

## NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

# Chapter 401: Multitasking – Fighting While Healing

A thick mist shrouded the suspension bridge.

Lin Moyu had just defeated another puppet—the third one, an Archer. This time, it took him a little longer, about three minutes, to overcome it.

Defeating the Archer puppet granted him 1,500 attribute points, pushing each of his attributes to 13,000.

As another light descended upon him, and the heat inside his body grew stronger, enveloping him in a white glow. From a distance, he looked like a walking ball of light.

"The platforms are grouped in pairs—first you learn skills, then you face a challenge. Winning means passing. As the trial progresses, the skills become harder to master, and the puppets grow stronger, making each challenge more intense than the last one."

"This isn't just a test of comprehension but also of combat ability."

A realization struck Lin Moyu: the woods and orchards were actually the first stage. Learning skills and facing challenges made up the second stage. That was the proper classification.

For many years, everyone had misunderstood, likely due to memory loss upon leaving the Ancestral Land.

No one remembered this stage, leading to the widespread misconception that it was the third stage. This error had persisted for generations.

At that moment, Lin Moyu felt deep gratitude toward Bai Yiyuan, Yan Kuangsheng, and Meng Anwen.

If not for their decision to have him possess puppets during the Shenxia Tower's trial—allowing him to master every class—he wouldn't have overcome the challenges so effortlessly.

"I wonder what skills the next platform will offer."

So far, Lin Moyu had faced Swordsman, Mage, and Archer puppets.

The remaining opponents were likely Knight, Assassin, Summoner, Brawler, and other class puppets.

Upon reaching the seventh platform, he noticed a single stone tablet.

"Only one?"

A lone tablet meant just one skill. It seemed simple, but that only made Lin Moyu more cautious.

Stepping forward, he examined the inscription, his eyes flashing with astonishment.

[Skill: Cure Glimmer]

[Cure Glimmer: a low-level healing skill that heals the target and restores their health.]

A healing skill?

Lin Moyu couldn't help but picture the upcoming challenge—him and a puppet that only knew how to heal locked in a battle of relentless healing, to see who could "out-heal" the other first...

The thought alone was amusing.

Still, he decided to learn the skill.

He had never used a healing skill before.

Even when he had possessed puppets in the Shenxia Tower's trial, all the classes had been combat-oriented.

But that wouldn't stop him. He imagined himself as a Healer—one responsible for healing, restoring health, removing control effects, lifting curses, and dispelling abnormal statuses.

That was the essence of a Healer's role.

Half an hour later, a soft glow formed in his hand.

Cure Glimmer—successfully mastered.

It was his first time wielding a Healer skill, and he found the experience novel.

He cast Cure Glimmer, but without a target, the radiance faded into the air. The skill required a target to take effect.

After waiting another half hour, the stone tablet vanished, and a new suspension bridge appeared.

On another platform, Lin Mohan had just mastered Cure Glimmer when her own stone tablet disappeared.

With a smile, she remarked, "Moyu sure is really fast."

Lin Mohan knew more about the Ancestral Land than anyone, even God-level figures like Mo Xinghe. She understood some of its hidden rules.

Since her stone tablet had disappeared just thirty minutes after she arrived, it meant Lin Moyu was half an hour ahead of her.

Only he could maintain such a pace—anyone else wouldn't stand a chance.

Meanwhile, Mo Yun and Ning Yiyi furrowed their brows.

They had just set foot on the platform, but before they could even examine the stone tablet, it vanished.

Ning Yiyi stomped her foot in frustration, "What about the next level?"

Unaware of this, Lin Moyu pressed forward.

Lin Mohan had deliberately kept this rule from him, knowing that if he learned about it, he would slow down to wait for them.

She chose not to tell him—so he could advance at full speed.

Stepping onto the eighth platform, Lin Moyu saw puppets once again. But this time, the challenge was different—it wasn't combat.

At the center stood a single puppet, besieged by five others.

It was barely holding on.

Lin Moyu immediately understood.

This time, the goal wasn't to fight—it was to keep it alive.

Without hesitation, he locked onto the puppet and cast Cure Glimmer. A soft radiance wrapped around it, restoring a portion of its health.

But Cure Glimmer was just a low-level skill, its healing effect mediocre at best. He had to cast it nonstop.

He struggled to keep up.

The puppet he was protecting was nearly useless in combat, standing no chance against the five attackers.

Lin Moyu gradually realized that the real challenge of this level wasn't the skill itself—it was spirit force.

Healing constantly drained his spirit force, and no matter how vast his reserves were, they would eventually run dry.

The solution became clear.

To pass this challenge, he couldn't just heal—he had to fight.

The scattered weapons on the ground reinforced this idea. However, with no access to active combat skills—having forgotten those from before—he could only rely on raw combat techniques.

Balancing both offense and support made the challenge significantly harder.

While casting Cure Glimmer, Lin Moyu stepped forward and picked up a sword.

To him, all weapons were the same—he simply grabbed whatever was within reach.

With a brief shout, he charged into battle, thrusting his sword at one of the puppet's attackers.

Clang!

When their swords clashed, Lin Moyu immediately assessed his opponent's strength attribute—around 5,000.

This attribute was more than other participants could handle, but for him, it was nothing.



His current 13,000 strength attribute far outclassed his opponent.

Healing with one hand and fighting with the other, Lin Moyu effortlessly juggled both roles.

Multitasking like this was second nature to him.

Even without active combat skills, his combat techniques were nearly flawless.

And with Damage Transfer, he had no need for defense—all incoming damage was redirected to his skeletons.

That meant he could fight without restraint.

No hesitation. No dodging. Just pure, relentless offense.

To an outsider, his attacks might seem reckless, but only he knew the truth—this was the fastest and most efficient way to win.

Overwhelming strength. Superior technique. Absolute disregard for enemy attacks.

With these three advantages combined, he pushed his opponent to the brink in an instant.

Even when the opponent used skills, he ignored them.

A sharp flash of steel—his sword sliced clean through the opponent, cutting it to pieces.

Boom!

The puppet's body exploded into countless specks of light that merged into Lin Moyu.

But his attributes remained unchanged—this challenge wasn't over yet.

Without pause, he continued casting Cure Glimmer while engaging the next enemy.

The puppets' combat style was straightforward—he had already dissected their patterns.

This time, the fight was even shorter. Within just a couple of moves, he eliminated the second opponent.

Then the third...

In a blink, no enemies remained.

A gust of wind swept through, leaving the platform completely empty—except for the sword in his hand.

His attributes surged once again—each increased by 3,000.

Another beam of light descended, merging into his body. It was the third one since entering the Ancestral Land.

The heat within him intensified.

Outside the Ancestral Land, a faint light flickered.

One after another, Ning Yiyi and Mo Yun were teleported out.

Both of them looked confused, unable to remember anything about the trials.

Everything after stepping onto the first platform was a blur—they vaguely recalled trying to comprehend something, but nothing more.

Seeing they were unharmed, Ning Tairan and Mo Xinghe finally exhaled in relief.

Ning Tairan turned to his granddaughter, "Yiyi, check your attributes."

Ning Yiyi did—and gasped, "They've increased!"

Ning Tairan nodded, as if expecting this, "By how much?"

She quickly checked, "Strength, agility, and spirit increased by 3,000. Physique by 7,000. And I gained an additional trait—health is raised by 20%!"

Ning Tairan finally relaxed.

Based on past experiences, these gains were within the normal range.

Mo Yun's gains matched Ning Yiyi's exactly.

Of the 30 participants, one had died, while 26 had returned safely.

That meant only three remained inside—Lin Moyu, Lin Mohan, and Sha Jin of the Sha Family.

The elder of the Sha Family grinned from ear to ear.

## **Chapter 402: Do You Want The Sha Family To Be Wiped Out**

Passing through the mist once more, Lin Moyu sensed something was off.

Unlike before, everything vanished like the wind, leaving only the sword in his hand. The trial had changed.

He soon reached the end of the suspension bridge. Instead of a mere 20-meter-wide platform, he stepped onto an open plain.

A figure stood before him.

Though nearly human in appearance, Lin Moyu instinctively knew otherwise. The being's ears were pointed and longer, the face sharp and angular, as if sculpted by a blade.

The figure studied him and spoke, “Wait a moment. There’s one more person coming.”

Lin Moyu frowned. It could talk?

Then, his pupils shrank.

A hexagonal gem gleamed on the being’s forehead.

"The Life Core!" Lin Moyu muttered in his heart.

He had long suspected a connection between the Ancestral Land and the Life Core, but now, the truth was right before his eyes.

Just then, space rippled. Lin Mohan stepped out.

Seeing Lin Moyu, he stretched lazily and smirked, “Moyu, a step ahead again, huh?”

Lin Moyu wasn’t surprised that Lin Mohan had made it this far.

In his heart, she had always been strong. It had been that way since they were children.

Lin Mohan turned to the being and smirked, “So, we finally meet, Life Spren. My teacher asked me to give you this.”

She pulled out a fingernail-sized crystal from her pocket and tossed it over.

Only now did Lin Moyu learn what the being was called—Life Spren.

Catching the crystal, the Life Spren examined it briefly before shifting its gaze to Lin Mohan, “You’re his disciple?”

Lin Mohan nodded, “That’s right. My teacher said he’s fulfilled his promise. Now, it’s your turn to keep yours.”

The Life Spren pressed the crystal against the Life Core on its forehead, causing the gem to glow faintly. Then, with a flick of its hand, a ball of light shot into the air. As if it had a will of its own, the light dove into Lin Mohan’s body.

Her entire body began to glow, and her aura rose sharply.

Grinning, Lin Mohan said, “Thanks!”

The Life Spren remained expressionless, “The deal between me and him is complete. Now, it’s time for your trial. There is only one spot. Only one of you may stay. You will duel. The winner stays.”

Lin Moyu didn’t hesitate, “I don’t want—”

Lin Mohan cut him off, “No need. Send me out. This chance belongs to him.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes widened, “Sister—”

Lin Mohan cut him off again with a grin, “Come on, be good. This opportunity matters more to you than to me. I’ve already completed my third class awakening. Furthermore, I’ve gotten what I wanted.”

Lin Moyu eyed her with suspicion. He couldn’t shake the feeling that she was giving up an opportunity for his sake.

