal troops, the Lich Generals were practically useless.

Although the teleportation formation offered a safe return, Lin Moyu’s cautious nature demanded preparation. If something unexpected happened during the teleportation, a fully restored undead army would ensure he had the means to respond.

Understanding his reasoning, Dongfang Yao settled herself quietly nearby.

Lin Moyu worked methodically, summoning skeletons at a steady rate of one per second—3,600 in an hour. Restoring the entire army would take about four hours.

At first, Dongfang Yao merely observed, but over time, she began to notice something unusual.

“Do his skills not consume spirit force?” She wondered, frowning, “I can feel powerful spirit fluctuations. Each skeleton requires a lot of spirit force, yet why does it feel like his spirit force isn’t diminishing? Just how high is his spirit attribute?”

The realization left her dumbfounded. She had known that Lin Moyu was powerful, but she had never stopped to consider the magnitude of his spirit reserves.

In the relentless chaos of the Putrid Corpse Land, survival had taken precedence over everything else. There had been no time to think about such details. Now, in the safety of the secret realm, she had the luxury to notice.

Watching Lin Moyu quietly summon skeletons one after another, Dongfang Yao felt a creeping sense of awe. A single thought struck her with stunning clarity: unless he faced an opponent of overwhelming power, Lin Moyu’s undead army was practically invincible.

On a battlefield, his army would be devastating. Against opponents of similar levels, they could annihilate forces ten times their size.

Their key advantage was that the undead troops were fearless in the face of death and could be replaced at any moment.

As Lin Moyu's level rose, so would the size and power of his undead army. In time, it could become a force that rivaled the military might of an entire race.

"If only I could have an army like that..."

The thought startled her, sending a shiver down her spine. Dongfang Yao quickly shook her head, snapping out of her musings. Such a dream was impossible—she knew that.

But she couldn't help but fantasize, "If I could marry him..."

The thought was fleeting, and an involuntary chill ran down her spine as she recalled Lin Moyu's cold, decisive expression during the battle with the Putrid Corpses. Someone like him—ruthless and unyielding—wasn't the kind of person she could ever hope to control.

Realizing this, Dongfang Yao quickly abandoned the idea.

"Rather than becoming his wife, being his friend seemed far better." With this thought, Dongfang Yao felt a sense of relief

Lin Moyu, meanwhile, glanced at her discreetly. There had been something odd in her eyes earlier, but now she seemed back to normal. Dismissing the thought, he returned his focus to summoning skeletons. Without a fully restored undead army, he couldn't feel at ease.

Finally, after four full hours of tireless effort, his undead army was replenished. Not including the reserves in his summon space, the 22 undead legions commanded by his Lich Generals, totaling 14,520 skeletons, were back at full strength.

Lin Moyu exhaled deeply, "Alright, let's head back."

Dongfang Yao nodded and stepped into the teleportation formation. With practiced precision, she began casting a series of seals.

At the same time as Dongfang Yao activated the teleportation formation in the Putrid Corpse Land, a brilliant light burst forth from the grand formation beneath the royal palace.

The Formation Spirit manifested and sent out a series of transmissions.

The three God-level powerhouses of the Dongfang royal family—Dongfang Yi, Dongfang Li, and Dongfang Zhan—received the message simultaneously. Joy lit up their faces, and they rushed toward the formation.

Meng Anwen also received the transmission. In the blink of an eye, he appeared before the Formation Spirit. He had previously set teleportation coordinates here, allowing him to arrive instantly whenever necessary.

When Dongfang Yi and the other two arrived moments later, they found Meng Anwen already there, standing before the Formation Spirit.

“Greetings, Serene God.” Dongfang Yi was the first to salute Meng Anwen, his tone respectful.

Dongfang Li and Dongfang Zhan followed suit, bowing slightly as they greeted him.

Although they all were God-level powerhouses, Meng Anwen’s unparalleled strength commanded their respect.

