

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 421: Unyielding Belief; Earth Knight

Bai Yiyuan brought Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue with him.

Having walked the edge of life and death together, the two had become inseparable, their bond stronger than ever.

It was their first visiting the White God Courtyard, where they suddenly found themselves in the presence of top-tier figures like Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen.

Shi Xing'an and Liang Yue couldn't help but feel nervous, their every movement stiff with restraint.

Only when they saw Lin Moyu did they finally relax, if only slightly.

By then, Meng Anwen had already finished setting up the Class Awakening Formation. He glanced at Shi Xing'an and said calmly, "You're too agitated. Settle your mind first."

Shi Xing'an immediately obeyed, sitting down and trying his best to collect himself. But no matter how he breathed or focused, his thoughts refused to quiet.

Restlessness, he knew, was not a good state to be in for class awakening.

Lin Moyu understood his tension and gently said, "Brother Shi, it's just a class awakening. Teacher Meng and Teacher Bai have prepared everything. As long as your belief remains firm, you've got more than a 60% chance of triggering class sublimation."

"I understand." Shi Xing'an replied, trying to steady his breath, "Still... I can't help feeling nervous."

At that moment, Liang Yue walked over and gave him a light kick, "You blockhead. Are you a man or not? You weren't afraid of dying—so what's there to fear about a class awakening?"

She knew him better than anyone. Just a few blunt words from her were enough to snap him back to himself.

Right—if he could face death without flinching, why hesitate now?

This was merely a class awakening.

Lin Moyu had even prepared the extremely rare Heart of the Earth and Earth Gem for him. Bai Yiyuan had gathered other essential materials. And the greatest Formation Master of the human race had personally constructed the Class Awakening Formation for him.

What more could he ask for?

Finally composed, Shi Xing'an stood and gave a respectful bow, "Thank you, Serene God. Thank you, White God."

Then, he stepped into the heart of the formation.

Meng Anwen tapped the air with his finger, and the formation activated.

Beams of radiant light shot upward, converging into a brilliant rainbow that shimmered above. A cascade of multicolored light rained down, enveloping Shi Xing'an in its glow.

In his left hand, Shi Xing'an held the Earth Gem. In his right, the Heart of the Earth.

The Heart of the Earth was key—enabling a Sacred Knight to trigger a special class sublimation during their second awakening, transforming directly into an Earth Knight.

With the Earth Gem amplifying the process, his chances were greatly improved.

Lin Moyu and Liang Yue stood silently, watching.

Shi Xing'an was calm. But now, Liang Yue had grown tense.

“Don't worry, Sister Yue.” Lin Moyu said gently, “Believe in Brother Shi. He'll be fine.”

Liang Yue nodded, “I believe in him.”

But her clenched fists and heaving chest betrayed her true emotions.

Meanwhile, Shi Xing'an had shut out the world around him. His mind was still. Focused.

He sifted through the memories of his journey so far, pausing on one: the day his three comrades fell to the Dragonkind, sacrificing themselves to protect him.

The pain, the guilt, the resolve—they all surged within him, driving a singular desire: to become an Earth Knight.

Only by becoming an Earth Knight—and then ascending to God-level—could he break into the domain of the Dragonkind and avenge his fallen brothers.

Failure wasn't an option.

He couldn't fail. He simply refused to fail.

His belief solidified. Strands of power began to stir within him.

The formation's energy surged into his body, relentlessly pushing against his limits."

Two paths spread before him.

One path was to become a Great Knight—merely a title for a Sacred Knight after the second class awakening, essentially unchanged. Just as a Mage became a Great Mage, yet essentially remained a Mage.

The other path was to become an Earth Knight—a leap that depended partly on luck, and partly on his own strength and resolve.

Shi Xing'an gritted his teeth, "I'll become an Earth Knight. I believe—human will can defy fate! I won't back down! I must succeed!

“I’ll avenge my brothers! I’ll break into the Dragonkind’s domain! I’ll protect the human race!”

The power of Shi Xing’an’s belief surged, growing stronger with every heartbeat.

The Earth Gem in his left hand began to glow—a faint shimmer at first, then brighter, pulsing with life.

Fueled by his unwavering belief, Shi Xing’an activated the Earth Gem.

Bathed in its radiance, the Heart of the Earth in his right hand responded, releasing a soft glow of its own.

The two lights intertwined, enveloping Shi Xing’an.

Then, in perfect harmony with the Class Awakening Formation, that brilliance flooded into his body.

Shi Xing’an slowly rose into the air, suspended within the glowing formation.

“Success!” Bai Yiyuan exclaimed, eyes shining.

Meng Anwen exhaled softly, “It’s been so many years since the human race has produced an Earth Knight. At long last... another has risen.”

Lin Moyu said in a low voice, “Brother Shi activated the Earth Gem and Heart of the Earth with the power of belief... and triggered a class sublimation.”

Liang Yue was already in tears, her voice trembling, “I knew it... I knew you could do it.”

Lin Moyu’s thoughts drifted back—to his final moments in the Putrid Corpse Land.

He remembered the human God-level powerhouses who had shielded him.

Though reduced to Putrid Corpses, their belief had not faded. Their will in protecting humanity had endured through time, through death.

Protect humanity—those words had been carved into their bones, branded onto their souls.

Even the ages could not erase that.

Having seen it, lived it, Lin Moyu knew—belief could create miracles.

He grew even more certain—if one day he could dispel the Putrid Corpse Poison, those human powerhouses with unyielding belief will might yet return.

Unyielding belief! He echoed in his heart. A quiet fire burned within him.

Suddenly, the sky darkened. Power erupted like waves through the air, and the world shifted.

A vast, phantom land appeared in the sky, like a mirage born of the heavens.

It was immense, stretching beyond sight in every direction. For two minutes, it hovered quietly, then began to descend slowly.

At the same time, the phantom land gradually shrank, compressing itself until it finally merged into Shi Xing'an's body.

His aura exploded.

A heavenly vision followed—multicolored light cascaded from the sky, pouring into his body from every direction, as if the heavens themselves acknowledged his class awakening.

Earth Knight was the pinnacle of all Knight-type classes—the strongest, without equal.

Heavenly visions always accompanied class awakenings, but this... this was something more.

The Heart of the Earth began to pulse like a living organ, each beat echoing with a deep, primal rhythm.

The ground trembled.

Then, the Heart of the Earth and Earth Gem sank into Shi Xing'an's body.

In that instant, he erupted with radiant brilliance.

The earth rumbled, and with its thunder, Shi Xing'an started descending.

Violent fluctuations of energy burst outward from the earth beneath him.

Meng Anwen uttered, “The Earth Knight connects with the very essence of the land, drawing on the boundless power of the earth. As long as their feet touch the ground, their energy is inexhaustible.”

“The earth will bear their burden, absorbing 90% of all damage dealt to them. And every strike they unleash will trigger the power of the earth itself.”

Meng Anwen emphasized the overwhelming power of the Earth Knight class.

As long as they stood on solid ground, their stamina was limitless, they shrugged off 90% of all damage, and their attacks surged with the power of the earth itself.

The earth treated them like a favored child—a chosen one.

How could such a class not be revered?

Someone had once said, “To defeat an Earth Knight, you’d have to battle them in the sky. But when you’re up against an Earth Knight... you can’t even fly.”

With a soft hum, a ring of light appeared beneath Shi Xing’an’s feet.

Then a second. A third.

In an instant, four radiant rings spun slowly beneath his feet—red, blue, green, and yellow.

These resembled Sacred Light Knight's rings of light, carrying the same effects—only more powerful.

What Sacred Light Knight possessed, Earth Knight had as well—and more beyond that.

Ten minutes later, Shi Xing'an's feet finally met the ground.

The Class Awakening Formation dimmed and fell silent—the class awakening had officially concluded.

Liang Yue rushed forward and threw herself into his arms, tears of joy streaming down her cheeks.

He held her tightly, suppressing the overwhelming excitement surging in his chest, "I did it."

Liang Yue nodded firmly, “I knew you would.”

After a quiet moment between them, Shi Xing’an stepped forward and bowed deeply to Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan, “I am truly grateful for your grace, Serene God, White God.”

Bai Yiyuan waved it off, “Don’t thank us. If anyone deserves your thanks, it’s Moyu. The Heart of the Earth and the Earth Gem—he obtained them. Without those, even we couldn’t have helped you.”

Shi Xing’an turned to Lin Moyu, but Lin Moyu raised a hand to stop him, “No need for that, Brother Shi. If our positions were reversed, I know you’d have done the same.”

Shi Xing’an laughed heartily, “Then I won’t say another word. But from now on, if you ever need me—just say the word. Fire or flood, I’ll walk through it for you.”

Lin Moyu smiled, “Just hold onto your belief. That’s enough for me.”

Shi Xing’an’s expression turned solemn, “I will never forget.”

Then, with a small grin, Lin Moyu took out a shield, tossing it lightly to Shi Xing’an, “A gift—for the new Earth Knight.”

Shi Xing'an caught it—and froze, "This... this is too valuable!"

Lin Moyu waved dismissively, "You're not allowed to return it. If you don't want it, just throw it away."

Throw it away? Shi Xing'an couldn't even imagine doing such a thing.

The shield was extraordinary—far beyond anything he'd used before. Not even the Earth Evil Centipede's shield could compare.


This shield came from the core area of the Immemorial Battlefield's upper layer, dropped by the Battlefield Serpent-Turtle.

[Shell Block Shield (Knight exclusive): platinum rank shield, all attributes +3,000, increases the power of Knight-type defensive skills by 90%, decreases physical damage by 20%, and decreases elemental damage by 20%. Supplementary skill: Shell Block.]

[Shell Block: for 30 seconds, the user becomes immobile and immune to all damage. During this time, all wounds are healed, and the cooldowns of all other skills are reset. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

Chapter 422: You Shouldn't Deceive Me





Shi Xing'an successfully completed his class awakening—humanity had gained an Earth Knight.

The heavenly vision during the class awakening must have been seen by many.

Such phenomena were documented in history, and anyone who had attended school would recognize it—it signified the birth of an Earth Knight.

Shi Xing'an's awakening as an Earth Knight couldn't be kept secret. In fact, there was never any intention to conceal it.

