

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 461: Maybe I Can Help

This wasn't the first time Lin Moyu had used Soul Blaze to kill. But it was the first time he'd used it to annihilate a soul.

That was an entirely different matter.

It wasn't a clean death. It felt like a slow, torturous execution, akin to death by a thousand cuts.

Since it was his first attempt, Lin Moyu was especially cautious, unwilling to leave even a single soul remnant behind.

In other words, Abe Yoshino received the full treatment of having his soul meticulously sliced apart.

His miserable screams echoed through the air.

And because it was Lin Moyu's first time, he layered on the Enhance Troops skill for good measure—the equivalent of sprinkling salt on open wounds.

Jialan Lieyang and the others watched in horror.

This Brother Lin, who looked to be only level 52—quiet, harmless even—how could his methods be this...

Jialan Lieyang couldn't help but cheer.

When dealing with traitors, no punishment was too severe.

And this one had conspired with the Abyssal Demons, betraying all of humanity.

A traitor like that deserved to be torn to shreds, soul and all.

Abe Yoshino's agonized cries lasted a full ten seconds before finally falling silent.

He was dead. And it had been a death of pure agony.

His corpse lay twisted and deformed, drenched in blood—yet without a single external wound. The blood had exploded from within.

It was a gruesome, unforgettable sight.

Lin Moyu turned his gaze to the remaining enemies.

Their hands and feet were already severed—escape impossible.

Now, with the first soul execution behind him, the rest would go much smoother.

Lin Moyu showed no mercy. At this moment, these people might as well have been his test subjects.

Once again, agonized screams echoed within the barrier, sending chills down everyone's spine.

As promised, Lin Moyu obliterated every last soul.

Even if any of them had planted a soul brand, there was no chance of resurrection.

Once it was done, the skeletons shattered the barrier.

Lin Moyu clapped his hands and said, “Big Brother Lieyang, let’s keep looking for the Lanternfire Fish.”

Jialan Lieyang instinctively let out an “Oh,” but didn’t move.

Lin Moyu glanced at him, puzzled, “Big Brother Lieyang, what’s wrong? Why aren’t you moving?”

Jialan Lieyang shook his head, “It’s not that simple. The Lanternfire Fish rarely appears on the Green Sea Grassland. Most of the time, it hides within the ice layer, and because of the grass, we can’t reach it down there.”

“We waited three whole months for this one chance... and it was ruined by those Black Dragon Guild bastards.”

So that was why Jialan Lieyang had been so furious. No wonder.

But now that Abe Yoshino and his people were dead, there was no point dwelling on it.

Noticing Jialan Lieyang still looked upset, Lin Moyu asked, “Why were you after the Lanternfire Fish, anyway?”

“Someone from our guild was poisoned by a strange poison. We need the lantern on the Lanternfire Fish’s head to neutralize it.” Jialan Lieyang explained.

Lin Moyu thought for a moment, “If it’s poison, maybe I can help.”

Jialan Lieyang’s eyes widened, “Brother Lin, you serious?”

Lin Moyu nodded, “As long as it’s not one of the particularly nasty ones, it should be fine.”

What he meant by particularly nasty was something like the Putrid Corpse Land’s Putrid Corpse Poison.

Jialan Lieyang didn’t hesitate, “Then let’s head back right away!”

Without another word, he took the lead and soared toward their base.

The rest of the party quickly followed.

They were still reeling from what Lin Moyu had done—too shocked to speak.

Now, when they looked at him, their eyes carried respect and even fear.

If he could deal with Abe Yoshino's party so effortlessly, finishing them off wouldn't be any harder.

And in this world, strength commanded respect.

As they traveled, Jialan Lieyang couldn't help but ask, "Brother Lin, are you really level 52?"

Lin Moyu nodded, "I am."

"Then how did you..."

Lin Moyu could guess what he was about to ask.

"Big Brother Lieyang, if you're curious about me, just ask around once you're back in the Human World. I've made a bit of a name for myself there."

A bit of a name was an understatement. Over the past year, Lin Moyu had become one of the most talked-about figures in the Human World—alongside the newly promoted Earth Knight.

Jialan Lieyang was sharp enough not to press any further. Some things were better left alone.

Before long, the Jialan Guild's base came into view.

They'd constructed a sturdy fortress, stretching over a hundred meters—large enough to house more than a thousand people.

It was built at the very edge of the Green Sea Grassland. This was the safest place, since the creatures of the grassland wouldn't attack without provocation.

Lin Moyu followed Jialan Lieyang inside. Along the way, many guild members greeted Jialan Lieyang, while shooting curious glances at Lin Moyu—an unfamiliar face.

A level 52 class user showing up in the lower layer was no small matter.

Without delay, Jialan Lieyang led Lin Moyu to a secluded courtyard at the rear of the fortress.

The courtyard was calm and serene, filled with lush greenery and a faint medicinal fragrance.

Mixed in with the fragrance was the gentle aroma of tea, giving the place a quiet, refined elegance.

Lin Moyu's first impression was that whoever lived here was likely a person of refined taste.

Within a fortress of cold stone walls, they'd carved out a tranquil little world of their own—quite impressive.

All of a sudden, the door of a small house at the edge of the courtyard opened.

A young woman in a pale yellow dress stepped out. When her gaze landed on Jialan Lieyang, a soft smile lit up her face.

“Liyang, you're back.”

She wasn't stunningly beautiful—merely pretty by conventional standards—but she radiated a gentle, graceful aura that seemed to blend perfectly with the courtyard's quiet charm.

Lin Moyu immediately noticed the pallor in her complexion—it was likely she'd been injured.

A warm smile softened Jialan Lieyang's resolute face, "Dong'er, let me introduce you. This is Lin Moyu, Brother Lin."

Then he turned to Lin Moyu, "Brother Lin, this is my beloved, Han Dong'er."

Han Dong'er greeted him with a delicate smile, "Hello, Brother Lin."

Lin Moyu greeted her back, "Hello, Sister."

Her gentle, elegant temperament reminded him a little of Shu Han.

A particular emblem was displayed on her sleeves—the mark of a Concocter.

Lin Moyu's brow furrowed slightly, "Big Brother Lieyang, why didn't you bring Sister back to the Human World? In the Shenxia Empire, there's a God-level Concocter. He should be able to heal her."

Jialan Lieyang let out a bitter laugh, "Sir Medicine God could definitely save Dong'er, but the Jialan Guild can't get him to come."

“After Dong’er was injured and poisoned, all her attributes were suppressed. She’s weaker than an ordinary person now... she wouldn’t survive the energy impact of an inter-realm teleportation.”

Han Dong’er’s attributes had been suppressed to the extreme, leaving her even weaker than an ordinary person.

She couldn’t leave this place, and the Jialan Guild didn’t have the power to summon Medicine God here.

After all, with Medicine God’s level, he would first have to go to the deep layer, then locate a spatial passage leading to the lower layer.

The process would be complicated, time-consuming, and far from convenient.

That was why Jialan Lieyang had been so determined to obtain the lantern from atop the Lanternfire Fish’s head—it was the only thing that could detoxify the poison in Han Dong’er’s body.

Lin Moyu asked, “Where did Sister get poisoned?”

Jialan Lieyang sighed, “It happened in the ice beneath the Green Sea Grassland. We stumbled upon a fracture in the ice, and curiosity got the better of us.”

“We went down to investigate and encountered a monster—it carried a cold poison...”

Lin Moyu didn’t press for details. Instead, he retrieved a jade bottle.

Inside, a single drop of liquid shimmered like crystal—Venomous Flood Dragon’s Spinal Fluid.

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

Lin Moyu handed the bottle to Han Dong’er, “Try this. See if it helps.”

Han Dong’er blinked, surprised. Even without opening it, she could sense the extraordinary nature of the liquid inside.

The moment she uncorked the bottle, a rich, invigorating fragrance wafted out, instantly refreshing her spirit.

A look of astonishment crossed her face, “Incredible...”

A faint glow appeared at her fingertip—the only skill she could still use: Detection.

A moment later, after reading the information, Han Dong'er's eyes widened. She covered her mouth in shock, "Brother Lin, did you kill the Venomous Flood Dragon?"

Jialan Lieyang, equally stunned, exclaimed, "Brother Lin! You killed a Venomous Flood Dragon?"

Lin Moyu nodded calmly, "Yes, I did."

The courtyard instantly fell silent. It felt as if the very air had thickened, freezing in place.

Jialan Lieyang stared at Lin Moyu like he was looking at something inhuman, disbelief and shock written all over his face.

Several seconds passed before Jialan Lieyang suddenly threw his head back and burst into laughter, "This is hilarious! Those bastards from the Flying Eagle Guild made that trip for nothing!"

Lin Moyu gave a small smile, "Sister, go ahead—try it. Let's see if it works."

Without hesitation, Han Dong'er drank the drop of Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid.

The effect was immediate.

A brilliant, radiant light burst from her entire body, and her suppressed aura began to surge, rapidly strengthening.

Chapter 462: The Lower Layer's Sole City

Han Dong'er's aura steadily surged, growing stronger with each passing moment.

Jialan Lieyang's face lit up with relief and joy—there was no doubt now: the poison within Han Dong'er had been neutralized.

“It seems the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid is incredibly effective.” Lin Moyu mused, “I wonder if it could also work against the Putrid Corpse Poison.”

“I'll need to find a chance to test that.”

Lin Moyu's thoughts drifted to the God-level human powerhouses who had saved him in the Putrid Corpse Land.

A single drop of kindness should be repaid with a torrent of gratitude.

Even if the odds were slim, he was determined to bring them back—no matter the cost.

Even Antares had said it was impossible.

But giving up had never been an option for Lin Moyu.

“Big Brother Lieyang.” He asked, “Can you tell me what lies beneath the ice layer of the Green Sea Grassland?”

“Of course!” Jialan Lieyang replied without hesitation. He now regarded Lin Moyu with deep reverence—almost as if he were divine.

Having explored the lower layer for years, Jialan Lieyang knew far more about it than Lin Moyu.

Just a meter beneath the Green Sea Grassland was a hidden layer of ice.

Due to the unique properties of the grassland, any attack against it would be absorbed and then reflected back with equal force.

The stronger the assault, the harsher the retaliation.

Unless one could unleash enough power to destroy the entire grassland, the ice layer would remain concealed.

In effect, the one meter-thick grassland served as a shield.

Curiously, the monsters dwelling there were unaffected by the reflection mechanism.

There were two known ways to catch a glimpse of the ice layer beneath the Green Sea Grassland.

The first was to wait for the monsters to drink water. During those moments, the monsters would melt open the grassland and thaw the ice, briefly revealing the hidden layer beneath.

