

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 441: Antares Isn't All-Knowing

Antares couldn't think of anything worthwhile to offer.

Lin Moyu thought for a moment, then made his request, "I have a few questions. Can you answer them? Consider it part of the deal."

Things abundant held little value. The rarer something was, the more it mattered.

To a man dying in the desert, water was worth more than gold.

Lin Moyu was the same—what he didn't lack, he didn't care for.

Since Antares demanded a fair exchange but had nothing useful to offer, Lin Moyu didn't hold back.

He had questions—plenty of them. Maybe Antares could provide some answers.

Antares lazily raised its eyelids, clearly uninterested, "Ask away."

Lin Moyu began, “Can the Dreadbeasts of the Dreadland be killed? And how?”

Antares perked up at once, intrigued by the question, “You’ve been to the Dreadland?”

Lin Moyu nodded, “I had my second class awakening there.”

Antares chuckled, “Bold of your teachers. Weren’t they worried about running into a Dreadbeast King?”

“We did.” Lin Moyu replied.

Antares' tone grew serious, “Then you’re lucky to be alive. Of course Dreadbeasts can be killed—it’s not even that hard. As long as someone reaches God-level and their purity is high enough, they can kill them.”

Lin Moyu frowned, “But my teacher is already level 95. He can only drive them off—hurting them is almost impossible.”

“Hah! Then he’s garbage. Even at level 99, he'd still be trash. I’ve answered. Next question.”

Lin Moyu silently committed the answer to memory: purity was the key.

He recalled how Yan Kuangsheng had wounded the Dreadbeasts—when he used the power of murderous aura.

Later, Yan Kuangsheng had a breakthrough, seemingly tied to improving the purity of murderous aura.

It was likely the same concept.

Lin Moyu continued, “I have a skill that lets me summon Elemental Liches using elemental materials. But when I use legendary-grade materials... the Liches explode.”

He had a theory—but he needed confirmation. He wasn’t completely sure.

Antares looked intrigued, “Oh? That’s interesting. Show me.”

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu took out a piece of Solidified Fire God’s Blood Essence.

A furious screech erupted from above.

The Archaic Luanniao bared its teeth at him, as if to say: *That's mine.*

Antares shot the creature a glance, “Little Black, hush. There’s plenty more of that underground.”

At those words, the Archaic Luanniao reluctantly quieted down, though its eyes still burned with displeasure.

Lin Moyu activated the skill. Flames soared into the sky, and a God-level aura spread outward.

A Fire Lich emerged in front of him, its power immense—but unstable.

Lin Moyu sensed it reaching a critical point and quickly ordered it to flee.

But before it could go far, Antares lazily lifted a claw.

A massive claw slammed down and seized the Fire Lich.

Boom!

It exploded in Antares' grasp—but not a flicker of energy escaped. Antares didn't even blink.

The blast hadn't left a scratch. To it, the detonation was nothing.

Lin Moyu watched in silence, once again reminded of just how incomprehensibly powerful Antares was.

From the midst of the explosion, a platinum-grade Fire Lich emerged and floated back toward him.

The explosion wasn't a true self-destruction—just a forced release of power that couldn't be contained.

Antares spoke in a low voice, “Decent power. It just barely hits level 90. In your terms... fake God-level.”

Lin Moyu nodded—yeah, it felt about right. Around level 90.

He looked to Antares, hoping for a definitive answer.

Antares continued, “The reason for the explosion is simple—your skill’s level is too low, while the material’s grade is too high. It’s just like how legendary-grade weapons can only be wielded after reaching level 70 and completing the third class awakening.”

With that, Lin Moyu felt a wave of reassurance.

As long as he reached level 70, he’d be able to summon a Fire Lich with God-level power.

And when that time came... he’d be ready to face even some of the weaker Demon Kings.

But for now...

If he could gather enough Solidified Fire God’s Blood Essence, and pair it with Bone Prison—even if it only restrained the opponent for half a second—it might still work.

A bold idea began to take shape in Lin Moyu’s mind.

Antares asked, “Any more questions?”

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate, "Can the Putrid Corpse Poison from the Putrid Corpse Land be cured?"

Antares looked visibly surprised, "You even know about the Putrid Corpse Land?"

It was starting to realize—this kid had seen more than some God-level powerhouses ever would.

Lin Moyu replied, "I went there once. Barely made it out alive."

Antares stared at him, "You actually went there?"

It leaned in and took a deep breath, its eyes narrowing, "No... you didn't just go there. You've also been to the Life Secret Realm. You carry both the aura of the Putrid Corpse Poison and the aura of divine life force."

Antares paused, its eyes peering into Lin Moyu's spirit world, "Let me think... You... obtained the Genesis Scepter, didn't you?"

Lin Moyu knew there was no point in hiding it. The moment he brought up the Putrid Corpse Land, he'd already decided to speak openly.

With a flash of white light, the Genesis Scepter appeared in his hand.

Upon seeing it, Antares erupted into thunderous laughter, “This is hilarious! You useless fools fought to the death over what—the god slot of the God of Life? And in the end, not one of you made it out alive. Every last one—dead. Serves you right!”

Lin Moyu watched as Antares laughed uncontrollably. As expected, it knew exactly what had happened back then.

From its words, one thing became clear: even the Genesis Scepter and the God of Life’s god slot meant nothing to it.

A bold thought crept into Lin Moyu’s mind.

The Genesis Scepter was a treasure capable of helping a God-level to ascend to Transcendent God-level—and yet Antares scoffed at it.

What did Transcendent God-level even mean to Antares?

Could it be that it had surpassed that realm?

After laughing its fill, Antares finally spoke again, “I’ll answer your question. The Putrid Corpse Poison—there is no cure. Once infected, even God-level beings are doomed.”

“In fact, the stronger the host, the more vicious the poison becomes. That forbidden skill was enough to wipe out every existence beneath Transcendent God-level.”

Lin Moyu hadn’t expected that answer.

Was the poison truly incurable? But then—how had the Lich Generals dispelled it?

Once their levels increased, they should be able to neutralized even God-level Putrid Corpse Poison.

“Is it me?” Lin Moyu wondered silently, “Or are the undead-type skeletons... special?”

He kept those thoughts to himself.

There was no need to tell Antares that his Lich Generals could overcome the poison.

Another realization took root. Antares wasn’t all-knowing. Even it had things it didn’t understand.

Antares said, “For you to come back alive from the Putrid Corpse Land—that alone is a miracle. Since your luck seems so absurdly good, I’ll let you ask a few more questions.”

Lin Moyu didn’t hesitate, “Can the dead be resurrected?”

“They can.” Antares replied with certainty, “Aren’t you proof enough of that? I can sense it—you’ve planted a soul brand. Your soul is tethered to a certain place. Before reaching God-level, as long as your soul stays intact, you’ll return there after death—and be revived.”

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, focusing on the key detail, “What about after God-level?”

“It’s still possible.” Antares continued, “After reaching God-level, the sliver of soul will return to you, and the soul brand will disappear.”

“Resurrection becomes far more difficult—but not impossible. Take that Jiang Yi, for example. He’s trying to come back to life.”

“A pity his level is too high—level 98. Half-step Transcendent God-level.” It gave a mocking chuckle, “In this whole world, only I have the power to bring him back.”

It clicked. So that was the deal. The bargain Jiang Yi made with Antares... was resurrection.

That slim hope—that tiny sliver of survival—was what allowed him to preserve his soul until now.

But Jiang Yi's return wouldn't be bad news—in fact, it would be a boon. Humanity would gain another half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse, strengthening the human race.

Lin Moyu took a long, steady breath, then asked his next question, “How does one become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse?”

Chapter 442: No One Has Ever Dared To Fool Me

Lin Moyu knew Antares wouldn't answer too many questions. With so many on his mind, he had to choose carefully.

Antares fixed its eyes on him once more, “You're only level 50. Becoming a Transcendent God-level powerhouse is still a long way off. Think carefully. If I answer this, I won't answer anything else.”

Lin Moyu caught the disdain in its gaze. He knew he was reaching far beyond his current abilities—but this question wasn't for himself.

"I'll stick with this question." Lin Moyu said firmly, "Please answer it."

Antares said, "Since you're so insistent, I'll tell you. Becoming a Transcendent God-level powerhouse isn't that difficult."

"First, you need to reach level 98. Levels 98 and 99 are both considered half-step Transcendent God-level. Once you hit level 99, there are three methods to advance to Transcendent God-level."

Lin Moyu's eyes widened slightly. Three methods? So the road to Transcendent God-level wasn't as narrow as he had imagined.

Seeing his reaction, Antares gave a contemplative smile, "The first method is the simplest. Reach level 99 and master all required insights to their limit. Then, using top-tier materials and a special formation, you can break through and become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse."

"The second method: reach level 99, fully comprehend the required insights, and then use a mythical-grade item. That'll give you a chance to ascend to Transcendent God-level. Now you should understand why everyone's fighting over the Genesis Scepter."

"The third method is the most difficult. If, at level 98 or 99, you've reached full comprehension—and one of your attributes exceeds 10 million—you can ascend to Transcendent God-level through sheer force alone."

Lin Moyu immediately followed up, “Are there differences between the three methods?”

Antares chuckled, “That was your last question. I don’t have to answer anymore.”

Lin Moyu shook his head with a slight smile, “Someone like you—having lived so many years—surely has a generous heart and wouldn’t fuss over something so trivial.”

To get the answer, Lin Moyu didn’t mind resorting to a bit of flattery.

Antares seemed slightly amused, “Since you’re being so earnest, fine—I’ll humor you. Of the three methods, those who break through using their own attributes are the strongest. Those who rely on mythical-grade items come second. And those who use formations... are the weakest.”

Lin Moyu understood instantly.

Breaking through by sheer force of one’s own attribute—naturally, that was the peak path. But it was also the most brutal path.

10 million in a single attribute. Not combined. Not with equipment. Just base attribute. Absolutely insane.

He'd already considered his own attributes to be high, and even then, his highest—spirit—was only 200,000. 10 million meant 50 times that. A mountain no ordinary person could climb.

The second method—relying on one's own strength plus a mythical-grade item—was weaker. But it involved external help.