With the Demon Worship Society mostly purged, as long as Shi Xing'an remained within the empire, he should be safe.

Sure enough, upon Lin Moyu's return to the academy, he overheard excited discussions.

For the first time in decades, humanity had produced an Earth Knight—the pinnacle of the Knight class, admired by all.

"I read that 130 years ago, an Earth Knight led an army through the Abyssal Gate, nearly storming the Abyss's home world."

"Unfortunately, they didn't make it. The Earth Knight was only level 91. If he had been a few levels higher, he definitely could've broken through."

"It was humanity's deepest push into the Abyss!"

"Hopefully, once this Earth Knight reaches God-level, they'll be able to lead an army to break into the Abyssal World."

"I have a feeling they will!"

The academy buzzed with talks about the Earth Knight.

Earth Knight was a mystical and powerful class, one that sparked many tales of glory. It was also the most troublesome class for both Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind.

This was why, in the Immemorial Battlefield, whenever the Eartheart dungeon emerged, these enemies did everything in their power to stop humanity from obtaining the Heart of the Earth—as it could give rise to an Earth Knight.

Yet, despite their efforts, an Earth Knight had emerged again.

The recent purge of the Demon Worship Society had left the empire in chaos, dampening the national mood. But the emergence of an Earth Knight was like a surge of adrenaline, reigniting hope and excitement.

All attention turned to the Earth Knight.

By contrast, Lin Moyu's promotion to a two-star godly general barely stirred discussion.

Perhaps his reputation had already peaked—there was simply no room for it to grow further.

Lin Moyu entered the Dungeon Hall once more.

He was close to reaching level 49, and with some effort, he could break through to level 50 within two days.

After mastering new skills, he would head for the Immemorial Battlefield.

The agreement with Righteous God, the deal with the Archaic Earth Dragon, and the unfinished business with the Archaic Luanniao, they were all waiting for him.

As he walked, people greeted him with respect.

His reputation was immense, his status unquestionable.

It was easy to forget he had enrolled less than a year ago—yet in that short time, he had surpassed heights most could never dream of.

Stepping into the Beast God Plateau, he inhaled the dungeon's crisp, cool air.

No one would have imagined that a Demon King had been buried here.

His undead army tore through the monsters with ease, quickly reaching Plateau No. 3.

Lin Moyu gazed at the battlefield where he had defeated the Fire Demon King and murmured, "A shame. If this had been outside, I would have erected a tombstone for you. You were a Demon King, after all."

The Fire Demon King died inside a dungeon, without even a tombstone. It was truly ironic.

Deep within the Abyss, the Abyssal Fire burned dark green, nearly black.

Amidst the flames, a massive palace floated in the air, rising and falling amid the inferno.

The Succubus Queen, the Darkfiend King, the Sword Demon King, the Octa-Arm Demon King, and other powerful mid-tier Demon Kings with noble bloodlines gathered outside the palace.

They had been waiting patiently for days.

None dared to complain. Even the usually playful Succubus Queen had abandoned her smile, her expression grave.

Beside her, the Darkfiend King asked in a quiet voice, “Do you know why His Majesty has summoned us?”

The Succubus Queen responded just as quietly, “It likely concerns the recent actions of the human race. The Demon Worship Society in the Shenxia Empire has been nearly wiped out.”

The Darkfiend King frowned, “Weren’t you in charge of the Demon Worship Society?”

The Succubus Queen let out a soft sigh, “Only on the surface. The true mastermind behind the Demon Worship Society is His Majesty.”

Realization dawned on the Darkfiend King—the Succubus Queen wasn’t the one pulling the strings.

As far as he knew, many human powerhouses had been subdued by the Succubus Queen.

Under her charm, some humans unknowingly became her lackeys.

Once subdued, breaking free was nearly impossible—they were doomed to become obedient slaves.

Among the humans the Succubus Queen had subdued were even God-level powerhouses.

Because of this, he both admired and feared her, wary that one day he might fall under her spell.

What he hadn't expected, however, was that His Majesty, the Demon Emperor, was the true mastermind behind the Demon Worship Society.

Suddenly, the flames trembled.

The Abyssal Fire surged, engulfing the palace entirely.

Within the inferno, a colossal Demon began to take shape.

His towering form was wreathed in dark green fire, a single horn protruding from his head. His features bore a faint resemblance to Dragonkind—but there was something unmistakably different.

The massive wings on his back, when fully spread, spanned over ten meters. His entire body was covered in scales, each one shimmering with a flickering flame trapped within.

Seated upon the Demon Emperor's Throne, he radiated an overwhelming and suffocating pressure.

The moment he appeared, every Demon present bowed in unison.

"Greetings, Your Majesty Demon Emperor!"

The Demon Emperor's gaze swept slowly across the assembled Demon Kings.

Each Demon King who met his eyes felt as though a blade had been placed against their throat, ready to strike at any moment.

His power was beyond comprehension.

Ordinarily, the Demon Emperor remained within the Demon Emperor's Palace, rarely making direct appearances.

When matters required his attention, he simply issued commands.

A gathering like this was exceedingly rare.

The Demon Emperor's deep, resonant voice rang out, "Very good. You're all here."

"The humans have been making waves. In the Shenxia Empire, the Demon Worship Society has been purged. Succubus Queen, what do you make of this?"

The Succubus Queen stiffened, her voice trembling slightly, "Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen launched a joint assault—it was too sudden. I have already ordered a counterattack."

A low chuckle rumbled from the Demon Emperor's throat, sending a chill through the Succubus Queen.

The Demon Emperor suddenly chuckled, a sound that sent chills down the Succubus Queen's spine.

"You ordered a counterattack?"

The Succubus Queen hesitated, nodding cautiously. That was indeed the command she had given.

The Demon Emperor's voice turned icy, "And do you truly believe that under the watchful eyes of Shenxia's level 95 God-level experts, your counterattack will achieve anything?"

The Succubus Queen's mind raced. Then, a realization struck her.

“I originally had no intention of counterattacking, but the Fire Demon King insisted he could kill Lin Moyu and sought my cooperation. I only launched an attack to divert attention and create an opening for him.”

The Demon Emperor let out a chilling, mirthless laugh.

“Tell me, was it that fool who lacked sense—or do you take me for a fool? Do you even believe those words yourself?”

The Succubus Queen shuddered, dropping to her knees midair, too terrified to utter another word.

At that moment, a crushing aura descended upon her.

Raging flames erupted across her body, searing her flesh.

Agony tore through her, but she dared not move—even trying to suppress her screams.

The Demon Emperor's voice remained cold and unrelenting, "You issued a foolish order. Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen were waiting for your retaliation—to wipe them all out in one move."

"Fish hidden in the mud are hard to catch. But fish that leap from the water? Easy prey. Fool!"

"I don't care about the damage to the Demon Worship Society. They were nothing more than useless pawns for my amusement. But you, you shouldn't have tried to deceive me."

The Succubus Queen had hoped to shift blame onto the Fire Demon King, assuming his death meant her claims couldn't be refuted.

But she had miscalculated.

She gritted her teeth, forcing out a trembling plea, "Your servant does not dare... Your Majesty, please forgive this unworthy servant."

The Demon Emperor snorted, and the flames consuming her body gradually faded.

She collapsed, gasping for breath, heart pounding in terror. Had those flames burned even a moment longer, she would have perished—reduced to nothing but ash.

She was a mighty Demon King, yet before the Demon Emperor, she was utterly powerless.

The Demon Emperor continued, “The Fire Demon King is dead. That useless fool deserved his fate. The Human World isn’t a place you can simply waltz into.”

The gathered Demon Kings were stunned—none had expected the Fire Demon King to fall at the hands of humans.

The Succubus Queen felt a deep chill settle in her chest—she hadn’t expected the Demon Emperor to know this.

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The Demon Emperor's gaze swept over the assembled Demon Kings, "The reason I summoned you here is simple. You have tasks to complete."

"First—prepare for war. Guard the Abyssal Gate. The Dragonkind are mobilizing their forces; a great war is coming."

"Second—the humans have produced an Earth Knight. I can already sense that detestable aura. Find him and ill him."

"Third—the one who killed the Fire Demon King is called Lin Moyu. Find him and kill him."

Chapter 423: Once He Reaches The Third Class Awakening, We Won't Be A Match For Him

As soon as they left the Demon Emperor's Palace, the Demon Kings finally exhaled in relief.

Defying the Demon Emperor's orders was unthinkable, and their tasks had already been assigned.

Due to her frequent dealings with humans, the Succubus Queen was tasked with eliminating the Earth Knight and Lin Moyu.

Yet, the Demon Emperor was unaware that she had clashed with Lin Moyu multiple times—and lost every time.

If she could have killed him, she would have done so long ago.

But refusal wasn't an option.

"Succubus Queen, wait."

As she was contemplating how to handle Lin Moyu, the Darkfiend King's voice sounded from behind.

Like her, he had been assigned the task of killing the Earth Knight and Lin Moyu.

In a sense, they were now allies.

“What is it, Darkfiend King?” The Succubus Queen asked respectfully.

His rank was on par with hers, but he was renowned for his combat prowess—likely surpassing her own.

The Succubus Queen respected the strong.

"I need information on Lin Moyu." The Darkfiend King said, "Back in the Immemorial Battlefield, the Fire Demon King ordered a hunt for him. My son was there at the time. He obeyed the order—and was killed instead."

"That wasn't long ago. I can't understand how Lin Moyu has attained the level of a God-level powerhouse in such a short time."

In his view, only a God-level powerhouse should be capable of killing a Demon King.

The gap between a God-level powerhouse and lesser beings was as immense as that between a Demon King and those beneath them.

It was not merely a difference in level but a fundamental shift in essence.

The Succubus Queen suddenly let out a charming laugh, “Lin Moyu is not a God-level powerhouse.”

The Darkfiend King’s eyes widened, “He’s not? Then how did he manage to kill the Fire Demon King?”

“The story of Lin Moyu is a long one.” The Succubus Queen said, “Let’s talk as we move.”

“Alright.”

Along the way, she recounted everything she knew about Lin Moyu.

She, too, wanted him dead, and with the Darkfiend King’s help, their chances of success would be greater.

After listening, the Darkfiend King spoke in a deep voice, “In that case, it makes sense that my son died at his hands.”