The Life Spren spoke up, “She’s telling the truth. What she gained is even better.”



Lin Mohan reassured him, “Don’t worry, little brother. I have my own path to follow. I don’t need what’s here. I only came to complete the deal.”

Lin Moyu said slowly, “You better not be lying to me.”

Lin Mohan chuckled, “If I were lying, my pants would be on fire!”

The familiar phrase stirred memories. She had always been playful, but she had never lied to him.

Turning to the Life Spren, she said, “Alright, send me out. I know the rules—I won’t speak a word about what happened here. I’ll just pretend I lost my memories.”

The Life Spren nodded and pointed at her.

In an instant, Lin Mohan became a streak of light, vanishing from the Ancestral Land.

The Life Spren then turned to Lin Moyu, “Follow me.”

Its tone was calm, devoid of emotion.

To Lin Moyu, it felt less like a living being and more like a talking puppet.

Outside the Ancestral Land, Lin Mohan emerged.

Her eyes were clear—her memories perfectly intact.

Anyone who passed the fourth challenge and met the Life Spren would retain their memories of the Ancestral Land. But they would still have to abide by its rules, not revealing what transpired inside to others.

Seeing Lin Mohan appear, Ning Yiyi ran over excitedly, “Sister Mohan, you’re out! Is Moyu still inside?”

Lin Mohan hugged her, “Yeah, Moyu is the only one left.”

“Little girl, what did you just say?” Suddenly, a sharp voice cut through the air.

An old man stepped forward, his piercing gaze locked onto Lin Mohan, “You said Godly General Lin is the only one left inside. Then tell me—where is my grandson, Sha Jin?”

His aura flared, powerful and oppressive, exceeding level 85.

Ning Yiyi's face paled, her breath quickening under the pressure.

Lin Mohan stepped in front of her, unfazed, "How should I know?"

The old man's expression darkened. His aura exploded outward, thick with fury.

Lin Mohan didn't flinch. A hint of disdain flickered across her beautiful face, "What? You want to fight?"

A thunderous voice rang out, "Sha Zhen, what are you doing?!"

Ning Tairan strode forward.

To dare bully Ning Yiyi in front of him—Sha Zhen must be tired of living.

As a God-level powerhouse, Ning Tairan's aura was even more overwhelming.

Like a heavy punch, it struck Sha Zhen, forcing him back three steps.

Only then did Sha Zhen realize his mistake—Ning Yiyi was Ning Tairan's granddaughter, his most cherished treasure.

Mo Yun stepped beside Lin Mohan and said in a low voice, "His grandson is Sha Jin, the person who killed the most creatures in the Ancestral Land."

Lin Mohan chuckled, "Oh, him? After slaughtering so many creatures, I'd bet he's already dead."

She crossed her arms, "This isn't the first time something like this happened, is it? Didn't you teach your grandson not to indiscriminately kill the creatures inside the Ancestral Land?"

Sha Zhen trembled, his voice cracking, "I told him... Jin, why didn't you listen?"

Lin Mohan's gaze swept across a few people, pointing at them one by one, "You. You. And you. You were among the first to be eliminated, weren't you? You killed plenty of creatures in there."

A smile tugged at her lips, "Consider yourselves lucky—you didn't end up like Sha Jin."

Her words hit like ice water dumped over them.

She was right. They had been the first to be eliminated.

The more creatures one killed, the thicker the mist clouding their vision, making it impossible to clearly see the stone tablets. How could they possibly pass the trial?

Not ending up like Sha Jin was already a stroke of luck.

Lin Mohan fixed her gaze on Sha Zhen, whose face had gone pale, “Do you want to fight me? Think carefully—do you want the Sha Family to be wiped out?”

A faint glow flickered on the back of her hand—the Primordial Rune had begun to shine.

Sha Zhen was level 85, but if she fought with all her might, she could still take him down.

And as for the Sha Family? She had her teacher backing her.

“Primordial Rune!” Sha Zhen froze, his eyes locked onto the glowing rune on Lin Mohan’s hand.

Anyone capable of obtaining a Primordial Rune had a formidable force behind them.

The Sha Family was strong, but not that strongest.

Just then, Mo Xinghe rushed forward, “Miss Lin, please calm down. Sha Zhen was merely worried about his grandson and lost his composure.”

Ning Tairan’s deep voice followed, “Miss Lin, let it be. Forgive him this time.”

The two men attempted to persuade Lin Mohan.

Lin Mohan smiled faintly, “Alright, for your sake, I’ll let it slide this time.”

Turning to Ning Yiyi, she said, “I’m leaving first. Hurry up and settle things with Moyu—I want to be an aunt soon.”

Ning Yiyi’s face flushed bright red, “Sister Mohan! You’re spouting nonsense again!”

Lin Mohan laughed, activated a Teleportation Stone, and vanished.

The moment she disappeared, Mo Xinghe exhaled in relief, “Old Sha, you almost brought disaster upon yourself just now.”

It was clear he and Sha Zhen knew each other.

Still shaken by Sha Jin’s fate, Sha Zhen’s expression was grim, “Brother Mo, why do you say that?”

Mo Xinghe’s voice dropped, “Her identity is not simple—she is that person’s disciple.”

Sha Zhen stiffened.

That person?

A thought struck him. Realization dawned.

His face drained of color, eyes flickering with panic.

“No way...” He muttered in disbelief.

Mo Xinghe continued, “Not only that, but she is also the older sister of Godly General Lin—who is the disciple of Mad God, White God, and Serene God.”

Sha Zhen froze, trembling.

Ning Tairan snorted coldly, “Keep your eyes open next time—don’t bring disaster upon yourself and the Sha Family.”

A long silence followed before Sha Zhen finally came to his senses.

He had nearly dragged the Sha Family into catastrophe.

Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that this stunning woman had such a terrifying background.

A shiver ran down his spine, “Thank you for the warning, Brother Mo. I’ll head back first to take care of Jin’s resurrection.”



Sha Jin was dead—but not truly gone.

There was still a chance to bring him back.

However, the process wouldn't be easy.

And it would come at a cost.

## Chapter 403: A Mythical Rank Weapon And Nonexistent Reality

Lin Moyu followed the Life Spren into a valley. Along the way, he encountered various critters—rabbits, kittens, puppies... Then came snakes and other predators.

A multitude of creatures surrounded him, yet none attacked. His aura was too pure. Even the predators only watched him with curiosity.

Moving carefully, Lin Moyu ensured he didn't step on even the smallest insect.

The Life Spren spoke flatly, "You haven't killed a single creature. That is good."

“You ate the First Fruit and survived. That is also good.”

“Your perception is exceptional. The First Fruit helped, but your perception was high to begin with.”

“In over a thousand years, you are the most qualified person I have ever seen to obtain it—without exception.”

Its voice was placid, devoid of emotion, yet Lin Moyu sensed goodwill.

“What exactly is ‘it’ that you’re referring to?” Lin Moyu asked.

The Life Spren replied, “It’s light. You will see it soon.”

As they entered the valley, Lin Moyu felt a vibrant life force. Flowers bloomed in abundance, and animals roamed freely.

Yet, none of them were real. They were formed entirely of the light element, appearing so lifelike that they were indistinguishable from true living creatures.

It was a strange phenomenon. Everything looked real, yet it all felt false.

The only thing Lin Moyu was certain was real... was the Life Spren before him.

“Do you feel it?” The Life Spren suddenly asked.

Lin Moyu was slightly taken aback, “Feel what?”

“The falsehood of life—the nonexistent reality.”

Though the Life Spren’s tone remained unchanged, Lin Moyu detected a faint trace of disdain... and sorrow.

Suddenly, the Life Spren stopped.

At that moment, a light descended—dazzling and radiant. Lin Moyu instinctively closed his eyes.

Yet he saw it.

A shifting light, ever-changing, dancing through the air.

At times, it took the form of lightning, splitting through space. Other times, it became a spinning sphere, scattering countless motes of brilliance. It never remained still, always transforming, endlessly flowing.

Under its glow, the false creatures leaped and cheered, reveling in its presence.

Beneath it, grass, flowers, and trees withered and regrew in an endless cycle—a spectacle both bizarre and mystical.

From the light's radiance, Lin Moyu sensed the unmistakable aura of life—the same as the Genesis Scepter.

In that moment, he was certain that this light was related to the Life Core.

The Life Spren spoke, “This is what you seek. Whether you can obtain it... will depend on your luck.”

Lin Moyu asked, “Do I have to touch it?”

The Life Spren scoffed, “That would kill you.”

For the first time, Lin Moyu caught a flicker of disdain in its eyes.

“First, try approaching it.” The Life Spren continued, “See if you can withstand its radiance.”

With a mere gesture, the creatures surrounding Lin Moyu scattered, clearing a direct path to the light.

Lin Moyu stepped forward.

Under the light’s glow, numerous strands of life divine force surged into his body.

The heat inside him flared up, growing stronger—multiplying exponentially.

Lin Moyu’s body radiated light, as if he were a being made of pure light.

But when pushed to the extreme, things reversed—too much life divine force flooded in, pushing his body past its limits, causing harm.

Yet every ounce of damage was instantly transferred to his undead army via Damage Transfer.

Step by step, Lin Moyu pressed on.

And then he understood.

Why this place, despite its overwhelming life force, had not a single true living creature.

Everything—the grass, the flowers, the animals—was a construct of pure life divine force.

This was what the Life Spren had meant by, “The falsehood of life—the nonexistent reality.”

A phrase from his past life surfaced in his mind: "Overly pure water harbors no fish."

When life divine force reached its peak, it didn't nurture—it destroyed.

Lin Moyu arrived directly beneath the sphere of light.

For the first time, a trace of anticipation flickered in the Life Spren's eyes.

It wanted Lin Moyu to take it.

At that moment, Lin Moyu willed the Genesis Scepter into his grasp.

The Life Core (fake)—crafted by the God of Life—on the Genesis Scepter radiated brilliant light.

The moment Lin Moyu brought out the Genesis Scepter, the sphere of light reacted—rushing toward it as if it had found its final destination.

In an instant, the scepter was engulfed, radiating an overwhelming brilliance that illuminated the entire valley.

Lin Moyu instinctively closed his eyes. The Life Spren did the same.

The light poured into the Genesis Scepter, using it as a conduit to flood into Lin Moyu's body.

Boom!

