

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 431: Let's Find A Good Place To Erect A Tombstone For Xianxian

The gap in attributes was overwhelming—especially past level 60, where even supports' buffs couldn't bridge the difference.

The Abyssal Blade Demon charged in with a wicked grin. The Knight he had just knocked back rushed forward again, her body glowing as she activated Extreme Defense.

In this state, she could hold her ground—but not for long.

The Abyssal Blade Demon's arms blurred as he unleashed a storm of brutal strikes, accompanied by savage roars, "Die, die!"

Suddenly, Mu Xianxian darted into the fray, throwing herself into the Abyssal Blade Demon's slashing blades.

With a fierce cry, she swung her maul, and the Abyssal Blade Demon froze abruptly.

Thanks to her Combat Instinct and Surestrike talents and her Daze skill, even the level 65 Abyssal Blade Demon staggered.

“Hit it with everything you’ve got!” She shouted.

The party didn’t need to be told twice. Their coordination was flawless—spells and attacks rained down in perfect sync.

Hovering midair, the Abyssal Sword Demon let out a guttural cry and slashed wildly. Dozens of streaks of sword energy cascaded downward.

“Watch out!” Xianxian yelled.

Mages cast Shield. Knights activated Group Defense.

A deafening roar erupted as the Abyssal Blade Demon broke free from the stun—just 2 seconds later.

Mu Xianxian’s skill had a cooldown of 5 seconds. There were still three more seconds before she could use the skill again.

She hadn’t expected the Abyssal Blade Demon to recover so quickly.

That was the cruel reality of the level gap—almost impossible to overcome.

If Mu Xianxian were level 65 too, she could've kept him stunned for at least 4 seconds.

The Abyssal Blade Demon locked eyes with her, seething, "I'll kill you!"

Suddenly, a surge of blade rays exploded forth, nearly engulfing Mu Xianxian.

The clash rang out sharply—she was sent flying, clearly wounded.

"Xianxian! Heal her—quickly!" Jialan Yeyu shouted, panic in her voice.

The Healers sprang into action, casting their skills without hesitation.

Lin Moyu took it all in, eyes calm.

Mu Xianxian was strong. As a legendary rank class user—though not a combat-type class—her attributes were impressive.

Paired with her talents, she was the type who could dominate with a single move.

Among her peers, she was easily on par with ordinary combat-type classes.

But this was different.

She was up against the Abyssal Blade Demon—a powerful species among Demons.

His attributes were off the charts, likely surpassing even most legendary rank class users.

With the level gap factored in, Mu Xianxian stood no chance.

Worse, the Abyssal Blade Demon had taken a hit earlier, and now he was furious. His combat power surged with rage.

Even if a Knight had taken Mu Xianxian's place, they wouldn't have lasted more than a few seconds.

Above them, streaks of sword energy continued to rain down from the Abyssal Sword Demon. Under this pressure, the party had no room to retaliate—only to defend.

Their strongest Knight, Jialan Yeyu, was locked in a deadlock with the boss and couldn't break free.

Defeat—and death—was only a matter of time.

At this time, Mu Xianxian shouted, “Sister Yeyu! I'll hold them off—you guys run!”

Having been healed, she immediately cast Group Collection.

A burst of fireworks exploded around her, ripping the boss's attention from Jialan Yeyu.

After level 60, the skill's range had increased dramatically. Even the Abyssal Sword Demon in the sky was pulled into its effect.

In an instant, both Demons glared at her, pure hatred burning in their eyes.

That was how terrifying her skill's aggro-pull was.

“No!” Jialan Yeyu cried out, voice shaking.

But Mu Xianxian didn't listen—she sprinted away without hesitation.

As she ran, she shouted back, “Sister Yeyu! Take the girls and go! Don't worry about me!”

Jialan Yeyu instinctively moved to chase after her—but the words froze her in place.

She looked back at the others.

If she ran after Xianxian, they'd all die—nothing more than food for the Demons.

It would be pointless.

Finally, tears streaming down her face, Jialan Yeyu gritted her teeth, “Let's go!”

She turned, leading the party in the opposite direction.

No one argued. But everyone had tears in their eyes. They knew—Mu Xianxian's chances of survival were almost zero.

High above, Lin Moyu watched everything unfold.

From a tactical perspective, both Mu Xianxian and Jialan Yeyu made the right calls. But from where he stood, something about Jialan Yeyu's decision didn't sit right with him.

Mu Xianxian ran at full speed.

But the boss wasn't slow—the Abyssal Blade Demon was even faster, closing the distance with terrifying speed.

Just as he was about to strike, Mu Xianxian spun around and activated Daze.

The Abyssal Blade Demon froze mid-charge, stunned.

Mu Xianxian seized the chance and bolted.

The Abyssal Sword Demon unleashed streaks of sword energy from above, but Mu Xianxian evaded them all.

Her Combat Instinct surged to its peak, granting her an uncanny intuition that allowed her to dodge the Abyssal Sword Demon's attacks repeatedly.

Again and again, she used Daze, keeping the Abyssal Blade Demon at bay.

The Abyssal Blade Demon roared in frustration, his body glowing with a sinister dark light. Abyssal Fire ignited on his arms.

Each time the flames grazed her, they inflicted considerable damage.

Meanwhile, the streaks of sword energy wove into a deadly net, making it harder and harder to evade.

Mu Xianxian took out a potion and downed it in one gulp. She had only one thought: *Hold on. Just a little longer.*

She had to buy more time for Jialan Yeyu and the others to escape.

As she ran, she drew the attention of numerous monsters from the core area, making her escape even harder.

Minutes passed. She was running on fumes, her stamina depleted.

And then—a streak of sword energy slashed down from above.

Behind her, the Abyssal Blade Demon's blades closed in.

Even with Combat Instinct, she couldn't dodge anymore.

Mu Xianxian smiled bitterly, "Looks like I might really die this time."

Oddly enough, it wasn't Jialan Yeyu or the others who came to mind—it was Lin Moyu.

She didn't wonder if she had bought enough time or lured the enemy far enough away.

In that moment, her thoughts instinctively turned to Lin Moyu.

Mu Xianxian closed her eyes, her face showing no fear.

Seconds ticked away, but the pain never came.

Mu Xianxian opened her eyes—only to be met with a radiant white light.

“Bone Armor!” Surprise flickered in her eyes.

That skill could only mean one thing: Lin Moyu had arrived.

She looked up—and there he was, floating above.

Lin Moyu was here. That meant—she didn’t have to die.

Mu Xianxian ignored the Abyssal Blade Demon in front of her, the streaks of sword energy raining down, and the approaching boss.

She just raised her hand and waved at Lin Moyu, a smile spreading across her face.

The Bone Armor around Mu Xianxian shimmered with dazzling light.

Amplified by Lin Moyu’s talent, the defense if provided was equivalent to 300,000 physique.

Even if the level 65 Abyssal Blade Demon and Abyssal Sword Demon unleashed their full might, they wouldn't break through it in a short period.

The Abyssal Blade Demon was startled by the sudden appearance of the Bone Armor—then he spotted Lin Moyu floating in the air.

“A level 50 weakling... with a flight skill?” The Abyssal Blade Demon sneered, “Tsk. A feast served on a platter. Man and woman together—makes for a richer flavor.”

The Abyssal Sword Demon also noticed Lin Moyu, but his attention was still locked on Mu Xianxian, thanks to her Group Collection skill.

That kind of aggro-pull rivaled the best of Knight skills.

In the next moment, Mu Xianxian received a party invitation. Lin Moyu had sent it.

Without hesitation, she left Jialan Yeyu's party and joined his.

And then—a flash of red light surged.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

As the curse took effect, the Abyssal Blade Demon, the Abyssal Sword Demon, the boss, and the other monsters were suddenly frozen in place, completely immobilized.

The Abyssal Sword Demon plummeted from the sky like a stone.

Skill: Bone Prison!

Time itself seemed to stop. All enemies were bound in place—helpless.

The next moment, undead troops emerged and surged forth.

Meanwhile, far away...

Jialan Yeyu and the others had already fled over a hundred kilometers.

Suddenly, sorrow flickered across their faces—Mu Xianxian had left the party.

She had died.

Tears slid down everyone's faces.

Jialan Yeyu clenched her fists and shouted, eyes filled with tears, "Stop crying! Keep running!"

"We'll find a good place to erect a tombstone for Xianxian. Then we'll go back, resurrect her, and one day, bring her back to see it herself."

Chapter 432: She Shouldn't Be A Knight, But A Gravekeeper

The Abyssal Blade Demon and Abyssal Sword Demon, trapped within Bone Prisons, watched in dismay as the Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged at them.

These weren't mindless monsters—they were Demons, creatures capable of thought, resistance... and fear.

And fear now consumed them.

"Who is this? Why can't I move?"

Panic surged through their minds. But there was no time to dwell on questions. Hesitation meant death.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors' axes gleamed with a menacing red glow, radiating lethal intent.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

One after another, the Abyssal Blade Demon's arms exploded. He trembled uncontrollably—the pain was excruciating.

His arms weren't merely weapons. After reaching level 60, they had become vital components of his survival.

As each arm detonated, a violent force built within him.

When the fourth arm exploded, the Bone Prison binding him finally shattered—and he was free.

But he had no time to savor that freedom. The Skeletal Berserk Warriors' axes were already upon him.

[Berserk Blast (level 2): deals 600% of the user's strength as damage to the target. Cooldown: 10 minutes.]

How strong were these level 50 Skeletal Berserk Warriors?

With the amplification of Lin Moyu's talent, their strength attribute reached 252,000. Coupled with the 50% buff from the Lich Generals, their strength further rose to nearly 380,000.

Then there was the 600% damage increase on top of that.

A single swing from their axes was nearly enough to kill the Abyssal Blade Demon.

Sensing death closing in, the Abyssal Blade Demon swung his arms—morphing them into massive blades—to block the oncoming axe.

The arms were instantly severed, and blood out gushed like fountains.

With a shriek of agony, the Abyssal Blade Demon shot skyward, fleeing without a single glance back.

To him, those level 50 summons were freaks—utterly terrifying.

The Abyssal Sword Demon, still trapped, received no help. The Abyssal Blade Demon followed the principle: *better you than me*.