Meng Anwen acknowledged their greetings with a brief nod. Without further pleasantries, he turned to the Formation Spirit, “Who is being teleported here?”

The Formation Spirit replied, “Two people—a man and a woman.”

As it spoke, an image materialized in the air, revealing Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao.

Meng Anwen exhaled quietly, relief washing over him at the sight of Lin Moyu unharmed.

Meanwhile, Dongfang Yi and the others couldn't contain their joy.

Since Lin Moyu was unharmed, it meant the Dongfang family was safe as well. The fact that Dongfang Yao was also alive came as an unexpected delight.

Dongfang Yi, her father, struggled to hold back tears. He and the other two were all too familiar with the dangers of the Putrid Corpse Land, a place where survival was nearly impossible. Even for God-level powerhouses, entering that cursed land was nearly akin to walking into certain death.

For weeks, they had resigned themselves to the worst. Yet now, hope had returned in an instant, catching them completely off guard.

The teleportation process would take some time.

Meng Anwen turned to Dongfang Yi and the others, "Consider yourselves lucky this time. The Dongfang Family has been saved."

With those words, he vanished, teleporting away in a flash of light.

Moments later, the oppressive murderous aura that had blanketed the royal palace for over a month receded like a tide.

Chapter 379: A Safe Return; The Dongfang Family Escapes Calamity

The teleportation lasted a full five minutes, covering an immense distance.

At last, Lin Moyu and Dongfang Yao returned to the Human World.

Before their vision fully adjusted, a wave of familiarity washed over them. When their sight returned, the figures of Dongfang Yi, Dongfang Li, and a third man—Dongfang Zhan, whom Lin Moyu didn't recognize—came into view.

“Father!”

With a cry of relief, Dongfang Yao rushed into Dongfang Yi's arms, tears streaming down her face, “I thought I'd never see you again.”

Dongfang Yi gently patted her back, his voice soft and reassuring. “It's alright now. You're home.”

As a father, his heart brimmed with joy. The past month had been a nightmare, his days heavy with worry and his spirit crushed by despair. The looming threat to the Dongfang Family, coupled with the possibility of losing his daughter forever, had nearly broken him.

Though he was a God-level powerhouse and the Emperor, at this moment, he was simply a father who had regained his child.

Lin Moyu's eyes turned icy as he broke the tender moment, "Your Dongfang Family owes me an explanation."

Though they had made it back, the ordeal was far from resolved. Lin Moyu had barely survived, and if not for sheer luck...

This wasn't something he could simply let go.

Lin Moyu wasn't the forgiving type. Even though he owed the Dongfang Family a favor, it paled in comparison to the value of his life. Besides, by ensuring Dongfang Yao's safe return, he considered the favor repaid in full.

Hearing Lin Moyu's cold words, Dongfang Yi nodded solemnly, understanding the weight of their responsibility.

Dongfang Yi immediately responded, his tone sincere, "This incident was indeed the fault of our Dongfang Family. Please rest assured, Godly General Lin, we will provide a proper explanation and appropriate compensation."

Lin Moyu didn't press further. Dongfang Yi's assurance was enough; a man of his stature would naturally honor his word.

Now that the family's crisis had been resolved and Dongfang Yao returned safely, both Dongfang Li and Dongfang Zhan visibly relaxed.

Dongfang Li managed a chuckle, "Godly General Lin, your sister has been waiting outside the royal palace for over a month. Don't you think it's time you went to see her?"

"My sister is here? Where?" Lin Moyu asked urgently.

After emerging on the surface via the teleportation formation, Dongfang Yi explained, "The formation leading outside the royal palace was destroyed—by your sister, no less. Shall I fly you there?"

"No need. I'll go myself." Lin Moyu replied.

With that, the Lightning Wings unfurled on his back with a sharp whoosh, and he ascended into the air. His sharp senses locked onto Lin Mohan's aura almost immediately.

