

NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER

Chapter 481: Must Find A Way To Instakill It

Lin Moyu didn't use Soul Blaze, since he had already tried. It was useless.

Thunderlight Beasts had no souls. They were more like puppets, weapons built for combat.

All his actions took less than a second.

In the very next moment, a barrage of attacks exploded against the Thunderlight Divine Beast.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors, empowered by Enhance Troops, activated their skill and unleashed a fearsome assault.

Each Skeletal Berserk Warrior had a base attribute of 276,000, which was amplified by the Lich Generals and Enhance Troops, boosting it to a staggering 1.24 million.

On top of that, the Berserk Blast skill dealt 600% of strength as damage.

That meant a single axe swing hit like an ordinary attack with over 8 million strength.

The overwhelming force tore through the boss's defenses, dealing devastating damage.

If this were just an ordinary monster, even one with similar attributes, it would've been obliterated instantly.

Although the Thunderlight Divine Beast was a world rank boss, with extremely high health and the Enhanced Health trait. But even so, it couldn't endure the relentless assault of over 10,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

And they weren't alone. The Skeletal Great Magi and Skeletal Marksmen also unleashed deadly attacks, piling on even more damage.

In almost an instant, the boss was heavily wounded.

Then, the Thunderlight Divine Beast began to glow.

Lin Moyu's heart skipped a beat. He immediately ordered the Skeletal Berserk Warriors to retreat, thinking it was about to self-destruct.

But something felt off.

“The aura isn’t right. This isn’t a detonation, but another skill.”

The Thunderlight Divine Beast’s aura didn’t spiral out of control.

Skill: Thunder Wrath!

In an instant, the entire passage was engulfed in a massive surge of lightning.

Had this been outside, thunder would have shaken the skies.

But in the Lightning Burial Canyon, there wasn’t a single sound.

The thunder was there, yet it was utterly silent, as if swallowed by the canyon itself.

And that silence made it all the more terrifying.

Lin Moyu’s hair stood on end, and a chill shot down his spine.

He could only watch as lightning exploded throughout the passage, engulfing his undead army and himself.

The blast lasted barely half a second. A flash, and it was gone.

But in that brief moment, Lin Moyu felt the brush of death.

That single skill had nearly wiped out his entire army, nearly instakilled him.

Of course, he knew he wouldn't die, and his undead army wouldn't perish, not with the Undying Ring skill present.

But this was just one Thunderlight Divine Beast.

Soon, he'd be facing two, maybe even three.

And if they started taking turns casting Thunder Wrath, he wouldn't be able to survive.

The worst part? The skill was unavoidable.

The lightning covered the entire passage, striking everyone within it.

“This won’t work. I have to change tactics.” Lin Moyu thought grimly.

Dozens of healing spells descended at once, flooding his undead army, allowing the near-decimated undead forces to recover.

Enhance Troops was still active. Barely five seconds had passed.

The skeletons launched a renewed, frenzied assault on the Thunderlight Divine Beast.

Lin Moyu stayed alert, eyes locked on the boss, dreading the next casting of Thunder Wrath.

Fortunately, the Thunderlight Divine Beast didn’t cast Thunder Wrath again before death came for it.

Its aura began to destabilize, wild arcs of lightning crackling chaotically across its body.

“It’s going to self-destruct!” Lin Moyu’s expression tightened as he gave the retreat order.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors immediately fell back as far as they could.

At this point, the entire undead army was tangled in lightning and couldn’t be recalled.

The only option was to put as much distance between themselves and the Thunderlight Divine Beast as possible.

Aside from the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, Lin Moyu led the rest of the undead army toward the entrance of the passage.

They pulled back to roughly 2,000 meters.

This was the reason he had lured the Thunderlight Divine Beast forward over a thousand meters to begin with: to create a safe distance for this moment.

Still, Lin Moyu didn’t know if the distance would be enough. He could only gamble.

As for the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, they would retreat as far as they could. There was nothing more he could do for them.

Lightning surged again, and Lin Moyu shut his eyes instinctively.

The light was blinding, so intense it could burn out his retinas if he kept them open.

Even with his eyes closed, he could still feel the brightness, like the lightning was searing through his eyelids.

“The Self-destruction range is 1,500 meters.”

“It’s very powerful, and Undying Ring is ineffective.”

“Comprehensive Link is also ineffective.”

Through his spirit connection, Lin Moyu felt his Skeletal Berserk Warriors being obliterated.

With the Undying Ring skill, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors revived after being killed, only to fall again immediately after.

Meanwhile, the overwhelming burst damage rendered the Comprehensive Link talent ineffective.

Lin Moyu let out a quiet sigh. This loss was even heavier than the last.

The sheer range of the explosion caused nearly all of his Skeletal Berserk Warriors to be wiped out.

Still, he felt a sense of relief. His decision had been the right one.

If he had stuck with his previous approach, the 1,500-meter blast radius would've caught him.

Gazing at the now-empty passage, Lin Moyu sighed and pressed forward, braving the lightning.

At the same time, he summoned new Skeletal Berserk Warriors to fill the ranks.

As he stepped into the eighth passage, the Enhance Troops skill had already come off cooldown.

This stage wasn't particularly challenging. With the Enhance Troops skill, handling two Thunderlight Divine Beasts posed no real problem.

Even if they used Thunder Wrath back-to-back, with his Undying Ring skill, the undead army wouldn't be wiped out.

The real concern was their self-destruction.

He didn't know whether the blast range would expand if both bosses detonated simultaneously.

Based on past experience, the range remained the same as long as they weren't too far apart. Still, Lin Moyu wasn't one to take chances.

After the stars descended, he lured the Thunderlight Divine Beasts 2,000 meters deeper into the passage, giving himself over 3,000 meters of space.

Just as he had predicted, when the two bosses exploded, the range expanded to 2,000 meters.

If he had handled it like in the seventh stage, he would've been in serious trouble.

At best, his undead army would be devastated. At worst, he would have met his end.

The price was a complete annihilation of the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

But it wasn't the first time.

Lin Moyu had already steeled himself for such losses. It still stung, but he accepted it.

Things had come too far, there was no turning back now.

The ninth passage was the final stage.

Lin Moyu sat cross-legged at the entrance.

During the last battle against the two Thunderlight Divine Beasts, the back-to-back casts of Thunder Wrath had pushed Undying Ring into cooldown.

He looked ahead, at the six branching paths before him.

“Through all the long years... has anyone ever made it this far?”

He already knew which way to go—the far-left path

So many choices, so many forks, to choose correctly every single time, and arrive here must be nearly impossible.

And this place, its difficulty was at the forbidden zone rank.

Lin Moyu had a feeling he might be the first human class user to reach this place in thousands of years.

As he waited for the cooldown to reset, he quietly strategized.

“Three Thunderlight Divine Beasts. Probably level 82.”

“With Enhance Troops, I can take down two.”

“But three consecutive Thunder Wraths... that would be enough to wipe out both me and the undead army.”

"Which means... I have to stop at least one of them from casting it."

Lin Moyu knew his limit. He could withstand two waves of Thunder Wrath.

Therefore, he had to eliminate one of the Thunderlight Divine Beasts instantly. Only then would he have a fighting chance.

He took out a Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence. With it, he could summon a Fire Lich capable of unleashing a fake God-level detonation.

But it wasn't a guaranteed solution. If the blast failed to kill the target, he'd be the one to die instead.

After a moment of contemplation, Lin Moyu put the blood essence away and retrieved the Poison God's corpse instead.

At once, a noxious poison filled the air, and the surrounding plants withered on contact.

The Poison God's entire body was toxic. Wherever it passed, not a single blade of grass could survive.

Lin Moyu took out a jade bottle and began extracting blood essence.

With a God's corpse in hand, there was no shortage of blood essence to draw from.

He planned to use the Poison God's Blood Essence to summon a Poison Lich, hoping its self-destruction could deal the Thunderlight Divine Beasts.

Self-destruction versus self-destruction, whoever was stronger would prevail.

This was one of Lin Moyu's trump cards.

In addition, he also stationed 10,000 Skeletal Marksmen outside the passage, along with 10 Lich Generals.

This way, they'd be safe from the Thunder Wrath skill.

If the Poison Lich's explosion failed to stop the spell, these troops would be his final hope.

Twenty-four hours later, as the cooldown for Undying Ring finally ended, Lin Moyu gripped the Poison God's Blood Essence.

Leaving the 10,000 Skeletal Marksmen behind, he stepped resolutely into the ninth stage.

Chapter 482: All Within Calculation

The ninth and final passage was by far the most difficult.

According to the map Antares provided, passing through this corridor would lead to the giant crystal. Once there, dripping Antares' blood onto it would finalize their deal.

While waiting for Undying Ring's cooldown to pass, Lin Moyu had already devised a meticulous strategy, and now he was executing it step by step.

So long as nothing unexpected occurred, there shouldn't be any problems.

Lin Moyu disliked surprises. He always prepared multiple contingencies.

Leaving 10,000 Skeletal Marksmen outside the passage was one such contingency.

After entering, the path behind him vanished. Lin Moyu immediately attempted to recall a Skeletal Marksman.

It worked. Relief washed over him.

The disappearance of the path hadn't disrupted his ability to summon or recall his skeletons.

As he advanced, lightning flickered and burst in silence.

Compared to when he first entered the Lightning Burial Canyon, the lightning's power had increased by 5.5 times.

Against it, his Bone Armor, which was equivalent to 310,000 physique, was like paper.

After pushing forward just 500 meters, Lin Moyu was forced to take a break.

While resting, he looked up at the sky. Three shimmering stars gleamed overhead.

The stars represented three level 83 Thunderlight Divine Beasts.

He took a deep breath and pressed on.

At the 990-meter mark, he halted again and recalled the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Then, without hesitation, he dashed forward.

The moment he crossed the 1,000-meter mark, the three stars above fell.

Bathed in starlight, three Thunderlight Divine Beasts emerged, charging directly at him.

With a flash of red light, the curse descended. At the same moment, a blue Ice Lich materialized.

The Thunderlight Divine Beasts immediately slowed.

Without looking back, Lin Moyu lured them deeper into the passage.

Lich Generals, stationed both inside and outside the passage, worked tirelessly to heal the undead forces. As long as his army remained, Lin Moyu wouldn't die.

