NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

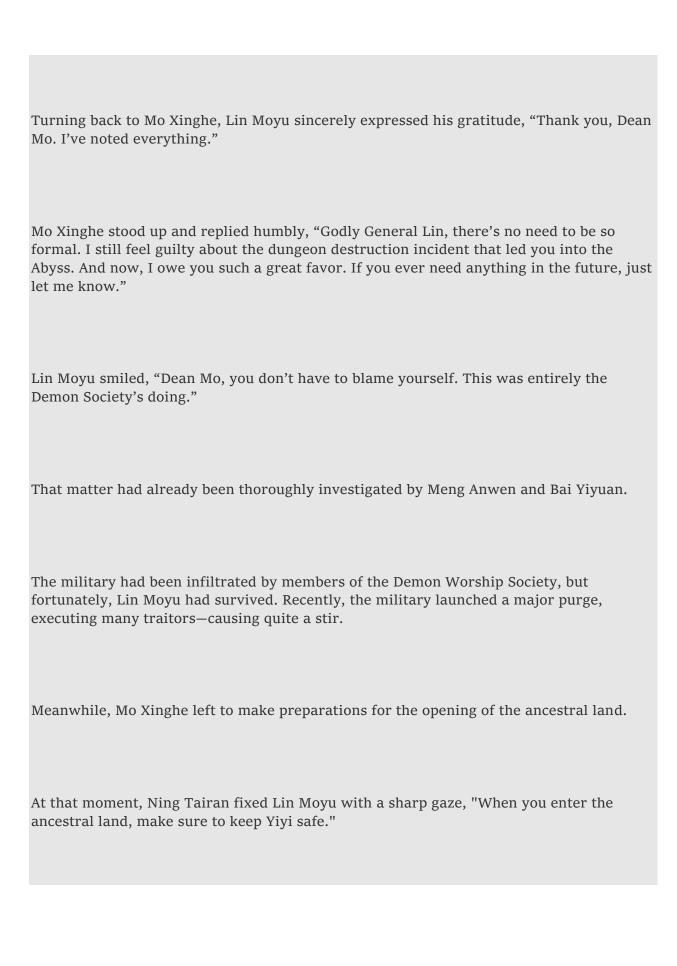
Chapter 391: The Ancestral Land Is About To Open

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.

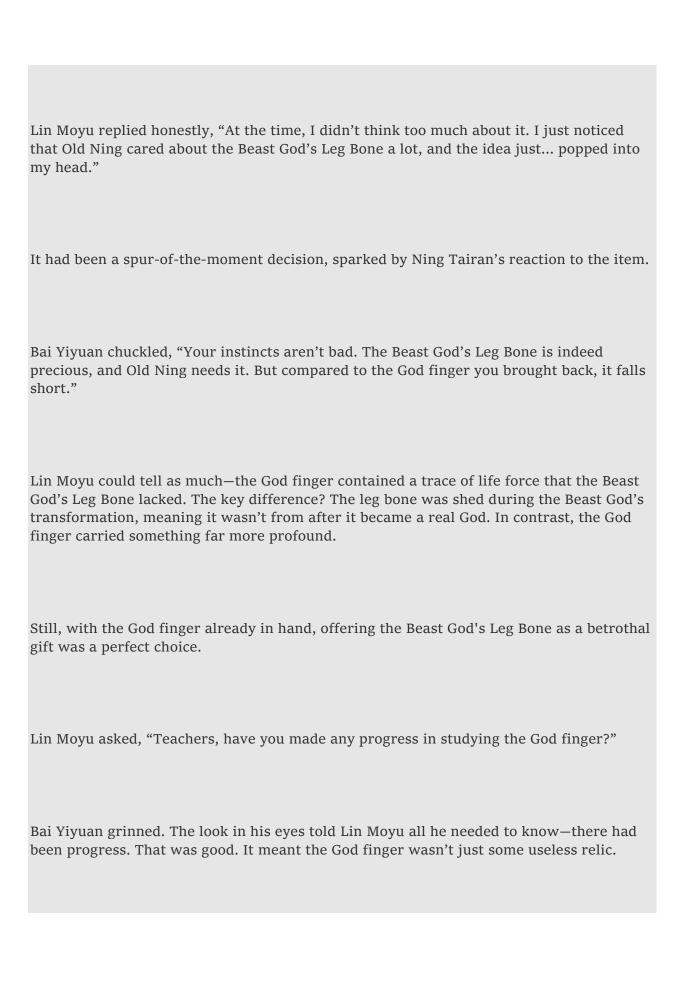
"Let Yiyi listen as well." He said.
With a flick of his finger, a gentle breeze brushed past Ning Yiyi, waking her from her slumber. She rubbed her eyes groggily, then blinked in surprise at the gathered crowd.
Letting out a small yelp, she quickly jumped down, her cheeks tinged with embarrassment. She 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."





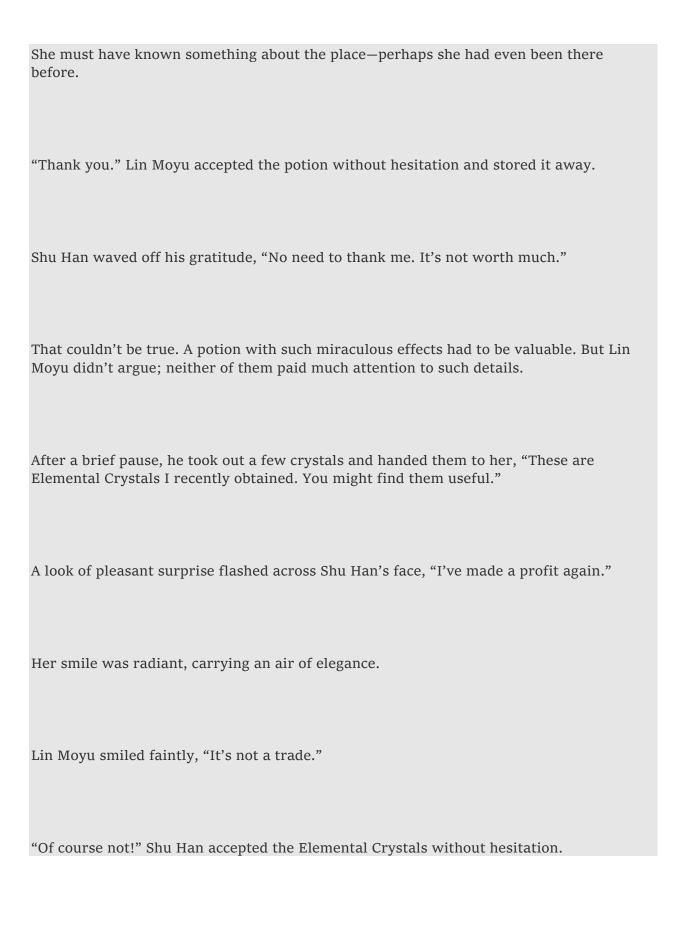
Lin Moyu responded confidently, "Don't worry, Old Ning."
Ning Tairan then turned to his granddaughter, "Yiyi, come with Grandpa to make preparations."
Ning Yiyi nodded but followed him reluctantly, glancing back at Lin Moyu a few times before leaving.
Once they were gone, Lin Moyu suddenly realized that 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 proposa 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?"

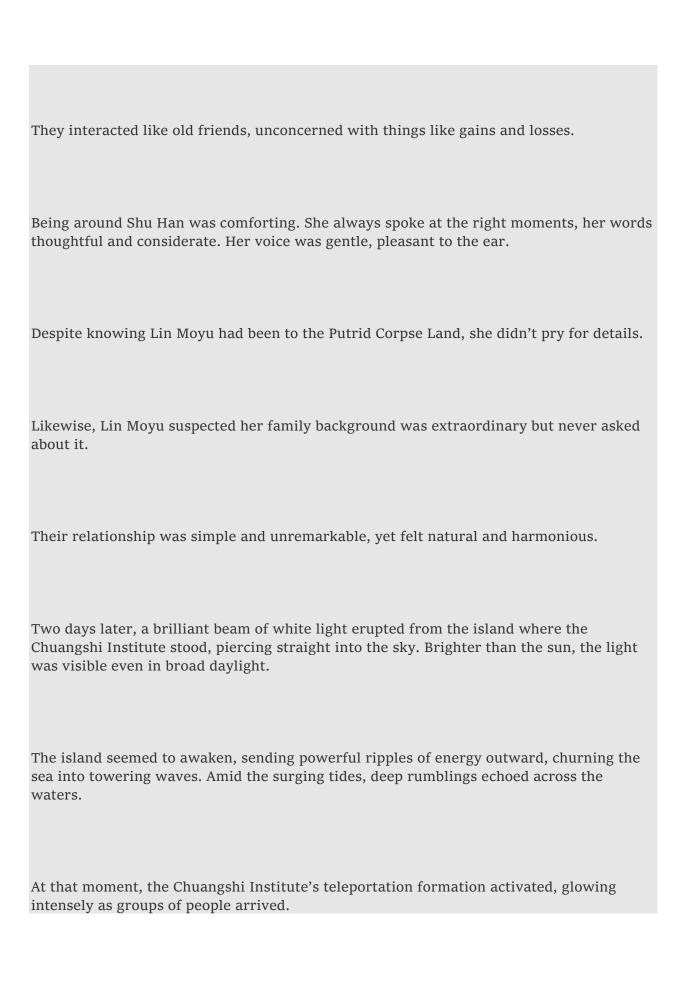


Instead of answering, Bai Yiyuan simply said, "Go wash up and change into something clean."
Lin Moyu glanced down at himself. He didn't think he was dirty. Sure, he had spent over ten days grinding in the dungeon, but he had changed clothes along the way. Compared to the state he was in after returning 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.

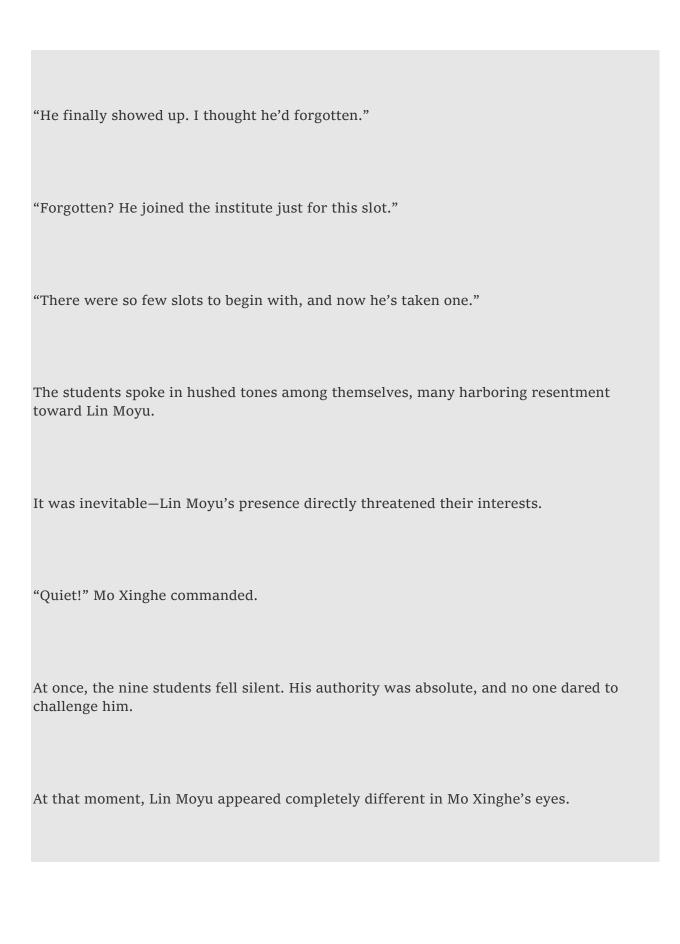




Though only 30 slots were available, more than 30 people had gathered—many accompanied by their family's elders.
This rare event had drawn the powerful figures of various prestigious families, turning the gathering into both a competition for the young and a social occasion for the old. While the younger 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.

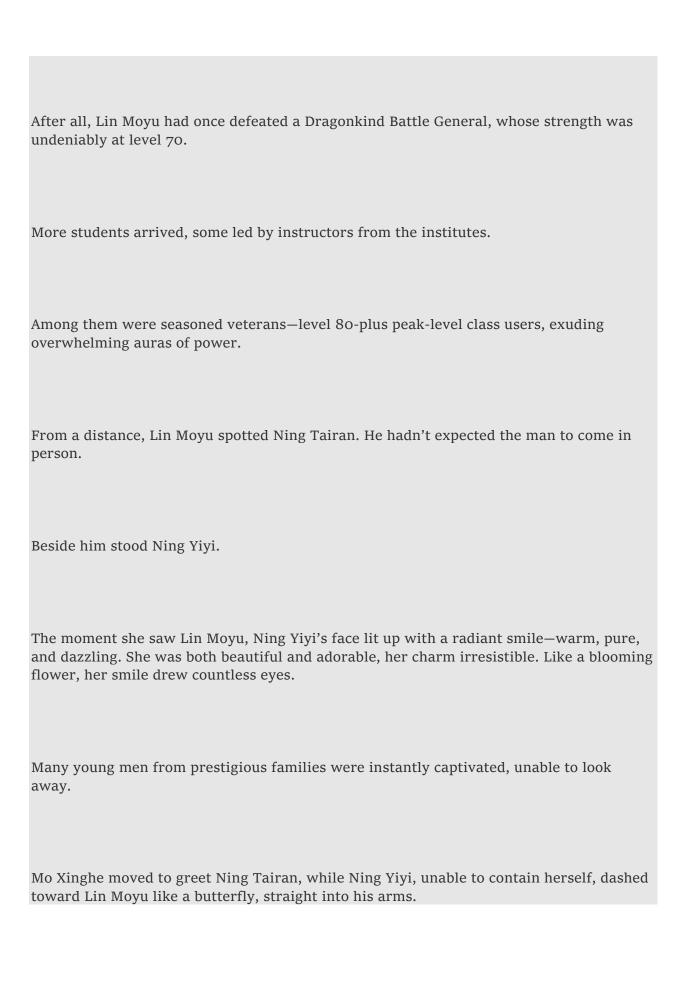
A powerful aura spread across the island, carried by the surge of light. It felt ancient and vast yet brimming with life force.
Curiosity stirred within Lin Moyu. The Chuangshi Institute's ancestral land held many mysteries. He had read about its origins in the royal family's secret vault—records revealing 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 Godlevel was the mark of a true prodigy.
When Lin Moyu arrived, murmurs rippled through the crowd.
"It's 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.

