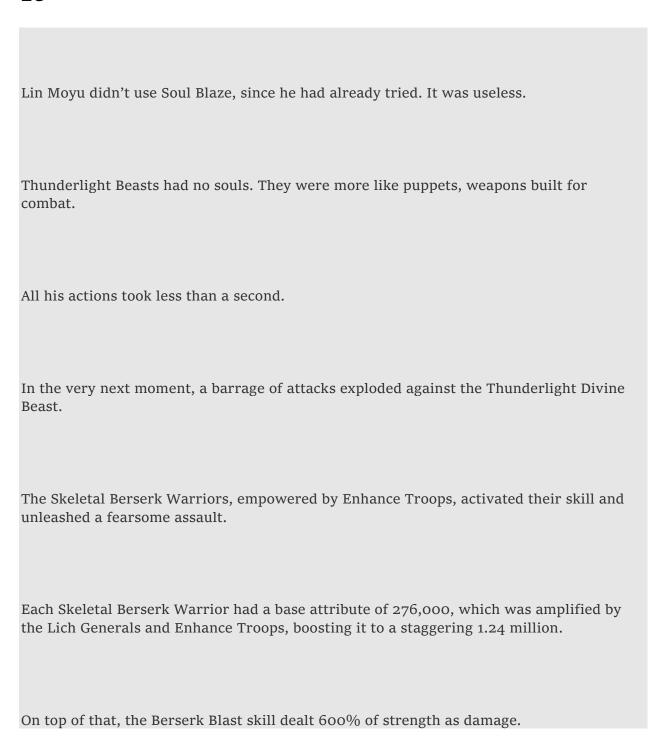
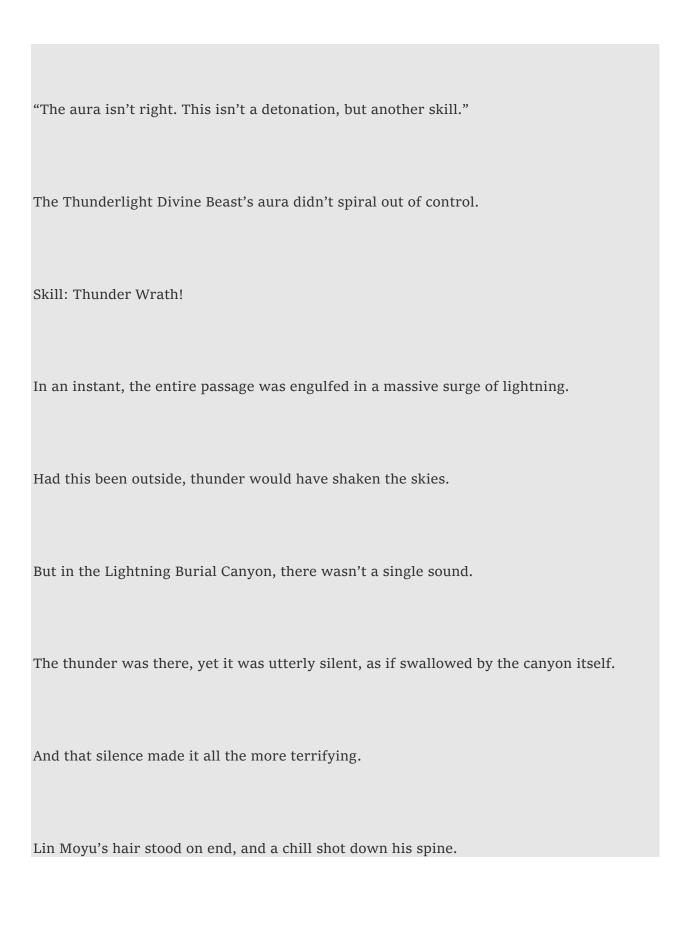
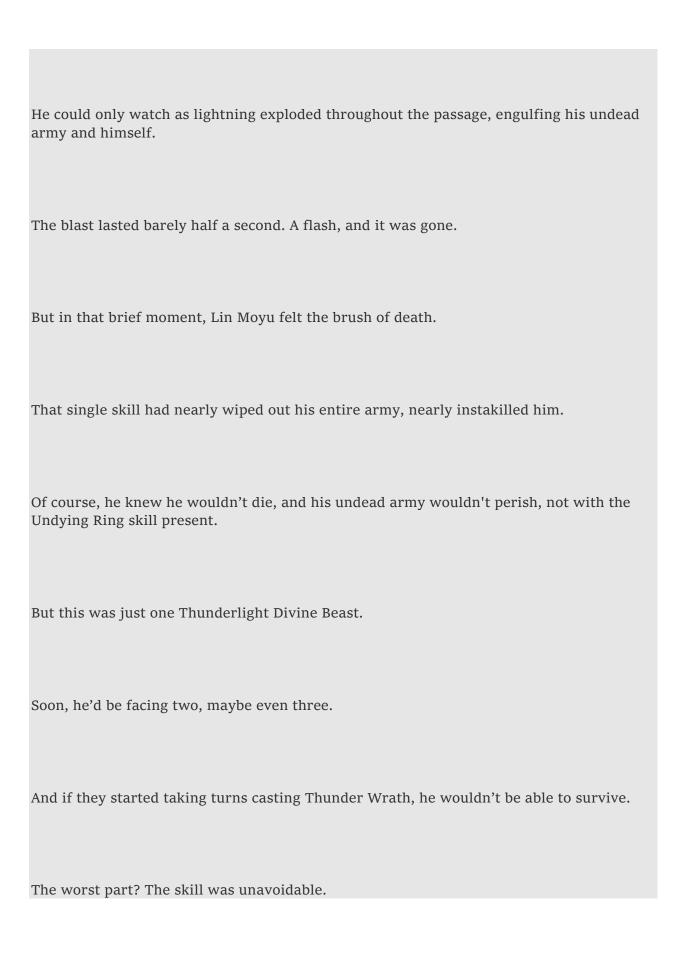
## **NECROMANCER: I AM A DISASTER**