Unlike the grassland, the ice layer wasn't nearly as tough. With enough raw power, it could be broken.

According to Jialan Lieyang, most class users above level 80 had the capability to break it.

Lin Moyu quickly did the math. Without activating his Enhance Troops skill, he likely wouldn't make the cut.

While his combat strength was formidable, he lacked the explosive burst power that peak-level class users possessed.

The attribute gap was simply too wide. For level 80-plus peak-level class users, total attributes exceeded a million.

Warriors alone could have over 500,000 in strength—before adding status buffs, equipment, and skill bonuses.

That kind of explosive output easily surpassed even his Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

The second method depended entirely on luck—stumbling upon a crack in the ice layer.

Last time, Jialan Lieyang found one and ventured below, but Han Dong'er was severely injured by a monster lurking beneath the ice and struck with a hard-to-cure poison.

The creature responsible was called the Sword Dragonfish.

It resembled a Lanternfire Fish in shape, but the lantern on its head was replaced by a sword.

It was also a lord rank boss and extremely aggressive. Beyond that, Jialan knew little.

Lin Moyu also learned that the ice layer beneath the grassland was approximately 50 meters thick.

Meanwhile, Han Dong'er's aura continued to rise—now hovering around level 40.

She had been wounded for a long time and would need time to recover fully.

After some thought, Lin Moyu asked, “Is it possible to bypass it from the bottom of the ocean?”

The Green Sea Grassland bordered the Green Dragon Ocean, separating the grassland from the eastern continent.

In theory, the ocean should connect to the bottom of the Green Sea Grassland.

But Jialan Lieyang shook his head, “People have tried—diving thousands of meters deep. All they found was more ice.”

“You could think of it like this: the entire Green Sea Grassland is essentially a single, massive slab of ice, with the grassland layered on top.”

Lin Moyu finally had a complete picture of the Green Sea Grassland—and his curiosity only grew.

After the poisonous pool incident, he felt certain there was a hidden secret buried beneath the grassland.

But at his current strength, exploring it was out of reach. Still, he vowed that one day, he would uncover its mysteries.

After the two chatted for a while longer, Han Dong'er's aura finally stabilized.

She was also a level-80-plus class user—almost on par with Jialan Lieyang.

Peak-level level 80 Concoctors were exceedingly rare, and they had the potential to ascend to God-level in the future.

As a result, Han Dong'er's value far surpassed that of Jialan Lieyang.

So when Jialan Lieyang returned to the fortress with a fully recovered Han Dong'er, it sparked a wave of astonishment.

The Celestial Dragon Continent lay at the far eastern edge of the Immemorial Battlefield's lower layer.

It was said to be extremely ancient, mysterious, and filled with relics and secrets—some even believed it was connected to the Shenxia Empire.

But when Lin Moyu heard Jialan Lieyang's introduction, his first instinct wasn't to think of the empire—it was to suspect a connection to China.

After all, the Primordial Rune skill he had acquired was composed of an ancient Chinese character.

The Teleportation Formation on the Celestial Dragon Continent was situated at the edge of a cliff—a relatively safe area.

Not far from the cliff stood a city—belonging to the Shenxia Empire.

The Jialan Guild had a base there.

Aside from the guild's Teleportation Formation, several others dotted the area, all maintained by non-governmental forces affiliated with the Shenxia Empire.

Within the city itself, however, only imperial officials were permitted to construct Teleportation Formations—for security reasons.

Standing on the cliff's edge, one could gaze out over the Green Dragon Ocean.

Its waters stretched endlessly to the horizon, colored a vivid green-blue.

Waves slammed against the cliff, rebounding violently and crashing into hidden currents below, sending plumes of seawater into the air.

It was a striking and unusual scene.

Jialan Lieyang remarked, "I never understood why they call it the Green Dragon Ocean. Some say the waves resemble Dragons—but to me, they look more like serpents. What kind of Dragon looks like that?"

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, thinking to himself, "They're Dragons from China—not from this world."

Indeed, the churning waves bore a close resemblance to the Dragons depicted in Chinese mythology.

After watching for a while, the two made their way toward the city.

“The only force capable of building a city in the lower layer is the Shenxia Empire” Jialan Lieyang said.

“All those other countries—Eagle Kingdom, Sakura Kingdom, Bongja Kingdom, and the rest—they can’t do it.”

“Brother Lin, do you know why?”

Of course, Lin Moyu knew.

The land of the Immemorial Battlefield possessed a self-repairing ability.

No matter what was done to it, the land would quickly restore itself to its original form.

Seeing that Lin Moyu remained silent, Jialan Lieyang continued, “That’s because the Shenxia Empire possesses a half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse—something no other nation has.”

“Only someone at that level can alter the land here and build a city upon it.”

There was a note of deep pride in his voice.

Lin Moyu looked around. Indeed, the terrain here was unlike any he had seen elsewhere.

Half-step Transcendent God-level... truly beyond comprehension. A realm capable of defying even the laws of this mysterious battlefield.

The Shenxia City was a relic of time, bearing over a thousand years of history.

It was built during the early days of the Shenxia Empire by a half-step Transcendent God-level being.

Though the founder had long since vanished under unknown circumstances, the city stood the test of time.

The other nations could only watch with envy.

None dared provoke the Shenxia Empire—not while it still had the backing of the only half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouse in the present era.

“There’s a Teleportation Formation within the Shenxia City that connects to the eastern, southern, and northern regions of the Celestial Dragon Continent.” Jialan Lieyang explained.

“Unfortunately, I don’t have the clearance to use it. You need to be at least a six-star colonel to gain access.”

Jialan Lieyang continued talking about the city.

As they stepped into Shenxia City, Lin Moyu felt an odd sense of familiarity—almost as if he had returned to the Human World.

The streets bustled with activity, with many level 70-plus class users moving about.

There were mission boards, grinding halls, and a variety of other facilities available.

The Shenxia Empire’s military presence was impossible to miss—well-armed soldiers patrolled the streets, maintaining order around the clock.

The Shenxia Empire's military maintained a large year-round garrison here to keep order.

Lin Moyu asked, "I need to reach the northern Wind-Lightning Continent. If I use the Teleportation Formation, will it get me any closer?"

Jialan Lieyang nodded. "Absolutely. It'll save you at least tens of thousands of kilometers—and those aren't peaceful kilometers, either."

"Even though the monsters on the Celestial Dragon Continent are a bit weaker than those on Savagewild Continent, there are still plenty of level 80-plus bosses roaming around."

Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he smacked his forehead, "Ah! I forgot who I'm talking to. You killed the level 85 Venomous Flood Dragon. Those monsters won't be much trouble for you."

"Just keep an eye out for a handful of world rank bosses."

But Lin Moyu knew his own limits.

His victory over the Venomous Flood Dragon had only been possible because he'd meticulously planned everything—down to the smallest detail.

If the Venomous Flood Dragon had been just a little smarter or more unpredictable, things might have ended very differently.

Still, since the Teleportation Formation would significantly shorten the journey, Lin Moyu naturally chose to use it.

Jialan Lieyang suddenly tugged his arm, “Come on, let’s buy a map first. You’ll definitely need one down here in the lower layer.”

The shop was operated directly by the Shenxia Empire, with a long line of people queuing outside.

But off to the side was a quiet, empty entrance.

Lin Moyu raised an eyebrow, “Why is no one over there?”

Jialan Lieyang glanced at it and replied, “That’s the military officers' entrance. Only officers ranked six-star colonel or above can use it. Since this shop’s run by the military, military officers get a few perks.”

Lin Moyu promptly started walking toward it, “Then let’s use that entrance.”

Chapter 463: The Godly General Status Is Quite Useful

Jialan Lieyang tugged at Lin Moyu's sleeve, "This won't work... I'm just a one-star colonel."

He looked a little embarrassed as he said it. Despite being level 82, his military rank remained low—a consequence of spending most of his time on the Immemorial Battlefield, where he'd hunted monsters instead of Demons or Dragonkind.

As a result, his military merit was lacking.

If he'd focused on the Dimensional Battlefield instead, he might have reached seven- or eight-star colonel by now.

Lin Moyu smiled, "It's fine. I have the qualification."

Jialan Lieyang didn't question it. Lin Moyu might only be level 52, but nothing about him could be measured by ordinary standards.

The two headed for the military officer entrance.

The onlookers in the queue shot them mocking looks.

“Are those two out of their minds? That’s the military officer entrance.”

“The Knight’s got a one-star colonel badge. Sure, that makes him a military officer—but he’s nowhere near the six-star rank you need to get in.”

“And the other guy... wait, he’s only level 52?”

“What the—how did a level 52 even get here?”

“He’s probably using some rare item to mask his true level.”

“Doesn’t matter anyway. In this place, it’s military merit that counts.”

“Just watch—they’ll be thrown out in no time.”

Lin Moyu stepped into the shop.

The entrance opened into a separate area, completely isolated from the regular customer area.

Dedicated staff catered exclusively to military officers here, offering them a sense of privilege and prestige.

Military management was famously strict, with every aspect governed by precise, rigorously enforced regulations.

There was no room for leniency here.

The shop specialized in items for use in the lower layer.

Jialan Lieyang lowered his voice, a rare thing for someone usually so bold, “There’s no trade office in this city. Everything gets bought and sold in this shop.”

Within moments of their entry, a female soldier approached.

“Please present your military badges. If you don’t meet the qualifications, you’ll need to queue outside.” She said crisply, her tone firm, her bearing sharp.

Judging by the military badge on her shoulder, she held the rank of eight-star lieutenant.

She saluted Jialan Lieyang after noting his one-star colonel badge, then spoke, “You’re a one-star colonel. Entry requirements start at six-star.”

Her gaze shifted to Lin Moyu, a flicker of disdain in her eyes, “Your military badge?”

Military personnel typically never removed their military badge—it was a mark of honor.

Not wearing one meant either you weren’t military... or you disrespected the military. In her eyes, he was likely the latter.

Without a word, Lin Moyu retrieved the military badge and attached it to his shoulder.

A purple badge shimmered in the light, two solid stars gleaming brilliantly—and beside them, the outline of a third star, equally dazzling.

The female lieutenant’s expression froze. The contempt vanished, replaced by wide-eyed shock.

Then, a heartbeat later, it turned to solemn respect.

She straightened instantly, saluting with flawless military form, “Shenxia City Legion, 86th Squad, Ling Nan! Greetings, Sir Godly General!”

Lin Moyu gave a faint nod, “Hmm. I assume this meets the entry requirement?”

“Yes, Sir!” Ling Nan answered without hesitation.

Lin Moyu glanced at Jialan Lieyang, “And my friend?”

Ling Nan immediately replied, “According to regulations, a godly general may extend entry privileges to any individual of their choosing.”