His entire being trembled violently. All his limits shattered.

His sealed skills and attributes returned.

The attributes he had gained in the Ancestral Land became his own, fusing seamlessly into his body.

Consuming the First Fruit had increased all attributes by 10,000. Conquering four challenges granted another 6,000. The three infusions of life divine force strengthened his physique by 8,000 and increased his health by 30%.

Every gain was directly integrated into his base attributes—without a single loss.

Strength, agility, and spirit increased by 16,000. Physique grew by 24,000. Health surged by 30%

As the light continued to pour into his body, both physique and health continued climbing.

Meanwhile, the Life Core (fake) embedded in the Genesis Scepter shimmered, undergoing a profound transformation.

Lin Moyu could feel it—it was evolving. Becoming real.



Then, something unexpected happened.

Fragments broke free from the hexagonal gem on the Life Spren's forehead.

Each piece, though no larger than a fingernail, radiated an immense life divine force.

They drifted toward the scepter, merging into the Life Core.

The Life Core's aura became purer and more formidable.

The Life Spren was on its knees, not daring to resist.

From the moment Lin Moyu had revealed the Genesis Scepter, it had already fallen to its knees.

Finally, the life divine force reached its limit, and the flow ceased.

The sphere of light and the Genesis Scepter separated.

The sphere of light rose into the air, scattering the aura of life across the land.

However, Lin Moyu noticed something—it was smaller than before, at least by one-third.

Meanwhile, the Genesis Scepter had transformed. Its surface was now more crystalline, gleaming like an immaculate white gem.

The Life Core embedded on it had also changed, looking flawless.

Lin Moyu immediately cast the Detection spell.

[Genesis Scepter (damaged core): mythical rank weapon, all attributes +400,000, usable after level 90. Skills: Light of Life, Light of Extinction.]

[Light of Life: grants comprehensive healing to the target.]

[Light of Extinction: delivers a fatal blow to the target.]

Lin Moyu's eyes flickered.

The Genesis Scepter had changed.

It was no longer in the fake core state—the core had evolved into a real Life Core, though not fully restored.

The Genesis Scepter was now in the damaged core state.

Even so, it had regained its status as a mythical rank weapon, no longer restricted by the previous three-use limit.

A weapon worthy of the God of Life.

Even in its damaged state, it granted a staggering 400,000 increase to all attributes and provided two formidable skills—one for healing, one for attacking.

Lin Moyu's heart suddenly thumped.

He thought of another weapon—the Monarch Scepter (incomplete) he had obtained before.

Although it was only a legendary rank weapon, but it granted a 500,000 increase to all attributes—even more than the mythical rank Genesis Scepter.

In that case, which God had left behind the Monarch Scepter? Lin Moyu's mind reeled at the implications.

Lost in thought, he noticed the Life Spren out of the corner of his eye, still kneeling, trembling slightly.

“What's wrong?” Lin Moyu asked, frowning.

The Life Spren's voice was still flat, yet laced with reverence, “I greet you, Master.”

Lin Moyu's expression stiffened, “I'm not your master.”

How had he suddenly gained a servant?

The Life Spren slowly lifted its head, “Whoever wields the Genesis Scepter is my master.”

Lin Moyu's gaze sharpened, “You know about the Genesis Scepter?”

The Life Spren nodded and rose to its feet, “Please follow me, Master.”

With the Life Spren leading the way, Lin Moyu stepped into a cavern.

Inside, murals lined the walls—moving, shifting like the diagrams on the skill stone tablets he had seen previously.

As he gazed upon them, memories of plucking the First Fruit surfaced.

And in that moment, everything fell into place.

The mystery was finally unraveled.

## **Chapter 404: Peeling Back A Corner Of The Mist, Only To Find Deeper Mysteries**

As the mist parted, Lin Moyu finally saw the truth.

Everything connected into an undeniable thread.

The great war that once raged in the Genesis Realm—now the Putrid Corpse Land—revolved around the Genesis Scepter.

The former God of Life had mysteriously perished, only leaving behind the Genesis Scepter, a prize coveted by all.

For the Gods, the Genesis Scepter was a path to ascend as the new God of Life, a high-rank God. To mid- and low-rank Gods, this was an irresistible temptation.

Humans, too, yearned for it. By studying high-rank God power, they could ascend into the Transcendent God-level. The allure of reaching the Transcendent God-level was equally irresistible to human class users.

Demons and Dragonkind sought the same thing—evolution, strength, supremacy.

Thus, a four-way war erupted in the Genesis Realm. Countless powerful beings clashed in a brutal struggle for the Genesis Scepter.

In the aftermath, the Genesis Realm lay in ruins. In the end, a God made the ultimate sacrifice, casting a forbidden spell that transformed the world into the Putrid Corpse Land.

The fallen—Gods, humans, Demons, and Dragonkind alike—were buried there and turned into Putrid Corpses.

The Genesis Scepter did not emerge unscathed either. Damaged in the great war, its shaft fused with the Genesis Lightning of the Putrid Corpse Land—leaving behind a final sliver of hope.

As for the Genesis Scepter's most crucial component—the Life Core—it had vanished.

Lin Moyu carefully examined the murals, each one aligning perfectly with what he already knew and understood. But then, the story continued beyond the Life Core's disappearance.

“This...” Lin Moyu's breath caught as a chill ran down his spine.

The murals depicted the Life Core drifting through space, arriving in a vast, empty void. There, it floated alone—until a colossal hand emerged from nowhere.

The Life Core, which had withstood the chaos of the great war unscathed, now seemed impossibly fragile. The hand closed around it, crushing it like a mere toy.

With its destruction, space itself collapsed.

Fragments scattered in all directions. Among them, a streak of light tore through time and space, eventually descending upon the Human World, landing on an isolated island.

Years later, a human powerhouse noticed the island's unusual energy and established the Chuangshi Institute there.

At that moment, Lin Moyu's mind reeled—he had seen this before, when he picked the First Fruit. The visions matched perfectly.

That streak of light contained the Life Core's fundamental energy.

Meanwhile, the shattered fragments of its outer shell—the vessel—held its physical structure. Only by reuniting them could the Life Core be fully restored, and with it, the Genesis Scepter.

The light overflowed with boundless life divine force. It nourished the Ancestral Land, yet paradoxically, its intensity left no space for true life. Every animal, every blade of grass—mere manifestations of life divine force.

In the entire Ancestral Land, only one being truly lived—the Life Spren.

When the light descended, it was already there. Bathed in life divine force, it survived through the ages, evolving into what it had become.

Bound by the life divine force, the Life Spren became the servant of the God of Life.



And now, Lin Moyu stood before him, holding the Genesis Scepter—the very symbol of the God of Life’s authority. Whether Lin Moyu was truly the God of Life or not was irrelevant; the scepter's power alone made him the Life Spren’s master.

For countless years, the Life Spren had searched for a worthy successor of the light. Yet none had ever met its criteria—until now.

Lin Moyu, however, shook his head. Becoming the God of Life? The thought had never crossed his mind.

He was human and could never become a God, for the two walked fundamentally different paths.

If Lin Moyu wanted to restore the Genesis Scepter, he had to gather the Life Core’s scattered fragments.

The tiny shard Lin Mohan had brought—barely the size of a fingernail—was one such fragment.

Over time, the Life Spren had acquired more through trade, and thanks to its efforts, the Genesis Scepter had recovered to a damaged state.

Lin Moyu's mind drifted back to the giant hand in the void—the one that had effortlessly crushed the Life Core.

A mythical rank weapon's core was nearly indestructible, yet it had been shattered like glass.

What kind of existence possessed such power?

Lin Moyu couldn't begin to fathom it.

He had peeled back a single corner of the mist, only to find deeper mysteries waiting beyond.

With a soft sigh, he turned to the Life Spren, "You can't leave the Ancestral Land, can you?"

The Life Spren nodded, "My existence depends on the radiance of life divine force."

Its very being was bound to the Life Core's essence, which remained within the Ancestral Land. Until Lin Moyu reached level 90—until he could truly wield the Genesis Scepter—he lacked the power to free it.

Lin Moyu pondered for a moment before asking, "Then what about the trials? Where did the tablets come from?"

Neither the visions he saw when picking the First Fruit nor the murals before him made any mention of the stone tablets used in the trials.

He was certain of one thing—the tablets weren't created by the Life Spren.

The script carved upon them was unlike any language of this world. Instead, it bore a striking resemblance to ancient Chinese characters.

The Life Spren shook its head, "I don't know either. They have existed for as long as I can remember."

It seemed Lin Moyu wouldn't be getting any answers here.

The Life Spren led him on a tour of the Ancestral Land, which was essentially a secret realm existing within its own independent space. Its entrance lay on the very island where the Chuangshi Institute stood.

Within this vast domain, there was nothing—only a series of trials.

As Lin Moyu prepared to leave, the Life Spren gazed at him, eyes unwavering.

"Master, if you gain control over life divine force in the future, will you take me away from here?"

Lin Moyu agreed without hesitation, "Of course."

The Life Spren's eyes lit up, "Thank you, Master."

For countless years, it had known only solitude.

The life divine force that granted it an endless existence also condemned it to eternal loneliness.

It was self-aware. It longed to see the world beyond this isolated land.

Outside the Ancestral Land, most people had already left, but a few remained—Mo Xinghe, Ning Tairan, Ning Yiyi, and Mo Yun.

Ning Yiyi's brows furrowed in concern, "It's been so long... why hasn't Moyu come out yet?"

Mo Yun gently took her hand, offering a reassuring smile, "Don't worry. He'll be fine."

Ning Tairan snorted, "That brat is harder to kill than a cockroach. He made it back from the Putrid Corpse Land—what's the Ancestral Land in comparison?"

Mo Xinghe chuckled, "Don't worry. As long as one doesn't go around slaughtering the creatures, there's no real danger in the Ancestral Land."

By now, half a day had passed since Ning Yiyi emerged. Even if there were more trials, things should be wrapping up soon.

Finally, after a few more hours, a faint spatial ripple appeared—the entrance to the Ancestral Land sealed shut.

The moment Lin Moyu emerged, a soft, warm figure leaped into his arms.

The familiar scent surrounded him, and Lin Moyu gently embraced Ning Yiyi, "What's wrong?"

She simply rubbed her head against his chest, saying nothing.