With a slight tremor of his wings, Lin Moyu shot away like a streak of lightning.

Once he was gone, Dongfang Yi let out a deep sigh, “Amidst the calamity, we’ve been blessed with unexpected fortune. Yao has returned safely, and our family’s crisis has been resolved.”

Dongfang Li spoke softly, “Since the founding of the Shenxia Empire, the Dongfang Family has endured for over a thousand years. This is the first time we’ve faced such a catastrophe. Truly, we’ve failed our ancestors.”

Dongfang Zhan shook his head, his voice heavy with regret, “This was the result of our own shortcomings. We must do better.”

Dongfang Yao watched the exchange with a perplexed expression, as if observing actors in a drama.

Dongfang Yi gently pulled her close, “Yao, tell us everything that happened in the Putrid Corpse Land over the past month.”

Dongfang Li was also curious, “While Godly General Lin is incredibly powerful, he is unmatched only among his peers. The Putrid Corpse Land is filled with formidable beings, especially in its central area. How did you manage to return?”

Dongfang Yao nodded at the question and began recounting her harrowing experiences in the Putrid Corpse Land.

Meanwhile, outside the royal palace, Lin Moyu appeared beside Lin Mohan in a flash of lightning.

The moment Lin Mohan saw him, her beautiful face broke into a radiant smile, and she threw her arms around him. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she spoke, “Moyu, I knew you’d be fine.”

Lin Moyu returned her smile, “Of course I’d be fine. But, Sister, how did you know I was trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land?”

She shook her head, “I didn’t know anything about the Putrid Corpse Land. My teacher divined that you were in danger and instructed me to guard the royal palace. That’s all I knew.”

Lin Mohan went on to explain the situation. Her teacher had foreseen a shadow of peril looming over Lin Moyu and sent her to guard outside the royal palace, though the specifics of her role were left to her discretion.

Her decision, as it turned out, had been so decisive and forceful.

Lin Mohan continued, “Over the past month, several members of the Dongfang Family tried to flee. I drove every one of them back.”

Lin Moyu chuckled, “If something had really happened to me, would you have gone so far as to slaughter the Dongfang Family?”

Lin Mohan snorted, her voice firm, “Of course. And it wouldn’t have just been me—your teachers would have acted as well.”

For the past month, the Dongfang Family had lived under the constant threat of a metaphorical blade hanging over their heads. The Mad God’s murderous aura never subsided and only grew more intense with time. For the royal family, it felt as though the blade was inching closer and closer to their necks.

Lin Moyu came to realize that during his time trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land, his loved ones had gone to great lengths on his behalf. They had been prepared to go to war against the Dongfang Family. Regardless of the outcome, such a war would have been catastrophic.

The Dongfang Family, as the royal family, commanded many subordinates. If they mobilized their allies, it was unclear how many God-level experts they could call upon. Likewise, Meng Anwen and the others had their own networks as well as the military. A conflict would have torn the empire apart.

Lin Moyu realized that his life had become inextricably tied to the fate of the entire empire.

Lin Mohan smiled softly. “Moyu, now that I know you're safe, I can finally breathe easy. Now, hurry and go back to your teachers—they must be frantic by now.”

Lin Moyu asked softly, “And what about you, Sister?”

Lin Mohan giggled, “I’ll go back to grinding levels. I haven’t leveled up in a whole month! My teacher’s plans have been interrupted—he’s going to be so upset.”

Her laughter was playful, and Lin Moyu could tell she was in high spirits, relieved by his safe return. When she spoke of her teacher, it was clear that she had a good relationship with him.

Lin Moyu nodded, “Then when will you be free again?”

Lin Mohan thought for a moment, “Although my teacher hasn’t said anything explicitly, I’m guessing it will be after I reach God-level.”

The high expectations set by Lin Mohan’s teacher were surprising, but with her current leveling speed, reaching God-level didn’t seem far off.