In the Abyssal World, the strong devoured the weak—the concept of friendship didn't exist.

As the Abyssal Blade Demon ascended, a scream echoed behind him. He knew. The Abyssal Sword Demon was dead.

Fear gripped him like a vice, and he dared not look back. He just flew.

Bang!

Without warning, he slammed into something solid—like a bronze wall. The impact hurled him backward violently.

Dazed, he looked up—and froze.

Lin Moyu stood before him, clad in shimmering Bone Armor.

In his panic, the Abyssal Blade Demon hadn't even noticed how drastically his speed had dropped under the effects of the curse—barely a few dozen meters per second.

Lin Moyu moved at 600 meters per second in turn.

There was no escape.

"You can't run!"

At his side, 10 Skeletal Great Mages and 10 Skeletal Marksmen appeared in formation.

Now that Lin Moyu had reached level 50, it was time to test their combat prowess.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors had already proven themselves—it took just a few attacks to kill the Abyssal Sword Demon.

The Abyssal Blade Demon stared in horror as Elemental Explosions erupted and arrows tore through his body.

The Abyssal Blade Demon, already gravely wounded, screamed as he plummeted from the sky.

But the skeletons didn't pause their assault just because he was falling.

A second barrage of attacks struck.

He endured three volleys of arrows from the Skeletal Marksmen and two volleys of Elemental Explosions from the Skeletal Great Mages.

By the time his broken body hit the ground, the Abyssal Blade Demon was already dead.

In the blink of an eye, both Demons had been annihilated.

Without wasting a second, Lin Moyu summoned a 900-strong undead legion, which surged forward like a dark tide toward the boss.

[Core Stone Beast (boss rank monster)]

[Level: 60]

[Strength: 120,000]

[Agility: 40,000]

[Spirit: 40,000]

[Physique: 120,000]

[Skills: Mighty Slam, Earth Shake]

[Trait: 40% Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Physical Damage Reduction]

Despite its boss status, the Core Stone Beast was mediocre at best.

It was an ordinary boss monster, and its total attributes barely reached 320,000—not even as strong as the level 55 Crimson Moon Demon.

Bosses generally saw a significant power spike beyond level 60—but clearly, that didn’t apply to the one in front, which had just barely reached level 60.

Deploying a full undead legion against such a middling opponent? Frankly, it was more respect than the boss deserved.

Lin Moyu didn't even bother watching the battle.

Instead, he descended beside Mu Xianxian, who was still recovering from the shock.

"I saved you again." He said with a faint smile, "Last time was in the core area too."

Mu Xianxian blinked, then giggled, "Thanks."

"Let's talk business." Lin Moyu said, getting straight to the point, "I'm heading deeper into the core area—and you're coming with me."

Mu Xianxian didn't hesitate, "Sure, no problem."

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, "It might be dangerous this time. Aren't you afraid of dying?"

Mu Xianxian shook her head, "I'm not afraid. With you around, I'm not going to die."

Lin Moyu chuckled. He couldn't tell if she was truly fearless... or if she just had too much faith in him.

[Killed Core Stone Beast, EXP +1,800,000]

[Obtained Core Sword]

[Obtained Core Sword through Collection]

[Core Sword (Knight exclusive): platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,800, increases the power of Knight-type skills by 80%.]

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The two pieces of equipment were nothing special. Lin Moyu gave them a passing glance before tossing them into his storage space.

His standards had risen—gear like this no longer interested him.

Mu Xianxian's eyes sparkled like stars, "You've gotten so awesome."

She was still as pure as a blank sheet of paper—every emotion written plainly on her face.

Whatever she thought, she said. No pretense.

Lin Moyu didn't bother with false modesty, "I'm alright. Anyway, do you need a break?"

Mu Xianxian shook her head, "No need. I can rest while we travel."

Her attributes leaned toward the Warrior class—a sturdy physique and rapid regeneration.

Although she'd been injured and drained earlier, a few minutes had been enough for her to recover significantly.

As long as she wasn't actively fighting, she would recover fast.

Lin Moyu chose to continue on foot rather than fly—the core area wasn't suited for it.

Compared to his last venture into the core area, this time was far easier.

With just a single undead legion paving the way, Lin Moyu didn't need to lift a finger.

The ordinary monsters in the core area couldn't stop their advance.

Half a day later, Mu Xianxian had fully recovered and resumed her duties with enthusiasm.

Colorful flashes lit up the battlefield as Collection burst like fireworks.

"You don't really have to do this." Lin Moyu said, glancing at her, "These monsters don't drop anything worthwhile."

He had no interest in the materials or items dropped by these ordinary monsters.

After all, they were just level 60-something common mobs—at best, they dropped some platinum-grade materials. Nothing rare. Nothing valuable.

But Mu Xianxian shook her head, "It's still worth something, even if it's just a little. Sister Yeyu said we'll need a lot of money later."

“At level 60, you need Intermediate Skill Scrolls. Then at level 70 and 80, it’s Advanced Skill Scrolls.”

“Otherwise, without them, I won’t be able to awaken any new skills.”

Lin Moyu listened quietly. It was then he remembered—Mu Xianxian’s class was also a little unusual.

Collection Master. An obscure class. Even in Xiajing Academy, there were no instructors for it.

Just like him, she had no choice but to rely on Skill Scrolls.

And if she didn’t trigger a class sublimation at level 70, she’d have no choice but to use Advanced Skill Scrolls to unlock her level 70 skills.

Each Advanced Skill Scroll cost 100 million. And it wasn’t just one or two. She might need dozens, maybe even hundreds.

After a moment of silence, Lin Moyu asked, “Aren’t you angry at them?”

“Angry?” Mu Xianxian blinked, confused for a second—then understood who he meant.

She shook her head softly, “No. Why would I be?”

“Jialan Yeyu could’ve lured the Abyssal Demons away. She’s a Knight—her chances of surviving would’ve been better than yours.”

“And she might have planted a soul brand. She could’ve been resurrected.”

Lin Moyu spoke his thoughts plainly.

Mu Xianxian shook her head again—this time more vigorously, “It’s not the same. Sister Yeyu is better suited at leading the girls to escape.”

“And besides.” She smiled, “I have a soul brand too. I would’ve resurrected if I died.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes narrowed slightly in surprise.

A soul brand wasn’t something ordinary people could afford to enjoy.

Only the most outstanding individuals in major families were granted such a precious safeguard.

Mu Xianxian smiled gently, “Sister Yeyu and I grew up together. She’s the one who helped me plant the soul brand.”

Lin Moyu nodded in realization.

Mu Xianxian wasn’t just pure—she was kindhearted. A genuinely good girl.

A strange thought suddenly crossed Lin Moyu’s mind, “Do you think they’ll erect a tombstone for you?”

Mu Xianxian answered without hesitation, “Definitely. Sister Yeyu will for sure.”

Lin Moyu had the feeling Jialan Yeyu might actually enjoy erecting tombstones.

She really shouldn't have been a Knight.

She was more suited to being a gravekeeper.

Roar!

A thunderous roar cut through their conversation.

A massive boss emerged ahead, towering and menacing.

Chapter 433: It Actually Ran Away—What A Cowardly Boss

Lin Moyu's eyes fell on the boss monster ahead—a beast with the head of a tiger, a body covered in scales, and a barbed tail.

It stood more than six meters tall and stretched over fifteen meters long, a massive, bristling creature. Each strand of fur stood on end like arrows ready to fire.

It was a true giant, but not quite at the level of a world rank boss like the Earth Evil Centipede.

But size wasn't everything.

The beast didn't charge in recklessly. Instead, it stood still, eyes locked on the undead troops.

It was wary.

If it felt threatened enough, it might even turn tail and run.

After level 60, bosses gained a sliver of intelligence.

Many viewed level 60 as a defining threshold—where monsters stopped being mindless beasts and started acting with intention.

But Lin Moyu saw it more as a transitional phase.

At this stage, attributes surged and bosses grew stronger—all to help them adapt to the power curve beyond level 70.

A light breeze swept as Lin Moyu cast Detection.

[Battlefield Ironclad Tiger (boss rank monster)]

[Level: 64]

[Strength: 160,000]

[Agility: 140,000]

[Spirit: 40,000]

[Physique: 160,000]

[Skill: Rising Squall, Ironclad Impact]

[Trait: 50% Elemental Damage Reduction, 50% Physical Damage Reduction]

Lin Moyu gave it a glance—its total attributes had reached 500,000.

This was what a core area boss was like.

With both elemental and physical damage reduction, plus an enormous health pool, it wasn't a pushover.

At the very least, if it went head-to-head with the Earth Evil Centipede, the outcome would be hard to predict.

It was the first time Mu Xianxian had seen such a powerful boss. She couldn't help but ask, "Can we beat it?"

Lin Moyu glanced at her, noting the fear in her eyes, "What if we can't?"

Without even blinking, Mu Xianxian replied, "If we can't, I'll hold it off—you run."

She said it like it was the most natural thing in the world. Like her life didn't matter.

Anyone who didn't know better might assume she had a resurrection skill or some hidden trump card.

Lin Moyu chuckled, "No need for that. Just get ready to use Collection."

With a thought, his undead legion surged forward.

300 Skeletal Berserk Warriors charging at the front, 300 Skeletal Marksmen in the middle, 300 Skeletal Great Mages bringing up the rear

In response, the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger sprang into action.

Cautious or not, its pride wouldn't allow it to retreat without a fight.

Even if it wanted to flee, it had to show strength first.

With a thunderous roar, it leapt high into the air—lunging toward the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

But before it could land—

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of Elemental Explosions erupted across its body midair.

Immediately after, a storm of arrows sliced through the air, piercing the boss's body.

The Battlefield Ironclad Tiger was covered in thick, dark scales, and the arrows clattered noisily as they hit.

As a boss, it had exceptional defense.

However, even without being cursed, the attacks from the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen could still deal damage—just not much.

Then, a pulse of flames flared as the Fire Lich appeared beside Lin Moyu.

In the next moment, a blazing Fire Ring spread beneath the feet of every undead troop.

At the same time, raging flames erupted across the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger's body.

[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.]