Though Lin Moyu hadn’t even reached level 50, he could already slay Demon Kings. His combat power defied common sense.

The Succubus Queen said, “Even though that fool ventured into a dungeon where his strength was suppressed, he was still a Demon King.”

“Compared to the time he was in the Immemorial Battlefield, Lin Moyu has grown even stronger—he’s fought the Dragonkind multiple times, and even they are helpless against him.”

"They even abducted his friends and attempted an ambush, but not only did they fail, they also lost a Dragon King in the process."

“That guy is not only unbelievably lucky but also incredibly troublesome. I have a feeling that once he reaches God-level, even we won’t be a match for him.”

The Darkfiend King had a different perspective, “We don’t have to wait for him to reach God-level. I believe that once he undergoes his third class awakening, he’ll already be as strong as us.”

“If we want to kill him, it has to be now. Otherwise, once he undergoes his third class awakening, only the Demon Emperor himself will be able to stop him.”

The Succubus Queen found the Darkfiend King's words reasonable, "I want to kill him too, but he's in the Human World—we can't reach him."

The Darkfiend King said, "For now, let's keep an eye on him. Once he leaves the Human World, we'll decide our next move."

"That's all we can do for now."

After discussing things for a while, the two parted ways.

Killing Lin Moyu wouldn't be easy, but it had to be done.

To the Darkfiend King, eliminating Lin Moyu was far more critical—and difficult—than killing the Earth Knight.

The Demon Worship Society was nearly wiped out, but some small fries still remained.

Keeping an eye on one person shouldn't be a challenge.

Meanwhile, Lin Moyu spent two days in the dungeon and finally reached level 50.

With this milestone, the EXP required for leveling up surged once again.

Even the top-tier level 45 Beast God Plateau dungeon could no longer keep up with his needs.

Each run barely gave him 1% EXP—meaning he'd have to clear it 100 times just to gain a single level.

That was absurd.

His leveling speed was simply too fast.

Most would take years—if not a decade—to progress from level 40 to 50.

But Lin Moyu? He had gone from his first class awakening to level 50 in less than a year.

To others, his progress was miraculous. To Lin Moyu, it wasn't fast enough.

After all, his older sister, Lin Mohan, set an even higher standard.

Exiting the dungeon, Lin Moyu made his way to the Trade Office.

Though the Trade Office had sustained damage during the recent turmoil, repairs were nearly complete.

It had been a while since his last visit, and so his storage space was overflowing with gold and platinum rank gear.

Rather than consigning each item individually, he dumped everything on the Trade Office.

He used to keep platinum rank equipment with decent attributes, either for himself or for Ning Yiyi.

But after encountering many amazing items—as boss accessories, legendary rank weapons, and even mythical rank weapons—his standards had changed.

He no longer cared for such things.

At this stage, only legendary rank gear or boss accessories were worth consideration.

At the very least, they had to be top-tier platinum rank—with exceptional attributes and skills.

Despite acquiring a large amount of equipment, only a handful met this standard.

One such item, the Shell Block Shield, had already been given to Shi Xing'an.

The remaining notable pieces included several drops from the Earth Evil Centipede and a drop from the Soul Devour Insect King—the Soul Devour Dagger.

[Soul Devour Dagger (Assassin-type class exclusive): platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,500, increases the power of Assassin-type skills by 80%. Supplementary skill: Soul Devour.]

[Soul Devour (passive skill): deals damage to the target's soul; the damage ignores defense, physical immunity, and elemental immunity.]

Lin Moyu had no use for the dagger and initially planned to give it to Ning Yiyi.

However, she responded just as she had when he previously tried to gift her the boss accessories, so he decided to keep it.

The Soul Devour Ring had decent attributes as well, but compared to those boss accessories, it was underwhelming. He decided to sell it as well.

In the end, he kept only four pieces of equipment: Soul Devour Dagger, Evil Centipede's Sword, Evil Centipede's Shield, and Evil Centipede's Robe.

All other platinum and gold rank weapons were dumped into the Trade Office, exchanged for a massive sum of gold coins.

The moment Lin Moyu sold the equipment, the Trade Office's Magic Crystal experience a lag.

The manager was stunned. So many high-tier weapons appearing at once? He didn't dare approve the transaction on his own.

But when he checked the seller's name, he trembled.

The seller was surprisingly Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu's reputation was overwhelming.

The manager immediately contacted his superior, who then contacted their own superior.

Within seconds, an order came down: "For all items Godly General Lin sells, purchase them at a 20% markup. For all items he buys, grant a 20% discount."

Without hesitation, the manager executed a series of operations.

Lin Moyu noticed the Trade Office returning to normal after a brief lag, and soon, a massive sum of gold coins flowed into his account.

"Huh? This is more than expected."

By his calculations, he should have received just under 8 billion gold coins, bringing his total wealth to around 9 billion.

Instead, he had a full 10 billion in his account.

Then he noticed another change—prices in the Trade Office had dropped.

Not for everyone—just for him. Every item was now 20% off.

It didn't take long for Lin Moyu to realize what had happened: the Trade Office had granted him special privileges.

It was obvious—the imperial family backed the Trade Office. This was their way of showing goodwill.

Lin Moyu smirked, "Although they haven't apologized in person, they've managed the situation quite well."

Without hesitation, he began shopping.

This time, he went for Intermediate Skill Scrolls. Normally priced at 10 million gold coins each, his discount brought them down to 8 million.

As for Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls, there were none for sale

They were valued at nearly ten times the price of standard Intermediate Skill Scrolls, but their supply was simply too scarce, and they were completely unavailable.

Currently, Lin Moyu had four Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls—but at level 50, he couldn't afford to use them recklessly. He needed to compensate with sheer quantity.

Having already experienced skill awakening at level 30, he didn't hesitate.

He bought 500 Intermediate Skill Scrolls in one go.

Chapter 424: Show More Respect To Godly General Lin

A single purchase of 500 Intermediate Skill Scrolls—an undeniably grand move.

The manager of the Trade Office was left stunned again.

Lin Moyu had just sold equipment worth 9 billion and immediately spent 4 billion on Skill Scrolls.

The manager muttered, "Without the discount, we could've earned another billion..."

A billion—an astronomical sum for most. Yet, a simple directive from above wiped it away.

As he stood dazed, another transaction appeared.

Another 4 billion gold coins.

Lin Moyu bought 500 more scrolls, ensuring he had enough.

Money was never an issue for him.

A few more dungeon runs, and the loot sales would quickly refill his pockets.

After all, going solo meant keeping all the drops—no need to share.

Earning gold was easy.

With 1,000 Intermediate Skill Scrolls, he had nearly emptied the Trade Office's stock.

"That should do be enough." He mused.

If not, he had Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls as backup.

Upon returning to the White God Courtyard, Lin Moyu sensed foreign auras—they felt familiar.

"A gift delivery." He smirked.

Stepping inside, he found Dongfang Yi and Dongfang Yao.

A flicker of apology crossed Dongfang Yao's eyes when she saw him.

It was unclear whether Dongfang Yao felt guilty for getting Lin Moyu trapped in the Putrid Corpse Land or for her previous unreasonable request.

Not that it mattered. Lin Moyu wasn't petty—it was water under the bridge.

Dongfang Yi greeted him with a respectful smile, "Godly General Lin, you're back."

His attitude was notably respectful. As both an emperor and a God-level powerhouse, he normally wouldn't need to show such courtesy to Lin Moyu.

Yet, for various reasons, he treated Lin Moyu with great politeness.

He understood that as long as Lin Moyu remained alive, it was only a matter of time before he surpassed him.

By then, titles like "emperor" and "God-level powerhouse" would be meaningless.

Dongfang Yi had the foresight to recognize that.

Lin Moyu returned the courtesy, "Emperor Dongfang, Princess Yao."

"Hello, Godly General Lin." Dongfang Yao addressed him as "Godly General Lin" as a sign of respect.

Suddenly, Dongfang Yi's expression shifted, his eyes narrowing. His voice trembled slightly, "Godly General Lin, you're now a two-star godly general?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Mm."

He walked past Dongfang Yi and stopped beside Bai Yiyuan, saying nothing more. He knew exactly why they were here.

Better to let Bai Yiyuan handle it—he was an expert at squeezing people dry.

The only question was whether Dongfang Yi and Dongfang Yao had just arrived or had already been 'dealt with.'

At that moment, Bai Yiyuan spoke, "Emperor Dongfang, we appreciate your goodwill. What happened before was just an unfortunate mistake—no need to dwell on it."

Dongfang Yi exhaled in relief.

The matter was settled.

Lin Moyu understood—Bai Yiyuan had already shaken them down.

After a few more polite exchanges, Dongfang Yi and Dongfang Yao left White God Courtyard.

Even as he departed, Dongfang Yi remained exceedingly respectful, ensuring he bid Lin Moyu farewell.

After teleporting back to the imperial palace, Dongfang Yao frowned, "Father, why has your attitude toward Lin Moyu suddenly become so... deferential?"

Dongfang Yi had always been polite to Lin Moyu, but this was different—it felt like he was trying to curry favor.

Dongfang Yi coughed lightly, "He's now a two-star godly general."

Dongfang Yao blinked, "Wasn't he already a godly general? What's so special about being two-star?"

Dongfang Yi sighed, then explained, "There's a huge difference. Anyone with enough military merit can become a godly general."

"A starless godly general and a one-star godly general? The gap isn't significant—you just need to kill enough enemies."

"But a two-star godly general... that's different. To achieve that, you must kill a Demon King. This means at least one Demon King has fallen at Godly General Lin's hands."

"I heard rumors that the Fire Demon King went into a dungeon to hunt Godly General Lin... and ended up dead instead. At first, I thought it was impossible—how could someone below level 50 kill a Demon King?"

"But today, I confirmed it. The military badge doesn't lie."

Dongfang Yao's curiosity deepened, "Could it be that White God and Serene God weakened the Demon King first, then let Lin Moyu land the final blow?"

Dongfang Yi chuckled, "That wouldn't work—the military badge wouldn't count it as his kill."

"In short, from now on, show Godly General Lin more respect. His future achievements will be beyond imagination."

Meanwhile, at White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan was grinning ear to ear.