In less than two years, she had gone from her initial class awakening to level 70 and completion of her third class awakening. Such progress was unprecedented, and even Lin Moyu wasn’t sure if he could match her pace.

Meanwhile, in the royal palace, Dongfang Yao recounted in vivid detail her experiences in the Putrid Corpse Land over the past month.

She described how panicked she had been at first, while Lin Moyu had remained incredibly calm, even conducting experiments on the Putrid Corpses. The contrast between their reactions left Dongfang Yao feeling a bit embarrassed.

She then explained how Lin Moyu absorbed lightning and discovered a magical secret realm. Though she didn't fully understand the nature of the secret realm, its existence within the desolate Putrid Corpse Land was astonishing—a place full of life amidst the decay.

Finally, Dongfang Yao described the final battle. While she had focused all her energy on opening the barrier, she hadn't been able to observe the battle itself. However, the aftermath spoke volumes. The sheer devastation of the undead army indicated that the fight had been unimaginably intense.

Dongfang Li's eyes were filled with deep contemplation, "This Lin Moyu is incredibly composed, far beyond ordinary people. His mental fortitude is extraordinary, especially considering what he faced in the central area. I can only imagine the level of opponents he encountered there. Even for us, escaping unscathed might not have been possible."

Dongfang Yi asked Dongfang Yao, "Yao, can you describe the scepter you mentioned—the one you couldn't touch? Better yet, can you draw it?"

Dongfang Yao nodded and quickly retrieved paper and pen. Her drawing skills, clearly well-practiced, brought the image to life with remarkable detail.

Under her skilled hand, the Genesis Scepter emerged on the page, its intricate design depicted so vividly it seemed almost real.

When the three God-level powerhouses looked at the drawing, they collectively gasped.

Dongfang Yi's shock was unmistakable, "It's the Genesis Scepter. Unbelievable. The Genesis Scepter—the catalyst of that ancient great war—has resurfaced."

The Dongfang Family, tasked with guarding the Putrid Corpse Land, held knowledge of secrets tied to that great war. They were also aware of the Genesis Scepter, an artifact connected to the God of Life's legacy.

Dongfang Li studied the drawing closely, before suddenly asking in a low voice, "Yao, is this everything? Was there nothing on top of the Genesis Scepter? Did you leave anything out?"

Dongfang Yao shook her head, "No, I drew everything. There was nothing else."

Dongfang Li's tone grew solemn, "It seems the Genesis Scepter is incomplete. The Life Core is missing. Without it, the Genesis Scepter is useless. Only when the two are combined can its full power be realized."

Dongfang Yao hesitated before asking, “What is the Genesis Scepter used for?”

Dongfang Yi chuckled softly, “It offers the chance to ascend to Transcendent God-level.”

“Ah!” Dongfang Yao gasped, covering her mouth in shock.

Chapter 380: Bai Yiyuan's Specialty: Ripping Others Off

The three God-level powerhouses of the Dongfang Family had no intention of seizing the scepter.

First, they didn’t dare. Second, it would be futile.

Lin Moyu’s identity alone was deterrent enough—unless the plan was executed flawlessly. And even then, they knew Lin Moyu wouldn’t truly perish. Even if slain, he could resurrect in the Hall of Heroes.

Only rare, isolated places like the Putrid Corpse Land, enveloped by seals and separated by vast distances, could render his death permanent.

This was the reason why Meng Anwen and the others were so on edge, ready to fight the Dongfang Family to the death.

Besides, stealing the Genesis Scepter served no purpose. Without the Life Core, the scepter was useless. Dongfang Yao had also stated that she couldn't touch it.

The Dongfang Family wasn't foolish enough to act without gain.

Dongfang Yi spoke in a solemn tone, "Yao, rest for two days. Then you and I will go meet Godly General Lin."

For over a month, the Shenxia Tower had stood tall at Xiajing Academy. Typically, it appeared for only a few days, never this long.