And the third? Using a formation to break through? Completely dependent on external aid.

There was no contest.

Antares said, "You understand now, right? The reward has been given. Now it's your turn to fulfill your promise."

But Lin Moyu shook his head, "Not so fast. I haven't finished stating my terms."

Antares's eyes widened, "What did you say?"

Lin Moyu met its gaze without flinching, tone brazen, "You don't really think a few answers are enough payment for me to march into some death trap to retrieve something for you, do you?"

He wasn't afraid. Not even slightly.

He'd already thought this through, even before he asked his first question.

Antares narrowed its eyes, "Kid, don't get greedy. I've seen plenty of greedy ones—they all met tragic ends."

There was a clear edge in its voice. A veiled threat.

But Lin Moyu didn't flinch, "You said it yourself—equal exchange, fair deal. Even if you won't agree, you should at least let me finish stating my terms."

He added casually, "Besides, if you really wanted to kill me, it'd be as easy as breathing."

It wasn't just boldness in his words now. There was also sharp wit.

Anyone who knew him would've been stunned. This quiet, withdrawn guy—it turned out he could talk circles when he wanted to.

Lin Moyu didn't like talking. That didn't mean he didn't know how to.

Antares gave a dry chuckle, “Alright then, speak. I’m listening.”

Lin Moyu spoke without hesitation, “Consider the questions earlier as a deposit. After I bring back the item from the Lightning Burial Canyon, I want some materials in return. The legendary-grade Solidified Fire God’s Blood Essence.”

He looked directly at Antares, “I know this land holds a fair amount of those materials. For someone like you, it shouldn’t be hard to get them.”

It was a calculated request.

Lin Moyu had already guessed there were such resources buried within the core area. He knew they were out of reach for him—but for Antares, it’d be effortless.

And since the materials weren’t owned or in use, retrieving them would cost Antares nothing.

This was why he believed the condition would be accepted.

“That’s all?” Antares raised an eyebrow, slightly amused.

Exactly the reaction Lin Moyu had anticipated.

To Antares, these materials were worthless—never considered valuable enough for a trade. But to Lin Moyu? They were treasures.

“Yes.” Lin Moyu confirmed, “That’s all.”

Antares let out a hearty laugh, “Alright. As long as you bring me what I need, not only will I give you those materials, I’ll even throw in something extra.”

“Then it’s settled.” Antares said, voice turning serious, “When you go to the lower layer, head to the Lightning Burial Canyon. Bring back what I need.”

Lin Moyu nodded, “Then it’s settled. When I go to the lower layer, I’ll head to the Lightning Burial Canyon.”

A subtle wave of relief washed over him. The deal was done. As for when to go—there was no rush.

But Antares had other plans, “Then I’ll send you off right now.”

A sudden wind surged out of nowhere.

Lin Moyu caught a fleeting glimmer of amusement in Antares's massive eyes. Unease prickled in his chest.

"Something's wrong."

That look—it felt off. But by then, it was already too late.

The wind carried glittering light particles, swirling up like stardust, wrapping around both him and Mu Xianxian.

In an instant, they vanished.

"Hmph." Antares let out a low snort, "You really thought you could bargain with me? That I'd be so easy to fool?"

A chuckle rumbled from its throat, "Trying to play games with me? Kid, you're still far too green."

With that, Antares lazily laid back down, slowly closing its eyes. But a flicker of playfulness remained, glinting in its eyes like a cat toying with a mouse.

Meanwhile, in a dim and unfamiliar place, Lin Moyu looked up at the sky.

There was light—but it was faint and distant. Specks of glowing light drifted downward like soft snow, casting some light across the land.

All around him grew strange plants—neither flower nor grass. Their leaves were massive—easily large enough to wrap around him completely.

Each leaf contained glowing veins, casting dim light across the shadows.

In contrast to the faint light above, the light from the plants was brighter.

Behind the leaves stood a squat tree. Its branches spread out like vines, each one holding more of those enormous, glowing leaves.

At that moment, Lin Moyu stood on one of the massive leaves. Beside him, Mu Xianxian lay unconscious.

The leaf supported both of them with ease—incredibly sturdy.

Lin Moyu looked around, eyes narrowing, “This isn’t the upper layer. Where are we?”

The teleportation had lasted an entire minute.

He recalled the flicker in Antares’s eyes just before they were swept away, and a sense of unease welled up inside him.

Then, Antares’s voice echoed directly in his mind, “You little brat... You’re the first in thousands of years who’s dared to pull one over on me.”

“This is the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield. Since you’re already here, go ahead and fulfill your promise—head to the Lightning Burial Canyon.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes widened, realization dawning—he’d been tricked. Antares had baited him.

Antares had never specified when he should go—only where. And in that moment, caught in the flow of negotiation, Lin Moyu had agreed without catching the nuance.

He hadn’t expected Antares to seize on that and send him to the lower layer immediately.

Now that he was already here, he had no choice but to follow through.

Just then, a small scale appeared before him. One glance was enough—he recognized it instantly as one of Antares’s scales.

“This scale can take you out of the lower layer.” Antares’s voice added, “But only one person.”

Frustration rippled across Lin Moyu’s face.

He had been played. Antares wasn’t just powerful—he was cunning, calculating.

Chapter 443: The Lower Layer

Antares, the ancient Dragon who had lived for countless years, might have had a slightly muddled mind, but it was still quite cunning—never missing a chance to take advantage of others.

That said, Lin Moyu had tricked Antares first, so he couldn’t exactly play the victim.

As he held the scale in his hand, he instantly grasped Antares’ intentions.

He could leave the lower layer at any time using the scale.

But Mu Xianxian was another story entirely. With her current strength, staying here meant facing constant danger. And with ordinary teleportation items rendered useless in this place, escaping wasn't easy.

Lin Moyu checked his inventory. Just as he suspected, the Teleportation Stone Meng Anwen had given him was now ineffective.

The platinum-grade stone had been designed for returning from the upper layer, including dungeons and secret realms found there. But no one—not even Meng Anwen—had anticipated him ending up in the lower layer.

Though both the upper and lower layers were part of the Immemorial Battlefield, the distance between them was vast. As a result, the stone had lost its function.

Still... a faint smile played at the corner of Lin Moyu's lips.

The Abyssal Teleportation Stone still worked.

With it, he could go directly to the Abyssal World.

But after a moment of thought, he carefully put the stone away. The Abyssal World was far too dangerous. Last time, he'd only survived by sheer luck.

If he was unlucky enough to teleport directly in front of a Demon King—or into a Demon King’s king city—he’d be forfeiting his life.

Compared to that, staying here was the safer option.

"It looks like I’ll have to head to Lightning Burial Canyon to complete the deal with Antares." Lin Moyu muttered to himself.

He was convinced that if Antares truly wanted this deal done, he must have a backup plan.

As long as he fulfilled his end and got the item, Antares would have a way to bring him back.

“Mmm...”

A soft moan broke the stillness. Mu Xianxian was finally waking up.

She rubbed her eyes groggily, a confused look on her face, “Huh? When did I fall asleep?”

She hadn't even realized she'd lost consciousness—proof of Antares's terrifying methods.

Lin Moyu didn't explain. Instead, he quietly handed her the scale.

Still half-asleep, Mu Xianxian took it without thinking, staring at it with a puzzled expression, "What's this?"

Lin Moyu glanced around and said calmly, "We're in the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield."

"Ah!" Mu Xianxian gasped, quickly covering her mouth. Her wide eyes shimmered with disbelief,

"How is that possible? Isn't the lower layer restricted to level 70 and above?"

"It doesn't matter how we got here. What matters is—we're here now. There could be danger at any moment. The scale you're holding—it can send you away."

Mu Xianxian let out a quiet "Oh" and instinctively tightened her grip on the scale. It was clearly her lifeline now.

But after a pause, realization dawned on her face, "What about you?"

She might've been innocent, but she wasn't foolish.

Lin Moyu gave a slight smile, "Of course I have one too. Just remember—if anything happens, run. I might not be able to protect you."

Mu Xianxian nodded seriously, "Got it."

She understood clearly—if she stayed, she wouldn't be helping Lin Moyu. On the contrary, she might become a burden.

So she made up her mind: if danger came, she would run. She wouldn't drag him down.

Lin Moyu scanned the surroundings, eyes calm and calculating.

Since he was already here, there was no point in wasting time.

He had agreed to Antares's deal, and now that he'd landed in the lower layer, the next step was obvious—head to Lightning Burial Canyon.

Of course, he wasn't someone who would throw his life away just to uphold a deal. If things went south, he wouldn't hesitate to use the Abyssal Teleportation Stone.

"Let's go."

With that, Lin Moyu leapt off the massive leaf.

The leaf swayed gently, sending out a soft breeze. It stirred the leaves around, and soon, a wave of rustling filled the air.

Mu Xianxian followed, jumping down after him. The moment her feet touched the ground, she let out a tiny yelp.

"What's wrong?" Lin Moyu turned to her instantly.

"I think I stepped on something..." She said softly.

Lin Moyu looked down, but there was nothing beneath her feet. However, just behind her, there was a faint, dragging mark along the ground.

It looked like the mark left by a vine. Whatever she'd stepped on must have been a vine that withdrew the moment she touched it, leaving that trail behind.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed. Something wasn't right.

The giant leaves around them were still shaking—but now the tremors grew stronger, and the rustling grew sharper and louder.

The glowing veins on the leaves flickered wildly, casting stuttering shadows across the space.

The atmosphere turned eerie.

Mu Xianxian's face went pale, "Something's not right..."

In that instant, a dark figure lunged at them.

It came from the side, fast and silent.

Mu Xianxian didn't even notice it. But Lin Moyu did.

He moved instantly, stepping in front of her. His finger snapped forward.

Skill: Bone Fangs!

A flash of white light exploded from his hand, bathing the area in stark brilliance.

Three thousand razor-sharp Bone Fangs erupted at point-blank range, converging on the incoming dark figure.

More than half struck true.

The dark figure recoiled. And in that brief flash of light, Lin Moyu saw it clearly.

It was a vine. A massive one. And not an ordinary one, either—despite being struck by the Bone Fangs, it didn't tear.

It was incredibly tough.