Currently, the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger was the only enemy within range—and every single Fire Ring targeted it.

The massive beast let out a thunderous, pained roar—clearly suffering under the relentless flames.

Mu Xianxian's eyes sparkled when she saw the Fire Lich, "Wow, so cute!"

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised in the slightest. He chuckled but said nothing.

His focus remained fixed on the boss. A rare opportunity like this—a sturdy test subject that wouldn't fall too quickly—was hard to come by.

He watched intently as the dark scales on the tiger's body began to crack and flake from the intense heat.

"Looks like it's working." He murmured, "Let's try the next move."

A cold wind surged, and the temperature plunged.

The Ice Lich emerged beside Lin Moyu, emanating a chill.

With its arrival, an Ice Ring appeared beneath the feet of each skeleton.

[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.]

The green Ice Rings and fiery red Fire Rings complemented each other, creating a strikingly beautiful display.

The Battlefield Ironclad Tiger, still ablaze, suddenly began to freeze over.

A thick layer of ice formed over its limbs, attempting to lock its movements entirely.

Gradually, the boss seemed to fall into a frozen state.

Then, with a sudden, ferocious roar, its entire body erupted with light as it activated a skill.

In an instant, the ice shattered, crumbling away from its form.

Skill: Rising Squall!

A biting gale erupted outward, blowing apart the ice. But the chill clung stubbornly to the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger's body.

The wind blew away the shattered ice, but it couldn't push the Skeletal Berserk Warriors back.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors stood their ground, pressing forward and proceeding with a relentless assault.

Though the tiger wasn't frozen anymore, its movements had slowed noticeably.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, quickly estimating its reduced pace. At least two to three times slower. A devastating handicap under such overwhelming siege.

While the Ice Ring didn't have a direct attack effect, it carried a curse-like ability that seemed impossible to dispel.

Only those with a skill like Lin Moyu's Status Immunity could resist its effects.

When she saw the Ice Lich, Mu Xianxian squealed again with delight, "This one's cute too!"

Lin Moyu still didn't pay her attention.

"Not bad." He muttered, "Let's try another."

With crackling and flashing lightning, the Lightning Lich materialized.

Next, a Lightning Ring appeared beneath the feet of every skeleton.

In a flash, thunder rumbled—and lightning poured down.

It was as if the Lightning God's wrath had descended in wrath.

Dozens—no, hundreds—of bolts rained from above, hammering the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger in a relentless barrage.

The beast let out a guttural, miserable cry, and then activated its other skill.

Skill: Ironclad Impact.

The dark scales on the boss's body exploded, transforming into a swirling cyclone of iron.

The skill unleashed tremendous force, blasting back nearby Skeletal Berserk Warriors. Those clinging to its body were also hurled away.

For a moment, it seemed as if the boss had grown several times larger.

The iron cyclone didn't just repel enemies—it acted as a shield, keeping at bay Elemental Explosions, arrows, and even the assaults of the Fire and Lightning Liches.

“Not bad. I wonder how strong its attack power is.” Lin Moyu muttered.

The Battlefield Ironclad Tiger, now more fearsome than ever, let out a series of thunderous roars.

Just as Lin Moyu waited to see its next move—it turned and fled.

Mu Xianxian blinked in disbelief, “It... ran away?”

Lin Moyu was stunned, “Coward.”

His expectations were completely shattered; this boss had used its skill just to escape.

A level 64 boss, no less... how could it be so cowardly?

Still, it showed the creature had intelligence—at least enough to value its own life.

As the tiger ran into the distance, Mu Xianxian asked, “Should we chase it?”

“It can’t escape.” Lin Moyu replied quietly.

A fierce wind rose around them.

The Wind Lich appeared, its entire form cloaked in swirling wind element.

In an instant, the undead troops' speed skyrocketed, increasing at least threefold.

The skeletons shot forward at over 1,000 meters per second, even outpacing the Lightning Deathwings.

Within seconds, they had overtaken the boss, surrounding it once more.

The Battlefield Ironclad Tiger roared, its iron cyclone still raging. It charged desperately, battering back Skeletal Berserk Warriors, carving a path to freedom.

Hope was within reach.

Then, its body locked in place. Fine white bones erupted across its body.

Skill: Bone Prison.

The Bone Prison triggered paralysis, immobilizing the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger and interrupting its iron cyclone skill.

Terror flickered in its eyes as it watched Skeletal Berserk Warriors close in, axes raised high.

At the same time, red light pulsed in the air as the curse descended.

Lin Moyu turned to Mu Xianxian, “Go set off some fireworks.”

Chapter 434: Meeting The Archaic Luanniao Again

Lin Moyu still remembered his last foray into the core area—where he’d fled from a level 64 Battlefield Serpent-Turtle.

This time, everything had changed.

He defeated the level 64 Battlefield Ironclad Tiger with just a single undead legion.

Mu Xianxian didn’t even need to activate her Combat Instinct. She casually approached the Ironclad Tiger and set off fireworks.

Trapped within a Bone Prison, the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger couldn’t move—only its eyes flickered.

As the fireworks lit up the sky, Skeletal Berserk Warriors raised their glowing red axes.

Hundreds of strikes rained down.

With a miserable cry, the Battlefield Ironclad Tiger collapsed.

[Killed Battlefield Ironclad Tiger, EXP +1,920,000]

[Obtained Ironclad Spear]

[Obtained Ironclad Spear through Collection]

[Ironclad Spear (Champion exclusive): platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,800, increases the power of Champion-type skills by 90%. Supplementary skill: Army Sweep]

[Army Sweep: attacks all enemies within a 5-meter radius, with a chance to inflict stun. Cooldown: 3 minutes.]

[Ironclad Spear (Champion exclusive): platinum rank weapon, all attributes +2,800, increases the power of Champion-type skills by 90%.]

As usual, the weapon acquired through the Collection skill had no skills. Such an item could only be sold at the Trade Office—and not for much.

Lin Moyu stored away the Elemental Liches. They had proven themselves—deadly, efficient, and excellent for control and pursuit.

With higher skill level and better materials, they could become even stronger.

When Lin Moyu dismissed the Elemental Liches, a trace of disappointment flickered in Mu Xianxian's eyes, "Those were your summons too?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "Yes."

Mu Xianxian let out an "oh" and said, "I thought they were some kind of pet. If they were pets, that'd be great—I'd love to keep a few."

She didn't care about the Elemental Liches' abilities. What fascinated her was their appearance.

Their perspectives were worlds apart.

Lin Moyu didn't explain further. He simply pressed on.

The core area was massive. In the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, it was the largest zone, and reaching its center would take considerable time.

Monsters occasionally flew overhead. Spotting Lin Moyu and his undead army below, they would swoop down—only to be annihilated before they got close.

Compared to his last journey, Lin Moyu's pace had dramatically increased. He was covering over 1,000 kilometers per day.

What looked like a relaxed stroll was, in fact, a rapid advance.

Every monster in their path was wiped out.

For five days, they hadn't seen the Archaic Luanniao.

They had, however, encountered several boss monsters—all of which fell without exception.

During this time, Lin Moyu confirmed the exact duration of Bone Prison.

At level 50, the base duration was 50 seconds. With his talent's amplification, that increased to 3,000 seconds.

However, when cast on a single level 63 or 64 boss, the duration plummeted to just 30 seconds—a hundredfold reduction.

If he faced a lord rank or world rank boss, Bone Prison’s duration would inevitably drop even further.

But even so—it was more than enough.

He didn’t need 30 seconds. Even 3 seconds was enough to deal devastating damage.

As they ventured deeper into the core area, the terrain began to shift.

The ground grew unnaturally smooth—almost mirror-like—reflecting their images. Soon, it turned translucent.

After five days, Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian stepped into another section of the core area.

Here, the semi-transparent ground revealed flames burning beneath its surface. The entire land radiated a sense of searing heat.

At the sight of the flames, Lin Moyu murmured, “We’ve finally arrived.”

Mu Xianxian blinked in confusion, “What’s here?”

“Remember the Archaic Luanniao?” Lin Moyu asked.

She paused, thinking—then her face changed, and she nodded vigorously, “Oh! Right! The one that killed you! We even made a tombstone for you!”

Lin Moyu gave her a look, “First, I wasn’t killed. Second, stop bringing up the tombstone.”

Mu Xianxian replied with a quick “oh.”

Her expression suggested she understood—but whether she’d listen was another story.

Lin Moyu didn’t bother arguing, “We’re in its territory now. It could show up at any moment—stay sharp.”

Just then, Mu Xianxian pointed to the sky, “Look! Is that it?”

Lin Moyu looked up.

A black fireball blazed across the sky, like a sun—rapidly growing larger, the Archaic Luanniao at its center.

He nodded, “Yeah. That’s it.”

Without hesitation, he cast Bone Armor on both himself and Mu Xianxian.

Undead legions surged emerged one after another. The Lich Generals stepped forward, buffing every skeleton.

Pillars of radiant light burst into the sky.

In the blink of an eye, Lin Moyu was ready for combat.

The Archaic Luanniao had left a deep impression on Lin Moyu. Even now, with his vastly improved combat strength, he didn’t dare lower his guard.

In just a couple of seconds, the creature tore through the sky, rapidly closing the distance.

Its speed was staggering—easily over 1,000 meters per second, far faster than his Lightning Deathwings. If it chose to flee, he wouldn't be able to catch it.

He needed a way to stop it from escaping.

As he worked through tactics, Mu Xianxian's voice rang out beside him, "It looks scary—you be careful, okay? If things get dangerous, just run. Don't worry about me."

Even now, she was thinking of him.

Lin Moyu gave her a sideways glance. *This girl... she really isn't afraid of dying.*

Lin Moyu already had a plan in mind, "When the time comes, set off the fireworks. If it's too risky, forget it—your safety comes first."

Mu Xianxian nodded, "Got it."

Just then, the Archaic Luanniao arrived.

With a mighty flap of its wings, black flames rained down from the sky, blanketing out the sky within a 1,000-meter radius in searing fire.

The Lich Generals swiftly formed a defensive circle around Mu Xianxian. With their powerful physique and healing skill, they were ideal tanks.

Skill: Lightning Deathwings.

