

## NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

# Chapter 451: The Entire Body Of The Venomous Flood Dragon Is A Treasure

The allure of the Venomous Flood Dragon's body was irresistible. The serpent monsters charged toward it, heedless of their lives.

The desire for evolution had eclipsed their instinctual fear of death.

Lin Moyu was having the time of his life.

His EXP skyrocketed.

Each time he unleashed his skill, hundreds of serpent monsters above level 70 fell. It was as if the monsters were lining up to die.

Lin Moyu hadn't felt this exhilarated since his class awakening.

In mere minutes, his EXP had surged by 50%.

After reaching level 50, it had taken him over half a month of relentless battles—fighting from the outskirts of the upper layer’s core area all the way to where Antares was located—just to earn 20% EXP.

But upon entering the lower layer and defeating just a number of Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees had already earned him nearly 5% EXP.

Now, his EXP had 80%.

This meant that the serpent monsters had contributed more than 50% EXP.

And even more were still frenziedly charging toward him.

Lin Moyu could feel it—a level-up was imminent.

After level 50, leveling speed slowed dramatically.

For many, a single level would take months. A level a year was considered normal.

Top-level class users were typically middle-aged. Even prodigies like Meng Anwen and Bai Yiyuan, paragons of their generation, had only reached the top-level in their thirties.

As for God-level? That was a milestone they achieved in their fifties.

Lin Moyu knew his current leveling speed was already extraordinary—a rarity even across the history of the human race.

And as for Lin Mohan's leveling speed... it was outright monstrous, something unheard of in human history.

The serpent monsters continued to surge forward in endless waves, and Lin Moyu blew them up with reckless abandon.

But amidst the carnage, he noticed something odd.

The ground beneath his feet was unnaturally sturdy. Despite countless explosions and the weight of battle, not a single crater had formed. Even nearby rocks remained perfectly intact.

It was the same with the ground under the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees—abnormally tough and unyielding.

And yet, the poisonous pool nearby had managed to corrode the earth, and the corrosion was still ongoing.

A suspicion took root in Lin Moyu's mind. Perhaps the tremors he felt weren't random after all—maybe the earth was trying to expel something from the poisonous pool.

Whether his guess was right, he couldn't say yet. It needed confirmation.

Meanwhile, the corpses of serpent monsters had piled up like mountains.

No matter how they came—slithering across the ground or soaring through the air—none could approach the Venomous Flood Dragon's body.

Lin Moyu stood his ground like an unshakable wall, an impenetrable barrier.

The heavy stench of blood hung thick in the air, overpowering the toxic fumes, rousing the serpent monsters' instincts.

At last, some of the serpent monsters began to hesitate. Fewer and fewer charged forward.

Instinct whispered to them—any further meant certain death.

And then, a white radiance rose from Lin Moyu.

He had finally leveled up. Level 51.

All of Lin Moyu's attributes had increased. His total attributes surged by 16,350, reaching a staggering 455,164.

Compared to other class users, this growth was nothing short of astonishing.

For most mid-tier legendary class users, leveling from 50 to 59 typically yielded around 10,000 total attributes per level.

Lin Moyu was ahead by over 6,000 points—a 60% advantage.

And this gap would only continue to widen.

With his already absurd base attributes and the added boost from Divinity Force, Lin Moyu was on track to surpass all other class users—perhaps even world rank bosses.

Even Meng Anwen and the others had speculated that such a possibility wasn't out of the question.

By now, the serpent monsters had fully retreated, leaving behind a grisly field of corpses.

At least 100,000 serpent monsters had fallen here.

Lin Moyu not only earned a massive haul of EXP but also gathered an impressive stockpile of materials.

Though none were legendary-grade, they were still valuable—suitable for forging platinum-grade and even quasi-legendary-grade equipment.

Even for him, this was a considerable fortune.

He'd need a hefty sum in the future to purchase Advanced Skill Scrolls, and this haul would help cover those costs.

Meanwhile, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, axes in hand, had begun dismantling the corpse of the Venomous Flood Dragon.

As a world boss, its remains were immensely valuable.

Just like the Earth Evil Centipede. Though highly poisonous, certain parts of it were edible and had a special effect. Its leg meat was not only delicious but could rapidly restore spirit force.

Lin Moyu figured that while the Venomous Flood Dragon was even more poisonous than the Earth Evil Centipede, there might still be usable parts.

Even if its flesh was inedible, its skin, bones, and other materials could prove valuable.

After all, it was a level 85 world rank boss—there was no doubt it possessed some unique traits.

Hundreds of Skeletal Berserk Warriors worked in unison, methodically and efficiently dissecting the boss's remains.

Most of the Venomous Flood Dragon's scales had been burned away, with only a small portion remaining intact.

Lin Moyu made sure not to waste a single usable piece, carefully harvesting the surviving scales.

The flesh was saturated with potent venom. Even in death, the poison lingered, refusing to dissipate.

As the dissection continued, toxic fumes billowed out in thick, noxious clouds.

Lin Moyu was enveloped in a white light, his Bone Armor gleaming as it shielded him from the poisonous fumes.

Thanks to his Status Immunity passive skill he was immune to all abnormal statuses—including poison.

While the toxic fumes could still cause damage, they were unable to inflict the poisoned status on him.

But the skeletons weren't so fortunate.

After the brutal battle, most of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had already been poisoned, along with a number of Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen.

This poison wasn't something that could be dispelled.

The Lich Generals' Nullify skill was ineffective against status effects above level 70.



In short, the poisoned skeletons would have to endure until the poison naturally wore off—however long that might take.

Thankfully, under the effects of Comprehensive Link, all skeletons shared their burden.

The Lich Generals worked tirelessly, casting their healing spell without pause, keeping the situation under control.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors pressed on, methodically stripping away the venomous flesh and discarding it.

Once the surface flesh was peeled away, a layer of pure white fascia was revealed beneath.

This translucent membrane ran throughout the Venomous Flood Dragon's entire body, glowing softly like jade amidst the poisonous mist.

The fascia was thin, barely two finger-widths thick, yet it was completely unaffected by the toxic fumes.

Even the Skeletal Berserk Warriors' axes struggled to damage it.

Not only was it resistant to poison, but it was also incredibly tough.

At a glance, Lin Moyu could tell this was no ordinary material.

Before long, the entire fascia was carefully stripped away.

It stretched over a hundred meters in length, resembling a massive, jade-like sheet—its smooth, lustrous surface shimmering beautifully amidst the poisonous mist.

[Venomous Flood Dragon's Fascia: legendary-grade material, possesses extremely high poison resistance, can be used to craft legendary-grade undermail.]

Lin Moyu's eyes gleamed.

As expected.

Though the Venomous Flood Dragon hadn't dropped any legendary-grade equipment upon death, dissecting its body had yielded a legendary-grade material.

With the fascia removed, the bone beneath was revealed.

It was a single, massive bone over a hundred meters long—the Venomous Flood Dragon possessed only this lone spinal bone within its entire body.

The bone was semi-transparent, with what appeared to be spinal fluid flowing within.

Lin Moyu activated Detection again.

As the most widely used skill among humans, Detection rarely failed to deliver.

[Venomous Flood Dragon's Spine: legendary-grade material, can be used to forge legendary-grade accessories or upgrade quasi-legendary-grade equipment.]

Lin Moyu's attention shifted to the spinal fluid within the massive bone, which seemed even more valuable.

“Crack it open. Extract the spinal fluid.” He issued the command.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors carefully split a section of the bone.

The moment it broke open, a fragrant, invigorating aroma spilled out, immediately filling the air.

Just one breath made Lin Moyu feel revitalized.

Wherever the scent spread, the poisonous fumes were swiftly dispersed, and even the poison afflicting the skeletons began to dissolve.

“Such potent detoxification...” Lin Moyu murmured in amazement, marveling at the spinal fluid’s miraculous property.

[Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid: legendary-grade antidote, can neutralize poisons; each drop consumed grants a 1% increase in poison elemental immunity.]

Unfortunately, there wasn’t much of it. Each segment held only two or three drops.

Lacking a proper container for storage, Lin Moyu chose to leave the fluid within the bone for now.

With that, the Venomous Flood Dragon had been completely dismantled.

No other valuables remained.

Lin Moyu turned and made his way toward the edge of the poisonous pool.

Peering through the green surface, he spotted various Poison Crystals.

Though a large number had been ejected out earlier, a significant amount still remained submerged.

A quick scan revealed at least a hundred pieces.

Lin Moyu turned his gaze toward the center of the green pool, hoping to find valuable treasures there.

## **Chapter 452: The Guess Comes True; This Is A Coffin**

The Venomous Flood Dragon was a treasure trove from head to toe. In truth, every world rank boss was.

As Lin Moyu pondered whether he should hunt more world rank bosses for their valuable drops, the ground suddenly trembled.

What followed was a scene that left him stunned.

The mountain-like piles of corpses began to sink rapidly, as if an invisible whirlpool had opened beneath them, swallowing everything whole.

In the blink of an eye, the bodies vanished—even the freshly dissected Venomous Flood Dragon disappeared without a trace.

The ground returned to its original state, pristine and untouched. Not even a single bloodstain remained.

Lin Moyu knew that both the Dimensional Battlefield and the Immemorial Battlefield possessed a self-repair mechanism.

Both battlefields could erase surface debris and restore the land to its original form.

However, there was a difference.

In the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, this self-repair process was slow—it could take anywhere from three days to over a dozen.

But here, in the lower layer, it happened at a terrifying speed.

Barely half an hour had passed, and the ground had already begun to heal. Within just two minutes, it was completely restored.

Yet despite this, the poisonous pool still remained.

That alone convinced Lin Moyu the pool wasn't ordinary.

Curious, he dipped his hand into the poisonous liquid. His Bone Armor instantly flared, isolating the poison.

A thought struck him—and he deactivated the Bone Armor.

The poisonous liquid instantly made contact with his skin.

Lin Moyu felt a stinging sensation, though it wasn't particularly strong.

Thanks to Damage Transfer, all incoming damage was redirected to his undead army.

At the same time, Status Immunity prevented him from falling into a poisoned state.

When he withdrew his hand and shook off the poisonous liquid, the damage would cease.

Confirming that his skills were functioning as expected, Lin Moyu retrieved the Poison Greater Gem he had just acquired and activated it.

The Poison Greater Gem exploded, erupting with dark green light that completely enveloped him.