Jialan Lieyang felt as if lightning had struck him.

He had suspected Lin Moyu held a high rank—but a godly general?

The weight of it hit him like a tidal wave. He felt as if the world had changed too much during his years on the Immemorial Battlefield.

And not just any godly general—a two-star godly general.

That meant Lin Moyu had slain a Demon King, a being on par with human God-level powerhouses. And to think someone at level 52 had accomplished such a feat... it defied belief.

Lin Moyu spoke again, “Lieutenant Ling Nan, I’d like to purchase a map of the lower layer.”

“Of course, Godly General. Please follow me.” Ling Nan responded immediately.

In this shop, military officers were assigned dedicated personnel—a right earned through slaying Demons, accruing military merit, and contributing to the survival of the human race.

The rules were simple: effort was rewarded, and rewards were fairly distributed.

Ling Nan produced a map, “Godly General, this is the most comprehensive map currently available.”

The map was very detailed, marked with all known areas of the lower layer.

It also featured a built-in location function. Once Lin Moyu left a mark on it, it would automatically display his current position—extremely convenient.

Lin Moyu scanned it briefly and quickly spotted the location he sought—Lightning Burial Canyon.

“Thank you. What’s the price?” He asked, satisfied.

Ling Nan hurriedly waved her hands, “It’s free of charge.”

Lin Moyu blinked, “Free of charge?”

Ling Nan nodded earnestly, “Godly generals enjoy many privileges—most services within the city are free of charge.”

Lin Moyu figured it was similar to the fortresses in the Dimensional Battlefield—godly generals weren’t required to pay for military resources. If such a rule existed, it was only natural for him to accept.

Without hesitation, he stored the map away.

Then he asked, “Do you have detailed intelligence on the lower layer?”

“We do, but the resources here are limited. Please wait a moment, Godly General...”

Ling Nan quickly contacted someone through her communicator, and a slightly animated voice echoed from the device.

After ending the call, Ling Nan reported, “Godly General, please wait a moment. Someone will deliver the materials shortly.”

Lin Moyu gave a slight nod, “In the meantime, show me what else you’ve got in this shop. Anything useful.”

“As you command.”

Outside, the line of people still waiting to get in wore increasingly confused expressions.

“Why haven’t those two been kicked out yet?”

“Could that level 52 kid actually be a six-star colonel?”

“No way. He didn’t even have a military badge on.”

“Maybe he put it away?”

“Are you kidding? What kind of military officer hides their military badge—especially in this city?”

As the murmuring spread, several figures suddenly descended from the sky, rushing straight into the shop.

“Whoa, they flew here! Who are they?”

“I know that person in the front—that’s Feng Yiming, legion commander of Shenxia City Legion. Nine-star colonel.”

“What the hell is the legion commander doing here? Don’t tell me... those two really have some insane identities?”

“No, it has to be that young man. I know the other one—that’s Jialan Lieyang, the young guild master of the Jialan Guild.”

Though the Jialan Guild was the top guild in the Shenxia Empire—possibly the top guild in all of humanity—its young guild master’s status meant little here.

Jialan Lieyang didn't have the qualifications to enter through the military officer entrance. His title held no weight in this city.

Which meant the only person who could warrant the personal appearance of Legion Commander Feng Yiming... was that mysterious young man.

The onlookers' curiosity hit a fever pitch. Everyone tried to guess Lin Moyu's identity, but no one could figure it out.

Inside the shop, Feng Yiming stepped forward and saluted sharply, "Shenxia City Legion's legion commander, nine-star colonel, Feng Yiming. Greeting, Sir Godly General!"

One glance at the man's uniform, and Lin Moyu immediately recognized the heritage.

The Feng Family—a bloodline of soldiers, generation after generation. They carried a distinct military presence that couldn't be faked.

Lin Moyu gave a faint smile, "No need for such formality, Legion Commander."

His tone was casual, but Feng Yiming wouldn't dare lower his guard.

Military protocol was absolute. And coming from a military family, Feng Yiming knew the weight of rank better than anyone.

He hadn't expected a Godly General to appear in Shenxia City. And not just any godly general—a two-star godly general who had slain a Demon King.

Feng Yiming had rushed over the moment he received word.

This was a symbol of true strength—how could he possibly not show respect?

He stepped forward and produced several thick books, “Godly General, this is all the information we currently have on the lower layer.”

“Where would you like to review it?”

Lin Moyu took the materials, “I'll read them here.”

Chapter 464: He's A Legend

Lin Moyu flipped through the materials at an astonishing pace, reading ten lines at a time and committing everything to memory.

In less than an hour, he finished the towering stack of thick books.

Throughout this, Feng Yiming remained silent, not uttering a word. He simply stood there, quietly observing Lin Moyu.

But at the same time, he operated the communicator on his wrist, his gaze toward Lin Moyu gradually changing—growing more respectful by the minute.

Through his own channels, Feng Yiming had uncovered information about Lin Moyu's remarkable achievements.

He learned how this absurdly young man had earned the rank of two-star godly general—a feat most wouldn't achieve in a lifetime, and Lin Moyu had done it within a single year.

When Lin Moyu finally closed the last book, he handed the materials back to Feng Yiming, "Commander Feng, I'd like to use the Teleportation Formation in Shenxia City."

Feng Yiming patted his chest, "No problem. When do you plan to leave?"

"Right now."

Without wasting another moment, the group left the shop and made their way to the Teleportation Formation.

Outside the shop, the crowd of top-level class users watched them depart. Their eyes widened as they saw Legion Commander Feng Yiming personally leading the way.

Sharp-eyed onlookers spotted the military badge on Lin Moyu's shoulder.

"Holy crap, that's a godly general!"

"I saw it too—no wonder Commander Feng came rushing over like that."

"Man, I totally misjudged him... I had no idea he was a godly general. Which one is he? What's he doing here?"

"I know who he is."

"Who?"

"He must be Lin Moyu..."

Someone who had recently arrived in the lower layer had heard tales of Lin Moyu in the Human World.

At once, people gathered around, eager to hear more.

Word of Lin Moyu's exploits would inevitably spread through every corner of the city before long.

At the Teleportation Formation, Lin Moyu turned to Jialan Lieyang, "Big Brother Lieyang, I'm heading off. Let's meet again if fate allows."

After learning Lin Moyu's true identity, Jialan Lieyang's demeanor became more reserved, "Yes, of course... until we meet again."

Lin Moyu sighed inwardly. This was exactly why he avoided revealing his military badge—it made ordinary conversation difficult, just like now.

In this regard, Jialan Lieyang and Shi Xing'an were quite different. Shi Xing'an's attitude hadn't changed from start to finish, treating him the same regardless of rank or title.

With a trace of regret, Lin Moyu stepped into the Teleportation Formation.

Once he was gone, Feng Yiming let out a long breath, “Whew... that guy’s on another level.”

Ling Nan blinked in confusion, “Commander, haven’t godly generals come here before?”

Feng Yiming chuckled, “Not all godly generals are the same. Have you ever seen a level 52 godly general?”

Ling Nan froze, “Wait—wasn’t he concealing his level?”

Feng Yiming laughed heartily, “That’s his real level. Level 52.”

“How is that possible!” Ling Nan was dumbfounded. She had assumed Lin Moyu was hiding his true strength, thinking he must be at least level 80, or even God-level.

Feng Yiming’s expression turned thoughtful, “He’s a legend.”

Meanwhile, the Teleportation Formation transported Lin Moyu over ten thousand kilometers to the northern reaches of the Celestial Dragon Continent.

The Teleportation Formation in Shenxia City had existed since the city’s founding, designed for fixed-point, one-way transfer.

There was no corresponding Teleportation Formation at Lin Moyu's destination.

In other words, if Lin Moyu wanted to return to Shenxia City, he'd either have to make the journey on foot—or use a Teleportation Stone.

Teleportation Stones were sold in the shop, and Feng Yiming had casually gifted him a box containing ten of them.

Unless Lin Moyu was inside a dungeon or a special area, as long as he remained in the lower layer, he could instantly return to Shenxia City with a Teleportation Stone.

These Teleportation Stones were single-use and extremely valuable, each one costing over 50 million gold coins—the equivalent of half an Advanced Skill Scroll.

Ordinary class users would be reluctant to use even one. Yet Feng Yiming had handed over ten without a second thought—a total value of 500 million.

Unfolding his Lightning Deathwings, Lin Moyu soared northward.

Based on the materials he'd just reviewed, the Wind-Lightning Ocean was about a hundred kilometers ahead.

Beyond it lay the Wind-Lightning Continent, and near its center, the Lightning Burial Canyon—his true destination.

According to the documents, the stretch from the Teleportation Formation to the ocean was relatively safe.

There were no major bosses to worry about. At most, some scattered level 70-plus ordinary monsters—nothing Lin Moyu couldn't handle with ease.

Even so, he remained cautious. He neither flew too high nor too fast, keeping a constant watch on his surroundings.

Of the four continents, the Celestial Dragon Continent was considered the safest. The other three were far more dangerous.

At some point, the distant sound of waves reached his ears. A few minutes later, the coastline came into view.

Boom!

Thunder rumbled overhead, briefly illuminating the gloomy skies of the Immemorial Battlefield.

In the depths of the Wind-Lightning Ocean, flashes of lightning danced, accompanied by rolling thunder.

Countless bolts of lightning bridged the sky and sea, crashing into the churning waters and stirring up monstrous waves.

Unlike the Green Dragon Ocean, the Wind-Lightning Ocean was noticeably more violent.

Each ocean separating the continents had its own unique characteristics, and as its name suggested, the Wind-Lightning Ocean was dominated by fierce winds and raging lightning.

The turbulent elements here disrupted spatial stability, making it impossible to set up Teleportation Formations between the two continents.

Attempts had been made in the past, but without exception, teleportation was blocked midway by the chaotic wind and lightning.

Consequently, some travelers were hurled into the void, others teleported randomly to unknown locations.

A few unfortunate souls were even thrown straight into the perilous Falling Star Continent and never returned.

In the end, it was confirmed—the only safe and reliable way to reach the Wind-Lightning Continent was to fly across the ocean.

Hovering in the air, Lin Moyu surveyed the vast, stormy expanse.

“To safely cross the Wind-Lightning Ocean, the first thing to be wary of is the wind and lightning.”

“I have immunity to both elements, so that won’t be a problem.”

“The next threat is the Merfolk monsters. There’s a type unique to the Wind-Lightning Ocean—Flying Fish. They possess both wind and lightning attributes.”

“Each school of Flying Fish has a leader—a Flying Fish Lord. It’s a lord rank boss. That’s something to be especially cautious of.”

“Other than that, there shouldn’t be anything else.”