He sprinted at full speed, ignoring the bursts of lightning, covering over 2,000 meters in one go

He was now approximately 3,000 meters from the entrance of the passage, a distance he had calculated carefully.

Even if all three Thunderlight Divine Beasts detonated simultaneously, it should be far enough to escape the blast radius.

The Lightning Burial Canyon operated by fixed rules. Nothing happened by chance.

Whether it was the Thunderlight Divine Beasts appearing at the 1,000-meter mark or their self-destruction, everything followed a set pattern.

Lin Moyu had already deciphered most of those rules. He knew exactly how to proceed.

5,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors materialized, surrounding the Thunderlight Divine Beasts and diverting their focus.

Lin Moyu retreated swiftly, putting over 1,000 meters between himself and the Thunderlight Divine Beasts.

He didn't use Enhance Troops yet. Instead, he retrieved the Poison God's Blood Essence and began summoning a Poison Lich.

Moments later, a volatile, unstable Poison Lich emerged, then launched forward in a blur.

The three Thunderlight Divine Beasts, encircled by the Skeletal Berserk Warriors, were tightly grouped—just as Lin Moyu had planned.

Now was the perfect moment.

If the Poison Lich self-destructed successfully, it could poison all three at once.

This way, he wouldn't have to endure the Thunderlight Divine Beasts' Thunder Wrath, nor suffer the damage from their self-destruction.

After releasing the Poison Lich, Lin Moyu retreated even further as a precaution.

Within his summon space, he still kept 5,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors in reserve just in case.

If the poison failed to kill them, these skeletons could deliver the finishing blow.

After all, among his undead forces, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors had the highest explosive damage, especially when empowered by Enhance Troops.

Lin Moyu had calculated every possible outcome, minimizing the risk of any surprises.

As the Poison Lich advanced, bolts of lightning hammered it from all sides, making its aura more and more chaotic.

Lin Moyu watched intently, concerned that the Poison Lich might detonate prematurely under the lightning assault.

Only when it reached the precise detonation point did he finally breathe a sigh of relief.

With a silent flash, a cloud of green gas exploded, engulfing all three Thunderlight Divine Beasts.

The Poison Lich's blast radius wasn't wide—only 30 to 40 meters.

But the Thunderlight Divine Beasts were enormous, each about 20 meters long.

Had Lin Moyu's calculations been even slightly off, the poison wouldn't have reached them all.

Within the dense poisonous cloud, the Thunderlight Divine Beasts' bodies began to decay rapidly.

They weren't truly living beings, so they let out no screams.

As their forms decayed, bolts of lightning began leaking uncontrollably, flickering wildly through the canyon.

Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed sharply. He finally understood that the Thunderlight Divine Beasts were composed entirely of the lightning element.

Every inch of their bodies was made of pure lightning, something he hadn't realized until now.

As their forms decayed and torrents of lightning spilled out, the truth struck him.

They were Battle Puppets forged solely from lightning.

To create such puppets... how unimaginably powerful must their creator have been?

Compared to them, the Dragonkind's Battle Puppets were mere toys, completely outclassed.

A sudden surge of lightning jolted Lin Moyu to his senses.

He retreated instantly, his undead army in the passage following suit.

At this moment, the Thunderlight Divine Beasts were about to trigger their self-destruction.

Their mechanism was clear: once a critical damage threshold was crossed, detonation was inevitable.

The Poison Lich's explosion had driven them to the brink just over a second, bypassing their Thunder Wrath skill.

Now, with barely two seconds to act, Lin Moyu fled with all his might.

Lightning ripped through the passage as the three Thunderlight Divine Beasts exploded, releasing a devastating blast that engulfed a 2,000-meter radius.

Every Skeletal Berserk Warrior in the passage was annihilated, without exception.

Yet this time, compared to the previous two explosions, the losses were smallest.

Thanks to the Poison God's Blood Essence and the hard-earned lessons of two prior encounters, Lin Moyu had minimized the damage.

When the lightning faded, the passage was completely empty, except for the green poison that would linger for a long time.

In the sky, the three reappeared, now dim, needing a long time to regain their brilliance.

“It’s finally over...” Lin Moyu exhaled and moved forward.

“Huh? No lightning?”

As he advanced, the expected lightning never appeared. After a brief moment of thought, he understood. The trial was over.

Defeating the three Thunderlight Divine Beasts meant he had fully cleared the test.

If even they had fallen, then the passage’s lightning was no longer necessary, rendered obsolete.

Lin Moyu could roughly infer the trial designer’s intent.

He recalled his undead troops, then began summoning new Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

By the time he crossed the full 10,000-meter passage, his undead army was once again complete.

With Enhance Troops, Undying Ring, the Poison God's Blood Essence, and Solidified Fire God's Blood Essence, he lacked nothing.

His combat power had reached its peak, filling him with confidence. His mindset now stood in stark contrast to when he had first arrived in the lower layer.

Beyond the passage lay a small square.

At its far end stood a colossal crystal, fused with the canyon.

Lin Moyu didn't rush forward. He stopped just before the square, eyes sharp and alert.

This was the final stage. He couldn't afford a single misstep.

The square was etched with countless strange runes.

Lin Moyu didn't recognize them, but they felt familiar. He had seen similar runes before.

They were God runes, a form of language used by the Gods.

Used for everything from conveying information to constructing powerful formations, these runes served many purposes.

The circular square before him, covered in such symbols, clearly resembled a magic formation.

Lin Moyu studied it for a long time, but its secrets remained elusive.

One thing was certain: to reach the crystal at the far end, he would have to cross it.

He hesitated. Then, a quiet chuckle escaped his lips, “Why am I overthinking this? There’s no turning back.”

Caution was pointless now. The only path was forward.

He commanded his undead army to remain outside the square, then took a breath and stepped in.

At that instant, the entire square came alive—runes glowing, the ground trembling.

Scores of purple crystals erupted from beneath the surface, radiant and beautiful, lightning crackling within them.

These crystals were infused with the lightning element.

Before Lin Moyu could react, they shot toward him like bolts of lightning, drilling into his body.

Chapter 483: Wanted By The Entire Abyss

The Bone Armor remained unresponsive, indicating that the lightning-infused crystals were harmless.

A warm current surged through Lin Moyu's body, bringing a tingling sensation—not painful, but lightly itchy.

Then, a string of notifications appeared.

[Lightning elemental immunity's upper limit +1%]

[Lightning elemental immunity's upper limit +1%]

...

Ten identical messages in total, raising his lightning elemental immunity's upper limit by 10%.

Previously, after enduring repeated strikes from Genesis Lightning in the Putrid Corpse Realm, his lightning elemental immunity had increased from 50% to 80%, where it had stagnated.

Later, Lin Moyu learned that 80% was typically the natural upper limit for any elemental immunity. Exceeding that required special opportunities.

Now, unexpectedly, that limit had been broken, rising from 80% to 90%.

With the right treasures, his lightning elemental immunity could now reach that new ceiling.

Lin Moyu realized this must be a reward for clearing the trial—a dream come true for class users striving to push past their limits and ascend to Transcendent God-level.

In addition to the lightning element, he also had the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid, which could similarly raise his poison elemental immunity's upper limit. How far it could go remained to be seen.

Once the lightning from all the crystals had flowed into him, the light around the square quickly dimmed.

Before him now stood a massive crystal, roughly five meters tall. Lin Moyu could feel the terrifying power sealed within.

The energy felt strangely familiar, like he'd encountered it before.

Inside the transparent crystal, a single bead was sealed.

The moment Lin Moyu saw it, recognition struck. It radiated the same energy as the bead Jiang Yi had once given him.

And it looked exactly the same.

Back in the day, Antares had made a deal with Jiang Yi to search for such a bead.

Unexpectedly, he had made the same deal with Lin Moyu.

"This bead must be important to Antares... but why?" Contemplation filled Lin Moyu's eyes.

He still had no idea what the bead actually did. And it wasn't just him; even the well-informed Meng Anwen had failed to decipher its purpose.

Antares, of course, wasn't telling.

But one thing was clear: the bead was important to Antares.

Unable to solve the mystery, Lin Moyu chose not to dwell on it further.

He took out the blood Antares had given him and placed it against the crystal.

The thin membrane surrounding the blood broke upon contact, releasing a rich, invigorating fragrance.

“That smells amazing...”

Lin Moyu took a deep breath, feeling his entire body relax.

Antares's blood carried an unexpectedly rich fragrance.

For a moment, he even felt tempted to taste it.

The blood quickly seeped into the crystal, which began to melt at an astonishing rate.

Lin Moyu was ready. He had already prepared a suitable box.

The instant the crystal dissolved and revealed the bead, he grabbed it.

He studied it for a long time, but figure out anything."

Then, without warning, Antares' voice echoed: "You brat, you got the Dragon Bead?"

The voice seemed to emanate from the Dragon Bead itself, but it echoed directly in Lin Moyu's mind.

Sound couldn't travel in this place. Antares was communicating via spirit transmission.

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised. He had known Antares possessed the ability to contact him.

He replied with spirit force, “Yes, I got it.”

At that moment, the Dragon Bead flared with radiant light. Intricate lines emerged on its surface, converging into a profound rune.

Antares spoke again: “Then come back. Activate the teleportation formation on the Dragon Bead, and you’ll return to the upper layer.”

Lin Moyu shook his head, “I still have things to take care of in the lower layer. I’ll return when I’m done.”

A long silence followed.

Lin Moyu’s lips curled subtly.

“So, he really values the Dragon Bead.”

“Otherwise, he wouldn’t hesitate like that.”

“Still... he won’t press me. If he wants to avoid looking desperate, he’ll leave the decision to me.”

He could already anticipate Antares's next move.

Sure enough, after a few seconds, Antares responded: "That's fine. Return when you're ready. You can activate the Dragon Bead at any time—it will bring you back to the upper layer."

"Once you're back, I'll give you everything I promised. You've passed my first little test. After that, we'll talk about a real deal."

This was exactly as Lin Moyu had predicted.

In fact, he could feel a sense of urgency from Antares. The Dragon Bead meant a great deal to him.

And calling it a "little test"? That was just a smokescreen.

"Yeah, right. Like I'd believe that."

Lin Moyu replied lightly, "Alright. I'll come back once I'm done."