Lin Moyu had no idea how much he had extorted from the imperial family, but judging by his expression—it was a fortune.

Meng Anwen smirked, "Look at you, grinning like that. You're practically drooling."

Bai Yiyuan beamed, "The imperial family is filthy rich—far wealthier than I am."

"I spent decades collecting materials, yet that doesn't even compare to how much they lost in an instant."

Seeing Bai Yiyuan so pleased, Lin Moyu grew curious about what Dongfang Yi had brought.

Bai Yiyuan uttered, "Moyu, do you want to go to Putrid Corpse Land again?"

Lin Moyu's expression darkened instantly—his teacher had lost his mind.

Meng Anwen sighed, "Ignore him. He's gone crazy."

"This time, Dongfang Yi showed real sincerity, bringing plenty of valuable resources. Put it this way—everything you spent on your second class awakening has been fully reimbursed."

"There's enough for your third class awakening."

"Plus, there are some things you can use right away."

Lin Moyu knew how much Bai Yiyuan had sacrificed for his second class awakening, nearly emptying his savings.

Despite being a God-level powerhouse, Bai Yiyuan's wealth wasn't far from limitless. Compared to the imperial family, who had accumulated resources for over a thousand years, he simply couldn't compete.

For them, giving away more than Bai Yiyuan's entire fortune was nothing.

Meng Anwen, unable to tolerate Bai Yiyuan's antics any longer, fired a ray of energy from his fingertip. It struck Bai Yiyuan head-on, launching him several hundred meters away.

When Bai Yiyuan flew back, he finally seemed normal again.

Rather than blaming Meng Anwen for the attack, he looked slightly embarrassed.

With a casual toss, he handed Lin Moyu two boxes.

"The rest aren't much use to you, but these... these are what you need."

Lin Moyu opened the first box.

Inside, neatly arranged, were 10 Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls—exactly what he needed.

With these, his total count reached 14 Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls, more than enough.

Then he opened the second box.

The moment he lifted the lid, a dazzling light burst forth.

Inside lay a single scroll—an Advanced Flash Skill Scroll.

Advanced Skill Scrolls were notoriously expensive, selling for 100 million gold coins in the Trade Office.

Advanced Flash Skill Scrolls, on the other hand, were priceless.

Until now, Lin Moyu had only ever obtained one.

Now, he had a second.

Bai Yiyuan nodded, "10 intermediate, one advanced."

"Advanced Flash Skill Scrolls are extremely rare—even the imperial family likely doesn't have many. Save it for when you reach level 80."

Lin Moyu understood. During his third class awakening at level 70, he should aim for a class sublimation—that way, he'd automatically master level 70 skills without wasting Advanced Skill Scrolls.

At level 90, when ascending to God-level, Skill Scrolls would also be unnecessary.

Only at level 80 would he need them.

Lin Moyu stored the boxes away, "Teachers, I bought some Intermediate Skill Scrolls from the Trade Office. I'll keep the Intermediate Flash Skill Scrolls as a backup, just in case."

Bai Yiyuan nodded in approval, "Exactly. At level 50, just use regular Skill Scrolls."

"Once you reach level 60, you can start using Flash Skill Scrolls. Fourteen should be plenty—there won't be that many skills to learn."

"By the way, how many Intermediate Skill Scrolls did you buy? Need more money? I can help."

Lin Moyu replied calmly, "I bought 1,000 scrolls."

"Pfft!" Bai Yiyuan nearly spat out his tea, "1,000?! Where did you get that kind of money?"

Without a discount, 1,000 scrolls would have cost 10 billion gold.

Lin Moyu shrugged, "I sold all the equipment I got from dungeons. Furthermore, the Trade Office gave me a 20% discount."

Doing solo grinding meant keeping all the loot, so earning gold wasn't a problem.

Bai Yiyuan said, "Restore your energies to peak condition first—then you can start using the Skill Scrolls. 1,000 scrolls should be enough."

Chapter 425: Fused Skill: Lightning Deathwings

When Intermediate Skill Scrolls were activated, the disturbance they caused far exceeded that of Elementary Skill Scrolls.

A hazy light enveloped most of the White God Courtyard.

Lin Moyu, familiar with Skill Scrolls, didn't hesitate. He activated 10 scrolls at once.

Countless specks of light swirled around him, generating gusts of wind and releasing the distinctive aura of the scrolls.

The materials used in Intermediate Skill Scrolls were far more precious, and the aura they emitted was mesmerizing—potent enough to stir awe in anyone nearby.

As the scrolls' power entered his body, Lin Moyu felt a stirring deep within.

But the force wasn't quite enough. The sensation faded, and everything returned to normal.

The first batch of 10 scrolls failed to awaken a new skill, yet something felt different—an entirely new sensation.

Without pause, he activated another 10 scrolls.

Once again, hazy light erupted, and the scrolls dissolved into motes of brilliance swirling around Lin Moyu.

The mysterious feeling returned—stronger this time, but still elusive.

Refusing to let it pass, Lin Moyu triggered a third batch of 10 scrolls.

The scrolls' energy surged. This time, the sensation was even clearer. Something within him trembled with power, growing increasingly restless.

He continued. A fourth batch. Then a fifth.

Each time, he calculated, sensed.

He was no longer as clueless as he had been at level 30—something had started to click in his mind.

Bai Yiyuan furrowed his brow, “What is Moyu doing?”

Beside him, Meng Anwen spoke softly, “He’s trying to sense the skills within his body.”

“Hiss!” Bai Yiyuan gasped, his face filled with disbelief, “That... that’s impossible!”

Meng Anwen remained calm, his voice quiet but steady, “It might be impossible for you. But for Moyu... it's hard to say.”

Bai Yiyuan shook his head, unable to accept it, “Sensing the skill source... That’s something only achievable after level 80!”

Meng Anwen gave no reply, only a silent shake of his head. Even he couldn't fully comprehend what was happening.

Logic told him this shouldn't be possible—yet the truth unfolding before them suggested otherwise.

Lin Moyu remained unaware of how utterly shocking his actions were.

Even Meng Anwen, seasoned and worldly as he was, couldn't hide his shock in that moment.

After activating several batches of Skill Scrolls in a row—50 in total—the stirring presence within Lin Moyu grew increasingly active, on the verge of fully awakening.

Doing the calculations in his mind, Lin Moyu took out another 15 scrolls, “This should be enough.”

With that thought, he released his spirit force, activating them all at once.

As the scrolls' energy surged into him, the presence he had been sensing finally broke free.

It erupted from somewhere deep inside him, sweeping through his entire body before settling within his spirit world—etching an imprint onto his very soul.

[Acquired skill: Deathwings]

[Deathwings (level 1): grants the ability of flight to the host and the summons for 1 second. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

And in that moment, Lin Moyu finally understood—what he had been sensing all along... was a skill.

His body trembled. His eyes widened in disbelief.

A skill... could actually be sensed?

He didn't even pause to inspect the skill's attributes. His first instinct was to turn and question Bai Yiyuan and Meng Anwen—he needed answers.

But just as he opened his mouth, a voice echoed suddenly within his mind.

[The system detected the host has awakened a new skill. Initiating the fusion of Deathwings and Lightning Wings. Commencing optimization.]

The system revealed itself once more—this time, to fuse his skills.

Lin Moyu's heart skipped a beat. Skills fused by the system were more powerful—he knew this from experience.

He quickly glanced at the newly acquired Deathwings skill. It granted flight—to both him and his summons.

It was a formidable skill. Exactly what he'd been yearning for.

With this, his summons would no longer be restricted to the ground.

Now, he could engage in true aerial combat.

Flying monsters, Demons, the Dragonkind—he wouldn't need to bait them down to the ground anymore.

His entire combat style would shift—faster, more flexible, unrestrained by the terrain.

But despite the excitement, he frowned. The initial attributes were underwhelming.

A duration of 1 second. A cooldown of 1 hour.

What could he possibly do in a single second?

Still, Lin Moyu wasn't disheartened. He understood that the skill would benefit from his Comprehensive Amplification talent.

After reaching level 50, his talent's effect had grown even stronger—from a 50x boost to 60x.

That meant Deathwings would grant flight not for 1 second... but for 60.

Unfortunately, the cooldown remained unaffected, still locked at 1 hour—a major limitation.

Grinding the skill would be incredibly difficult

At most, he could use it 24 times a day. That kind of grinding speed was agonizingly slow.

His only hope now lay in the system's fused skill.

His excitement gradually settled down.

"A flight skill is always a good thing." Lin Moyu muttered to himself, calming his thoughts, "No matter how long it takes to grind... I'll get there eventually."

When Lin Moyu had activated those last 15 Skill Scrolls, Meng Anwen's theory was all but confirmed.

Lin Moyu had sensed a skill within him, though he wasn't entirely sure if he had grasped its source.

At the very least, he had taken a crucial step.

A step that could determine whether he would one day ascend God-level.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan exchanged glances. Neither spoke, but both had a glimmer of joy in their eyes.

Then— the system's voice rang out once more in Lin Moya's mind.

[Skill fusion completed]

[Congratulations. The host has obtained the skill: Lightning Deathwings]

[Lightning Deathwings (level 1): grants the ability of flight to the host and the summons for 10 seconds. Cooldown: 10 minutes.]

Lin Moya's heart surged with joy. He clenched his fists, doing his best to remain calm—but the excitement was hard to contain.

10 seconds. The duration had increased tenfold compared to before. And with his talent's 60x multiplier, it was effectively 10 minutes.

As for the cooldown? It was reduced from 1 hour to 10 minutes—practically non-existent.

Lin Moya could now fight in the skies for prolonged periods of time.

The old limitation had finally been resolved completely.

Now, only one thing remained: raise the skill's level and increase its flight speed.

As for whether the cooldown would decrease further, it no longer mattered.

Lin Moyu opened his eyes, eager to share the news with Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan.

But then he paused—Bai Yiyuan was staring at him strangely. And it wasn't just him. Meng Anwen's eyes held a peculiar look as well.

A chill ran down Lin Moyu's spine, "...Teachers? What's wrong?"

Bai Yiyuan narrowed his eyes and gave a strange smile, "Moyu, when you awakened that skill just now, did you feel anything unusual?"

Something unusual?