With a crackle of lightning, a pair of white bone wings materialized on Lin Moyu's back, electricity dancing across their surface.

He launched into the sky with a flash, charging straight into the falling flames.

The undead army—27,000 skeletons—followed him.

Though they had no wings of their own, the effect of Lightning Deathwings extended to them through a unique connection, granting them flight.

Amid the fiery downpour, the undead army ascended, forming a hauntingly majestic sight.

The Archaic Luanniao clearly still remembered Lin Moyu.

The moment it saw him, it let out a sharp screech and began flapping its wings more violently.

The rain of fire intensified.

“Long time no see.” Lin Moyu murmured and cast Detection.

[Archaic Luanniao (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 67]

[Strength: 300,000]

[Agility: 150,000]

[Spirit: 200,000]

[Physique: 150,000]

[Skill: Flame Spout, Fire Explosion]

[Trait: Fire Elemental Immunity, 60% Elemental Damage Reduction, 60% Physical Damage Reduction, Teeth Ignore Defense]

Its total attributes had reached 800,000—a clear testament to its terrifying power.

When its flames struck the skeletons, they exploded on impact.

Skeletons were hurled backward by the force, but in the blink of an eye, they stabilized midair and pressed forward once more.

White light shimmered across their bones—damage instantly healed.

In the past, this rain of fire would've decimated quite a few of them.

Now, it could only wound—and not even seriously.

The undead army surged through the flaming skies like a knife through butter, closing the distance to the Archaic Luanniao.

Its entire body was wreathed in black flames—just nearing it caused damage.

But the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, under Lin Moyu's command, didn't hesitate.

They ignored the searing black flames that began to burn them and charged head-on, brandishing their axes.

At the same moment, Lin Moyu raised his hand and pointed.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

And with that, the battle truly began.

Chapter 435: Stronger After Nirvanic Rebirth? Doesn't Matter—Die!

The crimson curse blazed in stark contrast to the Archaic Luanniao's seething black flames.

A small scarlet sword, bound by a chain, materialized on the creature's head.

Immediately, its speed dropped—proof that even something as powerful as the Archaic Luanniao wasn't immune to the curse's effects.

But Lin Moyu noticed that within the raging black flames, the curse began to unravel, rapidly disintegrating. Just like before—those flames could burn away curses.

Yet the curse was only the beginning.

As it activated, the Skeletal Great Mage and Skeletal Marksman were already in position, striking it in unison.

They encircled the Luanniao from all sides—high and low, near and far—sealing off any path of escape.

Their formation was wide enough to avoid getting caught in the Archaic Luanniao's AoE attacks.

Violent explosions tore through the Archaic Luanniao's body, and in a heartbeat, a hail of arrows turned it into a grotesque hedgehog.

The curse was pivotal—it allowed the attacks of the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen to pierce through the Archaic Luanniao's defenses.

Elemental Liches began to appear, and rings of light flaring to life beneath the feet of the skeletons.

This time, apart from the Fire and Light Liches. Every Elemental Lich joined the assault.

The Ice Ring suppressed the black flames, sheathing the boss in a layer of frost.

The ice only lasted half a second before melting away—but the ring of light's effect was relentless. Ice kept forming and burning away in a relentless cycle.

The Wind Ring boosted the skeletons' speed, while the Earth Ring drastically enhanced their defense.

Countless bolts of lightning rained down on the Archaic Luanniao, drawing a piercing screech from its throat.

With a furious flap of its wings, it spewed a torrent of flames that engulfed the sky.

Skill: Flame Spout.

Skeletons were set ablaze, their bones wrapped in roaring fire—yet not a single one backed down. They stood their ground.

Deep rumbles followed as clusters of fireballs formed in the air, then burst violently.

Skill: Fire Explosion.

The Archaic Luanniao unleashed two skills simultaneously, but it was still powerless against the undead army.

Flames that had once inflicted devastating losses on Lin Moyu's forces now barely harmed them.

His combat power had grown immensely.

Now, the undead army could confront even a weakened Demon King head-on—

A level 67 lord rank boss? Hardly a concern.

“Its talent is the only thing worth being cautious of.” Lin Moyu muttered.

The Archaic Luanniao was no longer a threat. Only its innate talent remained a concern.

Lin Moyu now understood why Detection had failed to identify the Nirvanic Rebirth skill.

It wasn't a skill—it was the Archaic Luanniao's talent.

That explained why Detection hadn't picked it up.

By now, the battle had lost all suspense.

The Archaic Luanniao kept casting its skills in desperation, setting the skies and earth ablaze within a 1,000-meter radius.

But no matter how it struggled, it was futile.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors had already closed in, climbing onto its massive body, chopping down with their red-glowing axes.

In just one minute, under the skeletons' onslaught, the Archaic Luanniao was left heavily injured.

Lin Moyu didn't use Bone Prison—not yet.

He was waiting for the Archaic Luanniao to use its talent.

And sure enough, after a dozen seconds, all the surrounding flames abruptly vanished—drawn inward.

A terrifying energy surged as a massive black fireball formed in the air, over 1,000 meters wide.

The fireball pulsed with scorching heat, blazing like a sun.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors clinging to the Archaic Luanniao were blasted away instantly.

The Archaic Luanniao had triggered its talent: Nirvanic Rebirth.

The fireball hovered ominously for a few seconds—then dropped, aimed at Mu Xianxian.

Lin Moyu's expression shifted. Without hesitation, he dove, swept Mu Xianxian into his arms, and flew away at full speed.

At the same time, the undead troops rose into the air, pulling away from the ground.

Then—

Boom!

A deafening explosion erupted. A towering mushroom cloud rose into the sky, and violent shockwaves blasted outward in every direction.

Those skeletons who hadn't flown far enough were flung away like rag dolls.

Even over 2,000 meters from the blast, Lin Moyu was struck by the shockwaves. His Bone Armor flared to life, shielding him from the impact.

And from the way the armor reacted, Lin Moyu could gauge the sheer force of the explosion.

The Nirvanic Rebirth talent not only allowed the Archaic Luanniao to be reborn, but also granted it the power to drag its enemies down with it.

Thankfully, Lin Moyu had seen it once before. He was ready.

The undead might have endured it.

But Mu Xianxian? She wouldn't have survived.

Not even the Bone Armor, with a defense equal to 300,000 physique, could withstand that blast at close range.

When the smoke cleared, a massive crater remained—over 1,000 meters wide. Flames still burned within it, licking at the shattered earth.

[Archaic Luanniao (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 67]

[Status: undergoing Nirvanic Rebirth—currently invincible]

Just like before, Detection returned the same result.

There was nothing to do now but wait. Wait for Nirvanic Rebirth to end.

Mu Xianxian's soft voice brushed his ear, light as a breeze, “Can you put me down?”

Only then did Lin Moyu realize he was still holding her. Wrapped in his arms, she had no choice but to cling to him for balance.

She was tall, only half a head shorter than him.

In this close proximity, their faces were just inches apart.

Her cheeks flushed a vivid red, ears burning hot, body feeling a little weak.

Lin Moyu, ever the hard-boiled, didn't notice a thing.

He landed calmly and set her down, then said, “Get ready to use Collection. When I give the signal—it's your turn.”

Mu Xianxian lowered her head and gave a soft “mm.”

She was still overwhelmed. It was the first time in her life she'd been held like that by a member of the opposite sex.

Strangely enough... she didn't hate it. Instead, a quiet joy bloomed in her chest.

Lin Moyu ordered the Lich Generals to encircle Mu Xianxian once more, then soared high into the air, eyes locked onto the Archaic Luanniao.

For five whole minutes, the flames raged in the crater, scorching the land.

Then suddenly—the flames converged, drawn toward the center, from where a powerful aura surged forth.

Lin Moyu's brows furrowed. The Luanniao seemed stronger than before.

“So Nirvanic Rebirth isn't just resurrection... it strengthens it too?”

With a flick of his finger, he cast Detection again.

[Archaic Luanniao (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 68]

[Strength: 330,000]

[Strength: 170,000]

[Strength: 200,000]

[Physique: 200,000]

[Skill: Flame Spout, Fire Explosion, Blackfire Inferno]

[Trait: Fire Elemental Immunity, 70% Elemental Damage Reduction, 70% Physical Damage Reduction]

“It really did get stronger.” Lin Moyu’s instincts had been right.

The Archaic Luanniao had leveled up—from 67 to 68.

Its total attributes surged by 100,000, it gained a new skill, and its elemental and physical immunities had been enhanced, though it had lost the Teeth Ignore Defense trait.

That meant its firepower was now even more deadly. But it would no longer resort to biting.

However, thinking back, it hadn't tried to bite the skeletons earlier either—probably because, given its size, they were simply too small to bother with.

But so what if it was level 68?

Lin Moyu didn't care. He was going to kill it all the same.

The Archaic Luanniao, having completed its Nirvanic Rebirth, was more powerful than ever.

Before it could even unleash a screech, its entire body was suddenly wrapped in fine white bones.

Skill: Bone Prison.

The massive creature froze, completely immobilized.

Lin Moyu wasn't interested in a drawn-out fight this time. He was going to end it fast.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged forward once more.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksman launched their assault as well.

Lightning poured from the sky, strike after strike, slamming into the Archaic Luanniao.

Bound by the Bone Prison, the boss had no choice but to endure the relentless assault.

From above, Lin Moyu called out, "Go over and light the fireworks!"

Mu Xianxian answered with a quick "Oh!", rushing over without hesitation.

The terrifying black flames burned around the Archaic Luanniao. But Mu Xianxian didn't even flinch. She plunged straight in.

She trusted Lin Moyu completely. If he told her to go, then she knew there was no danger.

The fire licked at the Bone Armor, but it couldn't touch her.

Lin Moyu hovered in the air, silently recasting her Bone Armor over and over.

Mu Xianxian moved fast. She reached the immobilized Archaic Luanniao and released a cascade of brilliant fireworks.

Then she turned and bolted out of the flames, calling out to Lin Moyu, "I released the fireworks!"

Lin Moyu gave a faint smile. But the next instant, his expression shifted.

Without a word, he shot downward, swept Mu Xianxian into his arms again, and flew off at full speed—never once looking back.

