

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 391: The Ancestral Land Is About To Open

Yan Kuangsheng burst into laughter, “I told you it wouldn’t work, but you still wanted to try.”

Bai Yiyuan smirked, “You think I didn’t know? Moyu, the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land is indeed about to open. Since Dean Mo is here, he can explain the details to you.”

Lin Moyu had already guessed as much when he saw Mo Xinghe—it was likely related to the opening of the ancestral land.

Mo Xinghe nodded, “The ancestral land will open in the coming days, and the list of participants has already been finalized. I’ll now explain what you need to be mindful of once inside.”

“Wait a moment.” Ning Tairan interrupted just as Mo Xinghe was about to speak.

Everyone turned to him in confusion.

“Let Yiyi listen as well.” He said.

With a flick of his finger, a gentle breeze brushed past Ning Yiyi, waking her from her slumber. She rubbed her eyes groggily, then blinked in surprise at the gathered crowd.

Letting out a small yelp, she quickly jumped down, her cheeks tinged with embarrassment. She shot Lin Moyu a reproachful glance, as if to say, how could you not wake me up with so many people around?

Mo Xinghe chuckled before continuing.

The Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land opened once every five years, and entry slots were strictly limited. The distribution was as follows: the Chuangshi Institute held 10 slots, Chuangshen and Yanhuang held 3 slots each, the royal family and the military held 2 slots each, and the major families of the empire got 1 slot each.

In total, only 30 slots were available.

Although the Chuangshi Institute ranked lower than the Chuangshen Institute, many still sought to join, hoping to secure a slot. However, these slots were extremely precious, with countless eyes on them. Even Bai Yiyuan, despite his influence, couldn’t bend the rules.

Despite being a God-level powerhouse, Bai Yiyuan didn’t have a family and thus wasn’t entitled to a slot himself. That was why he had Lin Moyu join the Chuangshi Institute—given Lin Moyu’s abilities, securing a slot was practically guaranteed.

Meanwhile, the Ning family also had a slot, which Ning Tairan unhesitatingly gave to Ning Yiyi. His love for his granddaughter knew no bounds—her well-being was always his top priority.

“There are many creatures within the ancestral land.” Mo Xinghe continued, “They are not aggressive, but you must never kill them. Near the core area, you’ll find fruit-bearing trees. These fruits can be eaten—eat as many as you can.”

Hearing this, Ning Yiyi’s eyes sparkled, “I can do that! I love eating! Grandpa Mo, are the fruits tasty? I don’t mind if they’re sour, as long as they’re not bitter.”

Mo Xinghe laughed heartily, “They shouldn’t taste bad.”

Lin Moyu, sensing a deeper meaning behind Mo Xinghe’s words, asked for more details.

Mo Xinghe explained, “Picking and eating the fruits is part of the trial. How much you can eat depends on your own ability. However, remember this—do your best, but don’t push yourself too far.”

“After eating the fruits, you will enter the second stage—the comprehension stage. In this stage, you will need to comprehend certain things. The nature of this comprehension changes every time, so I can’t give you specifics. You’ll understand when the time comes.”

"Most participants will be eliminated at this stage." Mo Xinghe continued, "Those who pass will move on to the third stage. However, information about it is scarce. Based on past experiences, it appears to be related to the insights gained in the second stage."

He paused before adding, "Strangely, even those who passed the second stage couldn't explain what happened in the third stage after returning."

Lin Moyu's heart skipped a beat. He frowned and asked, "Why is that?"

Mo Xinghe shook his head, "At first, we suspected it was a memory issue, but after thorough examinations, we confirmed that their memories had not been tampered with. So this matter remains a mystery."

It seemed he would have to experience it himself to uncover the truth. Lin Moyu pondered for a moment before nodding, "Dean Mo, please continue."

Mo Xinghe smiled, "That's all. Very few people pass the third stage, and those who do cannot explain what happens in the fourth stage at all. However, one thing is certain—as long as you don't kill the creatures you encounter upon entry, there will be no danger in the ancestral land."

Lin Moyu made a mental note: do not harm the creatures upon entering the ancestral land.

At the same time, he glanced at Ning Yiyi. Seeing her listening attentively, he felt relieved.

Turning back to Mo Xinghe, Lin Moyu sincerely expressed his gratitude, “Thank you, Dean Mo. I’ve noted everything.”

Mo Xinghe stood up and replied humbly, “Godly General Lin, there’s no need to be so formal. I still feel guilty about the dungeon destruction incident that led you into the Abyss. And now, I owe you such a great favor. If you ever need anything in the future, just let me know.”

Lin Moyu smiled, “Dean Mo, you don’t have to blame yourself. This was entirely the Demon Society’s doing.”

That matter had already been thoroughly investigated by Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan.

The military had been infiltrated by members of the Demon Worship Society, but fortunately, Lin Moyu had survived. Recently, the military launched a major purge, executing many traitors—causing quite a stir.

Meanwhile, Mo Xinghe left to make preparations for the opening of the ancestral land.

At that moment, Ning Tairan fixed Lin Moyu with a sharp gaze, "When you enter the ancestral land, make sure to keep Yiyi safe."

Lin Moyu responded confidently, “Don’t worry, Old Ning.”

Ning Tairan then turned to his granddaughter, “Yiyi, come with Grandpa to make preparations.”

Ning Yiyi nodded but followed him reluctantly, glancing back at Lin Moyu a few times before leaving.

Once they were gone, Lin Moyu suddenly realized that Bai Yiyuan and the others were all staring at him with knowing expressions. Even Meng Anwen—who rarely reacted to anything—had opened his eyes.

Feeling uncomfortable under their scrutiny, Lin Moyu hesitated before asking, “Teachers, is something wrong?”

Bai Yiyuan smirked, “You’ve got guts, kid—actually daring to bring up a marriage proposal to Old Ning.”

Yan Kuangsheng chuckled, “Old Ning has mellowed out in recent years. If this were fifty years ago, he’d have probably wiped you off the map with a forbidden spell.”

Meng Anwen’s faint voice rang out, “No way. With Yiyi around, Old Ning would’ve restrained himself... Moyu, was that what you were banking on?”

Lin Moyu replied honestly, “At the time, I didn’t think too much about it. I just noticed that Old Ning cared about the Beast God’s Leg Bone a lot, and the idea just... popped into my head.”

It had been a spur-of-the-moment decision, sparked by Ning Tairan’s reaction to the item.

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, “Your instincts aren’t bad. The Beast God’s Leg Bone is indeed precious, and Old Ning needs it. But compared to the God finger you brought back, it falls short.”

Lin Moyu could tell as much—the God finger contained a trace of life force that the Beast God’s Leg Bone lacked. The key difference? The leg bone was shed during the Beast God’s transformation, meaning it wasn’t from after it became a real God. In contrast, the God finger carried something far more profound.

Still, with the God finger already in hand, offering the Beast God’s Leg Bone as a betrothal gift was a perfect choice.

Lin Moyu asked, “Teachers, have you made any progress in studying the God finger?”

Bai Yiyuan grinned. The look in his eyes told Lin Moyu all he needed to know—there had been progress. That was good. It meant the God finger wasn’t just some useless relic.

Instead of answering, Bai Yiyuan simply said, “Go wash up and change into something clean.”

Lin Moyu glanced down at himself. He didn’t think he was dirty. Sure, he had spent over ten days grinding in the dungeon, but he had changed clothes along the way. Compared to the state he was in after returning from the Putrid Corpse Land, he was practically spotless.

Yan Kuangsheng smirked, “You might not feel it, but there’s a mix of lingering auras on you—the dungeon beasts’ auras still cling to your body. Take a proper bath, change your clothes, and meditate to dispel the chaotic auras.”

Meng Anwen added, “The creatures in the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land are highly sensitive. They dislike chaotic auras.”

Lin Moyu nodded, “Understood.”

After returning to the academy, he headed straight to his dormitory. He took a bath, changed into clean clothes, and then sat on his bed to meditate.

Slowly, his restless thoughts settled, and the lingering chaotic auras began to fade. The auras he had picked up from the dungeon dissipated rapidly. He couldn’t sense the change himself, but if Bai Yiyuan and the others had pointed it out, it had to be real.

Within his spirit world, the Divine Domain Stone rotated slowly, drawing out and absorbing the last traces of murderous aura clinging to his body, leaving nothing behind.

While he was immersed in meditation, the communicator on his wrist vibrated.

Lin Moyu glanced at the screen and frowned, “Why would she send me a message?”

Chapter 392: Purification Potion

Outside the library, Lin Moyu encountered Shu Han. She was as elegant as ever, dressed in a long dress. From a distance, she waved at him.

Lin Moyu approached, “Senior Shu, do you need something?”

Shu Han smiled radiantly, “What, can’t I look for you without a reason?”

“Of course not.” He replied softly.

“Take a walk with me.”

Without waiting for a response, Shu Han turned toward the nearby garden. Lin Moyu followed in silence.

As they strolled, she said, “I heard about your recent ordeal. The Putrid Corpse Land must have been dangerous.”

Lin Moyu was surprised. Few knew he had been trapped there. Even within the royal family, only those of high status were aware. This was even more true for outsiders.

How had Shu Han found out?

Sensing his curiosity, she said, “It doesn’t matter how I know. What matters is that I do. The Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land is about to open. You’re going, right?”

Lin Moyu nodded.

Shu Han took out a small bottle and handed it to him. The liquid inside was crystal clear, shimmering faintly under the sunlight.

“This is a Purification Potion.” She explained, “It will cleanse any chaotic auras from your body.”

Only then did Lin Moyu realize that Shu Han had deliberately sought him out to give him the potion after learning he would be heading to the Chuangshi Institute’s ancestral land.

She must have known something about the place—perhaps she had even been there before.

“Thank you.” Lin Moyu accepted the potion without hesitation and stored it away.

Shu Han waved off his gratitude, “No need to thank me. It’s not worth much.”

That couldn’t be true. A potion with such miraculous effects had to be valuable. But Lin Moyu didn’t argue; neither of them paid much attention to such details.

After a brief pause, he took out a few crystals and handed them to her, “These are Elemental Crystals I recently obtained. You might find them useful.”

A look of pleasant surprise flashed across Shu Han’s face, “I’ve made a profit again.”

Her smile was radiant, carrying an air of elegance.

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, “It’s not a trade.”

“Of course not!” Shu Han accepted the Elemental Crystals without hesitation.

They interacted like old friends, unconcerned with things like gains and losses.