Lin Moyu paused, thinking carefully, "After activating the Skill Scrolls... I felt like something inside me was being pulled out, like it was trying to break free."

“And the more scrolls I used, the stronger that feeling became—until the skill finally awakened.”

Bai Yiyuan pressed on, “And when the skill awakened? What did it feel like?”

Recalling the sensation, Lin Moyu explained in detail, “When it happened, that thing spread through my entire body, before finally surging into my spirit world and settling there.”

Bai Yiyuan’s gaze narrowed, “Were you able to sense its source?”

The source?

Lin Moyu paused, thinking for a moment, then shook his head.

He hadn’t sensed the source. The feeling had been vague—so faint it now seemed almost unreal.

He even wondered if it had all been a misconception.

Meng Anwen said, “Don’t worry. Just keep awakening skills. If that sensation comes again—try to hold onto it. Trace it. Find its source.”

Bai Yiyuan nodded, “Exactly. Just focus on finding the source.”

Hearing Meng Anwen’s words, Lin Moyu sensed the importance of the matter.

He activated the Skill Scrolls once more, and countless specks of light surged around him, enveloping his body in a radiant glow.

Chapter 426: Summon Elemental Lich And Bone Prison

Amidst countless specks of light, that familiar sensation returned—though much weaker than before.

Lin Moyu quickly realized that 10 Intermediate Skill Scrolls were no longer sufficient.

As he awakened more skills, the consumption of Skill Scrolls only increased.

At level 10, a mere one or two Elementary Skill Scrolls were enough to awaken a new skill.

But now, it took a staggering 65 Intermediate Skill Scrolls just to achieve the same effect.

Given that an Intermediate Skill Scroll was over ten times more powerful than an Elementary Skill Scroll, this meant the current requirement was equivalent to 650 Elementary Skill Scrolls.

Of course, Lin Moyu knew this wasn't a perfect conversion—just a rough estimate.

This time, the demand was even greater.

The sensation appeared only briefly, fading as the scrolls' effects dissipated.

Without hesitation, he activated another 15 Skill Scrolls, trying to hold onto that elusive feeling.

Yet, 15 weren't enough.

The sensation barely intensified before slipping away again.

Determined, Lin Moyu doubled the amount, activating 30 Intermediate Skill Scrolls.

This time, the sensation grew noticeably clearer.

Following Meng Anwen's advice, he focused, trying to trace the source of the feeling.

It was easy to describe but nearly impossible to execute.

The sensation was too elusive, too abstract.

At first, it seemed to have a distinct origin. But when he concentrated, it felt as if it came from every part of his body.

Still, Lin Moyu refused to give up. He relentlessly activated Skill Scrolls—30 at a time, fueling his body with their mysterious power.

The feeling sharpened, growing clearer with each surge of energy. Then, at last, a faint trace appeared—as if he had seen something.

Subsequently, a massive surge of power erupted—rushing through Lin Moyu's entire body, flooding into his spirit world, and finally merging with his soul.

Above him, the countless specks of light from the Skill Scrolls soared skyward, forming a blazing pillar that pierced through the clouds.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan knew instantly—Lin Moyu had awakened a new skill. And not just any skill. This one was on an entirely different level.

The previous skill hadn't triggered such a spectacle.

Suddenly, a vision unfolded before Lin Moyu's eyes.

The same robed Necromancer. The same pitch-black battlefield. The same overwhelming undead horde locked in seemingly endless war.

The Necromancer lifted a finger, summoning a creature shrouded in searing flame.

The moment it appeared, fire erupted toward the sky, too intense for Lin Moyu to see the summon's full form.

But he saw the aftermath.

Wherever the summon moved, enemies were incinerated, reduced to ash in an instant.

Even the mighty Dragons screamed as they were swallowed by the flames, crashing from the sky in a blaze of agony.

Then—the vision shattered.

[Acquired skill: Summon Elemental Lich]

[Summon Elemental Lich (level 1): uses elemental items to summon Liches of matching types. The higher the item's level, the stronger the Lich. Only one Lich of each type can exist at a time. Increasing the skill's level allows for more Liches to be exist simultaneously.]

As the skill fully formed, Lin Moyu discovered a new attribute: Lich space.

At level 1, the space showed 0/1, indicating that only one Lich could exist at a time.

This was a completely new and unfamiliar skill.

But from the vision alone, Lin Moyu could tell—it was powerful. Incredibly powerful.

When he opened his eyes, he found Bai Yiyuan watching him with eager anticipation.

“How is it, Moyu?” Bai Yiyuan asked, his voice as hopeful as his gaze.

Lin Moyu shook his head, “Not yet. I haven’t grasped it. I’ll try again.”

Without hesitation, he activated another batch of Skill Scrolls.

He had already used 65 during the first attempt, then 175 in the second—240 scrolls in total. That was nearly a quarter of his entire stockpile.

This time, he activated 50 from the get go.

Once again, countless specks of light enveloped him.

And once again, that mysterious feeling returned—clearer than ever, likely due to the sheer number of scrolls he had consumed.

This was his third attempt. By now, Lin Moyu was familiar with the process. As soon as the sensation surfaced, he seized it and began tracing it to its source.

The mysterious feeling spread rapidly throughout his body, just like before.

But now, he understood what it meant.

It was the birth of a skill.

Skills, he realized, lay dormant deep within, awaiting the right level and conditions to awaken.

And right now, his task was to find where the skills' source was hidden.

He had failed before, but now, with two experiences behind him, he finally understood the method.

But understanding was one thing. Executing it was another.

To maintain the fragile connection and ensure the skill would awaken fully, Lin Moyu continued burning through batches of Intermediate Skill Scrolls, one after another.

From the side, Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan watched in amazement.

Bai Yiyuan muttered, “The stronger the class, the more difficult it is to awaken its skills.”

He paused, then added, “But Moyu’s scroll consumption is... excessive.”

Meng Anwen nodded, “Yes, far too high. Even a mid-tier legendary rank class user, at level 50, would typically need no more than 300 scrolls.”

Bai Yiyuan added, “Earth Knights might use a bit more—maybe up to 500 Skill Scrolls—but Moyu...”

Lin Moyu had already surpassed that.

He had awakened two powerful skills, but the third one was proving incredibly difficult.

Skill Scrolls continued to activate and vanish in bursts of light and energy—one batch after another.

In what felt like the blink of an eye, nearly 1,000 Skill Scrolls had been consumed.

And now, Lin Moyu stood at the critical threshold.

The sensation of skill awakening had reached a peak—intense, overwhelming, and right on the edge of release.

This time, the feeling lingered longer, finally giving Lin Moyu a clue.

He saw it: a pitch-black world. And within it, a single flickering point of light.

The feeling—the signal of an awakening skill—originated from that very point.

The moment he locked onto it, the point of light erupted with a sharp bang, sending a ripple through his entire being.

A strange feeling flooded his body, surged into his spirit world, and fused into his soul.

But this time, something else happened. Lin Moyu saw something unusual.

It was less like seeing and more like sensing.

Surrounding that glowing point were other points, and scattered throughout the darkness.

Each one felt unique—different in shape, size, and the aura it radiated.

Lin Moyu finally understood.

These were skills. Hidden. Waiting.

This... was the skills' source.

But knowing was one thing. Harnessing it? He still didn't know how.

Did he endure all this effort just for a glimpse?

At this moment, the newly awakened skill surged through him, imprinting into his soul.

[Acquired skill: Bone Prison]

[Bone Prison (level 1): binds one or multiple enemies, causing a paralysis effect. Bound targets cannot move or counterattack, and the damage they take is reduced by 50%. Binding duration is 1 second (duration varies based on enemy level and attributes and number of targets).]

It was a control-type skill, a bone-type control skill.

Lin Moyu was thrilled.

He had finally acquired a control-type skill.

Even though the base duration was only 1 second, with his talent's bonus, that 1 second extended to 60.

And this was just level 1. As the skill leveled up, the duration would only grow longer.

He could feel it—his class was becoming more and more balanced.

Even without the talent's boost, while his raw attack power might take a hit, the overall balance of his class wouldn't shift.

His undead army's damage output might drop, but the number of summons wouldn't change.

Among his peers, Lin Moyu would still reign supreme.

His class now covered—summoning, offense, defense, curses, control, immunity.

What other class could rival such completeness?

His undead army didn't require support. It could sustain itself.

His class was nearly flawless.

When Lin Moyu opened his eyes again, he found Bai Yiyuan's gaze still fixed on him.

The older man spoke softly, "Moyu, even if you can't find it this time, it's alright. Your level is still low. You'll have plenty of chances later on."

Meng Anwen nodded in agreement, “Even if you don’t find it until level 80, that’s perfectly fine. Don’t push yourself too hard.”

Lin Moyu could tell they were just trying to comfort him.

But he shook his head slightly and said, “Teachers... I think I found it.”

Bai Yiyuan was just about to continue reassuring him, but when he heard those words, his expression froze—the words of comfort stuck in his throat, replaced by a startled gasp.

Chapter 427: Saying Too Much Will Do More Harm Than Good

Bai Yiyuan's voice brimmed with disbelief, “You actually found it?”

“I’m not sure.” Lin Moyu replied, still shaken.

The memory felt surreal—almost like a dream. Part of him wondered if it had been a misconception.

Meng Anwen asked, “Tell us. What exactly did you see?”

Lin Moyu recalled carefully, “It was a pitch-black space. I saw a point of light, and when it exploded, I saw other points. It felt like each one represented a skill, but they were all dormant. It’s hard to explain.”

But Meng Anwen understood. That elusive, unreal sensation—he had felt it himself long ago.

And by the time he finally discovered the skills’ source, he had already surpassed level 80.

Lin Moyu, on the other hand, was only level 50, with ample time and opportunities ahead.

Meng Anwen asked, “What did that space look like to you?”

Lin Moyu thought hard. After a moment, he said, unsure, “Like a starry sky. Each point... like a silent, extinguished star.”

Both Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan looked surprised.

Lin Moyu noticed, “Teachers? Is something wrong?”

Meng Anwen shook his head, “No. There’s nothing wrong. Everyone sees something different.”

“What’s important is that you remember this feeling. At levels 60, 70, and 80, each skill awakening will be an opportunity.”

“You must repeatedly immerse yourself in this sensation, explore the space that belongs to you, and observe it closely.”