Mu Xianxian, still frozen in place, hadn't processed what had just happened.

But Lin Moyu didn't have time to explain.

Because in the very next moment, dozens of dark figures shot toward them from all sides.

“Let’s go!” Without hesitation, Lin Moyu activated Lightning Deathwings, then grabbed Mu Xianxian and launched into the sky.

The vines immediately turned and gave chase.

This time, Mu Xianxian finally saw them clearly, “So many vines...”

Lin Moyu didn’t respond—he was already moving at full speed.

At 600 meters per second, he cut through the air like a lightning bolt.

But the vines were even faster, closing the distance with terrifying speed.

Lin Moyu pointed a finger behind him.

Skill: Deterioration Curse!

A red light surged out, accompanied by a low, droning hum that vibrated through the air.

The effect was instant—the pursuing vines slowed sharply.

Below, numerous red lights began to shimmer across the ground like a sea of embers.

The Deterioration Curse skill, now at level 50, had a base range of 200 meters. But thanks to Lin Moyu's talent, that range had expanded—to 12,000 meters.

Within that radius, countless small red sword patterns linked by chains appeared.

Short trees with giant leaves covered the ground, and now, countless vines burst forth from the ground in a chaotic frenzy, dirt flying in all direction.

It looked like a den of vipers had risen, writhing above the surface.

Lin Moyu's instincts screamed—he had stirred up a hornet's nest.

An overwhelming wave of malice surged from below.

Mu Xianxian was shaken, “That was scary... Why are there so many?”

“They must be a communal species.” Lin Moyu said grimly.

Plant-type monsters weren’t uncommon. But with these numbers? This was something else.

Lin Moyu cast Detection.

[Giant Leaf Dwarf Tree]

[Level: 72]

[Strength: 300,000]

[Agility: 100,000]

[Spirit: 80,000]

[Physique: 300,000]

[Skill: Vine Flail, Coil, Leaf Slice]

[Trait: 50% Wood Elemental Damage Reduction, 30% Physical Damage Reduction, 30% Fire Elemental Damage Increase, Enhanced Health]

Seeing the attributes, Lin Moyu felt speechless for a moment.

A level 72 monster with total attributes reaching 780,000—and it wasn't even a boss. Just a regular monster.

He realized his intuition had been correct—starting at level 60, the increase in attributes skyrocketed. It was merely a transitional phase of adaptation.

The true leap came after level 70.

And it wasn't limited to monsters. Humans, Abyssal Demons, Dragonkind—all experienced the same thing.

Both level 40 and level 70 marked major thresholds.

Once a human class user completed their third class awakening, their base attributes would nearly double compared to level 69.

As a result, level 69 marked a high-level class user, while level 70 signified the threshold of a top-level one.

Now here he was—surrounded by monsters with sky-high attributes, three combat skills, and an arsenal of traits. And worst of all: they came in overwhelming numbers.

To most level 70-plus class users, this place would be nothing short of a death trap.

But to Lin Moyu, a smile tugged at his lips—it was a treasure trove.

Chapter 444: A Big Guy Suddenly Appears

To Lin Moyu, the sea of Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees was nothing more than EXP.

Vines whipped through the air, but he hovered hundreds of meters above, carrying Mu Xianxian—well beyond their reach.

Still, this height was within range for his Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen.

At level 50, their attack range exceeded 2,000 meters.

Even without line of sight, once a target was locked onto, they could still attack—especially the Skeletal Marksmen. When Soul Lock activated, every arrow found its mark.

A storm of firepower rained down as the undead army unleashed hell.

Elemental Explosions lit up the night, tearing through vines and leaves in blinding flashes.

The Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees erupted in response. Their massive leaves detached, glowing brilliantly as they flew skyward.

Skill: Leaf Slice.

Serrated edges sprouted along the leaves, transforming them into whirling blades. They spun wildly, screeching through the air as they closed in.

There were too many to dodge.

Lin Moyu weaved through them with his Lightning Deathwings, but a few struck.

The Bone Armor creaked and shimmered, and cracks began to spread across its surface.

These leaves hit hard—two strikes at most, and the Bone Armor would shatter.

“As expected of level 72 monsters... they’re no joke.”

With a staggering 300,000 strength attribute, the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees' attacks hit like a freight train.

Their power far exceeded even the level 68 Battlefield Dreadbeast—and could rival the Archaic Luanniao before its Nirvanic Rebirth.

But the real problem was the sheer number of leaves.

Hundreds of thousands of spinning blades flooded the sky, engulfing the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen, dealing devastating damage.

The Lich Generals worked frantically, casting their healing spell nonstop, barely able to keep up.

Despite the relentless assault of the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen, not a single Giant Leaf Dwarf Tree had fallen.

Something was wrong.

The Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees endured round after round of attacks.

But even with 300,000 physique and the Enhanced Health trait, these monsters shouldn't have lasted this long.

After all, they weren't bosses—just regular monsters.

Lin Moyu frowned, “Could it be... they have an ability like Comprehensive Link?”

Glancing into the distance, he caught a glimpse through the flashing light of Elemental Explosions.

Some Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees far from the battlefield—completely untouched—had their vines break as well.

They hadn't been attacked at all. Yet, they were still taking damage.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed. His suspicion was confirmed.

The Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees could somehow transmit damage among themselves, sharing it across the entire forest.

Who knew they had such a feature? Monsters above level 70 were built differently.

"Alright." Lin Moyu muttered, a sharp gleam in his eyes, "Let's see which is faster—your damage-sharing, or my damage-dealing!"

Lin Moyu willed it—and 9,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors materialized midair, then dove toward the ground like a dark meteor shower.

The flying leaves instantly found new targets, swarming toward the descending skeletons.

Beside Lin Moyu, flashes of red, blue, green, gray, white, and yellow burst into view—the Fire Lich, Wind Lich, Ice Lich, Earth Lich, Lightning Lich, and Undying Lich emerged in succession.

In an instant, six rings of light formed beneath the undead troops' feet.

Flames roared, setting the leaves ablaze, and thousands of lightning bolts crackled down.

With so many targets, the Lightning Rings each chose a separate target.

Darkness gave way to brilliance; fireballs blazed through the sky and lightning crashed against the earth.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors slammed into the ground alongside the storm of fire, wind, and lightning, axes swinging wildly, hacking vines and branches into shreds.

Swiftly, they found the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees' main bodies.

Without hesitation, the Berserk Warriors unleashed their skill in unison.

Each squat tree was immediately surrounded by dozens of Skeletal Berserk Warriors, bombarded by dozens of skill-powered blows.

As the most devastating force within Lin Moyu's undead legion, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors didn't disappoint.

Each skill-powered blow carried the weight of 2.7 million strength—and with Deterioration Curse boosting their damage even further, the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees' defenses crumbled like wet paper.

The damage came too fast—too brutal—for the damage-sharing ability to react.

Bang!

A Giant Leaf Dwarf Tree burst under the relentless assault.

[Killed level 72 Giant Leaf Dwarf Tree, EXP +2,160,000]

[Obtained Dwarf Tree Seed]

More notifications followed—none of the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees surrounded by the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had survived.

“We’ve got corpses now.”

And corpses meant weapons. Everything else would fall into place.

Lin Moyu descended with Mu Xianxian, quickly moving into skill range.

Locking onto a fallen tree, he raised his hand.

Skill: Corpse Explosion!

[Corpse Explosion (level 7): detonate a corpse and deal 40% of the corpse's health as damage to enemies within a radius of 7 meters.]

At level 7, and amplified by his talent, the skill's range had expanded to 420 meters—and the damage had reached 2,400% of the corpse's health.

The freshly slain Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees were brimming with health.

Boom!

A deafening explosion tore through the battlefield, annihilating vines and pulverizing anything nearby.

The sudden, overwhelming damage completely overwhelmed the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees' damage-sharing ability.

A large number of Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees fell, their defenses crumbling like rotted wood.

As they died, their Leaf Slice skill ceased—the once-deadly flying leaves floated harmlessly to the ground like drifting feathers.

With Lightning Deathwings on his back, Lin Moyu blazed through the air. Everywhere he flew, explosions followed.

There were simply too many Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees to count—no matter where he looked, the endless forest stretched on, filling his vision.

So he let loose, unleashing explosions without restraint, detonating corpse after corpse in an endless barrage.

He didn't need to worry about spirit force consumption—his only task now was to keep bombing.

It wasn't elegant. It wasn't clever. It was pure, brutal slaughter.

A one-sided massacre.

In Lin Moyu's arms, Mu Xianxian had finally come to her senses, her cheeks burning bright red.

But she didn't dare speak. She didn't even move.

It felt nice to stay like this, curled up in his arms.

She could feel the tidal wave of EXP pouring in—every explosion brought another surge.

Terrifying level 72 monsters, crushed like weeds. Who could have imagined it?

Lin Moyu was just too strong.

She dared to lift her head slightly, stealing a glance at his face, “How is he so powerful? Being in his arms feels so safe... If only it could always be like this... Ahhh, Mu Xianxian, what are you even thinking...”

Her heart pounded. She squeezed her eyes shut, growing even more bashful.

Suddenly—the explosions stopped.

At the same moment, Lin Moyu changed directions sharply.

They had been soaring forward—but now they were retreating, rapidly.

The wind howled past her ears. The urgency in Lin Moyu's movement made Mu Xianxian's heart clench.

"What's happening?"

She opened her eyes—and gasped.

Ahead of them, a colossal tree loomed into view. It dwarfed the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees, standing hundreds of meters tall—larger than a small mountain.

Its massive crown blocked out the sky, plunging the world into darkness.

Then—

Whoosh!

A massive vine tore through the air at breakneck speed, a blur of overwhelming force.

Bang!

The Bone Armor shattered with a thunderous crack, and Lin Moyu was sent tumbling through the air.

The impact was terrifying—he was thrown back over a thousand meters in an instant.

His expression turned grim.

Just moments earlier, he'd been riding high, reveling in the relentless explosions.

Then, without warning, all the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees suddenly burrowed into the ground.

The earth twisted violently, and then—that colossal tree rose before him.

The sheer presence of it shook Lin Moyu to the core. An immediate, primal sense of danger gripped him.