Being around Shu Han was comforting. She always spoke at the right moments, her words thoughtful and considerate. Her voice was gentle, pleasant to the ear.

Despite knowing Lin Moyu had been to the Putrid Corpse Land, she didn't pry for details.

Likewise, Lin Moyu suspected her family background was extraordinary but never asked about it.

Their relationship was simple and unremarkable, yet felt natural and harmonious.

Two days later, a brilliant beam of white light erupted from the island where the Chuangshi Institute stood, piercing straight into the sky. Brighter than the sun, the light was visible even in broad daylight.

The island seemed to awaken, sending powerful ripples of energy outward, churning the sea into towering waves. Amid the surging tides, deep rumblings echoed across the waters.

At that moment, the Chuangshi Institute's teleportation formation activated, glowing intensely as groups of people arrived.

Though only 30 slots were available, more than 30 people had gathered—many accompanied by their family's elders.

This rare event had drawn the powerful figures of various prestigious families, turning the gathering into both a competition for the young and a social occasion for the old. While the younger generation ventured into the ancestral land, the elders would remain outside, sipping tea and reminiscing about the past.

The night before, Lin Moyu had returned to the Chuangshi Institute, meditating in a secluded place.

He had already consumed the Purification Potion Shu Han had given him. His aura was now pristine—purer than if he had bathed a hundred times. But this wasn't mere cleanliness; it was a fundamental purification, making him immune to external auras.

According to the potion's effects, this state would last for ten days—enough time to navigate the ancestral land's trials.

As the white light pierced the sky, Lin Moyu opened his eyes and gazed into the distance.

The beam connected heaven and earth, as if trying to tear through the sky itself.

A powerful aura spread across the island, carried by the surge of light. It felt ancient and vast yet brimming with life force.

Curiosity stirred within Lin Moyu. The Chuangshi Institute's ancestral land held many mysteries. He had read about its origins in the royal family's secret vault—records revealing that the ancestral land predated the institute itself.

In truth, the Chuangshi Institute had been built atop it.

Long ago, the Chuangshi Institute was the strongest among the three top institutes of Xiajing Academy.

As the light gradually faded, the institute grew livelier. More figures emerged from the teleportation formation, their arrivals adding to the growing anticipation.

Sensing it was nearly time, Lin Moyu stood and made his way to the designated gathering point.

When the ancestral land opened, the Chuangshi Institute was allocated 10 slots.

Though it seemed generous, 10 slots were far from enough for an institute with hundreds of students, all eager for the opportunity.

To determine the final candidates, the institute held rigorous assessments, selecting participants based on mission performance and other criteria.

This year, with Lin Moyu securing a slot, only nine remained up for grabs. Some students had complaints, but protesting was pointless.

Given Lin Moyu's status and achievements, if he couldn't claim a spot, then who in the entire institute could?

The Chuangshi Institute's team had already assembled.

Nine students stood side by side, their auras surging with power.

At the front stood Mo Xinghe, his presence commanding respect. As a God-level powerhouse, his sheer strength was undeniable.

The nine students gazed at him with admiration and envy. After all, reaching the God-level was the mark of a true prodigy.

When Lin Moyu arrived, murmurs rippled through the crowd.

"It's Godly General Lin."

“He finally showed up. I thought he’d forgotten.”

“Forgotten? He joined the institute just for this slot.”

“There were so few slots to begin with, and now he’s taken one.”

The students spoke in hushed tones among themselves, many harboring resentment toward Lin Moyu.

It was inevitable—Lin Moyu’s presence directly threatened their interests.

“Quiet!” Mo Xinghe commanded.

At once, the nine students fell silent. His authority was absolute, and no one dared to challenge him.

At that moment, Lin Moyu appeared completely different in Mo Xinghe’s eyes.

His entire being was crystal clear, his aura pure and flawless—so much so that it was almost otherworldly. Compared to the other students, the difference was like heaven and earth.

Even Mo Xinghe himself could hardly attain such purity.

Lin Moyu stepped forward, “Dean, I have arrived.”

Mo Xinghe smiled, “Godly General Lin...”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “Today, you are the dean, and I am your student. Just call me Lin Moyu.”

Understanding his intent, Mo Xinghe nodded, “Then, Student Lin Moyu, please join the others. Once everyone is here, I will open the ancestral land.”

“Understood.”

Lin Moyu walked over to Ling Yizhan and greeted him, “Hello, Senior Ling.”

Ling Yizhan felt flattered, “Hello, Godly General Lin.”

Lin Moyu smiled, “Senior Ling, we’re fellow students—no need for such formality. See? I’m not even wearing my military badge.”

Lin Moyu’s shoulder was indeed bare—his military badge absent. It was a quiet statement that he sought no special treatment.

Ling Yizhan chuckled, “Alright then, Godly General... no, Junior Lin. How are your preparations?”

Lin Moyu replied calmly, “There’s no need. I’ll just go with the flow.”

Ling Yizhan nodded, “With your strength, that’s understandable.”

Most knew Lin Moyu was powerful, but only a few, including Ling Yizhan, truly understood the extent of his strength.

He wasn’t just invincible among his peers—Ling Yizhan doubted anyone below level 70 could stand against him.

Even those above level 70 might not necessarily be his match.

After all, Lin Moyu had once defeated a Dragonkind Battle General, whose strength was undeniably at level 70.

More students arrived, some led by instructors from the institutes.

Among them were seasoned veterans—level 80-plus peak-level class users, exuding overwhelming auras of power.

From a distance, Lin Moyu spotted Ning Tairan. He hadn't expected the man to come in person.

Beside him stood Ning Yiyi.

The moment she saw Lin Moyu, Ning Yiyi's face lit up with a radiant smile—warm, pure, and dazzling. She was both beautiful and adorable, her charm irresistible. Like a blooming flower, her smile drew countless eyes.

Many young men from prestigious families were instantly captivated, unable to look away.

Mo Xinghe moved to greet Ning Tairan, while Ning Yiyi, unable to contain herself, dashed toward Lin Moyu like a butterfly, straight into his arms.

Chapter 393: Could The Ancestral Land Contain The Life Core?

A sound like shattering glass seemed to echo across the island.

Many young men felt as if their hearts had broken. Such a beautiful flower, yet already taken—what a disappointment.

Their eyes fell on the man beside Ning Yiyi. He didn't appear remarkable, but with their elders present, they kept their thoughts to themselves, unwilling to voice their discontent.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu and Ning Yiyi were chatting in hushed tones—though it was mostly Ning Yiyi talking, her laughter ringing out, light and melodious.

More people continued to arrive. Luo Gaoxuan led the Chuangshen Institute's team, consisting of Lin Mohan, Mo Yun, and a man.

Lin Mohan and Mo Yun were both stunning, but Lin Mohan stood out even more. She moved with effortless grace, exuding an intoxicating charm. Compared to Ning Yiyi, she was more mature, more captivating.

The moment she appeared, all eyes turned to her. She became the center of attention, the brightest star in the sky.

The man beside her was Fang Wu, the older brother of Fang Chao. His gaze never left Lin Mohan, his eyes filled with infatuation.

Lin Mohan and Mo Yun walked toward Lin Moyu.

Seeing Lin Mohan, Lin Moyu was surprised, “Sister, you’re entering the ancestral land too?”

As far as he knew, only those under level 70 were allowed entry. But Lin Mohan had clearly surpassed that threshold and completed her third class awakening.

Lin Mohan’s voice was soft and mesmerizing, “No one ever said exceeding level 70 meant you couldn’t go in.”

Lin Moyu thought for a moment. She was right—he had never actually heard of such a restriction.

Lin Mohan waved at Ning Yiyi, “Come here, let me take a look at you. Our Yiyi has become even more beautiful.”

Blushing, Ning Yiyi walked over.

Meanwhile, Mo Yun greeted Lin Moyu, "It's been a while."

Lin Moyu smiled, "Yeah, it has."

The three women quickly fell into conversation, leaving Lin Moyu standing there, unable to get a word in. He simply remained quiet, watching in a daze.

Onlookers couldn't help but wonder—who exactly was Lin Moyu? Why were these three stunning women drawn to him?

Just then, the ground trembled, and an entrance appeared before everyone.

A powerful aura, brimming with life force, surged outward.

The entrance resembled that of a secret realm, making many wonder—could the Chuangshi Institute's ancestral land actually be one?

As Lin Moyu sensed the aura, his eyes narrowed, "The aura of the Genesis Scepter..."

His heart pounded, "Could it be...?"

A startling realization struck him—was the light within the ancestral land the Life Core? If so, then the Genesis Scepter could finally be complete.

As the entrance fully opened, excitement filled the air.

The chosen few, heirs of powerful families, wore expressions of confidence and pride. With limited slots available, only the most outstanding individuals had earned their place here.

The ancestral land's aura intensified, and the entrance yawned wide.

Under Mo Xinghe's guidance, everyone entered in an orderly manner.

The world around them shifted abruptly, as if they had been teleported. It felt like stepping into a secret realm—yet something was different.

Before their eyes stretched an endless expanse of lush grasslands and dense woodlands, brimming with life force.

In the distance, emerald mountains rolled across the horizon. According to their information, they needed to cross those distant peaks.

Suddenly, a young man spoke up, “Everyone, I’ll go ahead!”

A powerful gust of wind erupted around him, lifting him off the ground and propelling him toward the mountains. As he soared forward, he glanced back at Lin Mohan, clearly trying to show off.

Mo Yun cast him a brief glance, “His name is Lie Feng, from Hai City’s Lie Family. He’s a legendary rank class user, a level 56 Sacred Mage. Hai City’s Lie Family is of an Elemental Mage lineage, and they even have a God-level Mage among them.”

She furrowed her brows, “Strange... didn’t anyone in his family warn him? You can’t fly here.”

The moment she finished speaking, a startled cry rang out.

Lie Feng had barely ascended a few meters before plummeting straight down. To make matters worse, a bright green rabbit was directly beneath him.

Hidden in the grass, the rabbit had been nearly invisible—unless one looked closely.

Lin Moyu, with his formidable spirit and keen senses, saw everything clearly.

The rabbit was crushed instantly.

Yet, there was no gruesome scene—upon death, it transformed into a glowing ball of light that merged into Lie Feng’s body.

A faint, unique aura—practically imperceptible—appeared on him. Even Lie Feng himself didn’t notice it.

Lie Feng got up awkwardly, cursing, “What the hell is wrong with this place? You can’t even fly here.”