Lin Moyu carefully reviewed the details in his mind one last time.

Satisfied, he adjusted his direction and shot forward, pushing his speed to the limit—700 meters per second.

The distance between the Celestial Dragon Continent and the Wind-Lightning Continent was just under 3,000 kilometers. At this speed, he estimated he could cross the Wind-Lightning Ocean in around 30 minutes.

Gazing at the vast, stormy ocean beneath him, Lin Moyu couldn't help but wonder what kind of existence had the power to shatter an original continent into four parts.

Not only had the land been split apart, but oceans had formed in between, and the sundered core of the continent had turned into an endless void.

“God-level powerhouses couldn't do something like this... not even half-step Transcendent God-level powerhouses.”

“At minimum, it would take a Transcendent God-level being.”

“Or someone on the level of Antares.”

“Maybe one day... I'll be able to do it too.”

Boom!

A deafening clap of thunder snapped him out of his thoughts— he had entered the lightning zone.

The winds howled, churning the ocean below into towering waves that crashed and flung water high into the sky, only for it to fall like torrential rain.

Bolts of lightning streaked down endlessly, illuminating the dark skies in flickering flashes.

At first, the lightning bolts struck randomly, but the moment Lin Moyu crossed into the zone, they locked onto him like predators sensing prey.

Streak after streak of lightning rained down.

But Lin Moyu remained calm, his expression indifferent.

With 80% lightning elemental immunity and a 600% elemental resistance bonus, the lightning was little more than an annoyance. The tingle of electricity across his skin felt oddly nostalgic.

It reminded him of his time in the Putrid Corpse Land, where he'd endured countless lightning strikes.

Lightning crackling all around him, Lin Moyu surged forward, heading for the Wind-Lightning Continent.

A few minutes later, dark shapes emerged in the distance.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes when he spotted them—black, fish-like monsters.

Their bodies were long, flat, and slender, resembling sword blanks.

Each fish had dozens of pairs of small wings, fluttering so rapidly they blurred against the stormy backdrop.

They moved in tight formation—a school of over a hundred—slicing through the fierce winds with astonishing speed.

Curiously, the lightning avoided them entirely.

“The Flying Fish Lord.”

Lin Moya's sharp gaze locked onto the largest among them.

The Flying Fish Lord was over ten meters long, a massive figure compared to the others, whose average length was barely three meters.

At that moment, the entire school noticed Lin Moya.

Without hesitation, they turned in unison—a swift, fluid movement like a wave—and shot toward him.

Their speed was terrifying, streaking through the storm like arrows loosed from bows.

Chapter 465: Crossing the Wind-Lightning Ocean; Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster

The speed of the Flying Fish far exceeded Lin Moya's expectations.

In less than 0.1 seconds, they covered several hundred meters, moving without making a sound. A surprise attack from behind would be almost undetectable.

But no matter how fast they were, it meant nothing before Lin Moyu.

Just as the Flying Fish closed in, before they could launch an attack, all of them suddenly froze.

A layer of white bone encased their bodies.

Skill: Bone Prison!

Over a hundred Flying Fish, including the lord rank boss, were trapped simultaneously.

Because these monsters were so numerous and much higher level than Lin Moyu, the binding time was brief.

In less than a second, the Bone Prison began to disintegrate.

But that single moment was all he needed.

A flash of red light swept across, instantly cursing the Flying Fish.

Then, the Detection spell landed on the Flying Fish Lord.

[Flying Fish Lord (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 79]

[Strength: 500,000]

[Agility: 1,000,000]

[Spirit: 500,000]

[Physique: 700,000]

[Skill: Piercing Wind, Chain Lightning]

[Trait: 50% Wind Elemental Damage Reduction, Lightning Elemental Immunity, Greatly Enhanced Speed.]

The total attribute value was 2.7 million; not particularly impressive.

After getting used to world rank bosses, this lord rank boss felt underwhelming.

Lin Moyu remained perfectly calm. One glance at the attributes was enough to form a plan.

With a thought, his undead army appeared and surged forth, instantly surrounding the Flying Fish school in a tight encirclement.

The true danger of the Flying Fish lay in their sheer numbers.

Normally, those attempting to cross the Wind-Lightning Ocean traveled in large teams.

It was said that at least fifty people were needed to safely make the journey.

A solo traveler like Lin Moyu was practically unheard of.

Two seconds later, the Bone Prisons on the Flying Fish collapsed.

The Flying Fish Lord let out a piercing shriek, its body glowing with light.

In response, the entire school of Flying Fish radiated light.

Thunder cracked as bolts of lightning rained down on the school.

Skill: Chain Lightning!

The lightning bolts leapt from one Flying Fish to the next before finally striking the skeletons.

They didn't rely solely on their own power, but also drew upon the natural lightning of the Wind-Lightning Ocean.

It was a potent, coordinated assault by the entire school.

Against ordinary class users, even level 80-plus class users like Jialan Lieyang, this would have been a nightmare.

But against the undead army...

It still was far from enough.

The undead army was large, and the lightning's power spread thin—each skeleton endured only a fraction of the damage

The Lich Generals only needed to cast their healing spells a few times before the undead army was fully restored.

Amidst the crackling lightning, the skeletons launched their counterattack.

[Killed level 76 Flying Fish, EXP +4,560,000]

[Obtained Flying Fish's Scale]

[Killed level 76 Flying Fish, EXP +4,560,000]

[Obtained Flying Fish's Scale]

Notifications flooded.

The combined assault of the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen was overwhelming. In a single volley, half the Flying Fish school was annihilated.

Without the Enhance Troops skill, the Skeletal Great Mages' Elemental Explosions and the Skeletal Marksmen's arrows couldn't penetrate the defenses of world rank bosses.

But against these high-agility, low-defense Flying Fish, their attacks were devastating.

Especially with both skills carrying the lock-on attribute. No matter how fast the Flying Fish moved, they couldn't evade.

With the Deterioration Curse's suppression, Lin Moyu was certain that as long as the monsters were below level 80, whether on land or sea, they would be crushed beneath his undead army.

Even the Flying Fish Lord couldn't hold out for more than three minutes.

The gap between level 79 and 80 was immense.

[Killed Flying Fish Lord, EXP +7,900,000]

[Obtained Flying Fish's Knight Sword]

[Obtained Flying Fish's Essence]

[Flying Fish's Knight Sword (Knight-exclusive): quasi-legendary-grade weapon, all attributes +20,000, increases the power of Knight-type offensive skills by 100%.]

[Flying Fish's Essence: material for crafting quasi-legendary-grade equipment.]

Even though the weapon carried the quasi-legendary label, Lin Moyu wasn't impressed. Its attributes were lackluster, and most importantly, it lacked an attached skill.

Honestly, it wasn't even as good as some high-tier platinum-grade weapons.

Lin Moyu put it away, planning to toss it into the trade office later.

After effortlessly clearing out the Flying Fish school, he pressed onward.

The lightning in the air grew denser, thunder rumbling endlessly in his ears.

In the Wind-Lightning Ocean, the faster one moved, the more lightning one attracted.

From a distance, Lin Moyu had already become a streaking ball of lightning, trailing a long, glowing tail as he shot through the air.

After flying for over ten minutes, he reached the heart of the Wind-Lightning Ocean.

Suddenly, he sensed a surge of energy to his left.

“A battle... and quite a large one.”

His immense spirit force granted him razor-sharp senses.

In an instant, he gauged the situation. A battle was raging about 3,000 meters away, and it wasn't a small skirmish.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu veered toward the source.

From afar, a cluster of dark figures came into view.

Lightning crackled wildly in the air, gathering into a large lightning mass.

More than a thousand Flying Fish were launching a relentless assault on a large group of human class users.

And it wasn't just the Flying Fish.

Several enormous tentacles surged from the sea, joining the fray, striking at the class users caught within the encirclement.

Through the blinding lightning mass, Lin Moyu could make out 50 to 60 figures trapped inside.

They'd attempted to break out several times, but the sheer number of Flying Fish and the monster lurking beneath the surface forced them onto the defensive

"Over a thousand Flying Fish at once... That's a rare sight."

Although Flying Fish were naturally communal creatures, they typically moved in schools of a hundred or so.

A gathering of over a thousand was exceedingly rare.

And to command such a massive school, the Flying Fish Lord's level was likely over 80.

The gap between those above and below level 80 was like heaven and earth.

That said, the human side wasn't defenseless.

Among them were several peak-level level 80-plus class users, directing the battle.

If not for their presence, the group would have been wiped out long ago.

Lin Moyu observed silently for a while, quickly identifying the true source of their predicament—not the Flying Fish, but the creature lurking beneath the surface.

After a moment's thought, he dove straight into the ocean.

Submerged in the waters, his sharp eyes locked onto the tentacles' origin.

A massive, plant-like creature floated in the water, a tangled, fuzzy mass resembling a drifting patch of seaweed.

The tentacles were actually its vines.

“A Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster?” A trace of surprise flickered across Lin Moyu’s face.

He’d read about a similar creature in the materials on the lower layer, but he couldn’t be sure.

The Detection spell shot out.

[Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster (lord rank boss)]

[Level: 78]

[Strength: 600,000]

[Agility: 500,000]

[Spirit: 500,000]

[Physique: 1,000,000]

[Skill: Entangle, Lightning Chain]

[Trait: 50% Physical Damage Reduction, Lightning Elemental Immunity, Enhanced Health, Enhanced Regeneration]

“It really is a Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster... a rare plant-type boss that forms a symbiotic relationship with Flying Fish.”

The result from Detection matched perfectly with the descriptions he'd read.

This type of creature was exceptionally rare. And when paired with a Flying Fish school, it raised their overall threat level by several notches.

As expected of a plant-type lord rank boss, the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster possessed the usual characteristics: an abnormally high physique attribute, as well as Enhanced Health and Rapid Regeneration.

Its vines weren't ordinary either; if entangled, breaking free would be no easy feat.

It posed a serious threat to class users.

That was why, in the past, any party encountering one would try their best to eliminate it.

The algae growing on its body, known as Lightning Algae, was a rare material.

Once refined by Concocters into the Lightning Potion, it could permanently increase one's lightning elemental resistance.

“Since I’ve come across it, there’s no reason to hold back.”

Lin Moyu’s interest was piqued.

Back when he first read about it, he’d already coveted those Lightning Algae.

Anything that could permanently enhance elemental resistances was priceless.

Even if he didn’t need it, he could trade it for something equally valuable.

In an instant, the frenziedly attacking Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster stiffened.

A layer of white bone materialized around it, locking it in place.

Chapter 466: Finally Dropping All Pretenses

The embattled class users suddenly noticed that the tentacles of the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster had gone still, now coated in a layer of white.