He had used a Poison Gem before, gaining the 50% Poison Elemental Damage Reduction trait and awakening the Poison Star Ring skill.

Later, during his second class awakening, Poison Star Ring fused with his newly obtained Bleed Curse skills, evolving into Poison Starburst.

Now, with this higher-grade gem, Lin Moyu wondered what kind of effect it would bring.

Based on his understanding, there shouldn't be any negative side effects.

If there were, Detection would have already issued a warning.



A surge of dark green radiance poured into his body, carrying a mystical energy reminiscent of that within Skill Scrolls capable of awakening skills. It felt like some kind of fundamental power.

Moments later, the glow faded.

Lin Moyu opened his eyes and exhaled.

No new skill had awakened—but his poison elemental immunity had increased to 80%.

The Poison Greater Gem didn't stack with the Poison Gem's effect, but directly replaced it.

But Lin Moyu wasn't surprised. If the effects had stacked, his poison elemental immunity would have reached 130%, effectively rendering him completely immune to the poison element.

He felt no disappointment; in fact, this was how it should be.

Even in the wildest legends, no class user had ever achieved total immunity to an element. Such fortune didn't exist.

Meanwhile, under his command, the undead troops had already withdrawn beyond the range of the poisonous fumes, quietly waiting for the poison to dissipate.

Lin Moyu waited patiently—until the Enhance Troops skill's cooldown ended and the lingering poison afflicting his undead army fully vanished.

After making his preparations, he cautiously stepped into the poisonous pool.

The undead troops remained behind.

All damage he took would be transferred back through Damage Transfer, while the Lich Generals would continuously heal them.

This setup maximized the undead army's endurance.

As long as the skeletons lived, Lin Moyu would remain unharmed.

He never took risks recklessly. Every move was calculated.

With the 80% poison elemental immunity and 600% elemental resistance boost, even if the poison dealt 10,000 damage, he would only receive 333 damage—a staggering thirty-threefold reduction.

Then, that 333 damage would be further divided among his 27,000 skeletons.

Unless his passive skill somehow failed, he had nothing to fear.

Lin Moyu slowly waded into the poisonous liquid. After just a few steps, he picked up a Poison Crystal.

There were more—many more scattered across the bottom.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu made his way deeper into the pool, collecting crystals along the way.

The terrain sloped sharply downward, and before long, the poisonous liquid had risen to his chest.

At the center of the poisonous pool, streams of dark green liquid surged upward in an endless, sinister flow.

A large opening lay beneath the surface—the very source of the pool's poisonous liquid. Even the Poison God's Blood Essence had been ejected from this very spot.

Lin Moyu cautiously reached out and touched the dark green stream with his finger.

A sharp, searing pain shot through him. The toxicity here was over ten times stronger than anywhere else in the pool.

Just then, a Poison Crystal floated up from the depths along with the poisonous surge.

“Looks like if I want to uncover what’s really going on here, I’ll have to go inside and see for myself.”

The opening wasn’t large—less than two meters in diameter, barely enough for him to pass through.

Lin Moyu observed it carefully. He couldn’t gauge its depth, but he could clearly see that the poison below grew denser, darker, and far more lethal the deeper it went.

After weighing the risks, he made up his mind.

The allure of a God’s blood essence was too great to ignore—and he had a feeling there was more down there than just blood essence.

He thought back to the core area's Fire God's Blood Essence, whose essence had solidified from countless years of burning.

But here, in this pool, the Poison God's Blood Essence remained liquid.

This meant only one thing: the source was still here.

A chill ran down Lin Moyu's spine.

Gripping his resolve, he dove into the opening.

The poisonous liquid battered his body as he sank steadily downward.

He had no idea how deep he'd gone—but it must have easily exceeded a hundred meters.

By now, the poisonous liquid had grown so concentrated it was blackish-green.

Its toxicity was a hundred times greater than the poison in the pool above.

Every passing second inflicted massive damage on Lin Moyu.

The undead army silently withstood the damage transferred to them, while the Lich Generals tirelessly healed their ranks.

All around him, there was nothing but oppressive, dark green liquid.

Lin Moyu mentally calculated his depth.

Judging by the tremors he'd felt earlier, it should've been somewhere between 100 and 200 meters. He was certain he had to be close.

Finally, he emerged from the other end of the narrow passage.

On the other side was a new space, still submerged in the poisonous liquid.

The dark green poison churned violently here.

Lin Moyu had held his breath since first diving into the opening.

With his current physique, doing so for extended periods was trivial.

Relentless damage came from every direction.

If not for the 80% poison elemental immunity and 600% elemental resistance boost, even with his undead army absorbing the damage, it would have been impossible for him to come this far.

Taking quick stock of his surroundings, he found himself inside a rectangular chamber—not especially large.

By carefully feeling along the edges, he estimated it was about ten meters long and less than three meters wide.

And then—he saw it.

A person lay motionless at the center of the chamber.

More accurately—it was a humanoid creature.

He appeared dead. Lin Moyu couldn't sense the slightest trace of life from him.

A fist-sized wound gaped in the center of his forehead, right between the brows.

From the wound, dark, poisonous liquid surged outward, feeding the chamber and pool above.

The moment Lin Moyu's eyes landed on the corpse, a shiver ran through him.

His earlier suspicion seemed to have been confirmed.

Without hesitation, he flicked his finger and cast Detection.

But the instant the spell shot forward, it was eroded by the dense poison before reaching its target.

Lin Moyu frowned, his wariness deepening.

He cautiously moved closer and gently touched the corpse with a finger.



“It’s... soft.”

The body’s unexpected softness made Lin Moyu’s pulse quicken.

He immediately cast Detection a second time.

This time, he got some information back.

[Poison God]

[Status: deep sleep]

Lin Moyu yanked his hand back as if scalded, his entire body trembling.

His speculation had been confirmed.

He turned his gaze to the chamber again, and a realization settled in his heart.

This place was a coffin.

The coffin of the Poison God.

## Chapter 453: The Poison God Falls

From what he knew, when a God suffered grievous injuries, they would enter one of three states.

The first was slumber.

In this state, a God would gradually recover, eventually awakening after an extended period.

The second was deep sleep, a sign of fatal damage.

Without entering deep sleep, the God would inevitably perish.

Sometimes, they might already be dead in all but name, with only the faintest spark of hope remaining.

Revival from this state was exceedingly rare, requiring thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

There were cases where a God in deep sleep was discovered and slain by another.

After all, as long as a God hadn't truly died, their God Slot remained occupied. Two Gods of the same type couldn't coexist. Only by killing the former could a new God of the same domain arise.

The third state was eternal sleep—true death. In this state, a God's past and future were severed, ceasing to exist entirely.

Yet even in death, a God's body was a priceless treasure. Every fragment of flesh, every drop of blood essence, held immeasurable value.

Unfortunately, humanity had never secured a complete God corpse.

Before dying, a God would usually detonate their body, denying their remains to their enemy.

For humans, obtaining a limb or bone was already the limit.

Lin Moyu had never imagined a real God would appear before him.

Although this one was still in deep sleep—not entirely dead. Lin Moyu knew he was no different from dead. The chance of revival was infinitesimal.

He noticed the wound on the God's forehead, as though he had been struck by a sharp weapon.

The sharp weapon had pierced clean through the Poison God's head, and it was likely this strike that had left him in his current state.

As for what had transpired in the past, Lin Moyu could only guess.

All he knew was that the ‘corpse’ of the Poison God now lay before him—completely at his mercy.

Just as Lin Moyu was contemplating what to do next, the Poison God’s body suddenly twitched.

Before he could react, the Poison God’s eyes snapped open.

In that instant, Lin Moyu saw killing intent flicker within those eyes.

A vast, suffocating murderous aura surged forth, engulfing him.

Lin Moyu felt a cold dread seep through him

But in the next moment, he realized the truth—the Poison God hadn't truly awakened.

This was merely his final obsession, mistaking Lin Moyu for the enemy who had struck him down.

It was a last, desperate counterattack.

Terrifying energy churned within the Poison God's body, spreading like wildfire through the chamber.

The poisonous liquid roiled and surged in response.

Lin Moyu instantly understood. This was just like the out-of-control Fire Lich. The Poison God was going to self-destruct.

A chill gripped Lin Moyu's soul.

He knew that Gods, upon the brink of death, would rather obliterate themselves than leave their corpses behind for the enemy.

For reasons unknown, the Poison God hadn't done so in the past, falling into deep sleep here instead.

But now... Lin Moyu's intrusion had triggered his final will.

He would self-destruct—burning all his divine power in a single, devastating instant.

The destructive might of a God's self-destruction was beyond comprehension. Even other Gods would never dare face it head-on.

Lin Moyu was certain he was going to die.

Instinctively, he pulled out the Abyssal Teleportation Stone, hoping to escape.

But the moment he tried to activate it, he realized the space around him had already been sealed by the God's divine power.

The Abyssal Teleportation Stone was useless.

He couldn't teleport. He couldn't escape.

Lin Moyu's face turned ashen. A single reckless adventure was about to cost him his life.

"The power of will..."

A sudden thought struck him. A spark of insight ignited in his mind.

"Maybe... this is my last hope."



A flicker of fire appeared in his palm.

Without hesitation, he cast Soul Blaze—a wisp of flame materializing between the Poison God's eyebrows.

It struck the wound on the Poison God's forehead.

The wound was the consequence of a fatal blow—one that pierced his body and shattered his soul.

The Poison God's 'corpse' trembled violently. Lin Moyu could feel its divine power falter.

"It's working!"

His eyes blazed with resolve. He immediately began dual-casting Soul Blaze with both hands, releasing five blazes per second.

Lin Moyu felt that the Poison God hadn't died completely, that he had a soul remnant remaining.

Whether human or God, without a soul, there could be no life. The soul was the foundation.

Jiang Yi had preserved his soul, clinging to the slimmest chance of revival.

The Putrid Corpses of Putrid Corpse Land, on the other hand, were walking cadavers without soul or life.

If the Poison God wished to revive, he had to leave behind a soul remnant.

And if that was the case, Lin Moyu was determined to erase it completely.

Following Soul Blaze taking hold, the Enhance Troops mark on the back of Lin Moyu's hand flared to life once more.

In an instant, Lin Moyu's attributes soared. His spirit force alone surged to 600,000.

Soul Blaze's damage skyrocketed, boosted by an additional 500%. The skill's power multiplied more than tenfold.