Ning Tairan asked, "Kid, how did it go?"

Lin Moyu understood immediately, "I got it."

Ning Tairan was referring to the 'light'—life divine force.

Lin Moyu had indeed obtained it.

"How much did your attributes increase?"

Lin Moyu glanced at his attributes. In the Ancestral Land, he already knew his attributes had increased significantly.

He answered calmly, "Strength, agility, and spirit increased by 16,000 each. Physique increased by 32,000. Health increased by 50%."

His tone was indifferent, but both Ning Tairan and Mo Xinghe were both visibly shocked.

Ning Tairan muttered, "Your attributes... have practically soared."

Mo Xinghe added, "Your attributes are probably more than double those of others at the same level."

Double? That was an understatement.

Ning Tairan, aware of Lin Moyu's second class awakening, knew his attributes far surpassed his peers. He didn't know the exact numbers, but he was certain it wasn't just double.

Mo Yun stepped forward, smiling, "Congratulations! You've completely shattered past the limit. Your chances of achieving class sublimation during your third class awakening have been raised by a great margin."

The more one's attributes exceeded the threshold, the higher the chances of undergoing class sublimation during the third class awakening.

Lin Moyu responded softly, "The same goes for you."

Ning Yiyi lifted her head, her voice full of encouragement, "Sister Yun, you too! You'll definitely achieve class sublimation during your third class awakening!"

## Chapter 405: Time To Close The Net

In the White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan shot over ten meters into the air.

With a loud bang, his chair exploded into fragments, scattering debris across the ground. If not for Meng Anwen's quick reflexes, the entire courtyard might have been wrecked.

Overwhelmed with excitement, Bai Yiyuan's power surged uncontrollably, his God-level aura rippling through the surroundings. He grabbed Lin Moyu's shoulders and demanded, "Say that again."

Lin Moyu, a hint of helplessness in his eyes, repeated his attributes once more.

[Name: Lin Moyu]

[Class: Necrolord (unique)]

[Level: 45 (2.00%)]

[Strength: 68,110]



[Agility: 68,110]

[Spirit: 154,460]

[Physique: 84,110]

Bai Yiyuan still couldn't believe his ears and asked Lin Moyu to repeat it.

Important things were worth saying three times.

After hearing it a third time, he finally accepted that his ears weren't deceiving him.

Meng Anwen, though also shaken, remained far calmer than Bai Yiyuan—at least his chair didn't explode, though it was now covered in cracks.

Bai Yiyuan exclaimed, "That means your total attributes exceed 350,000?"

Meng Anwen, trying to keep his voice steady, corrected him, "374,790."

Bai Yiyuan counted on his fingers, "Level 45 mid-tier legendary class users barely surpass 100,000 in total attributes... You've outclassed them by over 270,000!"

"Damn! Your strength surpasses Warriors, your agility outpaces Assassins, and your physique puts Knights to shame."

"Are you even a Mage?"

Bai Yiyuan scrutinized Lin Moyu from head to toe, his piercing gaze making Lin Moyu's hair stand on end.

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Old Bai, act normal."

Bai Yiyuan shot back, "What do you mean? I am normal! It's this kid who's not!"

Meng Anwen smiled, "Moyu reached this stage by pushing every aspect to its absolute limit."

His gaze locked onto Lin Moyu, "Moyu, do you understand the significance of your existence?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. He had never thought that far ahead—his focus had always been on doing his best, not contemplating his own importance.

Meng Anwen continued, "You are a towering peak."

"You will show future generations the true limits of the human race."

"Right now, you are the pinnacle for high-level class users."

"When you undergo your third class awakening and then ascend to God-level, you will become the pinnacle of humanity itself."

Lin Moyu hadn't expected such high praise. He felt slightly overwhelmed.

Bai Yiyuan added, "I don't know how powerful Transcendent God-level powerhouses are, but when you reach level 97, you might just be able to challenge them."

His words were almost absurd.

At higher levels, even a single level difference meant an enormous gap in power. Fighting above one's level grew exponentially harder.

But Lin Moyu couldn't refute him, "Teacher, I don't know if I can do it, but if there's a chance, I'll try."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "You'd need a Transcendent God-level powerhouse for that."

But there were no Transcendent God-level powerhouses among humans. Who could Lin Moyu possibly test himself against?

Bai Yiyuan grinned, "Once you reach God-level, I'll take you to the Abyss. We'll use those Demon bastards to test your strength."

Lin Moyu smiled faintly, "Alright."

When it came to Demons, he would show no mercy.

Meng Anwen continued, "With your current attributes, plus the Elemental Divine Stone and the God Blood Potion, your chances of class sublimation during your third class awakening have already exceeded 70%."

"But that's still not foolproof. We need to find ways to increase the chances further."

Bai Yiyuan interjected, "The old man has a treasure that greatly boosts class sublimation during the third class awakening."

Meng Anwen shook his head, "There's no point in bringing that up. He must have used it already."

Lin Moyu nodded. He knew Lin Mohan had undergone two class sublimations, so the treasure had likely been spent on her.

Bai Yiyuan clarified, "I'm not asking for the item itself, but for the place where he got it."

Meng Anwen immediately dismissed the idea, "No use asking. The old man won't tell you. He's ridiculously tight-lipped. Push him too hard, and he might just beat you up and throw you out."

Bai Yiyuan frowned, "Then what do we do?"

It was clear he genuinely wanted to help Lin Moyu maximize his chances.

Lin Moyu offered a solution, "How about I ask my sister to inquire about it?"

Bai Yiyuan clapped his hands, "Great idea!"

But Meng Anwen shook his head, "Actually, there's no need to ask. I can deduce it myself."

Bai Yiyuan turned to him, "Then why didn't you say so earlier?"

Ignoring him, Meng Anwen continued, "First, the old man only obtained that treasure after reaching God-level. He was so excited that he went around searching for a disciple."

Bai Yiyuan nodded, "That's right. Back then, he regretted failing to achieve class sublimation during his own third class sublimation, which he regretted greatly. He once said he was determined to make sure his disciple succeeded in two class sublimations."

Meng Anwen's eyes sharpened, "Then do you remember where the old man went after becoming a God-level powerhouse?"

Bai Yiyuan thought for a long time but couldn't recall, "That was ages ago—I've long forgotten. Just spill it out."

Meng Anwen said, "The old man made a trip to the Immemorial Battlefield. Back then, there were rumors he was searching for a spatial channel."

Lin Moyu and Bai Yiyuan's eyes lit up simultaneously, "He went to the upper layer's core area!"

Meng Anwen nodded, “Exactly. My guess is that he ventured into the core area of the upper layer. That means the treasure must be linked to that boss there.”

Bai Yiyuan’s eyes gleamed, “Moyu, didn’t the Righteous God give you something to bring to that boss? Plus, it seems like that boss wants to strike a deal with you. Why not ask about it when the time comes?”

Lin Moyu nodded, “Alright. I plan to go there after reaching level 50.”

Meng Anwen cautioned, “No rush. Your third class awakening is still a long way off, and the core area is extremely dangerous. Those ancient bosses are no joke.”

Lin Moyu then recounted what had happened in the Ancestral Land—how Zhou Lesheng had colluded with the Demon Worship Society and attempted to wipe them out.

Bai Yiyuan sneered, “The Zhou Family... I’ve disliked them for a long time. Just because they possess the Sacred Light Knight bloodline, they act like they’re above the military and the empire.”

“This time, we need a thorough investigation. Let’s see what skeletons they have hidden in their closet.”

Meng Anwen sneered, “The Demon Worship Society has been getting bolder these past two years. Their activities are ramping up.”

“They think that by infiltrating the military, the empire, and the major families, they can ensure their safety.”

“One big fish after another has surfaced. The list of names is complete. It’s time for a reckoning.”

No matter how secretive the Demon Worship Society was, they were bound to leave traces.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan’s people had been investigating for a long time, compiling an extensive list of names.

But to avoid alerting the enemy, they had only taken action against a select few—those deemed necessary targets.

For instance, the individuals in the military who had set up Lin Moyu during the dungeon explosion incident—they had already been dealt with.

At the time, both Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan had flown into a rage, their fury palpable, making it seem as though they were simply outraged over their disciple being tricked.



This misled the Demon Worship Society into believing that as long as their hidden members remained inactive, they wouldn't be exposed.

Little did they know, Meng Anwen had already gathered a comprehensive list of names.

"Where's Teacher Yan?" Lin Moyu suddenly asked, realizing he hadn't seen Yan Kuangsheng since returning.

Bai Yiyuan scoffed, "That madman went to the Bloody Land. Said he had a breakthrough in his murderous aura and wanted to test it against the Bloodthirsty Pythons."

"As if we don't know him—he was just itching for a fight, nothing more."

Meng Anwen chuckled, "I actually think Old Yan might genuinely break through this time. If he reaches level 96, you might be in for a beating or two."

Bai Yiyuan waved him off, "Hah! I doubt he'll reach level 96. But even if he does, do you think I'd be afraid of him?"

Lin Moyu smiled slightly. Despite their constant bickering, if a real battle broke out, Bai Yiyuan and Yan Kuangsheng would undoubtedly stand side by side.

Just then, Lin Moyu's communicator vibrated.

He glanced at the screen, and his expression shifted slightly, "Teachers, my friend is in danger."

The message was from Shi Xing'an.

It contained only a location and two words: *Save me*.

Lin Moyu's expression darkened. Without hesitation, he shared the location with Meng Anwen.

Meng Anwen's eyes narrowed, "It's in the Dimensional Battlefield, near Fortress No. 4."

The Shenxia Tower emerged out of the blue, quickly calculating the teleportation node.

Bai Yiyuan patted Lin Moyu's shoulder, "I'm coming with you."

Lin Moyu had been about to ask him to join. Something about this message felt off.

Shi Xing'an wasn't the type to send such a distress call.

Meng Anwen completed the calculations, his voice low, "Get ready—go!"

A beam of light descended.

In an instant, the two vanished.

## Chapter 406: If You Want to Kill Me, You'd Better Show Some Real Effort

The moment the teleportation ended, a barrage of attacks rained down on Lin Moyu and Bai Yiyuan.

Bolts of lightning struck Lin Moyu, shattering his Bone Armor in a brilliant explosion. The remaining damage was absorbed by his undead army.