Instinct took over—he retreated at full speed without hesitation.

And even then, he got hit. The power behind the attack was unbelievable.

His Bone Armor—its defense equivalent to 300,000 physique—was obliterated like brittle glass. It might as well have been nothing.

Now 3,000 meters away, Lin Moyu was just outside the monster’s attack range.

He didn’t get closer. Not yet. Not until he understood what he was dealing with.

Raising a hand, he cast Detection.

The results appeared—just a glance was all it took.

Lin Moyu's face stiffened. Without a word, he turned around and darted away.

Chapter 445: You Won't Let Me Leave? Then I'll Fight You!

Mu Xianxian also cast Detection, and her face instantly drained of color.

Lin Moyu had originally considered fighting—but now, all he wanted was to escape. The further, the better.

[Giant Leaf Mother Tree (world rank boss)]

[Level: 86]

[Strength: 1,500,000]

[Agility: 1,000,000]

[Spirit: 1,000,000]

[Physique: 2,600,000]

[Skill: Death Coil, Leaf Slice]

[Trait: 70% Wood Elemental Damage Reduction, 70% Physical Damage Reduction, Greatly Enhanced Health, Enhance Offense, Enhanced Defense]

One glance at those attributes, and any thought of fighting vanished.

The attributes totaled 6.1 million.

Even if he activated Enhance Troops, victory was far from certain—it was a gamble at best.

The oppressive aura radiating from the Giant Leaf Mother Tree was even more terrifying than the Fire Demon King back then.

When the Fire Demon King entered the dungeon to hunt him, his power was suppressed by the dungeon's rules. Although still formidable, Lin Moyu was confident he could stand against him.

Now, at level 50 and far stronger, his first instinct upon seeing the Giant Leaf Mother Tree was to flee.

And Lin Moyu trusted his instincts.

If the Fire Demon King faced the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, he'd be the one to die.

Plant-type monsters were infamous for their colossal health. Plant-type world bosses were even worse—their health was the stuff of nightmares.

In the blink of an eye, Lin Moyu was already several thousand meters away, Mu Xianxian in his arms.

At this distance, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree was reduced to a mere black dot on the horizon.

Just then, countless black dots appeared in the sky. It was as if space itself had been torn—massive leaves came hurtling through the air.

Skill: Leaf Slice!

Though they were also leaves, these were nothing like the ones fired by the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees.

These came from the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, over ten meters wide, slicing through the air with a deafening howl.

Lin Moyu pushed his speed to the limit, weaving frantically through the air.

But the leaves came from all directions, and eventually, he was left with nowhere to escape.

He summoned several Skeletal Berserk Warriors to act as shields.

A series of sharp, echoing blasts followed—but instead of knocking them aside, the leaves cleaved clean through, splitting the skeletons in half like paper, killing them on the spot.

Thankfully, the skeletons altered the leaves' trajectories, and they brushed past Lin Moyu.

Even so, his Bone Armor flickered, then exploded with a bang. Cold sweat poured down his back.

The death of the skeletons meant the Comprehensive Link talent was rendered useless once more.

Frustration surged within him. Why did these monsters keep ignoring his talent? First the God-level entities in Putrid Corpse Land, then the Fire Demon King, and now this level 86 world boss.

The moment his skeletons died, Lin Moyu sensed a strange aura.

It was the similar to the aura he'd sensed from the Fire Demon King's ability, the one that suppressed his talent.

But there was no time to dwell on it.

More leaves surged after him, relentless and merciless. Lin Moyu dodged desperately, and when escape wasn't possible, he could only throw skeletons into their path.

He wasn't even sure if Damage Transfer would hold. If it failed, it meant instant death.

After soaring another few thousand meters, the deadly storm of leaves finally receded.

But before he could catch his breath, the earth below began to rumble, and the sky darkened.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree—towering several hundred meters tall—suddenly burst from the earth and leapt high into the air. In an instant, it soared past Lin Moyu and landed heavily in front of him.

The single jump covered 7,000 or 8,000 meters.

A tree... that could jump? Unbelievable.

Lin Moyu's heart sank. There was no more running. This time, he had to fight—and the risk was greater than when he faced the Fire Demon King.

A level 86 world rank boss... he wasn't even sure victory was possible.

"I'm letting go of you. Activate the scale and leave, now." Lin Moyu said, his voice low and grim.

Before the battle started, he needed to get Mu Xianxian to safety.

Once the fight began, he wouldn't be able to protect her. If she stayed, she'd die.

Mu Xianxian understood instantly and nodded, "Alright, I'll leave right away."

But before she could take action, the space in front twisted—a new barrage of leaves shot toward them.

Skill: Leaf Slice.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu dived downward, then hurled Mu Xianxian aside, “Go! Now!”

“Be careful!” She called back in midair.

Clutching Antares’s scale, she was ready to activate it—but hesitated. For a brief moment, she stared at the Giant Leaf Mother Tree in the distance.

Then her gaze hardened.

Making a snap decision, Mu Xianxian gathered every ounce of strength she had and shouted.

A beam of light burst forth—faster than the incoming leaves—and struck the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

An explosion of dazzling light erupted in the distance, more brilliant than anything Lin Moyu had ever seen.

Mu Xianxian had surprisingly used Collection on the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but smile wryly, "So... she actually believes I can kill this thing?"

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree's attention instantly locked onto Mu Xianxian. A wave of deadly leaves shot toward her.

At that moment, Mu Xianxian activated the scale, flashed Lin Moyu a grin, and raised her fist, "Kill it!"

In the next instant, she vanished. The volley of leaves missed their mark, slamming into the ground, and the earth cracked and rumbled.

Seeing her name vanish from the party list, Lin Moyu let out a breath. Antares's item should be reliable. She was safe now.

"Alright... my turn." He drew a deep breath, steeling himself for battle.

Losing its target, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree let out a harsh, guttural roar and turned its focus back to Lin Moyu.

The leaves spun in the air once more, slicing toward him like a storm of blades.

Lin Moyu immediately cast Bone Armor and activated Lightning Deathwings.

A sudden notification appeared in his mind—Lightning Deathwings had leveled up, rising level 2 to 3.

The duration increased from 20 to 30 seconds. After the effect of Comprehensive Amplification was applied, it extended to 30 minutes.

The cooldown decreased from 9 to 8 minutes. The flight speed rose from 600 to 700 meters per second.

“Perfect timing!”

With a sharp cry, Lin Moyu shot toward the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

At this range—roughly 1,000 meters—a drawn-out fight would only get him killed. Those massive leaves alone could tear through his defenses.

He had to close the distance. Only then could his undead army unleash their full strength.

A strategy was already forming in his mind.

If it worked—if everything landed just right—he might really have a shot at bringing this monster down.

“The curse... Enhance Troops... I only have one chance, only 30 seconds.”

“If I can’t finish it in 30 seconds—I run.”

Lin Moyu knew exactly what it would take. With the attack power of his skeletons, only the combined activation of Deterioration Curse and Enhance Troops could pierce the Giant Leaf Mother Tree’s defenses.

And that window was narrow—30 seconds.

Just like when he faced the Fire Demon King—it had to be an all-out, one-shot kill.

Now that Mu Xianxian was gone, Lin Moyu moved more freely. Dodging through the leaves, he closed the distance to just 200 meters from the Giant Leaf Mother Tree in the blink of an eye.

It was the perfect distance.

Suddenly, countless thick vines burst forth from the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, each over 1 meter wide, whipping toward him.

Lin Moyu had felt their power before—one strike had shattered his Bone Armor. He wouldn't let them touch him again.

With a flick of his finger, Deterioration Curse activated.

A red glow descended, and the Giant Leaf Mother Tree's movements slowed noticeably.

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate. The moment the curse landed, he summoned his entire undead army.

Skeletal Berserk Warriors, Skeletal Great Mages, Skeletal Marksmen—thousands of them erupted into the sky, forming a three-dimensional formation around the tree.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors plunged headfirst into the battle, crossed the 200-meter gap in an instant.

The curse slowed the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, but Lin Moyu knew it wouldn't hold for long. A creature like this could surely shake off the curse in moments.

But he wasn't about to give it that chance.

Soul Blaze ignited in his left hand, while his right released Bone Prison.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree froze as countless white bones erupted from its body. In an instant, it was bound tight by Bone Prison.

The moment it was trapped, the vines fell limp. Even the leaves dropped from the air like severed feathers.

Bone Prison had successfully interrupted its skills.

But it wouldn't last long.

Cracks spiderwebbed across the Bone Prison almost immediately.

At that moment, Soul Blaze descended, and the Giant Leaf Mother Tree trembled violently—it was clearly in great pain.

The sudden agony bought Lin Moyu half a second more.

In total, the Bone Prison held for 1.5 seconds.

And that was all he needed.

By then, his army was in position. All 9,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors had swarmed the tree, surrounding it in a tight circle from all sides.

The back of his hand grew hot as the Enhance Troops skill suddenly activated.

Chapter 446: God-Level Explosion!

This was Lin Moyu's strongest skill—reserved for moments of desperation.

[Enhance Troops: for 30 seconds, increases all basic attributes of the host and their summons by 200%, and all attacks deal an additional 500% of damage. Cooldown: 1 hour.]

For 30 seconds, Lin Moyu and his undead troops would unleash an overwhelming surge of power.

As Enhance Troops activated, the Elemental Liches appeared.

Rings of light flared beneath the skeletons' feet, bolstering their defense and accelerating their movement speed.

Flames roared around the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, lightning crashed from above, and ice spread across its body.

Just as Lin Moyu completed his casting, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree shattered the Bone Prison, causing the prison's damage reduction effect to vanish.

At that precise moment, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors struck with axes glowing red. Elemental Explosions and arrows rained down simultaneously.

Lin Moyu timed everything with extreme precision.

In that instant, the undead army erupted with terrifying force.

The last time he had unleashed this power was against the Fire Demon King. Now, with the addition of the Elemental Liches, the devastation was even greater.

Lin Moyu attacked together with his skeletons, launching a twin assault—Soul Blaze in his left hand, Poison Starburst in his right.

Soul Blaze disrupted the Giant Leaf Mother Tree's skills while inflicting unbearable agony. Poison Starburst infected it, crippling its regeneration ability.