Flames raged forth, over a dozen bursts landing in rapid succession.

The divine power the Poison God had gathered for his self-destruction was shattered, his final act interrupted.

Only then did Lin Moyu finally relaxed slightly.

Without wasting a second, he continued casting Soul Blaze.

The Poison God's soul remnant had no strength left to resist.

It let out a piercing shriek—a sound only souls could hear—filled with unwillingness and despair.

And then... it crumbled.

The Poison God's form convulsed, then fell utterly still.

Soul Blaze flickered out, its target gone.

The Poison God had fallen.

At the same time, Lin Moyu received a series of shocking notifications.

[Killed Poison God, level +1]

[Killed the Poison God, general star +1]

[Killed Poison God, poison elemental immunity's upper limit raised]

[Killed Poison God, obtained mid-tier Godhead]

[Killed the God of Poison, obtained Poison God's God Slot]

[Poison elemental immunity's upper limit raised: increased from 80% to 100%]

[Mid-tier Godhead: absorbing it can allow one to ascend as a God; comprehending its power can enable one to become a God-level powerhouse.]

[Poison God's God Slot: fusing with it can allow one to become the new Poison God.]

Lin Moyu stood frozen for a long moment, staring at the notifications.

What the hell... was all this?

A flash of white light enveloped Lin Moyu as his level rose from 51 to 52.

His military badge shimmered, and an illusory star slowly materialized upon it.

But the star was faint, its center hollow—a half-star.

He knew what this meant. To truly become a three-star godly general, he would need to kill another God-level being from a hostile race.

For now, he remained a two-star godly general.

His poison elemental immunity's upper limit had risen from 80% to 100%. Only now did it dawn on him—elemental immunities had an upper limit.

No wonder he'd never heard of a human class user achieving complete immunity to any element.

Typically, the upper limit for an element was 85%. It wasn't impossible to break, but extremely difficult. Even if someone did, it would be capped at around 90%.

A human like Lin Moyu reaching 100% was absolutely unprecedented.

He immediately thought of the Venomous Flood Dragon's spinal fluid he'd kept.

Perhaps if he consumed it, it might push his poison immunity to 100%.

Next, his gaze shifted to the two things that left him truly stunned: the God Slot and the Godhead.

Only now did he realize that the Poison God had been a mid-tier God.

If he chose to fuse with the Poison God's God-slot, there was a very high chance he'd ascend to the same level—becoming a mid-tier God himself.

That was the equivalent of a level 93 to 95 God-level human powerhouse.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a meteoric rise.

But at the same time, it came with shackles.

Once he absorbed the God Slot, he would be bound by it.

Unless he could one day seize an even stronger God Slot, he would forever remain a mid-tier God.



As for advancing to Transcendent God-level, that would be completely out of reach.

At best, fusing with the Poison God's God Slot would make him the new Poison God.

But so what?

Lin Moyu's eyes flashed with determination. He had never been one to settle.

His goal was Transcendent God-level.

Within his spirit world, the newly acquired Godhead and God Slot materialized.

The Godhead was a twelve-faced green crystal, slowly rotating in midair, gleamed with an otherworldly beauty.

Beside it sat the God Slot—a throne-like form, silent and still.

What puzzled Lin Moyu was that both of them kept their distance from the Domain Divine Stone.

It seemed the Domain Divine Stone was of a higher a tier than them.

Lin Moyu turned his focus to the Godhead, sensing the vast, nearly endless poison element within it.

A bold idea sprouted in his mind, "What if I used it to summon an Elemental Lich..."

The thought took root, rapidly growing.

But now wasn't the time.

He'd wait until he reached God-level before attempting it.

After all, he had only one Godhead—and only one chance. He couldn't afford to waste it.

If it worked... he might gain a God Lich under his command.

Just thinking about it made Lin Moyu's heart beat faster.

## **Chapter 454: What On Earth Did This Kid Do**

For Lin Moyu, this journey had been an incredible harvest.

Unbeknownst to him, the fall of the Poison God sent shockwaves through the outside world.

In the deep layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, waves of immense power erupted, accompanied by furious roars that shattered space itself.

The echoes of those roars traveled far and wide, reverberating endlessly.

Within the Immemorial Battlefield, the very weather turned chaotic—lightning and thunder one moment, violent storms the next.

Such a disturbance hadn't been seen in countless years.

And it wasn't confined to the Immemorial Battlefield alone.

Strange phenomena unfolded in the Human World as well: torrential rains poured without warning, accompanied by ceaseless lightning.

The Dimensional Battlefield too was swept up in the turmoil.

At that moment, every God-level powerhouse sensed a mournful, suffocating aura.

Inside the rain-sheltered White God Courtyard, Meng Anwen let out a soft sigh, "A God has fallen, and a mid-tier one at that."

"The last Godfall Rain was over five centuries ago. Back then, a low-tier God perished, and the rain lasted three days and nights. This time... it might persist for six."

Bai Yiyuan wasn't in the courtyard.

He sat silently in the Hall of Heroes within Fortress No.1 of the Dimensional Battlefield, his gaze locked onto Lin Moyu's soul brand.

As long as that soul brand remained whole, his heart could be at ease.

Not long ago, he had felt a faint surge from it—a clear sign Lin Moyu had advanced, reaching level 51.

And then—not even two hours later—Lin Moyu leveled up again.

This left Bai Yiyuan genuinely stunned.

"What on earth did this kid do?"

Ordinarily, after reaching level 50, class users would take months to gain a single level. Some might even need half a year or longer.

Lin Moyu's rapid leveling was something Bai Yiyuan had never seen, nor even heard of.

To gain an entire level in just two hours, that would take an enormous number of monsters lined up for slaughter.

What Bai Yiyuan couldn't possibly imagine was that Lin Moyu had stumbled upon a dying Poison God and delivered the final blow—an act that brought unimaginable rewards and instantly pushed him up a level.

Though the situation made no sense to him, Bai Yiyuan stuck to his long-held principle: if it couldn't be understood, set it aside.

As long as Lin Moyu was safe, that was enough.

Meanwhile, the core area of the Immemorial Battlefield was the last to feel the effects of the upheaval. The waves of power from the deep layer arrived here belatedly.

Roars echoed endlessly, their fury scattering the bands of light in the sky.

Countless monsters and bosses trembled in terror at the earth-shaking sounds.

Antares, peacefully slumbering, was abruptly jolted awake.

With an irritated snarl, he bellowed, "Shut up! You're too noisy!"

An even greater power erupted from his body, piercing through space and crashing into the deep layer.

The furious roars stopped immediately.

In an instant, the Immemorial Battlefield fell silent. Even the Godfall Rain came to an abrupt halt.

In the blink of an eye, everything returned to normal.

Antares muttered to himself, “A God has fallen... which one was it?”

Even he had no idea that Lin Moyu had slain a mid-tier God on the Savagewild Continent.

Back on the Savagewild Continent, Lin Moyu had already climbed out of the poisonous pool.

He had already collected the Poison God’s corpse.

Jiang Yi had once treated a single God finger as a priceless treasure.

Now, Lin Moyu possessed an entire God body. If word of this ever got out, it would drive the world mad.

With its source gone, the poisonous pool had become a little clearer, its toxic power diminished.

Lin Moyu gathered every Poison Crystal scattered throughout the pool.

By the time he was done, he held over 200 Poison Crystals—an astonishing fortune on its own.

Not long ago, Lin Moyu had fretted over where he might find a single Poison Crystal to fuse into an Elemental Divine Stone. Now, he had a whole pile at his disposal.

Without hesitation, he fused one into the Elemental Divine Stone.

At this moment, he possessed two Elemental Divine Stones, each imbued with seven elements.



[Elemental Divine Stone (fire, poison, earth, light, water, wind, lightning): increases the chances of class sublimation by 35% during the third class awakening.]

Both stones offered a 35% chance of class sublimation.

With the addition of the God-tier potion refined from the Beast God's Blood Essence and the life divine force of the Chuangshi Institute's Ancestral Land, Lin Moyu felt confident that Ning Yiyi's odds of achieving class sublimation during her third class awakening were exceptionally high.

It was a shame, however, that the Beast God's Blood Essence potion only worked for physical-type classes—leaving him unable to benefit from it himself.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but suspect that even if he did find an item to boost the chances of class sublimation for magic-type classes, it might still be ineffective for him.

After all, while his class was magic-type, it was far too unusual.

Aside from the Poison Crystals, Lin Moyu also retrieved nine drops of Poison God's Blood Essence from the coffin.

But now that he possessed the corpse, all the blood essence contained within belonged to him—who could guess how many drops that might be?

In comparison, these extra drops felt a little lackluster.

God blood essence was no ordinary substance. Properly preserved, it could remain potent for many years.

Unlike the blood of human God-level powerhouses or Abyssal Demon Kings, whose life force quickly dissipated after death, a God's blood remained vital and powerful long after.

Lin Moyu lingered by the poisonous pool a while longer.

He replenished his undead army and waited for the cooldown on his Enhance Troops skill to pass.

Now at level 52, his summon space had expanded to 960 slots.

There were now 32 Lich Generals, each commanding a legion of undead troops.

His total force reached 30,720 skeletons, finally breaking the 30,000 mark.

His other skills had improved as well, subtly increasing his overall strength.

While it wasn't the dramatic leap granted every 10 levels, each incremental rise steadily enhanced his power.

Compared to other classes, his growth rate was significantly higher.

Lin Moyu spent half an hour fully restoring his undead army.

Meanwhile, the poisonous mist around the pool gradually thinned and began to disperse.

The earth itself was already starting to heal, its powerful restorative force at work.

For countless years, the Poison God's presence had anchored the poisonous pool like a malignant tumor embedded in the land.

No matter how often the earth shook or erupted, it could never expel it.

Now that the Poison God had been completely wiped out by Lin Moyu—with both corpse and coffin taken—the poisonous pool lost its source and could no longer resist the earth's natural restorative power.

The pool shrank at a speed visible to the naked eye.

An hour later, it vanished entirely.

The barren, rocky wasteland—the domain of serpent-type monsters—was whole again.

Gazing into the distance, Lin Moyu murmured to himself, “That’s how it should be.”

The poisonous pool suddenly scarring this land had felt unnatural.

He knew it wouldn’t be long before serpent monsters repopulated the area.

Inevitably, a ruler would rise among them.

And perhaps, years down the line, another world rank boss might emerge here.