The inability to fly here wasn’t absolute suppression like during flight restriction. Instead, one could ascend briefly—about a dozen meters—before an invisible force slammed them back down.

Lin Moyu observed closely. When Lie Feng fell, the wind element around him hadn’t dissipated. He hadn’t been forcibly stripped of his ability to fly; rather, he simply couldn’t withstand the immense force of the ancestral land.

As a result, not only did he crash, but he also crushed a small rabbit beneath him—getting tainted with the unique aura.

Lin Moyu had no idea what would happen next.

But Mo Xinghe had made one thing clear: as long as they didn't kill the creatures here, there would be no danger.

Conversely, if they did... well, that was another story.

He hadn't explained further, but the implication was obvious.

Lin Mohan had also taken note of the situation. She lowered her voice, "Let's stay away from him."

She clearly knew something. Without a word, the group subtly distanced themselves from Lie Feng.

Just then, Fang Wu approached Lin Mohan, "Let's go together."

Lin Mohan shook her head, "No need. I'm going with Moyu."

Moyu? Fang Wu's gaze shifted to Lin Moyu. He didn't recognize him.

Mo Yun stepped in, “This is Fang Wu. Level 61, legendary rank class user, Sacred Light Knight.”

As Mo Yun introduced him, Fang Wu puffed out his chest, looking proud.

As a level 61 legendary rank class user, he was undoubtedly one of the strongest among the 30 people who had entered the ancestral land.

Fang Wu’s attention remained mostly on Lin Mohan, his gaze rarely leaving her.

Lin Moyu simply nodded, “Sister, let’s go.”

Lin Mohan smiled gracefully, “Alright, let’s go.”

Without sparing Fang Wu another glance, the four of them walked toward the distant mountains.

Fang Wu’s expression flickered, but he said nothing. He headed for the mountains as well.

As they entered the woods, the crowd naturally dispersed.

Lin Mohan reminded them, “Watch your step. Don’t step on any animals.”

Ning Yiyi asked curiously, “Even tiny insects like ants?”

Lin Mohan replied, “It’s not strictly forbidden, but avoid it as much as possible.”

Lin Moyu’s brows furrowed, “Sister, does that mean we shouldn’t harm any life here?”

Lin Mohan nodded, “That’s right.”

Before setting off, the elders and instructors had warned them about the ancestral land—but perhaps not as thoroughly as Lin Mohan.

Even Mo Xinghe hadn’t mentioned this level of detail.

It was clear Lin Mohan knew more than expected.

Lin Moyu observed that soon after entering the woods, some had already been tainted by the unique aura—whether from stepping on tiny ants or insignificant little insects.

Lin Moyu's spirit force spread out like ripples in water, meticulously scanning the ground.

Ning Yiyi, as a Night Stalker—legendary rank Assassin—moved with effortless grace, skillfully avoiding even the tiniest insects.

Lin Mohan had no trouble either.

Only Mo Yun struggled. Despite her caution, she found it difficult to adjust.

At one point, she was about to step down when she suddenly noticed a minuscule insect beneath her foot—no bigger than a tenth of a fingernail, its green body camouflaged perfectly with the grass.

By the time she realized, it was already too late.

Lin Moyu reacted instantly, grabbing her at the last moment.

Mo Yun shifted her weight, landing lightly on her toes and narrowly avoiding the insect.

Meanwhile, the rest of the participants had gradually scattered throughout the forest.

By now, almost everyone had been tainted with that strange aura—except for Lin Moyu's group of four, who remained untainted through extreme caution.

Suddenly, low shouts echoed in the distance, followed by ripples of skill energy. A series of rumbles and bursts of light shook the air.

A snake had lunged at one of the participants—only to be slain instead.

Ning Yiyi tilted her head curiously, “Why haven't the animals attacked us?”

Lin Mohan calmly explained, “Because our aura remains pure. The creatures here despise chaotic auras.”

This was precisely why Bai Yiyuan and the others had insisted that Lin Moyu maintain his aura pure.

As long as one remained untainted, they wouldn't be attacked here.

And without being forced into battle, they wouldn't have to kill the creatures of this land.

Everyone understood the importance of keeping their aura pure, but few could truly manage it.

Ning Yiyi asked, "Sister Mohan, what happens if you kill too many animals?"

Lin Mohan chuckled, "You'll turn into an animal yourself and stay here forever."

"Ah!" Ning Yiyi gasped, covering her mouth, her face turning pale with fear.

Chapter 394: The Fruit That Enhances Perception

Seeing Ning Yiyi's frightened expression, Lin Mohan suddenly burst into laughter, "I was just messing with you!"

Realizing she had been tricked, Ning Yiyi pouted, "Sister Mohan, you're bullying me."

Lin Mohan giggled, "My teacher said killing the animals here increases the difficulty later on. Too many, and it could get dangerous."

Ning Yiyi frowned, “But my grandfather said this place is safe.”

Lin Mohan nodded, “It is—unless you go looking for trouble.”

That much was true.

Lin Moyu noticed that the unique auras on some people had grown stronger, a sign they had killed many creatures. Strangely, though the energy of the slain creatures clung to them, they remained oblivious.

Ignoring the plight of others, Lin Moyu focused his spirit force, carefully avoiding stepping on anything. After a while, they found themselves alone in the woods.

Lin Mohan retrieved a Bagua Compass—the same one Lin Moyu had seen before—adjusted it, then pointed in a specific direction, “Let’s go this way.”

Mo Yun raised an eyebrow, “What’s the difference?”

Lin Mohan explained, “If we take this route, we’ll reach a cave. Beyond it lies an orchard.”

Ning Yiyi frowned, “Isn’t there an orchard beyond the mountains?”

Lin Mohan shook her head, “No, no, no. That one’s different.” She kept them in suspense and led the way.

Changing direction, they quickly disappeared into the woods.

Lin Moyu remained vigilant, occasionally warning them about small, easily overlooked insects, while Lin Mohan adjusted their route using the Bagua Compass. Unlike the others who took direct paths, their roundabout journey caused them to lag behind.

Yet, Lin Mohan remained unhurried, and Mo Yun followed patiently. Ning Yiyi, meanwhile, was busy showering Lin Mohan with flattery, affectionately calling her “Sister Mohan,” leaving Lin Moyu somewhat neglected.

Lin Moyu said nothing—he knew the Bagua Compass in his sister’s hands was no ordinary item.

After 10 full hours, they finally arrived at the mountain’s base. By then, others were already nearing the summit, their silhouettes faintly visible through the mist.

Lin Mohan studied the Bagua Compass once more, leading them along the mountain’s base until they discovered a hidden entrance—narrow enough for only one person to pass at a time.

One by one, they slipped inside. Soon, the passage opened up, revealing a breathtaking sight.

Nestled within the belly of the mountain was a lush orchard, its fruit trees thriving. The plump, bright red fruits glistened with juicy ripeness, looking irresistibly delicious.

Lin Mohan spoke up, “My teacher told me that the fruits in the ancestral land are divided into grades. The ones here are the highest grade, with the best effects.”

Mo Xinghe had been vague about the fruits’ effects, only advising him to eat as many as he could—within his limit. But what exactly that limit was remained unknown.

“I’ll test one first.” Lin Moyu said quietly.

If anything went wrong, he had Damage Transfer to ensure his safety.

He cast the Detection spell first.

[High-rank Fruit]

Beyond its name, the spell revealed nothing.

Reaching out, he plucked one and took a bite.

Juicy. Sweet.

Instantly, a memory surfaced—his past obsession with Desert Fruit. Back then, he had reset the dungeon countless times to find them. Thinking about it now, he had been quite crazy.

The juice melted in his throat, spreading through his body like a warm current.

Then—his entire body trembled.

A chilling sensation rushed over him as if all his strength was draining away, leaving him no different from an ordinary person.

Heart pounding, Lin Moyu immediately checked his attributes.

[Name: Lin Moyu]

[Class: Necrolord (unique)]

[Level: 45 (2.13%)]

[Strength (sealed): 100]

[Agility (sealed): 100]

[Spirit (sealed): 100]

[Physique (sealed): 100]

[Skill (sealed): None]

Lin Mohan noticed his expression, “Moyu, what’s wrong?”

Lin Moyu exhaled sharply, “My attributes and skills... they’ve been sealed.”

“Ah?!”

The others were stunned. How could this happen? Was it because of the fruit?

Lin Moyu pondered for a moment. Then, a thought struck him. Without hesitation, he ate the remaining half of the fruit.

A surge of energy coursed through him.

After inspecting himself, he saw his four attributes had doubled—now reaching 200.

Intrigued, he grabbed another fruit and devoured it. This time, his attributes shot up to 400.

Each fruit granted a total of 800 attribute points, evenly distributed among his four attributes.

Now he understood—this was why Mo Xinghe had told him to eat as many fruits as possible. The more he consumed, the stronger he would become, preparing him for the next stage.

However, logic dictated there had to be a limit. It couldn't be infinite.

Lin Moyu voiced his thoughts, and Lin Mohan smiled, “Moyu, you’re absolutely right.”

Ning Yiyi blinked in surprise, “Sister Mohan, you knew about this all along?”

Lin Mohan chuckled, “Of course! Do you think I’d let Moyu eat something I wasn’t sure about?”

Lin Moyu sighed helplessly. Great—his sister had played him again.

Lin Mohan giggled, “Come on, everyone, eat up! These are the highest-rank fruits—far better than the ones outside, and with fewer side effects.”

Ning Yiyi tilted her head, “Side effects?”

Lin Mohan nodded, “Yes. If you eat too many, you’ll feel full.”

That counted as a side effect? Wasn’t that just how food worked?

Ning Yiyi patted her small belly, “No worries, I can eat a lot!”

With that, she pounced like a kitten, plucked a fruit, and took big, eager bites, “It’s so sweet! Delicious!”

Mo Yun, on the other hand, was much more refined, eating slowly and elegantly.

Lin Mohan picked a fruit as well, chewing leisurely, “The more you raise your attributes now, the better you’ll be prepared for the next stage. And besides the four visible attributes, there’s also a hidden one. You can’t increase it with those lower-rank fruits—only these higher-rank ones can do that.”

Mo Yun raised an eyebrow. “A hidden attribute?”

Lin Mohan chuckled. “Yes. It’s called perception.”

Perception? None of them had ever heard of it before.

Mo Yun and Ning Yiyi exchanged puzzled looks. If they didn’t know about it, that meant their families were unaware of it as well.