By the time the first second had passed, Lin Moyu had completed his devastating opening.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree let out a chilling scream.

Could plants scream? This one did. Its muffled, hoarse wail made Lin Moyu's heart feel as if it would stop beating.

Lin Moyu's instantaneous outburst inflicted heavy damage.

In the next second, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, its body turning a sickly green from the poison, launched a furious counterattack.

Countless vines shot out, wrapping around the Skeletal Berserk Warriors clinging to its body.

Skill: Death Coil.

The sheer number of vines was overwhelming—not only sprouting from the tree itself, but also erupting from the ground below. The undead troops were instantly outnumbered.

A flurry of leaves burst into the air, slicing toward the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen above.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree clearly intended to wipe out Lin Moyu's entire undead army—and it had the strength to do it.

In a blink, the situation flipped. Lin Moyu went from besieging the boss to being besieged himself.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu took out a piece of Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence and activated his skill, and flames erupted skyward.

A Fire Lich, radiating a God-level aura, appeared.

The surrounding flames immediately intensified, engulfing the Giant Leaf Mother Tree in searing fire.

Now imbued with God-level power, the flames dealt devastating damage.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree shuddered violently.

The Fire Lich streaked toward the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, crossing the distance of 200 meters in an instant.

But the boss was even faster. Vines lashed out, instantly binding the Fire Lich.

Yet within 0.1 seconds, the Fire Lich burst free, its God-level flames incinerating the restraints.

It crashed into the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, clinging to its trunk.

God-level fire spread rapidly across the tree's surface, swallowing everything.

Two seconds later, a deafening explosion ripped through the battlefield, and a blinding light swallowed the space—as if a second sun had been born.

Flames erupted outward, instantly transforming the land within thousands of meters into a sea of fire.

Leaves ignited midair and rained down like falling embers.

Vines burned away in a flash, freeing the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Lin Moyu had planned this moment meticulously—he had used the largest piece of Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence to summon the strongest Elemental Lich.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree became a towering inferno.

Yet Lin Moyu stayed alert—the kill notification hadn't come.

The next instant, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree suddenly sprang into motion.

With a violent jump, it leaped across tens of thousands of meters.

The flames clinging to its body extinguished while it was midair, revealing a charred, bald, and pitiful form.

Even level 60-plus bosses had the instinct to flee for their lives. This was a level 86 world rank boss—it had survival instincts far stronger.

Only four seconds had passed from start to finish. The first second, it was severely injured by Lin Moyu's perfectly timed assault. The fourth second, the Fire Lich detonated, unleashing a near God-level attack.

After the two crushing blows, it was almost finished. Escape was its only choice.

Lin Moyu, too, turned and fled without hesitation.

He had no intention of giving chase—even if he did catch up, Enhance Troops would have ended by then. Without the enhanced state, he would be easy prey.

The two moved in opposite directions, vanishing from each other's sight in the blink of an eye.

Lin Moyu didn't dare slow down, flying through the sky at full speed.

At this point, every second was a fight for survival.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree could still turn back at any moment. It was a level 86 world rank boss, after all—its regeneration ability was frighteningly strong.

Even with Enhance Troops active and using Poison Starburst, Lin Moyu doubted he could suppress its recovery for long.

He flew for several minutes, covering over a hundred kilometers before finally letting out a slow breath.

Looking down at the drastically changed landscape, he figured he had likely left the boss's territory.

Running into a level 86 world rank boss right after entering the lower layer... what kind of cursed luck was this?

A suspicion flickered through his mind—had Antares done this on purpose?

"Killing me... what would you even gain?" Lin Moyu dismissed the thought, feeling that Antares probably wouldn't go that far.

Just as he relaxed slightly, Lin Moyu dove down sharply, pressing himself against a rock. He held his breath and suppressed his aura.

Moments later, a massive python—over 100 meters long—swept through the air right where he'd been moments before.

Flight wasn't unusual. Many bosses above level 70 could fly.

But what made Lin Moyu's eyes widen were the python's features: claws protruding from its belly and horns sprouting from its head.

Lin Moyu stiffened. This wasn't just a python.

It looked eerily similar to the mythical Flood Dragons from Chinese legends—serpents that, after sufficient cultivation, transformed into Flood Dragons.

He didn't dare use Detection, as it would inevitably draw the creature's attention.

He could only hide, motionless, and speculate silently.

At the moment, Enhance Troops was still on cooldown. Lin Moyu knew better than to overestimate himself.

Without it, even a level 80 lord rank boss could give him serious trouble, let alone something as powerful as a level 85 or 86 world rank boss.

Judging by the creature's figure and terrifying aura, it wasn't much weaker than the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

Watching it disappear into the distance without noticing him, Lin Moyu finally let out a long breath of relief.

"What the hell is this place? Why are bosses popping up everywhere? The lower layer Teachers described... didn't seem this dangerous."

Meanwhile, back at the White God Courtyard, Bai Yiyuan had been back for days.

At first, he hadn't thought much of Lin Moyu heading to the Immemorial Battlefield—he already knew about it.

But today, an inexplicable restlessness gnawed at him, as if something terrible was unfolding.

"Old Meng, I'm feeling uneasy. Did something happen to Moyu in the Immemorial Battlefield?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "You're overthinking it. With Moyu's strength, let alone the core area, even the lower layer should be no problem, as long as he avoids a few danger zones."

Bai Yiyuan knew this was true. He was fully aware of Lin Moyu's capabilities.

Yet, no matter how much he reasoned with himself, the anxiety refused to go away. Even several sips of tea couldn't calm him.

"Old Meng, just check for me."

Reluctantly, Meng Anwen agreed.

Lin Moyu carried a Teleportation Stone that linked back to Shenxia Tower. Even if the stone was stored inside his storage space, the connection remained active.

Summoning the Shenxia Tower, Meng Anwen began a careful inspection.

Moments later, his face darkened.

Bai Yiyuan immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

Meng Anwen focused, sensing carefully again before replying, "Moyu has gone to the lower layer."

Bai Yiyuan's expression darkened, "Can you tell where exactly?"

Normally, the lower layer wasn't too dangerous—at least not unless one stumbled into certain danger zones.

The real threats were the Abyssal Demons and Dragonkind. Encountering some level 80-plus powerhouses from either race could spell disaster.

Meng Anwen's face grew even grimmer as he sensed further, "He's on Savagewild Continent."

Bai Yiyuan shot to his feet. Without hesitation, he shouted, "Send me to the deep layer—now!"

Chapter 447: A Mysterious Green Pool



Lin Moyu didn't truly understand the lower layer.

Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan both felt it was too soon to speak to him about it, so they hadn't talked to him about the lower layer in depth.

The lower layer was vastly different from the upper layer.

It was a fragmented world made up of several continents. Between them stretched either boundless oceans or endless voids.

To travel from one continent to another, different means were required.

The oceans teemed with terrifying sea monsters, while the skies were dominated by powerful flying beasts. Some of the voids even had flight restrictions, rendering flight impossible.

Compared to the upper layer, the lower layer was harsher and more complex.

According to Meng Anwen's senses, Lin Moyu had landed on the Savagewild Continent—a paradise for monsters, with bosses lurking at every turn.

In general, top-level level 70-plus class users would hesitate to set foot there. Only a handful of peak-level class users dared to band together and venture into its depths, hunting bosses and gathering rare equipment.

Even with Lin Moyu's formidable strength, if he were caught in the chaos there, the danger would be immense.

That was why Bai Yiyuan was so anxious.

His first instinct was to dive into the deep layer, find a spatial passage to the lower realm, and head straight for Savagewild Continent to search for Lin Moyu.

But Meng Anwen looked silently at him, opting to remain still.

Bai Yiyuan grew impatient, “What are you waiting for? Activate the teleportation!”

Meng Anwen shook his head, letting out a soft sigh, “Calm down. Rushing there won’t solve anything. Listen to me—there’s no need to go.”

Bai Yiyuan stared at him in disbelief, “Why not?”

Meng Anwen answered evenly, “You’re letting your worry cloud your judgment. Don’t forget—Moyu went to the Immemorial Battlefield for a reason: to find that person and deliver something on Righteous God's behalf.”

“Now think carefully—why would Moyu suddenly appear in the lower layer? It had to be that person’s doing. This is part of their arrangement.”

“Tell me—between you and me, do either of us have the power to send Moyu to the lower layer?”

Lin Moyu was only level 50. By any reasonable standard, it should've been impossible for him to enter the lower layer.

Even Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan lacked the ability to send him there.

In the entire human race, the only person capable of such a thing was the old man from the Chuangshen Institute.

Bai Yiyuan instinctively shook his head—he knew he couldn't do it.

Meng Anwen went on, "Exactly. Which means the truth is obvious—Moyu didn't end up in the lower layer by accident. So there's no need to worry about his safety. With that person watching over him, Moyu will be fine."

"Even if you went, you might not be able to bring him back. Worse, you could offend that person. Understand now?"

Meng Anwen's reasoning was clear and sound. Bai Yiyuan couldn't refute it.

He let out a long breath, his nerves settling. Though a lingering unease remained in his heart, he knew better than to act recklessly now.

To be fair, Meng Anwen's logic held up—but this time, his judgment was off.

Bai Yiyuan asked, "Why do you think Righteous God had Moyu deliver that bead?"

Meng Anwen chuckled, "What else could it be for, if not resurrection?"

"Back in the day, Righteous God was a level 98 half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse, on par with the old man."

"When it comes to resurrecting someone like that, even the old man doesn't have that kind of power."

The only one who could bring back a half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse was that person.

Meng Anwen let out a sigh, “Maybe soon, the human race will gain another half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse. Whether that’s a blessing or a disaster—hard to say.”

Bai Yiyuan thought it over, then nodded, “All things considered, it should be a blessing. At the very least, it’ll greatly strengthen the human race. One half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse is worth more than a dozen God-level experts.”

“Let’s hope that’s the case.” Meng Anwen sighed softly.

Immemorial Battlefield, lower layer—Savagewild Continent.

Lin Moyu didn’t know the name of this place.

After leaving the territory of the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, he carefully avoided a Flood Dragon soaring into the distance.