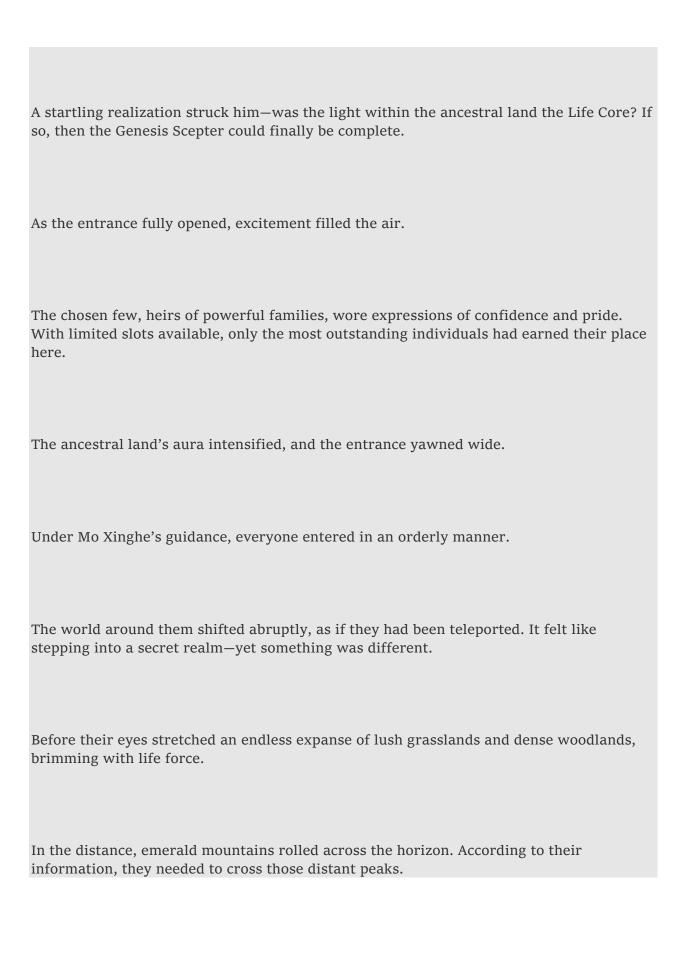


Chapter 393: Could The Ancestral Land Contain The Life Core?

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.

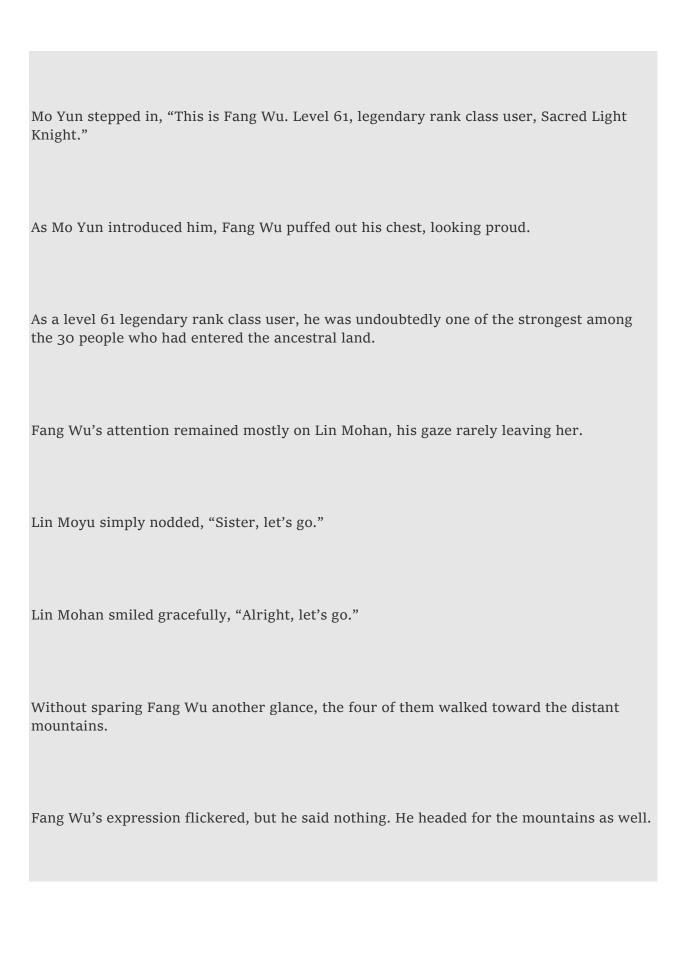
Meanwhile, Mo Yun greeted Lin Moyu, "It's been a while."
Lin Moyu smiled, "Yeah, it has."
The three women quickly fell into conversation, leaving Lin Moyu standing there, unable to get a word in. He simply remained quiet, watching in a daze.
Onlookers couldn't help but wonder—who exactly was Lin Moyu? 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?"



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 Elementa 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 fron 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.



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.

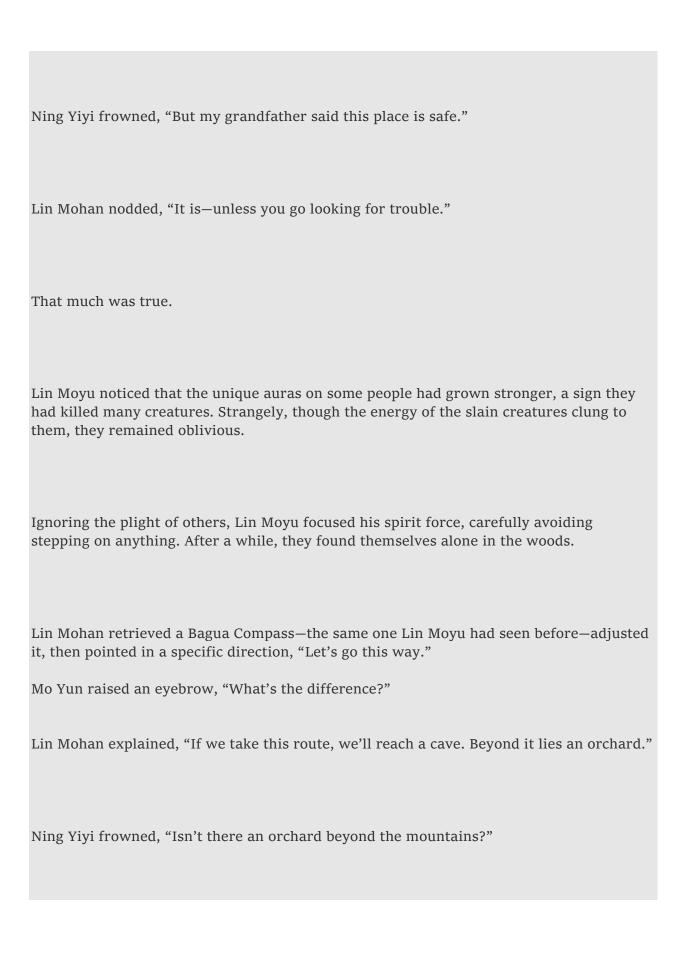
Meanwhile, the rest of the participants had gradually scattered throughout the forest.
By now, almost everyone had been tainted with that strange aura—except for Lin Moyu's group of four, who remained untainted through extreme caution.
Suddenly, low shouts echoed in the distance, followed by ripples 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.

Chapter 394: The Fruit That Enhances Perception	
"Ah!" Ning Yiyi gasped, covering her mouth, her face turning pale with fear.	
Lin Mohan chuckled, "You'll turn into an animal yourself and stay here forever."	
Ning Yiyi asked, "Sister Mohan, what happens if you kill too many animals?"	
Everyone understood the importance of keeping their aura pure, but few could truly manage it.	
And without being forced into battle, they wouldn't have to kill the creatures of this lan	d.

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."

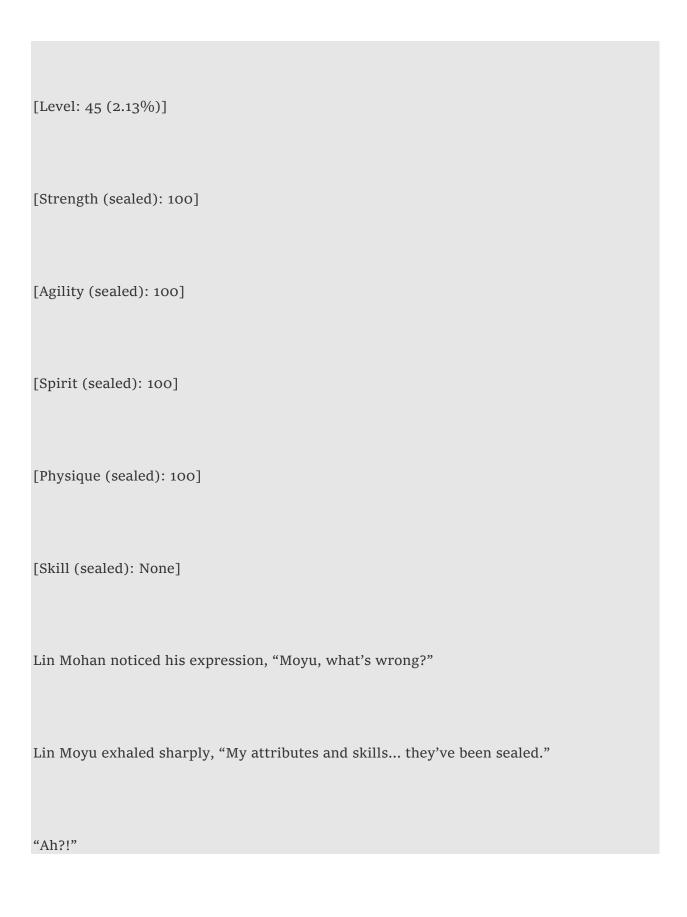
Lin Mohan giggled, "My teacher said killing the animals here increases the difficulty later on. Too many, and it could get dangerous."

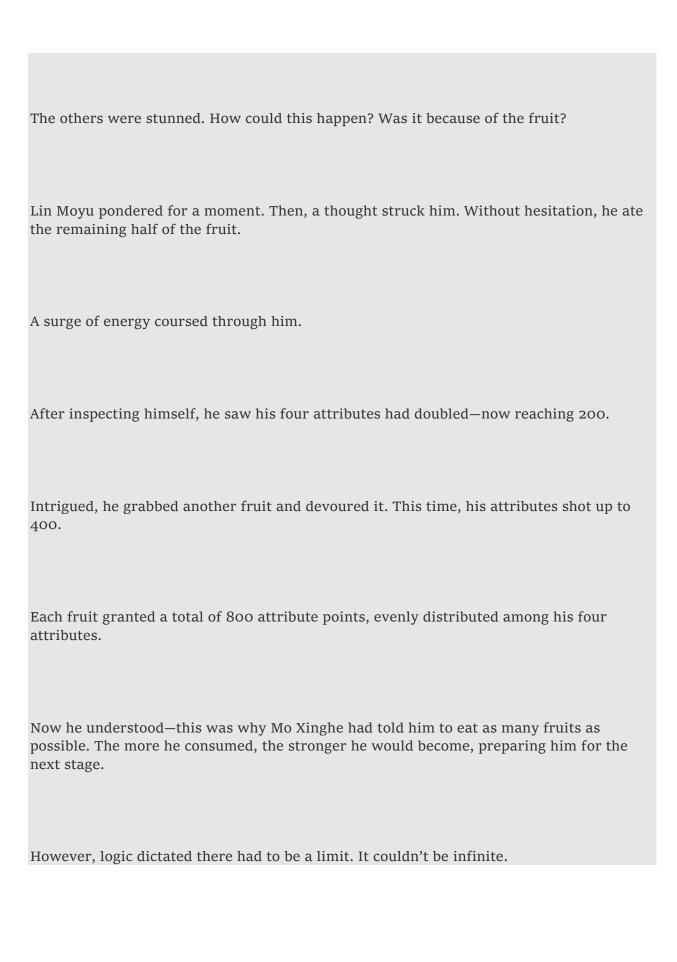


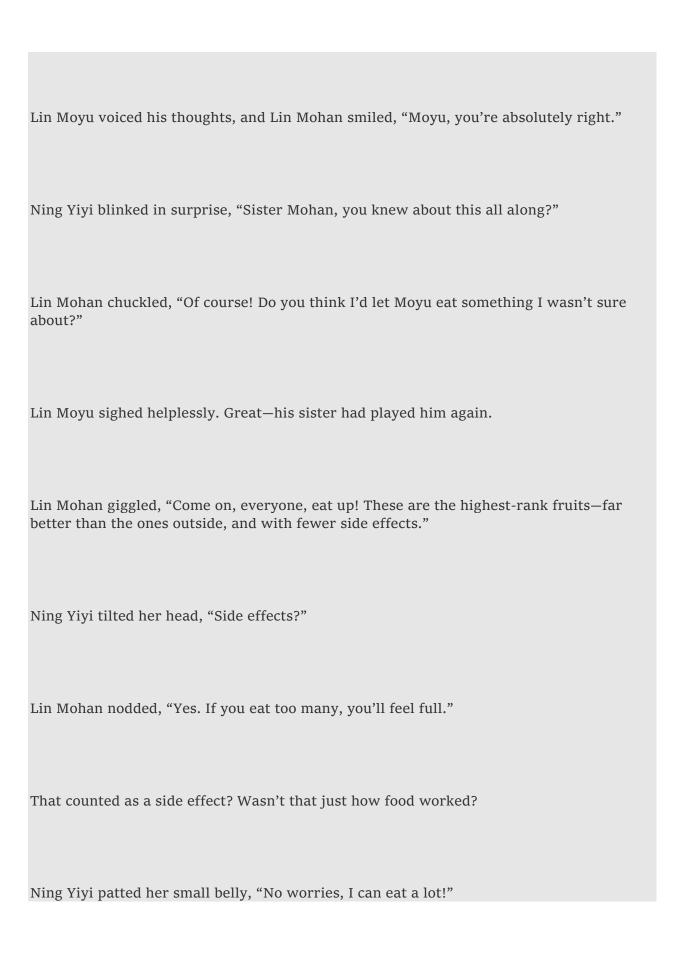
Lin Mohan shook her head, "No, no, no. That one's different." She kept them in suspense and led the way.
Changing direction, they quickly disappeared into the woods.
Lin Moyu remained vigilant, occasionally warning them about small, easily overlooked insects, while Lin Mohan adjusted their route using 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.