Lin Mohan smiled, “Perception has always existed, but it’s rarely used in normal situations. Let me give you an example—why do some people awaken talents the moment they awaken their class, while others don’t? Why can two people with the same skill,

level, and attributes have completely different combat power? And why do some reach level 89 and ascend to the God-level, while others only become false God-level powerhouses?”

She paused for dramatical effect before continuing, “The answer is perception. Perception plays a crucial role in all of this, but things that can enhance it are extremely rare. These fruits are one of the few known ways to boost it. So take advantage of this opportunity—eat as much as you can.”

Ning Yiyi’s big eyes sparkled with admiration, “Sister Mohan, you’re amazing! How do you know all this?”

Lin Mohan smiled, “My teacher told me. But keep it a secret, okay?”

Mo Yun nodded, “I won’t tell a soul.”

Ning Yiyi patted her chest, “I swear I won’t say a word!”

At this time, Lin Moyu asked, “Sister, what kind of person is your teacher?”

He was especially curious about this sole half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse of the human race.

Lin Mohan smile softly, “My teacher is a great person—other than being a bit strict, he’s practically perfect.”

Lin Moyu was surprised. Such high praise from his sister was rare. Though he was curious, he didn’t press further. As long as this powerhouse treated his sister well, that was enough for him.

Deep in thought, Lin Moyu realized just how critical perception was.

In his view, talent awakening and class sublimation were secondary. The true role of perception likely lay in God-level ascension.

Why were there so many peak-level class users, yet so few who became God-level powerhouses? It had to be tied to perception.

Lin Moyu resolved to eat as many fruits as possible, aiming to strengthen this invisible but essential attribute.

Chapter 395: Eat Up. Sister Will Collect Your Corpse

The orchard within the mountain’s belly was vast, brimming with fruit—enough to feed dozens more.

Ning Yiyi devoured them like a gluttonous kitten, her speed astonishing. In no time, she had eaten five fruits, each larger than her fist. Her small belly bulged, making Lin Moyu wonder—was her stomach bottomless? Was she not afraid of bursting?

Yet, despite her usual appetite...

Ning Yiyi clutched her stomach, “Why am I so full? I only ate a few.”

Normally, she could handle over ten, yet now, after just five, she was stuffed to the brim, unable to take another bite.

Lin Mohan walked over and stroked her swollen belly, “Hmm, not bad. Looks like you're six months along.”

"Pfft!" Mo Yun, eating beside them, nearly spat out the fruit in her mouth.

Lin Moyu was always quiet and reserved, but his sister? A complete joker. This family was pure entertainment.

Ning Yiyi pouted, “Sister Mohan, why am I full so quickly?”

Lin Mohan shrugged, “Side effect of the fruit. If you force yourself to eat more, you might...”

Ning Yiyi’s eyes widened, “Might what?”

Lin Mohan smirked, gesturing, “Burst. With a bang.”

Ning Yiyi panicked, quickly tossing the fruit in her hand aside—only to hear Lin Mohan burst into laughter.

Realizing she’d been tricked again, she puffed up her cheeks in frustration.

Still, she really was stuffed—there was no way she could eat another bite.

Mo Yun, taking bite after bite, managed to finish her sixth fruit before she also felt full. She forced down half of another before stopping. She was completely full.

Lin Mohan giggled, “Mo Yun’s belly got big too! Moyu, you better take responsibility.”

Figurative black lines appeared on Lin Moyu’s forehead. Why was he being dragged into this?

Mo Yun's face flushed red at Lin Mohan's teasing. She didn't dare argue back—she wasn't as thick-skinned as Lin Mohan. If she tried, she'd definitely lose.

Ning Yiyi playfully stroked Mo Yun's round stomach, "Sister Yun, you look six or seven months along! Your belly might even be bigger than mine."

Mo Yun glared at Ning Yiyi, "You little brat, are you asking for a beating?"

Ning Yiyi swiftly dodged, "I'm just telling the truth! Yours is bigger than mine."

As the two bickered, Lin Mohan watched with amusement, leisurely munching on her fruit. She strolled over to Lin Moyu, nudging him with her shoulder, "Moyu, these two aren't bad. How about marrying them both?"

Lin Moyu had enough. Without a word, he turned and walked toward the center of the orchard.

Lin Mohan followed, relentless, "Come on, Moyu, haven't you ever thought about it? The blessing of having more than one partner? You're the only heir of the Lin Family—you have to carry on the bloodline. If you're interested, just say the word. I'll go talk to them for you. "If I'm not enough, I can ask my teacher. He should be able to pull it off. Moyu, say something!"

"..." Lin Moyu remained silent. No matter what he said, he would dig his own grave, so saying nothing was the safest option.

At the orchard's center, a peculiar fruit tree caught his attention. It was noticeably shorter than the others, with a single, slightly shriveled fruit hanging from a branch. Both the tree and the fruit looked malnourished.

Yet, something about it felt... different.

Lin Mohan, munching on her fruit, glanced at it, "Oh, that fruit is here too."

Lin Moyu turned to her, "You know about it?"

Lin Mohan nodded, "My teacher mentioned this fruit before. When he visited this place, a genius traveling with him ate it—then burst and died."

Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell, but all it revealed was the fruit's name: First Fruit. No additional information appeared.

Unlike the other fruits labeled High-rank Fruit, this one stood out. It was different.

Lin Moyu frowned, "Was it poisonous?"

Lin Mohan shook her head, her voice uncertain, “My teacher suspects it wasn’t poison but an overload of attributes. The fruit increased the person’s attributes so drastically that their body couldn’t handle it—so they burst.”

“This has happened more than once. Others have forcefully eaten the fruit... and met the same fate.”

She continued, “Moyu, you know how these fruits work. When eaten, they seal your existing attributes and skills, then grant additional attributes. These attributes are vital later on. Compared to the fruits outside, these High-rank Fruits have fewer side effects and provide far greater attributes.”

Lin Moyu finally understood.

Even if two people ate the same number of fruits, their attribute gains wouldn’t necessarily be equal.

For example, Ning Yiyi had eaten five fruits, increasing her four attributes by 1,000 points each—power she could wield in the ancestral land.

If she had eaten lower-rank fruits, she would have still been full after five, but her attributes would have only increased by 500 points each.

That was the difference.

Ning Yiyi had eaten five fruits. Mo Yun had eaten half a fruit more than her.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu had already eaten five... yet he still felt nothing.

"Sister, what determines how many fruits someone can eat?"

Lin Moyu had noticed that Lin Mohan knew far more than Mo Xinghe and the others.

It was a clear example of how crucial a good teacher was. A half-step Transcendent God powerhouse was leagues above ordinary God-level experts.

Lin Mohan replied, "It's hard to say. According to my teacher, it depends on a person's potential, class, and endurance."

"Is it related to level?"

She shook her head, "Not really... Think of it like accumulated damage in a dungeon. Once it surpasses what the body can withstand—boom."

Lin Moyu fell into thought, then spoke resolutely, "Sister, I want to give it a try."

Lin Mohan's expression darkened, turning serious in an instant, "No. It's too dangerous."

Lin Moyu remained calm, "I'm confident. Besides, I have a soul imprint in the Hall of Heroes—I won't truly die."

Lin Mohan locked eyes with him. Having grown up together, she understood his personality well.

Once Lin Moyu set his mind on something, there was no stopping him.

And, in truth, she knew her own personality wasn't so different.

Lin Mohan sighed, "Fine, you can try it. But I have one condition—you must promise me something first. If you fail and die, once you revive, you have to settle down, get married, and stop running around doing dangerous things."

This condition... was she serious?

Lin Moyu looked at Lin Mohan's solemn expression, "Alright, I promise."

Only then did Lin Mohan step aside, “Good. Now go ahead and eat it. I’ll be ready to collect your corpse.”

Lin Moyu was speechless. Was this really his sister?

Meanwhile, Lin Mohan continued munching on her fruit, one bite after another. It was clear she wasn’t as calm as she pretended to be.

Lin Moyu made his way to the center of the orchard, stopping before the strange, short fruit tree. The First Fruit was within his reach.

The five fruits he had eaten earlier had noticeable side effects. However, all of those side effects had been transferred to his skeletons.

His skills were sealed, yet Damage Transfer still functioned. Not only that, but he could sense that his talents and damage immunity traits were still in effect. Only his active skills had been locked.

Because of this, Lin Moyu was confident.

If even he couldn’t withstand the First Fruit, then no one could. And if no one could eat it, then what was the point of its existence?

Lin Moyu grasped the First Fruit.

Boom!

A deafening explosion echoed in his mind.

A vision unfolded before him—a beam of radiant light descended onto a barren island. In an instant, the desolate land was transformed.

Lush greenery spread like wildfire, turning the barren island into a thriving paradise.

Plants sprouted at an astonishing speed, blanketing the land in vibrant life.

Countless small creatures emerged—not real animals, but manifestations of pure life force.

Then, a fruit tree took sprouted. It was identical to the one before him.

The tree bore many fruits, and as they dropped, new trees sprang forth, each taller and more robust than the original.

Finally, on the first tree, a single shriveled fruit formed on one of its branches.

The vision ended.

Lin Moyu's gaze fell upon the First Fruit in his hand.

He understood he had just witnessed the birth of the ancestral land.

This seemingly unremarkable fruit tree before him—was the ancestor of all the fruit trees in this land. And the First Fruit he now held contained its essence.

"Truly extraordinary."

The corner of Lin Moyu's mouth lifted into a faint smile.

Then, without hesitation, he stuffed the First Fruit into his mouth.

Chapter 396: How Did You Become A Lackey Of The Demon Worship Society?

The moment the First Fruit entered Lin Moyu's mouth, it burst into a flood of juice.

His face twisted instantly, his body convulsing as if struck by lightning.

Lin Mohan's expression tensed, "What's wrong?"

Lin Moyu's face turned ashen. He gritted his teeth and forced out a single word: "Bitter!"

It was a bitterness beyond comprehension.

It was the opposite of the sweetness he had tasted earlier—so intense it felt unbearable. Lin Moyu had never encountered anything this bitter in his life. The sensation spread like an electric current, surging from his tongue through every nerve, every blood vessel, invading every fiber of his being.

Then—boom! A terrifying surge of energy erupted within him.

Lin Moyu had been closely monitoring his attributes since consuming the First Fruit. Previously, after eating five High-rank Fruits, his four main attributes had reached 1,000.

But now, under the overwhelming power of the First Fruit, they skyrocketed.

1,100... 1,200...