By now, he was keenly aware that this area was unusual and dangerous.

Suppressing his aura, Lin Moyu moved cautiously through the rugged terrain.

The ground was littered with jagged rocks—some towering several meters high, others like small mountains, rising over a hundred meters.

But they weren't true mountains, just enormous boulders. Their shapes were bizarre: some were sharp at both ends, one piercing into the earth, the other stabbing up toward the heavens, their middles bulging like distended bellies.

Monsters lurked among them. Lin Moyu spotted several from a distance but made a point to avoid them whenever possible.

Most of these creatures were serpent-type beasts. Lin Moyu feared that striking down a small one might attract a larger—much like his earlier

encounter with the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees, which had ultimately drawn the wrath of the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

At that moment, he sorely missed having the Purification Potion on hand.

The monsters here seemed particularly sensitive to aura. Several times, Lin Moyu had come close to being discovered—not by sight, but by the subtle aura he carried.

If he'd had even a single bottle of Purification Potion, capable of cleansing foreign scents and auras, navigating this land would've been far safer.

Carefully weaving through the maze of stones, Lin Moyu extended his spirit force like a gentle, flowing water, allowing him to detect the presence of nearby monsters and alter his path to avoid them in time.

The temperature was steadily rising.

Back in the territory of the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees, the air had been cool—no more than 10°C. Now, it had climbed past 20°C and continued to rise as Lin Moyu moved deeper into the rocky terrain.

In the distance, Lin Moyu spotted faint trails of green smoke drift lazily upward, forming a column that gathered into green clouds overhead.

A faintly fishy, foul odor spread through the air.

Strangely, it seemed to mask Lin Moyu's aura, significantly restraining his presence and lowering the chances of being detected.

Lin Moyu frowned slightly, debating whether to approach.

Unusual places often meant unusual dangers—or opportunities. But here, in a land like this, it was impossible to say which.

After a brief hesitation, Lin Moyu decided to investigate. But he wouldn't go personally—instead, he'd send a skeleton.

A Skeletal Berserk Warrior appeared silently beside him, then took off toward the rising green smoke.

Lin Moyu's senses linked to the Skeletal Berserk Warrior. Though its perception couldn't match his own, it was enough to get a rough sense.

The clattering bones of the Skeletal Berserk Warrior quickly drew attention. Monsters began to stir.

Apart from serpents, there were no other creatures here.

One after another, the serpents began following the Skeletal Berserk Warrior, their sinuous bodies weaving through the jagged terrain.

It looked as if the skeleton was leading a procession of serpents straight toward the green smoke.

Undeterred, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior charged ahead, ignoring the horde behind it, faithfully carrying out Lin Moyu's command—advancing toward the source of the rising smoke.

Lin Moyu noticed something wasn't right.

Many of the serpents chasing after the Skeletal Berserk Warrior stopped abruptly.

The closer the skeleton got to the source of the green smoke, the fewer serpents kept up the pursuit.

And it wasn't random.

The smallest serpents were the first to halt. The larger they were, the longer they persisted—as if some invisible threshold determined how far each could go.

After coming to a stop, the serpents continued to fix their gaze on the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, "The smaller the serpent, the more afraid it is to approach the green smoke... there's a clear hierarchy at work here."

Since he hadn't activated Detection, he could only gauge the monsters by their size.

And generally speaking, the larger the serpent, the higher its level and the stronger it was.

The stronger ones could venture closer...

That fact alone piqued Lin Moyu's curiosity even more. What in the world was inside that green smoke to scare these monsters?

An idea formed in his mind—if he could reach that place, perhaps he could finally shake off the serpents.

Through the Skeletal Berserk Warrior's senses, the source of the green smoke finally came into view.

By now, only two serpents remained in pursuit.

Both were over 10 meters long—giants among the serpents.

While it wouldn't be strange for a boss to reach such a size, it was highly unusual for ordinary monsters to grow this large.

At the center of it all was a green pool, its surface swirling with toxic fumes that rose into the sky.

The moment the pool came into view, a faint green sheen spread across the Skeletal Berserk Warrior's body—it began taking damage at once.

Lin Moyu's expression tightened in surprise, "Poison?"

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior had been poisoned—and it wasn't a mild toxin.

At that moment, the last two serpents finally came to a halt.

Neither dared to move any closer toward the green pool.

It was as if an invisible boundary had been drawn—a line dividing the poisonous zone from the rest of the rocky terrain.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior was already poisoned, making it impossible to recall it now.

But thanks to his Comprehensive Link talent, any damage the skeleton suffered was evenly shared across all his undead troops.

It wasn't in immediate danger.

Lin Moyu made a swift decision, letting it continue toward the green pool.

In this land of jagged stone, the green pool stood out—a mysterious anomaly.

Chapter 448: To Seize Or Not To Seize, That Is the Question

In the barren world of endless rock, a pool of green liquid had suddenly appeared, its surface bubbling and releasing poisonous fumes. It looked eerie and unnatural.

The reaction of the monsters was even more telling.

Even ordinary monsters above level 70 possessed a sliver of instinct—enough to sense danger and avoid courting death.

The closer the skeleton approached the pool, the stronger the poison's effects became, inflicting greater damage.

The pool wasn't large—barely 10 meters across, more a pond than anything else. Yet its presence was oppressive.

The poisonous liquid churned continuously, its color deepening the closer it came to the center. At the very heart, the green grew so dark it turned inky, almost blackish-purple.

Standing at the edge, the skeleton surveyed the desolation. Not a single creature stirred. In fact, not even a rock remained nearby. It was as if everything had been dissolved by the poison.

The rocks here were extremely hard—far tougher than steel.

Lin Moyu had no way to destroy them; he even suspected they were tougher than the ground in the upper layer's core area.

Yet prolonged exposure to this poison had melted them into nothing.

Monsters steered well clear of this place; wherever the poison spread, it turned into a dead zone.

The liquid near the pool's edge was a pale, translucent green, offering a glimpse of the bottom. And there, Lin Moyu noticed something. Something that could survive inside.

The skeleton crouched and extended a finger into the liquid.

Sizzle!

Green smoke billowed as dense waves of poison surged. The liquid itself was far deadlier than the fumes above it.

The skeleton immediately took considerable damage. But with over 27,000 undead troops sharing the burden, the skeleton could temporarily withstand it.

It reached deeper into the poisonous depths and grasped the object Lin Moyu had spotted—a crystal.

Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed in surprise, "A Poison Crystal."

It was identical to the one he'd got from the Earth Evil Centipede. Since then, he hadn't found another—until now. And this one had come so effortlessly it felt almost absurd.

As he peered into the pool, Lin Moyu realized there wasn't just one Poison Crystal. There were multiple.

The closer to the center, the more numerous they became.

He even suspected that at the heart of the pool lay legendary-grade poison elemental materials.

The moment the skeleton retrieved the crystal, the serpent-type monsters lurking in the distance stirred.

One by one, they rose, their eyes fixed greedily on the Poison Crystal in the skeleton's hand, filled with undisguised longing.

But none dared to approach.

The poisonous fumes kept them at bay.

Even if they could advance, it was useless—the crystals were within the pool, and the poison within was far stronger than the air around it.

Lin Moyu ignored them. He was preoccupied with a bigger question.

“Should I explore the pool's center? And how do I retrieve the Poison Crystals safely?”

Killing the monsters wasn't the problem. What worried Lin Moyu was whether doing so would draw out the boss.

That 100-meter-long Flood Dragon wasn't something to take lightly. If it appeared, it would be a fight to the death.

Just then, the ground trembled—a low, muffled rumble echoed through the desolation. It was as if something had exploded underground.

A moment later, a chorus of rustling sounds rose around him.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed.

From behind rocks, out of cracks, and from the shadows, serpent-type monsters began to emerge. They poured forth in waves, their numbers staggering.

“What's happening?”

His scalp tingled.

There weren't just a few thousand—it had to be over 100,000 serpents, all slithering toward one place: the poisonous pool.

He quickly suppressed his aura and remained perfectly still.

The entire swarm—regardless of size or strength—rushed toward the pool.

Lin Moyu guessed it had something to do with the tremors a moment ago.

The serpent-type monsters, all above level 70, moved with astonishing speed. In an instant, the pool was completely surrounded, their positions once again arranged by strength and size.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior by the pool looked utterly out of place.

But none of the monsters paid it any attention. Not even to the Poison Crystal it held.

Instead, every serpent in the horde lifted its gaze to the sky—as if something was there.

Lin Moyu followed their eyes. But there was nothing. Only dim, mottled light.

A few seconds later, another deep, muffled sound rumbled from beneath the ground.

The vibration traveled straight to the poisonous pool, where the surface began to ripple.

Bubbles surged up from below, bursting one after another, releasing thick clouds of noxious green fumes. The air grew several times more toxic in an instant.

Then—silence. The bubbles abruptly vanished, and the pool's surface sank slightly.

Boom!

Seconds later, a deafening blast split the stillness as the poisonous liquid erupted like a massive fountain, shooting high into the sky.

Numerous Poison Crystals were hurled into the air, scattering in every direction.

The serpent-type monsters instantly lost their minds. They lunged and leaped, frantically snatching at the falling crystals.

Lin Moyu made no move to command the Skeletal Berserk Warrior, letting the poisonous rain splash across its bones with a sharp, continuous hiss, smoke curling from its body.

Poison Crystals mixed with droplets of poisonous liquid fell like rain.

The serpent-type monsters were clearly scared of the poisonous liquid, yet their greed for the Poison Crystals had driven them to madness.

More than 100,000 serpent-type monsters erupted into a savage, frenzied struggle.

A serpent soared into the air, snatching a fist-sized Poison Crystal in its jaws—only to be swallowed whole by larger serpents a heartbeat later.

Another serpent with pretty good luck swallowed a Poison Crystal, then quickly retreated and fled at high speed, ignoring the furious pursuit behind it.

As it fled, its body began to glow faintly, growing larger and stronger with each pulse.

The Poison Crystal was already taking effect.

Moments later, the serpent returned, diving back into the fray to fight for more Poison Crystals.

Lin Moyu watched the scene in grim astonishment. It was a savage, merciless struggle.