Chapter 436: Three Times Is Enough—Don't Push It

Before they could get far, another mushroom cloud erupted into the sky.

Shockwaves, visible to the naked eye and laced with black flames, swept across.

Lin Moyu pulled Mu Xianxian in front of him, shielding her with his back as the waves slammed into them.

This time, they were far too close. And the shockwaves were clearly far stronger than before.

His Bone Armor shattered with a sharp crack, and the sheer force flung Lin Moyu away.

Damage Transfer activated just in time, redirecting the impact to his undead army.

Fortunately, Lin Moyu's physique was already exceptionally tough. He also had 50% fire elemental immunity, along with the Elemental Resistance skill and Comprehensive Amplification talent.

As a result, the damage he received was greatly reduced, and the portion transferred to the undead army wasn't overwhelming.

Still, the Lich Generals—blasted away by the force—immediately began casting their healing spell nonstop.

The explosion had come out of nowhere, nearly engulfing the entire undead army.

If not for his Comprehensive Link talent, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen would have been wiped out. Only the Skeletal Berserk Warriors might have made it through.

Almost all the skeletons were seriously injured. The Lich Generals were working overtime.

Lin Moyu flew back, holding Mu Xianxian. He felt a chill go down his spine—it had been a close call. His undead army had nearly been wiped out.

“What just happened? A self-destruction?” Lin Moyu muttered, frowning.

He had sensed the terrifying energy buildup and reacted instantly. Had he hesitated even a second longer, Mu Xianxian might already be preparing to resurrect.

The massive crater—originally 1,000 meters wide—had nearly doubled in size. Now it stretched over 2,000 meters in diameter and plunged more than 100 meters deep.

Within the crater, flames raged hotter and wilder than before.

Amidst the inferno, Lin Moyu saw the Archaic Luanniao—encased in an egg.

Detection flew out toward it.

[Archaic Luanniao (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 68]

[Status: undergoing Second Nirvanic Rebirth—currently invincible]

Lin Moyu felt like swearing. This was basically cheating.

A Second Nirvanic Rebirth? Seriously? That was just foul.

If there was a second... would there be a third? A fourth? And would it get stronger each time?

His head throbbed at the thought.

Mu Xianxian, clearly shaken, asked softly, “What do we do now?”

She had also used Detection and sensed the complexity of the situation, leaving her at a loss for what to do.

Lin Moyu thought for a moment, “Let’s try again. But you need to fall back—at least five kilometers. Retrace the path we came from.”

Mu Xianxian nodded and quickly retreated. She understood she wouldn’t be of much help here—staying would only slow him down.

With her gone, Lin Moyu could act without reservation.

He fixed his gaze on the Archaic Luanniao egg. The aura radiating from it was intensifying by the second.

“It’s almost ready to hatch.”

At Lin Moyu’s command, the undead army moved swiftly into formation.

Only 1,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors remained close. Though the Archaic Luanniao was massive, that number was enough to surround it three times over.

The remaining 8,000—who couldn't be recalled—were ordered to fall back and prepare to absorb damage.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen dispersed even farther, forming a wide perimeter.

This setup greatly reduced the risk of a total wipeout. The downside, however, was a significant weakening of the lightning attack. Still, he had no choice but to accept the trade-off.

The last explosion had almost annihilated his undead army. If the Lich Generals had been even a second slower with their healing, it would've been over.

He had learned his lesson—there would be no second mistake.

Everything was ready.

Crack!

A sharp sound split the air. The eggshell fractured—it was about to hatch.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, fully focused, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Moments later, the shell shuddered, and a gap split open.

Then, jet-black flames erupted from within.

The world seemed to darken. Day turned to night in an instant. All color drained, swallowed by the infernal blaze.

A fiery rain began to fall, hammering the earth like molten hail.

In mere seconds, the ground was engulfed in a sea of flames.

“Damn it!” Lin Moyu couldn’t help but exclaim.

“Is this really a level 68 monster? Even level 70-plus monsters aren’t this terrifying!”

Lin Moyu wasn't new to level 70 monsters. He'd taken down several level 70-plus Dragonkind Generals before.

But compared to the Second Nirvanic Rebirth Archaic Luanniao, those were nothing. This thing was on a completely different level.

The jet-black flames it released, Lin Moyu felt they could incinerate even Dragonkind Generals.

Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "What on earth is going on with the core area? And this boss... it's completely abnormal."

The firestorm raged on. The entire battlefield had become a sea of flames.

The eggshell shook more violently with each passing second—until it finally exploded with a deafening boom.

A surge of black fire erupted alongside a piercing cry that cut through the air like a blade.

Flames rolled out like tidal waves, but Lin Moyu stood firm, eyes locked on the Archaic Luanniao bursting from the eggshell.

He didn't hesitate. The moment it emerged, he struck.

As his Bone Armor dissolved in the black inferno, Lin Moyu didn't flinch—his focus was locked on the Archaic Luanniao.

Skill: Bone Prison!

White bone wrapped around the Archaic Luanniao again. But this time, the paralysis didn't hold—the boss froze for only a blink before thrashing violently.

Cracks splintered across the bone restraints.

Then, with a flash of red light, the curse descended.

At that exact moment, the skeletons surged forward and launched their attacks.

The Lightning Ring triggered first—bolts of lightning crashed down like judgment. Then came the Elemental Explosions, followed by a volley of arrows.

Lin Moyu raised his right hand.

Skill: Poisonous Starburst!

A green light emerged within the black flames—a counter to the Archaic Luanniao’s regeneration.

In his left hand, fire flickered—

Skill: Soul Blaze!

Lin Moyu joined the fray. Aside from withholding Enhance Troops, he was fighting at full force.

Soul Blaze inflicted searing agony on the Archaic Luanniao, drawing out shrill screeches, its resistance growing more violent.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors lunged at the Archaic Luanniao once more, completely unafraid of death or pain.

Even as flames consumed their bones, they swung their axes relentlessly.

Glowing with a crimson light, the axes smashed through the boss's defenses.

Blood splattered. Feathers scattered.

Elemental Explosions erupted one after another. Despite being newly reborn, the Archaic Luanniao was severely injured once again.

It wasn't weak. Not at all. But Lin Moyu's undead army was stronger, and his strategy was suffocating.

The boss's resistance began to falter, its cries subsiding.

"This should be it." Lin Moyu muttered, standing tall in the inferno, gaze cold and unwavering.

But in that moment—the sea of fire began to surge inward, pulled toward the Archaic Luanniao.

Within seconds, the raging inferno vanished, all of it fused with the boss's body.

The world returned to normal.

“Not again!” Lin Moyu’s heart dropped.

Without hesitation, he turned and bolted.

At the same time, he ordered every skeleton to scatter—retreating at full speed.

He barely made it a thousand meters before a thunderous roar tore through the sky.

An even more massive mushroom cloud exploded behind him, followed by shockwaves that smashed through his Bone Armor like glass and slammed heavily into him.

At the same time, cracks splintered across the skeletons’ bodies.

This explosion was stronger and more terrifying than the previous two.

Lin Moyu was at a loss for words.

Thankfully, he’d sent the 8,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors to the outer perimeter to act as damage-absorbing tanks.

Otherwise, this explosion would've obliterated everything.

Lin Moyu muttered to himself, "That's the third time... They say third time's the charm. I refuse to believe there'll be a fourth—or a fifth!"

Once the shockwaves faded, Lin Moyu flew back, anger radiating from his eyes.

The crater had grown even larger—3,000 meters wide, over 200 meters deep. A churning sea of fire roiled within.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu plunged in.

There, amidst the flames, he saw it—the Archaic Luanniao egg.

[Archaic Luanniao (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 69]

[Status: undergoing Final Nirvanic Rebirth—currently invincible]

Its level had risen again.

“Final Nirvanic Rebirth...”

Upon receiving the feedback, Lin Moyu smiled. This was it. The last time.

He began recalling his undead troops, preparing to crush the boss in one fell swoop,

But just as he was gathering strength—the sky distorted, and a massive claw emerged.

It plunged straight into the crater, grabbing the Archaic Luanniao egg.

“Trying to steal it at the last second? Not a chance.” Lin Moyu’s eyes flashed cold.

He wasn’t about to let a fully roasted duck fly off his plate—not after getting blown up three times just to get this far.

Skill: Bone Prison!

White bones erupted, coiling tightly around the giant claw.

It paused—frozen for just a breath—then shattered the Bone Prison in a violent burst.

Elemental Explosions erupted on it, and arrows rained down. But to no effect.

Skeletal Berserk Warriors rushed in, only to be swept aside by the claw—disintegrating on the spot.

Chapter 437 - Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence

Chapter 437 - Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence

A single collision—then instant disintegration and death. His talent was useless. The owner of that colossal claw was simply too terrifying.

As Lin Moyu stared at its shape, a sudden realization struck him. He immediately commanded all the skeletons to cease their attacks.

He just watched as the creature took the Archaic Luanniao egg and vanished.

Surprisingly, Lin Moyu wasn't upset—just confused.

"It interfered. But why? Why would someone so powerful get involved in something this minor?"

The flames slowly died out, leaving behind a crater over 200 meters deep and more than 3,000 meters wide.

Mu Xianxian ran over, excitement in her voice, "How was it? Did you kill it?"

Lin Moyu shook his head. Whether the boss was dead or not was easy to tell—if it had died, they would've gained EXP. No need to ask.

He thought hard about what had just happened, but the answer eluded him. He'd have to ask it later.

Noticing his solemn expression, Mu Xianxian read the situation and didn't press.

She stepped to the edge of the crater and peered down.

The scorched basin was as smooth as a mirror. At the very bottom, some flames still flickered—but they weren't black.

They were red, tinged with purple.

Not the Archaic Luanniao's flames. Something else entirely.

"Huh? There's something in the fire."

Mu Xianxian had sharp eyes—she spotted something within the flames.

From his higher vantage point, Lin Moyu looked down—and saw it too, even more clearly.

The flames were a pure, blazing red. The faint purple hue didn't come from the fire itself—but from something within it.

It looked like a crystal, glimmering in the flames. It was beautiful.

Clad in Bone Armor, Lin Moyu descended into the crater, plunging straight into the heart of the fire.