Bai Yiyuan's defense was even more astonishing—his body radiated a golden glow, energy automatically circulating around him, blocking every incoming strike.

Lin Moyu was immobilized for two seconds due to the teleportation stasis, while Bai Yiyuan's stasis lasted less than half a second. Yet, in that brief moment, they withstood over a thousand lightning strikes.

With a roar, Bai Yiyuan unleashed a surge of energy, forming a protective barrier around himself and Lin Moyu, completely fending off the assault.

"Moyu, are you alright?" Bai Yiyuan asked anxiously.

Lin Moyu had already recovered. He shook his head, "I'm fine."

Even without Bai Yiyuan's protection, these attacks wouldn't have harmed him. His physique attribute was exceptionally high, and he possessed various elemental resistances—particularly 80% resistance to light and lightning. Coupled with the 500% damage reduction, the impact of lightning attacks was reduced by 25 times.

Layer by layer, the lightning's power diminished before being transferred to his undead army, leaving him virtually unscathed.

The sky loomed dark and oppressive.

Ten Dragonkind warships hovered above, with more approaching in the distance. Massive Magic Crystals embedded in their hulls pulsed with strong light, firing beams of destruction.

The earlier lightning barrage was merely an appetizer—now came the main course.

Meng Anwen's teleportation had landed them slightly off-target, preventing the Dragonkind warships from locking on immediately. Forced to attack with lightning—far from their strongest weapon.

"What a grand display!" Bai Yiyuan barked coldly as God-level power erupted from him, effortlessly blocking the incoming attacks.

This level of assault couldn't harm him.

Lin Moyu quickly scanned his surroundings.

The moment he received the message, he knew something was off—Shi Xing'an would never send such a thing. It was clearly a trap.

Yet, if the enemy had used Shi Xing'an's communicator to contact him, it meant one thing: Shi Xing'an was alive but in danger. If he were dead, his communicator would have deactivated automatically.

That left Lin Moyu with no choice—he had to rescue him.

Shi Xing'an wasn't just an acquaintance; he was one of the few people Lin Moyu considered a friend.

Initially, he had suspected the Abyssal Demons or the Demon Worship Society, but to his surprise, the culprits were the Dragonkind.

How did they know about his connection to Shi Xing'an?

There had to be a traitor within the human race—someone had conspired with the Dragonkind.

Lin Moyu clenched his fists, murderous intent surging in his heart.

Trying to kill him was one thing. But using his friend as bait and betraying humanity? Unforgivable.

A massive Dragonkind shot toward him like a lightning bolt, spear raised high before slashing down with terrifying force.

"Dragon King!" Lin Moyu's pupils shrank. The aura was unmistakable—this was a Dragon King, the Dragonkind's equivalent of a God-level powerhouse.

He had encountered one before in the Putrid Corpse Land and recognized the overwhelming presence instantly.

Bai Yiyuan laughed heartily, "Even a Dragon King has been dispatched! Moyu, the Dragonkind must think quite highly of you!"

With a swing of his right fist, Bai Yiyuan unleashed a devastating force, sending the Dragon King hurtling through the air.

"Teacher, focus on the Dragon King. I'll handle the warships." Lin Moyu said.

Bai Yiyuan raised an eyebrow, "Are you sure?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "I am."

Without hesitation, he reactivated his Bone Armor. A crackling surge of energy erupted as his Lightning Wings unfurled.

Like a flash of lightning, he shot forward.

Bai Yiyuan, laughing wildly, charged at the Dragon King. If Lin Moyu said he could handle it, then as his teacher, Bai Yiyuan would believe in him. Besides, it had been too long since he'd had a proper fight—his hands itching for battle.

Lin Moyu pushed the Lightning Wings to the limit, reaching a warship in an instant.

The massive vessel was encased in a powerful barrier, through which he saw Dragonkind Warriors stationed on board.

Hovering above the barrier, he unleashed an undead legion.

750 skeletons landed atop the barrier at once.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors raised their axes and struck fiercely.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched a synchronized assault.

A crimson glow engulfed the sky. The warship's barrier held against physical attacks but couldn't stop curses from taking effect.

Dragonkind Warriors aboard the warship stiffened as the curse activated, their movements slowing.



At level 45, Deterioration Curse's range was 150 meters, but with the amplification of Lin Moyu's talent, it expanded to 7,500 meters, covering nearly the entire battlefield.

Even the Dragon King, locked in fierce combat with Bai Yiyuan, was affected.

Under the curse, speed was reduced by 125 times, and incoming damage increased by 17.5 times.

Though Dragonkind had strong curse resistance, their speed still dropped by at least threefold, and the damage they suffered more than doubled.

The Dragon King roared, his bloodline power surging as he forcefully purged the curse.

Aboard the warship, Dragonkind Healers frantically cast spells, scrambling to dispel the curse.

But the sheer number of cursed Dragonkind made it a slow process.

Before the crimson light fully faded, a brilliant green explosion lit up the sky.

Skill: Poison Starburst!

The skill engulfed the battlefield, poisoning the entire Dragonkind force.

[Poison Starburst (level 45): deals poison-type damage to all enemies equivalent to 450 points of strength per second within 150 meters. Duration: 100 seconds.]

But after amplification, the level 45 Poison Starburst dealt equivalent to 22,500 points of strength per second over 5,000 seconds.

Within mere seconds, the Dragonkind suffered massive damage.

The overwhelmed Dragonkind Healers scrambled to dispel the curse, cleanse the poison, and heal their forces simultaneously—but they were falling behind.

Meanwhile, the undead legion continued its relentless assault.

The warship's barrier, though incredibly strong, buckled and twisted under the constant strikes. It wouldn't hold for much longer.

Lin Moyu, pushing his Lightning Wings to the limit, swiftly deployed undead legions onto different warships.

He had 25 undead legions, each consisting of 750 skeletons.

The Dragonkind fleet had only 20 warships, meaning five of them received extra attention—Lin Moyu assigned an additional undead legion to each.

Under the unrelenting assault, the barriers flickered and wavered, growing more unstable by the second.

Then, the Magic Crystals aboard the warships, fully recharged, unleashed devastating beams of light, bombarding the undead legions.

Yet the skeletons neither flinched nor faltered.

They endured the attacks head-on, relentlessly hacking at the barriers.

The Lich Generals continuously cast their healing spell—each time affecting the entire undead army.

Every second, dozens of healing lights illuminated the battlefield, instantly restoring any damage the skeletons sustained.

Lin Moyu had fought Dragonkind warships before. He was familiar with their attack patterns.

His undead army could handle them.

With his Lightning Wings about to enter cooldown, Lin Moyu swiftly landed atop the nearest warship's barrier and placed his fingertips against it, and a ghastly white light radiated from his fingers.

Skill: Bone Fangs!

A barrage of 2,250 Bone Fangs—each possessing extreme penetrating power—ripped into the same spot on the warship's barrier.

The impact sent violent shockwaves through the barrier, forcing it to cave inward.

Lin Moyu pressed his fingers forward, continuing to cast Bone Fangs.

With a single hand, he unleashed three volleys per second, each attack driving the barrier closer to collapse.

Already weakened by the skeletons' relentless assault, Lin Moyu's attacks became the proverbial last straw that broke the camel's back.

With a thunderous crash, the barrier shattered.

The skeletons descended upon the warship like a pack of ravenous beasts.

The Dragonkind Warriors, ranging from level 50 to level 60, immediately launched a desperate counterattack.

But despite their strength, they were no match for the undead troops.

One by one, they fell, their lifeless bodies piling up on the warship's deck.

A smirk crept onto Lin Moyu's lips. Now, he had ammunition.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions erupted, sending waves of destruction rippling through the warship, shattering the Magic Crystals.

The warship lurched, its structure groaning under the strain before plummeting from the sky.

Not a single Dragonkind aboard survived.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors wasted no time. They seized Dragonkind corpses, leaping toward the nearby warships.

The skeletons hurled the bodies into the air—and Lin Moyu detonated them. Death itself became his fireworks display.

One by one, the Dragonkind warships disintegrated, falling from the sky in burning ruin.

Lin Moyu's body swelled with murderous aura, "If you want to kill me, you'd better show some real effort."

## **Chapter 407: Since You Refuse To Leave, Then Stay Forever**

Explosions thundered like an unending symphony. In mere moments, the 20 warships fell, and the Dragonkind forces aboard them were wiped out.

The Dragon King roared in fury, lunging forward to kill Lin Moyu.

But Bai Yiyuan stood in his way.

For the first time in a millennium, a human God-level powerhouse clashed with a Dragon King.

With a single glance, Lin Moyu saw the outcome—Bai Yiyuan held the advantage.

Their battle was cataclysmic.

The battlefield shifted relentlessly—ground to sky, sky to ground.

The earth crumbled as if struck by divine wrath.

God-level energy raged, a chaotic storm that made it impossible for Lin Moyu to approach.

The heavens themselves changed—lightning flashed, thunder roared, winds howled, clouds churned.

Lin Moyu's gaze swept the battlefield until he spotted Shi Xing'an.

His pupils shrank. Rage ignited in his eyes.

"Teacher, I'm going to save them!"

With a furious cry, his undead army surged forward like a frenzied tide.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors stormed ahead, gripping corpses like trophies, carrying Lin Moyu's wrath.

The land echoed with the clatter of bones.

18,750 skeletons charged across the Dimensional Battlefield—unstoppable, relentless.

This time, Lin Moyu led from the front, his eyes burning with unyielding fury.



In the distance, he saw them—Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue, bound by metal chains, suspended from a towering pillar, swaying in the wind.

Even from afar, he sensed their fragile life force—still breathing, barely holding on.

Holding his eyes open with difficulty, Shi Xing'an turned to Liang Yue beside him, "Yue, I'm sorry."

Liang Yue replied, "It's not your fault."

Her gaze held only tenderness—no blame.

"I just wish I could have seen you become an Earth Knight." She smiled bitterly.

Even on the brink of death, she still thought of him.

A man shed no tears unless his heart was truly broken.

Tears slipped silently down Shi Xing'an's face before falling like fragile raindrops.

He simply looked at Liang Yue—the woman who had stood by him unwaveringly, without regret, even in the face of death.

With a love like this, what more could one ask for?

Suddenly, his gaze froze.