Every second, they surged by another 100 points.

In the blink of an eye, his attributes had surpassed 2,000.

The bitterness showed no sign of fading.

Lin Moyu's brow remained tightly furrowed.

Lin Mohan asked anxiously, "How is it? How do you feel?"

Lin Moyu shook his head, forcing out a single word: "Bitter!"

That was all he could say.

At that moment, everything felt bitter, including even the air he breathed.

Then, the side effects hit.

As his attributes surged, a massive force erupted within him, slamming into his body like a tidal wave.

Yet, every ounce of damage was absorbed by the skeletons under his control. He remained completely unaffected.

This force wasn't overwhelmingly destructive, but since it originated from within, no external defense could block it.

There was no other option but to endure it head-on.

Lin Moyu doubted anyone else could withstand it.

Yet, for him, this level of damage was negligible.

Compared to the Bloodthirsty Python's heart meat he ate during his second class awakening, this was nothing.

But the bitterness...

Lin Moyu finally reached his limit. He couldn't endure the bitterness any longer.

Desperate, he grabbed a High-rank Fruit and took a bite.

The moment it entered his mouth, his hopes were crushed—the bitterness exploded on his taste buds once more.

The fruit's natural sweetness was instantly consumed, swallowed whole by the overwhelming bitterness, making it even worse.

Lin Mohan watched, concerned. But there was nothing she could do to help.

She could tell that, despite his suffering, Lin Moyu wasn't actually in any real danger.

Relaxing slightly, she chuckled, "Don't worry, Moyu. If you can't hold on, it's fine. I promise to collect your corpse and keep it in one piece!"

Lin Moyu stared at her, dumbfounded.

Was she really his sister?! Did she have to be so heartless?!

Just then, Ning Yiyi and Mo Yun rushed over—only to find Lin Moyu looking like he had just swallowed the most bitter thing in existence.

Lin Moyu reached a trembling hand toward Ning Yiyi, “Do you... have any candy?”

Ning Yiyi nodded, “Yes, I do.”

She pulled out a handful of greenish candies and placed them in his palm.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu tossed a few into his mouth—

Boom.

A terrifying mix of bitterness and intense spiciness erupted, surging through his nasal cavity and setting his taste buds ablaze.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

Now it wasn't just bitter—it was bitter and spicy. An unbearable, nightmarish combination.

Lin Mohan blinked and turned to Ning Yiyi, “What kind of candy did you give him?”

Ning Yiyi tilted her head, “I had it specially made—Bitter Melon & Wasabi Candy.”

Lin Mohan froze for a second before bursting into laughter, clutching her forehead, “I can't believe such a thing even exists! This is hilarious!”

Lin Moyu heard every word, but he was powerless to react.

The sheer force of the bitterness and spiciness had overwhelmed him completely.

Ning Yiyi, noticing his distress, asked, “Sister Mohan, what's wrong with Moyu?”

Lin Mohan, still chuckling, waved a hand dismissively, “He's fine. He'll be back to normal soon.”

And indeed, Lin Moyu was fine. Any potential damage had been absorbed by his skeletal army.

At level 45, his summon space had expanded to hold 750 units.

At this time, he commanded 25 undead legions—over 19,000 skeletons in total. Among them were 25 Lich Generals, each boasting absurdly high physique.

Unless the First Fruit's side effects were potent enough to wipe them all out simultaneously, there was no chance of it actually harming Lin Moyu.

Meanwhile, his attributes continued to soar, each passing second stretching into eternity.

It was then that he truly understood—the extremes of bitterness were beyond human endurance.

Finally, after two grueling minutes, the bitterness faded.

Lin Moyu immediately checked his attributes—his four attributes had reached 10,000 each.

At first glance, it didn't seem too high. But in reality? It was ten times greater than Ning Yiyi's.

Yet, the most significant change wasn't in those attributes.

But the most important gain wasn't in his four basic attributes. As Lin Mohan had mentioned, the real prize was in perception—a hidden attribute.

Unlike strength or agility, perception didn't show immediate effects. Its benefits were subtle, unfolding gradually over time.

Despite the massive increase in his attributes, Lin Moyu didn't feel any different.

Wasting no time, he grabbed another High-rank Fruit and bit into it, letting its sweet juice wash away the last traces of lingering bitterness.

However, as he swallowed, he realized something—

High-rank Fruits could no longer increase his attributes.

10,000 was the limit.

Meanwhile, Lin Mohan patted her slightly bulging belly, “Alright, let’s go.”

She had consumed a total of ten High-rank Fruits, boosting her attributes to 2,000—far surpassing Ning Yiyi.

The group moved forward, crossing through the orchard and exiting via another passage.

Outside, they emerged on the opposite side of the mountain, where vast orchards stretched across the landscape.

Unlike the hidden grove inside the mountain, these fields contained only Low-rank and Mid-rank Fruits.

Occasionally, a High-rank Fruit could be found, but that was all.

As they stepped out, the cave entrance behind them sealed shut.

It was a one-way passage.

Just then, Mo Yun frowned, "...Why is it so quiet?"

Although few had entered the ancestral land and the orchards were vast, it shouldn't be this quiet.

Lin Moyu suddenly spoke, "Be careful. Something's not right."

Without hesitation, he moved to the front, taking the lead.

At this moment, with no undead army and no Bone Armor, he had only Damage Transfer to rely on. He had to be extra cautious.

After walking for a while, they heard the unmistakable sounds of battle.

The air trembled with energy fluctuations, and screams rang out.

"Someone's fighting."

The group exchanged glances before quickly rushing forward.

Passing through a garden, they emerged into a wide-open space—

Practically everyone who had entered the ancestral land was gathered here.

In the open space, a battle raged.

To be precise, a dozen-plus people were besieging a single opponent.

Their weapons—sword, blade, bow and arrow—gave away their classes: Knight, Warrior, and Archer.

It was clear that they had all eaten the fruits. Their skills were sealed, their attributes severely weakened.

Every attack was nothing more than a basic strike.

Yet, the lone figure they surrounded stood unfazed.

He, too, was a Knight, wielding a sword.

But unlike the others, he remained calm and composed, his expression indifferent.

With each swing of his sword, sword qi erupted, forcing back multiple attackers at once.

“He hasn’t eaten the fruits.” Lin Moyu immediately realized it.

While the others had their skills sealed and attributes weakened, the besieged Knight remained at full power.

Right now, he was merely toying with them—a cat playing with mice.

Nearby, a group of Mage-type class users stood helplessly.

With their skills sealed, they were completely defenseless.

Two figures lay on the ground, still breathing but clearly severely injured.

Just as Lin Moyu and his group arrived, the besieged Knight suddenly laughed heartily, “Everyone’s finally here. It’s time to end this little game.”

A powerful radiance surged from his body, and in an instant—

Bang!

A shockwave erupted, sending all of his attackers flying backward.

Then, beneath his feet, a blue ring of light bloomed.

A split second later, that same blue glow appeared beneath everyone's feet.

An icy breath swept through the area.

Sacred Light Knight skill—Freezing Ring!

It was a powerful crowd-control skill that froze enemies in place, drastically slowing their movements.

In dungeons, this skill excelled at crowd control.

Against people? It was just as effective.

In an instant, everyone—except Lin Moyu—was caught in its freezing grip. Their movements slowed, their faces twisted in despair.

The Knight raised his sword, pointing it forward, “I’ve been waiting for you.”

Mo Yun’s expression darkened, “A Sacred Light Knight... He must be from the Zhou Family.”

Lin Moyu’s gaze remained steady, “Not just the Zhou Family—he’s an old acquaintance. You all stay back. I’ll handle this.”

He took a step forward, his voice calm, “Zhou Lesheng, it’s you, isn’t it?”

Zhou Lesheng stiffened for a brief moment before letting out a booming laugh, “I didn’t expect you to recognize me. Lin Moyu, you really are something!”

As he spoke, his appearance began to shift, his features warping until he revealed his true form—Zhou Lesheng.

His eyes burned with hatred as he locked onto Lin Moyu, “I’m curious—how did you recognize me?”

Lin Moyu replied calmly, “I’m just as curious—how did you become a lackey of the Demon Worship Society? Was it just you, or has the entire Zhou Family fallen?”

Chapter 397: A Frenzy Of Questions

Zhou Lesheng—Lin Moyu had seen him before, back when he first came to the Dimensional Battlefield.

At the time, he was only level 30. Yet now, he had already undergone his second class awakening. His leveling speed was impressive, but something about his aura felt off.

Lin Moyu sensed an unnatural instability—his energy fluctuated erratically, as if his attributes were constantly shifting.

Zhou Lesheng sneered, “Calling me a lackey of the Demon Worship Society? That sounds so unpleasant. Let’s just say we have a... cooperative relationship.”

Lin Moyu scoffed, “You? A mere level 40 Sacred Light Knight? What qualifications do you have to ‘cooperate’ with them?”

Zhou Lesheng clutched his head and let out a manic laugh, “Sacred Light Knight? No—I've advanced. I am now a Sacred Word Knight. A mid-tier legendary rank class user!”

A single word changed everything—his class had evolved.

His laughter grew wilder, “Do you even know what a Sacred Word Knight is? Even if I explained, you wouldn't understand. So let me show you—like this!”

He cast a glance at a distant Knight and barked a single command: “Slash!”

Without lifting a finger, a freezing sword ray tore through the air.

The Knight let out a scream as he was sent flying, crashing hard onto the ground. A deep, bone-exposing wound marked his body.

Zhou Lesheng grinned maniacally, “See that? This is the power of a Sacred Word Knight—my words become law!”

Lin Moyu gazed at him with a trace of pity.

To Zhou Lesheng, this newfound power must have felt like the pinnacle. But someone like him... could never understand how high the true pinnacle really was.

Lin Moyu's voice was calm, "So, you sided with the Demon Worship Society... refused to eat the fruits... all just to kill us here. Isn't that right?"

Zhou Lesheng chuckled, "You got that right."

Lin Moyu remained calm, "But what's the point? Everyone here is a genius from a major family. They all have soul brands. Even if you kill them, they'll be resurrected."

His words reassured the crowd, easing the tension in the air.

"Yeah, we have soul brands. Even if we die, we'll come back."

"At worst, we'll pay a price. Zhou Lesheng, once we get out of here, you're dead."

"You're finished! Your entire Zhou Family is done for!"

Zhou Lesheng let out a long "Ahhh..." before grinning wickedly, "You really think I'll give you the chance to resurrect?"