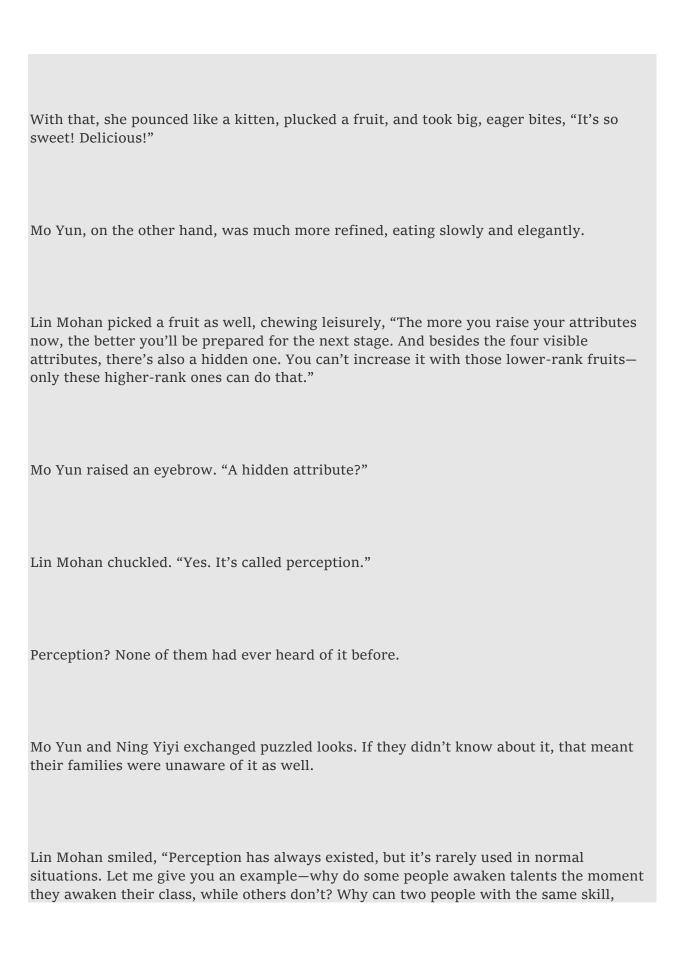
Nestled within the belly of the mountain was a lush orchard, its fruit trees thriving. The plump, bright red fruits glistened with juicy ripeness, looking irresistibly delicious.
Lin Mohan spoke up, "My teacher told me that the fruits in the ancestral land are divided into grades. The ones here are the 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)







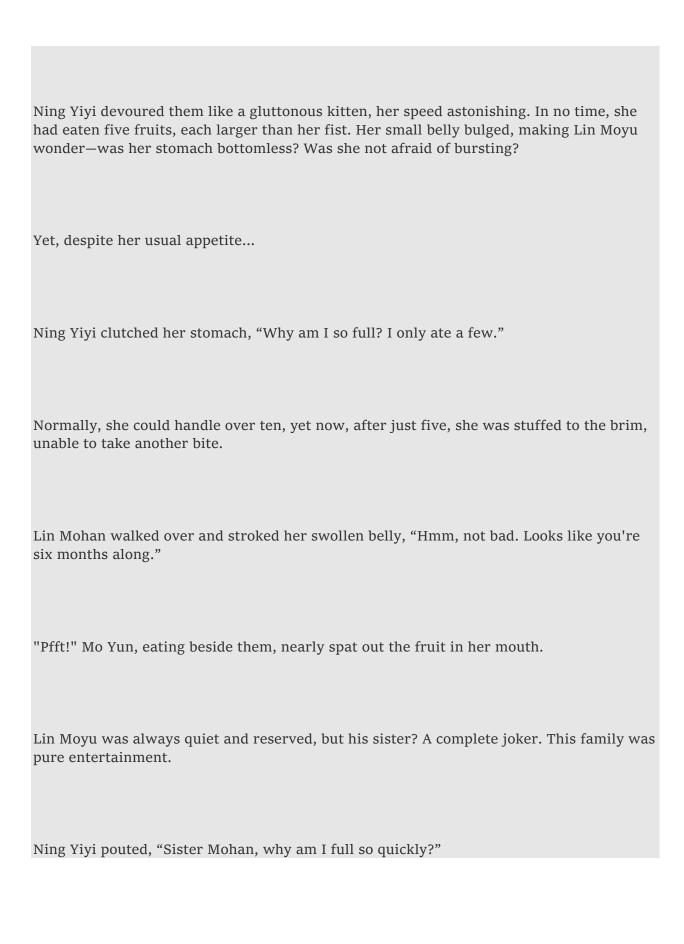


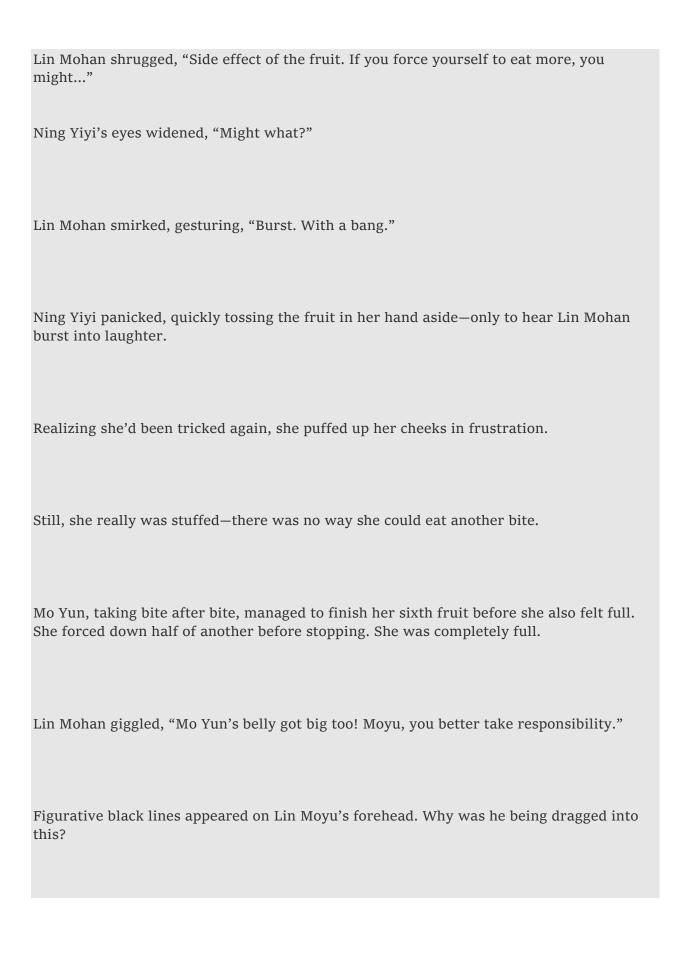
level, and attributes have completely different combat power? And why do some reach level 89 and ascend to the God-level, while others only become false God-level powerhouses?"
She paused for dramatical effect before continuing, "The answer is perception. Perception plays a crucial role in all of this, 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

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.

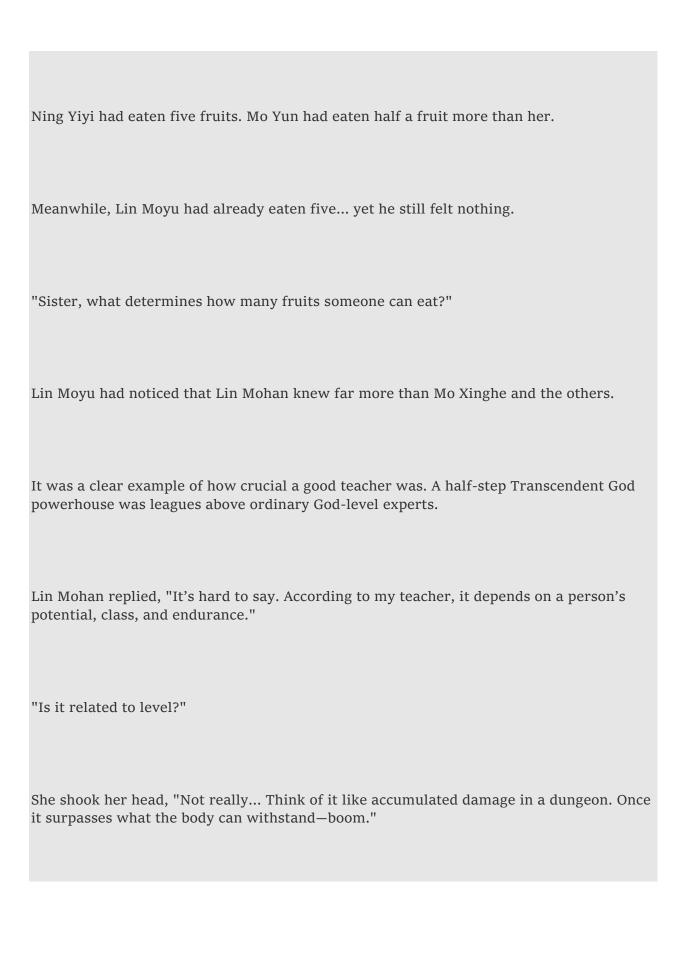




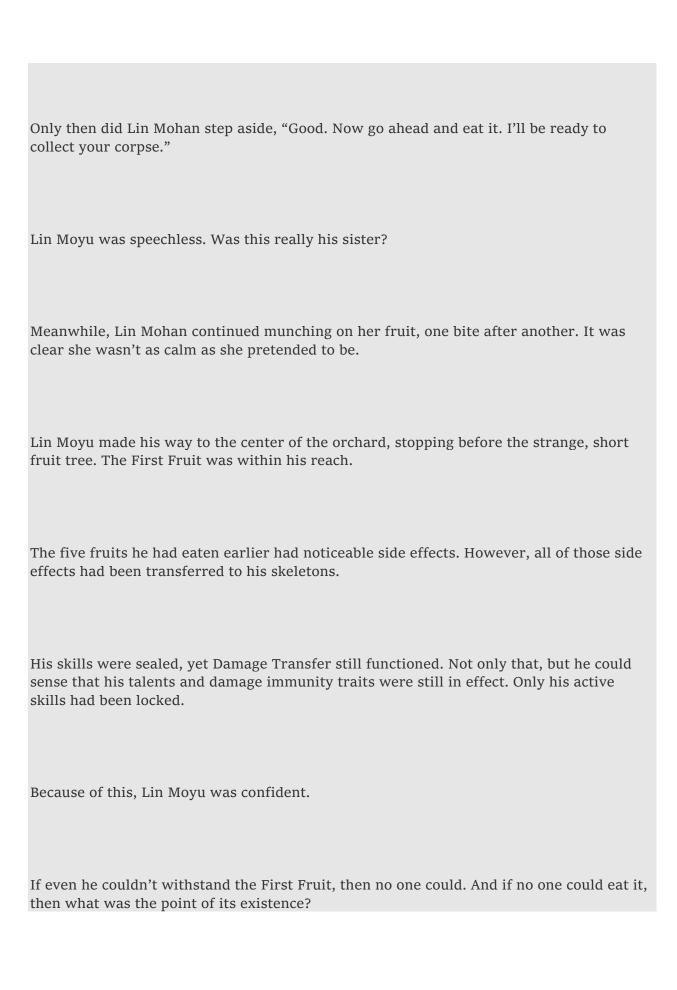
Mo Yun's face flushed red at Lin Mohan's teasing. She didn't dare argue back—she wasn't as thick-skinned as Lin Mohan. If she tried, she'd definitely lose.
Ning Yiyi playfully stroked Mo Yun's round stomach, "Sister Yun, you look six or seven months along! Your belly might even be bigger than mine."
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.