In that instant, the pressure eased.

“Now’s our chance—counterattack!” The lead class user shouted.

They launched a fierce assault against the Flying Fish.

Sensing the shift, many Flying Fish dove into the water to defend the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster, further relieving the pressure on the class users.

Seizing the momentum, they fought with all their might.

Three level 80-plus class users joined forces to besiege the Flying Fish Lord. Even for them, facing such a foe demanded everything they had.

Their attire revealed they hailed from the same faction.

The fact they had held their own against over a thousand Flying Fish and the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster spoke volumes of their strength.

Now, with the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster's interference gone, their combat power erupted.

Flying Fish fell one after another.

The Flying Fish Lord retaliated, unleashing its lightning-type skill, and thunder roared.

At its command, the Flying Fish darted like arrows, their bodies most powerful weapons.

The battle surged to a fever pitch.

The Flying Fish Lord let out sharp, anxious cries.

Suddenly, one of the class users attacking it shouted, “Something’s wrong—someone’s attacking the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster! Team Three, investigate!”

“On it!”

Several broke away, ignoring the Flying Fish, and flew downward.

Just as they were about to dive into the water—Lin Moyu emerged.

In Lin Moyu’s hand was the massive corpse of the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster.

He had slain it in just a few minutes.

At that moment, the Flying Fish Lord let out a piercing screech and turned to flee, lightning crackling around it.

The other Flying Fish followed instantly, disappearing without a trace in the blink of an eye.

With the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster dead, the Flying Fish Lord sensed grave danger.

Its survival instinct took over, and it fled without a second thought.

Lin Moyu sighed inwardly, “They sure ran fast.”

He had the opportunity to stop them, but saw no reason to.

“Don’t pursue them!” The lead class user barked, shifting his focus to Lin Moyu.

After all, their real target wasn’t the Flying Fish, but the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster now in Lin Moyu’s grasp.

The leader's expression darkened as he stared at Lin Moyu, a hint of surprise in his eyes, “Level 52? He’s definitely hiding his real level.”

No one believed a level 52 class user could kill the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster.

Even more puzzling, how had a level 52 class user even come to the lower layer?

Yet Lin Moyu stood there alone, victorious. That made the leader cautious.

Scanning the surroundings and seeing no one else, he suspected Lin Moyu's companions might still be underwater.

He murmured a few words to his teammates, then stepped forward, then fixed his eyes on Lin Moyu, "Shenxian, why did you steal our boss?"

With their distinctive attire, Lin Moyu recognized them as members of the Holy Overseer Church.

Relations between the Holy Overseer Church and the Shenxia Empire were lukewarm: neither hostile nor friendly.

Normally, there was little conflict, but also little interaction.

Lin Moyu didn't like the look in the man's eyes, "I saw you getting overwhelmed, so I did you a favor."

It was the truth, but the other party clearly didn't buy it.

"Shenxian, we're a party from the Holy Overseer Church. I'm Kled. We came here specifically to hunt the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster."

“Since you meant well, we’ll let it slide.”

“Just hand over the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster, and we won’t hold it against you. You’ll even earn the friendship of the Holy Overseer Church.”

His tone was condescending, as if Lin Moyu had no choice but to agree

Lin Moyu chuckled, “And why would I do that?”

Kled’s expression darkened, “We discovered the boss first. You had no right to interfere.”

“Hand it over.”

If Kled had approached with a hint of sincerity, Lin Moyu might’ve considered sharing a portion of the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster.

But now?

His voice turned icy, “So what? Without my interventions, you wouldn’t have defeated the Flying Fish school and the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster. You might’ve died

“You should be thanking me for saving your lives.”

One of Kled’s teammates leaned in and whispered something. Kled nodded, face hardening.

“Shenxian, we came prepared. We’ll get what we came for. I’m giving you one last chance.”

“Hand over the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster. I’ll even let you keep a tenth.”

“Otherwise...”

The threat hung heavy in the air.

At the same time, several of Kled’s teammates began to subtly shift into combat positions.

Lin Moyu raised a brow, “Otherwise what? You’ll kill me?”

Kled gripped his sword tightly, his shield beginning to emit a faint glow.

He was a Crusader, a unique class exclusive to the Holy Overseer Church.

Blending the strength of a Warrior with the resilience of a Knight, Crusaders boasted both high attack and formidable defense.

To many, it was a near-perfect class.

Kled's expression grew solemn, his voice booming like thunder, "Hand over the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster, or you won't leave this place alive."

As his words fell, his more than fifty subordinates moved instantly, surrounding Lin Moyu.

But Lin Moyu didn't flinch.

He stood calmly in the center of the circle, feeling amused.

Where did they find this confidence, acting as if they truly had him cornered?

He hadn't meant to steal their boss. He genuinely intended to help.

Had they approached with some decency, perhaps shown a shred of gratitude, he might have even offered to split the loot.

After all, with his lightning elemental resistance already at 80%, the Lightning Algae was of little value to him.

But instead, they met his goodwill with blame, and now threats.

So be it.

Not only would he keep the prize, he might as well kill them all.

Lin Moyu sneered, "Finally dropping all pretenses, huh?"

Kled took a deep breath, "The Holy Overseer Church has no quarrel with Shenxia. I'll give you one last chance. Hand over the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster, and we'll let you walk away."

As he spoke, his eyes scanned the surroundings, wary of hidden allies.

Lin Moyu chuckled, “Don’t bother. I’m alone.”

“Actually, think about it. If I could take down the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster by myself... what makes you think I can’t take down all of you?”

Lin Moyu had killed people before, and quite a few times at that.

He didn’t seek bloodshed, but once he made a move, no one lived to tell the tale.

At that moment, a murderous aura erupted from Lin Moyu’s Domain Divine Stone, surging skyward like a pillar of black smoke.

The lightning within the Wind-Lightning Ocean recoiled as if in fear, scattering into the depths.

Kled’s face went pale. He had overlooked something critical.

He had assumed Lin Moyu had backup hidden underwater.

What he hadn't considered was the far more terrifying truth—what if Lin Moyu had done it all on his own alone?

The realization sent a chill down his spine, cold sweat sliding down his back.

The oppressive murderous aura rolling off Lin Moyu was suffocating. Kled involuntarily shivered.

“Run!” He roared, spinning to escape.

But it was too late.

In the blink of an eye, a thin layer of white bone appeared over everyone's bodies, including his own.

He couldn't move. His body was completely locked down. Only his thoughts and vision remained free.

A violent power stirred within him. As a Crusader, he had skills that could break through most restraints.

His body began to glow. Breaking free would take less than a second.

And the same was true for other class users in his group.

Breaking free wasn't the hard part. The hard part was what came next.

After all, in that brief moment, his fate could already be sealed.

A flash of red light streaked past his vision, and he saw tiny red swords, each trailing a chain, on everyone's heads. Everything seemed to slow.

Then, countless skeletons materialized in the air, completely surrounding them.

Each skeleton had glowing rings of light beneath their feet.

Without him even realizing when, flames erupted across his body, frost crept over his skin, and bolts of lightning rained down like judgment.

And then, right before his eyes, skeletons swung their massive axe at him, radiating a red glow.

Skill: Super Extreme Defense!

Kled activated his strongest defensive skill at the last possible instant.

Super Extreme Defense was an upgraded form of the Knight's Extreme Defense, unlocked only at level 80.

The skill provided 60 seconds of invincibility.

During this time, even the most powerful bosses couldn't touch him.

And he wasn't alone

Two more level 80-plus Crusaders activated the same skill.

In this state, no negative status effects could touch them, and even those already in effect were instantly erased.

Chapter 467: Holy Church Sacrifice; Angel Holy Spirit

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swung their axes, unleashing blows that landed squarely on Kled.

Thunderous crashes echoed, but Kled only trembled slightly.

A faint radiance shimmered around him, his defenses holding firm.

In his Super Extreme Defense state, Kled's durability had reached its peak.

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised. A level-80-plus Crusader was bound to have powerful survival skills.

But it didn't matter. The outcome wouldn't change.

Watching Kled break free from the binding, Lin Moyu muttered, "Next... you're going to run, aren't you?"

As Kled broke free, screams pierced the air.

Others weren't as lucky. Many were still trapped, cut down by the relentless axes.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Explosions erupted as hundreds of attacks slammed into Kled.

Elemental Explosions broke out on his body. Then came a storm of arrows, slicing through the air and striking him with a metallic clang.

Over 10,000 Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen launched a relentless storm of attacks.

Explosions rocked the battlefield. Screams echoed as more people fell.

Kled had planned to charge Lin Moyu for a final, desperate showdown.

But faced with an endless sea of skeletons and the dying cries of his comrades, he realized there was no way forward.

"Run!" Without hesitation, he turned and activated Charge, trying to break through the skeletal horde and flee.

He wasn't alone. The other two level 80-plus Crusaders charged out as well, radiant with brilliant light as they forced their way through the skeleton horde.

They didn't know where they were going, only that they had to break free.

But no matter which direction they ran, they were surrounded by countless skeletons on every side.

Realizing their attacks were ineffective, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors stopped swinging their axes and instead formed a "living" wall, blocking every possible path.

The three Crusaders fought with everything they had, smashing skeletons aside.

But there were simply too many. 30,000 skeletons filled the area like a tide of death.

No matter how fiercely they struggled, escape was impossible.

Seconds passed. Then more. Kled's heart sank.

There was no hope, not even a sliver.

All around him, the screams of his comrades echoed.

One by one, teammates dropped out, each name that left the party marking a death.

One minute passed.

The radiance around Kled disappeared.

Skill: Extreme Defense.

Without his ultimate skill, he could only fall back on Extreme Defense, a powerful boost, but no longer invincible.

And it only lasted 30 seconds. Even less under constant attack.

Lin Moyu watched his every move.

The moment Kled triggered Extreme Defense, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors attacked again.

Elemental Explosions and arrows followed.

The protective light flared briefly, then vanished.

Extreme Defense shattered in just two seconds.

Kled glanced back at Lin Moyu and felt a jolt of despair.

After fighting with everything he had for over a minute, he'd barely moved a hundred meters.

The other two Crusaders were in the same predicament

Skill: Group Defense!

Kled activated his final defensive skill.

A protective shield erupted outward, pushing back the surrounding Skeletal Berserk Warriors and buying him a precious moment.

None of the other defensive skills could help. Only Group Defense could withstand attacks from every direction... but even it would only last a few seconds.

Then, as if steeling his resolve, Kled dropped to one knee midair, shield placed before him, sword raised high, eyes filled with reverence.

"Holy Church Sacrifice!"

A pillar of pure white light shot skyward.