With that, Lin Moyu stowed the Dragon Bead away.

Now that it was in his possession, he had an extra option, another path of retreat.

He could return to the upper layer, or proceed to the Abyssal World.

After the crystal melted away, a hidden entrance was revealed behind it.

“A hidden cave... what could be inside?”

From within, Lin Moyu sensed a strange aura, one he had sensed before. It was related to the Gods.

Given everything that had occurred in the Lightning Burial Canyon, a suspicion began to take shape in his mind.

Without hesitation, he summoned several Skeletal Berserk Warriors to lead the way, then followed them in.

At the very moment Lin Moyu claimed the Dragon Bead, a sharp howl tore through the deep layer of the Immemorial Battlefield.

The howl was piercing, so sharp it tore through space itself, echoing straight into the Abyss.

At the heart of the Abyss, the Demon Emperor's Palace shuddered violently.

A towering projection of the Demon Emperor manifested in the Abyss: "Find out who entered the Lightning Burial Canyon in the lower layer of the Immemorial Battlefield in recent days!"

The command echoed throughout the Abyss again and again, laced with vast, unbridled fury.

The Demons across the Abyss trembled. The cowardly collapsed instantly, groveling on the ground, soiling themselves.

The Darkfiend King narrowed his eyes, realizing the person Demon Emperor sought was Lin Moyu.

After all, his avatar had been killed at the entrance of the Lightning Burial Canyon.

Over the past few days, the Succubus Queen had already spread word of Lin Moyu's presence in the Lightning Burial Canyon. By now, many Demon Kings in the Abyss were aware of it.

But the Darkfiend King remained silent.

He knew the Demon Emperor would find out soon enough. There would be no shortage of Demons eager to report Lin Moyu's whereabouts.

The Succubus Queen was certainly one of them.

Sure enough, within minutes, the Demon Emperor had his answer.

“No matter the cost—kill Lin Moyu. Whoever succeeds will be rewarded with a law treasure!”

The new decree swept across the Abyss like a tidal wave, sending shockwaves through the ranks of Demon Kings.

Lin Moyu was now wanted by the entire Abyss.

Such an order had only been given a handful of times in history.

No one could imagine what Lin Moyu had done to provoke such unrelenting wrath from the Demon Emperor.

The Darkfiend King trembled ever so slightly, eyes gleaming with desire, “A law treasure...”

Beside him, the Venomrot Demon King let out a cold chuckle, “The Demon Emperor is feeling generous. But I doubt that law treasure will be easy to claim.”

The Darkfiend King sneered, “Indeed. Lin Moyu is no easy prey. Venomrot Demon King, are you interested?”

The Venomrot Demon King shook his head, “I prefer studying poisons. Let the others do the hunting.”

The Darkfiend King’s expression was bloomy. If given the opportunity, he would absolutely kill Lin Moyu.

But he also knew that killing Lin Moyu would be anything but easy.

Inside the Succubus Queen’s Palace, the Succubus Queen lounged lazily on her throne, her posture captivating and alluring.

Mina stood respectfully to the side, “Demon Queen, should we go?”

The Succubus Queen scoffed. “Go? And die? Who knows what Lin Moyu did in the Lightning Burial Canyon to enrage the Demon Emperor like that.”

“But that alone proves how dangerous he is.”

“Trust me, we can’t kill him. Crossing him would only bring disaster.”

“Let the fools throw their lives away.”

Mina had complete faith in the Succubus Queen’s judgment, and more importantly, she understood firsthand just how terrifying Lin Moyu could be.

The idea of going after him was already gone from her mind.

Now that the Succubus Queen had no intention of taking action, Mina felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Lin Moyu was too dreadful. She never wanted to face him again.

Meanwhile, the hidden cave behind the melted crystal wasn't as dark as Lin Moyu had expected.

Lightning flickered along the cave's walls, illuminating the space.

Fist-sized crystals were embedded throughout the walls.

[Lightning Elemental Essence: contains pure lightning element. Can permanently enhance lightning elemental immunity.]

Chapter 484: Even If I Were To resurrect, I Wouldn't Be Me Anymore

[Lightning elemental immunity +1%]

Lin Moyu held a piece of Lightning Elemental Essence in his hand and activated it with his spirit force.

The Lightning Elemental Essence flowed into his body like water, and a notification appeared.

The increase was only 1%, but Lin Moyu was quite satisfied.

His lightning elemental immunity had already reached 80%, with the upper limit being 90%. At this stage, every 1% gain was hard-won.

The Lightning Elemental Essence contained an exceptionally pure form of lightning element, even purer than that of Lightning Gems.

For someone with no lightning elemental immunity, a single piece could potentially raise it to over 50%.

But the closer one got to the upper limit, the harder it became to improve.

Unless they had a rare treasure, like the Poison Greater Gem, capable of instantly boosting immunity to 80%, the typical upper limit.

The first piece of Lightning Elemental Essence raised Lin Moyu's lightning elemental immunity to 81%.

It took two more to reach 82%, and another three to hit 83%. The requirements kept increasing.

Fortunately, the cave had abundant Lightning Elemental Essence. Lin Moyu gathered and activated them as he moved forward.

Before long, his lightning elemental immunity reached 90%, hitting his current upper limit.

To surpass this limit would require a special opportunity.

But Lin Moyu had a feeling that such an opportunity might be close at hand.

Even though his lightning elemental immunity had maxed out, he continued to collect the remaining Lightning Elemental Essences.

Although Lightning Elemental Essence had no official grade, many regarded it as comparable to legendary-grade treasures.

The lightning element in this cave must have accumulated over countless years to form the Lightning Elemental Essences, and now Lin Moyu had taken them all.

The cave itself wasn't very long, stretching just over 1,000 meters.

Before long, he reached its end.

By then, Lin Moyu's storage space held over 500 pieces of Lightning Elemental Essence, an incredibly valuable haul.

At the cave's end, he entered a vast cavern buried deep within the mountain.

Lightning illuminated the entire chamber, yet an eerie silence hung in the air.

Silent bolts of lightning slithered about like serpentine streams.

Lin Moyu swallowed and murmured, "As expected."

"This really is the Lightning God's Palace."

But even his voice vanished the moment it was spoken. Sound simply couldn't travel here.

The cavern was engulfed in absolute silence.

Ahead of him stood a grand and magnificent palace.

The palace was the source of the lightning.

Whether it was the cavern or the entire Lightning Burial Canyon, all the lightning originated from the Lightning God's Palace before him.

Lin Moyu instantly recognized it. The palace bore an unmistakable symbol: the Lightning God's Sword.

He had that very sword in his possession.

[Lightning God's Sword: the sword of the Lightning God, as well as the key to the Lightning God's Palace.]

When Lin Moyu first obtained the Lightning God's Sword, he had learned it was the key to unlocking the Lightning God's Palace.

But no one knew where the palace was located.

Who would've thought the Lightning God's Palace was hidden in a danger zone like the Lightning Burial Canyon.

Lin Moyu stood before the palace gate, massive and tightly shut. In front of it was a stone with a narrow slit.

Without hesitation, he stepped forward and inserted the Lightning God's Sword into the slit.

The sword instantly erupted with radiant lightning, resonating in perfect harmony with the surrounding lightning.

In an instant, the entire cavern transformed into a vast sea of lightning.

Lin Moyu stood at its center, unfazed as bolts of lightning rained down on him.

As the wielder of the Lightning God's Sword, the lightning did not harm him. On the contrary, it seemed to welcome him.

Lin Moyu could sense emotions within the lightning.

The lightning element felt welcoming, jubilant, ecstatic in his presence.

Amid the brilliance, the massive palace gate began to open. Lin Moyu stepped inside.

After untold years, the Lightning God's Palace had finally opened again, for him.

The Lightning God, like the Poison God, was a mid-tier God.

But legend held that the Lightning God was stronger than the Poison God, standing at the peak of mid-tier, bordering on high-tier.

Lin Moyu had once seen a projection of the Lightning God. He remembered the moment vividly, how the Lightning God was ultimately slain by a Dreadbeast King.

It had been a tragic sight, one that left a deep impression.

The truth of that distant past was long buried. Few knew the real story behind the war between the Gods and the Dreadbeasts.

Perhaps the answers awaited him inside the Lightning God's Palace.

The palace interior was modest in size and sparsely furnished, with only a few simple decorations.

Yet everything here—every plant, every ornament—was composed entirely of lightning element.

Countless years have passed, and only elemental constructs could endure such time. Anything else would have long decayed into nothing.

Passing through the front hall, Lin Moyu arrived at the main hall, and immediately noticed that part of it was missing.

He could sense the lingering traces of a fierce battle.

“Was the palace attacked?” Lin Moyu wondered silently.

As he stepped into the main hall, he saw a corpse.

“A God’s corpse!”

It was the Lightning God’s corpse.

Despite the countless years, the corpse remained perfectly preserved, with lightning clinging to it like armor.

The lightning was so concentrated it had taken on a liquid form. Flowing slowly like molten energy.

Only one place remained untouched: the space between the brows.

And there, above the brows, there was a faint symbol of shaped like a short blade of grass.

Lin Moyu immediately understood.

He took out the Lightning Grass and gently placed it on the symbol.

[Lightning Grass: can be used to awaken the Lightning God]

The moment the Lightning Grass touched the symbol, it was absorbed into the God's corpse.

From the forehead, a surge of lightning erupted, fusing with the lightning already coiled around the body.

In an instant, the entire chamber lit up with blinding brilliance. Lin Moyu instinctively stepped back.

The Lightning God's corpse began to stir within the lightning, slowly awakening.

Lin Moyu watched, tense. He had no idea whether he had just made the right decision.

If the Lightning God bore even a trace of hostility, Lin Moyu knew he wouldn't stand a chance.

Not even his Elemental Liches' self-destruction would be enough against a real God.

Perhaps detonating the Poison God's corpse would be his only option.

Lin Moyu had once been moved by the deep loneliness resonating from the Lightning God's Sword. At the time, he had made a vow: if ever given the chance, he would awaken its master.

Now, he had fulfilled that promise.

But he was also ready.

If the Lightning God turned hostile, he would fight with everything he had—even if it meant mutual destruction.

Under his watchful gaze, the Lightning God's body slowly rose into the air. The lightning that had cloaked them began to converge, gathering toward the forehead.