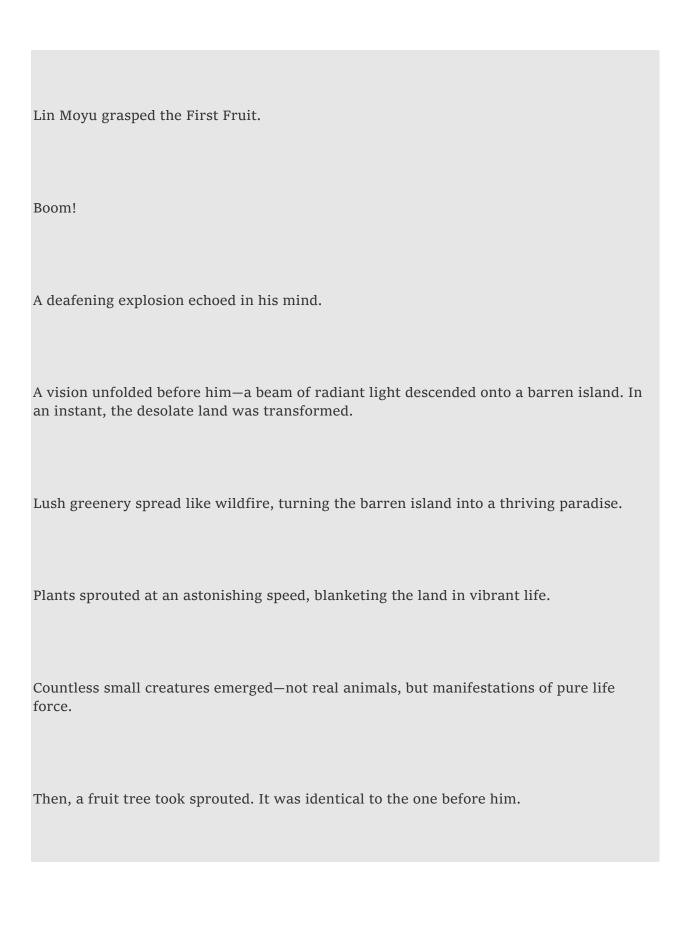


Lin Mohan shook her head, her voice uncertain, "My teacher suspects it wasn't poison but an overload of attributes. The fruit increased the person's attributes so drastically that their body couldn't handle it—so they burst."
"This has happened more than once. Others have forcefully eaten the fruit and 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.



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."

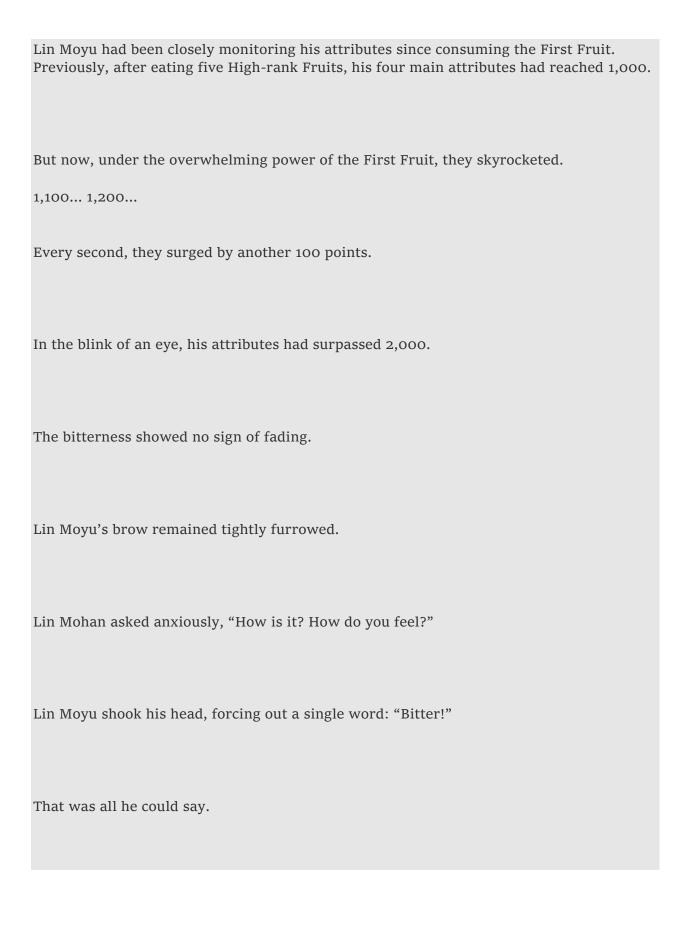




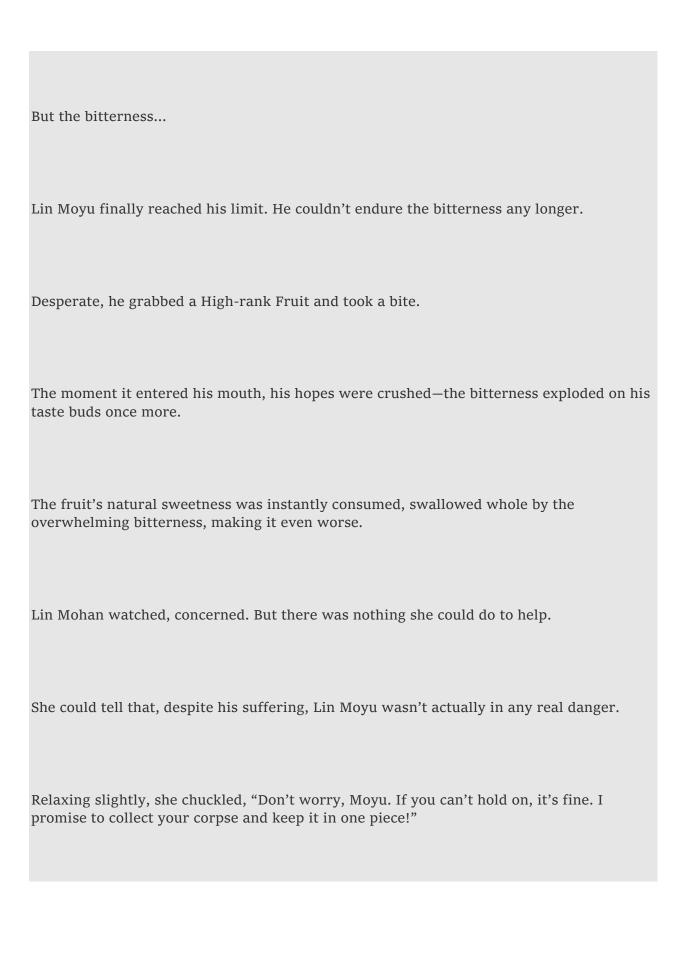
The tree bore many fruits, and as they dropped, new trees sprang forth, each taller and more robust than the original.
Finally, on the first tree, a single shriveled fruit formed on one of its branches.
The vision ended.
Lin Moyu's gaze fell upon the First Fruit in his hand.
He understood he had just 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.



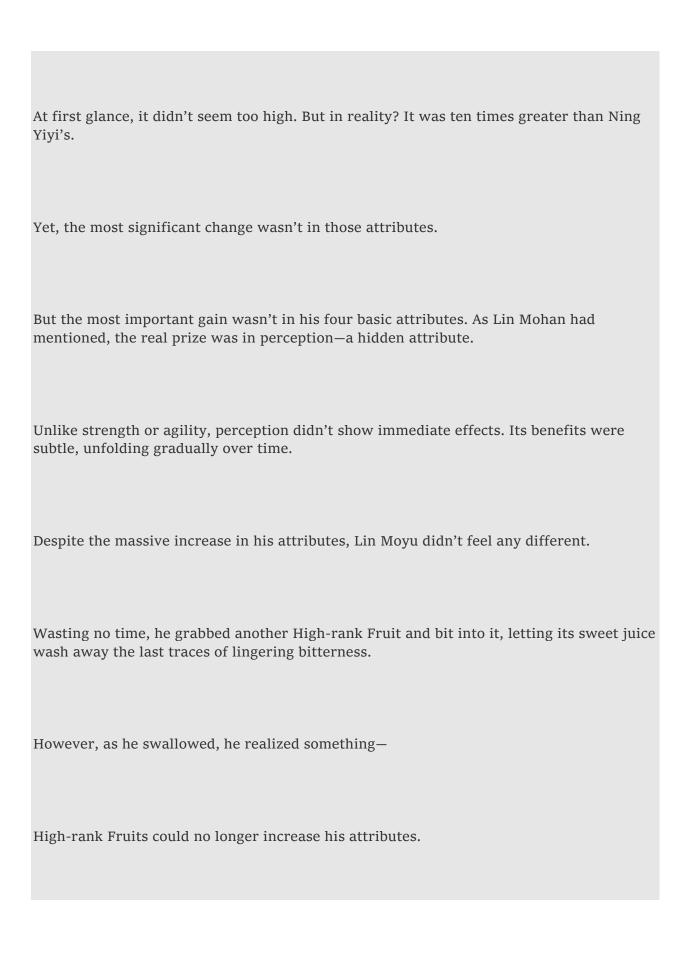
At that moment, everything felt bitter, including even the air he breathed.
Then, the side effects hit.
As his attributes surged, a massive force erupted within him, slamming into his body like a tidal wave.
Yet, every ounce of damage was absorbed by the skeletons under his control. He remained completely 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.



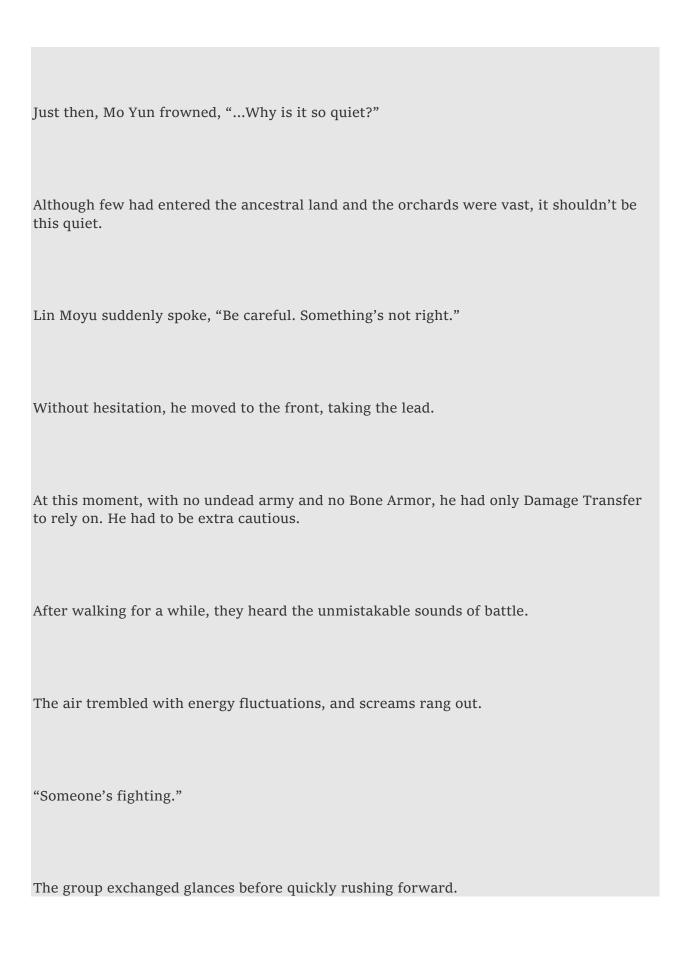
Lin Moyu stared at her, dumbfounded.
Was she really his sister?! Did she have to be so heartless?!
Just then, Ning Yiyi and Mo Yun rushed over—only to find Lin Moyu looking like he had just swallowed the most bitter thing in existence.
Lin Moyu reached a trembling hand toward Ning Yiyi, "Do you have 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.

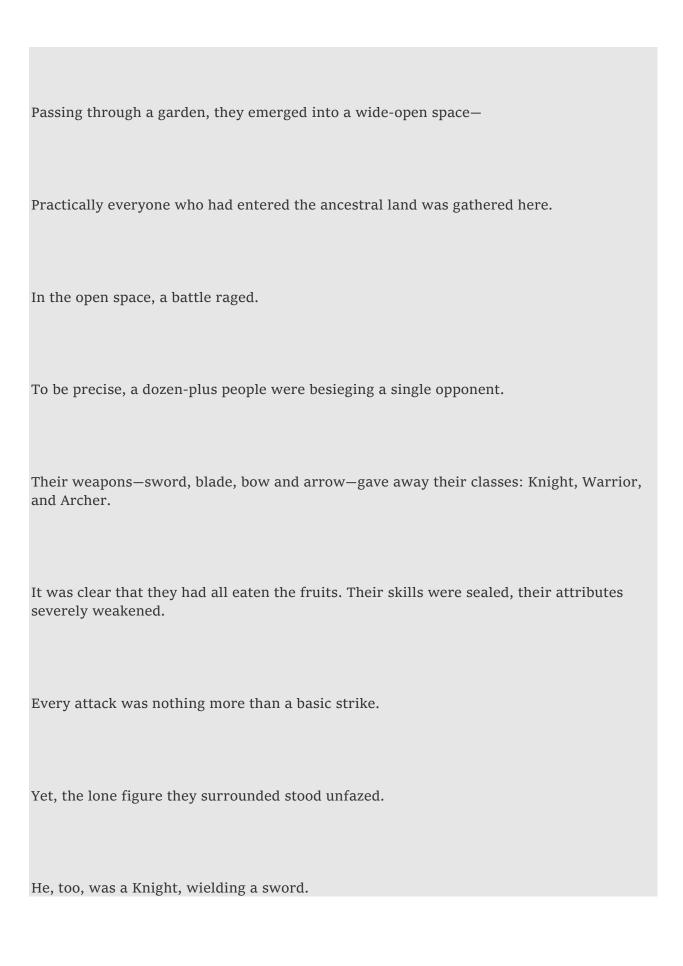
Tears welled up in his eyes.
Now it wasn't just bitter—it was bitter and spicy. An unbearable, nightmarish combination.
Lin Mohan blinked and turned to Ning Yiyi, "What kind of candy did you give him?"
Ning Yiyi tilted her head, "I had it specially made—Bitter Melon & Wasabi Candy."
Lin Mohan froze for 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."