The Dragonkind troops were mobilizing. In the distance, a group of figures was charging toward them.

Liang Yue saw this too.

Shi Xing'an instantly recognized—it was Lin Moyu.

“Why is Brother Lin here? Why is he risking his life for me?” His eyes were filled with sorrow.

Liang Yue comforted him, “You know him. The moment he got the message, he was bound to come.”

The Dragonkind had used Shi Xing'an's communicator to lure Lin Moyu here, intending to kill him.

For this, they had dispatched an army, warships, Dragonkind Battle Generals, and even a Dragon King.

Furthermore, the Dragon King was a being equal to a human God-level powerhouse.

Lin Moyu wasn't strong enough. He couldn't possibly win.

Regret flooded Shi Xing'an's heart.

If he had known this would happen, he would have ended his own life before—to keep Lin Moyu from being dragged into this.

But now, it was too late.

Lin Moyu confronted the advancing Dragonkind army—over 10,000 strong.

12 Dragonkind Battle Generals led the charge.

He didn't flinch. Instead, a cold smirk played on his lips. The military badge on his shoulder shining.

To him, the Dragonkind army and its Dragonkind Battle Generals were nothing more than military merit.

“I can finally gain a star.”

Since becoming a godly general, Lin Moyu had accumulated 80 million merit. He needed less than 20 million more to be promoted to a one-star godly general.

The Dragonkind Warriors aboard the warships, coupled with the charging Battle Generals and army, it was more than enough.

When they were a thousand meters away, the 12 Battle Generals leaped into the air.

They each wielded a spear. Their weapons erupted with terrifying energy, and biting-cold spear rays slashed toward Lin Moyu from above.

He didn't dodge. He simply raised a finger.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

A bang echoed as the curse spread.

The entire Dragonkind army slowed, including the 12 Dragonkind Battle Generals.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals' bloodline power surged, desperately resisting the curse.

And then—corpses came flying.

Lin Moyu had salvaged over a thousand Dragonkind corpses from the destroyed warships. Now, they were his weapons.

Some corpses were torn apart by the Dragonkind Battle Generals' spear rays, but even more made it through.

Lin Moyu detonated them in succession.

Agonized screams echoed as the Dragonkind Battle Generals were sent flying, their eyes filled with fear, recalling Lin Moyu's devastating AoE offensive skill.

The Dragonkind had analyzed the skill and concluded that its power stemmed not from Lin Moyu himself, but from the corpses.

Corpses were his weapons—the stronger the corpse, the greater the skill's damage.

With a God-level corpse, Lin Moyu could potentially slay a Dragon King in an instant.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals realized their mistake. They had been careless. They hadn't noticed the skeletons behind Lin Moyu were carrying corpses—Dragonkind corpses.

Lin Moyu was using their fallen comrades against them.

They might not have been nothing special, but still—this wasn't right.

A chill crawled up the spines of the Dragonkind Battle Generals.

Healing light flickered across their bodies as the army's Dragonkind Healers cast healing spells.

But then—more corpses came flying.

“Attack the corpses! Don’t let them get close!”

Panic surged through the Dragonkind Battle Generals as they issued urgent commands.

Their spears lashed out, slicing through the air in a frenzy, shredding the incoming corpses to pieces.

No corpses meant no terrifying explosions.

Lin Moyu muttered coldly, “Do you think my undead army is just for show?”

So what if the corpses were destroyed? He could always make more.

By now, his Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen had reached their attack range.

The air trembled as thousands of Elemental Explosions erupted across the battlefield, swallowing the Dragonkind army in a storm of devastation.

Arrows pierced through space as the Skeletal Marksmen unleashed a relentless barrage.

Screams echoed.

In an instant, many Dragonkind Warriors fell.

“Why are his skeletons so powerful?!”

“This attack power... it’s almost on par with ours!”

The Dragonkind Battle Generals were stunned once again.

Their intelligence had warned that Lin Moyu’s undead army was strong—but not to this extent.

What they were witnessing didn’t match the reports. The skills were completely different

And these Skeletal Marksmen? Their information hadn’t mentioned them at all.

In that moment, realization struck—Lin Moyu had grown stronger. Their intelligence was outdated.



Boom!

Explosions rocked the battlefield again.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals' expressions changed drastically.

More corpses had appeared. And with them, the terrifying AoE offensive skill was released once more.

Dragonkind Warriors fell like wheat before a scythe.

Panic spread. This battle was unwinnable.

Forget killing Lin Moyu—there were now thousands of corpses, each one a weapon in his arsenal.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals exchanged looks, then turned and fled.

Lin Moyu didn't pursue.

His Lightning Wings skill was still on cooldown. The Dragonkind Battle Generals' flight speed was too fast—he wouldn't be able to catch them.

But just as they ascended into the sky—they stopped. Their eyes darkened with resolve.

“Even if we retreat... we should at least kill them first!”

Suddenly, the Dragonkind Battle Generals shifted direction and shot toward Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue, their eyes burning with killing intent.

If they couldn't kill Lin Moyu, they would kill his friends instead.

“You're courting death!” Lin Moyu's voice boomed.

A dazzling light erupted from the back of his hand—Enhance Troops activated.

At the same time, flames surged from his palm.

A Dragonkind Battle General let out a miserable scream and plummeted from the sky.

Lin Moyu cast Soul Blaze continuously.

At the same time, a dark aura churned around him. The crushing murderous aura swept outward and enveloped the Dragonkind Battle Generals.

“Such intense murderous aura!”

“How many has he slaughtered to amass such murderous aura?!”

The Dragonkind Battle Generals shuddered, a chill running down their spines.

Under Enhance Troops, Lin Moyu’s Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen charged forward at accelerated speed, launching a barrage of attacks at the Dragonkind Battle Generals.

At the same time, Lin Moyu's Soul Blaze locked onto the fleeing enemies.

As long as they were within his attack range, Lin Moyu had no intention of letting them escape.

“Since you refuse to leave, then stay forever.” Lin Moyu muttered.

Enhance Troops was Lin Moyu’s strongest skill. Under the effect of the skill, his skeleton’s attack power skyrocketed—more than tenfold.

The attacks instantly crushed the Dragonkind Battle Generals' defenses.

Elemental Explosions erupted relentlessly, while arrows pierced flesh.

Their wings were torn obliterated, and their bodies were riddled with holes.

One after another, the Dragonkind Battle Generals plummeted to the ground, grievously wounded.

The remaining few, gripped by terror, dared not linger and turned to flee.

But then, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors rushed forward, grabbing Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen—and hurling them like weapons at the fleeing enemies.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals were fast, but the airborne skeletons were faster.

Another round of attacks struck.

Screams tore through the battlefield once more.

## Chapter 408: Only From A Dragon King's Head

[Killed level 60 Dragonkind Knight, EXP +2,400,000, military merit +3,000]

[Killed level 59 Dragonkind Mage, EXP +2,360,000, military merit +2,000]

[Killed Dragonkind Battle General, EXP +7,100,000, military merit +100,000]

The flood of notifications was relentless, but Lin Moyu had no time to check during battle. Only when the dust settled did he take a quick glance.

For Dragonkind below level 70, EXP followed a fixed ratio—40,000 times their level. Military merit, however, scaled differently.

Level 40 to level 49: +1,000 military merit.

Level 50 to level 59: +2,000 military merit.

Level 60 to level 69: +3,000 military merit.

But Dragonkind Battle Generals, level 70-plus beings, were different. They were the equivalent of top-level human class users.

While humans underwent their third class awakening at level 70, Dragonkind experienced their second bloodline awakening. Only the strongest among them became Dragonkind Battle Generals—akin to human geniuses.

Their EXP yield soared to 100,000 times their level.

For example, a level 71 Dragonkind Battle General granted 7.1 million EXP as well as 100,000 military merit, representing a substantial increase.

As a result, his EXP surged from 2% to 20%, and his military merit skyrocketed. His military badge gleamed with newfound brilliance—a purple star appeared.

At that moment, Lin Moyu ascended to the rank of one-star godly general.

Meanwhile, his skeletons scaled the pillar, rescuing Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue.

Shi Xing'an, having narrowly escaped death, felt a mix of relief and guilt, "Brother Lin, I... I'm really sorry."

Lin Moyu understood Shi Xing'an's feelings and said calmly, "If it were me, you would have done the same."

Shi Xing'an trembled. Lin Moyu was right—if their roles were reversed, he would have rushed to save him, even if it meant walking to his doom.

Lin Moyu reassured him, "You're safe, and that's all that matters."

Liang Yue, still on edge, spoke up, "But didn't the Dragonkind send a Dragon King? Why hasn't he shown up?"

Just then, a surge of energy erupted—violent, oppressive—then vanished as quickly as it came.

Lin Moyu turned and saw Bai Yiyuan flying toward them, carrying a broken corpse.

"Here." Bai Yiyuan tossed the corpse to the ground like discarded trash, clapped the dust off his hands, and smirked, "All done! Turns out the Dragon King was nothing special—couldn't even put up a fight."

The Dragon King, a being equivalent to a human God-level powerhouse, lay dead in a wretched state. His wings were severed, his body bore a gaping hole, and his limbs were crushed beyond recognition.

The only intact part was his head—eyes wide open, frozen in fear even in death.

Bai Yiyuan tapped his finger, and two drops of Dragon King blood floated toward Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue.

Each drop was the size of half a fist, shimmering with a hazy glow and radiating an compelling aura.

“Come, come! Fresh Dragon King blood, you two are lucky—one drop each. It’s good for you.” Bai Yiyuan’s voice was lighthearted.

Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue quickly bowed, “Greetings, Lord White God!”

Bai Yiyuan chuckled, “No need for formalities—you’re Moyu’s friends. Now hurry up and drink before it loses its freshness.”

Then, turning to Lin Moyu, he added, “You don’t need it. This stuff is useless to you.”



Lin Moyu understood. His attributes were already very high—he had consumed far greater treasures before. The Dragon King blood held no value for him.

Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue eagerly consumed the Dragon King blood.

Surprisingly, it didn't taste like blood—it had a faint sweetness to it.

The moment it entered their stomachs, a surge of immense energy erupted within them, sweeping through their bodies. Their wounds healed rapidly, and all their attributes increased by 500.

Even the famed Elementary Magical Draught paled in comparison.

Seeing their astonished expressions, Bai Yiyuan burst into laughter, "Not bad, right?"