“No one else can guide you. This is something only you can understand.”

Lin Moyu asked, “Is there a specific method?”

Bai Yiyuan opened his mouth to speak, but Meng Anwen stopped him with a glance.

Meng Anwen said calmly, “That’s all we can tell you. The more you know, the more it may hinder you.”

“You must understand—everyone is different, even within the same class. Someone else’s experience won’t guide you. In the end, you can only rely on yourself.”

He repeated firmly, “You can only rely on yourself.”

Lin Moyu etched those words into memory.

He understood now—it wasn't that Meng Anwen was unwilling to explain further, but that he truly couldn't. Some things couldn't be taught.

Perhaps knowing too much would only blur the path ahead.

It felt as though he had stepped into a hidden, mysterious realm—one that defied ordinary understanding.

Unlike others who simply used Skill Scrolls—either awakening a skill or failing, without understanding anything beyond that—he was actively seeking the skills' source, setting him apart on a whole different level.

Lin Moyu didn't press further, "I understand."

Bai Yiyuan moved closed, curious, "So, what skills did you awaken?"

Lin Moyu answered, "I awakened three skills, namely Lightning Deathwings, Summon Elemental Lich, and Bone Prison. They're flight-, summoning-, and control-type skills respectively."

He briefly explained the effects of each skill.

Bai Yiyuan let out a low whistle and clicked his tongue, “Well, well. Your class is really becoming more and more well-rounded.”

Indeed, Lin Moyu’s class was growing increasingly well-rounded.

His core summoning-type skills had expanded, and he had also acquired both a flight- and a control-type skills.

Most only gained the ability of flight after level 70.

However, having a true flight skill made all the difference. Classes with it enjoyed speed and mobility that others couldn’t match.

Meng Anwen nodded thoughtfully, “Try using a Flash Skill Scroll. Let’s see if there’s anything you might’ve missed.”

Awakening three new skills at level 50 was completely normal. Still, to be thorough, it was worth checking.

By now, Lin Moyu had burned through nearly all of the 1,000 Intermediate Skill Scrolls he had prepared—only a few dozen remained. Not nearly enough to continue.

With no other option, he turned to Flash Skill Scrolls.

Fortunately, Dongfang Yi had just delivered 10 Flash Skill Scrolls, bringing his total to 14.

Losing one wouldn't be a big deal.

Not wanting to miss anything, Lin Moyu used one immediately.

The Flash Skill Scroll dissolved into a cascade of shimmering lights—far more vivid and colorful than any ordinary Skill Scroll.

He felt it instantly: a rush of vast, mysterious energy flooding through his body, stirring something deep within.

The power it held was overwhelming—more than a hundred times stronger than a regular Skill Scroll.

In that moment, Lin Moyu understood why Flash Skill Scrolls guaranteed skill awakening—the mysterious power they contained was simply too immense.

He also understood something deeper: the why behind it. Not just how it worked, but the reason it worked.

If there had been even one skill left unawakened, it would have surfaced.

But this time—there was no reaction.

That confirmed it. He had awakened every available skill for his current level. Nothing was overlooked.

Meng Anwen nodded, “Good. You didn’t miss anything. Are you heading to the Immemorial Battlefield next?”

Lin Moyu replied, “Not yet. I want to grind my skills first.”

Of the three new skills, Lightning Deathwings would take the most time to grind. The other two? He was confident he could max them out quickly.

Meng Anwen said, “Alright. In the next few days, I’ll locate a teleportation node for you.”

The most convenient way to reach the Immemorial Battlefield was through Meng Anwen and the Shenxia Tower.

Without that shortcut, Lin Moyu would need to travel through several transfer points—an annoying and time-consuming hassle.

“Thank you, Teachers. I’ll go grind my skills first.”

After leaving White God Courtyard, Lin Moyu headed straight to the Trade Office without delay.

To grind Summon Elemental Lich, he needed materials imbued with elemental attributes.

The quality of the materials didn’t matter during the grinding process.

However, once the skill was maxed out, a high-grade material would be required to finalize the summon.

Once an Elemental Lich was successfully summoned, it would remain indefinitely—unless it was killed in battle, its summoning was canceled, or it was replaced by another of the same element.

Liches of different elements could coexist, but only one of each element could exist at a time.

At the Trade Office, Lin Moyu began sweeping up low-grade elemental materials.

Since this was just for grinding, he focused on level 10 materials—cheap and abundant.

With over 2 billion gold coins to his name, he had more than enough for what he needed.

A unit of Fire Flower, with the fire element, cost only 100 gold coins.

Azure Ice, with the water element, was slightly pricier at under 200 per unit.

These low-grade items were rather inexpensive.

Just to be safe, Lin Moyu tested a Fire Flower first.

Once he confirmed it could be used to summon a Fire Elemental Lich, he continued the purchase without hesitation.

He practically cleaned out the Trade Office's stock of low-grade elemental materials.

By the time he was done, he had spent nearly 300 million gold coins—purchasing 100,000 units of each elemental type.

Estimating that this would be more than enough for skill grinding, Lin Moyu left the Trade Office and made his way to the Dungeon Hall.

As usual, he chose the Beast God Plateau dungeon.

The open terrain, temperate climate, and crisp, clean air made it the perfect environment for focused skill grinding.

More than anything, Lin Moyu was simply too lazy to pick a new dungeon.

Since he was still eligible to enter the Beast God Plateau at level 50, he figured he might as well stick with the familiar. No need to complicate things.

Skill: Lightning Deathwings!

With a soft crackle, a pair of wings materialized on Lin Moyu's back.

Over three meters wide, they were constructed from interwoven white bones. Lightning arced across the skeletal frame, snapping and crackling with energy.

In the blink of an eye, Lin Moyu transformed into a bolt of lightning and shot skyward.

His flight speed was blisteringly fast, leaving behind a long streak of lightning in the air.

By his own estimation, he was flying at about 500 meters per second—significantly slower than his previous Lightning Wings.

But that was expected. This new skill was still only at level 1.

Lin Moyu descended smoothly and retracted the skill.

The transition was seamless—perfect for extended flight. But to push the speed further, the skill's level would need to be raised.

The cooldown, however, was inconvenient—10 minutes. Which meant grinding the skill would be slow and time-consuming.

No choice but to commit.

Taking out a large stash of materials, Lin Moyu set them in front of him.

Time to grind Summon Elemental Lich.

As he activated the skill, a white flame bloomed in his palm.

From the flame, a tiny Lich leapt out—no larger than a fist.

It hovered in the air, its body wreathed in flickering fire. It could fly.

That was unexpected.

Instead of appearing terrifying, the little creature actually looked kind of cute. It circled lazily around Lin Moyu.

Since it was only at level 1, Lin Moyu didn't bother checking its attributes.

Moments later, he summoned another Fire Elemental Lich. Instantly, the previous one burst into a puff of flame and vanished.

Only one Lich of each element could exist at a time.

That was the skill's built-in restriction. There was no way to override it.

So he continued summoning Liches—one after another—burning through materials.

At the same time, every ten minutes, he cast Lightning Deathwings to gradually raise its level as well.

Chapter 428: Undead Troops Surrounded By Rings Of Light

Elemental Liches were continuously summoned and replaced, rapidly depleting the pile of materials Lin Moyu had prepared.

As the skill leveled up, the aura of the summoned Elemental Liches grew stronger—but their appearance remained the same: small, only the size of a fist, looking more silly than sinister.

Lin Moyu felt a mix of amusement and frustration. As a dignified Necrolord—an undead-type Summoner—he was used to summoning intimidating beings like skeletons or Lich Generals.

So how did such a tiny creature emerge?

Though it still resembled a Lich—a deflated ball of skin stretched over bone—it was just too small. Covered in flames, it actually looked kind of cute.

“This isn’t what it looked like when I awakened the skill.”

He propped his chin on his hand, watching the Fire Lich spin in the air.

The difference was striking. Was this really the same Fire Lich he had seen when he awakened the skill?

“Could it be due to the skill’s level and materials?”

After some thought, he concluded that might be the case. The quality of materials clearly impacted the Elemental Lich's combat power—perhaps it altered its form too.

Still, he set the thought aside. First, he needed to max out the skill.

Just as he was about to run out of fire elemental materials, the skill hit level 10.

With a soft hum, a new Elemental Lich was summoned—this time, a glowing ring of light appeared beneath its feet.

Lin Moyu was stunned.

That ring... it looked familiar.

Aside from being a bit pale in color, it was nearly identical to the Sacred Light Knight's Holyfire Ring.

Intrigued, he immediately checked its properties.

[Lichfire Ring: grants all undead troops the Lichfire Ring, dealing fire damage to all enemies within a 100-meter radius. The damage is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

The ring of light wasn't limited to just the Lich—it applied to every undead troop on the battlefield.

And because the range was centered on each unit, it created an enormous zone of effect.

The Fire Lich didn't even need to move. Its ring alone was enough to blanket the entire battlefield.

"Am I basically a Sacred Light Knight now?" Lin Moyu stared blankly, still processing what just happened.

He never expected his skill to replicate the effects of one of the Sacred Light Knight class.

Who would believe him if he told them?

The tiny Fire Lich floated quietly in front of him, its hollow sockets locked onto him.

The air grew a little strange.

"Would the other elements have rings too?" He muttered.

Without hesitation, he pulled out a batch of wind elemental materials.

As the skill activated, a unit of the materials vanished in a flash—and a breeze stirred the air.

A Wind Elemental Lich emerged, small and adorable like its fire counterpart, shrouded in whirling currents of air.

At its feet spun a green ring of light.

[Lichwind Ring: grants all undead troops the Lichwind Ring, greatly increasing their movement speed. The effect is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

The undead troops around him glowed faintly as a second ring formed beneath their feet.

The Lichfire Ring and Lichwind Ring didn't interfere with each other. They stacked.

Lin Moyu's eyes lit up with understanding.

Putting aside the Liches' own combat power, these ring effects alone made them incredible support units.

Realizing their potential, he doubled down on leveling the skill, relentlessly grinding it.

Compared to this, grinding the Lightning Deathwings skill felt painfully slow. With a 10-minute cooldown between casts, raising its level was like watching grass grow.