The other two Crusaders mirrored him, dropping to one knee, swords lifted, crying in unison, "Holy Church Sacrifice!"

Three brilliant pillars of white light surged into the heavens, converging into one.

Bathed in the white glow, the three entered a strange state.

All the attacks were blocked, and the skeletons couldn't get close.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, “A sacrifice?”

“Is it a skill like the ones used by the Abyssal Demons?”

Lin Moyu had witnessed several Abyssal Demon sacrifices firsthand, each one had ended in the summoning of powerful Demons.

He couldn’t help but wonder what this sacrifice would summon.

A sense of foreboding tightened in his chest, and he issued a new command.

The dying screams rose in pitch and intensity. And within moments, all remaining members of the Holy Overseer Church, save for the three Crusaders, were dead.

The combined radiance from the three Crusaders lit up the Wind-Lightning Ocean, casting white light across a hundred kilometers.

Within its glow, the wind fell silent and the lightning stilled.

Multicolored light streamed down from the sky like falling stardust.

Then, the three cried out as one: "We humbly request your descent!"

Within the brilliant white radiance, a phantom began to take shape—a feminine figure bathed in divine light.

A pair of pure white wings unfurled behind her. The winds were neither demonic nor draconic.

The phantom grew clearer with each passing second, glowing with a sacred brilliance.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed, "An Angel..."

Angels were sacred symbols of the Holy Overseer Church, messengers of their Supreme God, the Holy Overseer, and revered as Gods themselves.

The phantom fully materialized, transforming into a living Angel.

At the same time, the three Crusaders began to fade, until their forms vanished entirely, merging into the Angel's body.

The Angel opened her eyes. Her gaze pierced like lightning, locking onto Lin Moyu.

“Heretic. You shall be burned by Holy Fire!”

“Burn my ass.”

He felt the pressure of a God-level aura surging from the Angel and immediately cast Detection.

[Angel Holy Spirit (fake God-level)]

[Formed from the collective faith of generations of Holy Overseer Church believers, summoned through a life-sacrificing ritual, possesses fake God-level power, can persist for 5 minutes.]

“Fake God-level.” Lin Moyu exhaled softly.

He had slain a suppressed Demon King and a dying Poison God in the past.

This being, even if stronger than the Fire Demon King, the difference wouldn't be too great.

He remembered what Yan Kuangsheng once said: "All fake God-level beings are level 90. No exceptions."

Even among level 90 beings, the gap between a fake God-level and a real God-level powerhouse was vast.

If the ritual had summoned a real God-level powerhouse, Lin Moyu wouldn't have hesitated. He'd have turned and fled without a second thought.

But now...

Lin Moyu exhaled slowly, "Then let's fight. I still have seven Solidified Fire God's Blood Essences, that should be enough."

"And if not, I've got the Poison God's Blood Essence, and even a Godhead."

"If that's not enough... I'll detonate the Poison God's corpse. I refuse to believe I can't kill you."

A fierce, almost ecstatic energy surged through him. Battle intent blazed.

With so many trump cards in hand, Lin Moyu felt no fear, only anticipation.

Thunder cracked across the sky as a murderous aura erupted from him like a storm, engulfing the newly formed Angel Holy Spirit.

Under the weight of it, the Angel Holy Spirit visibly shuddered, clearly uncomfortable.

Her expression hardened. She raised one palm and struck downward.

Without any visible skill being used, the ocean's surface suddenly collapsed, forming a massive whirlpool.

A tremendous force slammed into Lin Moyu, sending him plunging downward.

The power behind that palm strike was immense. Lin Moyu couldn't tell what skill it was, but with a single blow, the undead army suffered heavy damage.

He raised a finger and cast Bone Prison.

This time, the target was singular, and Bone Prison's binding force was focused to the extreme.

The Angel Holy Spirit's attack was interrupted.

Seizing the opening, Lin Moyu tore free and launched himself skyward.

Meanwhile, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors swarmed in from all directions, surrounding the massive figure of the Angel Holy Spirit.

She stood over 50 meters tall, and compared to her, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors were like ants swarming a giant.

Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen circled her from every direction, launching volley after volley in a relentless rain of magic and arrows.

Then, flames erupted.

Pure Holy Fire surged skyward from the Angel Holy Spirit's body, shattering the Bone Prison instantly.

Water from the ocean boiled away, and steam filled the air.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors were engulfed in flames, suffering significant damage.

The Lich Generals worked furiously, casting their healing skill in a frantic blur.

Suddenly, the back of Lin Moyu's hand glowed.

Skill: Enhance Troops.

At the same moment, he raised a finger.

The curse descended, and was instantly incinerated by the Holy Fire.

But Lin Moyu had anticipated that.

Next, a burst of green light exploded across the battlefield.

Skill: Poison Starburst.

The pure white flames on the Angel Holy Spirit's body flickered, then turned a ghastly green, resembling Abyssal Fire.

In Lin Moyu's left hand, Soul Blaze danced, burning eerily.

In his right, he grasped a Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence, summoning an Elemental Lich.

Following his command, Skeletal Berserk Warriors unleashed their skill and struck as one.

Elemental Explosions detonated across the Angel Holy Spirit's body, followed by a swarm of arrows.

The coordinated barrage battered her from all sides.

The Angel Holy Spirit's body twisted, clearly in pain.

With Enhance Troops active, both the undead army's attacks and Soul Blaze were capable of injuring her.

The flames burning across her body were nearly extinguished.

Then, the Angel whispered: "Holy Fire."

Raging Holy Fire erupted again.

The Angel Holy Spirit flapped her massive wings, and the Holy Fire scattered in every direction like.

Instantly, the entire undead army was engulfed. Not a single skeleton escaped the blaze.

Even Lin Moyu himself was caught within its radius.

The damage was tremendous.

The Holy Fire of the Angel Holy Spirit was not true flame, but a blend of fire and light elements, granting it exceptional destructive power.

Lin Moyu felt that the Angel Holy Spirit was stronger than the suppressed Fire Demon Lord.

Just as the fire raged, a God-level aura surged across the battlefield.

An unstable Fire Lich emerged and flew straight toward the Angel Holy Spirit.

But the Angel Holy Spirit paid it no mind.

Her focus was absolute, locked onto Lin Moyu.

She carried within her the hatred of Kled and the other two Crusaders and didn't even register the approaching threat.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors withdrew all at once, swiftly pulling back from the Angel Holy Spirit.

Boom!

The Angel Holy Spirit let out a miserable cry as the searing explosion engulfed her.

Chapter 468: The Poison Lich

Corpses soared through the air one after another. They were the former members of the Holy Overseer Church, now repurposed as weapons against the Angel Holy Spirit.

Lin Moyu raised his left hand, using Corpse Explosion to detonate the bodies midair.

In his right hand, he gripped a Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence. Flames flared as he began summoning an Elemental Lich once more.

He knew a single explosion wouldn't be enough.

The fake God-level Angel Holy Spirit, unlike the Fire Demon King who had been weakened inside a dungeon, wasn't suppressed and could unleash her full power.

The corpses of level-70-plus class users, enhanced a dozen times by Comprehensive Amplification, became deadly bombs.

The explosions nearly blasted away the Holy Fire protecting the Angel Holy Spirit.

Struck repeatedly, the Angel Holy Spirit was clearly furious.

A massive sword of pure Holy Fire formed in her hand.

“Swords of Inquisition.”

Her voice was soft, but the sky answered with violence. Countless sword projections appeared, raining down on over a thousand Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

In an instant, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors ignited and rapidly melted away.

Lin Moyu knew these skeletal berserkers had already died once.

But thanks to the Undying Ring skill, they had regained half their health.

However, the relentless attacks that followed still drove them back into death.

Not even Lin Moyu’s Comprehensive Link talent could save them. The Angel Holy Spirit’s power tore through his talent, killing the Skeletal Berserk Warriors outright.

Lin Moyu wasn’t surprised. His level and the level of his skills were still too low.

The skeletons' high attributes were impressive, but they were merely amplified attributes.

Their base health was still lacking, making them vulnerable to instakills from overwhelmingly powerful attacks. And once an instakill occurred, Lin Moyu's Comprehensive Link talent became useless.

But he had anticipated this. As his level rose, this issue could be resolved naturally.

The Angel Holy Spirit's assault was fearsome. Her Swords of Inquisition had already annihilated over a thousand Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

The battle had barely lasted three or four seconds, yet it had already reached a critical intensity.

She unleashed Swords of Inquisition again. Another thousand skeletons fell.

Flames surged across her body. It was no longer clear whether it was her own Holy Fire or the fire released by the Fire Lich.

Suddenly, another Fire Lich hurled itself toward her.

A deafening explosion tore through the air.

The Angel Holy Spirit shrieked. One of her wings was obliterated, and several sections of her body were shredded by the blast.

The Fire Lich summoned by the Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence possessed fake God-level destructive power, enough to severely wound even her.

Yet Lin Moyu noticed that the detonation didn't benefit from his Enhance Troops skill. If it had, a single blast might have been enough to kill her outright.

Holy Fire surged once more across the Angel Holy Spirit's body.

Within that Holy Fire, the poison from Poison Starburst was burned away, purifying the fire back to a pristine white.

Her wounds began to regenerate rapidly in the blaze.

Water evaporated around her in great clouds. Thick mist rose, blanketing the battlefield and obscuring vision.

“What a tough opponent...” Lin Moyu muttered.

Still, he could sense that despite the healing, despite the cleansing of the poison, her aura had weakened.

Clearly, her power wasn’t limitless. The earlier attacks had taken their toll.

The murderous intent in Lin Moyu’s heart deepened.

A drop of dark green blood surfaced in his palm—Poison God’s Blood Essence.

Now that he had claimed the Poison God’s corpse, the blood essence came with it, still fresh and brimming with power.

Lin Moyu used it to summon an Elemental Lich.

Sinister green light erupted and spread across hundreds of kilometers.

A Poison Elemental Lich, about a meter tall, glowing with eerie green light appeared in front of Lin Moyu, replacing the Fire Lich.

A dark green ring of light materialized beneath the feet of every skeleton.

[Poison Ring: grants all undead troops the Poison Ring, dealing 10 points of strength as damage to all enemies within a 1,000-meter radius. This effect can stack infinitely.]

At first glance, the effect seemed underwhelming. Ten points per second? Barely a scratch.

But that final part, can stack infinitely, was what made it terrifying.

Lin Moyu currently commanded 30,720 skeletons. Under this skill, they could deal over 300,000 damage per second to enemies within range.

Class users of equal level wouldn't survive long in front of this ring of light. As the number of skeletons continued to grow, so would the damage.

To Lin Moyu, the number of enemies had never mattered.

Whether it was through his powerful undead army or the devastating blasts of Corpse Explosion, he never feared being outnumbered.