Shortly after, the lightning dispersed, revealing the Lightning God's true form.

“A woman?”

Lin Moyu was momentarily stunned. He hadn't expected the Lightning God to be female.

She hovered gracefully, tall and poised, appearing no different from a human, except for the two pairs of lightning wings gently flapping behind her.

Outside the palace, the Lightning God's Sword responded. It turned into a streak of lightning and flew straight into her hand.

Lin Moyu's body tensed, every nerve on edge. He was ready to strike at the slightest sign of danger.

But the Lightning God did not attack. She gently caressed the sword, then opened her eyes.

Lin Moyu froze. Her gaze was not fierce, but filled with unfathomable loneliness, as if someone who had outlived everyone and everything they'd once held dear.

The emotion spread through the chamber like a silent tide, seeping into Lin Moyu's heart.

He realized that this was the origin of the loneliness he had sensed in the Lightning God's Sword.

At the same time, why the place was soundless—it was a reflection of her heart.

The Lightning God disliked noise. She had erased all sound from the place, creating a realm of eternal silence.

She continued to stroke the sword in her hand, as if reminiscing with an old friend.

“Thank you, Young Human Friend.”

A voice echoed not through the air, but directly within Lin Moyu's mind.

The Lightning God hadn't spoken aloud; her words were carried through spirit transmission.

Lin Moyu replied, "I made a promise to the Lightning God's Sword that I would awaken its master."

"This sword was my dearest comrade. To see it one last time before I die, I have no regrets."

Lin Moyu was taken aback, "Die? Aren't you alive?"

"Alive?" The Lightning God slowly lifted her head and met his gaze, "This is only a soul remnant I left behind in the Lightning Grass. My soul was destroyed in the great war long ago."

Lin Moyu's response came instinctively, "But can't you resurrect? I thought Gods were nearly impossible to kill for good."

She shook her head gently, "It's not so simple. Even if I were to resurrect, I wouldn't be me anymore. What's the point of resurrection then?"

“That war was too brutal. Every contingency, every backup plan I prepared failed.”

“I'm not afraid of death, but it's a pity I died too late.”

“My comrades are gone, my people are dead; only I remain...”

“To see the Lightning God's Sword one last time—that's enough.”

The loneliness was now tinged with sorrow and a hint of detachment. The Lightning God clearly didn't fear death.

After a pause, Lin Moyu asked, “Was it the Dreadbeast King who killed you?”

The Lightning God gave a quiet chuckle, “Sort of, but not exactly.”

“Tell me, Young Human Friend, what is the world like now?”

Chapter 485: Complete Lightning Elemental Immunity

The Lightning God spoke gently, her tone kind and composed.

She addressed Lin Moyu as "young human friend," suggesting a favorable view of humanity, much like the God of Life in the Putrid Corpse Land.

But not all Gods were the same.

The Poison God, for instance, was different.

From this contrast, Lin Moyu deduced that even among the Gods, factions existed.

If some stood with humanity, others might side with the Abyssal Demons. That possibility couldn't be ignored.

Clearly, the world of the Gods was far more complex than it seemed.

Lin Moyu went on to describe the current state of the human race.

After listening in silence, the Lightning God finally murmured, “So they failed... Antares is still alive, isn't he?”

Lin Moyu nodded, “He’s in the upper layer of the Immemorial Battlefield, in the core area.”

Her voice softened, “Good. As long as he lives, the world remains safe.”

Lin Moyu asked, “Did Antares protect the world?”

The Lightning God didn’t respond. It was clear she wasn't one for many words. For the most part, she had merely listened quietly.

Then, her aura began to fade, as if the wick of her existence was about to go out.

The Lightning God’s voice sounded in Lin Moyu’s mind again: “I must go now, Young Human Friend. Strive to become a Transcendent God-level powerhouse. Only then will you be worthy.”

With that, she fell silent.

Her form was once again consumed by lightning.

Lin Moyu engraved her parting words deep in his heart.

She touched the Lightning God's Sword one final time, then without a sound, it disintegrated.

Everything about the Lightning God was made of the lightning element, even her weapon.

She had mastered the lightning element to a staggering degree, able to shape it into anything.

Lin Moyu couldn't fathom such power.

As the sword crumbled, it scattered into starlight that surrounded him before transforming into streams of lightning and surging into his body.

His Bone Armor remained still, a silent confirmation the lightning currents meant no harm.

[Lightning elemental immunity's upper limit +1%]

[Lightning elemental immunity +1%]

[Lightning elemental immunity's upper limit +1%]

[Lightning elemental immunity +1%]

The notifications flashed one after another.

In mere moments, his lightning elemental immunity reached 100%.

From that instant, lightning could no longer harm him.

“This is...?” Lin Moyu muttered in disbelief.

“A gift.” The Lightning God replied softly.

Then, her form burst into lightning and vanished.

The Lightning Burial Canyon trembled. Thunder rolled, deafening and unrestrained.

“The sound has returned!”

Listening to the thunder, Lin Moyu knew the Lightning God was truly gone.

The Lightning God before him had fully disintegrated, dissolving into countless sparks of light.

From within that brilliance, two beams suddenly shot forth, piercing directly into Lin Moyu's head.

[Obtained mid-tier Godhead]

[Obtained the Lightning God's God Slot]

[Mid-tier Godhead: absorbing it can enable you to ascend as a God. Comprehending its power can elevate you to a God-level powerhouse.]

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

Within his mind, Lin Moyu saw the Lightning God's Godhead.

It resembled the Poison God's Godhead, yet it was far more refined, its design intricate beyond measure, exuding an aura both sacred and unfathomable.

Beside it hovered a throne-shaped God Slot.

Lin Moyu hadn't anticipated gaining another Godhead and God Slot.

But he understood: this was a final gift of the Lightning God.

Quietly, he murmured, "If the chance arises... I'll find someone worthy to inherit this Godhead and God Slot, someone to become the new Lightning God."

Then, the starlight left behind by the Lightning God coalesced, condensing into ten crystal-like shards.

They drifted down, landing gently in Lin Moyu's hands.

The moment he touched them, a jolt ran through his body. He nearly dropped them.

Each crystal, no larger than a fist, weighed an astounding 5,000 kilograms.

Lin Moyu was shaken.

Inside each crystal pulsed an unfamiliar power, surpassing even the Poison God's Blood Essence in both intensity and purity.

He instinctively knew that if he were to use one such crystal to summon an Elemental Lich, its inevitable self-destruction would unleash devastating, unimaginable force.

[Law Crystal (lightning): mythical-grade material. Contains the power of the lightning elemental law.]

This was the first time Lin Moyu had encountered the term law. In all the ancient records and historical texts he'd studied, not once had he come across such a concept.

The lightning elemental law... He had no idea what it truly meant, but instinctively felt it was something unfathomably profound.

Suddenly, the entire palace began to tremble.

With its master gone, the structure lost its anchor and now was collapsing.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu bolted from the palace, only to find the entire cavern, the entire mountain, shaking violently, teetering on the brink of ruin.

“Run!”

He sprinted toward the exit. The moment he escaped the cavern’s mouth, a deafening rumble followed. The entire underground chamber caved in behind him.

Boom! Boom!

Outside, in the Lightning Burial Canyon, lightning streaked across the sky and thunder roared like an unchained beast. The once eerie silence had given way to chaotic fury.

Thunderclaps shook the heavens, echoing across the entire Wind-Lightning Continent.

Rain poured from the sky. But within each drop, Lin Moyu sensed sorrow. It felt as though the heavens themselves were mourning the fall of the Lightning God.

Godfall Rain.

Only a few days had passed since it last appeared, and once more, it descended upon the Immemorial Battlefield and the Human World.

In the upper layer, Antares slowly opened his colossal eyes, “The Lightning God is finally gone.”

“Who would’ve thought that brat would bring both the Lightning God’s Sword and the Lightning Grass.”

“But perhaps it’s for the best... out with the old, in with the new.”

“You’ve been lonely for so many years. Now, you can finally rest.”

In the sky above the Lightning Burial Canyon, the stars twisted and transformed into Thunderlight Beasts, their furious roars shaking the heavens.

It was the first time Lin Moyu had ever heard the Thunderlight Beasts roar, and it was indistinguishable from thunder itself.

Amidst their roars, countless bolts of lightning rained down upon the Lightning Burial canyon.

The Thunderlight Beasts seemed to be mourning the fall of the Lightning God.

This canyon, Lin Moyu now understood, was the resting place of the Lightning God.

Then, something caught his eye.

Amidst the falling rain, countless tiny grasses were sprouting vigorously from the ground.

“Lightning Grass!”

They resembled the Lightning Grass, but none had yet reached its true form.

Lightning Grass the true form of the Lightning God.

Perhaps one day, among these countless sprouts, a single Lightning Grass would evolve once more, and a new Lightning God would be born.

If that day ever arrived, Lin Moyu would bestow upon it the Lightning God’s God Slot, and let it become the new Lightning God.

In the Human World, the heavy rain had barely ceased before it began to pour again without warning.

The sudden, world-spanning downpour left most people bewildered.

Only a handful of people knew the truth.

Meng Anwen's eyes reflecting a flicker of confusion, "Another God has fallen?"

"Nearly 1,000 years without a single God casualty... and now, two in such quick succession?"

In his palm, the Shenxia Tower spun ceaselessly, yet it wasn't able to trace the source.

Deep within the Chuangshen Institute, a pillar of light erupted into the sky.

Within the radiance, a massive Bagua Compass could faintly be seen.

Lin Mohan stood beside an old man with snow-white hair, her voice soft as she asked, "Teacher, can you calculate it?"

The old man slowly shook his head, “I cannot. I only know... it involves a human.”

Hearing this, Lin Mohan raised her fair hand, a drop of crimson blood lifting from her fingertip. Smiling radiantly, she asked, “Then, Teacher, help me check on Moyu instead.”

The old man shot her a sideways glance, “You... how many times have you asked this already? A drop of blood each time, how much have you wasted?”

Lin Mohan giggled, “What’s wrong with wasting a little blood? Teacher, please?”

The old man sighed, unable to resist her, and began his calculations.

The Bagua Compass absorbed the blood, and through the bloodline connection between the two siblings, it began to trace Lin Moyu’s presence.