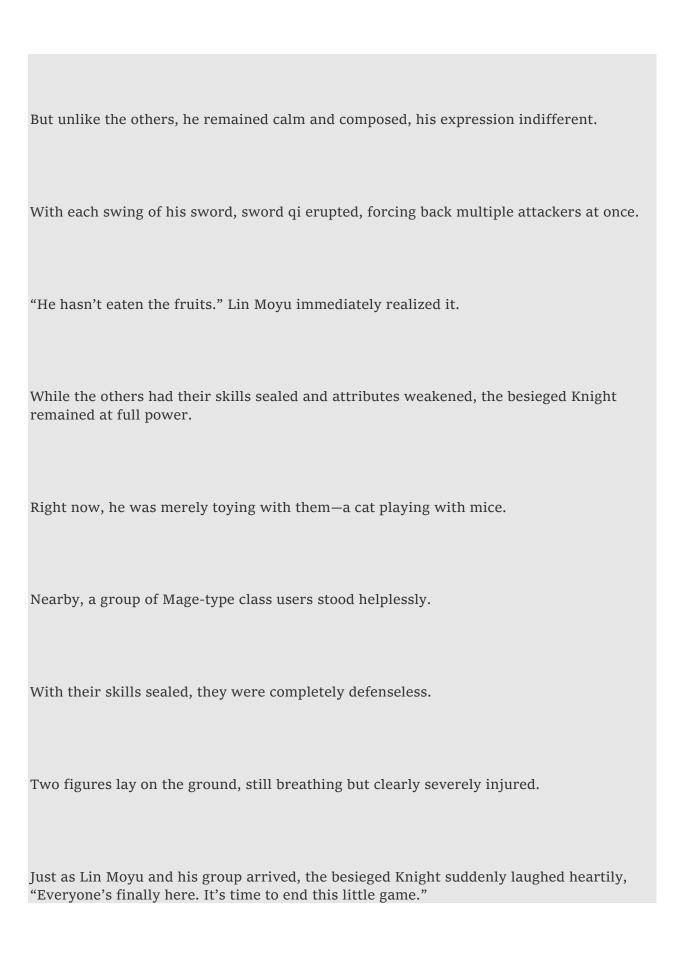
And indeed, Lin Moyu was fine. Any potential damage had been absorbed by his skeletal army.
At level 45, his summon space had expanded to hold 750 units.
At this time, he commanded 25 undead legions—over 19,000 skeletons in total. Among them were 25 Lich Generals, each boasting absurdly high physique.
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.

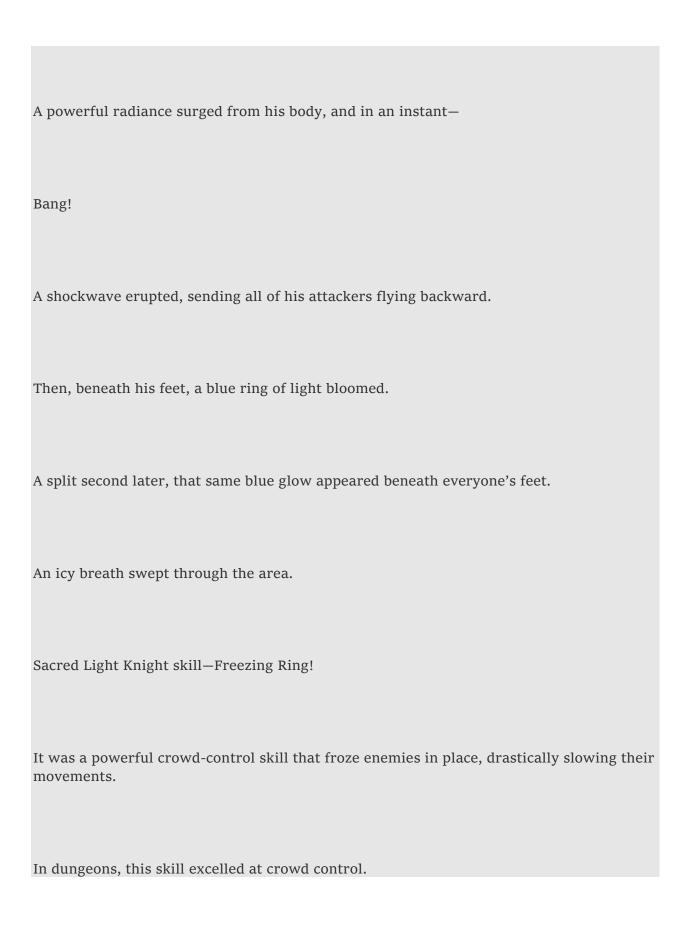


10,000 was the limit.
Meanwhile, Lin Mohan patted her slightly bulging belly, "Alright, let's go."
She had consumed a total of ten High-rank Fruits, boosting her attributes to 2,000—far surpassing Ning Yiyi.
The group moved forward, crossing through the orchard and exiting via another passage.
Outside, 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.











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

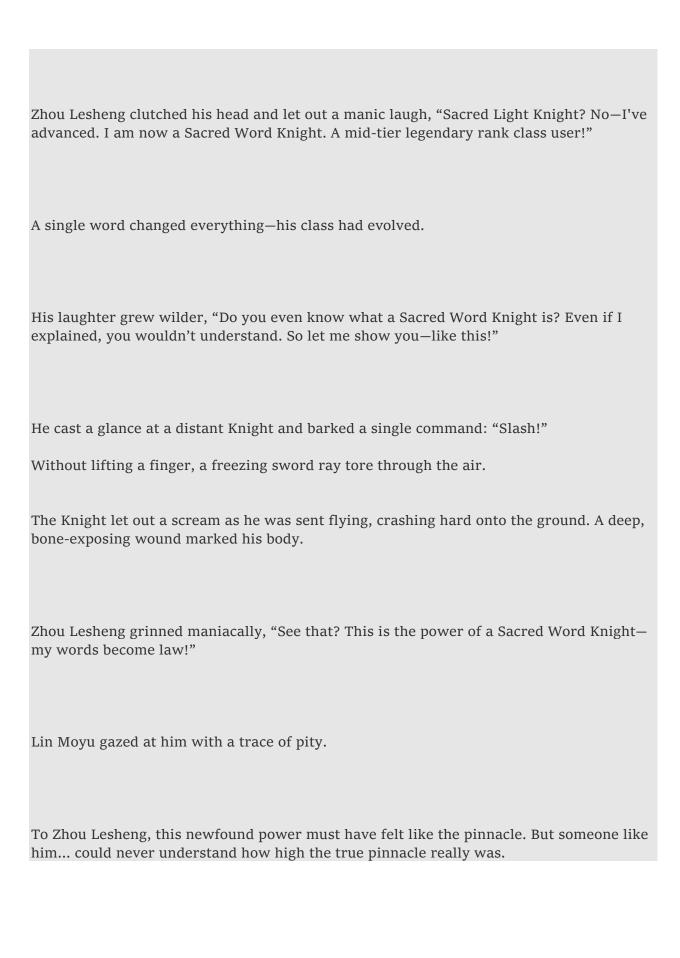
Zhou Lesheng—Lin Moyu had seen him before, back when he first came to the Dimensional Battlefield.

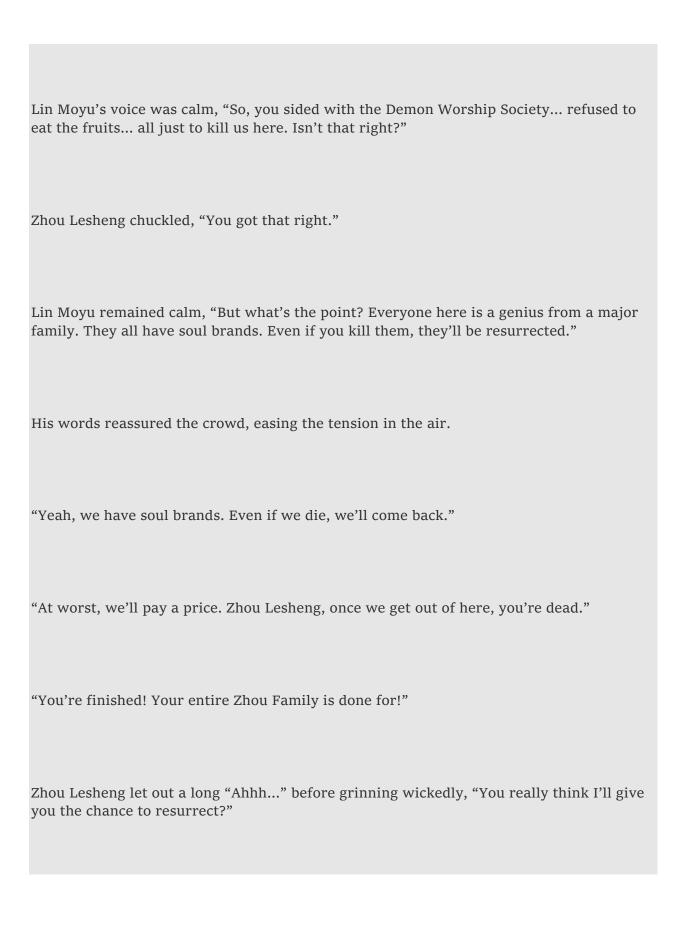
At the time, he was only level 30. Yet now, he had already undergone his second class awakening. His leveling speed was impressive, but something about his aura felt off.

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

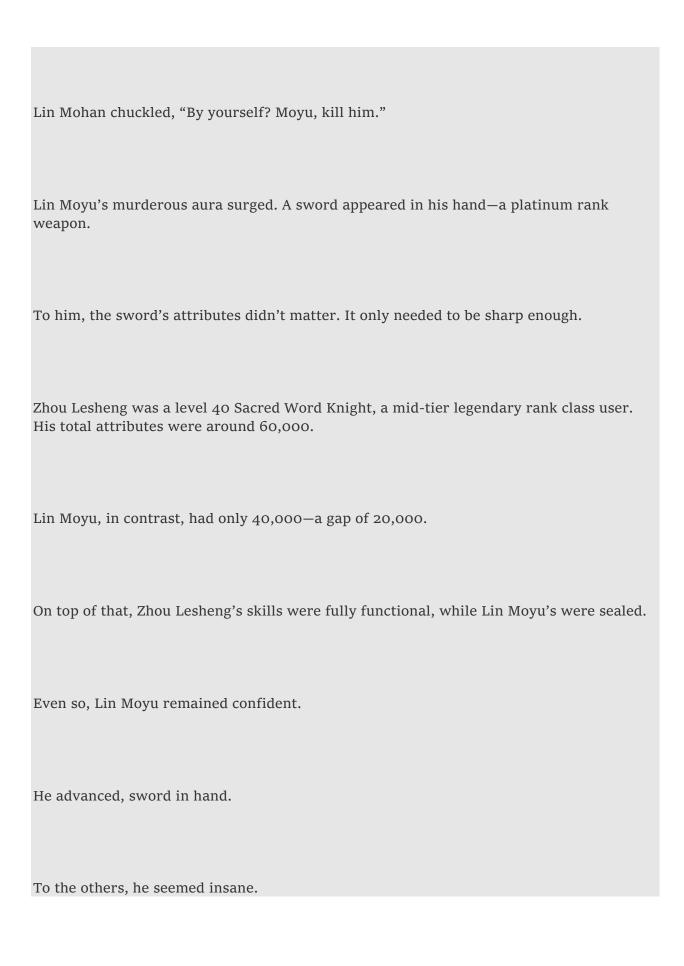
Zhou Lesheng sneered, "Calling me a lackey of the Demon Worship Society? That sounds so unpleasant. Let's just say we have a... cooperative relationship."

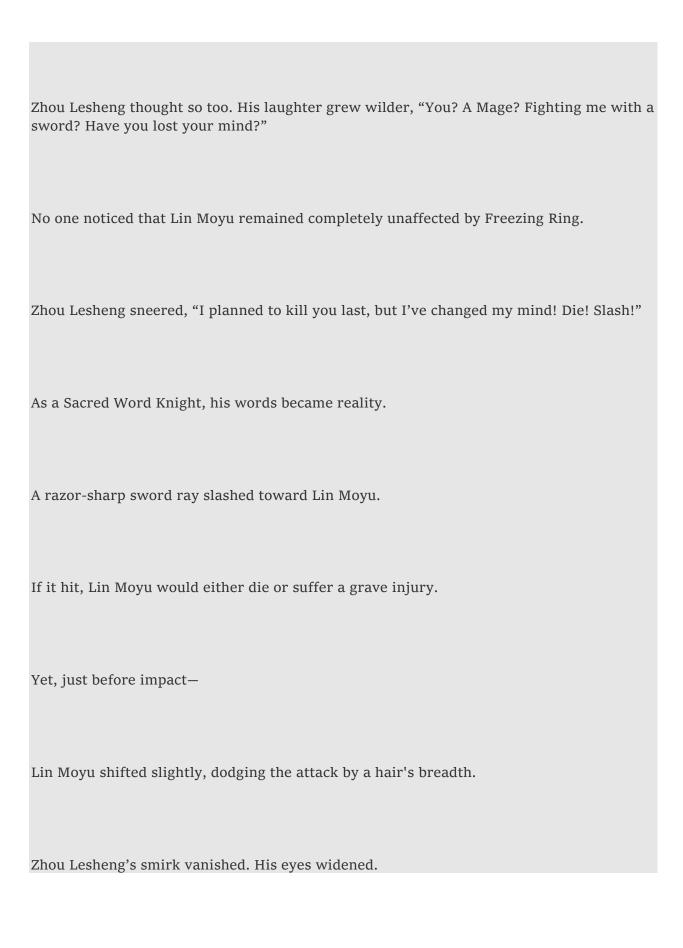
Lin Moyu scoffed, "You? A mere level 40 Sacred Light Knight? What qualifications do you have to 'cooperate' with them?"