Though without the poisonous pool, it might not be a Venomous Flood Dragon again.

Suddenly, Lin Moyu's expression shifted. A terrifying aura was sweeping toward him.

"The Giant Leaf Mother Tree." He muttered.

He instantly recognized it.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree had come looking for him.

Without hesitation, he summoned his Lightning Deathwings and shot off into the distance.

He had no intention of confronting the Giant Leaf Mother Tree again.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree was level 86, a full level above the Venomous Flood Dragon.

At this stage, even a single level difference meant a vast disparity in attributes.

The Giant Leaf Mother Tree's total attributes exceeded the Venomous Flood Dragon's by 300,000.

Worse still, being a plant-type boss with unique traits and special characteristics, its combat strength vastly surpassed the Venomous Flood Dragon's.

In particular, its health and regeneration ability were on an entirely different level—something the Flood Dragon couldn't hope to match.

Last time, Lin Moyu had only managed to severely wound it by catching it off-guard.

But he knew very well: had the battle dragged on, the one to die would've been him.

Now it had returned, no doubt prepared—and seeking revenge.

What unsettled Lin Moyu even more was the growing sense that the Giant Leaf Mother Tree possessed a certain level of intelligence, exceeding the Poisonous Flood Dragon's.

And that was precisely why Lin Moyu had no intention of facing it again—not now.

Not long after he fled, the massive form of the Giant Leaf Mother Tree descended from the sky, crashing into the very spot where the poisonous pool had been.

Its countless leaves shuddered, as if searching for something.

But by then, Lin Moyu was long gone.

It let out a hoarse, echoing roar, a raw expression of its fury.

Vines lashed out like whips, striking the ground and shattering the tough rock into fragments.

The rocks that Lin Moyu couldn't move even with his full strength crumbled like tofu under its blows.

At last, seething with rage, it turned away—retreating back to its territory.

## Chapter 455: The Strange Verdant Grassland

Lin Moyu flew several hundred kilometers in one breath, soaring over endless rocks.

He didn't stop until the terrain below began to shift—he had entered another boss's territory.

In this land, each territory was clearly defined.

For instance, there was a sharp boundary between the Giant Leaf Mother Tree's territory and that of the Venomous Flood Dragon.

Lin Moyu didn't know whether the bosses fought or coexisted peacefully. It didn't concern him.

The moment he noticed the terrain change, he descended.

After all, staying airborne was too risky—if a flying boss spotted him, he'd be an easy target.

The ground beneath his feet felt soft.

Lush green grass, about half a foot tall, blanketed the land. He had arrived in a vast grassland.

It stretched endlessly. Even when he was in the air, Lin Moyu couldn't see where it ended.

Compared to the desolate wasteland of the serpent monsters, this place teemed with life.



A gentle breeze swept across the field, bending the grass and creating a soft rustling sound.

But the grassland wasn't flat—it rippled with slopes, one rolling into the next like frozen waves.

As Lin Moyu walked, an odd sensation crept over him.

The temperature was mild, the earth soft underfoot, yet a chill seemed to rise from below.

Frowning, he summoned a Skeletal Berserk Warrior, intending to dig into the grassland and see what lay beneath.

What lay hidden below—and why did it feel so cold?

The layer of grass was surprisingly tough.

That made everything feel even stranger. If it was just an ordinary layer of grass, how could it be this resilient?

The entire grassland felt like a single, living entity.

Strangely, the grass wasn't rooted in soil—it grew atop some kind of solid mass.

Following Lin Moyu's command, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior raised its axe and brought it down with full force.

Thud.

A dull sound echoed.

Lin Moyu felt the ground tremble faintly, but the strike had no effect. The force had been absorbed, dispersed into the earth.

"It's really tough." He muttered.

This confirmed it—the grassland was just as durable as the land of serpent monster domain.

Another breeze swept across the field. Once again, the grass bent with the wind.

But something felt off.

This time, the grass blades curved in the same direction—toward the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

Looking closely, the tips of the grass blades glinted with a cold, metallic sheen.

Whoosh!

Sharp sounds sliced through the air.

Lin Moyu instinctively leapt back.

In a flash, countless grass blades shot out like miniature swords.

They struck the Skeletal Berserk Warrior with a flurry of crisp impacts.

The skeleton took heavy damage.

Lin Moyu's eyes widened—if not for his Comprehensive Link talent, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior would've been destroyed.

In just that one instant, over a hundred grass blades had attacked.

After a single round of attack, the grass blades settled back into place, soft and undisturbed—as if nothing had happened. It was utterly surreal.

Lin Moyu was taken aback.

He realized the Skeletal Berserk Warrior's strike had triggered the grass's counterattack.

The reason only one wave of attacks was likely because the skeleton had only struck once.

What if it struck a few more times?

Curious, Lin Moyu gave another command.

The Skeletal Berserk Warrior raised its axe and brought it down again—this time with less force.

Lin Moyu stepped back a few paces, watching closely.

As expected, another wave of grass blades shot out, striking the skeleton like a swarm of sharp swords.

But this time, there were noticeably fewer than before

Once the attack ended, the grass settled back into place as if nothing had happened.

"Once more." Lin Moyu ordered.

This time, its axe glowed red as it struck, its power amplified severalfold.

With a thunderous crash, the ground trembled again, and shockwaves rippled outward.

Then—something shocking happened.

Within a radius of several hundred meters, every blade of grass turned sharply, aiming directly at the Skeletal Berserk Warrior.

An instant later, the field exploded.

Tens of thousands of grass blades launched into the air, all converging on the skeleton like a green storm of steel.

The air was filled with sharp, crackling sounds as they struck.

A massive bald patch appeared in the grassland.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu summoned his undead army and ordered the Lich Generals to cast their healing skill.

The assault had been overwhelming—tens of thousands of strikes in a short moment.

But thanks to Comprehensive Link, the damage was spread across the entire undead force.

All of the skeletons had taken damage simultaneously.

Fortunately, the attack lasted only a single wave before everything returned to normal.

“Still just one wave.” Lin Moyu murmured, “The stronger the strike, the stronger the counterattack. The grassland seems to possess a damage reflection property.”

It reminded him of a Knight-class skill—Damage Reflection, which returned damage to the attacker in equal measure.

The grassland appeared to possess a similar property—the stronger the Skeletal Berserk Warrior's attack, the greater the damage reflected back.

But when Lin Moyu had walked across the grass earlier, even pressing it down beneath his feet, nothing had happened.

That meant there had to be a threshold. Only when enough force was applied did the reflection mechanism activate.

To test the theory, he raised his foot and stomped down hard—deliberately using about 50,000 points of strength.

As expected, in the next moment, over a hundred grass blades turned toward him—he had been locked on.

It wasn't just physical; the lock gripped his very soul—unavoidable and inescapable.

The lock originated from the soul itself—unavoidable and inescapable.

The grass blades launched toward him, but his Bone Armor blocked them all.

After several experiments, Lin Moyu confirmed his hypothesis.

This land wasn't just tough—it had a damage reflection property.

Walking normally didn't trigger it. But any excessive force would provoke a counterattack.

For instance, the Skeletal Berserk Warrior could walk across the field without incident.

But once it began to run or apply too much force, grass blades would lash out in response.

During one test, the skeleton broke into a run.

As it sprinted forward, the grassland responded in kind—grass blades continuously rose from the ground behind to strike it.



The scene was indescribably beautiful.

Now that Lin Moyu had deciphered the grassland's mechanism, he activated Lightning Deathwings, hovering half a meter above the ground as he flew forward at high speed.

Walking was too slow. But running would trigger a counterattack.

Low-altitude flight was the safest and fastest option.

The grassland was eerily quiet.

Lin Moyu had flown several kilometers and still hadn't encountered a single monster.

For a moment, he even wondered if this territory was simply empty.

Then he saw it—a lake.

At first glance, it seemed unremarkable. A lake nestled in the middle of the grassland—nothing unusual.

Perhaps, he thought, monsters were hiding beneath its surface.

But what happened next shattered all expectations.

A vortex formed at the center of the lake. In moments, the water vanished—drained away as if swallowed by the earth.

The “lake” had only been about 30 meters wide, more of a pond than anything else.

From its dry bed, a massive creature emerged.

It resembled an octopus, its entire body green, with eight massive tentacles—each over twenty meters long.

The creature crawled swiftly across the grassland, its color shifting as it moved, blending seamlessly with the terrain until it vanished from sight.

Not invisible—but camouflaged.

Its body blended so perfectly with the grassland that Lin Moyu couldn't detect it visually.

Worse still, his spirit force couldn't sense it either.

Its aura had merged with the land itself.

A chill ran down Lin Moyu's spine.

Had he already passed by similar monsters without even realizing it?

Without disturbing the creature, he flew over to where the lake had been.

Now, only a crater remained—roughly 30 meters wide and five meters deep.

With the layer of grass peeled gone, the ground beneath was exposed.

Lin Moyu spotted it immediately—about a meter below the surface, there was a thick layer of ice, its true depth impossible to measure.

“It was drinking water...” Lin Moyu muttered.

The monster had melted the ice, consumed the resulting water, and left—without making a sound.

A strange feeling crept over him.

A vibrant grassland—incredibly tough and quick to strike back. Yet beneath its surface lay a thick layer of ice.

“Could this be a sea? Frozen over... with grass growing on top?”

That seemed to be the only explanation that fit.

After all, what else would explain the presence of a giant octopus in the middle of a landlocked plain?

Just as he pondered this, a thunderous explosion rang out a distance away.

Violent shockwaves swept across the grassland.

In the wake of the blast, something incredible happened.

Within a radius of a thousand meters, countless grass blades suddenly shot upward and streaked through the air, all converging in the direction of the explosion.

## Chapter 456: What A Shame, But You're One Step Too Late

The earth, stripped of its grass, turned barren—its soil exposed in shades of blackish gray.

The moment the grass disappeared, Lin Moyu saw monsters crawling across the land: octopi, crabs, and strange, four-limbed fish.

In seconds, the creatures shifted colors, blending seamlessly into the terrain once more.

His eyes locked onto a spot just five meters ahead.

There, a colossal crab-like monster—over ten meters tall with massive pincers—loomed, emanating raw power.

As the monsters camouflaged themselves, a flicker of their aura leaked out.

Lin Moyu sensed their strength: each one on par with an ordinary boss—perhaps even stronger.