He sighed dramatically, "Such a pity. This stuff must be consumed fresh—give it a few minutes, and it becomes useless."

As he spoke, Bai Yiyuan clenched his fist and punched the Dragon King's head.

With a sickening crack, the head burst, revealing a hexagonal, crystal-clear gem nestled within.

Lin Moyu's heart skipped a beat. It looked strikingly similar to the Life Core.

Bai Yiyuan held up the gem and asked, "Any of you know what this is?"

Everyone shook their heads.

Shi Xing'an hesitated before responding, "Never seen it before."

Bai Yiyuan smirked, "That's normal. I've never seen it before either."

After all, this was his first time fighting a Dragon King.

Previously, Dragon Kings could only be encountered in the deep layers of the Immemorial Battlefield.

Bai Yiyuan rarely went there, so the chances of him encountering a Dragon King were low. And even if he had encountered one, it wouldn't necessarily turn into a life-or-death battle.

But this time, he had achieved his first-ever Dragon King kill.

He twirled the gem between his fingers, “Although I’ve never seen it before, I know what it is. It’s called a Dragon Crystal. And it can only be obtained from a Dragon King’s head.”

“Dragon Kings aren’t Gods. Once the body turns cold, the blood loses its power. But the bones and hide? Still incredibly valuable—far more than platinum rank weapons.”

“Yet even if you add up all the bones and hide, they’re nothing compared to the value of this Dragon Crystal.”

Bai Yiyuan’s words made Shi Xing’an and Liang Yue widen their eyes in shock.

Lin Moyu, however, knew his teacher was just teasing them.

If Meng Anwen were here, he would’ve definitely had a snarky comeback. After all, Bai Yiyuan’s knowledge—while impressive—wasn’t exactly deep.

With a casual flick of his wrist, Bai Yiyuan stored away the Dragon Crystal and the Dragon King’s corpse.

Lin Moyu then turned to Shi Xing'an, "Brother Shi, how did you get captured by the Dragonkind? And what about the other three members of your party?"

At the mention of his comrades, Shi Xing'an's expression darkened, and his eyes filled with grief, "They all died in battle."

He took a deep breath before continuing, "I don't know how the Dragonkind found out about my connection to you, but they ambushed us on our way to a dungeon. Their class users were terrifyingly strong—we never stood a chance."

"My three brothers..." His grief quickly turned to burning fury, "One day, I will storm the Dragonkind base and wipe them out! I will avenge my brothers!"

Lin Moyu sighed.

He hadn't interacted much with those three, barely exchanging a few words.

But every time Shi Xing'an made a stand, they stood behind him without hesitation.

They were good brothers.

Lin Moyu spoke softly, “I sure you’ll get your chance. But Brother Shi, the Dragonkind have set their sights on you. Staying in the Dimensional Battlefield is too dangerous—go back to the empire.”

He paused before adding, “Besides, you’re about to undergo your class awakening. If you truly want to take on the Dragonkind... you must become an Earth Knight in your next awakening.”

Shi Xing’an was already level 39—soon, he would reach level 40 and undergo his second class awakening.

Compared to the Dimensional Battlefield, the empire was far safer. And more importantly, he needed time to prepare for the awakening.

Bai Yiyuan spoke up, “I promised Moyu I’d take care of your class awakening. Once you reach level 40, contact him—I’ll handle everything.”

With Meng Anwen’s presence, they could set up the most optimal Class Awakening Formation. Combined with rare materials, Shi Xing’an’s chances of becoming an Earth Knight would increase significantly.

Shi Xing’an’s eyes burned with determination, “I will become an Earth Knight, no matter what.”

Bai Yiyuan smiled. Having that kind of resolve was a good thing.

He could tell—Shi Xing'an was a solid guy. Lin Moyu had made a good friend.

“Old Meng, take us back!” Bai Yiyuan shouted.

In an instant, the Shenxia Tower appeared in midair, its brilliant light engulfing them.

The Dimensional Battlefield fell silent once more.

This pitch-black land had an innate purification ability—before long, all traces of battle would be erased.

The Dragonkind had suffered a crushing defeat, with heavy losses: one Dragon King, 12 Dragonkind Battle Generals, an army of 10,000, 20 warships.

And yet, Lin Moyu stood unscathed. Alive and well.

In the Dragonkind Base, a terrifying aura surged and filled the air, and a Dragon projection appeared in the sky, its furious roar echoing for miles—its rage lingering like a storm cloud.

Within the teleportation formation, regimented troops began arriving.

Each Dragonkind soldier wore identical armor. Their faces, movements, and even the smallest details were exactly the same—as if they had been copied.

Their levels were either 59 or 60, with minimal variation.

Their arrival carried an unsettling sense.

## Chapter 409: The Life Core May Be Made Out Of Dragon Crystals

Meng Anwen sent Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue directly to Xiajing City. Not everyone was qualified to enter the White God Courtyard.

Bai Yiyuan took out the Dragon King's corpse and tossed it to the ground, "Old Meng, see if there's anything useful."

Even in death, the Dragon King radiated immense pressure. It was equivalent to a human God-level powerhouse—its combat strength formidable enough to kill Lin Moyu with ease. However, Bai Yiyuan was even stronger, which was why he had managed to slay it.

Meng Anwen cast a ray of light over the corpse, closed his eyes briefly, then said, "A low-rank Dragon King. Useless to me. Take it to Old Tie—he might find some value in it."

Dragon King and Demon King corpses were prized materials for crafting legendary rank equipment.

Bai Yiyuan had expected this response and swiftly put the corpse away. Then, he revealed the Dragon Crystal, "Then what about this."

Meng Anwen examined it, turning it over in his hand, "A Demon King's core, a Dragon King's Dragon Crystal—both can be used to craft legendary rank accessories. Unfortunately, this one is lacking."

Unlike human God-level powerhouses, Dragon Kings weren't categorized by levels. Instead, they were ranked as low, mid, or high, similar to Demons and Gods.

A low-rank Dragon King was comparable to a level 90–92 human. The one Bai Yiyuan had slain was the weakest among them.

The energy within the Dragon Crystal wasn't particularly strong, and Meng Anwen barely spared it a second glance.



While Dragon Crystals were crucial for crafting legendary rank accessories, they were only one of the primary components. Numerous rare auxiliary materials were also required, making it wasteful to invest them in such a low-rank Dragon Crystal.

Lin Moyu stared at the crystal, a strange feeling creeping over him.

He asked, "Teacher, can I take a look at the Dragon Crystal?"

Meng Anwen casually tossed the Dragon Crystal to Lin Moyu, treating it like mere trash.

To most, a Dragon Crystal was an invaluable treasure—but to Meng Anwen, it was nothing special.

Lin Moyu caught it and immediately summoned the Genesis Scepter. The damaged Life Core embedded within shimmered faintly, its outer shell flickering in and out of existence. A pulse of divine life force leaked from it from time to time.

The resemblance between the Life Core and the Dragon Crystal was uncanny.

Bai Yiyuan narrowed his eyes, "They really do look alike."

Meng Anwen nodded, "It seems the Life Core has some connection to Dragon Crystals."

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu pressed the Dragon Crystal against the Life Core.

The moment they touched, the Life Core erupted with brilliant light, and the Dragon Crystal shattered with a loud bang—not a single fragment remained. Every last bit of it had been absorbed.

Lin Moyu, as the master of the Genesis Scepter, immediately sensed a difference. The Life Core, though still damaged, had slightly recovered.

If its previous damage level had been 80%, it was now around 75%.

Meng Anwen's eyes gleamed. After a brief pause, he spoke slowly, "It seems the Life Core is made of Dragon Crystals—but not ordinary ones."

Bai Yiyuan frowned, "Could it be a high-rank Dragon King's Dragon Crystals?"

Meng Anwen hesitated, "Possibly... but it could also be a Dragon Emperor's Dragon Crystal."

Bai Yiyuan was stunned, "No way."

A Dragon Emperor was equivalent to a human Transcendent God-level powerhouse. As far as he knew, no Dragon Emperor existed—just as humanity had yet to produce a true Transcendent God. The strongest individual was merely a half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouses.

Meng Anwen said, "Just because there are no Dragon Emperors now doesn't mean there never were."

His gaze turned distant, "I once saw a corpse—a Dragonkind corpse—in the deep layers of the Immemorial Battlefield. Even after countless years, it remained intact and radiated immense power."

"Wait a minute..." Bai Yiyuan suddenly interrupted. His expression shifted.

"A Dragonkind corpse? That, I can understand. Existing for countless years? That too. A high-rank Dragon King's body can remain intact for millennia. But what do you mean by 'radiated immense power'?"

Meng Anwen shot him a glare, "It's very impolite to interrupt others."

Bai Yiyuan gave an awkward smile, "Go on, I'll shut up."

Meng Anwen continued, "Back then, I had just reached God-level. It was my first time entering the deep layers when I encountered that thing."

"It was clearly dead—nothing more than a corpse—yet it could still move and attack. I barely escaped with my life. And it wasn't just any Dragonkind—it was undergoing atavism."

His voice carried a weight of lingering fear as he described the encounter in detail.

Of all the life-threatening situations Meng Anwen had faced, that one had been the closest call. It was an experience he would never forget.

Lin Moyu felt his hair stand on end.

A corpse that had been dead for millennia... still capable of such power?

Bai Yiyuan frowned, "I've been to the deep layer plenty of times. How come I never ran into that thing?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "Guess you're just lucky."

That shut Bai Yiyuan up.

Meng Anwen continued, "Later, I concluded that it was likely the corpse of a Dragon Emperor. If not, then at least a half-step Dragon Emperor—equivalent to a human half-step Transcendent God, a level 99 being."

Lin Moyu didn't doubt Meng Anwen's words.

With his vast experience and knowledge, Meng Anwen's judgment was unlikely to be wrong.

Lin Moyu spoke, "If the Life Core is really made of Dragon Crystal... does that mean if I obtain enough Dragon Crystals, I can repair it?"

Meng Anwen nodded, "Based on how the Life Core reacted just now, there's a high probability that this is the case."

Bai Yiyuan smirked, "Kid, you're not thinking of charging into the Dragonkind World and slaughtering all the Dragon Kings, are you?"

Only Dragon Kings possessed Dragon Crystals. To obtain one, a Dragon King had to be slain.