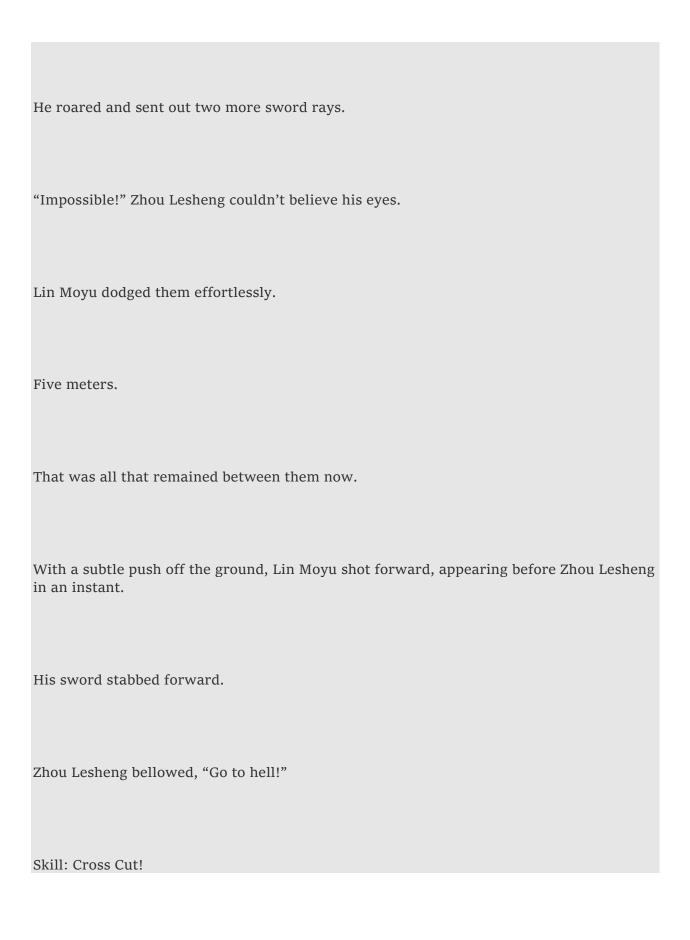


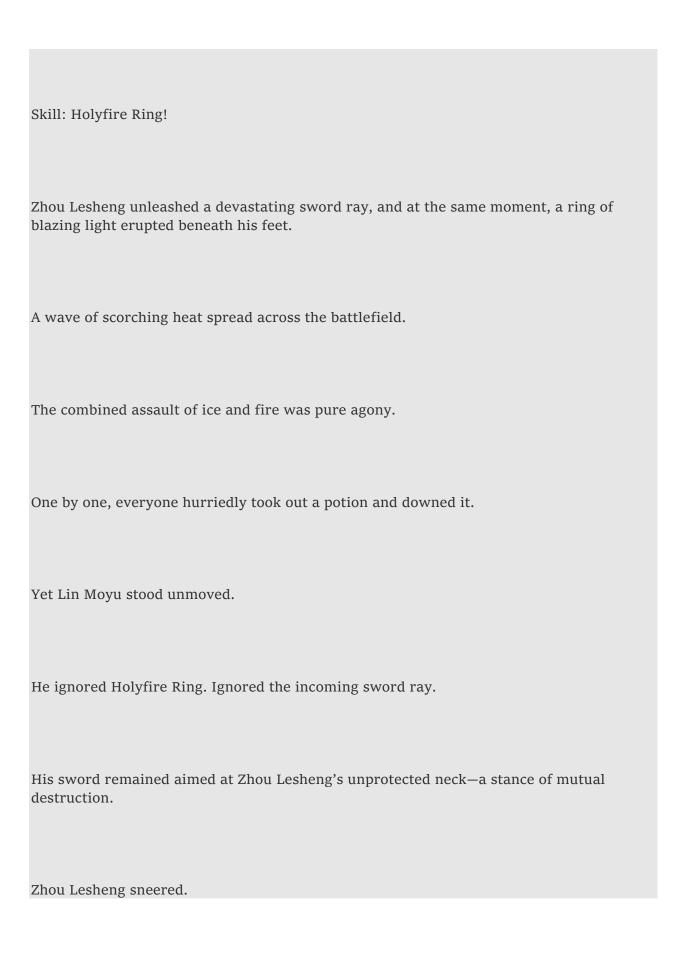


With that, he pulled out a black stone—one commonly used by Abyssal Demons.
A cruel smile spread across his face as he crushed it.
In an instant, a barrier erupted, enveloping the entire area.
The moment it formed, someone's face twisted in horror, "No It's the Abyssal Demon's Soul-Extinguishing Barrier!"
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."

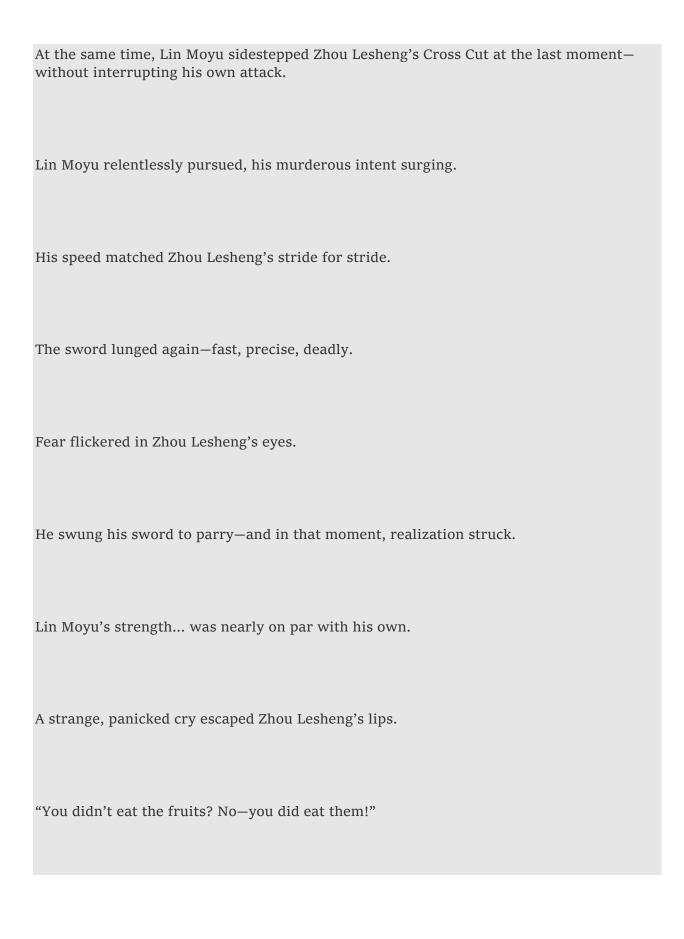


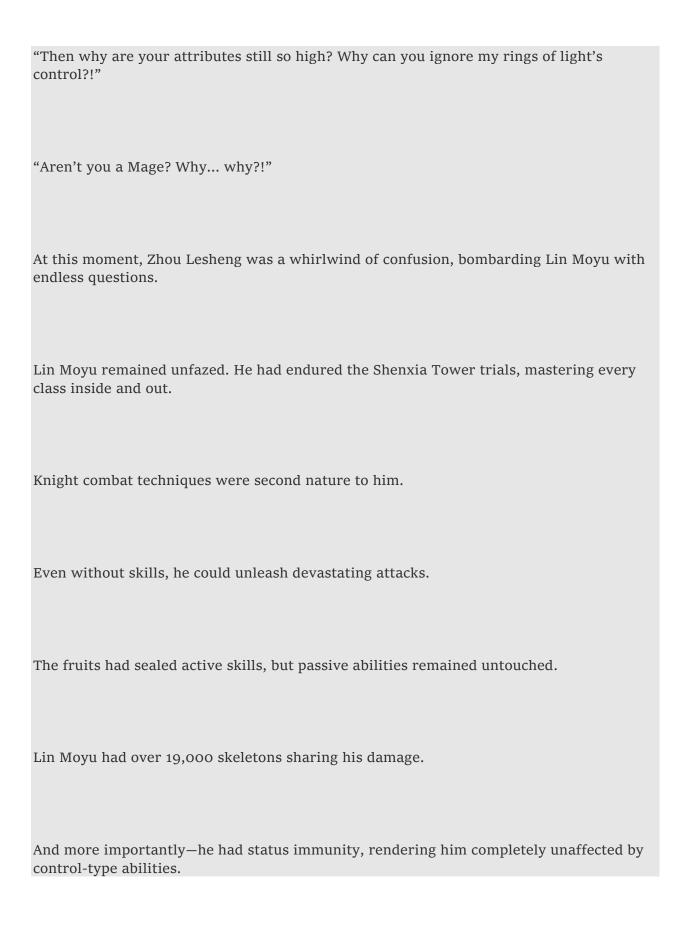


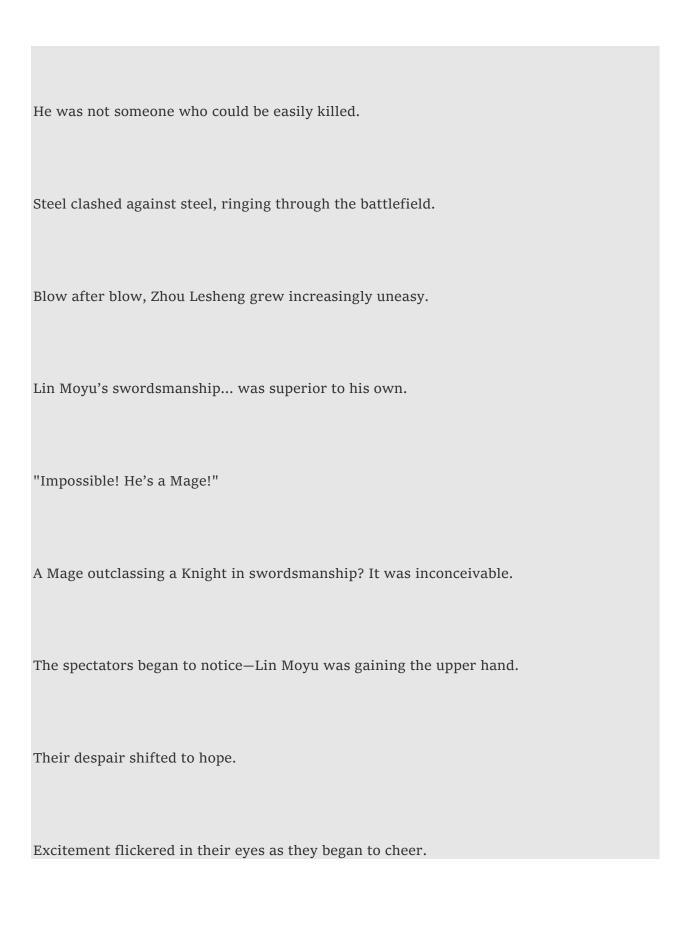


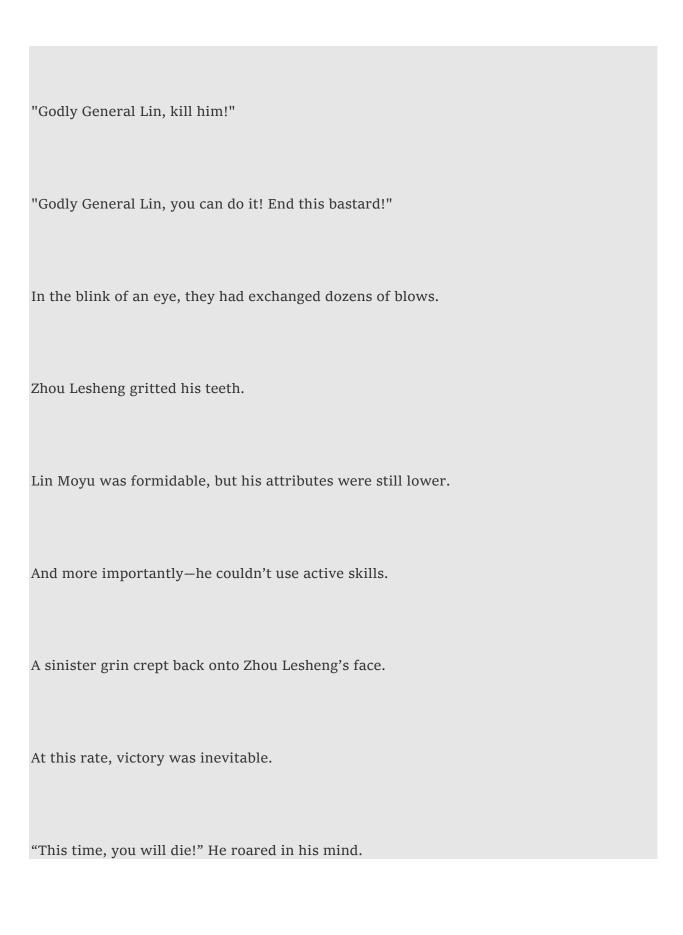


He was certain his attack would tear Lin Moyu to pieces.
As for Lin Moyu's sword? He didn't even bother dodging.
A mere Mage with a few hundred points in each attribute—what damage could he possibly inflict?
His defense was so strong that he could stand still and let Lin Moyu hack at him without a care.
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.