Their level? Likely in the high 70s, maybe even 80.

“These monsters don't initiate attacks...”

In any other place, monsters at this range would have already struck.

But thinking back, even the Giant Leaf Dwarf Trees hadn't attacked first—until Mu Xianxian stepped on one of the vines.

Strange creatures indeed.

Rising into the air, Lin Moyu flew off in a certain direction.

Behind him, the grass blades had returned, restoring the land to its original form.

What looked like soft, harmless grass on the ground became deadly miniature swords once airborne.

After some time in flight, Lin Moyu finally spotted two sides locked in combat.

"Human-class users."

A party of six was engaged in battle with a monster.

The creature resembled the octopus-like beasts Lin Moyu had encountered earlier.

He landed some distance away, taking cover behind a slope, quietly observing the fight.

The monster's eight tentacles lashed wildly through the air but were effectively blocked by the coordinated efforts of the human class users.

The party consisted of a Knight, a Healer, a support crowd controller, two Mages, and an Archer.

Each was over level 70—top-level class users—but none had surpassed level 80. If they had, their auras would have shifted, something Lin Moyu now understood clearly.

For Knights, Healers, and other classes, reaching level 70 and undergoing their third class awakening granted them powerful new skills.

Support classes, however, experienced a more dramatic transformation.

Before level 70, the role of supports was limited—after casting buffs, they often had little to do in battle.

But after the threshold, they awakened numerous crowd control skills, granting them formidable battlefield control ability.

In large-scale fights, they managed enemy groups. Against bosses, they disrupted and interrupted their skills.

In any level 70-plus party, a support was indispensable.

Lin Moyu watched as the support raised a stave, releasing a burst of light that struck the octopus monster—freezing it in place for a brief moment.

The skill the octopus monster had been preparing was interrupted.



Though the pause lasted less than two seconds, it was enough. The brief window gave the Knight a chance to recover and allowed the Healer to cast two more healing spells.

After all, post-level 70 combat was nothing like what came before—two seconds could change everything.

Lin Moyu didn't approach immediately. This party wasn't from the Shenxia Empire.

Judging by their attire, he recognized them as class users from the Eagle Kingdom.

While there was no open conflict between the two nations, relations had been tense for years.

Encounters in the wild were rarely friendly—clashes were common, sometimes even resulting in fatalities.

Because of this, Lin Moyu kept his distance and continued observing quietly.

The octopus monster's combat strength was roughly what he had anticipated—likely an ordinary boss just below level 80.

The six-person party from the Eagle Kingdom was well-coordinated, especially the support, who stood out with precise, well-timed interruptions.

Each time the boss attempted a skill, the support neutralized it, easing the pressure on the Knight and creating space for the backline Mages and Archer to strike.

But something caught Lin Moyu's attention—the Mages were holding back.

They avoided using large-scale spells.

He immediately understood why.

This grassland had a damage reflection mechanism.

Using large-scale spells would inevitably hit the terrain itself, triggering a devastating counterattack.

He guessed that the earlier swarm of flying grass blades had been triggered when a Mage used a large-scale spell.

Mages were the strongest damage dealers, but if they couldn't fight at full strength, it would inevitably lower the party's overall efficiency.

After about thirty minutes of combat, the party finally brought down the octopus boss.

The Knight stepped forward, using his sword to dissect the creature. From within, he retrieved a massive, translucent water sphere—larger than a human head.

He then used several bottles to collect the water contained within.

Lin Moyu didn't understand why they were collecting this water.

Just then, a sharp whistling sound pierced the air.

Dark specks appeared on the horizon, rapidly growing larger.

A massive group—over a hundred strong—was approaching from the sky.

They wore matching uniforms, clearly members of the same guild—class users from the Eagle Kingdom.

Leading the formation was a Knight radiating immense pressure. Judging by his aura, Lin Moyu estimated him to be above level 85—a peak-level class user.

His level was the highest among the group.

Clad in magnificent gear, the Knight glanced at the slain octopus and asked, “Have you collected the Purified Water?”

Several Knights answered, “Yes.”

One by one, they produced bottles filled with the water they had gathered.

Only then did Lin Moyu realize: the water inside the octopus boss was called Purified Water.

And from their conversation, it was clear this group hadn’t slain just one octopus.

They had split into teams and hunted several bosses, gathering limited quantities of Purified Water from each—only five or six bottles per kill.

Now, they had over a hundred bottles—enough for everyone to receive at least one, with extras to spare.

The leading Knight nodded, “Good. Distribute one bottle to each member. With this, the threat of the Venomous Flood Dragon can be greatly reduced. This time, the Flying Eagle Guild will surely slay it—and wash away the previous humiliation.”

Lin Moyu was momentarily surprised.

So they were planning to slay the Venomous Flood Dragon?

It seemed the Purified Water had detoxifying properties.

“I wonder how they’ll react when they find out the Venomous Flood Dragon is already dead.” Lin Moyu thought to himself, feeling amused, “What a shame, but you're one step too late.”

Despite their meticulous preparation, they'd likely walk away empty-handed.

After giving a few more words of encouragement, the leading Knight raised his hand and shouted, “Move out! To the Venomous Serpent Land!”

The entire group took off like a gust of wind, racing toward the Venomous Serpent Land.

Standing behind the small slope, Lin Moyu watched them disappear into the horizon.

He was certain they'd noticed him.

He hadn't hidden his presence, and with that leading Knight's level, he had surely sensed him.

But the other party hadn't reacted—clearly, he didn't see him as a threat.

Lin Moyu turned his gaze in the direction they had come from.

“That way probably leads out of here. The terrain is nothing like the Lightning Burial Canyon. Once I'm out, I'll find someone and ask for directions.”

Decision made, he took off swiftly.

Compared to the Venomous Serpent Land, this lush grassland was relatively safe.

The monsters didn't attack unless provoked, and there were no world rank boss lurking nearby.

As long as you didn't disturb the grass itself, danger could be avoided.

However, Lin Moyu remained curious.

Why was there ice beneath the grass?

How had it formed?

After everything he'd been through, Lin Moyu had developed his own perspective on many things, and had a number of speculations.

One idea, in particular, lingered in his mind.

Could the resting place of the Water God lie beneath that ice layer?

Unfortunately, he currently lacked the power to break through the ice.

But one day, when the opportunity arose, he would return—and uncover the truth.

About an hour later, after covering more than a thousand kilometers, Lin Moyu encountered another party of class users.

A man from the party flew over to greet him, “You’re a Shenxian?”

Lin Moyu nodded. “Yes. Are you from the Jialan Guild?”

He recognized the emblem on the clothing.

Mu Xianxian wore the same emblem—he had seen it often enough to remember.

The man was large—over two meters tall, with a burly frame and a voice that matched his rugged appearance.

“That’s right. Jialan Lieyang, level 82 Sacred Word Knight.”

Jialan Lieyang?



The name immediately rang a bell.

Not only was he part of the Jialan Guild—he was almost certainly related to Jialan Yeyu.

Just then, Jialan Lieyang’s expression shifted to one of surprise, “Young brother... how are you only level 52?”

## Chapter 457: The Layout Of The Lower Layer

Jialan Lieyang hadn’t paid much attention to Lin Moyu’s youth before, but upon discovering his level, it was like stumbling upon a hidden treasure.

A level 52 individual appearing in the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield was unheard of.

In the past, only those at level 70 or higher ventured into the upper layer, while no one below level 70 had gone to the lower one.

And now, Lin Moyu had made history once again.

Jialan Lieyang's words instantly drew the others' attention. All eyes turned to Lin Moyu, their gazes filled with astonishment.

Jialan Lieyang asked, "Young Brother, what's your name? And how did you end up here?"

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate, "Lin Moyu. I arrived here by accident."

Upon hearing his name, no one reacted with surprise.

Lin Moyu quickly realized these people had likely been in the Immemorial Battlefield for years.

It was common—some people would spend years grinding in the Immemorial Battlefield, during which information from the outside world would be scarce or completely unavailable.

It wasn't strange that they didn't know about him.

Besides, without his military badge pinned to his shoulder, no one could tell he was a two-star godly general. In a way, it made things simpler.

Jialan Lieyang chuckled, "It's lucky you ended up here on the Green Sea Grassland. Anywhere else, and a random monster might've wiped you out before you knew what happened."

He paused, then said, “How about this—Young Brother, stick with us for now. Once we wrap up our business here, we’ll take you with us when we head back. The Jialan Guild has a base here with a Teleportation Formation that leads out.”

Jialan Lieyang was straightforward, immediately extending an invitation.

Lin Moyu accepted without hesitation. He’d been hoping to learn more about the lower layer anyway.

He truly knew nothing about the lower layer—not even which direction to head in.

If he tried to find the Lightning Burial Canyon by himself, it would be like fumbling around in the dark.

Fortunately, Jialan Lieyang’s openness put him at ease.

The man reminded him a little of Shi Xing’a —straightforward and sincere.

Compared to the Dynasty Guild he had encountered before, these people felt much stronger and more reliable.

After Lin Moyu joined their party, the group set off once more.

They flew through the skies above the Green Sea Grassland, which was safe enough for flight. Ironically, traveling on foot through the grassland was far more dangerous.

Lin Moyu used his flight skill to keep pace with Jialan Lieyang. The fact that he could fly only earned him a casual compliment. After all, what could be more surprising than the fact he'd made it here at all?

Lin Moyu turned to him and asked, "Senior Lieyang, what's the deal with the lower layer?"

Jialan Lieyang laughed heartily, "Don't call me senior—sounds awkward. Just call me brother. We're all brothers here. I've only been around a few more years than you, anyway."

Lin Moyu smiled slightly, "Alright, Big Brother Lieyang—can you tell me about the lower layer?"

Jialan Lieyang said readily, "Of course! No problem. Ask anything you want."

Lin Moyu replied. "I want to know everything about the lower layer."

Jialan Lieyang thought for a moment before saying, “Alright then, let’s start with where we are now. This is the Green Sea Grassland. They say that countless years ago, this place was once an actual sea. You’ve seen the monsters here, right?”

Lin Moyu nodded. “Earlier, the Flying Eagle Guild killed some octopus monsters and extracted Purified Water. After that, they headed toward the Venomous Serpent Land.”

At that, Jialan Lieyang burst into laughter, “Those guys are about to get wrecked again! They just went there not long ago, got driven back, and lost a few men in the process.”