Lin Moyu didn't need to worry about spirit force consumption, so leveling Summon Elemental Lich progressed rapidly.

At first, he could raise the skill's level once per hour.

Things slowed a bit after level 20.

Then again after level 40.

But even so, after five days without rest, he finally pushed the skill to level 50—maxing it out.

From this point on, any further leveling would be automatic, tied to his own level progression.

Lin Moyu exhaled a long, relieved breath.

After five relentless days, Summon Elemental Lich was finally maxed out.

Meanwhile, Lightning Deathwings had only reached level 2.

Still, the flight duration increased by 10 seconds, doubling it.

The cooldown was reduced by 1 minute, now down to 9 minutes.

The speed also improved—from 500 meters per second to 600.

Additionally, the cooldown reduction meant the skill could be grinded faster moving forward.

If he kept at it, the pace would continue to pick up.

Now, the real question loomed before him: what materials should he use to summon Elemental Liches?

Material quality directly impacted their strength. Using materials that were too inferior was pointless.

As for legendary-grade resources? He had none.

After some thought, Lin Moyu laid out a collection of Elemental Crystals—Fire, Earth, Light, Water, Wind, and Lightning.

Each crystal was level 40—materials on par with platinum rank equipment.

Aside from divine stones, these were the best elemental items he could currently produce.

Decision made, he picked up the Fire Crystal.

Skill: Summon Elemental Lich!

A pillar of fire erupted from his body, engulfing him in blazing light.

Yet within the inferno, he felt no heat—only a gentle warmth. The flames licked around him harmlessly, like a welcome embrace.

The Fire Crystal shattered in a burst of energy, a Fire Lich emerged.

This one was vastly different from the earlier version summoned with low-grade materials.

This Fire Lich was now the size of an adult's head. Its body had a rounded shape—perhaps a byproduct of the crystal's original form.

Its skin looked thicker, almost squishy, and the once-protruding bones were now softer, barely showing through.

“...Why did it get even cuter?” Lin Moyu felt a headache coming on.

He was a Necrolord, a master of death, the shadow behind the battlefield—summoning adorable burning marshmallows wasn't exactly on brand.

Still, he continued casting the skill, one crystal after another.

The Wind Lich, Ice Lich, Earth Lich, Lightning Lich, and Light Lich emerged one after another, a glowing ring of light spinning gently beneath their feet.

A total of six Elemental Liches now circled around Lin Moyu.

Lin Moyu began inspecting their attributes and skills.

[Platinum Elemental Lich]

[Level: 50]

[Strength: 90,000]

[Agility: 90,000]

[Spirit: 90,000]

[Physique: 90,000]

Their attributes were identical—strength, agility, spirit, and endurance, all at a flat 90,000. There was no variance between them.

The only difference lay in the element of the ring of light each one projected beneath them.

Fire Lich.

[Fire Ring: grants all undead troops the Fire Ring, dealing fire damage to all enemies within a 1,000-meter radius. The damage is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Wind Lich.

[Wind Ring: grants all undead troops the Wind Ring, greatly increasing their movement speed. The effect is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Ice Lich.

[Ice Ring: grants all undead troops the Ice Ring, applying a freezing effect to all enemies within a 1,000-meter radius. The effect is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Earth Lich.

[Earth Ring: grants all undead troops the Earth Ring, greatly increasing their defense. The effect is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Lightning Lich.

[Lightning Ring: grants all undead troops the Lightning Ring, dealing lightning damage to all enemies within a 1,000-meter radius. Has a chance of triggering paralysis. The damage is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Light Lich.

[Light Ring: grants all undead troops the Light Ring, increasing their resistance to light elemental attacks and enhancing their damage against darkness-type enemies. The effect is based on the skill's level and the Lich's attributes.]

Lin Moyu studied each effect carefully.

At the feet of his undead troops, six rings of light spun in harmony, forming a radiant array, casting colored glows across the field.

The undead army had undergone a stunning transformation—it had become a Sacred Light Army.

With all the various buffs, Lin Moyu himself could hardly imagine just how powerful the undead army had become.

Before the enemy could even get close, they would be first burned by fire, struck by lightning, and frozen by frost.

It was enough to drive anyone to despair.

Lin Moyu realized that every 10 levels marked a massive leap for him—not just because his Comprehensive Amplification talent would level up.

The new skills he gained were often game-changers as well.

Chapter 429: Even I Feel Like I'm A Bit Of A Freak

After familiarizing himself with the six rings of light summoned by the Elemental Liches, Lin Moyu turned his gaze toward a group of monsters in the distance.

A mischievous smile crept onto his face, “You’ll do.”

It was a pack of wolves.

On Plateau No. 1, Plateau Wolves and Plateau Antelopes were the most common monsters. Both species stayed in groups, usually ranging from four or five to over a dozen.

The group Lin Moyu had spotted consisted of eight wolves.

He locked onto them immediately and raised his hand.

Skill: Bone Prison.

Before the wolves could react, they were instantly trapped.

Fine bones erupted around them, encasing their bodies like chains.

The bones were laced with barbs that pierced their skin.

Paralysis set in immediately, rendering them immobile.

At the same time, the Bone Prison skill had a secondary effect—it boosted the wolves' defense, reducing incoming damage by 50%.

Ordinarily, at level 1, Bone Prison would last only one second. But thanks to Lin Moyu's Comprehensive Amplification talent, the duration was increased sixtyfold—to a full 60 seconds.

Even so, actual binding time depended on various factors, including the monsters' level, number, and attributes.

Therefore, the duration could vary by target and couldn't be accurately determined.

However, Lin Moyu guessed that casting a mere level 1 skill on monsters above level 45 would drastically reduce its effectiveness.

Sure enough, just three seconds later, the bones crumbled away.

Freed from their restraints, the wolves howled and charged at him again.

But before the wolves could even cover two meters, another round of Bone Prison dropped on them.

Three seconds later, the bindings vanished once more.

Still, Lin Moyu gave them no chance to advance—yet another round of Bone Prison descended.

After several cycles of testing, Lin Moyu fully grasped the mechanics of the skill.

The more monsters he tried to bind at once, the higher their level and attributes, the shorter the duration.

At present, with the level 1 skill—amplified by his talent—it had a maximum duration of 60 seconds.

However, in practice, binding a single wolf lasted around 20 seconds. Binding eight wolves reduced that to less than 3 seconds.

Another major limitation was spirit force consumption.

The more targets were bound, the more it cost; the consumption rose exponentially.

Binding one wolf cost 100 spirit force. Binding eight wolves cost 800.

And if the skill's level increased, so would the cost.

Such high consumption would be nearly unsustainable for other Mage-type classes.

At level 50, an average Mage might have at most 40,000 spirit force. A few casts on multiple targets would drain them dry in no time.

And with the binding duration decreasing as targets increased, the practicality of wide-area control dropped sharply.

But for Lin Moyu...

He had already unlocked the essence of this skill.

The true obstacle in leveling up Bone Prison was the massive drain on spirit force.

But Lin Moyu didn't care about spirit force consumption—not in the slightest. The biggest obstacle of the skill didn't even apply to him.

Now at level 50, he commanded 30 undead legions, each consisting of 900 skeletons.

A staggering total of 27,000 skeletons shared the burden of his spirit force usage.

It would take a miracle to drain his reserves.

With no need to hold back, Lin Moyu began casting Bone Prison with complete abandon.

The wolves he had been testing on suffered a grim fate.

The Bone Prisons were constantly refreshed, locking them in a perpetual state of paralysis.

Their bodies were frozen in place. Apart from the flicker of their eyeballs, they couldn't even let out a sound.

Eventually, Lin Moyu began dual-casting with both hands—firing off four to five casts per second.

The skill's level shot up like lightning—far faster than his previous grind with Summon Elemental Lich.

Once again, Lin Moyu showcased his relentless nature. In less than two days, he had pushed Bone Prison to level 50.

[Bone Prison (level 50): binds one or multiple enemies, causing a paralysis effect. Bound targets cannot move or counterattack, and the damage they take is reduced by 50%. Binding duration is 50 second (duration varies based on enemy level and attributes and number of targets).]

At this level, the skill's duration reached 50 seconds and its cost reached an astronomical number—5,000 spirit force per target.

If any other level 50 Mage tried binding eight enemies simultaneously like Lin Moyu, they'd likely drain their entire spirit force pool in one cast.

Only Lin Moyu could afford such a reckless expenditure.

Of the three new skills he unlocked at level 50, only Lightning Deathwings hadn't been maxed out.

It could only be cast once every nine minutes, and even if he used it every time it was off cooldown, it would take days to level it up once.

But Lin Moyu wasn't bothered.

Thanks to his Comprehensive Amplification talent, even at level 2, Lightning Deathwings granted 20 minutes of flight—with a cooldown of just 9 minutes.

That was more than enough to give him and his undead troops extended aerial combat capability.

With the grinding finally done, Lin Moyu allowed himself to relax.

He glanced over his level 50 attributes, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

The numbers were absurdly high—so high that any other class user could only describe him with one word: freak.

[Name: Lin Moyu]

[Class: Necrolord (unique)]

[Level: 50 (1.00%)]

[Strength: 74,735]

[Agility: 74,735]

[Spirit: 198,610]

[Physique: 90,735]

[Trait: 50% Physical Damage Reduction, 50% Poison Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Fire Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Water Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Wind Elemental Damage Reduction, 80% Light Elemental Damage Reduction, 80% Lightning Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Health Increase]

[Equipment: none]

[Summon space: 900/900]

[Undead legion: 30]

[Lich space: 6/6]

[Trait: Divinity Force (level 50)]

[Talent: Comprehensive Amplification (level 6, unique), Comprehensive Link (unique)]

[Passive skill: Status Immunity, Damage Transfer, Elemental Resistance (level 1), Physical Resistance (level 1)]

[Active Skills: Soul Blaze (level 50), Corpse Explosion (level 7), Bone Armor (level 50), Bone Fangs (level 50), Summon Skeletal Berserk Warrior (level 50), Summon Skeletal Great Mage (level 50), Summon Skeletal Marksman (level 50), Summon Lich General (level 50), Summon Elemental Lich (level 50), Deterioration Curse (level 50), Poison Star Burst (level 50), Bone Prison (level 50), Lightning Deathwings (level 2), Enhance Troops, Domain of Slaughter (unavailable)]

His total attributes had reached an astonishing 430,000.