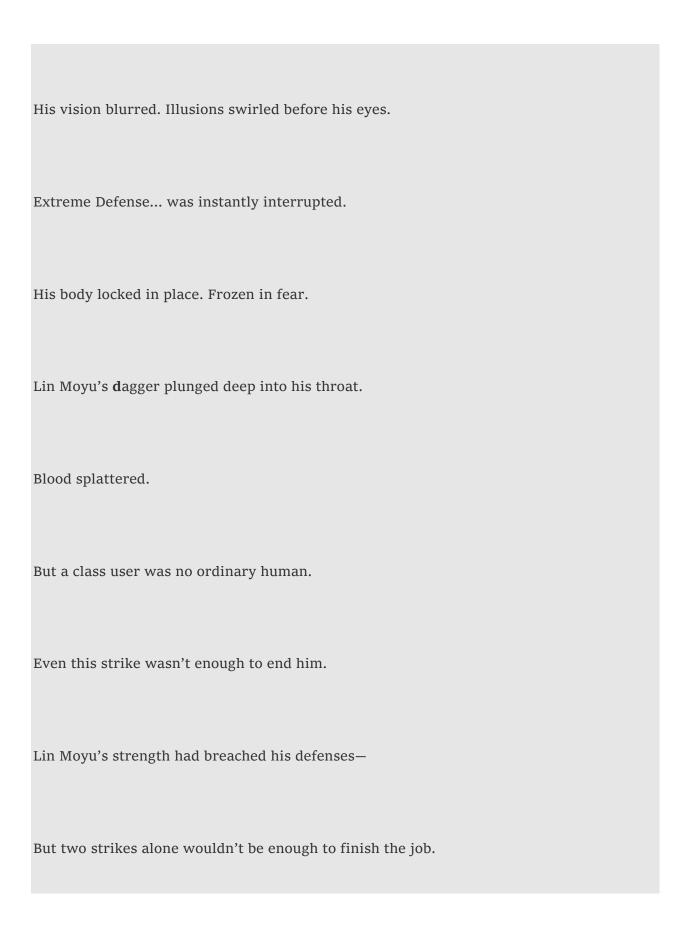




Skill: Holy Annihilation Sword Slash!
A blinding sword ray erupted, flooding the air with razor-sharp sword qi.
Hundreds of strands of sword qi surged forward, swallowing Lin Moyu in an inescapable storm of destruction.
There was no way out.
"It's over!"
"This time, he's finished."
Despair settled over 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.

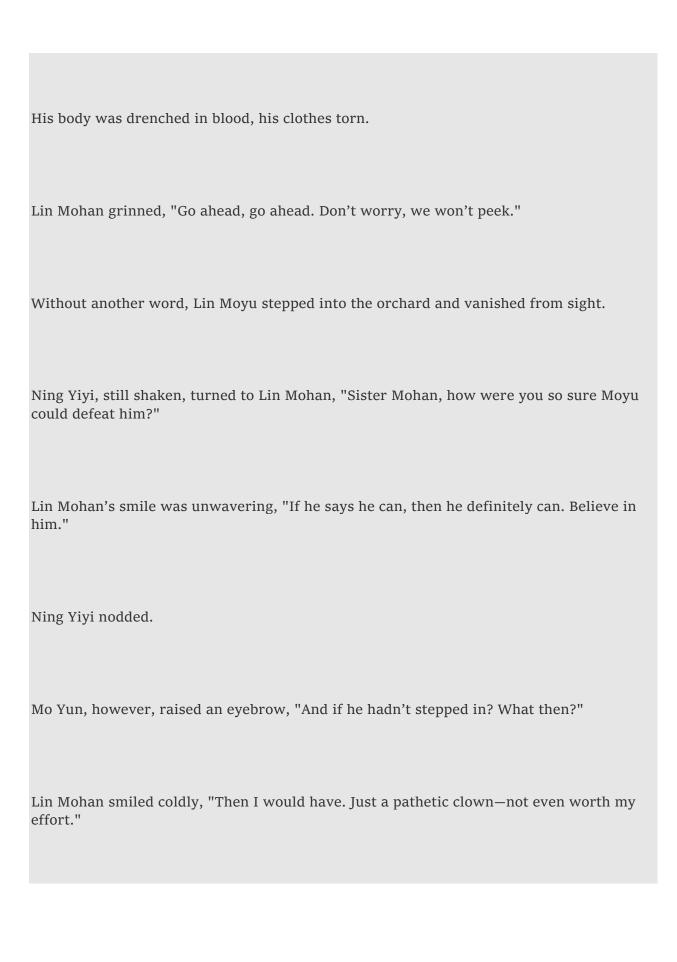
At that moment, Zhou Lesheng felt as though he were witnessing the most terrifying thing in the world.
Lin Moyu's expression was solemn, his gaze cold—as if Zhou Lesheng were already dead.
The sword strike had not killed him—but it had torn through his defenses, leaving him gravely wounded.
Before he 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.



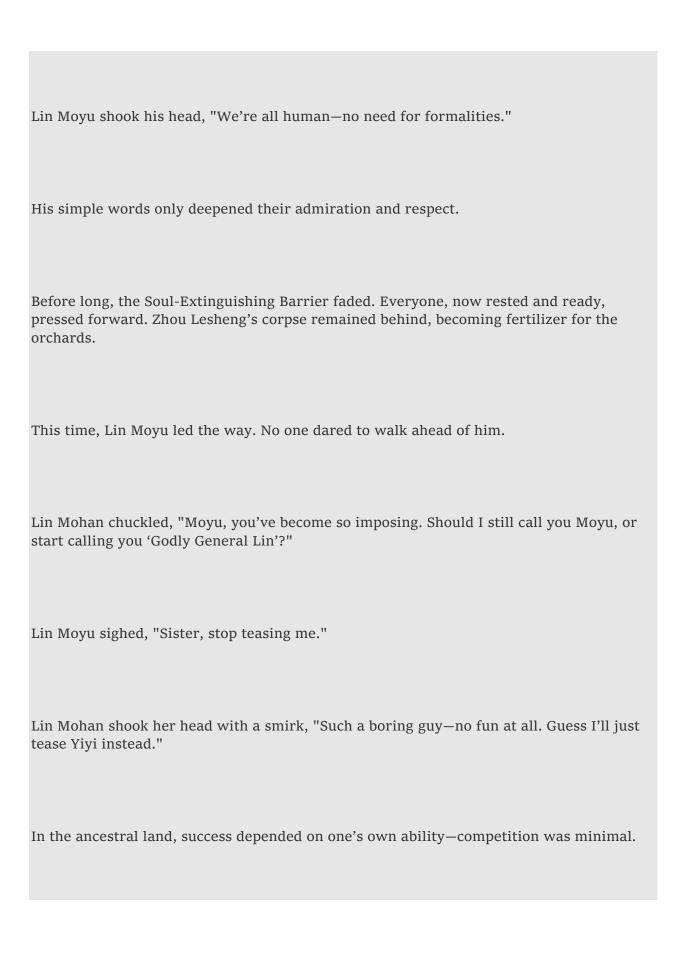
Chapter 398: If He Says He Can, Then He Definitely Can. Believe In Him

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."



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."



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.

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.	
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to the text beside it. The moment his eyes landed on the text, he froze.	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.
[Skill: Wind Slash]	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.

"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.]	
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[Wood Slash: a basic sword skill, capable of cutting through wood.]	Curious, he examined the others.
	[Skill: Wood Slash]
[Skill: Stone Slash]	[Wood Slash: a basic sword skill, capable of cutting through wood.]
	[Skill: Stone Slash]

Chapter 399: The Competition Unfolds Quietly
Without hesitation, Lin Moyu began his study in earnest.
It was clear that the next phase of the trial would be tied to these skills.
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.
After careful observation, Lin Moyu identified the distinct characteristics of each technique.
[Stone Slash: a basic sword skill, capable of cutting through stone.]

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

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

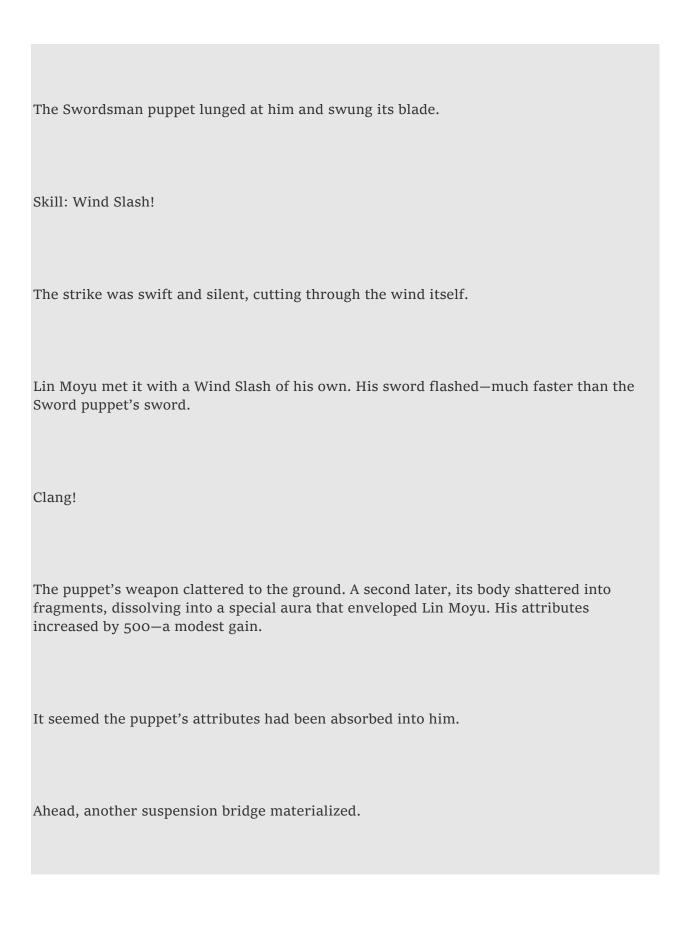
Regardless of class, everyone faced the same three tablets and skills.

tablets.

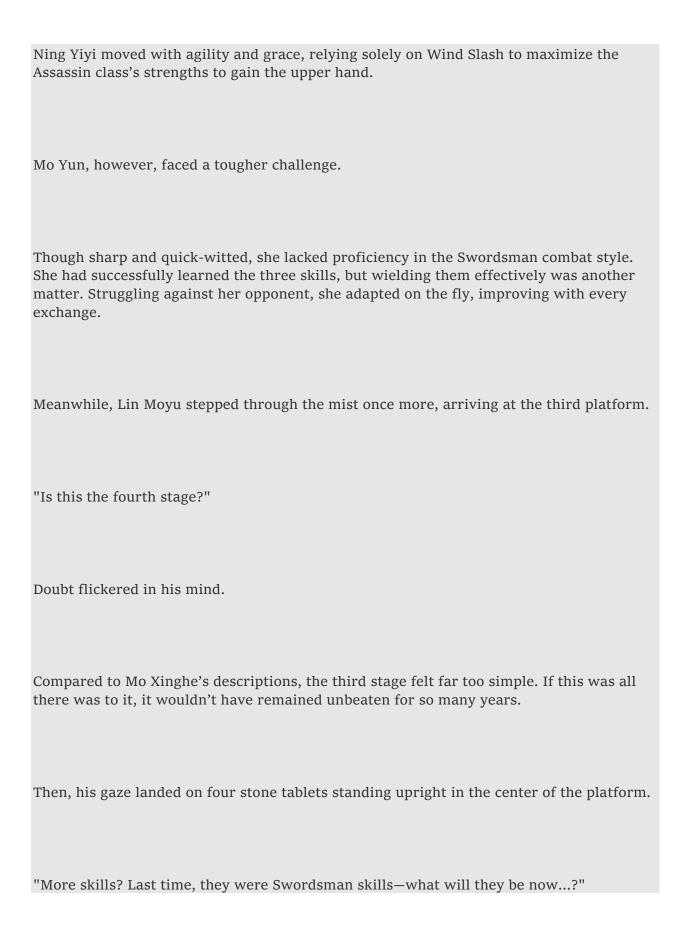
Some found their vision obscured by mist, unable to decipher the inscriptions.
This mist stemmed from the creatures they had slain—whether by accident or intent, the consequences were the same.
Those who had killed fewer creatures faced only a thin mist, while those who had slaughtered many found themselves 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.