“The Venomous Flood Dragon over there is a level 85 world rank boss. Not something you mess with lightly. But hey—their problem, not ours.”

“Alright, never mind them. Let’s get back to what I was saying.”

“This place is called Green Sea Grassland. To the west is Venomous Serpent Land, and beyond that lies the Giant Leaf Forest. Each region has a world rank boss.”

“The continent we’re on is called Savagewild Continent...” Jialan Lieyang continued, his voice steady and patient.

Under his guidance, Lin Moyu gradually pieced together a clearer picture of the lower layer. It was completely different from the upper layer.

The upper layer was a single continent divided into three main areas: the outskirts, the central area, and the core area.

The lower layer, however, was split into four separate continents.

According to legend, these four continents were once one. That was until a cataclysmic battle broke out, and a Transcendent God-level powerhouse shattered the lower layer into four landmasses.

Now, they were separated by vast, treacherous seas, and at their center lay the scar of that great battle—a place now known as Devour Void.

Traveling between the continents wasn't easy.

The continent they were currently on was the Savagewild Continent, located in the southern region of the lower layer.

The Jialan Guild, as the top human guild, maintained outposts in the Savagewild Continent and the eastern Celestial Dragon Continent.

Thanks to Teleportation Formations, they could freely move between the two continents.

Lin Moyu then asked about the Lightning Burial Canyon.

The Lightning Burial Canyon was located in the center of the northern Wind-Lightning Continent.

There were two ways to get there.

One route was to go to the eastern the Celestial Dragon Continent, then cross the Wind-Lightning Ocean to reach the Wind-Lightning Continent.

The other was to travel west, all the way across the Savagewild Continent to its far end, then pass through the Starfall Continent to enter the Wind-Lightning Continent from there.

However, crossing the entire Savagewild Continent was no simple task.

Lin Moyu quickly realized that within the Savagewild Continent, the Green Sea Grassland was situated at the southernmost point—the closest region to the Celestial Dragon Continent.

To cross the Savagewild Continent, you would have to traverse the dangerous territories of the Venomous Flood Dragon, the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, and several even deadlier zones.

Lin Moyu silently gave up on that idea.

At the moment, heading to the Celestial Dragon Continent first seemed like the safer, more practical option.

But even that wasn't without its challenges.

To reach it, you either had to brave the ocean between the two continents—infested with powerful sea monsters and flying beasts—or use a Teleportation Formation.

Lin Moyu didn't hesitate long. He decided to shamelessly borrow the Jialan Guild's Teleportation Formation. After all, he had saved Jialan Yeyu back in the upper layer—it wasn't too much to ask.

“Big Brother Lieyang.” Lin Moyu asked, “Are you and Jialan Yeyu related?”

Jialan Lieyang looked surprised, “Brother Lin, you know Yeyu?”



“I met her in the upper layer.” Lin Moyu replied.

At that, Jialan Lieyang burst out laughing, “So that’s how it is! Seems we really are fated to meet, Brother Lin. Yeyu’s my little sister. How’s that girl doing these days?”

Lin Moyu thought for a moment before replying, “The last time I saw her was more than half a month ago. She was in the core area.”

Jialan Lieyang shook his head, “That girl... always running around with her so-called knight order. Luckily, she’s strong enough—shouldn’t be in too much danger.”

He spoke casually, even carefreely. But Lin Moyu knew it was far more than some danger. She had nearly lost her life, and on more than one occasion.

Jialan Lieyang sighed, “It’s been over two years since I last saw that girl. After I wrap things up here, I’m taking a break. Or if I can find a spatial passage, maybe I’ll make a trip up to the upper layer and visit that crazy girl.”

Lin Moyu smiled faintly. In his eyes, these two siblings shared a lot in common—both spirited and rash.

Then, Jialan Lieyang suddenly asked, “Brother Lin, why are you asking about Lightning Burial Canyon?”

Lin Moyu didn't hide it, "I need to go there."

Jialan Lieyang raised a brow, visibly surprised, "That's not a place you just drop by. There's no Teleportation Formation between the Celestial Dragon Continent and Wind-Lightning Continent. Even I wouldn't be fully confident about getting you across the Wind-Lightning Ocean safely."

"But once we're back in the Celestial Dragon Continent, I'll see what I can do. Maybe we can find a reliable party to escort you there."

He didn't even question why Lin Moyu needed to go—he simply started thinking about how to help.

Lin Moyu felt a wave of goodwill toward this burly, straightforward man.

He nodded, "Thank you, Big Brother Lieyang. There's no need to hurry—we can take our time."

Just then, the party slowed to a stop.

Jialan Lieyang's expression sharpened, "Brother Lin, fall back a bit."

Lin Moyu followed his gaze to their destination—a massive monster standing ahead, a strange light bulb-like growth atop its head.

## Chapter 458: Neither Serpent Nor Fish

On the Green Sea Grasslands, practically every monster possessed the ability to change its color, making it impossible to detect with the naked eye.

But the one before them was an exception.

Lin Moyu could spot it from afar—a faint lantern dangled from the top of its head, its dim yellow glow stubbornly unchanged even as the creature’s body shifted hues to blend with the surroundings.

Jialan Lieyang spoke up, “Brother Lin, you should fall back. Once the fight begins, I’m afraid you’ll get caught in the crossfire. This thing’s AoE attacks aren’t something to take lightly.”

Without a word, Lin Moyu retreated several hundred meters.

Jialan Lieyang’s ten-man party had a distinctive composition: two Healers, two supports, and five Mages.

It wasn't a typical setup, clearly tailored for the lantern-bearing monster ahead.

The supports quickly cast status buffs, while the Healers readied themselves.

“Let's go! Stay sharp, everyone!” With a low shout, Jialan Lieyang surged forward.

It seemed he'd locked onto the monster's position, descending from the sky like a meteor and crashing into it with tremendous force.

Lin Moyu was slightly surprised. As a level 82 Sacred Word Knight, Jialan Lieyang's combat strength spoke for itself.

Such a direct, full-powered strike was bound to provoke a counterattack from the Sword Grass.

Lin Moyu recalled Jialan Lieyang's earlier explanation—the grass covering the Green Sea Grasslands was known as Sword Grass.

It looked like ordinary grass, but when disturbed, it could rise like a swarm of flying swords.

As for why the Green Sea Grassland carried a damage reflection effect, even Jialan Lieyang couldn't explain it.

With a thunderous crash, Jialan Lieyang slammed into the monster.

His strike was precise, his shield gleaming as he concentrated the full force of his skill into a single, focused point.

Not even a ripple of shockwave escaped, and the surrounding Sword Grass remained still.

Lin Moyu couldn't help but admire Jialan Lieyang's flawless control.

By the time most class users reached level 80, they'd unlocked all their available skills—what separated them after that was mastery. And clearly, Jialan Lieyang excelled in that regard.

Under the impact, the monster shrieked. The lantern atop its head blazed like a miniature sun, and in that burst of light, its true form was revealed.

It was massive—over 20 meters long, with a girth exceeding five. Its body was thick and plump, several pairs of claw-like tentacles extending from beneath it. A fish-like tail thrashed behind it, barbs covering its length, and that ever-present lantern swayed at the top of its head.

Neither serpent nor fish, the creature looked quite strange.

The moment it was struck, it retaliated. The lantern's light flared to maximum brightness.

In perfect sync, the two supports reacted.

Skill: Bound.

Skill: Sleep.

The control skills landed together. For a brief instant, the lantern's light dimmed—then blazed defiantly once more.

"It's ineffective!"

"The skill failed!"

The two supports cried out, their attempts to interrupt the monster's skill rendered useless.

Jialan Lieyang's voice rang out sharply, "Mages, shields up! Healers, get ready! Brother Lin, fall back further!"

As he spoke, he swung his shield.

Skill: Shield Bash!

Shield Bash carried a stun effect.

The strike connected, but like before, it had no effect.

The Mages had already activated their magic shields.

The Healers quickly took cover behind them, healing skills at the ready.

Lin Moyu cast Bone Armor on himself and retreated another hundred meters.

At the same time, he activated Detection, his curiosity stirred by the monster.

[Lanternfire Fish (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 83]

[Strength: 1,000,000]

[Agility: 500,000]

[Spirit: 1,000,000]

[Constitution: 1,200,000]

[Skill: Firelight Volley, Firelight Shooting Stars, Firelight Flash]

[Trait: 70% Fire Elemental Damage Reduction, 70% Water Elemental Damage Reduction, Enhanced Abnormal Status Resistance, Enhanced Health]

A total attribute count of 3.7 million—still within a manageable range. Compared to the Giant Leaf Mother Tree and Venomous Flood Dragon he'd fought before, this creature wasn't in the same league.



But judging by its skills and traits, Lin Moyu knew this wouldn't be an easy fight.

Well—not an easy fight for Jialan Lieyang and his party, at least.

The dual elemental immunity was troublesome, but the real issue was the Enhanced Abnormal Status Resistance, which drastically reduced the effectiveness of the supports' control skills.

The lantern atop the Lanternfire Fish blazed to its limit—then exploded in a burst of light.

Skill: Firelight Volley!

In an instant, thousands of rays infused with the fire element shot out from the lantern.

“Defense!” Jialan Lieyang bellowed, raising his shield high.

He intercepted nearly a third of the incoming barrage, but the sheer force sent him flying. The Healers immediately moved in, casting a flurry of healing spells.

The fire element rays hammered against the Mages' shields, distorting them violently. Flames roared as the magic shields caught fire.

A ray struck Lin Moyu. His Bone Armor flared bright white, absorbing the hit.

In that moment, Lin Moyu made a critical observation—the skill didn't just contain the fire element and possess high impact. More importantly, when it struck the Green Sea Grassland, the Sword Grass didn't react.

It appeared the grassland's damage reflection trait was selective. The Lanternfire Fish, being a native creature, wasn't subject to it.

The boss unleashed Firelight Volley in relentless waves, keeping Jialan Lieyang pinned down and unable to counterattack.

The supports scrambled to deploy other control-type skills.

Finally, after several consecutive volleys, the Lanternfire Fish halted abruptly.

A control effect had finally taken hold, interrupting its skill.

“Attack!”

Jialan Lieyang roared, seizing the brief to launch an attack.

The five Mages unleashed their skills in unison—all wind element spells. With the Lanternfire Fish boasting 70% resistance to both fire and water elements, those were off the table.

One after another, wind-type attacks slammed into the boss.