For the chance to grow stronger, they cared nothing for kinship.

Boom!

Another column of poisonous liquid shot skyward, launching more Poison Crystals into the air.

The serpent-type monsters erupted into another frenzied scramble.

One Poison Crystal landed right beside the skeleton. Without hesitation, it reached down and picked it up.

Moving along the edge of the pool, the skeleton calmly gathered more—seven in total.

Curiously, the pool's perimeter acted like a sanctuary. No matter how savage the chaos grew, none of the serpent monsters dared come near it.

The pool erupted several more times, each blast sending Poison Crystals raining down.

By the time the madness began to settle, the skeleton clutched 10 Poison Crystals in its hands.

The only problem now was how to get them out.

The surrounding area was a writhing sea of serpents. If the skeleton so much as stepped away from the pool's edge, it would be devoured in an instant.

Unless...

Unless Lin Moyu personally intervened and wiped them all out.

After five consecutive eruptions, the pool finally seemed to calm.

But before Lin Moyu could make up his mind, another muffled rumble echoed from the ground—heavier than before.

His expression tightened, “Looks like it’s not over yet.”

Then—the sky darkened.

The horde of frenzied serpents froze at once, as if some invisible force had seized their will.

A large, shadowy shape appeared overhead.

It was the Flood Dragon Lin Moyu had seen before.

Its eyes swept across the countless serpent monsters below, cold and disdainful.

Then, its gaze landed on the lone skeleton standing at the edge of the poisonous pool.

A glint of curiosity flickered in its eyes. It opened its maw, and with a sharp, thunderous inhale, pulled the skeleton into the air.

The skeleton was sucked toward it, vanishing into its mouth in a flash.

With a snap of its jaws, a terrifying force clamped down on the skeleton, and a crack echoed through the air.

The skeleton shattered instantly, bones splintering into fragments.

The 10 Poison Crystals it carried tumbled from the sky.

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised, "What an unreasonable attack style."

His Comprehensive Link talent had been rendered useless yet again, leaving a bitter taste in his mouth.

It wasn't the first time. These bosses seemed to have some methods that bypassed his talent

Either their instantaneous attack power was too overwhelming for his talent to react, or they had unique abilities that outright ignored it.

After just two chews, the Flood Dragon found the skeleton unappetizing and spat it out.

Boom!

Suddenly, a massive column of poisonous liquid surged from the heart of the pool—larger, more violent than any eruption before.

Within the rising torrent, Lin Moyu spotted a green substance.

It looked like concentrated poison, far more profound than the Poison Crystals, radiating a fearsome poison elemental aura.

Clearly, it was a poison elemental material, likely legendary-grade. A powerful urge surged within him—to seize it.

To seize or not to seize... that was the question!

Chapter 449: It Swallowed It? Is It Out Of Its Mind?

A fountain of poisonous liquid surged into the air.

Amidst the poisonous deluge, a piece of poison elemental material—clearly of legendary-grade—was ejected as well.

The Flood Dragon's eyes locked onto it. There was no doubt: this was why it had come.

A breeze passed silently.

[Poison God's Blood Essence]

[Poison God's Blood Essence: usable by poison-type classes, significantly enhances the chances of class sublimation during the third class awakening. Additionally, offers a chance to awaken a poison-type skill.]

Lin Moyu's pupils narrowed sharply. Poison God's Blood Essence—the blood essence of a God, and not the solidified kind.

Should he make a move? The answer came instantly: yes.

With a crackle of thunder, Lightning Deathwings unfolded. Lin Moyu shot forward like a bolt of lightning.

Now that he'd made up his mind, he had no hesitation. He cast Detection on the Flood Dragon.

[Venomous Flood Dragon (world rank boss)]

[Level: 85]

[Strength: 1,500,000]

[Agility: 1,700,000]

[Spirit: 1,000,000]

[Physique: 1,700,000]

[Skill: Death Bite, Relentless Devour, Grim Venom]

[Trait: 50% Physical Damage Reduction, 85% Poison Elemental Damage Reduction]

It was a level 85 world rank boss, with total attributes of 5.9 million—300,000 less than the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

However, its agility was very high, so it was likely very nimble, unlike the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, which remained stationary

If he was going to fight, the first priority was clear: restrict its movement.

Lin Moyu decided to reuse the strategy he had employed against the Giant Leaf Mother Tree—using the Enhance Troops skill to inflict massive damage in a short amount of time, to either drive the boss away or take it down.

Unlike the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, the Venomous Flood Dragon lacked the Enhanced Health trait, so its regeneration ability wasn't as good. There was still a chance.

The Venomous Flood Dragon spotted him, a look of disdain in its eyes. Its massive jaws opened to suck in the Poison God's Blood Essence.

But Lin Moyu had already intervened—how could he let it succeed now? If it swallowed the blood essence, what was the point of stepping in?

He raised his right hand.

Skill: Deterioration Curse.

The curse descended, slowing the Venomous Flood Dragon's movements.

But this wasn't enough. A flicker of flame ignited in his left palm.

Skill: Soul Blaze!

The Venomous Flood Dragon let out a piercing shriek. The suction power was abruptly interrupted.

At that moment, Skeletal Great Mages materialized and launched their assault.

Elemental Explosions detonated on the Venomous Flood Dragon's body.

A green light radiated from its body, and poisonous gas burst outward, repelling the Elemental Explosions.

Even weakened by the curse, the Venomous Flood Dragon's defenses held strong.

But Lin Moyu wasn't aiming to injure it—he wanted to block its vision.

He directed the Skeletal Great Mages to aim for its eyes, all in an effort to buy time.

Though momentarily hindered, the Venomous Flood Dragon quickly recalibrated. It could still sense the Poison God's Blood Essence.

The Venomous Flood Dragon opened its maw and lunged. If it couldn't draw the Poison God's Blood Essence in, it would seize it directly.

Lin Moyu pointed again, casting another skill.

Skill: Bone Prison.

The Venomous Flood Dragon froze midair, bound by pale white bones.

But only for a heartbeat.

The potent venom of the Venomous Flood Dragon began corroding the bones.

In just one second, the prison crumbled.

Yet that one second was enough.

Two consecutive disruptions had bought Lin Moyu over two seconds.

In that brief window, he had already crossed 1,400 meters—appearing directly before the Poison God's Blood Essence.

With a sweep of his hand, he secured it into his storage space.

Realizing the blood essence had been stolen, the Venomous Flood Dragon let out a furious roar.

The insignificant creature it had dismissed as an ant had actually stolen its prize.

Its rage exploded.

It opened its jaws again—this time unleashing a terrifying suction force.

Lin Moyu was instantly drawn in, hurtling toward its venom-dripping teeth, eyes gleamed with savage bloodthirst, ready to shred him apart.

But Lin Moyu stayed perfectly calm.

The rune on the back of his hand ignited. The Enhance Troops skill—its cooldown long reset—was activated abruptly.

His combat ability—and that of his undead army—soared to the peak.

Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed a storm of attacks, aiming directly at the Venomous Flood dragon's gaping maw.

Under the power of Enhance Troops, the undead army's damage output skyrocketed—more than tenfold.

Their spells and arrows tore through the Venomous Flood Dragon's defenses instantly.

At that moment, Lin Moyu deployed the Skeletal Berserk Warriors and Elemental Liches.

Rings of light flared beneath the skeletons' feet.

In the next breath, fire surged, lightning crashed down, and chaos erupted.

The rings of light didn't just target the Venomous Flood Dragon; they swept across the battlefield, engulfing nearby serpent monsters as well.

The range of the rings of light extended nearly 1,000 meters.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen were positioned farther back, the rings of light beneath their feet encompassed some of the serpent monsters."

The moment the Skeletal Berserk Warriors appeared, Lin Moyu raised his hand again—Bone Prison, cast a second time.

Bone Prison wasn't an offensive skill, so it wasn't affected by Enhance Troops. All it could do was buy Lin Moyu a fleeting moment—just a single second.

But that was all he needed.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors surged forward like a tidal wave—9,000 in total—charging straight for the Venomous Flood Dragon, ignoring the strong poison.

They swung their axes and activated their skill.

Lin Moyu had learned from experience: when facing a world rank boss, you must strike decisively. Give them a breath, and you die.

The second passed, and the Bone Prison shattered. But it was already too late.

A storm of axes rained down.

The Venomous Flood Dragon's sturdy scales were cleaved apart, fragments flying in all directions.

The boss roared in agony, its cries shaking the air.

The focused assault of the 9,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors had dealt devastating damage.

Their skill now on cooldown, their mission was complete.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors turned and flew toward the serpent monsters.

Under the effect of Enhance Troops, these ordinary monsters were nothing. Even without using their skill, cutting them down was no harder than butchering chickens.

But the Venomous Flood Dragon wasn't done.

Amid its howls of pain, it suddenly launched a vicious counterattack—a torrent of venom burst from its jaws.

Lin Moyu's expression darkened. He shot upward, avoiding the toxic spray.

Those Skeletal Berserk Warriors caught in its path had no chance. The venom struck them—and in less than a second, they decomposed away into nothing.

Not even Lin Moyu's talent could save them.

Then it struck him—why his talent had failed.

An answer surfaced in his mind, and he felt certain it was correct.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors scattered, but the damage was done. More than 1,000 of them were annihilated.

After spewing venom, the Venomous Flood Dragon's body glowed with a green hue—poisonous gas radiated outward, and its wounds began knitting back together rapidly.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, and a flicker of flame burst to life in his hand.

He took out a piece of Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence—and summoned the God-level Fire Lich once more.

The God-level Fire Lich appeared and charged toward the Venomous Flood Dragon.

The boss instinctively spat another wave of venom.

But this time, the result was different. The venom was burned away by the near-God-level flames around the Fire Lich.

To prevent the Venomous Flood Dragon from escaping, Lin Moyu raised his hand again casting Bone Prison for the third time.

But the moment the skill activated, the bones shattered before they could even weave together.

The poisonous green gas surrounding the dragon had condensed into an invisible shield.

After being restrained twice, the Venomous Flood Dragon had adapted. Bone Prison no longer worked—its effect completely nullified.

“This thing's really not easy to deal with.”