Each day, crowds gathered to marvel at its splendor. As one of the three divine towers of the Shenxia Empire, it was steeped in legend. A powerful energy barrier surrounded the tower, keeping onlookers at bay.

But today, the Shenxia Tower vanished abruptly, leaving many to come to take a look at it disappointed.

The White God Courtyard returned to its usual tranquility. Meng Anwen reclined in a chair, eyes half-closed. Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng sat nearby, trading occasional quips.

Lin Moyu stood quietly, preparing tea for the three. He had just recounted his harrowing experiences in the Putrid Corpse Land, revealing secrets even the Dongfang Family

couldn't fathom. After all, who could better understand the great war's significance than the God of Life herself?

Lin Moyu had even presented the Genesis Scepter, but like Dongfang Yao, none of the three could touch it. The scepter recognized only Lin Moyu.

Bai Yiyuan remarked, "If we can locate the Life Core, Moyu's chances of reaching the Transcendent God-level will increase significantly."

Meng Anwen paused thoughtfully before speaking in a low voice, "I don't think that's necessarily a good thing. External objects are tools, not crutches to depend on."

Lin Moyu nodded, understanding his point. If he could find the Life Core and fully repair the Genesis Scepter, it would indeed enhance his power. But relying on such an item wasn't ideal.

Yan Kuangsheng raised an eyebrow, "Old Meng is right—relying on external aids isn't wise. Ultimately, you can only depend on yourself. That said, the Genesis Scepter looks like a promising piece of mythical rank equipment. Once it's complete, we should check its attributes."

Mythical rank equipment far surpassed legendary rank items in terms of rarity and power. Across humanity, only two such pieces of equipment existed.

Lin Moyu spoke softly, "Don't worry, teachers. I won't rely on external aids."

In truth, his class prevented him from doing so. Since his second class awakening as a Necrolord, he'd developed an innate rejection of most equipment. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't depend on them.

Lin Moyu was troubled, unsure of what equipment he could even use. At this point, he had no choice but to rely entirely on himself.

Lin Moyu asked, "Teachers, during the last battle, many of my skeletons died—some were destroyed outright. My talent failed to activate. Why is that?"

Bai Yiyuan responded, "That's not surprising. Perhaps your opponent's talent suppressed yours."

Yan Kuangsheng added, "Or their attack was so overwhelming it severed the connection to your talent. Summon a skeleton; let's test something."

Lin Moyu complied, summoning one of his skeletons.

Yan Kuangsheng casually swung his hand in a blade-like motion. Tremendous sword qi erupted, infused with his murderous aura, sweeping toward the skeleton. 然ノベス

The skeleton shattered instantly, obliterated in a single strike.

Lin Moyu was startled, thinking, "My skeleton died that easily?"

The Comprehensive Link talent hadn't activated at all.

"Teacher, how did you do that?" Lin Moyu asked.

Yan Kuangsheng replied, "Your talent is called Comprehensive Link, right? I simply severed the connection, rendering your talent useless. Ultimately, your skeleton is too weak—its level isn't high enough."

Lin Moyu nodded in understanding. Whether it was due to overwhelming power or a unique talent, an opponent could bypass his talent and destroy his skeletons outright. It was a harsh reminder of one thing: he was still too weak.

Meng Anwen spoke in a low voice, "From what Moyu described, the creatures in the Putrid Corpse Land aren't the scariest part. The real danger lies in the Putrid Corpse Poison. When our ancestors sealed that place, their primary concern was preventing the poison from spreading."

Lin Moyu asked, "Teachers, can't a God-level Healer cure the Putrid Corpse Poison?"

Meng Anwen shook his head, "Low-level Putrid Corpse Poison, yes. High-level poison? No."