In that moment, he understood—what they'd seen beneath the ground wasn't an illusion. The fire was real.

Below the surface lay a true sea of flames—a vast, hellish world of raging fire. The heat was overwhelming, the damage relentless, rivaling even the black flames of the Archaic Luanniao.

Standing within the inferno, Lin Moyu was forced to constantly reinforce his Bone Armor.

Any other level 60-plus class user would have been reduced to ash in moments.

"How long has this sea of fire been burning? Was the Archaic Luanniao born here? Where did this sea of fire even come from?"

Questions swirled through his mind as he pressed forward through the searing world.

Then—he saw it. A glimmer of violet amidst the red. It was a crystal-like object.

Lin Moyu grasped it. At once, an intense, burning energy surged into his hand—a terrifying searing aura.

He cast the Detection spell.

[Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence: legendary-grade material, a substance formed from the Fire God's Blood Essence, solidified after burning for more than a thousand years.]

Lin Moyu's eyes widened in shock. The blood essence... of the Fire God.

A God's body was a treasure beyond measure—blood, bones, even remnants held unimaginable value.

He recalled how a single drop of Beast God's Blood Essence had almost driven Ning Tairan to sell off his own granddaughter.

This? This was no less valuable.

Gripping the Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence tightly, Lin Moyu exited the sea of fire—and looked toward the spot where the Archaic Luanniao had crashed during its first Nirvanic Rebirth.

“So it didn’t choose a random spot for its Nirvanic Rebirth... It specifically picked this place—because of the Fire God’s Blood Essence.”

“It knew the Fire God’s Blood Essence would aid it. That’s why it broke through the surface, creating the crater. Maybe... the evolution of its Nirvanic Rebirth is directly linked to this.”

“Could there be more Fire God’s Blood Essence hidden beneath this sea of fire?”

Turning to Mu Xianxian, he spoke firmly, “Stay here. Don’t move from this spot.”

“Okay!” She replied quickly, nodding in agreement.

Lin Moyu left the undead army to protect her. Next, without hesitation, he plunged back into the underground sea of fire—alone.

“The Immemorial Battlefield has self-repairing properties. This crater might close up soon... I need to return before that happens.”

He gave orders to the undead troops to watch for any changes in the crater. If anything happened, they were to notify him immediately.

Then, he accelerated, flying swiftly through the sea of flames, eyes scanning for more Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence.

Legendary-grade materials were rare. He couldn't afford to let this chance slip away.

Once solidified, the Fire God's Blood Essence would emit a distinct purple hue—brilliant and unmistakable.

As he darted through the fire, a thought began to take shape, “Was this sea of fire created by the Fire God? Did something happen long ago... something that spilled the Fire God's blood here? “Did the Fire God fall here—or simply go into slumber?”

Gods didn't die easily. According to historic records, many believed-dead Gods were later discovered to be merely sleeping—waiting for the right moment to awaken.

It wouldn't be impossible.

Soon, his eyes caught another glint of purple. He rushed over.

Another piece—smaller than the first, but no less intense in power. It radiated blistering heat.

As he grasped it, Lin Moyu could feel it—this was pure essence of the fire element.

The Fire God—a supreme being of flame—wielded absolute authority over the fire element. Naturally, their blood essence brimmed with unfathomable fire elemental power.

The sea of fire beneath the surface was vast, like an underground world forged in eternal flame.

Lin Moyu raced through it at high speed, his Lightning Deathwings cutting through the blazing currents like blades.

Even so, he dared not go too far. If the exit closed, he'd be trapped inside.

He had tested the surface—it was incredibly hard. Neither he nor the undead army could break through it.

Half an hour later, a message came from the skeletons stationed at the exit. The exit was closing.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu turned and bolted back, flying at full speed.

As expected, the Immemorial Battlefield had begun repairing itself. The crater was slowly closing in, bit by bit, as if the land itself was healing.

He surged upward, a streak of flame trailing behind him as he burst from the depths of the world of fire.

In just that short window—barely thirty minutes—he had gathered ten pieces of Solidified Fire God’s Blood Essence.

Though they varied in size, all were legendary-grade materials—exceedingly rare and invaluable.

Moments later, the entrance to the sea of fire vanished completely.

It was as if a pair of invisible giant hands had swept across the land.

The massive crater was already beginning to mend.

It wouldn’t be long before everything was restored.

Mu Xianxian asked softly, “What was that thing just now?”

Lin Moyu didn't answer. Instead, he tossed her one of the crystals, "See for yourself."

Mu Xianxian caught it—and immediately yelped, "It's hot!"

She examined the crystal carefully, her eyes widening, "This is the Fire God's Blood Essence!"

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

Mu Xianxian shook her head, "I don't."

Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow, "Then why were you so surprised?"

Her reaction had been a little off.

Mu Xianxian answered truthfully, "Sister Yeyu once told me—anything related to the Gods is mysterious and extremely valuable."

On second thought, Lin Moyu realized it wasn't surprising that Jialan Yeyu knew.

She was, after all, the young lady of the Jialan Guild—one of the top guilds in the Shenxia Empire, with a long history.

It made sense that she'd be familiar with things related to the Gods.

Mu Xianxian studied the crystal in her hand for a moment longer, then handed it back.

Though it was a legendary-grade material, she treated it no differently than an ordinary item.

There was no greed in her gaze—only quiet curiosity.

Lin Moyu took it, and a thought suddenly struck him, "Could this be used to summon an Elemental Lich?"

It was worth a try.

Skill: Summon Elemental Lich

Boom!

A column of fire erupted skyward. In an instant, it pierced the sky, transforming the surroundings into a lake of fire.

Mu Xianxian gasped, taking several steps backward.

Even Lin Moyu was stunned.

The moment the fire burst forth, he felt it—a God-level aura.

It wasn't like a human God-level powerhouse... nor was it a Demon King.

But it was equal in power. Undeniably so.

And the pillar of fire resembled the vision he had seen during the skill's awakening.

Lin Moyu's heart surged with excitement. Could it be that he had summoned a God-level Elemental Lich?

A Lich, half the size of an average person, emerged from the flames.

It still had a certain cuteness about it, but now it looked far more imposing.

Its aura—God-level aura—was incredibly unstable, gathered and dispersed unpredictably.

Gradually, it began to grow chaotic, as the massive fire element started to spiral out of control.

Lin Moyu's eyes widened, "Damn it! It's going to explode!"

He immediately commanded it to fly away.

The Fire Lich obeyed instantly, rocketing into the sky like a shooting star. It flew for nearly ten kilometers before—

BOOM!

A thunderous explosion tore through the air.

A massive fireball bloomed in the sky, painting the clouds in brilliant crimson.

It was a terrifying sight—far more intense than even the explosion during the Archaic Luanniao's Nirvanic Rebirth.

"That's strange. Why did it explode?" Lin Moyu couldn't make sense of it.

And then—from the center of the fireball, a Fire Lich emerged and flew back to him.

It looked like the one he had initially summoned using the Fire Crystal.

Lin Moyu examined it carefully. Same attributes. Same ring of light.

Chapter 438 - This Dreadbeast Is Not A Real Dreadbeast

Chapter 438 - This Dreadbeast Is Not A Real Dreadbeast

As they traveled, Lin Moyu was lost in thought.

After much reflection, he pinpointed the issue: his skill's level simply wasn't high enough. The material he'd used was too advanced—not merely legendary-grade.

The Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence contained God power, and his current skill couldn't support it.

At level 50, his skill could handle platinum-grade materials at best. Only after reaching level 70 would it be able to work with legendary-grade materials.

Still, Lin Moyu wasn't one to give up easily. He thought of an alternative.

He could use the Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence to summon a Fire Lich and have it self-destruct in combat.

An explosion imbued with God power would be immensely powerful—enough to compensate for his current lack of explosive power.

“What are you thinking about?”

Mu Xianxian's voice brought him back. She had noticed his silence. Though his expression hardly changed, she could still read something in his eyes.

“It’s nothing.” Lin Moyu replied, dodging her question.

Mu Xianxian didn’t press him. She was pure-hearted and considerate, never asking questions where she didn’t need to.

Besides, it wasn’t that Lin Moyu was hiding anything—he just knew she wouldn’t understand even if he explained.

The subtle feedback from using a skill was something only the caster could sense.

By combining that feeling with the outcome and analyzing each step, one could eventually uncover the answer.

Every skill felt different in action.

Most class users were still stuck at the “usage” stage of skill understanding.

They activated their skills without deeper thought—this applied not only to high-level class users but also to top-level and even peak-level class users.

Very few truly grasped the intricacies behind their skills.

Lin Moyu had reached a new stage—not just understanding what something was, but seeking to understand why.

It was no longer enough to know how to use a skill; he needed to grasp its very foundation.

Unknowingly, he was stepping onto a broader, deeper path.

For the next two days, he and Mu Xianxian traveled across thousands of kilometers.

The ground beneath their feet changed once again—no longer transparent, no longer burning with flames.

Lin Moyu realized they had exited the territory of the Archaic Luanniao.

During the past two days, they hadn't encountered a single monster.

The Archaic Luanniao was extremely overbearing, tolerating no other creatures in its territory.

But now, outside its territory, monsters began to reappear.

The moment Lin Moyu spotted one, he halted.

He didn't order his undead troops to attack right away. Instead, he observed from afar.

Mu Xianxian asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

Lin Moyu didn't reply, but his entire demeanor changed—ready for combat.

Seeing this, Mu Xianxian instinctively grew alert.

Ahead of them stood a strange beast—a cross between a tiger and a deer, covered in thick fur, with a long tail behind it.

“Is it strong?” She asked, voice tense.

Lin Moyu said softly, “Dreadbeast.”

The creature looked almost identical to the Dreadbeasts he had encountered in the Dreadland. But... why would a Dreadbeast appear here, in the Immemorial Battlefield?

He kept observing, and eventually, he spotted something off.

The resemblance was uncanny—perhaps 90% the same—but there were subtle differences.

During his second class awakening, he'd only glimpsed the Dreadbeasts briefly

They radiated a unique savagery, a wild and uncontrollable ferocity.

But this one didn't have that.

Mu Xianxian tilted her head, “Are Dreadbeasts really powerful?”