After a moment, the old man spoke, “Your brother is safe and sound. No need to worry.”

Then, his brows furrowed, a flicker of surprise crossing his face, “Hm? How did he get to the lower layer?”

Lin Mohan's eyes widened, "Moyu reached level 70 already? That fast?"

The old man shook his head slowly, "No... he's still in the 50s. To go to the lower layer at that stage... Mohan, your brother is no ordinary character."

A knowing look passed through the old man's eyes as he instantly deduced how Lin Moyu had done it.

Lin Mohan beamed with pride, "Of course! Moyu's the best!"

Chapter 486: The Second Primordial Rune

The Lightning Burial Canyon didn't completely collapse after the fall of the Lightning God.

Though she was gone, the power she left behind continued to sustain the canyon.

The small square outside the Lightning God's tomb remained intact, and any fortunate soul who reached it could still claim a reward.

However, no one could ever again enter the Lightning God's tomb or lay eyes on her palace.

Now, Lightning Grasses grew throughout the canyon, swaying within the crackling arcs of lightning.

“It’s time to go.”

Lin Moyu cast one final glance at the collapsed cavern. But just as he turned to leave, he abruptly stopped.

Behind the mountain’s rubble, a stone stele caught his eye.

His gaze sharpened. Without hesitation, he flew toward it at full speed.

The stele, once hidden within the mountain, had only been exposed after the collapse.

Its surface was covered in intricate runes drawn in a flowing style, impossible to decipher, yet clearly extraordinary.

Lin Moyu couldn't read them, but he didn’t need to. Knowing what it was would suffice.

Never had he imagined that a Primordial Rune would lie concealed within the mountain. He had nearly missed it.

With a nudge of his spirit force, the stone stele activated.

The stele flowed like liquid into his body, and a crimson beam shot skyward.

Only those who had personally experienced it could understand the true power of a Primordial Rune.

The character granted him the Enhance Troops skill, which that had saved his life countless times and helped him slay formidable enemies.

If he could acquire another skill of equal strength...

A red beam shot into the sky, immediately drawing the attention of countless people.

Everyone knew what the red beam signified. For the next ten days, its bearer would become a target.

But unlike before, when others came hunting him, this time a murderous gleam flickered in Lin Moyu's eyes.

"It's time for another slaughter. This time, I'll be the one hunting."

With the red beam blazing overhead, Lin Moyu's Lightning Deathwings fluttered, and he shot forward like a bolt of lightning.

When he first arrived on the Wind-Lightning Continent, he had been attacked by the Dragonkind.

At that time, he had resolved that once his affairs with Antares were settled, he would head to the Dragonkind base to investigate.

He needed to uncover what they were planning, and whether their Battle General Puppets could be mass-produced.

If mass production was possible, it would spell disaster for humanity.

While Lin Moyu himself might not fear them, many top-level human class users in the military would face grave danger on the battlefield.

Even before his departure for the Immemorial Battlefield, rumors of the Dragonkind's preparations for war had already begun to circulate.

War was imminent.

The Dragonkind, silent for a millennium, had only waged two relatively small wars since their return.

But they wouldn't stop there. They were clearly preparing for a much larger conflict.

The hatred between the two races ran too deep to be so easily erased.

Flying low, Lin Moyu remained vigilant, cautiously looking for the Wind Petals.

Their behavior was unusual, and for now, he had no intention of provoking the swarms.

Lin Moyu continuously checked the map, changing directions again and again.

He was searching for the Dragonkind. At the same time, both the Dragonkind and the Demons were hunting him.

The red beam of the Primordial Rune was far too conspicuous. Like moths drawn to a flame, the Dragonkind and Demons swarmed toward it.

When they discovered that the one who possessed the Primordial Rune was merely a level 52 human class user, excitement clouded their reason.

None of them paused to consider why a level 52 human was in the lower layer, or how he had managed to obtain a Primordial Rune.

Was a Primordial Rune something one could simply stumble upon?

Driven by greed, they charged in without caution, only to meet Lin Moyu's butcher's knife.

Lin Moyu was met with one ambush after another, and each time, he slaughtered every attacker, steadily accumulating EXP.

By now, military merit meant little to him.

No matter how much he earned, it couldn't elevate his general star rank.

Only by slaying powerful beings—Demon Kings and Dragonkind Kings—could his general star rank continue to advance.

And even then, a single kill wouldn't suffice.

As a three-star godly general, he needed to slay four such powerhouses to reach four-star godly general.

Though he only had a vague sense of the Dragonkind base's location, he knew that as long as he got close, the Dragonkind would inevitably come to him.

Whether it was the lingering aura of slain Dragonkind or the red beam of the Primordial Rune, both served as irresistible bait.

Sure enough, after just half a day, a massive Dragonkind fleet appeared on the horizon.

More than 1,000 warships filled the sky.

From the distance, Lin Moyu could clearly see the situation aboard the warships. Numerous Dragonkind Generals stood on deck.

Their expressions were stiff, their eyes hollow and vacant, completely unlike regular Dragonkind.

Each warship carried a squad of 100 Battle General Puppets. With over 1,000 warships, the total number of Battle General Puppets exceeded 100,000.

100,000 Dragonkind Battle Generals... an utterly terrifying force. It was more than enough for the Dragonkind to launch a full-scale war against humanity.

It was easy to imagine that once war erupted, countless top-level human class users would fall.

Meanwhile, the Dragonkind's only losses would be replaceable Battle Puppets.

"Where did the Dragonkind obtain so many materials?" Lin Moyu frowned.

Creating Battle Puppets required vast resources, and crafting Battle General Puppets demanded even rarer, higher-grade materials.

Where did the Dragonkind get such materials?

As Lin Moyu was discovered, a cacophony of shouts erupted from the warships.

The puppets ignored the blazing red beam surrounding him, but the real Dragonkind did not.

“A Primordial Rune!”

“He’s killed so many of our kind. Kill him and seize the Primordial Rune!”

“The investigation confirmed: this level 52 class user is a human named Lin Moyu, the one the Dragon King has ordered us to eliminate.”

“Kill him and present the Primordial Rune to the Dragon King. The reward will be unimaginable!”

The Dragonkind roared and shouted.

Magic Crystals aboard the warships flared to life, unleashing towering beams of light toward Lin Moyu.

But he had anticipated the attack. In a flash, his body flickered as he dove toward the ground below.

A vast expanse of Lightning Trees stretched beneath him.

The Dragonkind warships froze instantly, not daring to attack.

Disturbing even a single Lightning Tree could trigger catastrophic consequences—the entire group would strike back as one.

Despite their formidable force of over 1,000 warships and 100,000 Dragonkind Battle Generals, the Dragonkind were insignificant before the mountain-range-sized forest of Lightning Trees, like a drop in the ocean.

Unable to attack using the warships, the Dragonkind Battle Generals leapt out.

As 100,000 Dragonkind Battle Generals surged forward like a tidal wave, Lin Moyu calmly murmured to himself, “Time to raise my level again.”

In response, his undead army appeared. The Skeletal Berserk Warriors charged at the front, clashing head-on with the Dragonkind forces.

Even though the Skeletal Berserk Warriors were outnumbered ten to one, Lin Moyu showed no concern.

At the moment the two sides clashed, the rune on the back of his hand glowed.

The Enhance Troops skill activated, instantly amplifying the undead army’s combat power nearly tenfold.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swung their axes, each strike carrying over 8 million points of strength. The Dragonkind Battle Generals were overwhelmed.

With skill-empowered blows, swathes of enemies fell instantly.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen joined the assault. In one volley, nearly 1,000 Battle General Puppets were eliminated.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swiftly seized the falling puppet corpses.

Even though they were puppets, their health was real.

One after another, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors hurled the corpses into the sky.

The Corpse Explosion skill had a blast radius of 420 meters.

With the Dragonkind warships hovering at 300 meters, and the battle raging at 150 meters, the corpses soared to 500 meters.

At that height, Lin Moyu raised his hand and triggered the skill.

Under the effect of Enhance Troops, the damage from Corpse Explosion was amplified sixfold.

A deafening explosion erupted, and terrifying energy swept out like a raging storm.

The warships' shields twisted and warped, on the verge of collapse.

And that was from just one corpse. The Skeletal Berserk Warriors had thrown nearly 1,000 corpses into the sky.

Corpse Explosion didn't just target the warships, its destructive force engulfed the Dragonkind Battle Generals fighting below as well.

In an instant, countless Dragonkind Battle Generals were killed, their bodies becoming fresh weapons for Lin Moyu.

After just three consecutive explosions, the shields of many warships shattered.

Panic spread among the real Dragonkind aboard. They tried to flee, but it was too late.

Several more corpses detonated in rapid succession, obliterating the now-vulnerable warships and killing the Dragonkind aboard.

The burning wreckages plummeted from the sky, crashing directly into the Lightning Trees below.

The Lightning Trees reacted instantly.

Countless bolts of lightning surged upward in a blinding, deafening storm.

The trees targeted the Dragonkind, as they possessed the same aura as the warship wreckages.

This was exactly what Lin Moyu had planned.

Chapter 487: They Not Only Restrained You, But Also Hampered Me

The Lightning Trees erupted in a furious surge, unleashing bolts of lightning that blanketed the sky.

Though the Dragonkind Battle Generals were many, their numbers couldn't compare to the countless Lightning Trees.

Stretching over 1,000 kilometers, the entire mountain range belonged to the Lightning Trees.

When they struck, lightning swept across the space. The Dragonkind Battle Generals fell like rain, thousands perishing in an instant.

Even the weakest of the Lightning Trees were level 70. While they couldn't match the Dragonkind Battle General individually, their sheer numbers posed a deadly threat.

Wave after wave of lightning battered the Dragonkind Battle Generals and their warships.

Shields shattered beneath the relentless assault, and warships plummeted from the sky like dying birds.

Amidst the chaos, Lin Moyu moved unhindered through the storm.

With complete lightning elemental immunity, he shuttled through the lightning without concern.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors fought alongside him, hurling corpses for him to detonate.

Lin Moyu and the Lightning Trees moved in perfect unison, rapidly breaking the Dragonkind formation.

“Retreat!” A voice roared from a warship.

The remaining warships turned and fled. Lin Moyu gave chase, but his speed couldn’t match the fleeing warships.