In the Putrid Corpse Land, Dongfang Yao had mentioned that if Lin Moyu could neutralize the poison, she would ask him to save someone. It made sense now—her family likely had someone afflicted with high-level Putrid Corpse Poison. If it were a lower-level poison, the Dongfang Family's vast resources should have allowed them to secure a God-level Healer's assistance.

"Teacher, do you think it's possible to revive someone after death?" Lin Moyu asked, recalling the God-level powerhouses who had saved him. Though they were dead, their will had remained unbroken.

Bai Yiyuan explained, "Revival is possible if a soul imprint remains intact, and the soul can return to it after death. But for God-level powerhouses... once they die, they're truly gone."

Lin Moyu frowned, confused. Why couldn't God-level powerhouses be revived?

Yan Kuangsheng stood up, patting him on the shoulder, "You'll understand someday."

Bai Yiyuan followed suit, also patting his shoulder, "Consider yourself lucky this time. Be more cautious in the future."

He continued with a grin, "In a couple of days, Dongfang Yi will likely come to apologize. When he does, I'll help you rip him off. The Dongfang Family is the royal family. After running the empire for so long, they must have amassed plenty of treasures."

"For the next few days." Bai Yiyuan instructed, "Take a break, or raid some dungeons. Just don't show your face, and don't come back here."

Having known Bai Yiyuan for years, Meng Anwen immediately understood his intentions, "It's better if you're not around. That way, Old Bai can 'negotiate' more smoothly."

Yan Kuangsheng, surprisingly, didn't argue, "Exactly. He's a seasoned expert at ripping people off."

They all agreed on one thing: Lin Moyu was too reserved to demand too much for himself. This was a golden opportunity, and it couldn't be wasted. With Bai Yiyuan leading the charge and Yan Kuangsheng's imposing murderous aura backing him up, they were confident they could make the Dongfang Family pay dearly.

Lin Moyu found himself effectively kicked out of the White God Courtyard, banned from returning for the next few days.

Before he left, Bai Yiyuan gave him one last instruction, "Head back to the Chuangshi Institute in half a month. The ancestral land is about to open."

Lin Moyu returned to Xiajing Academy. As he wandered through its familiar grounds, he couldn't shake a strange feeling of disconnection.

After spending over a month in the dark and oppressive Putrid Corpse Land, enduring relentless storms and lightning strikes, he felt as though he'd barely been living. At times, it was as if he'd been reduced to a walking corpse himself.

But somehow, he had made it out.

"Is it really... impossible to revive...?" Lin Moyu murmured to himself, lost in thought.

According to Bai Yiyuan, revival was impossible. But the God of Life's words suggested otherwise.

For some reason, Lin Moyu found the God of Life's claim more credible. In everything, one must hold onto hope.

As he pondered this, his ears twitched slightly, and a rare smile formed on his lips. A sweet scent wafted to his nose, followed by a warm embrace from behind.

"You're back!" Lin Moyu said softly, his voice unusually gentle, free of its usual cold undertone.

Having faced many battles and killed countless enemies, Lin Moyu's words often carried a subtle chill, a reflection of his hardened soul. But not this time. Not even a trace of coldness lingered.

There were few people in the world who could draw out this side of him.

The person behind him was one of them.

"Mm." Came the soft response, tender and docile, like a kitten purring in contentment.

Ning Yiyi rested her head against Lin Moyu's back, rubbing it gently.

Fortunately, he had just showered and changed into fresh clothes. When he had first returned from the Putrid Corpse Land, he had reeked of decay, a stench that was anything but pleasant.

Lin Moyu took Ning Yiyi's soft, delicate hands into his own. Her warmth and presence soothed him.

"You've been at it for so long; you must be tired." He said with a gentle smile.

Ning Yiyi nodded, then shook her head, staying silent.

Lin Moyu turned to face her, wrapping her in a tender embrace, "Take a break. From now on, I'll handle level grinding."

Ning Yiyi let out a soft “mm” and smiled—a smile brighter than the sun itself.