She had never even heard of Dreadbeasts and the Dreadland.

Strictly speaking, Dreadbeasts weren’t exceptionally strong. What made them so dangerous was how absurdly hard it was to deal with them.

Their unkillable characteristic gave them a kind of invincibility.

But the truly terrifying ones were the Dreadbeast Kings. Even someone as powerful as Bai Yiyuan would go out of his way to avoid them.

“Maybe... it just looks similar.” Lin Moyu muttered, raising a hand and flicking his finger.

[Battlefield Dreadbeast (boss rank monster)]

[Level: 68]

[Strength: 150,000]

[Agility: 150,000]

[Spirit: 50,000]

[Physique: 150,000]

[Skill: Blink Strike]

[Trait: Rapid Regeneration, Enhanced Health]

The moment he saw the attributes, Lin Moyu felt a wave of relief.

He could view its attributes. That alone proved it wasn't a true Dreadbeast—the attributes of true ones couldn't be viewed at all.

Its name, Battlefield Dreadbeast, clearly indicated some connection... but what kind of connection? He couldn't be sure just yet.

Still, it didn't matter. It wasn't a real Dreadbeast. Even at level 68—even as a boss—Lin Moyu didn't consider it a threat.

The moment Lin Moyu cast the Detection spell, the Battlefield Dreadbeast reacted. It charged straight toward him.

At the same time, Lin Moyu issued a command. The undead troops surged forward.

With thunderous rumbles, Elemental Explosions erupted across the Battlefield Dreadbeast.

Hundreds of Skeletal Great Mages cast their spell in unison, wounding it almost immediately.

Its defenses were clearly weaker than those of the Archaic Luanniao.

Lin Moyu raised a hand. Deterioration Curse descended.

The Battlefield Dreadbeast's movements visibly slowed.

Then, a faint glow enveloped its body—it activated a skill.

Its form flickered erratically—then vanished.

In just 0.1 seconds, it reappeared in front of the Skeletal Great Mages and slammed into them with brutal force.

Several Skeletal Great Mages were hurled backward like ragdolls.

Skill: Blink Strike.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes. That hit packed serious power.

If not for his Comprehensive Link talent, the Skeletal Great Mages might've been instantly obliterated.

This was still a level 68 boss—no pushover.

It began teleporting around the battlefield, using Blink Strike repeatedly. Its attacks were relentless and unpredictable.

The Skeletal Great Mages struggled—their Elemental Explosions couldn't lock onto the enemy, detonating against empty air.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors fared even worse, unable to keep pace.

Only the Skeletal Marksmen, guided by Soul Lock, never missed a shot.

Deterioration Curse slowed its movement—but couldn't affect its skill.

The Battlefield Dreadbeast kept teleporting.

Its traits were now on full display.

As a boss monster, combined with Enhanced Health, its health rivaled even lord rank bosses.

Even more troublesome was its Rapid Regeneration trait—wounds from just seconds ago had already vanished.

What shocked Lin Moyu most was its Blink Strike having no cooldown, allowing it to teleport without limit.

This made it incredibly difficult to handle; no one could predict where it would appear next.

“What a strange monster.” Lin Moyu muttered, locking on through the Skeletal Marksmen.

Skill: Bone Prison.

White bones burst forth, weaved into a net that trapped the Battlefield Dreadbeast in place. It was fully exposed.

A barrage of Elemental Explosions lit up its body again in dazzling flashes.

From the side, Mu Xianxian cheered, “Let’s see it move now!”

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged in and activated their skill, tearing into the restrained beast.

But again, the monster's regeneration kicked in—it recovered almost instantly.

Then came a burst of green.

Poison Starburst dyed the creature in green, suppressing its Rapid Regeneration.

Both Blink Strike and Rapid Regeneration were now restricted.

The tide had turned.

Seeing an opening, Mu Xianxian rushed forward and set off her fireworks.

Lin Moyu summoned additional skeletons, overwhelming the boss.

One minute later, with a final crash, the Battlefield Dreadbeast collapsed.

[Killed Battlefield Dreadbeast, EXP +2,070,000]

[Obtained Dreadbeast Knife]

[Obtained Dreadbeast Bone]

[Obtained Dreadbeast Knife through Collection]

[Obtained Dreadbeast Bone through Collection]

[Dreadbeast Knife (Assassin exclusive): platinum rank weapon, all attributes +3,500, increases the power of Assassin-type skills by 100%. Attached skill: Blink.]

[Blink: can teleport within a 10-meter range, can be used 10 times consecutively.
Cooldown: 5 minutes]

[Dreadbeast Bone: platinum-grade material, possesses regeneration characteristic, can be used to create weapons and equipment.]

Lin Moyu examined the items closely.

The Dreadbeast Knife obtained through Collection was plain, with no attached skills.

In contrast, the other Dreadbeast Knife stood out in Lin Moyu's eyes—it offered top-tier attributes and skill boosts, along with a highly practical skill.

The Blink skill made an Assassin even more elusive, perfect for evading damage and fully exploiting their agility.

Lin Moyu, now well-versed in the Assassin class's traits, recognized just how powerful this weapon truly was.

Then there were the Dreadbeast Bones—a platinum-grade material.

Lin Moyu turned the Dreadbeast Bone in his palm, eyes gleaming thoughtfully, “Could this... be used to summon an Elemental Lich? Let's give it a try!”

The idea planted itself—and refused to let go.

An ash gray light began to glow from his hand, growing steadily brighter.

His expression shifted to delight, “It really works!”

Chapter 439: New Elemental Lich: Undying Lich

Lin Moyu was just giving it a shot.

The Summon Elemental Lich skill required materials with elemental attributes.

On the surface, there was no indication which element the Dreadbeast Bone held. But its regenerative property made him suspect it might hold a special element.

After all, the world contained far more than just the common elements like fire, wind, or light. Many were obscure—some even unknown.

With a “might as well try” mindset, Lin Moyu activated the skill.

The skill's light gradually intensified.

His six Elemental Lich slots were already full. To summon a new one, he'd need to replace one.

After some thought, he chose the Light Lich—it was currently the least useful, mainly effective against Abyssal Demons. Plus, he still had three Light Crystals left. If needed, he could summon it again later.

The ash gray light intensified—brighter, yet never harsh. Gentle, almost soothing. He had never seen a light like this before.

From within it, a new Elemental Lich emerged, cloaked in ash gray.

[Platinum Elemental Lich]

[Level: 50]

[Strength: 90,000]

[Agility: 90,000]

[Spirit: 90,000]

[Physique: 90,000]

[Skill: Undying Ring]

[Undying Ring: when undead troops take a fatal blow, they will not die, and the ring of light will restore their health to 50%. Cooldown: 24 hours]

Lin Moyu was stunned as he read the description of the Undying Ring.

With this ring of light in play, his undead army had reached a new level. Even the devastating explosion attacks from the Archaic Luanniao—once capable of wiping out his entire force—could now be endured.

This dramatically boosted his survivability.

As long as the undead army lived, so would he.

Unless he faced something that completely ignored his talent and skill, he was essentially untouchable.

Replacing the Light Lich—currently redundant—for the Undying Lich was undeniably the right call.

This also confirmed his theory: elemental materials weren't limited to the common elements—they could also include rare and unique elements.

In the future, he could try using such materials if he came across them.

Over the next eight days, they traveled more than 10,000 kilometers.

Along the way, they battled killed countless monsters and saw numerous bosses—but disappointingly, no more Battlefield Dreadbeasts appeared. Otherwise, Lin Moyu might've secured more Dreadbeast Bones.

They drew closer to the center.

Beams of light pierced the sky ahead, converging and scattering in the air, weaving into bands of light that stretched across the Immemorial Battlefield.

The beams of light marked Lin Moyu's destination—the center of the upper level.

The terrain shifted again.

The smooth plains gave way to a broken landscape, where jagged black stones juttred out unevenly, making travel difficult.

As Lin Moyu stepped on it, a strange sensation struck him—it didn't feel like ordinary rubble.

He ordered a Skeletal Berserk Warrior to strike the ground with full force.

The result: nothing. Not a single scratch. The ground was impossibly hard.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, then looked to the horizon, "I'll take a look."

He rose into the air, eyes sweeping across the endless stretch of black stones that reached far into the horizon. Not a single monster stirred below—only silence.

Multicolored light poured from the sky, only to be swallowed by the earth beneath.

The entire landscape looked as though it had been ravaged by war, left charred and lifeless.

The longer Lin Moyu observed, the more unsettling the terrain seemed. The black stones weren't just random protrusions—they followed a pattern.

He ascended higher, brow furrowing.

From above, the layout became clearer. The stones resembled scales on a creature's body.

When he descended, Mu Xianxian noticed the shift in his expression, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know." He said quietly. "Something's off. I can't explain it... but it doesn't feel right."

Mu Xianxian looked around. To her, the only obvious danger was the rough, uneven ground—easy to trip over, or slip into one of the many cracks.

But she trusted Lin Moyu's instincts. If he felt something was wrong, then there probably was.

"Stay sharp." Lin Moyu commanded his undead troops to spread out and stay alert.

The pitch-black earth stretched on endlessly. Even after an entire day of walking, there was no end in sight.

They had been moving steadily toward the beams of light, certain they were heading the right way.

Yet no matter how far they walked, the end never drew closer. The beams of light remained unchanged—never seemed any closer.

At this point, Lin Moyu could only press on.

Then, without warning, a strange wind swept through the land. It was cold and sent a shiver down Lin Moyu's spine.

Tiny, glowing motes appeared in the air, caught in the swirling wind. They shimmered softly as they passed over Lin Moyu and Mu Xianxian.

In an instant, they were gone.

Moments later, Lin Moyu stood in a world of brilliant color.

Light pierced the sky from all directions. Countless beams converged above, painting the sky in shimmering hues.

He looked around, realization dawning, "This is the center."

He had reached the very heart of the core area.

As for how he'd ended up here—he didn't need to think twice.

There was only one being capable of this kind of spatial manipulation. No one else.

Mu Xianxian lay beside him, unconscious. That, too, was its doing.

It was the second time she'd been rendered unconscious by it, so Lin Moyu wasn't surprised.