With that, he pulled out a black stone—one commonly used by Abyssal Demons.

A cruel smile spread across his face as he crushed it.

In an instant, a barrier erupted, enveloping the entire area.

The moment it formed, someone's face twisted in horror, "No... It's the Abyssal Demon's Soul-Extinguishing Barrier!"

The color drained from everyone's faces.

"We're doomed! We'll die here—permanently!"

The Soul-Extinguishing Barrier erased the souls of the deceased. When one died inside it, not even a soul brand could bring them back to life.

Zhou Lesheng laughed maniacally, "Scared? Afraid? You should be. You're all going to die."

His gaze swept over Ning Yiyi, Mo Yun, and Lin Mohan, his eyes gleaming with twisted delight. He licked his lips, "Before I kill you... I'll make sure to have some fun."

Lin Mohan chuckled, “By yourself? Moyu, kill him.”

Lin Moyu’s murderous aura surged. A sword appeared in his hand—a platinum rank weapon.

To him, the sword’s attributes didn’t matter. It only needed to be sharp enough.

Zhou Lesheng was a level 40 Sacred Word Knight, a mid-tier legendary rank class user. His total attributes were around 60,000.

Lin Moyu, in contrast, had only 40,000—a gap of 20,000.

On top of that, Zhou Lesheng’s skills were fully functional, while Lin Moyu’s were sealed.

Even so, Lin Moyu remained confident.

He advanced, sword in hand.

To the others, he seemed insane.

Zhou Lesheng thought so too. His laughter grew wilder, “You? A Mage? Fighting me with a sword? Have you lost your mind?”

No one noticed that Lin Moyu remained completely unaffected by Freezing Ring.

Zhou Lesheng sneered, “I planned to kill you last, but I’ve changed my mind! Die! Slash!”

As a Sacred Word Knight, his words became reality.

A razor-sharp sword ray slashed toward Lin Moyu.

If it hit, Lin Moyu would either die or suffer a grave injury.

Yet, just before impact—

Lin Moyu shifted slightly, dodging the attack by a hair's breadth.

Zhou Lesheng’s smirk vanished. His eyes widened.

He roared and sent out two more sword rays.

“Impossible!” Zhou Lesheng couldn’t believe his eyes.

Lin Moyu dodged them effortlessly.

Five meters.

That was all that remained between them now.

With a subtle push off the ground, Lin Moyu shot forward, appearing before Zhou Lesheng in an instant.

His sword stabbed forward.

Zhou Lesheng bellowed, “Go to hell!”

Skill: Cross Cut!

Skill: Holyfire Ring!

Zhou Lesheng unleashed a devastating sword ray, and at the same moment, a ring of blazing light erupted beneath his feet.

A wave of scorching heat spread across the battlefield.

The combined assault of ice and fire was pure agony.

One by one, everyone hurriedly took out a potion and downed it.

Yet Lin Moyu stood unmoved.

He ignored Holyfire Ring. Ignored the incoming sword ray.

His sword remained aimed at Zhou Lesheng's unprotected neck—a stance of mutual destruction.

Zhou Lesheng sneered.

He was certain his attack would tear Lin Moyu to pieces.

As for Lin Moyu's sword? He didn't even bother dodging.

A mere Mage with a few hundred points in each attribute—what damage could he possibly inflict?

His defense was so strong that he could stand still and let Lin Moyu hack at him without a care.

Then—

Zhou Lesheng's eyes widened in shock. He hurriedly retreated.

Lin Moyu's sword had pierced through his defenses.

If he had reacted even a fraction slower, the blade would have stabbed straight into his throat.

At the same time, Lin Moyu sidestepped Zhou Lesheng's Cross Cut at the last moment—without interrupting his own attack.

Lin Moyu relentlessly pursued, his murderous intent surging.

His speed matched Zhou Lesheng's stride for stride.

The sword lunged again—fast, precise, deadly.

Fear flickered in Zhou Lesheng's eyes.

He swung his sword to parry—and in that moment, realization struck.

Lin Moyu's strength... was nearly on par with his own.

A strange, panicked cry escaped Zhou Lesheng's lips.

“You didn't eat the fruits? No—you did eat them!”

“Then why are your attributes still so high? Why can you ignore my rings of light’s control?!”

“Aren’t you a Mage? Why... why?!”

At this moment, Zhou Lesheng was a whirlwind of confusion, bombarding Lin Moyu with endless questions.

Lin Moyu remained unfazed. He had endured the Shenxia Tower trials, mastering every class inside and out.

Knight combat techniques were second nature to him.

Even without skills, he could unleash devastating attacks.

The fruits had sealed active skills, but passive abilities remained untouched.

Lin Moyu had over 19,000 skeletons sharing his damage.

And more importantly—he had status immunity, rendering him completely unaffected by control-type abilities.

He was not someone who could be easily killed.

Steel clashed against steel, ringing through the battlefield.

Blow after blow, Zhou Lesheng grew increasingly uneasy.

Lin Moyu's swordsmanship... was superior to his own.

"Impossible! He's a Mage!"

A Mage outclassing a Knight in swordsmanship? It was inconceivable.

The spectators began to notice—Lin Moyu was gaining the upper hand.

Their despair shifted to hope.

Excitement flickered in their eyes as they began to cheer.

"Godly General Lin, kill him!"

"Godly General Lin, you can do it! End this bastard!"

In the blink of an eye, they had exchanged dozens of blows.

Zhou Lesheng gritted his teeth.

Lin Moyu was formidable, but his attributes were still lower.

And more importantly—he couldn't use active skills.

A sinister grin crept back onto Zhou Lesheng's face.

At this rate, victory was inevitable.

"This time, you will die!" He roared in his mind.

Skill: Holy Annihilation Sword Slash!

A blinding sword ray erupted, flooding the air with razor-sharp sword qi.

Hundreds of strands of sword qi surged forward, swallowing Lin Moyu in an inescapable storm of destruction.

There was no way out.

“It’s over!”

“This time, he’s finished.”

Despair settled over the spectators. Hope, reignited moments ago, was now mercilessly snuffed out.

Even though Lin Moyu had astonished them with his combat skills and momentarily given them hope, it was clear now.

There was no surviving this attack.

The world flashed with blinding sword light.

Lin Moyu vanished within it.

Zhou Lesheng threw his head back, laughing maniacally, “He’s dead this time for sure!”

From within the sea of sword light, a single sword emerged—silent, precise, unstoppable.

It pierced Zhou Lesheng.

His laughter abruptly stopped.

His eyes widened in disbelief.

Lin Moyu stepped forward, unscathed.

At that moment, Zhou Lesheng felt as though he were witnessing the most terrifying thing in the world.

Lin Moyu's expression was solemn, his gaze cold—as if Zhou Lesheng were already dead.

The sword strike had not killed him—but it had torn through his defenses, leaving him gravely wounded.

Before he could react, a dagger appeared in Lin Moyu's left hand.

Aimed directly at his neck.

Panic twisted Zhou Lesheng's face.

A glow flared from his body—the telltale sign of the Knight signature skill, Extreme Defense.

Boom!

A terrifying murderous aura crashed down on him.

His vision blurred. Illusions swirled before his eyes.

Extreme Defense... was instantly interrupted.

His body locked in place. Frozen in fear.

Lin Moyu's dagger plunged deep into his throat.

Blood splattered.

But a class user was no ordinary human.

Even this strike wasn't enough to end him.

Lin Moyu's strength had breached his defenses—

But two strikes alone wouldn't be enough to finish the job.

Chapter 398: If He Says He Can, Then He Definitely Can. Believe In Him

A sword appeared in Lin Moyu's hand, piercing through a chink in Zhou Lesheng's armor and straight into his body.

Zhou Lesheng let out a bloodcurdling scream, still trapped in the illusions triggered by the murderous aura.

More weapons appeared in Lin Moyu's grasp. In an instant, Zhou Lesheng became a human pincushion, his body riddled with weapons. His agonized cries echoed as his life force waned.

Just as he was about to break free from the illusions, Lin Moyu summoned an axe. A sharp gleam flashed—Zhou Lesheng's right arm was severed. Another streak of light followed, taking his right leg.

With a heavy thud, he collapsed, finally regaining his senses—only to find himself maimed, blood pooling around him. His screams of agony filled the air.

Lin Moyu's voice was calm but chilling, "I wonder if you can still resurrect after dying here."

Zhou Lesheng's face twisted in terror, "Don't kill me! Please! I don't want to die!"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "I see no reason to let you live."

Zhou Lesheng pleaded, "I can give you information on the Demon Worship Society—everything I know!"

Lin Moyu remained unmoved, "I've already said it—you're nothing but a lackey. And what could a lackey possibly know?"

As Lin Moyu spoke, he swung his axe—Zhou Lesheng's life ended in pain and terror.

Lin Moyu retrieved the weapons. As Platinum rank weapons, they were worth some money.

The onlookers finally exhaled in relief.

They had taken potions, and so their wounds were healing rapidly.

The resilience of class users was remarkable—so long as they weren't dead, even severe injuries mended quickly.

Lin Moyu cast them a glance before turning back to Lin Mohan and the others, "It's done. I'm going to change my clothes."

His body was drenched in blood, his clothes torn.

Lin Mohan grinned, "Go ahead, go ahead. Don't worry, we won't peek."

Without another word, Lin Moyu stepped into the orchard and vanished from sight.

Ning Yiyi, still shaken, turned to Lin Mohan, "Sister Mohan, how were you so sure Moyu could defeat him?"

Lin Mohan's smile was unwavering, "If he says he can, then he definitely can. Believe in him."

Ning Yiyi nodded.

Mo Yun, however, raised an eyebrow, "And if he hadn't stepped in? What then?"

Lin Mohan smiled coldly, "Then I would have. Just a pathetic clown—not even worth my effort."

Mo Yun believed her. Lin Mohan carried an undeniable air of mystery. Not only did she have a powerful, enigmatic teacher, but she herself was quite powerful and enigmatic.

That was why, from the very start, Lin Mohan had never been flustered. When she looked at Zhou Lesheng, it wasn't as an opponent—just a fool dancing for his final act.

Before long, Lin Moyu returned, his clothes changed and every trace of blood wiped clean. The Purification Potion had done its job—there was no lingering metallic scent of blood.

Just then, a group of people approached.

"Thank you, Godly General Lin, for saving us!"

"If not for you, we'd all be dead!"

"You're incredible! You took him down even with your skills and attributes sealed!"