For a brief moment, the thought crossed Lin Moyu's mind—but he quickly dismissed it. Even he knew that was far too ambitious.

Meng Anwen shook his head, "Actually, there's another place where you can find a large amount of Dragon Crystals."

Lin Moyu and Bai Yiyuan immediately turned to him.

Meng Anwen continued, "In the deep layer of the Immemorial Battlefield—where I encountered that Dragon corpse—I saw a graveyard while being chased."

"A Dragonkind graveyard. Countless Dragon corpses are buried there... along with a large number of Dragon Crystals."

Bai Yiyuan scoffed, "That's not helpful at all. Moyu can't even enter the deep layer right now. And even if he could, with that undead Dragon still lurking there, it would be a death sentence."

Meng Anwen shrugged, "I'm simply letting you know that such a place exists."

Lin Moyu understood his meaning, "Thank you, Teacher."

If the opportunity arose, he would definitely investigate.

Bai Yiyuan warned, "Both the Dragonkind and Abyssal Demons have their eyes on you now. Be extra careful. Even within the empire's borders, don't let your guard down. Those bastards have plenty of insidious tricks up their sleeves."

Lin Moyu nodded, "I'll be careful."

Meng Anwen said calmly, "In a few days, we'll take care of those rats. That should buy us some peace... for a while."

Lin Moyu frowned, "Is there no way to eradicate them completely?"

Bai Yiyuan sighed and shook his head. "It's not as simple as you think. Within the empire, it's still manageable. But dealing with the ones beyond our borders... that's a whole different problem."

"If we escalate things, it could very well lead to civil war among the human race. And when that happens—whether it's the Abyssal Demons or the Dragonkind—they'll seize the opportunity to strike."

Lin Moyu thought it over and understood immediately.

The human race wasn't unified under a single empire. Beyond the Shenxia Empire, numerous factions vied for power, entangled in a complex web of alliances and rivalries.

A large-scale conflict could easily spiral into civil war.

Meng Anwen's voice deepened, "What the human race truly needs is an absolute powerhouse—someone with unquestionable authority, someone no one would dare defy."

Lin Moyu instinctively asked, "What about that person?"

Meng Anwen shook his head, "A half-step Transcendent God isn't enough. Perhaps... when he truly reaches the Transcendent God-level, he'll be able to unite humanity."

A genuine Transcendent God-level powerhouse!

Even as Lin Moyu returned to Xiajing Academy, Meng Anwen's words echoed in his mind.

A Transcendent God-level powerhouse... the one who could bring true stability to the human race... the one who could finally put an end to internal conflict.

Suddenly, a melodious voice called out to him.



"Junior Lin!"

## Chapter 410: The Human Race's Sole God-Level Concocter

Shu Han stood nearby, waving.

Lin Moyu found it odd—Shu Han seemed to be waiting for him.

Every time he met her, it had always been in the Dungeon Hall or the library. She rarely sought him out directly.

Shu Han's eyes curved into crescent moons, "Junior Lin, I need your help."

"Of course." Lin Moyu agreed without hesitation. Shu Han was one of his few friends—if she needed help, he would oblige.

She seemed to expect his answer and handed him a Teleportation Stone, "Come with me."

In a flash, they arrived outside a refined courtyard, even more exquisite than the White God Courtyard.

A peculiar medicinal scent lingered in the air—not a pleasant fragrance, but something fishy and pungent. Familiar.

Lin Moyu's eyes sharpened. Putrid Corpse stench.

Though faint, he was certain.

Seeing his reaction, Shu Han smiled knowingly, "You've realized it, haven't you?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Why are there Putrid Corpses here?"

Shu Han pushed open the gate, "Come in, and you'll understand."

Inside, the scent thickened—both medicinal and putrid. Most wouldn't distinguish the two, but Lin Moyu could.

The courtyard was simple, divided into three sections. Shu Han led him to the backyard, where an unexpected figure awaited.

Dongfang Yao greeted Lin Moyu with a faint smile, "Godly General Lin, we meet again."

Her expression was slightly odd—likely because she had nearly gotten him killed in the Putrid Corpse Land last time.

Lin Moyu nodded in response.

Shu Han spoke, "Junior Lin, aren't you curious why Princess Yao is here?"

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised. Among the empire's great families, the younger generation often knew each other—like Ning Yiyi and Mo Yun, who had grown up together. Dongfang Yao and Shu Han were likely the same.

His nose twitched as he glanced toward a nearby cabin, "There are Putrid Corpses inside?"

Shu Han didn't hide anything. She pushed the door open and gestured, "Junior Lin, Come in."

She had been addressing him as Junior Lin from the start, a sign of their closeness.

Stepping inside, a wave of cold air hit him.

The cabin was freezing, a formation continuously generating an intense chill.

At its center stood a massive ice block—inside, a woman lay frozen.

She wore exquisite, noble garments, her eyes closed in an eternal slumber. Even encased in ice, her regal aura was undeniable.

Lin Moyu glanced at the woman, then at Dongfang Yao.

The resemblance was clear.

Dongfang Yao's voice was soft, "This is my mother."

On the woman's wrist was a blackened mark—the same as those on the Putrid Corpses of the Putrid Corpse Land.

The overwhelming stench came from here.

Not even the ice and heavy medicinal scent could fully mask the Putrid Corpse's rot.

Lin Moyu's eyes sharpened, "She was bitten by a Putrid Corpse."

The bite mark was undeniable.

Dongfang Yao exhaled slowly, "When I was little, my mother and father inspected the seal of the Putrid Corpse Land..."

She continued after a pause, "They entered the Putrid Corpse Land, and when they returned, my mother was already infected with Putrid Corpse Poison. She has been frozen here ever since."

Lin Moyu recalled that Dongfang Yao had once sought his help—if he ever gained the ability to dispel Putrid Corpse Poison, she had hoped he would save someone.

Now, it was clear. That someone was her mother.

Shu Han spoke, "Junior Lin, I brought you here today to ask for your help in saving her."

Lin Moyu shook his head, "I don't have the ability to save her yet."

Putrid Corpse Poison wasn't entirely incurable, but he had no means to counteract it at present.

His Lich Generals' Nullify skill only worked on undead troops.

Maybe the Genesis Scepter's Light of Life could help, but he wasn't yet qualified to use it.

Shu Han clarified, "We're not asking you to cure her now—just to assist with an experiment."

They left the cabin, following Shu Han through the courtyard.

Behind the courtyard house, a row of stone buildings came into view. The medicinal scent here was even stronger, mingled with the sharp tang of blood, metal, and other indescribable odors.

A figure stood waiting. An old man.

Shu Han called out, "Grandfather, Godly General Lin is here."

Lin Moyu's gaze sharpened.

The moment their eyes met, he sensed it—the overwhelming presence of a God-level powerhouse.

Shu Han had a God-level grandfather?

His attire gave away his identity in an instant.

A God-level Concocter.

Lin Moyu was stunned. He had never heard of a God-level Concocter in the empire. Such individuals were beyond rare—priceless, even.

Why, then, did Shu Han take on academy tasks just for a few hundred points? Was it just for fun?

Shu Han introduced him with a smile, "This is my grandfather, God-level Concocter Shu Ping."

Lin Moyu's memories stirred. He had seen the name Shu Ping before—in books.

Those books spoke of Shu Ping as one of the most gifted Concoctors in human history, a contemporary of Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen.

Yet, at some point, he had vanished without a trace...

And now, here he was—a God-level Concocter.

Shu Ping cupped his hands, "Greetings, Godly General Lin."

Lin Moyu returned the gesture, "Greetings, Medicine God Shu."

The two stood as equals, treating each other with mutual respect.

Shu Ping, however, shook his head with a bitter smile, "Please, don't call me Medicine God. I am unworthy of the title."

His words carried weight—there was a reason behind them.



Lin Moyu wasn't one for empty flattery, so he didn't press the issue.

Shu Ping exhaled lightly, "I'll get straight to the point. Godly General Lin, I heard from Princess Yao that your summons can dispel Putrid Corpse Poison. Could you demonstrate it for me?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Of course. But my Lich Generals can only dispel Putrid Corpse Poison afflicting my undead troops."

With that, he summoned a Lich General along with a Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

A chilling wind swept through the courtyard, and the sky dimmed slightly.

The Lich General, standing over three meters tall, loomed like a small mountain, exuding an overwhelming presence.

With a silent command from Lin Moyu, the Lich General activated Nullify, casting it on the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

Lin Moyu explained as the skill took effect, "This skill, Nullify, can neutralize abnormal statuses and dispel Putrid Corpse Poison. However, it can't dispel high-level Putrid Corpse Poison. Princess Yao is already aware of this."

Shu Ping nodded, "She did mention it."

Then, his sharp gaze locked onto the Lich General, "Godly General Lin, I have a skill that allows me to analyze other people's abilities. I would like to examine Nullify to see if I can determine the source of its power."

Shu Ping spoke candidly.

Since the Lich General was Lin Moyu's summon, casting a skill on it required his consent.

After brief consideration, Lin Moyu nodded, "Go ahead."

"Thank you, Godly General Lin."

Shu Ping raised a hand, casting a ray of light onto the Lich General.

In response, the Lich General activated Nullify once more. Shu Ping's gaze sharpened as he carefully analyzed the data returned by his skill.

Layer by layer, he peeled apart the intricacies of the ability.

Yet, as his examination deepened, his frown only grew darker.

Shu Han noticed immediately—a bad premonition creeping over her.

Her grandfather had never worn such an expression before. This was not a simple matter.

The Lich General cast Nullify several more times before stopping.

Still, Shu Ping remained silent, eyes closed in deep concentration.

No one dared to interrupt.

Only after a long pause did he let out a slow breath.

Dongfang Yao, her voice tense, finally spoke, "Grandfather Medicine God, how is it?"

Shu Ping shook his head, "This skill is... extremely special. I can't analyze it."

Dongfang Yao's expression fell. She muttered, "Then what do we do now?"

Shu Ping pondered for a moment before turning back to Lin Moyu, "Godly General Lin, I'd like to try one more thing."

His gaze shifted to the Skeletal Berserk Warrior. He retrieved a small crystal bottle—inside, there was a small amount of a black powder.

The moment Lin Moyu saw it, his expression changed drastically.