Before long, they vanished from sight, though it no longer mattered. He’d already gauged their escape direction.

Hovering in place, Lin Moyu waited for Enhanced Troops to come off cooldown. Below him, the forest of Lightning Trees extended endlessly.

After such staggering losses, the Dragonkind wouldn’t dare set foot here again. In this terrain, their warships weren’t just useless, but were a liability.

The entire battle had lasted less than a minute. In that brief clash, over 200 warships had fallen and more than 4,000 Dragonkind Battle Generals had perished.

It was a devastating blow to the Dragonkind.

The Dragonkind likely still couldn't comprehend how such devastation had struck them in just 30 seconds.

Only now did they realize they had gravely underestimated Lin Moyu.

Orders spread swiftly through their ranks, recalling all Dragonkind forces on the Wind-Lightning Continent back to their base. A decisive battle was inevitable.

Lin Moyu lingered where he was, his gaze following the fleeing warships, comparing their route to the one taken by the warships from days before.

By now, he had largely pinpointed the location of their base.

"About 500 kilometers away." He murmured, "No rush."

He knew the Dragonkind would be ready, their defenses fortified and waiting.

The red beam of light emanating from him made stealth impossible, leaving direct confrontation as his only option.

This matter demanded thorough investigation. If the Dragonkind continued unchecked, it would bring serious consequences.

The emergence of level 80 Dragonkind Battle Generals alone could tip the scales against humanity.

An hour later, with Enhanced Troops ready once more, Lin Moyu rose and flew leisurely toward their base.

Below him, the endless Lightning Tree forest gradually fell away. Beyond its protective canopy, enemy warships would have free rein to attack again.

On the horizon, a colossal structure appeared.

The Dragonkind had constructed a flying military fortress, resembling a small city in the sky, heavily guarded by warships.

The Immemorial Battlefield's land possessed self-healing properties, making the construction of cities impossible, save for the human Shenxia City.

The Dragonkind had circumvented this by building in the air.

The moment Lin Moyu laid eyes on the fortress, his brow furrowed.

“A secret realm’s aura... There’s a secret realm hidden inside that fortress. Is this where their secret lies?”

The sheer presence of the fortress spoke to the secret realm’s importance.

With the fortress’s staggering defenses, breaching it would be near impossible without God-level power.

Nearly 1,000 warships hovered outside, shields activated and weapons locked onto Lin Moyu.

He stood out starkly—just as expected, the Dragonkind were ready, poised for his arrival.

Beyond the warships, a legion of Dragonkind Battle Generals filled the skies. These weren’t puppets, but true Dragonkind Battle Generals, radiating fierce auras.

“They’re all above level 80... and the strongest are at least level 83. There’s so many of them.”

Nearly 100 high-level Dragonkind Battle Generals ringed the fortress.

Lin Moyu felt a headache brewing. He had clearly stirred a hornet's nest. But now that he'd arrived, there was no turning back.

Then, a Dragonkind emerged from the fortress, instantly commanding Lin Moyu's attention.

The moment he appeared, the surrounding Dragonkind saluted in unison, a gesture that spoke volumes of his status.

His aura eclipsed all others, easily surpassing level 85 by Lin Moyu's estimation.

More striking was his appearance: shimmering scales and two sharp horns atop his head—where other Dragonkind bore only one.

“Two horns... an atavistic bloodline.” Lin Moyu understood at a glance.

The enemy had unexpectedly deployed an atavistic bloodline Dragonkind, a being destined to become a Dragon King, and a terrifyingly powerful one.

Among their kind, those with atavistic bloodlines held exalted statuses. Even at level 10, they could stand on equal footing with ordinary Dragon Kings.

This one was clearly the fortress's commander.

He locked eyes with Lin Moyu, brimming with murderous intent. Their enmity had long passed the point of negotiation.

"Lin Moyu, there are no Lightning Trees or Wind Petals here! This time, you're finished!" The Dragonkind commander declared.

Lin Moyu's lips curled in disdain.

Those Lightning Trees and Wind Petals hadn't just restrained the Dragonkind, they'd hampered him too, forcing him to hold back.

Lin Moyu, "Time for a massacre."

He knew that once he moved, few Dragonkind would survive.

The Dragonkind army stood ready, a massive battle teetering on the brink.

Without hesitation, Lin Moyu produced a drop of Poison God's Blood Essence and summoned an Elemental Lich.

In an instant, a Poison Lich with a volatile aura appeared at his side, then hurtled toward the Dragonkind fortress as if through teleportation.

The Dragonkind commander felt a chill, "Stop it!"

Warships roared to life and opened fire, but they were a heartbeat too late.

The Poison Lich crossed over 1,000 meters in a blink, then detonated soundlessly atop the fortress.

The blast radius wasn't large, barely 30 to 40 meters, but everything at its heart, animate and inanimate alike, decayed in an instant.

Several level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle Generals caught at the edge shrieked and perished on the spot.

Poison gas seeped outward, spreading slowly, giving the Dragonkind a chance to flee.

The fortress they had labored to build was about to be swallowed whole and rot into ruin.

“Lin Moyu! What did you do?!” The Dragonkind commander roared.

What did he do? Couldn’t the fool see for himself? Lin Moyu didn’t bother answering. He raised a hand, casting a couple of spells.

A crimson net of light descended with a low hum, blanketing the battlefield.

In regions where Lightning Trees and Wind Petals grew, some of Lin Moyu’s skills were basically sealed.

But here, both he and the Dragonkind were completely unrestrained.

The undead army and the Elemental Liches appeared, and then Lin Moyu activated Enhance Troops.

In an instant, rings of light formed beneath skeletons’ feet, and the Skeletal Berserk Warriors

surged forward.

The Dragonkind warships responded desperately, unleashing a storm of fire against the Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors weaved through the barrage, dodging where they could, enduring where they couldn't.

In the rear, the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed volleys, targeting the Dragonkind Battle Generals.

Then, a burst of green light erupted amid the enemy ranks.

Skill: Poison Starburst.

On its own, it had limited utility. But when combined with Enhance Troops, it became a devastating mass-slaying weapon for 30 seconds, surpassing even Corpse Explosion in raw impact.

During this period, Poison Starburst dealt 180,000 damage per second.

Add the Poison Lich's infinitely stacking Poison Ring, and that number jumped by another 300,000, reaching 480,000 damage per second.

The level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle Generals could barely hold out. The level 70 Dragonkind Battle Generals, especially the puppets, couldn't last more than a few seconds.

Ordinary level 70 Dragonkind had around 650,000 total attributes—less than 200,000 in physique. If the Healers failed to keep up, death would come swiftly.

Within moments of battle, the floating fortress was reduced to rubble, and the Dragonkind were poisoned.

The Dragonkind commander's eyes turned bloodshot as he roared: "I'll kill you!"

Chapter 488: Atavistic Bloodline; Really Hard To Kill

Atavistic bloodline Dragonkind were the pinnacle of power, on par with summit human class users.

Ordinarily, only Earth Knights or similarly ranked class users could contend with them.

But those norms no longer applied.

Lin Moyu's appearance had shattered the balance between classes.

His very existence defied logic.

Like right now. Despite being only level 52, he planned to annihilate hundreds of thousands of Dragonkind.

And none of them were under level 70. Some even exceeded level 80. One even possessed an atavistic bloodline.

By all rights, this should have been impossible.

Ad yet, Lin Moyu was making it happen.

As the enemy forces charged, they were intercepted midway by Skeletal Berserk Warriors.

Poison Ring, Ice Ring, and Lightning Ring triggered in unison, poisoning, slowing, and electrocuting the Dragonkind. Frustration mounted among them.

Without the Enhance Troops skill, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors wouldn't have stood a chance.

But now, their attributes matched the enemy's.

And when they unleashed their skill, the Dragonkind were forced to retreat, unable to engage head-on.

Lin Moyu spoke calmly, "Let's see if they can get through."

He pointed a finger, and a deafening explosion followed.

Screams tore through the air.

In seconds, the Battle General Puppets were poisoned to death, their corpses becoming Lin Moyu's weapons.

"Numbers mean nothing."

"These useless puppets are better used as my weapons."

Lin Moyu's words were like a video's whisper, chilling to the bone.

Explosions rippled through the battlefield, obliterating the Dragonkind warships.

Each time Lin Moyu pointed, several warships fell, their crews annihilated.

He focused his attacks on the level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle Generals, assigning over a hundred Skeletal Berserk Warriors to each.

The Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen supported from range.

To end the fight quickly, he avoided using Bone Prison.

Though it restrained enemies, it halved their damage taken, which would only prolong the battle.

Within 10 seconds, the fortress had corroded completely under the poison.

Despite being made of the finest materials, it crumbled like tofu.

Finally, the secret realm was revealed, just as Lin Moyu had predicted.

The floating fortress had been constructed for its sake.

Lin Moyu said coldly, "It seems your secret lies within the secret realm."

The Dragonkind commander's expression darkened, and he roared, "Guard the secret realm!"

Lin Moyu shook his head, "Not a chance."

The poison had already sealed it off, allowing no entry and no exit.

Its spread continued, creeping further and further. Part of it had already seeped inside.

By Lin Moyu's estimate, the poison now contaminated the secret realm itself.

With its entrance and exit sealed, only a special item could breach it now.

And the poison spared no one. Not even Lin Moyu, its creator, could enter.

He had done this to seal the secret realm first, intending to deal with everything else later.

Warships surged forward, only for their shields to disintegrate the instant they touched the poisonous gas.

In seconds, the warships and their crews were obliterated.

The Dragonkind commander roared, growing desperate, “Forget the skeletons! Kill Lin Moyu!”

He never imagined the battle would unravel in less than 20 seconds.

Nearly all the Dragonkind Battle Generals were dead. Over half of the 1,000 warships destroyed. All because of Lin Moyu.

How could a mere level 52 class user wield such power?

"You want to kill me?"

Lin Moyu sneered, a flame igniting in his palm. He finally had a moment to unleash Soul Blaze.

There was a flash of fire, and the atavistic Dragonkind commander screamed in agony, nearly dropping his weapon.

More screams followed as every level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle General was hit by the skill.

The damage wasn't that great, but the pain was unbearable, worse than dismemberment.