At that moment, they all became Lin Moyu's supporters, gazing at him with deep admiration.

Ling Yizhan stepped forward, "You saved me again."

Lin Moyu shook his head, "We're all human—no need for formalities."

His simple words only deepened their admiration and respect.

Before long, the Soul-Extinguishing Barrier faded. Everyone, now rested and ready, pressed forward. Zhou Lesheng's corpse remained behind, becoming fertilizer for the orchards.

This time, Lin Moyu led the way. No one dared to walk ahead of him.

Lin Mohan chuckled, "Moyu, you've become so imposing. Should I still call you Moyu, or start calling you 'Godly General Lin'?"

Lin Moyu sighed, "Sister, stop teasing me."

Lin Mohan shook her head with a smirk, "Such a boring guy—no fun at all. Guess I'll just tease Yiyi instead."

In the ancestral land, success depended on one's own ability—competition was minimal.

But this time, Zhou Lesheng had nearly killed them all. That grudge wouldn't be forgotten. Now that he was dead, the animosity extended to the Zhou Family. Once they returned, the score would be settled.

Beyond the orchards, they arrived at the edge of a cliff. A single suspension bridge stretched into the mist.

Everyone halted.

Lin Mohan uttered at this time, "Crossing this bridge marks the beginning of the second stage. From here on, we go our separate ways. Wherever you end up will depend on your own strength. You all know the rules—good luck."

No one needed further explanation. The woods and orchards had only been the first stage. What lay ahead was a mystery—those who had returned before spoke of it vaguely, their memories muddled.

But one thing was certain: from this point on, you could only rely on yourself.

Lin Moyu gave a final word of advice, "Don't push yourself too hard. Do your best—and stay safe."

With that, he stepped onto the bridge and disappeared into the mist.

The wind howled, making the bridge sway.

Lin Mohan followed, vanishing after him. Then, Mo Yun and Ning Yiyi took their turn, their figures soon lost in the mist.

One by one, they all crossed.

Silence fell over the land. Only the wind remained, whispering through the void.

In the orchards, a faint rustling stirred. The fruits dropped to the ground—then vanishing without a trace.

A crack split open beneath Zhou Lesheng's corpse. A vine shot out, coiling around his body and dragging it into the depths—severed limbs and all.

Then, without warning, a thick mist rose, swallowing everything in its path.

The suspension bridge wasn't long. As Lin Moyu emerged from the fog, a platform came into view—a solitary peak adrift between heaven and earth.

It wasn't large, only about 20 meters in diameter.

Several stone tablets stood at its center, their surfaces etched with diagrams and texts.

The diagrams were strange—alive.

When one focused on a diagram, they could see it moving, as if demonstrating a technique.

A sword skill.

The figure within the diagram wielded a sword with precise, fierce motion.

Lin Moyu barely spared the diagram in front of him a glance before shifting his attention to the text beside it.

The moment his eyes landed on the text, he froze.

[Skill: Wind Slash]

[Wind Slash: basic sword skill, capable of cutting through wind.]

The moving diagram didn't shock him.

A basic sword skill like this was even less impressive.

What truly stunned him was the writing.

The text was in Chinese characters.

Something was wrong. These Chinese characters weren't exactly the same as the ones he knew in his past life. They were older—more ancient—resembling the script of ancient times.

Carved into stone with powerful, vigorous strokes, the inscriptions radiated an undeniable, enigmatic charm.

By quieting his mind and feeling with his heart, it was possible to sense the meaning embedded within the text.

Lin Moyu understood now—this place was a trial.

To pass, they had to comprehend and master the skills inscribed on the stone tablets.

You could learn the skills by either observing the animated diagrams or deciphering the text. Using both would make learning significantly easier.

"This doesn't seem too hard..."

Within moments, Lin Moyu had a rough grasp of the skill and estimated how long it would take to master.

But on second thought, he realized he was mistaken.

For him, it wouldn't be difficult—but for the others, it was hard to say.

After all, he had consumed the First Fruit, boosting not just his basic attributes but also the hidden attribute: perception.

More importantly, he could fully comprehend the text, accelerating his progress even further.

As for the others...

"I wonder if the Detection spell will work." Raising a finger, Lin Moyu activated the Detection spell.

[A skill can be learned from the tablet.]

Lin Moyu's Detection spell revealed the function of the stone tablet—but not the specific skill it contained.

Three identical tablets stood on the platform.

Curious, he examined the others.

[Skill: Wood Slash]

[Wood Slash: a basic sword skill, capable of cutting through wood.]

[Skill: Stone Slash]

[Stone Slash: a basic sword skill, capable of cutting through stone.]

After careful observation, Lin Moyu identified the distinct characteristics of each technique.

Wind Slash prioritized agility—fast but weak in power, Wood Slash focused on technique—versatile and adaptable, Stone Slash relied on brute force—direct and unyielding.

It was clear that the next phase of the trial would be tied to these skills.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu began his study in earnest.

Chapter 399: The Competition Unfolds Quietly

The platforms resembled dungeons, each held a single individual before three identical tablets.

Regardless of class, everyone faced the same three tablets and skills.

For Swordsmen, the learning process was straightforward. Mages, however, struggled.

Some found their vision obscured by mist, unable to decipher the inscriptions.

This mist stemmed from the creatures they had slain—whether by accident or intent, the consequences were the same.

Those who had killed fewer creatures faced only a thin mist, while those who had slaughtered many found themselves engulfed in an impenetrable mist, rendering the tablets unreadable.

Only now did they understand the warnings of their elders. But regret had no remedy.

One individual, having killed the most, was shrouded in a unique aura.

As he stepped onto a suspension bridge, the mist swirled around him, the unique aura merging with the mist.

A sudden gust howled through the air—then, without warning, the bridge collapsed. His scream echoed briefly before he vanished without a trace.

On the platforms, reactions varied. Some successfully absorbed the skills, their faces alight with triumph. Others, blinded by mist, were left in bitter remorse.

A few could see the inscriptions clearly yet still failed to comprehend the skills, their expressions filled with frustration.

Although there were only 28 people, but their emotions varied greatly.

Three hours later, a faint tremor rippled through the platform. The stone tablets vanished, and a new suspension bridge emerged ahead.

Lin Moyu rose slowly. He had mastered the three skills over two hours ago. For him, this challenge had been effortless.

Without hesitation, he stepped onto the bridge and advanced.

A gust of wind brushed past as he crossed the mist.

On the other side, there was another platform, with a sword was embedded in the ground, and in the center stood a lone figure gripping a blade, its gaze locked onto him.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized it—it wasn't human, but a Swordsman puppet.

This was the third stage, where one had to defeat the opponent.

It became clear why those three skills had been provided. Without them, victory would be far from easy.

Lin Moyu smirked, "Let's give it a try."

Instinctively, he reached into his storage space for a weapon—only to find it sealed. Nothing could be taken out.

"This place really isn't leaving any loopholes, huh?"

After understanding the situation, he grasped the sword in the ground.

The moment he drew it, the Swordsman puppet charged forward.

Lin Moyu watched its approach, "Judging by its movement, its agility should be between 500 and 700. Not too high—about the same as most participants."

"But for me..."

After consuming the First Fruit, all of Lin Moyu's attributes had soared to 10,000. Compared to that, a mere 500 was insignificant.

The Swordsman puppet lunged at him and swung its blade.

Skill: Wind Slash!

The strike was swift and silent, cutting through the wind itself.

Lin Moyu met it with a Wind Slash of his own. His sword flashed—much faster than the Sword puppet's sword.

Clang!

The puppet's weapon clattered to the ground. A second later, its body shattered into fragments, dissolving into a special aura that enveloped Lin Moyu. His attributes increased by 500—a modest gain.

It seemed the puppet's attributes had been absorbed into him.

Ahead, another suspension bridge materialized.

"That was easy."

Lin Moyu hadn't expected the opponent to be so weak—one strike was all it took.

His overwhelming attributes, whether strength or agility, left the puppet with no chance. Coupled with identical skills, victory had been effortless.

For others, however, the challenge was far from simple.

Across the other platforms, battles raged.

Ling Yizhan fought fiercely, locked in a heated exchange with his Swordsman puppet. Their attributes were nearly identical, and though he had learned the three skills, his proficiency lagged behind Lin Moyu's. Still, by relying on them, he managed to hold his ground.

For Mages who had failed to grasp the three skills, the fight was utterly one-sided.

Lin Mohan wielded her sword with precision, cycling through the three skills effortlessly. Thanks to her superior attributes, she dominated the Swordsman puppet completely.

Ning Yiyi moved with agility and grace, relying solely on Wind Slash to maximize the Assassin class's strengths to gain the upper hand.

Mo Yun, however, faced a tougher challenge.

Though sharp and quick-witted, she lacked proficiency in the Swordsman combat style. She had successfully learned the three skills, but wielding them effectively was another matter. Struggling against her opponent, she adapted on the fly, improving with every exchange.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu stepped through the mist once more, arriving at the third platform.

"Is this the fourth stage?"

Doubt flickered in his mind.

Compared to Mo Xinghe's descriptions, the third stage felt far too simple. If this was all there was to it, it wouldn't have remained unbeaten for so many years.

Then, his gaze landed on four stone tablets standing upright in the center of the platform.

"More skills? Last time, they were Swordsman skills—what will they be now...?"

Just as the thought crossed his mind, he froze.

Something was wrong.

The three skills he had just mastered were gone.

They had vanished entirely from his attributes. Even more unsettling, he couldn't recall any details about them. Only their names—Wind Slash, Wood Slash, and Stone Slash—remained in his memory.

Everything else had been wiped clean.

The bizarre sensation of gaining something only to lose it inexplicably left Lin Moyu uneasy.

"Is this why no one who reached the third stage could ever fully explain it?"

A chill ran down his spine, and then he turned his attention back to the stone tablets.

They were identical to the previous ones, still labeled Skill Tablet.

[Skill: Fireball]

[Fireball: releases a ball of fire to attack the enemy. Its power is determined by spirit force.]

This time, it was a Mage-type skill.

Without a doubt, the other stone tablets also contained Mage-type skills.

Lin Moyu examined them one by one, confirming his suspicion.

[Skill: Windball]

[Windball: releases a ball of wind to attack the enemy. Its power is determined by spirit force.]

[Skill: Ice Arrow]

[Ice Arrow: releases an ice arrow to attack the enemy. Its power is determined by spirit force.]

[Skill: Lightningball]

[Lightningball: releases a ball of fire to attack the enemy. Its power is determined by spirit force.]