It clearly didn't want too many people aware of its existence. Or perhaps, it simply felt most weren't worthy of interaction.

Everything about it—its presence, its actions, even its words—oozed pride and disdain.

Lin Moyu looked up.

It was massive. Even lying down, its body resembled a small mountain. If it stood, it would easily tower over a hundred meters, likely far more.

A pair of colossal wings stretched out across the ground, their span hard to estimate.

It appeared languid, lazily lifting its eyelids to gaze at him.

“You finally came. What took you so long?” A voice thundered in his ears, deep and resonant.

Lin Moyu responded calmly, “It hasn’t been that long.”

Despite the overwhelming pressure it radiated, he remained composed and steady.

“Hmph. Your leveling speed is abysmal. Only now reaching level 50?” It scoffed.

“I was delayed by a few things,” Lin Moyu replied truthfully.

“Your level may be low, but your strength isn’t bad.” There was a short silence, then it spoke again, “Little Black, come out.”

A piercing cry echoed as a small bird wreathed in black fire soared from beneath it.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed.

The Archaic Luanniao.

Only this being had the power to wrest the Archaic Luanniao from his grip.

The Archaic Luanniao let out a sharp, furious screech. Dark flames exploded from its body, crackling in the air as it glared at Lin Moyu.

Its anger was palpable—it hadn't forgotten how close it had come to death at his hands.

"Little Black, be quiet."

The Archaic Luanniao froze mid-screech.

Lin Moyu glanced at it, "Is it your pet?"

Its voice remained slow and lazy, "Something like that. But more importantly... I sense something on you—something I need."

Lin Moyu instantly understood what it was referring to. To his surprise, it could even perceive items hidden within his storage space.

This Dragon was truly amazing.

He retrieved the box given to him by Righteous God and carefully took out a small bead.

The moment it saw the bead, it perked up instantly, the languidness in its eyes replaced by joy

“Did Jiang Yi ask you to deliver it?”

Lin Moyu nodded, “Yes. Righteous God asked me to bring it to you. He also said... he’s fulfilled his part of the deal and hopes you’ll uphold yours.”

The Dragon burst into laughter—a thunderous, earth-shaking roar that rippled through the air. The beams of light twisted violently in response, warping like bending glass. The very ground split apart, cracks spiderwebbing in all directions.

Lin Moyu felt a flicker of unease. Until now, he had known this creature was powerful—but he had never truly grasped the extent of its strength.

He had tested the ground himself. Not even his Skeletal Berserk Warriors' full force had left a scratch. Yet this Dragon's laughter alone had shattered it.

Even with his undead army, he realized now—with stark clarity—that it could be wiped out by the being with no effort at all.

The laughter faded after a while.

The Dragon opened its mouth and inhaled, and the bead vanished instantly into its mouth.

Then it spoke—no longer casual, but solemn and deep, “I will honor my promise.”

Chapter 440: Just Tell Me What You Need

Lin Moyu had no idea what kind of deal existed between Jiang Yi and it.

As far as he was concerned, he had already fulfilled his part by delivering the item.

What happened next was none of his business—and even if he wanted to get involved, he lacked both the strength and the means.

Whether it would honor its promise or not was now up to its own conscience.

After swallowing the bead, its gaze toward Lin Moyu shifted subtly, “You are now qualified to know my name.”

Lin Moyu instantly understood. He flicked his finger, and the Detection spell surged, stirring the air.

[Earth Dragon Antares (great world rank boss)]

[Level: 100]

[Strength: ???]

[Agility: ???]

[Spirit: ???]

[Physique: ???]

[Skill: ???]

[Trait: ???]

Aside from the name and level, every other detail was obscured.

Lin Moyu stood frozen in shock.

Earth Dragon Antares—a great world rank boss. He had never even heard of it.

And it was level 100.

For a moment, he suspected it had revealed its level on purpose.

Antares let out a low, satisfied laugh at Lin Moyu's expression, "Surprised? You should feel honored. Very few have ever learned my name."

That much was true. As far as the human records went, the name Antares had never appeared.

The Immemorial Battlefield had existed for countless ages. Which meant Antares had as well.

To survive for such a span of time was, in itself, a marvel.

If it had been a human God-level powerhouse, they would have long since faded into history—buried by the river of time.

Yet Antares endured—defying time itself. Its power had long surpassed all bounds of reason.

It had lived through eras, through epochs—its power having long since broken any known limits.

After laughing to its heart's content, Antares turned its gaze back to Lin Moyu, "Kid, I want to make a deal with you."

"Few have ever been worthy to make a deal with me. In thousands of years, your kind has produced only a handful."

"Trust me—you won't regret this."

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate, "What sort of deal?"

Antares replied, "In the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, there's a place called Lightning Burial Canyon. I want you to retrieve something for me."

As it spoke, thousands of starlike motes fell down, forming vivid images in the air—the terrain of Lightning Burial Canyon, along with its location in the lower layer.

At the deepest point of the canyon, there stood a massive crystal.

From the image alone, it was easily tens of meters tall, fused with the surrounding stone.

Antares continued, "When you reach the crystal, drip this onto it—and bring back what's inside."

A drop of scarlet blood floated from Antares's fingertip and landed in Lin Moyu's hand.

It was the size of a fist, half-coagulated—neither dissipating nor breaking apart.

Strangely, it needed no container. It could be stored directly in his storage space.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes. He knew this wasn't going to be as simple as it sounded.

"Why don't you go yourself?" He asked.

With Antares's level of power, entering the canyon should have been trivial.

Antares gave a low snort, "I have my reasons."

Lin Moyu didn't press the issue further, "But I'm only level 50. To enter the lower layer, I need to be at least level 70. You might have to wait a while."

Antares shook its head, "There's no rush. Just don't forget when the time comes. But remember, when you do go to Lightning Burial Canyon, make sure your level is below 80. Otherwise, things might get tricky."

Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow, "Is it dangerous?"

Antares's voice dropped, "Naturally, there's some danger. But for you, it shouldn't be a problem."

Shouldn't be. That vague phrasing sent a chill down Lin Moyu's spine, not quite trusting its words.

Antares continued, "So. Do you accept the deal?"

Lin Moyu shrugged, "What if I refuse?"

Antares didn't mince words, "Then I'll send you away and erase this part of your memory. From that point on, don't even think about setting foot in this place again."

It cast a meaningful glance at Mu Xianxian.

"So there's no turning back now." Lin Moyu thought to himself.

Antares had made its stance crystal clear: refuse, and he'd be exiled—his memory wiped clean.

And Mu Xianxian? She wouldn't be leaving at all. That one glance told him everything he needed to know.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, “Aren’t you worried I’ll accept now but never follow through?”

Antares chuckled, amused, “You’ll go. Once you hear what I’m offering, you won’t be able to resist. My deals are based on equivalent exchange—fair and just.”

Seeing the confidence in its expression, Lin Moyu finally nodded, “Fine. I accept.”

Refusal wasn’t an option—not unless he was ready to gamble with Mu Xianxian’s life.

The moment the words left his mouth, Antares burst into hearty laughter, “Very good, very good! Then let me tell you what I’m offering.”

“I’ll give you a full set of legendary-grade equipment.”

Lin Moyu shook his head immediately, “I don’t want it.”

Antares paused, clearly caught off guard, “Did I hear that right? You don’t want it? This is legendary-grade equipment! Even your entire human race can barely scrape together a few pieces.”

Lin Moyu remained firm, “My class is special. Equipment is useless to me.”

Antares's eyes widened, locked onto Lin Moyu in surprise.

It saw through his class at once.

“Necrolord, huh? Never heard of that one before. Must be one of your human race's new classes.”

“A class that rejects equipment... What a cursed thing.”

“Let me think... what else can I offer you...” Antares muttered to itself, clearly annoyed.

It had never encountered a class that outright rejected all equipment.

After a few seconds, it spoke again, “You're level 50 now, right? Then how about this—a piece of Bloodthirsty Python heart meat. I'll even guard you while you consume it. You'll gain a permanent boost of 20,000 to all attributes.”

“You know what that means. A boost like that increases your growth rate every time to level up—by quite a bit. And when you reach your third class awakening, the chance of a class sublimation will rise significantly.”

Antares radiated confidence as it spoke, convinced that no human class user could possibly refuse such an irresistible offer.

“And of course, that’s just the beginning. Once you complete the task, I’ll also—”

But before it could finish, Lin Moyu shook his head again.

Antares stopped mid-sentence, disbelief creeping into its tone, “What now?”

“I’ve already consumed that.” Lin Moyu replied calmly, “During my second class awakening.”

Antares leaned closer, took a sniff, then slowly said, “You’re right. You do carry Bloodthirsty Python scent.”

“What about Bloodthirsty Python brain, then?”

“My teacher will get it for me.” Lin Moyu replied.

“Your teacher? Must be a God-level human powerhouse then. The Bloodthirsty Python isn’t easy prey. Your teacher might not be able to handle it.” Antares still clung to a sliver of hope.

Lin Moyu remained calm, “I have three teachers. All God-level. You’ve met one of them before—you said he was too weak.”

Antares paused, gears clearly turning. Then its expression shifted in recognition, “That one, huh? He’s somewhat qualified. If the other two are at the same level, then yes... they might have a shot at the Bloodthirsty Python.”

“Let me think again—what else can I offer you?”

For a typical human class user, equipment was everything. Antares had assumed a full set of legendary-grade gear would be irresistible bait.

But Lin Moyu was anything but typical.

When that failed, it switched to base attributes—every class user dreamed of boosting their base attributes. Yet Lin Moyu didn’t need that either.

Now it was truly at a loss. This was a deal, after all—there had to be something of equal value it could offer in return.

“Elemental Divine Stone?” Antares offered, “It can increase the chance of class sublimation during the third class awakening.”

Lin Moyu calmly took an Elemental Divine Stone out, “Got it.”

“...Talent Divine Stone?”

He took out a Talent Divine Stone, “This too.”

Antares rattled off one rare item after another—things that should’ve sent any human into a frenzy.

But Lin Moyu either had them already, or had no use for them.

Eventually, Antares slumped onto the ground in frustration, looking even more listless than before, “Fine. Just tell me—what do you need?”