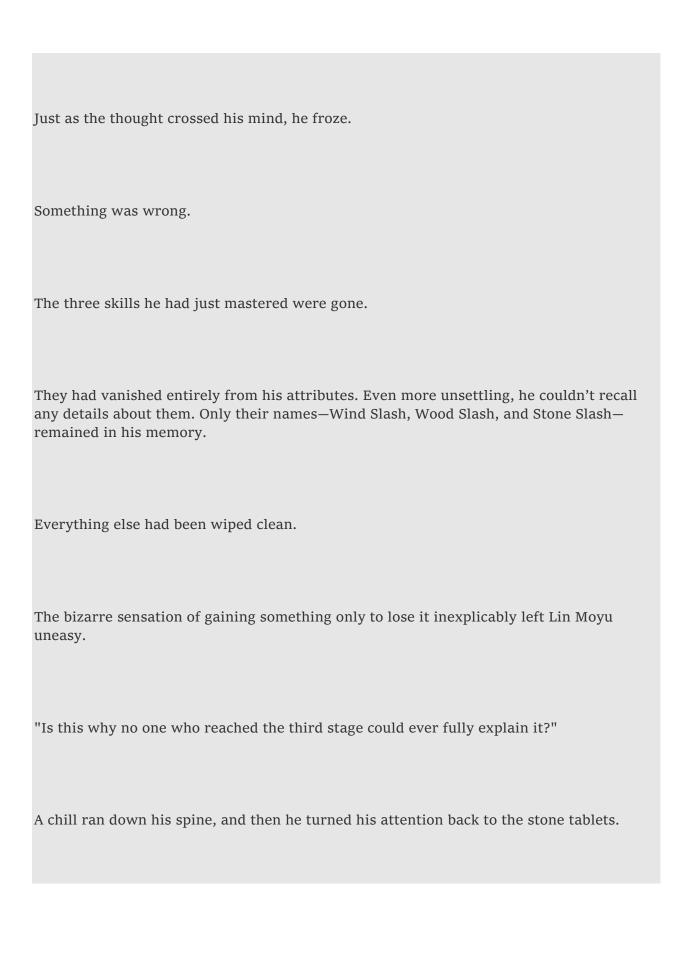
Although there were only 28 people, but their emotions varied greatly.
Three hours later, a faint tremor rippled through the platform. The stone tablets vanished, and a new suspension bridge emerged ahead.
Lin Moyu rose slowly. He had mastered the three skills over two hours ago. For him, this challenge 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.



"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.





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?!"

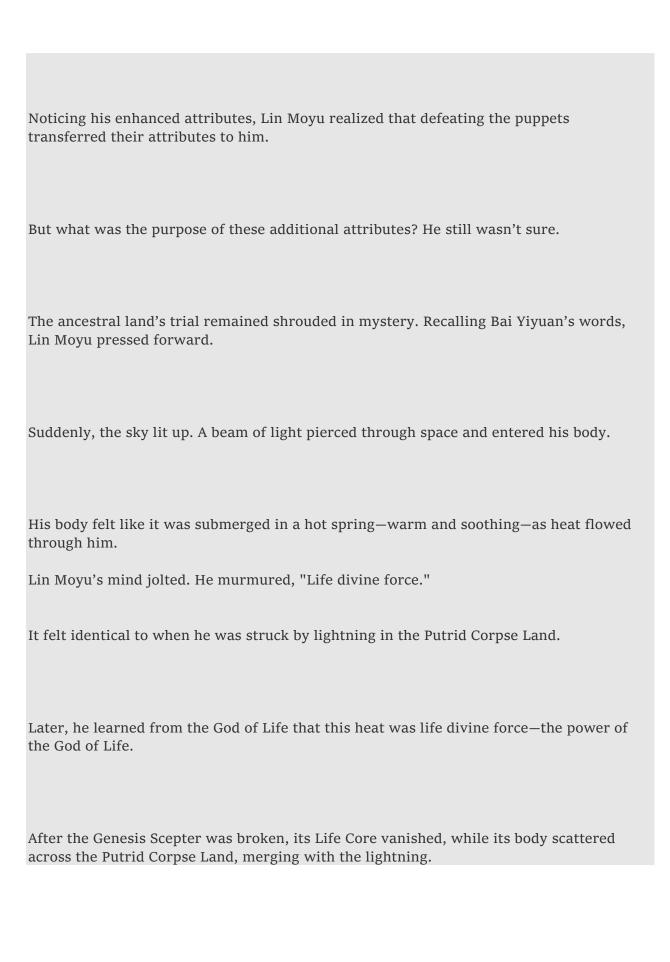
No one knew that the tablets disappeared as soon as the first person passed the level.
Lin Moyu's speed had set the pace—he cleared the challenge in almost an instant.
Some people, however, took over an hour. As a result, their learning time was significantly reduced.
Even without direct confrontation, 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

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

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

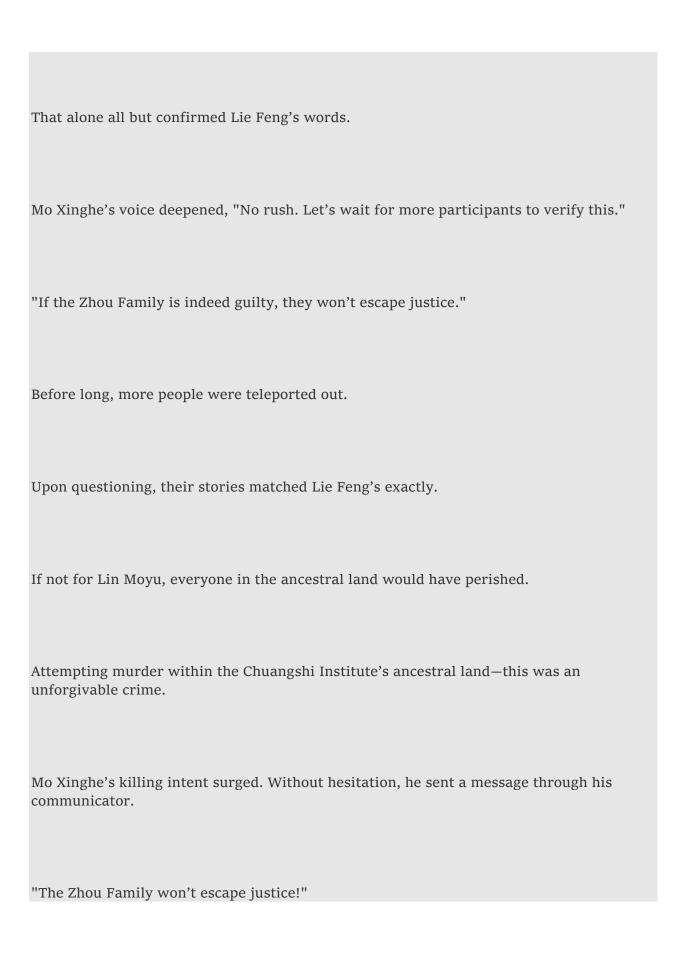
into Lin Moyu.

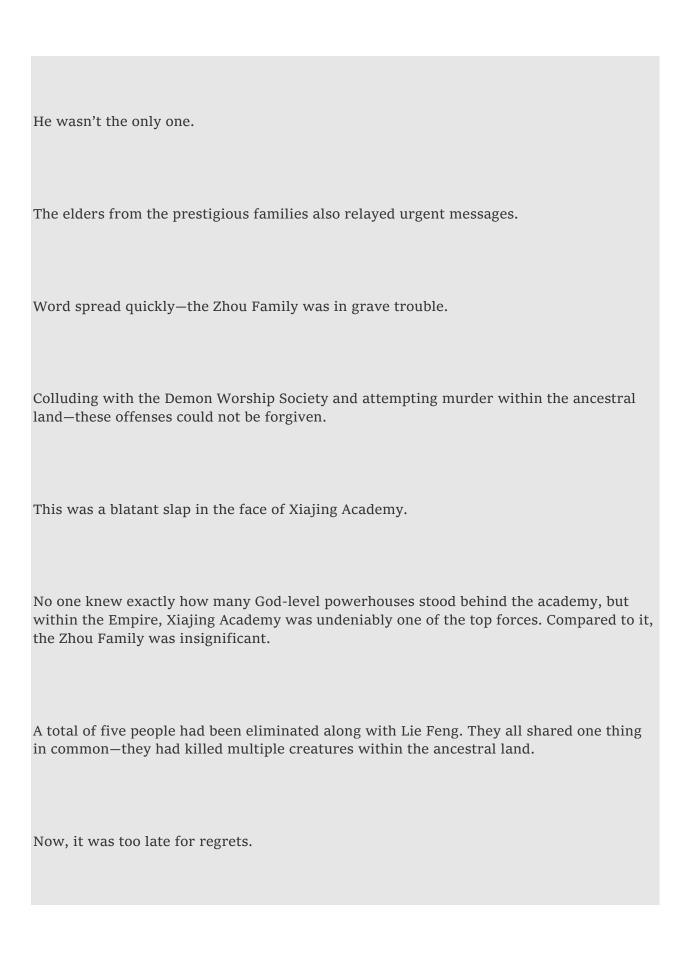


"The light Teacher spoke of must be related to the Life Core."
Lin Moyu was now certain of his guess.
Outside the ancestral land, a figure was suddenly teleported out.
Lie Feng looked around in confusion. It took him a moment to realize—he had been eliminated. But how was he eliminated?
Holding his head, 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.

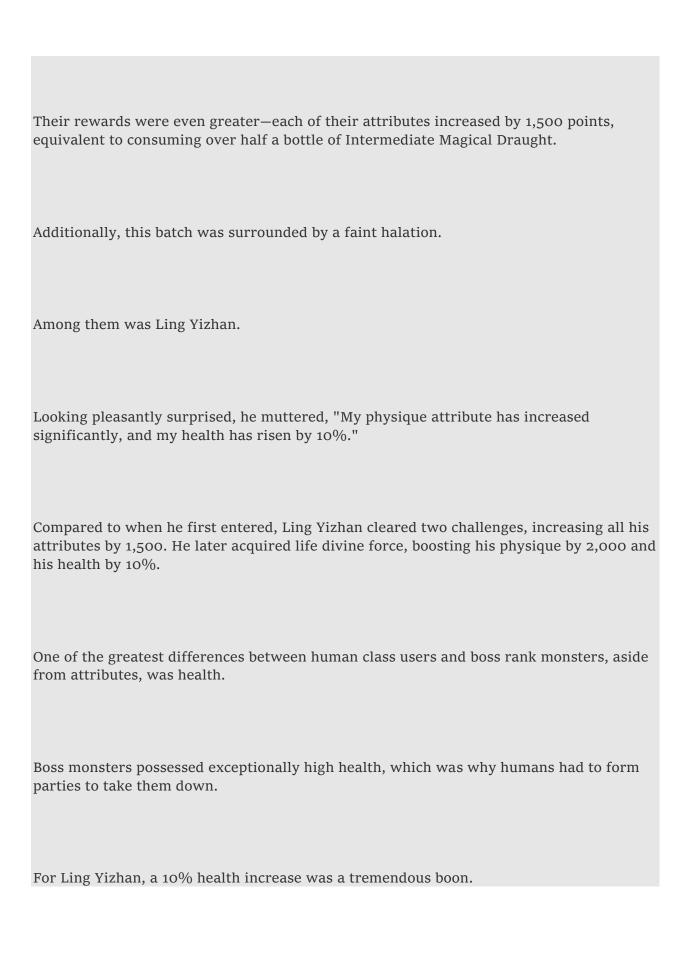
'What did you say?!"
Lie Feng's knees buckled, and he plopped on the ground with his butt, his face pale with terror.
Mo Xinghe quickly intervened, "Old Ning, calm down. Let him finish."
Ning Tairan exhaled sharply, then waved his hand, lifting Lie Feng back to his feet with a surge of elemental energy, "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 nave 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.

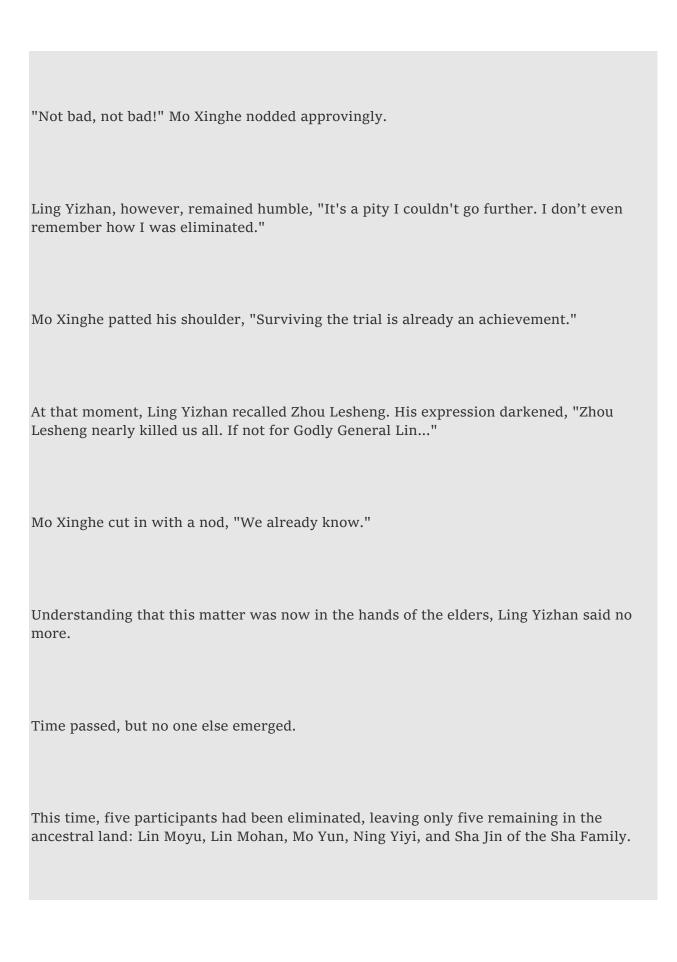




A few hours later, more participants were teleported out.
Defeated by the Mage puppet, they formed the second batch to be eliminated. The moment they emerged, they sensed the tense atmosphere and instinctively kept quiet.
Mo Xinghe observed them for a moment, thinking to himself "They should have gained 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.





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.