Now, with Poison Ring...

They could send a sea of weaklings at him. They'd all just die.

Previously, whether it was his skeletons or his skills, their strength largely depended on the Comprehensive Amplification talent.

But this ring of light was different. It operated independently of that talent.

Which meant that even without Comprehensive Amplification, Lin Moyu remained unrivaled among those at his level, and taking on enemies ten levels above him would be an easy endeavor.

The Angelic Holy Spirit, who had only just expelled the poison, turned green all over again.

Lin Moyu stared at the Poison Lich that had materialized before him, and even he felt a chill run down his spine.

It wasn't that the Poison Lich looked particularly terrifying. In fact, it still seemed a little cute and goofy.

But the power within it...

The chaotic, uncontrollable energy surged violently, far exceeding that of the Fire Lich summoned using Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence.

"Retreat!" Lin Moyu shouted, pulling back at full speed.

His figure blurred as he moved, and every skeleton under his control instantly fell back in unison.

Yet the Poison Lich appeared before the Angelic Holy Spirit in an instant, almost as if it had teleported.

Two seconds later, it detonated silently.

Unlike the Fire Lich's earth-shattering, flame-filled explosion, the Poison Lich's self-destruction made no sound at all.

It simply dispersed into a massive cloud of green poisonous gas, expanding outward to cover a ten-kilometer radius.

Seeing the rapidly spreading poison, Lin Moyu's expression shifted drastically. He fled with even greater speed.

The Poison Lich's detonation made no distinction between friend and foe. Lin Moyu had no intention of dying to his own skill.

Thankfully, he reacted quickly enough. He managed to outrun the poison cloud.

A few skeletons, however, weren't so fortunate. The poison engulfed them, and their bones melted into sludge.

The damage was devastating, so much so that even the Comprehensive Link talent couldn't preserve them.

Lin Moyu felt a lingering chill, "The blood essence of a mid-tier God... is this terrifying."

Compared to the Fire Lich summoned with Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence, this Poison Lich was on a completely different level.

Within the vast green cloud, the silence was absolute.

The Angel Holy Spirit's Holy Fire had vanished from sight beneath the poison gas.

Seconds passed.

[Killed Angel Spirit, EXP +**]

The notification popped up, and Lin Moyu released a long sigh of relief.

slowly, finally releasing the breath he didn't realize he'd been holding.

The Angel Holy Spirit was dead.

He gained 90 billion EXP.

By EXP alone, the Angel Holy Spirit matched the Fire Demon King, confirming that the latter was indeed one of the weakest among the Demon Kings, merely equivalent to a fake God-level entity.

Perhaps the Fire Demon King had an edge in raw power, but the difference wasn't large.

Lin Moyu's EXP surged by 30%, equivalent to killing over 20,000 level 70 monsters.

But the price was steep.

Over 3,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors had been lost.

Lin Moyu frowned. Even with that much EXP, it felt like a net loss.

"If I get the chance... I'll make the Holy Overseer Church pay." He thought to himself.

He didn't care about who was right or wrong. Justice belonged to the one with the bigger fist.

The Human World, the Holy Overseer Church.

An Angel statue began to glow, flooding the hall with radiant light.

Senior figures of the church were instantly alarmed. Dozens of them rushed toward the hall.

They all knew that the Angel Holy Spirit had been summoned by the Crusaders.

And only one method could trigger that summoning: the Holy Church Sacrifice.

They must have encountered an exceptionally powerful enemy. Otherwise, they would never have resorted to such measures.

Orders were immediately issued to investigate who had performed the sacrifice.

The report came back quickly: three people had sacrificed themselves. One of them was Kled.

The moment his name was mentioned, everyone's expression changed.

Kled was the Holy Son of the Holy Overseer Church—the chosen successor to become the next Pope.

No one had expected something like this to happen to him.

They immediately began preparations for the resurrection ritual.

Kled had a soul brand planted. As long as the soul remained, he could be brought back.

But just as preparations began, the sky cracked open, and a green light descended and struck an Angel statue.

The Angel statue was instantly turned sickly green, then shattered with a deafening crash.

Everyone present turned pale with shock.

The Poison Lich's poison, following a spatial passage, had descended upon the Holy Overseer Church and destroyed the statue.

Normally, even if the Angel Holy Spirit were slain in battle, she could be summoned again after a period of time, so long as her statue remained intact.

But with the statue destroyed, the Angel Holy Spirit could no longer be summoned.

For the Holy Overseer Church, this was a devastating loss.

In the hall, there stood two Angel statues and one God King statue.

Now, one of the Angels was gone, shattered into pieces.

Rebuilding it would take countless years...

Chapter 469: When It Comes To Suicidal Missions, Let Others Handle That

Lin Moyu remained unaware of the turmoil unfolding within the Holy Overseer Church.

Before him, a Poison Lich spun slowly, glowing with a green light.

Having self-destructed earlier, the Poison Lich had returned to its designated level.

Lin Moyu had used the blood essence of the Poison God, a mid-tier God. That drop of blood essence contained overwhelming power.

The Angel Holy Spirit had been corroded and dissolved by the poison, not even a trace left behind.

Even her main body, the Angel statue within the Holy Overseer Church, was destroyed, the poison traveling through a spatial passage to reach it.

Watching the spinning Poison Lich, Lin Moyu was filled with awe at the Poison God's power.

A single drop of the Poison God's blood essence could eliminate a fake God-level powerhouse. And yet, even such a fearsome being had ultimately fallen.

What truly happened back then?

The battle ended. The Wind-Lightning Ocean returned to normal.

After neutralizing the Wind-Lightning Algae Cluster and harvesting the Lightning Algae, Lin Moyu resumed his flight toward the Wind-Lightning Continent.

His brief encounter with Kled and the others was a mere distraction, already forgotten in the blink of an eye.

This time, he slowed his pace, summoning Skeletal Berserk Warriors mid-flight to replenish his forces.

Lightning streaked across the sky, slamming into Lin Moyu. Soon, savage winds joined the fray.

The winds cut like blades, striking him alongside bolts of lightning.

These fierce winds and relentless lightning were the source of the Wind-Lightning Ocean's name.

His Bone Armor glowed under the onslaught, cracking and shattering repeatedly.

At first, Lin Moyu kept recasting the Bone Armor, but eventually grew too lazy to bother.

Anyway, he had a massive skeleton army to absorb the damage, enough to carry him safely to the Wind-Lightning Continent.

Once he arrived, he could summon his full undead army and let the Lich Generals handle the healing.

The rest of the journey passed without incident.

Twenty minutes later, Lin Moyu crossed the Wind-Lightning Ocean and officially reached the Wind-Lightning Continent.

He landed atop a coastal cliff. The storm had faded, no more howling winds or crackling lightning.

He immediately summoned his undead army, letting the Lich Generals begin the healing process.

While they worked, he took a moment to study the unfamiliar land before him.

In terms of danger, the lower layer could be ranked as follows.

The eastern Divine Dragon Continent was the safest, essentially a human stronghold, with the largest number of humans.

The southern Savagewild and northern Wind-Lightning Continents were similar in threat level, both teeming with danger.

The western Fallenstar Continent was the most perilous of all.

Unlike the Divine Dragon Continent, the Wind-Lightning Continent had far fewer humans, while the Demons and Dragonkind were more prevalent.

The three races had remained locked in unrelenting hostility for countless generations. Their hatred was ancient, etched deep into their very bones.

Lin Moyu had read about this in the books. He was prepared, ready for the battles to come.

Taking out the map, he located his current position, roughly 10,000 kilometers from the Wind-Lightning Canyon.

At his current pace, he estimated it would take around four hours to reach it.

That was assuming, of course, nothing slowed him down along the way.

But delays were almost guaranteed.

With his undead army fully restored and the lost Skeletal Berserk Warriors replenished, Lin Moyu surged forward.

His figure flickered, cutting through the air as he sped toward Wind-Lightning Canyon.

Compared to when he first arrived in the lower layer, Lin Moyu was far more confident.

Back then, the mere sight of level-80 monsters had made him instinctively retreat, engaging only when absolutely necessary.

But now, he understood his own strength.

As long as he didn't run into freakish, world rank bosses like the Giant Leaf Mother Tree, he had little to fear.

Meanwhile, in the Abyssal World, Mina knelt before the Succubus Queen, "Great Queen, Lin Moyu has entered the lower layer."

She recounted her encounter in detail, not omitting the fact that she had fled without putting up a fight.

In her view, retreating from an unbeatable foe was perfectly logical. Her life mattered more than pride.

The Succubus Queen didn't rebuke her. Instead, she closed her eyes in contemplation.

“Level 52... and he managed to enter the lower layer.”

“The last you saw him, he was still in the core area of the upper layer.”

“It seems Lin Moyu has encountered that person.”

“Only that person has the power to send him to the lower layer.”

Mina looked up, puzzled. She didn’t know who the Succubus Queen was referring to, but from the tone, it was clearly someone terrifying.

Even the Succubus Queen, one of the most powerful beings in the Abyssal World, didn’t have the ability to send someone under level 70 to the lower layer.

The Succubus Queen’s lips curled into a playful smile, “If that’s the case... then Lin Moyu must have made a deal with that person.”

“But their deal is their business. It doesn’t concern me. What matters is this: Lin Moyu is now in the lower layer. This is our best opportunity.”

She turned to Mina, “Go. Inform the Darkfiend King that Lin Moyu has gone to the lower layer. If he wants him dead, now is the time to strike.”

“If he plans to send someone after him, assist them. You did leave a mark on Lin Moyu, didn’t you?”

Mina responded without hesitation, “Yes, I did.”

Aside from their talents in seduction and soul control, the Succubus race possessed another unique ability. They could leave a secret mark.

At level 83, Mina’s mark was subtle enough that even someone as powerful as Lin Moyu couldn’t detect it.

With the Succubus Queen’s command in mind, Mina departed swiftly to find the Darkfiend King.

Once she was gone, the Succubus Queen chuckled softly, her voice sultry and dangerous, “When it comes to the Demon Emperor’s order, I can’t disobey.”

“But when it comes to suicidal missions, let Darkfiend handle that. I’d much rather sit back and enjoy the show.”

As her laughter echoed through the palace, the Abyssal Fire surged, radiating a strange aura.

After arriving in the Wind-Lightning Continent, Lin Moyu was first greeted by the sight of towering Lightning Trees.

This land was home to two iconic plant species: Wind Petal and Lightning Tree.

Lightning Trees had a unique trait, they attracted lightning.

With every thousand lightning strikes, the Lightning Trees would grow taller by a fraction.

At the first thousand lightning strikes, they would become platinum-grade materials.