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed. Another flicker of flame danced to life in his palm—Soul Blaze appeared again.

The Venomous Flood Dragon roared, then inhaled sharply.

This time, the suction force was completely different.

Before, it had been a simple breath—a standard attack.

Now, it had activated a skill.

Skill: Relentless Devour!

The terrifying suction force exploded outward like a howling vortex.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors that had retreated were suddenly flung backward, drawn in at even greater speed.

Even the approaching Fire Lich was affected—it was sucked straight into the Venomous Flood Dragon's gaping maw.

Lin Moyu had intended to let it taste Soul Blaze—now enhanced more than tenfold—but the moment he saw this, he halted instantly.

“It swallowed it? Is it out of its mind?” Lin Moyu muttered to himself, silently starting a countdown in his mind as he fled at full speed.

3... 2...

The Venomous Flood Dragon continued to cast its skill, pulling the Skeletal Berserk Warriors that it hated the most toward its mouth.

By the time the countdown reached 0, Lin Moyu had already put some distance between them.

Boom!

An earth-shattering explosion erupted, and raging flames broke out from within the Venomous Flood Dragon’s body.

The Fire Lich had detonated inside it.

Meanwhile, a number of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had plunged into the midst of the serpent monsters, cleaving through them in a merciless slaughter.

Chapter 450: The Corpse Is Mine, Not Yours

Firelight illuminated the earth as a massive fireball erupted in the air.

An earsplitting cry echoed through the air.

Yet the Skeletal Berserk Warriors ignored it all, relentlessly slaughtering the serpent monsters.

Empowered by Enhance Troops, coupled with Deterioration Curse, the level 70-plus ordinary monsters seemed fragile.

They weren't bosses, and their health was far lower. Their attributes couldn't compare—they dropped like flies under the Skeletal Berserk Warriors' axes.

Lin Moyu paid no attention to the Venomous Flood Dragon, now engulfed in flames above. Instead, he dove toward the ground.

A thunderous boom resounded.

The serpent monsters were densely packed, and a single Corpse Explosion resulted in countless casualties.

Next, numerous corpses were hurled skyward, aimed at the Venomous Flood Dragon.

Lin Moyu detonated them midair.

A chain of explosions engulfed the Venomous Flood Dragon.

He knew exactly how powerful a level 85 world rank boss was.

Even after being battered by the concentrated assault of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, having the Fire Lich detonate inside it, and enduring relentless bombardment from the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen, Lin Moyu still believed it wasn't enough to kill it.

Corpse Explosion would seal its fate.

At level 7, the skill dealt damage equal to 24 times the health of the corpse.

Boosted by Enhance Troops' 500% damage multiplier and the damage effect of the Deterioration Curse, its final damage exceeded 100 times the corpse's health—an unprecedented level of destruction.

Amid the roaring blasts, the firelight was torn apart.

Lin Moyu finally saw the Venomous Flood Dragon's ruined form.

Its body was charred black—inside and out.

The Fire Lich's explosion had detonated from within, causing catastrophic damage.

The poisonous mist surrounding the boss had been completely blasted away, stripping it of a layer of defense.

The Venomous Flood Dragon let out a wretched cry and turned to flee.

Lin Moyu didn't intend to let it escape. The moment it moved, Soul Blaze descended.

This time, the Venomous Flood Dragon finally felt true pain—agony that tore through its soul, ten times worse than before.

It shrieked, plummeting from the sky and crashing hard into the ground.

Without pause, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors swooped in, hurling serpent monster corpses at the boss.

Simultaneously, Lin Moyu command the Skeletal Berserk Warriors inside the Venomous Flood Dragon to attack it.

Earlier, more than 2,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors had been swallowed whole.

Normally, they would've perished under its skill—its venom was potent enough to melt the skeletons.

However, the Fire Lich's detonation had interrupted its skill and incinerated the venom.

The blast was indiscriminate, powerful enough to kill enemies and allies alike. The Skeletal Berserk Warriors inside the boss were on the brink of annihilation.

And then, the Undying Lich's Undying Rings activated.

[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]

As the explosion surged, the rings of light flared to life, pulling the skeletons back from the jaws of death.

Now, within the Venomous Flood Dragon's body, there were over 2,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors, boosted by Enhance Troops.

This was one of the reasons Lin Moyu believed he could kill the Venomous Flood Dragon

The moment the Skeletal Berserk Warriors attacked, unleashing devastating damage.

The Venomous Flood Dragon writhed on the ground, unable to take flight or strike back.

Lin Moyu's expression remained solemn as he relentlessly detonated corpse after corpse.

A chain of violent explosions rocked the battlefield.

Dual-casting with both hands, he detonated 100 serpent monster corpses within 20 seconds.

The Venomous Flood Dragon was blown completely out of shape.

As death approached, it cast one final glance at Lin Moyu.

It had never imagined its end would come at the hands of such a "small fry."

With a final, pitiful whimper, its eyes closed.

[Killed Venomous Flood Dragon, EXP +**]

[Obtained Venomous Flood Dragon's Short Sword]

[Obtained Venomous Flood Dragon's Heavy Armor]

[Obtained Poison Crystal Stone]

[Obtained Poison Greater Gem]

[Venomous Flood Dragon's Short Sword: quasi-legendary-grade weapon, all attributes +80,000, increases the power of Assassin-type skills by 150%. Attached skill: Deadly Venom.]

[Deadly Venom: infuses attacks with the poison element, poisoning the target and dealing damage equivalent to 10,000 points of strength per second. Duration: 10 seconds. The damage and duration can be stacked infinitely.]

[Venomous Flood Dragon's Heavy Armor: quasi-legendary-grade protective equipment, all attributes +50,000, all damage reduced by 20%, poison elemental resistance increases by 50%.]

[Poison Crystal Stone: legendary-grade material, filled with the poison element, can be used to forge legendary-grade equipment.]

[Poison Greater Gem: permanently raises poison elemental immunity to 80% and grants a chance to awaken a poison elemental skill.]

Quasi-legendary-grade equipment stood between platinum- and legendary-grades.

For most class users above level 70, it was the standard.

After the third class awakening, platinum-grade equipment simply couldn't keep up—unless paired with top-tier skills, it became obsolete.

At this stage, switching to quasi-legendary-grade equipment had become essential.

True legendary-grade gear, however, was a different matter entirely—far too rare and difficult to acquire.

Such items were only dropped by world rank bosses above level 90, and even then, it was only with a possibility, not a done deal.

Among the human race, very few individuals possessed a piece.

That made the quasi-legendary Venomous Flood Dragon's Short Sword, dropped by a level 85 world ranked boss, already boasted impressive attributes.

On top of that, it came with the Deadly Venom skill, making it even more formidable.

On paper, damage equivalent to 10,000 points of strength per second for 10 seconds didn't seem that impressive. But its true value lay in a single line—it could stack infinitely.

That made it monstrous.

With an Assassin's high attack speed, unleashing dozens of strikes per second was effortless—delivering devastating damage in an instant.

In contrast, the Venomous Flood Dragon's Heavy Armor was underwhelming.

Though its base attributes were solid, it lacked an attached skill—something vital at this tier.

In fact, it was arguably worse than some platinum-grade gear that did come with skills.

The Poison Crystal Stone a legendary-grade crafting material, one tier above the Poison Crystals.

With it, Alchemists and Blacksmiths at level 80 or higher could forge legendary-grade equipment.

But the crafting success rate was rather low.

Moreover, Alchemists and Blacksmiths of that level were incredibly rare within the human race, contributing to the scarcity of legendary-grade items.

For Lin Moyu, the Poison Crystal Stone was ideal for using on Summon Elemental Lich.

However, he couldn't use it—for now—until he reached level 70.

His summon slots were full, and summoning an Elemental Lich now would almost certainly lead to self-destruction.

The final reward was the Poison Greater Gem.

Compared to the Poison Gem, it offered 80% poison elemental immunity and granted a chance to awaken a poison-type skill.

Even if a skill couldn't be awakened, the 80% poison elemental immunity alone made it an immensely valuable asset.

But now wasn't the time to use it.

The battle wasn't over yet.

After the Venomous Flood Dragon fell, over 2,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors burst out from within its massive corpse.

A Fire Lich emerged alongside them.

Unlike the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, the Fire Lich hadn't been poisoned—the venom was incinerated before it could come close.

After the Venomous Flood Dragon fell, the serpent monsters didn't retreat—instead, they grew even more frenzied.

Seemingly overcoming their fear of the poisonous fumes, they ignored the Skeletal Berserk Warriors and charged forward in a frenzy.

At first, Lin Moyu assumed they sought revenge.

But upon closer inspection, he realized that wasn't the case—the serpent monsters' eyes glowed with excitement

Their eyes burned brighter than even when they'd seen the Poison Crystals earlier.

Then it clicked.

They wanted to consume the corpse of the Venomous Flood Dragon.

Although it was dead, the Venomous Flood Dragon still contained immense energy.

Consuming it could potentially allow the serpent monsters to evolve, perhaps even giving rise to a new Venomous Flood Dragon.

At level 70 and above, monsters began developing basic intelligence and instinct.

They could sense opportunity—knew what benefitted them.

At the same time, Lin Moyu realized something else: these serpent monsters were never afraid of the poisonous fumes.

They could evolve by consuming Poison Crystals—so why would they fear poisonous fumes?

The answer was simple.

It must have been the Venomous Flood Dragon that had ordered them to stay away from the poisonous pool.

Now that it was dead, its command was no longer valid.

"The corpse is mine, not yours."

To Lin Moyu, the Venomous Flood Dragon's corpse belonged to him—not the serpent monsters.

The skeletons swiftly shifted targets, launching a massacre against the serpents.

The ground was already littered with corpses from the previous wave, so there wasn't really any need for the skeletons to act further.

Lin Moyu simply tapped the air repeatedly, and a series of explosions tore through the battlefield.

[Killed level 72 Five-Step Viper, EXP +4,320,000]

[Killed level 75 Green Noxious Serpent, EXP +4,500,000]

[Killed level 78 Blue-Eyed Green Snake, EXP +4,680,000]

In an instant, his EXP bar surged.

And there were still countless serpent monsters left.