Then, the corpses began to fly.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors hurled them across the battlefield—mostly Battle General Puppets, but some were real Dragonkind soldiers.

When the enemy saw the corpses shooting through the air, they immediately sensed danger, but it was already too late.

The corpses exploded right before their eyes, sending terrifying shockwaves crashing into them.

The level 70 Battle General Puppets, whose attributes and health weren't particularly outstanding, simply couldn't endure it.

The Corpse Explosion skill, amplified 60 times, dealt 25 times the corpse's health in damage. Then Enhance Troops multiplied it sixfold.

Even level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle Generals could hardly withstand it. One blast left them severely wounded. Two or three meant certain death.

Panic spread. Their faces went pale, and they turned to flee, including even the atavistic bloodline Dragonkind commander. The battle was lost.

Power surged from them, blasting away skeletons in their path.

“You can’t escape.”

Lin Moyu shook his head. He had already locked onto these guys, precisely to keep them from escaping.

Before they could get far, their bodies froze in midair.

A layer of fine white bone began sprouting across their bodies.

Skill: Bone Prison.

Although, given their level and strength, Bone Prison could only hold them for a second or two.

But on the battlefield, a single second could decide life and death.

The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swarmed in once more. This time, in double the number.

More corpses were hurled through the air.

Under the enemies' despairing gazes, the corpses detonated.

Shockwaves tore through them like a tsunami.

In just two seconds, Lin Moyu detonated 10 level 70-plus Dragonkind Battle General corpses.

"Go to hell!"

With a furious roar, the Dragonkind commander broke free of his bindings. His twin horns flared with light as a massive wave of lifeblood erupted from his body.

A deafening dragon roar echoed through the skies, and a Dragon phantom took shape above.

The Dragon phantom merged into him. In that instant, he became a Dragon.

Fueled by his atavistic bloodline, he charged forward like a bolt of lightning, blasting through the skeletons in his path, shooting toward Lin Moyu.

Before Lin Moyu could react, the Dragonkind commander's spear had already struck.

This was his strongest strike.

Though it wasn't a formal skill, it surpassed the power of any skill he possessed.

The use of atavistic bloodline came at a heavy cost, but he didn't hesitate. He wanted Lin Moyu dead.

The spear tip struck true, but halted, stopped by an invisible membrane. It couldn't pierce through.

Passive skill: Damage Transfer.

As long as his undead army stood, Lin Moyu could not be harmed.

At that moment, the more than 30,000 skeletons absorbed the damage.

"Not bad... but still not enough." Lin Moyu muttered.

He raised a hand, and white light flickered at his fingertip.

After not being used for white a while, Bone Fangs erupted at this time.

At close range, 3,120 Bone Fangs shot out in a deadly wave.

The Dragonkind commander's expression shifted in alarm. He tried to retreat, only to find himself surrounded by skeletons, his spear gripped by a large hand.

The Bone Fangs pierced him like blades, tearing through his body in an explosion of damage.

With Enhance Troops active, Lin Moyu's power was amplified tenfold.

Though Bone Fangs alone couldn't kill him, it was more than enough to cause serious damage.

Just then, more corpses arrived and the Skeletal Great Mages and Skeletal Marksmen unleashed their firepower.

Another roar rang out. The Dragonkind commander activated his atavistic bloodline a second time.

The Dragon phantom burst forward and cleared a path. He broke free and shot into the sky, vanishing in a flash.

Lin Moyu stared after him, "As expected from an atavistic bloodline... he's not easy to kill."

When activated, atavistic bloodline granted total immunity to control effects and negative statuses, and massively boosted attack power.

In Lin Moyu's eyes, this power was comparable to that of the Giant Leaf Mother Tree.

"A solid Warrior. Shame I forgot to ask his name."

"I'll ask next time. If I'm going to kill someone, might as well know their name."

He turned back to the battlefield.

The Dragonkind forces had already scattered. The remaining warships fled in all directions.

Only a few fearless Battle General Puppets remained, stalling for time.

Lin Moyu didn't bother to chase them. Instead, his gaze shifted to the entrance of the secret realm.

Whatever the Dragonkind were hiding, it was in there.

All of a sudden, a soft shimmer of light enveloped his body.

After several days, Lin Moyu had leveled up again, hitting level 53.

Chapter 489: 100% Poison Elemental Immunity

Lin Moyu wasn't surprised when he leveled up. He had expected it.

With the level-up came improvements to both his attributes and skills.

His undead army expanded once more, now boasting 33 Lich Generals and a total of 32,670 skeletons, with 10,890 of each type.

However, he didn't summon skeletons immediately. Instead, his attention turned to the entrance of the secret realm.

It was sealed by deadly poison, so potent that even fake God-level powerhouses or Demon King avatars couldn't survive it.

This was the Poison God's poison.

Lin Moyu had no idea how long the poison would last. A day, a year, or even a decade, there was no way to know.

In other places, it might not matter. But here, in the lower layer where the strongest only reached level 89, it was a critical obstacle.

God-level powerhouses found it challenging to cross over, making this poison virtually insurmountable.

Now that the entrance was sealed and the Dragonkind repelled, his next concern was finding a way inside.

He had a plan. But, there was no guarantee it would work.

Still, there was only one way to find out.

"After killing the Poison God, my poison elemental immunity's upper limit rose to 100%."

“The Venomous Flood Dragon’s Spinal Fluid can boost poison elemental immunity.”

“And since the Venomous Flood Dragon evolved by consuming the Poison God’s Blood Essence, it should naturally possess high resistance to the Poison God’s poison.”

“Let’s put it to the test.”

Following his plan, Lin Moyu retrieved the Venomous Flood Dragon’s Spine.

It was 100 meters long, divided into 100 one-meter segments.

Each segment held three drops of spinal fluid, crystalline and lustrous like fine jade.

In total, the entire spine held 300 drops of spinal fluid.

Previously, Lin Moyu had taken three drops, one of which he gave to Han Dong’er to cure her poisoning.

That left 299 drops remaining.

Since he lacked proper containers, he hadn't extracted the spinal fluid earlier.

But now, he didn't need containers. He'd consume it directly.

Breaking open one segment, he swallowed the three drops inside.

A delicate fragrance bloomed within him, and a warm current spread through every corner of his body.

[Poison elemental immunity +1%]

[Poison elemental immunity +1%]

His poison elemental immunity climbed to 82%.

"Three drops for 2%... Looks like the returns are diminishing, just like with the Lightning Elemental Essence."

He cracked open another segment and drank the spinal fluid.

[Poison elemental immunity +1%]

Only 1% this time.

One by one, he broke open more segments, consuming their contents.

Eventually, he figured it out: each time, he needed one more drop than before to gain the same result.

To increase his immunity from 80% to 100%, he would need exactly 210 drops.

With 299 drops, he had more than enough, with 89 to spare.

He ordered the Skeletal Berserk Warriors to keep breaking open the segments, while he focused on consuming the spinal fluid.

But no matter how good something tasted, repetition dulled the flavor.

Though the spinal fluid had a pleasant taste, after consuming so much, Lin Moyu began to feel a bit nauseous.

He couldn't help but recall the days he'd grinded his skills by eating Desert Fruits.

But there was no turning back now. He glanced at the entrance to the secret realm, still shrouded in swirling poison.

He had started this himself; nausea or not, he had to see it through.

Half an hour later, with the final 1% completed, Lin Moyu finally raised his poison elemental immunity to 100%.

A soft glow enveloped his body as wisps of pale green smoke drifted from his skin, dispersing silently into the air.

All living beings accumulate trace amounts of poison over time.

This was especially true for class users like him, who were constantly exposed to various substances, many of them toxic.

Although wounds and illnesses pass, but some lingering traces would always remain, unable to be completely expelled.

Over time, these minute amounts of poison would gradually accumulate within the body.

Now, with 100% poison elemental immunity, every last impurity was expelled.

He felt significantly lighter. Although his attributes hadn't changed, his body felt far better than before.

Complete immunity to both lightning and poison elements, this was unprecedented in history.

If he could have seen his own bones, he'd have found them pristine like jade.

His spinal fluid was now pure and crystalline, as pure as the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid, making it the finest antidote.

Lin Moyu promptly stowed the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spine. He was done with it. Just the sight made his stomach churn.

The secret realm's entrance was still wreathed in poison, making passage practically impossible.

The poisonous gas swayed with the wind, expanding rather than dispersing, now blanketing a full 10 kilometers, turning the battlefield into a forbidden zone.

Lin Moyu extended a finger into the poison cloud—no reaction.

The poison ignored him completely.

Only then did he relax and begin flying toward the secret realm's entrance.

With 100% poison elemental immunity, he moved and breathed freely in the poison cloud.

Even though he inhaled vast amounts of the poison, his body expelled it instantly, leaving no trace behind.

But just as he was about to enter, an invisible force flung him back.

The secret realm had rejected him.

Lin Moyu paused, then realized that he was currently in a special state.

A red beam of light shot skyward from his body. He was undergoing a Primordial Rune trial.

In this state, he couldn't leave the Immemorial Battlefield, nor enter any secret realms or dungeons.

The trial lasted a full ten days for anyone who obtained a Primordial Rune. No exceptions.

"I can't believe I missed that. Eight more days... I'll just have to wait."

Wasting eight days outside the secret realm was frustrating, but unavoidable.

Just as he was about to sit, a cold, powerful aura surged in the distance.

He looked up.

In the distance, a green glow lit the sky.

“Abyssal Fire!”

The horizon burned with deep, inky green flames.

Then, an overwhelming aura surged toward him.

“Demon King!” Lin Moyu’s expression darkened.

This wasn’t a God-level avatar, but the main body of a Demon King.

The difference in aura was undeniable. Lin Moyu could tell instantly.

For a Demon King to descend into the lower layer was no small feat.

Normally, even with a sacrificial rite involving Demon flesh and soul, only an avatar could be summoned, one that could remain less than a minute.

But for the true body to arrive, the Demon King had to first go to the deep layer, then traverse a spatial channel.

This allowed them to stay longer. Without engaging in battle, they could remain for up to an hour. But if they fought at full power, that time would shrink to mere minutes.

For a Demon King, let alone an hour, even a couple of minutes was more than enough to accomplish many things.

Lin Moyu could feel the crushing strength of the aura.