That number was absurd—even by world boss standards.

From what Lin Moyu knew, a level 50 mid-tier legendary rank class user typically had total attributes in the range of 120,000 to 130,000.

Even with fortuitous encounters, few ever exceeded 150,000.

And yet, he had shattered that ceiling, nearly tripling it.

At this point, his strength surpassed Warriors, his agility exceeded Assassins, his physique was tougher than Knights.

As for his spirit stat? It wasn't even a contest—several times higher than other Mages.

On top of that, his arsenal was stacked: damage and immunity characteristics and passive resistances to both elemental and physical attacks.

He also had Status Immunity, Damage Transfer, and a full suite of active skills, along with a massive undead army boasting terrifying combat power

Attack, control, curse—he had skill for everything.

At this point, even Lin Moyu himself couldn't deny it. He was a bit of a freak.

No one in human history had likely ever achieved this level of power.

Otherwise, there was no way he could have slain the level 90 Fire Demon King before even hitting level 50 and risen to the rank of two-star godly general.

After checking the skeletons' attribute changes, Lin Moyu dusted off his hands and said, “Time to head to the Immemorial Battlefield.”

Chapter 430: Return To Familiar Grounds And Reunion With A Violent Woman

It took Lin Moyu a full seven days to finish grinding his skills. By the time he returned to White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen had already prepared the Teleportation Formation to the Immemorial Battlefield.

Bai Yiyuan was absent—he had departed for Fortress No. 8.

Lin Moyu demonstrated the effects of his new skill, Summon Elemental Lich, to Meng Anwen.

Meng Anwen clicked his tongue in amazement, “There’s actually a skill like this? To a certain extent, it even replaces the role of the Sacred Light Knight class. Your class is becoming increasingly versatile.”

Lin Moyu shared the same sentiment.

The Lich Generals, with their three skills, had already replaced the functions of the Legion Overlord class.

Now, the Elemental Liches had taken over the responsibilities of the Sacred Light Knight class as well.

His skillset had evolved into a complete, self-sufficient system—entirely independent of support classes.

That was no exaggeration.

Lin Moyu fundamentally rejected supports' buffs, relying solely on his own strength.

“Teacher, where can I find higher-grade elemental materials?” He asked.

To upgrade the Elemental Liches, beyond leveling the skill itself, acquiring top-tier elemental materials was key.

Meng Anwen replied, “There are quite a few places.”

“For example, the lower and deep layers of the Immemorial Battlefield contain some rare elemental materials—like the Burning Sky Flower, a legendary-grade fire elemental material, and the Heavy Water Crystal, a legendary-grade water elemental material.”

“However, these aren’t easy to come by. The higher the grade, the harder they are to obtain.”

“Outside the Immemorial Battlefield...”

Meng Anwen listed several other locations where legendary-grade elemental materials might be found. But all of them were notoriously difficult to acquire.

Even the more ‘convenient’ ones—such as those dropped by bosses in high-level dungeons above level 80 across the empire—had abysmally low drop rates.

If legendary-grade materials were easy to obtain, there wouldn’t be so few legendary rank items among the human race.

Lin Moyu could clearly tell from Meng Anwen’s tone just how difficult it would be to obtain those high-grade elemental materials.

The lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield was reserved for powerhouses between levels 70 and 89.

Lin Moyu wasn’t eligible to enter it yet, so he could only set the thought aside for now.

The familiar silhouette of Shenxia Tower emerged, and Lin Moyu stepped into the Teleportation Formation.

Meng Anwen warned, “If things get dangerous, activate the Teleportation Stone and return immediately.”

Lin Moyu nodded, clutching the specially crafted Teleportation Stone Meng Anwen had prepared for him.

This Teleportation Stone was linked directly to the Shenxia Tower, and could even function within hell rank dungeons and secret realms.

It was a reliable lifeline, a tool to retreat in critical moments.

In terms of grade, it was just slightly inferior to the Abyssal Teleportation Stone, which was made from Spatial Crystal.

The Teleportation Formation activated, and space twisted.

Lin Moyu was transported across a vast distance in a flash.

Familiar air filled his lungs—he had arrived once again at the Immemorial Battlefield.

Glancing around at the recognizable scenery, Lin Moyu muttered to himself, “Teacher’s getting lazy.”

He arrived at the same location in the Immemorial Battlefield as before.

Meng Anwen hadn’t bothered to search for a new teleportation node and had simply reused the previous one.

Still, it didn’t matter. The upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield no longer posed a threat to him.

After orienting himself, Lin Moyu activated Lightning Deathwings.

He became a streak of light, cutting through the air as he sped toward the core area.

This time, with the flight skill, his speed was leagues beyond what it had been before.

In the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, there were no flying-type monsters outside the core area, allowing Lin Moyu to soar unchallenged.

At a flight speed of 600 meters per second, he was covering 2,000 kilometers per hour—more than he had managed in an entire day during his last expedition.

Soon, a familiar sight came into view—the Soul Devour Insect Territory.

Back then, a great battle had left the region in ruins. Now, several months later, it had recovered somewhat.

The shattered hills had reformed, though the Soul Devour Insect Mother and the Soul Devour Insect King had yet to respawn. Their return would take more time.

Lin Moyu sped past the territory, leaving it far behind in the blink of an eye.

Following the path he had taken before, he soon arrived at the site where he had once slain the Earth Evil Centipede.

Under the rules of the Immemorial Battlefield, the collapsed mountain had long since returned to its original state. The ground was level, the poisonous gas gone.

But the Earth Evil Centipede hadn't respawned yet, dashing Lin Moyu's hopes of obtaining a Poison Crystal.

He had already flown a great distance, crossing tens of thousands of kilometers.

The monsters roaming below had reached level 55—a clear sign that the core area was close.

The familiar sights along the way stirred memories.

At some point, the terrain shifted revealing the core area.

“At last.” Lin Moyu murmured.

Memories surged.

He remembered how he had pushed forward into this core area—losing Skeletal Warriors along the way.

And how he’d barely escaped death at the talons of the Archaic Luanniao.

But this time... this time would be different.

Suddenly, a brilliant firework flared on the ground below.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed as he recognized the skill, momentarily stunned, "They haven't left yet?"

At the edge of the core area, a party was locked in battle.

At a glance, Lin Moyu spotted Mu Xianxian among the party—the violent woman wielding a massive platinum maul was hard to miss.

Combined with her firework-like Collection skill, her identity was unmistakable.

Jialan Yeyu led the party, wandering at the edge of the core area.

Over the past few months, everyone in the group had grown stronger.

Mu Xianxian had reached level 60—a solid pace of progression.

They were currently engaged in a siege against an ordinary boss.

Jialan Yeyu herself had hit level 61. As the party's Knight, she held the front line with unwavering composure, shielding her teammates from harm.

Under her command, the party maintained tight control over the flow of battle.

Mu Xianxian had fully embraced her aggressive role, no longer just a pretty face setting off flashy fireworks.

With her Daze skill, enhanced by the Surestrike and Combat Instinct talents, she repeatedly disrupted the boss's attacks, easing the pressure on the party.

Lin Moyu hovered midair, quietly observing. It didn't take long to realize that Mu Xianxian had subtly become the core strength of the party.

Her presence had become indispensable.

The boss they were battling was steadily losing ground. No matter how it roared or resisted, it was only a matter of time before it fell.

But just as victory approached, Lin Moyu's expression shifted.

He looked into the distance—two Demons were approaching fast, streaking through the air like black arrows.

Jialan Yeyu sensed their presence immediately and barked, “Demons incoming! Stay sharp! I’ll hold the boss! Mages, focus on the Demons—knock them out of the sky! Xianxian, help me pin down the boss. Leave one support with us!”

She moved without hesitation, issuing clear and decisive orders. With a full 20-member party at her command, she had ample tools to respond.

Lin Moyu watched in silence, a hint of surprise in his eyes. He realized he had underestimated Jialan Yeyu.

Her command of battlefield rhythm was nothing short of excellent.

Unfortunately...

Jialan Yeyu’s tactical arrangements wouldn’t be enough.

Lin Moyu had fought Demons many times—he could see it clearly at a glance. Both of these Demons were around level 65.

After level 60, each additional level brought a significant leap in attributes and combat prowess.

Neither of the Demons was much weaker than the boss the party was currently fighting.

Worse yet, Demons were more agile and unpredictable than typical bosses—making them even more dangerous in battle.

Even without interference, this party could, at best, fight the two Demons to a draw.

But now, with the boss still active and splitting their attention, the odds were grim.

Lin Moyu instantly concluded—Jialan Yeyu and her party were in real danger.

Yet, he didn't step in.

Not yet.

He wanted to see how she would respond under true pressure.

The enemies closed in—one an Abyssal Sword Demon, the other an Abyssal Blade Demon.

The Abyssal Blade Demon looked especially menacing, with eight blade-like arms fanned out behind it like a death lotus.

It let out a guttural roar and dove down like a raptor, a twisted grin on his face, “Go to hell!”

Above, the Abyssal Sword Demon hovered midair, his pitch-black swords slicing through the air as he unleashed wave after wave of razor-sharp sword energy.

Two Knights from Jialan Yeyu’s party leapt forward.

One rushed to intercept the sword energy. The other met the descending Abyssal Blade Demon head-on.

Both Knights had reached level 59, and with supports’ buffs, their combat capabilities were respectable.

But against the Demons, they were still outmatched.

The Abyssal Blade Demon hit the ground like a meteor, all eight arms slashing at once in a whirling storm of steel.

The Knight facing the Abyssal Blade Demon shouted, “Sacred Shield Defense!”

The Knight’s shield erupted in radiant light, growing to more than twice its size.

Boom!

The impact echoed like thunder, knocking the shield away, sending the Knight flying backward.

Fortunately, the supports reacted quickly, casting healing skills while the Knight was still midair.

Simultaneously, the Mages and Archers launched a volley of attacks at the Abyssal Blade Demon.

But with terrifying coordination, he spun his eight arms like a whirlwind, parrying every incoming strike.

Meanwhile, the Abyssal Sword Demon's sword energy slammed into the second Knight, severely wounding and hurling her backward.