But barely two seconds later, the control effect wore off.

With a piercing shriek, the Lanternfire Fish retaliated. The lantern atop its head flared again, this time blazing hotter and brighter than before, its light thick with roaring flames.

The lantern detached from the monster's head, transforming into a fireball as it shot skyward. For a moment, it hovered, then erupted into a storm of searing beams, raining down over several hundred meters.

Skill: Firelight Shooting Stars.

Like streaks of light, like burning meteors—the attack was pure speed, power, and precision.

Jialan Lieyang immediately fell back into the party formation, raising his shield and casting Group Defense. Even as the barrage began, he called out: “Brother Lin, fall back more!”

Lin Moyu didn’t argue, retreating swiftly. Now over 800 meters away, he was safely beyond the skill’s range.

The Firelight Shooting Stars pounded Jialan Lieyang’s shield, engulfing it in flame—but the shield didn’t budge. It held firm, like a stone in a storm.

The two supports continued firing off control skills, trying to interrupt the boss’s skill.

Lin Moyu considered stepping in but ultimately held back. It was clear Jialan Lieyang was still in control of the situation—no need to intervene just yet.

At last, a control skill landed cleanly on the Lanternfire Fish.

Its skill was interrupted, and the lantern that had soared skyward whooshed back toward its host.

Jialan Lieyang seized the moment and shot forward, his sword blazing with radiant light as he chanted softly: “Certain Hit. Certain Victory Strike.”

As a Sacred Word Knight, his words weren't mere incantations—they were the will of heaven, spoken into law.

But the price was steep, consuming a massive amount of spirit force. Which was why it wasn't a skill to be used lightly.

Still, when used appropriately, its effects were remarkable.

Just like now—the Lanternfire Fish's lantern was rapidly flying back toward it.

Under normal circumstances, Jialan Lieyang wouldn't have been fast enough to catch it.

But powered by the Sacred Words, he became a streak of light, surging through the air to meet it head-on.

His strike landed cleanly.

The moment his sword connected with the lantern, the Lanternfire Fish shrieked in agony. It instantly broke free of the control effect, flames bursting from its body.

Skill: Firelight Flash!

An inferno erupted, engulfing the area and swallowing Jialan Lieyang in searing flames.

But he didn't retreat.

"Extreme Defense!" He barked, his entire form radiating blinding light as he weathered the flames and kept attacking.

The lantern was the Lanternfire Fish's weakness—hitting it while separated inflicted double damage. And Jialan Lieyang wasn't about to waste the opportunity.

Panicked, the boss charged at him, its massive bulk barreling forward in a desperate attempt to reclaim its lantern.

At that moment, several wind blades cut through the air, striking the lantern with pinpoint precision. The five Mages coordinated seamlessly with Jialan Lieyang, denying the Lanternfire Fish any chance to retrieve it.

The battle's rhythm had shifted completely. Jialan Lieyang had seized control, his Sacred Words chaining together, locking down the lantern and maintaining relentless pressure.

Lin Moyu could tell—this fight was already decided. It was only a matter of time before Jialan Lieyang brought down the Lanternfire Fish.

Minutes passed. The boss failed time and again to reclaim its lantern, its aura steadily weakening as heavy wounds accumulated.

Victory was within reach.

And then—a sudden arrow cut through the air.

“Careful!” Lin Moyu shouted.

Jialan Lieyang reacted instinctively, but it was too late.

The arrow struck his shoulder dead-on, exploding in a burst of force and flame.

## Chapter 459: Please Don't Bully Me

The arrow appeared very suddenly, without any warning.

Even Lin Moyu only sensed it the moment it appeared.

Jialan Lieyang reacted a half-beat slower than Lin Moyu, only managing to twist his body slightly.

The arrow struck his shoulder, but his armor managed to block it.

Then—with a thunderous boom—it exploded. The tremendous impact sent Jialan Lieyang flying over ten meters.

Seizing the opportunity, the Lanternfire Fish quickly retrieved its lantern and fled into the distance with a strange shriek.

Burning with anger, Jialan Lieyang wanted to give chase, but several more arrows suddenly appeared out of nowhere, blocking his path.

Everything happened so quickly. By the time the rest of Jialan Lieyang's party reacted, the Lanternfire Fish was already far away.

"Those bastards from the Black Dragon Guild—they're asking for death!" Jialan Lieyang roared.

He didn't even need to guess to know who had fired those arrows.



And he wasn't the only one furious—his teammates were just as enraged.

A support raised his stave, and a bright light flared from its tip, releasing a glowing orb.

The orb itself had no offensive power, but wherever its light reached, no one could remain hidden.

Even the outlines of monsters hidden on the grassland were revealed.

Then, in midair, a half-human, half-horse creature appeared.

Its form resembled a monster, but it wasn't—it was a Shikigami, summoned by an Onmyoji.

Onmyoji was a legendary rank class unique to the Sakura Kingdom.

The half-human, half-horse creature held a bow, and seated on its back was a man.

He wore the distinctive garb of the Sakura Kingdom, a sinister smile spread across his face.

“Tsk tsk, what a pity!”

“The lantern was practically in your hands.”

“What a shame. Now that the Lanternfire Fish has escaped again, it’ll probably be a long time to look for it.”

Jialan Lieyang pointed his sword directly at him, “Abe Yoshino, you’re courting death.”

Abe Yoshino let out a dark chuckle, “Who’s courting death isn’t set in stone just yet.”

As he spoke, the Centaur beneath him raised its bow and fired an arrow into the sky.

The arrow burst in midair, releasing a sharp whistling sound and a bright light that lingered in the air.

Lin Moyu immediately recognized its purpose—a distress signal, much like those used in the Shenxia Empire.

Numerous class users flew towards them at high speed, reaching their location in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, at least 20 class users from the Sakura Kingdom surrounded Jialan Lieyang and company.

Lin Moyu had already moved in close, standing side by side with Jialan Lieyang and the others.

Jialan Lieyang spoke coldly, “Does the Black Dragon Guild really want to start a war with the Jialan Guild?”

Abe Yoshino smiled sinisterly, “No, no, no... we never intended to start a war. We just came to kill you.”

Jialan Lieyang sneered, “You bottom-feeders think you can kill me? How drunk do you have to be to dream that big?”

Abe Yoshino shook his head, “Of course, we alone couldn’t do it. But what if we added... them?”

As he spoke, Abe Yoshino took out a black stone.

Jialan Lieyang's expression instantly changed, "An Abyssal Stone? The Black Dragon Guild's colluding with the Abyssal Demons?"

Abe Yoshino kept shaking his head, "No need to sound so harsh. It's just... a partnership."

He activated the black stone, and a black spatial passage tore open beside him.

A chilling wind howled surged, green Abyssal Fire flickered, and a Demon flew out from the passage.

A massive, oppressive aura burst forth—easily surpassing level 80.

"Looks like... an old acquaintance."

The figure that emerged from the spatial rift was none other than the Succubus Mina—the very same one Lin Moyu had encountered in the core area before.

Who would've thought he'd run into her again here?

The moment she appeared, Mina activated another Abyssal Stone, and a huge barrier descended from the sky, trapping everyone within its shimmering confines.

At this moment, Jialan Lieyang's expression darkened. He could clearly sense a grave threat coming from Mina.

The succubus before him was frighteningly powerful.

Jialan Lieyang said coldly, "Abe Yoshino, you should know—as long as one of us escapes alive, the Black Dragon Guild is finished."

Abe Yoshino only laughed in response, saying nothing.

Mina fluttered over on her small, delicate wings, a playful smile on her face, "Little Brother Lieyang, I couldn't bear to kill you."

"This time... I came to talk about a little cooperation."

As she spoke, an intense wave of charm power radiated from her body. The entire barrier seemed to ripple with a strange, bewitching aura.

One by one, everyone inside—except for Jialan Lieyang and Lin Moyu—began to look dazed, their eyes glazing over as they stared at Mina with expressions of infatuation and adoration.

Even Abe Yoshino's gaze became vacant and hazy.

Mina had fully unleashed the innate power of a Succubus—bewitching everyone in the area in an instant.

“Wake up!”

Jialan Lieyang bellowed, slamming his sword hard against his shield, producing a deafening metallic clang.

The sharp, grating sound jolted everyone back to their senses.

Those who awoke were horrified—they'd fallen under Mina's spell without even realizing it.

Mina giggled sweetly, “Not bad at all, Little Brother Lieyang. Your will is as firm as steel.”

“Such a shame about your companions!”

Mina laughed sweetly, and those who had just shaken off the confusion were once again pulled under.

This time, she unleashed an even stronger wave of charm power.

At that moment, Lin Moyu finally understood why so many high-ranking human class users willingly sold their souls to the Abyssal Demons.

If just a single top-level Succubus could wield such overwhelming charm power, what would happen if the Succubus Queen herself appeared?

Aside from God-level powerhouses, how many could truly resist?

Within the barrier, only Jialan Lieyang and Lin Moyu remained clear-headed.

Lin Moyu's spirit force was formidable, and he was immune to all status effects.

The Succubus's power had no effect on him.

Jialan Lieyang, however, felt as if endless waves were crashing against his spirit world, battering his mental defenses.

That charm power was trying to seize control of his soul—to turn him into Mina’s puppet, her loyal slave.

He had no choice but to focus all his willpower on resisting.

At this moment, he didn’t even have the strength to speak; his entire consciousness was devoted to holding back Mina’s influence.

Most of Mina’s power was focused squarely on Jialan Lieyang, while the others were mere afterthoughts caught in the crossfire.

Just then, a Detection spell brushed softly through the barrier, like a passing breeze.

Lin Moyu quickly acquired information about Mina.

[Top-level Succubus]

[Level: 83]



A level 83 Succubus—no wonder she had forced the Archaic Luanniao into Nirvanic Rebirth back in the core area.

And back then, Mina had been heavily restricted and unable to unleash her full strength.

If she had fought without restraint, she might have been able to kill the Archaic Luanniao outright.

Sensing the Detection spell, Mina turned to look—and in that instant, her entire body froze.

Her perfect, enchanting face stiffened. The seductive smile she wore faltered, and her eyes filled with shock.

“You... what are you doing here?”

Lin Moyu greeted her casually, “Long time no see.”

“Lo... long time no see.” Mina stammered, her voice noticeably unsteady.

As a close confidante of the Succubus Queen, Mina possessed far more information than other Demons.