This Demon King was stronger than the Fire Demon King, the Tetrawing Bull King, and even the Demon King avatar he'd slain days ago.

This one had to be at least level 92 Demon King, and not just an ordinary one, but likely an elite rank one.

He didn't move.

Cloaked in poison gas, he knew the Demon King couldn't charge in carelessly.

Even Demon Kings would dread the Poison God's poison.

The Demon King approached, engulfed in Abyssal Fire. The Abyssal Fire clashed violently with the poison gas, producing constant sizzling as it burned through the haze.

Through the flames, Lin Moyu finally saw the Demon King clearly.

His entire body was wreathed in Abyssal Fire, his form shifting and twisting without a fixed shape, constantly changing within the inferno.

Lin Moyu recognized him instantly from records—the Fire Sprite Demon King, a Demon King said to be born of Abyssal Fire, of elite rank and level 91.

Lin Moyu's judgment was far off.

The Fire Sprite Demon King was indeed halted by the poison gas, unable to break through for the time being.

However, the Abyssal Fire continued to devour the poison gas; at most, it would take half an hour for the poison to be completely consumed.

The Fire Demon King had no physical form—no eyes, mouth, or nose—making it impossible to read any expression.

Yet Lin Moyu could feel his aura locked onto him, radiating murderous intent.

A heavy silence descended.

Aside from the crackling sound of poison being burned away, not a single noise disturbed the air.

Under the Fire Sprite Demon King's lock-on, Lin Moyu faced a terrifying attack the moment he stepped outside the poison gas's range.

Lin Moyu was unaware that the Abyssal Demon Emperor had issued a kill order against him, that he was the target of numerous Abyssal Demon Kings.

The range of the poison gas was rapidly shrinking. Due to the trial period of the Primordial Rune, he could not leave the Immemorial Battlefield for the time being.

Neither the Abyssal Teleportation Stone nor Antares's Dragon Bead could help him escape.

To make matters worse, his body glowed red, making him an easy target even if he used a Random Teleportation Scroll to flee 100 kilometers. The Demon King would catch up instantly.

At this point, the Primordial Rune felt more like a death sentence than a blessing.

Chapter 490: He's Really Level 53

Mocking laughter echoed in the air. The Fire Sprite Demon King was already savoring his victory. To him, Lin Moyu was as good as captured.

But just then, a powerful aura erupted in the distance.

More Demon Kings were approaching, and not just one.

Lin Moyu spotted several black specks rapidly growing larger in the distance.

Realizing something had gone terribly wrong, he immediately pulled out a Shenxia City Teleportation Stone that Feng Yiming had given him and activated it.

In an instant, Lin Moyu vanished from the Fire Sprite Demon King's view.

A pillar of red light shot up from Shenxia City, stunning all who saw it.

“It’s a Primordial Rune! “

“Someone actually obtained a Primordial Rune! And it’s a human!”

“So jealous. Why can’t I ever get that lucky?”

“Getting a Primordial Rune takes insane luck. The real question is, can they keep it?”

“As long as they stay in the city, there’s nothing to worry about.”

Shenxia City had strict rules.

Combat was forbidden within its borders. Even if people coveted the rune, no one would dare act as long as Lin Moyu remained in the city.

All he had to do was stay inside for eight days. Once the trial period ended and the Primordial Rune fully fused with him, it would be his forever.

While most onlookers were envious, others wore grim expressions.

“Actually, Shenxia City isn’t entirely safe.”

“What do you mean?”

“In the arena, death matches are allowed...”

Lin Moyu appeared in the military teleportation formation.

The moment the Primordial Rune emerged, it sent a shockwave of alert through the city, alerting Feng Yiming at once.

Feng Yiming rushed over at full speed and saw Lin Moyu standing within the teleportation formation.

"Godly General Lin!"

He was briefly surprised to see Lin Moyu with the Primordial Rune, but quickly regained his composure.

Lin Moyu was, after all, a walking miracle. Nothing that happened to him ever seemed inconceivable.

Then Feng Yiming noticed the military badge on Lin Moyu’s shoulder—three-star godly general.

Just days ago, he had still been a two-star godly general. Now, he had risen to three-star.

Recalling the recent Godfall Rain, Feng Yiming instinctively made a connection. He assumed Lin Moyu was responsible and that a God's death had propelled him to this new rank.

But he was mistaken. Lin Moyu had advanced to three-stars by slaying the Darkfiend King's avatar.

The Godfall Rain had been triggered by the Lightning God's death—an unrelated event.

Realizing Lin Moyu's new rank, Feng Yiming's respect deepened.

With a broad smile, he said, "Congratulations, Godly General Lin, on obtaining the Primordial Rune."

Lin Moyu replied modestly, "Thank you, Commander Feng. I just got lucky."

Feng Yiming asked, "Will you be resting in the city for a few days?"

Lin Moyu said, “Yes, I’ll stay until the rune fully fuses with me. Otherwise, I’ll be too easy a target.”

Feng Yiming promptly said, “I’ll arrange your accommodations right away.”

The city maintained special residences for godly generals.

Shenxia City held a special status in the lower layer, and godly generals occasionally paid visits.

The military treated them with the utmost respect, providing comfortable accommodations.

Lin Moyu was given a private courtyard complete with a garden.

He made no special requests. So long as he was left undisturbed, he was content.

Still, Feng Yiming was puzzled. With Lin Mo Yu's strength, there was no reason for him to fear being hunted.

Who would dare pursue him? He was capable of killing even Demon Kings.

Although confused, Feng Yiming chose not to pry.

Sensing his confusion, Lin Moyu considered another possibility.

"Commander Feng, at least three Demon Kings have come from the deep layer to hunt me. You should prepare."

Feng Yiming was shaken. So that was the reason behind Lin Moyu's sudden return.

Being hunted by three Demon Kings, what madness was this?

Had he slain the son of the Abyss Demon Emperor or something?

But the truth was likely beyond anything Feng Yiming could imagine.

He quickly composed himself and replied, "No need to worry, Godly General Lin. Shenxia City has stood for a thousand years. Demon Kings have attacked before, and all have left in defeat."

Confident in Shenxia City's defenses, Feng Yiming saw no cause for alarm.

Lin Moyu said no more. It was enough that Feng Yiming was confident.

The Demon Kings might not come here, after all.

After settling Lin Moyu in, Feng Yiming departed.

Despite claiming there was no need to worry, he immediately began making preparations.

Half an hour later, news reached Meng Anwen in the White God Courtyard.

It came from the Feng Family—Feng Yiming had reported to them that Lin Moyu had obtained a Primordial Rune.

“So Moyu has obtained another Primordial Rune. Possessing two at once is almost unheard of.”

“And now he's a three-star godly general... I wonder what he experienced in the lower layer.”

“By the looks of it, it seems things went quite well for him.”

Meng Anwen smiled, clearly pleased to know that not only was Lin Moyu safe, but that he had also encountered great fortune.

At first, he intended to share the news with Bai Yiyuan, but then changed his mind.

“Let that guy stew in the Hall of Heroes a bit longer.”

With a mischievous grin, Meng Anwen leisurely closed his eyes once more.

A mysterious and distinctive aura enveloped the White God Courtyard, gradually thickening until it shrouded the entire area like a dense fog.

Meanwhile, in Shenxia City, Lin Moyu sensed a chilling wave of murderous intent.

Though Feng Yiming had maintained a facade of nonchalance, preparations were clearly underway.

Half a day passed, yet the Demon Kings had not appeared. Lin Moyu remained alert—he knew better than to let his guard down.

It was no easy feat for Demon Kings to descend from the deep layer to the lower layer. Even if they succeeded, they could only remain for about an hour.

Should battle erupt, that time would be drastically shortened.

Lin Moyu speculated they would either not come at all, or strike with a lightning-fast assault.

He still didn't understand what he had done to deserve this, for the Demon Kings to unite and hunt him down.

After half a day of rest, Lin Moyu had fully staffed his undead army.

He carefully checked his attributes.

[Name: Lin Moyu]

[Class: Necrolord (unique)]

[Level: 53 (0.50%)]

[Strength: 80,626]

[Agility: 80,626]

[Spirit: 234,860]

[Physique: 96,626]

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

After reaching level 53, his total attributes had risen by over 19,000.

Even summit classes like the Earth Knight typically had a total of around 270,000 attributes at this level.

Lin Moyu, however, had reached a staggering 490,000, placing him in a league of his own. And as their levels increased, so would the gap.

After resting for half a day, Lin Moyu left his quarters and headed toward the city's only shop, the same one he'd visited days ago.

Though prices were steep, the store stocked nearly everything you needed.

He planned to purchase bottles for storing the Venomous Flood Dragon's Spinal Fluid and boxes for the bone segments.

Bathed in a red beam of light that shot into the sky, Lin Moyu stood out like a blazing beacon.

Every move he made drew immediate attention.

"There he is."

"Ever since he returned through the teleportation formation, he hasn't shown his face. Now he finally appears."

"Good. I've been waiting to challenge him."

“Yes, in the arena—a death match.”

In the half-day since Lin Moyu’s return, many class users who had been out hunting monsters had rushed back to the city. Most came back after hearing the news about Lin Moyu.

Everyone coveted the Primordial Rune. Even fellow human class users weren’t above trying to take it by force.

Moreover, these people were confident in their own strength.

But the moment Lin Moyu stepped into view, all their bravado vanished.

He was cloaked in a red glow, the unmistakable radiance of the Primordial Rune. But what truly stole their breath was the godly general badge on his shoulder, glowing with a purple light.

In everyone’s eyes, the godly general badge’s purple light was far more dazzling than the red glow of the Primordial Rune.

The ones who’d been clamoring to challenge him now didn’t even dare to breathe too loudly.

As Lin Moyu passed, they stiffened. Some even cast respectful glances his way.

A faint murderous aura still lingered around him, the aftermath of battle not yet fully subdued.

Only when he disappeared from sight did the crowd finally exhale.

“Good heavens... He’s a three-star godly general!”

“He must’ve slain at least three Demon Kings or Dragon Kings.”

“That’s insane. He looks like he’s only level 53. How is he this strong?”

“No way he’s really level 53. He must be using some item to mask his level. I bet he’s at least level 83.”

“Mask, my ass. He’s really level 53.”