After enduring ten thousand strikes, the Lightning Trees would evolve into quasi-legendary-grade materials.

And according to ancient lore, the trees that withstood ten million strikes could transform into legendary-grade materials.

But that, of course, was just a legend. No one had ever witnessed such a thing.

Ten million lightning strikes, just the thought of it was dreadful.

While Lightning Trees were coveted for their exceptional materials, they were also extremely dangerous.

They weren't just normal plants, but plant-type monsters, and worse, they existed in clusters.

As long as you didn't provoke them, they'd remain dormant. But once disturbed, they would retaliate with the entire clusters.

Even seasoned class users avoided them when possible.

A vast mountain range below was blanketed in Lightning Trees, too many to count.

Lin Moyu watched as lightning poured from the skies, slamming into the trees.

The entire mountain blazed with light, a blinding spectacle of raw, chaotic power.

Lin Moyu soared high overhead, with no intention of provoking the trees.

His current target was the Lightning Burial Canyon.

But suddenly, several black dots appeared in the distant sky.

They moved swiftly, cutting through the lightning, and rapidly grew larger in his vision.

“Dragonkind warships.”

Lin Moyu’s eyes narrowed. He hadn’t expected to run into Dragonkind warships here.

But something felt off. Their trajectory... they were flying straight toward him.

Had the Dragonkind somehow detected him ahead of time?

Eight Dragonkind warships surged through the sky, heading directly for Lin Moyu. They had locked onto him the moment he entered the Wind-Lightning Canyon.

It wasn't a coincidence.

Lin Moyu carried an unmistakable Dragonkind aura, a lingering mark from the thousands, perhaps more than ten thousand, of Dragonkind he had slain.

This aura wouldn't fade anytime soon. In fact, it only grew more intense with time.

To the Dragonkind, Lin Moyu was like a blazing fireball in the night, impossible to miss.

After a brief moment of surprise, Lin Moyu understood exactly why they had come.

Ever since Lin Moyu had first entered the Immemorial Battlefield and killed his first Dragonkind, he could be easily discovered by the Dragonkind and swiftly targeted.

Looking back now, the reason was clear: the Dragonkind aura that clung to him like a curse.

Realizing there was no point in fleeing, Lin Moyu simply stopped in midair, calmly waiting.

The eight Dragonkind warships were clearly a different class, unlike the larger, slower vessels he'd encountered before.

They were roughly a third smaller, but far faster and seemingly more advanced in firepower.

If the earlier warships were elementary-grade, then these were clearly advanced-grade.

The Dragonkind warships closed the gap with terrifying speed.

When Lin Moyu first spotted them, they were still over 10,000 meters away.

Now, in the blink of an eye, they were nearly upon him.

“They’re very fast. Faster than me.” Lin Moyu thought, narrowing his eyes

His internal estimate pegged their velocity at over 2,000 meters per second, well beyond his own speed.

At that rate, evasion in open air was impossible. His only chance of escape would be to dive toward the ground.

Then, at just over 3,000 meters away, all eight warships suddenly lit up.

A moment later, eight colossal energy beams exploded forth, racing through the air, straight toward Lin Moyu.

Chapter 470: The Dragonkind's Battle Puppets

The formations on the Dragonkind warships flared to life, Magic Crystals glowing brightly as they unleashed powerful attacks.

Lin Moyu reacted instantly. His wings hummed as he darted through the air, avoiding each strike.

The eight warships advanced relentlessly, their barrage unceasing. But Lin Moyu's agility made him a nearly impossible target.

These warships weren't designed for skirmishing with fast-moving enemies. Their true strength lay in siege warfare.

Against stationary targets, they were devastating.

But against someone like Lin Moyu, it was like firing anti-aircraft cannons at a mosquito, futile.

His sixth sense was razor-sharp. Spirit force extended around him like a net, warning him of danger before it struck.

Dodging at blinding speed, he closed the gap between himself and the warships.

He raised a finger to cast a spell, but then paused.

Below, the mountain range was dotted with countless Lightning Trees. If he used a curse now, it would provoke them.

Lin Moyu wasn't particularly afraid. But experience had taught him a lesson: disturb the small ones, and the big one follows.

A world rank Lightning Tree boss would complicate things far more than necessary.

The curse was ruled out. Poison Starburst, too. Area-of-effect skills were a no-go.

After a brief pause, Lin Moyu suddenly shot upward, climbing to 2,000 meters.

The Dragonkind warships followed, rising in pursuit.

At this altitude, while he still couldn't safely use wide-range spells like Deterioration Curse and Poison Starburst, skills such as Corpse Explosion and the Elemental Liches' rings of light were now viable.

With a thought, Lin Moyu summoned the undead army and the Elemental Liches.

The Fire Lich had been replaced by the Poison Lich.

In the blink of an eye, rings of light bloomed beneath every skeleton's feet. Six distinct rings flashed alternatively.

Thousands of lightning bolts rained down from the sky, turning the battlefield into a spectacle.

The warships' shields began to ripple and distort under the assault.

Sheets of ice formed across the warships, slowing them drastically.

But it wasn't just the exterior under siege, the rings of light pierced the shields, targeting the Dragonkind within.

The Poison Rings were especially devastating: over 30,000 of them stacked, delivering more than 300,000 points of damage per second.

It was like being struck by a 300,000-strength attack every second. No one could survive that for long.

The Dragonkind Healers scrambled, casting healing spells.

Meanwhile, the warships' Magic Crystals flared to life, firing a barrage in retaliation.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged straight into the onslaught. Most of the attacks they dodged; the rest, they took head-on.

The warships' assault wasn't potent enough to take them down in one blow.

The Comprehensive Link talent distributed the damage throughout the undead ranks, keeping them standing.

Then the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen joined the offensive, hammering the warships' shields with relentless force and pushing them to the limit.

Realizing the warships alone couldn't hold the line, the Dragonkind began leaping into the air, each one a level 70-plus Dragonkind Battle General.

What had started as a display of overwhelming force had turned into a desperate battle. They had severely underestimated him.

Over a thousand Dragonkind Battle Generals surged out from the warships.

Lin Moyu narrowed his eyes, feeling something was off.

“Strange... these Dragonkind Battle Generals aren't right...”

He had fought Dragonkind Battle Generals before.

Those opponents had been quick, alert, and intelligent. You could see the spark of thought behind their eyes.

But these? Their gazes were vacant, like puppets.

Looking closer, Lin Moyu noticed something unsettling: their armor, height, and appearance were identical.

Aside from their different classes, there was no telling one from another.

His thoughts raced, flipping through every memory he had of the Dragonkind.

Back in the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, the Dragonkind had been sharp and cunning.

But later, in the Dimensional Battlefield, something was different about the Dragonkind.

He remembered thinking it odd at the time.

But he'd been distracted by the murderous aura issue and hadn't dug deeper.

Now, the pieces were falling into place.

That strange batch from the Dimensional Battlefield... and now these troops standing before him, they shared the same dullness.

A bold theory formed in Lin Moyu's mind: "Could the Dragonkind have achieved a breakthrough... allowing them to mass-produce Battle Puppets?"

"If even level 70 Dragonkind Battle Generals could be mass-produced, that would be dreadful."

Battle Puppets weren't a new concept. They had appeared in historical records before.

The Dragonkind had deployed them in past wars, but those had been either weak or few in number.

But now, things appeared different.

After a thousand years of isolation, it seemed the Dragonkind had made a breakthrough.

The Dragonkind Battle Generals had already clashed with the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Lin Moyu didn't step in. Instead, he stood back, quietly observing.

As the battle unfolded, subtle clues began to emerge.

Their movements were stiff and predictable.

Though they possessed the right skills and attributes, their actual combat ability fell short.

They didn't fight like real Dragonkind Battle Generals.

To confirm his suspicion, Lin Moyu activated Detection.

[Dragonkind Spearman (ordinary battle general)]

[Level: 70]

[Strength: 250,000]

[Agility: 180,000]

[Spirit: 20,000]

[Physique: 200,000]

[Skill: Whirlwind Sweep]

[Trait: Enhanced Defense, Enhanced Dragonkind Scales, Enhanced Curse Resistance]

Level 70 ordinary Dragonkind Battle Generals with total attributes of 650,000, nothing impressive.

It aligned with what Lin Moyu already knew about Dragonkind.

The Dragonkind were split into three bloodline tiers: ordinary, advanced, and atavistic.

Ordinary Dragonkind were stronger than superior rank class users, but not quite as strong as legendary rank class users.

Advanced Dragonkind surpassed legendary rank class users, even outmatching high-tier legendary rank class users.

Atavistic Dragonkind stood at the top. They could go toe-to-toe with humanity's summit class users.

When it came to raw attributes alone, the power rankings between the three races were clear. Demons ranked first, Dragonkind second, and Humans last.

But combat prowess depended not just on attributes, but also on skills and synergy

Humans weren't weak, far from it. Among the three races, they held their own.

Especially after reaching level 70, when they unlocked the ability of flight, their potential skyrocketed.

In certain conditions, they could even surpass the Demons and Dragonkind.

But something didn't sit right with Lin Moyu.

He glanced again at the attributes displayed by Detection, eyes narrowing.

“The total attributes check out... but why is the spirit attribute so low?”

A level 70 Dragonkind Battle General shouldn't have just 20,000 spirit. That was quite abnormal.

Then, something clicked.

His eyes shifted to the warships hovering in the sky, where some Dragonkind remained.

These ones were clearly different, their expressions rich with emotion.

As the Dragonkind Battle Generals squads were overwhelmed by the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, the Dragonkind Battle Generals aboard the warships grew visibly anxious.

In contrast, the Dragonkind Battle Generals on the battlefield showed no emotion as they fought, their expressions cold and unchanging, battling to the death without hesitation.

By now, Lin Moyu was about seventy percent certain. They weren't true Dragonkind, but rather Battle Puppets.

Yet these puppets were different. Somehow, they even managed to deceive Detection, which piqued Lin Moyu's curiosity. He was determined to uncover the truth.

In the short minute he spent thinking, the thousand Dragonkind Battle Generals had already been completely annihilated.

The remaining Dragonkind aboard the warships looked panicked, shouting in alarm.

Lin Moyu guessed they were yelling, “Run!”

Sure enough, the warships turned and fled into the distance.

Lin Moyu watched them go without giving chase. They were incredibly fast, faster than he could pursue with his current speed.

“I’ve noted the direction.” He murmured.

“It’s different from the direction of the Lightning Burial Canyon. I’ll head to the canyon first, then return to investigate this further.”

With that, he dismissed his undead army and flew into the distance.

The mystery of the Battle Puppets could wait. First, he needed to retrieve what Antares had asked for from the Lightning Burial Canyon.