She knew very well—this was no longer the same Lin Moyu she'd faced in the core area.

The Lin Moyu standing before her now was someone who had slain the Fire Demon King—a terrifying figure, one even the Succubus Queen would need to personally deal with.

And with her meager strength...

Mina's very first instinct was to flee.

The moment Mina was distracted, the crushing pressure on Jialan Lieyang's spirit world eased significantly, and he immediately felt himself relax.

Surprised, he asked, "Brother Lin, you know her?"

Lin Moyu gave a slight nod, "I met her in the core area of the upper layer. She tried to kill me... but failed."

Lieyang couldn't make sense of it. A top-level Demon personally chasing down a human class user into the upper layer? And the craziest part—she failed?

Just what kind of grudge was this?

Lin Moyu began to slowly fly closer, his expression calm, “So... want to give it another shot? See if you can finish the job this time?”

Mina shook her head furiously, faster than a rattle-drum, “No, no! Please, don’t bully me! With my pitiful strength, I wouldn’t stand a chance against you.”

Right now, Mina adopted the most humble, submissive posture she could muster.

She wasn’t foolish—someone capable of killing the Fire Demon King wasn’t someone she could defeat.

Lin Moyu’s said faintly, “How would you know if you don’t try?”

Mina shook her head furiously, forcing a stiff smile, “No, no... you’re clearly busy, so I’ll just take my leave.”

Without another word, Mina moved faster than she ever had in her life. She yanked out an Abyssal Stone and activated it on the spot.

In her desperation, she even coughed up a mouthful of blood onto the stone to accelerate its activation.

A swirling vortex immediately tore open in front of her, pulling her in at once.

But just as she was about to escape, a flicker of firelight appeared in Lin Moyu's palm.

A miserable, blood-curdling scream echoed from within the vortex.

A moment later, the vortex collapsed and vanished.

Lin Moyu lowered his hand, his voice icy, "What a quick escape."

Jialan Lieyang stood there in absolute shock, still trying to comprehend what had just happened.

## **Chapter 460: Anyone Related To The Demons Deserved Death**

The barrier had been set by the Succubus Mina, and only she could use the corresponding teleportation items within it.

Most other teleportation tools had lost their function.

However, Lin Moyu's Abyssal Teleportation Stone still worked. Mina lacked the power to disable it.

There were very few situations in which the Abyssal Teleportation Stone could be rendered ineffective—usually involving God-level beings like Demon Kings, or when the distance was too vast.

Once Mina left, those trapped within the barrier gradually regained consciousness.

“What happened?”

“Where did Lady Succubus go?”

Abe Yoshino looked around in confusion. The last thing he remembered was Mina, and now she was gone.

Lin Moyu asked quietly, “Big Brother Lieyang, what should we do with these people? Should we kill them?”

Left to his own judgment, he wouldn't have hesitated. But with Jialan Lieyang present, he had to consult him.

Jialan Lieyang replied, "That one's the son of the Black Dragon Guild's guild master. He has a soul brand—kill him, and he'll just revive."

"The Jialan Guild isn't looking to start a war with the Black Dragon Guild right now."

The Black Dragon Guild was the strongest guild in the Sakura Kingdom. A direct conflict would only harm humanity as a whole.

As the young guild master of the Jialan Guild, Jialan Lieyang had to be mindful of the bigger picture.

Lin Moyu said flatly, "I can make sure he doesn't revive."

Preventing resurrection was simple—just destroy the soul.

If the soul couldn't return, the soul brand became meaningless—resurrection would be impossible.

Lin Moyu hadn't understood this before, but now he did. With the Soul Blaze skill, he could destroy souls.

Jialan Lieyang paused in thought, “If that’s the case, then let’s kill them.”

With the potential threat permanently neutralized, he had no further concerns.

Anyway, deaths were common in the lower layer—Abe Yoshino’s would be just another statistic.

As Jialan Lieyang prepared to act, Lin Moyu stepped forward and stopped him, “I’ll handle it.”

He floated calmly out of the group, approaching Abe Yoshino.

Abe Yoshino had just regained his senses and hadn’t heard their conversation.

He blinked in confusion, wondering why a level 52 nobody had come to him.

His mind was still clouded—otherwise, he might have realized how abnormal it was for someone so low-leveled to even appear in the lower layer.

Lin Moyu didn't waste a single word. Anyone associated with the Abyssal Demons deserved death. No exceptions.

He raised a finger and pointed directly at Abe Yoshino.

A low hum filled the air, accompanied by a flash of red light.

Skill: Deterioration Curse.

The curse was confined within the barrier, striking every member of the Black Dragon Guild at once.

The curse also snapped them out of their daze.

These were top-level level 70-plus class users with seasoned combat instincts.

As soon as the curse hit, the Healers among them began casting skills, trying to dispel it.

At the same time, several monsters lurking in the grassland within the barrier were also affected by the curse. They immediately sprang into action, charging straight toward Lin Moyu.



“Brother Lin, be car—” Jialan Lieyang called out instinctively, but stopped mid-sentence.

Lin Moyu had already acted.

Skill: Bone Prison!

In an instant, white bone erupted, binding everyone in place—including Abe Yoshino.

Bone Prison wasn’t just a binding skill—it also inflicted paralysis.

While ineffective against world rank bosses, it worked perfectly on these class users.

All members of the Black Dragon Guild—and even the monsters that had just launched themselves into the air—froze mid-motion, paralyzed.

Even Abe Yoshino’s Centaur Shikigami was caught in the effect.

The group binding wouldn’t last long.

With the level gap, the binding would hold for no more than ten seconds.

But that was all Lin Moyu needed.

In the blink of an eye, his undead army emerged in the air, nearly filling the barrier.

A sudden heat flared on the back of Lin Moyu's hand.

Skill: Enhance Troops.

If he was going to wipe them out, there would be no half-measures. No survivors. No loose ends. He would erase them—body and soul.

He couldn't confirm whether the others had soul brands as well, but he wasn't taking any chances.

Abe Yoshino stared in disbelief, watching in horror as Skeletal Berserk Warriors brandished their axes.

Along with a flash of red light, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors activated their skill.

Abe Yoshino roared as a powerful aura erupted from his entire body, trying to break free from the Bone Prison.

With deafening crashes, the axes landed, the explosive force tearing through him.

Abe Yoshino was blasted into pieces.

“He didn’t die?” Lin Moyu was momentarily stunned.

His Soul Blaze was still locked onto Abe Yoshino’s soul, ready to obliterate it the moment it lost its protection.

But right now, he could still sense it—Abe Yoshino was alive.

“Death Substitution?” Lin Moyu muttered, “Not a bad skill.”

Soul Blaze throbbed several times—then, a sharp scream pierced the air from behind.

At some point, a blade-wielding Shikigami had appeared in his blind spot, and now a massive, gleaming blade came slashing down from behind.

Abe Yoshino lay weakly on the Shikigami's shoulder, his face twisted in agony, his entire body trembling uncontrollably.

The pain from Soul Blaze was unbearable—especially while Enhance Troops was active, which amplified both its destructive power and the torment it inflicted tenfold.

At the moment point, Abe Yoshino could only just barely direct his Shikigami to attack.

The strike was lightning-fast—too quick to dodge.

The blade crashed into Lin Moyu's head. The Bone Armor flared to life, completely absorbing the impact.

“So weak.” Lin Moyu muttered, genuinely surprised.

This was supposed to be a top-level class user? He couldn't even deal with Bone Armor.

Abe Yoshino was a legendary rank class user, yet compared to the world rank bosses Lin Moyu regularly fought—like the Venomous Flood Dragon—he was utterly underwhelming.

Even the Archaic Luanniao posed more of a threat than him.

It wasn't that Abe Yoshino was especially weak, but that Lin Moyu had grown far too strong.

Naturally, class users of similar level as world rank bosses no longer held any meaning for Lin Moyu. They simply weren't worth his attention.

Whatever little interest he had left vanished.

Soul Blaze flickered again.

At the same time, Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed a coordinated strike.

Explosions echoed within the barrier. Abe Yoshino let out another tortured scream.

He wasn't a boss—his health wasn't that high.

Under Enhance Troops, even a volley of attacks was enough to leave him in shambles.

Coupled with the second Soul Blaze, Abe Yoshino was already teetering on the edge of death.

As for the Shikigami's assault, Lin Moyu paid no attention to it.

Suddenly, Skeletal Berserk Warriors appeared in front of Abe Yoshino, swinging their axes.

Sensing imminent death, Abe Yoshino instantly pulled out a scroll and activated it.

A radiant shield flared into existence, absorbing the strikes from the skeletons.

He also took out a potion and chugged it, and his injuries began to heal rapidly.

Peak-level level 80-plus class user weren't easy to kill.

But for Lin Moyu, it simply meant the process would take a little longer. Nothing more. Nothing significant. Not when he was used to handling world rank bosses.

All of this happened in less than two seconds.

In that time, Abe Yoshino had already faced death twice.

His face twisted in terror—true fear taking hold.

He didn't know who Lin Moyu was.

But one thing was clear—there was no way a level 52 class user could do this.

In Abe Yoshino's eyes, Lin Moyu had to be a God-level powerhouse in disguise.

At that moment, a wave of screams erupted across the battlefield.

Abe Yoshino's eyes widened in horror as he witnessed the scene unfolding around him.

Everyone from the Black Dragon Guild—his comrades—were falling from the midair.

They weren't killed immediately.

Their limbs were severed first, stripping away any chance of escape or resistance.

Their executions would come later.

Abe Yoshino trembled. Dread gripped his chest like a vice.

These skeletons... they were too terrifying.

Each one was as strong as he was, and the critical factor was their sheer number.

There was no way he could defeat them.

Before he could recover, another volley came.

Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen fired again, magic and arrows streaking through the air.



A deafening blast rang out as Abe Yoshino's shield shattered.

Panicking, he scrambled for another scroll.

He activated it, and another shimmering shield formed, blocking the assault.

"It's no use!" Lin Moyu's cold voice echoed through the chaos.

"Wait, let's talk this out!" Abe Yoshino shouted, desperation thick in his voice.

"Stop—stop!"

But Lin Moyu give him no chance.

The shield broke again with a thunderous crash.

Soul Blaze surged and drilled straight into Abe Yoshino's spirit world, burning his soul.

Scream after scream tore from his throat—five, six in total.

Then, abruptly, everything went silent.