Lin Moyu studied the four basic Mage skills with a contemplative expression.

Previously, he had learned three Swordsman skills before facing a Swordsman puppet that wielded the same skills.

Now, he was tasked with mastering four Mage skills—it was clear that his next opponent would be a Mage puppet.

Understanding this, he began learning the skills one at a time.

For him, the process was effortless. The ancient Chinese characters used in the explanations made comprehension even smoother, significantly increasing his learning speed.

Within an hour, he had mastered all four spells.

With his attributes and understanding of the Mage combat style, he was confident in his victory.

Testing each skill, he quickly identified their strengths.

Lightningball was the fastest, striking the target the instant it was cast—practically impossible to dodge.

Windball, aided by the wind element, was also exceptionally swift.

Ice Arrow and Fireball were slower, though still very fast.

However, Ice Arrow had a freezing effect, significantly slowing the down opponent.

Fireball, on the other hand, had an explosive impact and a burn effect, causing continuous damage.

Each skill had its own unique properties, and Lin Moyu had mastered them all.

Finally, others began arriving at their third platform, where they, too, started learning new skills.

This time, it was the Warriors who groaned in frustration—they were now forced to learn Mage skill.

Meanwhile, the few Mages who had made it past the previous level were ecstatic. Mage skills were their specialty.

Four hours later, the stone tablets vanished from the platforms simultaneously. Another suspension bridge materialized ahead.

Cries of protest erupted.

"Why so soon?!"

"I barely had two hours!"

"What's going on?!"

No one knew that the tablets disappeared as soon as the first person passed the level.

Lin Moyu's speed had set the pace—he cleared the challenge in almost an instant.

Some people, however, took over an hour. As a result, their learning time was significantly reduced.

Even without direct confrontation, the competition had already begun, dictated by this unspoken rule.

On the fourth platform, Lin Moyu finally faced his next opponent—a Mage puppet draped in robes.

The moment he set foot on the platform, the Mage puppet raised a hand and summoned a Fireball.

But Lin Moyu was faster.

Thunder roared.

Lightningballs burst from his palms, striking the Mage puppet in an instant.

He unleashed a relentless barrage—both hands firing at full speed, launching at least five Lightningballs per second.

Lightningball was the fastest of the four skills.

Lin Moyu followed one simple principle: strike first.

Chapter 400: The Zhou Family Is In Big Trouble

Lin Moyu didn't use any other skills.

Releasing five Lightningballs per second, he overwhelmed the robe-wearing puppet, giving it no chance to resist.

In an instant, the puppet exploded, dissolving into a wisp of white energy that merged into Lin Moyu.

His four attributes—strength, agility, spirit, and physique—increased by another 1,000 points, bringing each to 11,500.

Noticing his enhanced attributes, Lin Moyu realized that defeating the puppets transferred their attributes to him.

But what was the purpose of these additional attributes? He still wasn't sure.

The ancestral land's trial remained shrouded in mystery. Recalling Bai Yiyuan's words, Lin Moyu pressed forward.

Suddenly, the sky lit up. A beam of light pierced through space and entered his body.

His body felt like it was submerged in a hot spring—warm and soothing—as heat flowed through him.

Lin Moyu's mind jolted. He murmured, "Life divine force."

It felt identical to when he was struck by lightning in the Putrid Corpse Land.

Later, he learned from the God of Life that this heat was life divine force—the power of the God of Life.

After the Genesis Scepter was broken, its Life Core vanished, while its body scattered across the Putrid Corpse Land, merging with the lightning.

"The light Teacher spoke of must be related to the Life Core."

Lin Moyu was now certain of his guess.

Outside the ancestral land, a figure was suddenly teleported out.

Lie Feng looked around in confusion. It took him a moment to realize—he had been eliminated. But how was he eliminated?

Holding his head, he struggled to recall. He remembered crossing a suspension bridge and reaching a platform where he seemed to have learned new skills. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't remember what those skills were. That part of his memory was gone.

The harder he forced himself to remember, the more his head throbbed, a sharp pain twisting his expression.

"Feng!"

The Lie Family's elder called out, snapping him back to reality.

One look at Lie Feng's face was enough—the elder instantly understood. There was no need to ask questions.

This wasn't the first time someone had entered the ancestral land and come out with lost memories.

Even Mo Xinghe, a God-level powerhouse, had experienced the same in his youth.

Suddenly, Lie Feng's eyes widened, and he screamed, "Grandfather, something happened!"

His voice was loud—drawing everyone's attention.

Rushing to explain, he blurted out, "The Zhou Family's Zhou Lesheng... he joined the Demon Worship Society! He didn't eat the fruit like the rest of us. He waited until we had all eaten—until our attributes and skills were sealed—then he tried to kill us!"

"He even activated the Soul-Extinguishing Barrier to stop us from resurrecting through the soul brand!"

Flames erupted around Ning Tairan's body, and his God-level aura erupted like a storm.

"What did you say?!"

Lie Feng's knees buckled, and he plopped on the ground with his butt, his face pale with terror.

Mo Xinghe quickly intervened, "Old Ning, calm down. Let him finish."

Ning Tairan exhaled sharply, then waved his hand, lifting Lie Feng back to his feet with a surge of elemental energy, "Explain clearly."

Lie Feng, still shaken, hurriedly recounted everything—

"If not for Godly General Lin arriving in time and killing Zhou Lesheng, none of us would have made it out alive."

A collective sigh of relief spread through the crowd.

Mo Xinghe's sharp gaze swept over the gathering, "Where is the Zhou Family's elder?"

But the elder had already fled.

That alone all but confirmed Lie Feng's words.

Mo Xinghe's voice deepened, "No rush. Let's wait for more participants to verify this."

"If the Zhou Family is indeed guilty, they won't escape justice."

Before long, more people were teleported out.

Upon questioning, their stories matched Lie Feng's exactly.

If not for Lin Moyu, everyone in the ancestral land would have perished.

Attempting murder within the Chuangshi Institute's ancestral land—this was an unforgivable crime.

Mo Xinghe's killing intent surged. Without hesitation, he sent a message through his communicator.

"The Zhou Family won't escape justice!"

He wasn't the only one.

The elders from the prestigious families also relayed urgent messages.

Word spread quickly—the Zhou Family was in grave trouble.

Colluding with the Demon Worship Society and attempting murder within the ancestral land—these offenses could not be forgiven.

This was a blatant slap in the face of Xiajing Academy.

No one knew exactly how many God-level powerhouses stood behind the academy, but within the Empire, Xiajing Academy was undeniably one of the top forces. Compared to it, the Zhou Family was insignificant.

A total of five people had been eliminated along with Lie Feng. They all shared one thing in common—they had killed multiple creatures within the ancestral land.

Now, it was too late for regrets.

A few hours later, more participants were teleported out.

Defeated by the Mage puppet, they formed the second batch to be eliminated. The moment they emerged, they sensed the tense atmosphere and instinctively kept quiet.

Mo Xinghe observed them for a moment, thinking to himself "They should have gained something."

After some questioning, his suspicion was confirmed. Their attributes had indeed increased slightly.

Each attribute had risen by 500 points, matching the attributes of the Swordsman puppet they had defeated. Though they had lost to the Mage puppet, the attributes gained from their earlier victory remained.

At first glance, the increase seemed small.

But these were basic attributes, granting an additional bonus with each level-up.

Moreover, when attributes surpassed the limit, they slightly increased the probability of class sublimation during the third class awakening—even a 1% boost was incredibly valuable.

As time passed, more participants were eliminated.

Eventually, the eliminations slowed, and no one else appeared.

The first batch of eliminations had consisted of only five people. The second batch had increased to 15.

Mo Xinghe spoke in a deep voice, "Based on this, only 10 people remain in the ancestral land."

30 participants had entered; 20 were now out. That left 10 still inside.

The elders of these remaining participants couldn't hide their smiles.

After all, the longer one lasted, the greater the rewards.

A few hours later, the third batch was teleported out.

Unlike the previous groups, these participants had defeated the Mage puppet before being eliminated.

Their rewards were even greater—each of their attributes increased by 1,500 points, equivalent to consuming over half a bottle of Intermediate Magical Draught.

Additionally, this batch was surrounded by a faint halation.

Among them was Ling Yizhan.

Looking pleasantly surprised, he muttered, "My physique attribute has increased significantly, and my health has risen by 10%."

Compared to when he first entered, Ling Yizhan cleared two challenges, increasing all his attributes by 1,500. He later acquired life divine force, boosting his physique by 2,000 and his health by 10%.

One of the greatest differences between human class users and boss rank monsters, aside from attributes, was health.

Boss monsters possessed exceptionally high health, which was why humans had to form parties to take them down.

For Ling Yizhan, a 10% health increase was a tremendous boon.

"Not bad, not bad!" Mo Xinghe nodded approvingly.

Ling Yizhan, however, remained humble, "It's a pity I couldn't go further. I don't even remember how I was eliminated."

Mo Xinghe patted his shoulder, "Surviving the trial is already an achievement."

At that moment, Ling Yizhan recalled Zhou Lesheng. His expression darkened, "Zhou Lesheng nearly killed us all. If not for Godly General Lin..."

Mo Xinghe cut in with a nod, "We already know."

Understanding that this matter was now in the hands of the elders, Ling Yizhan said no more.

Time passed, but no one else emerged.

This time, five participants had been eliminated, leaving only five remaining in the ancestral land: Lin Moyu, Lin Mohan, Mo Yun, Ning Yiyi, and Sha Jin of the Sha Family.

Mo Xinghe turned to Ning Tairan, "Congratulations, Old Ning. Yiyi performed exceptionally well this time."

Historically, anyone who lasted beyond the third batch was considered a top-tier prodigy. Their chances of reaching the God-level in the future were extremely high.

Even Mo Xinghe and Ning Tairan—both God-level powerhouses—had only made it to the fourth batch in their youth.

Ning Tairan stroked his beard, "I didn't expect this little girl to be so impressive. Your Mo Yun is remarkable as well."

Mo Xinghe smiled, "Yun is indeed a top prodigy. But more importantly, she never relies on her family. She carves her own path."

Mo Yun had always been strong-willed, refusing to depend on her family. Even her admission into Chuangshen Institute had been earned entirely on merit.

As for Lin Moyu and Lin Mohan—those two siblings were simply monsters.

But the biggest surprise? Sha Jin of the Sha Family.

The elder of the Sha Family was grinning from ear to ear.