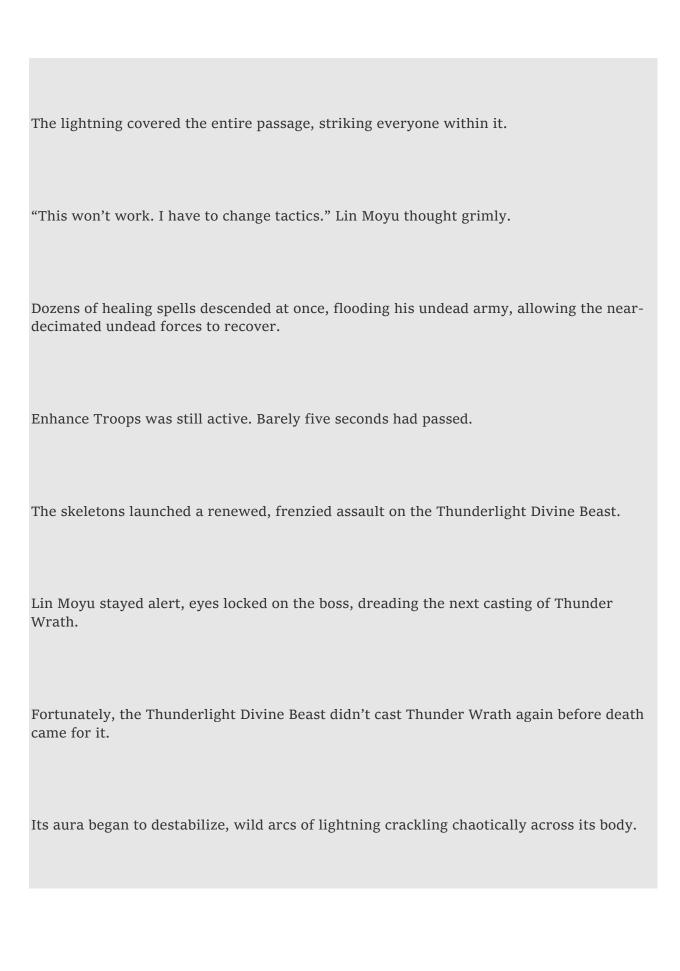
## Chapter 481: Must Find A Way To Instakill It



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 ass of over 10,000 Skeletal Berserk Warriors.	saul
And they weren't alone. The Skeletal Great Magi and Skeletal Marksmen also unleashe deadly attacks, piling on even more damage.	:d
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 Warrior retreat, thinking it was about to self-destruct.	rs to
But something felt off.	







"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.

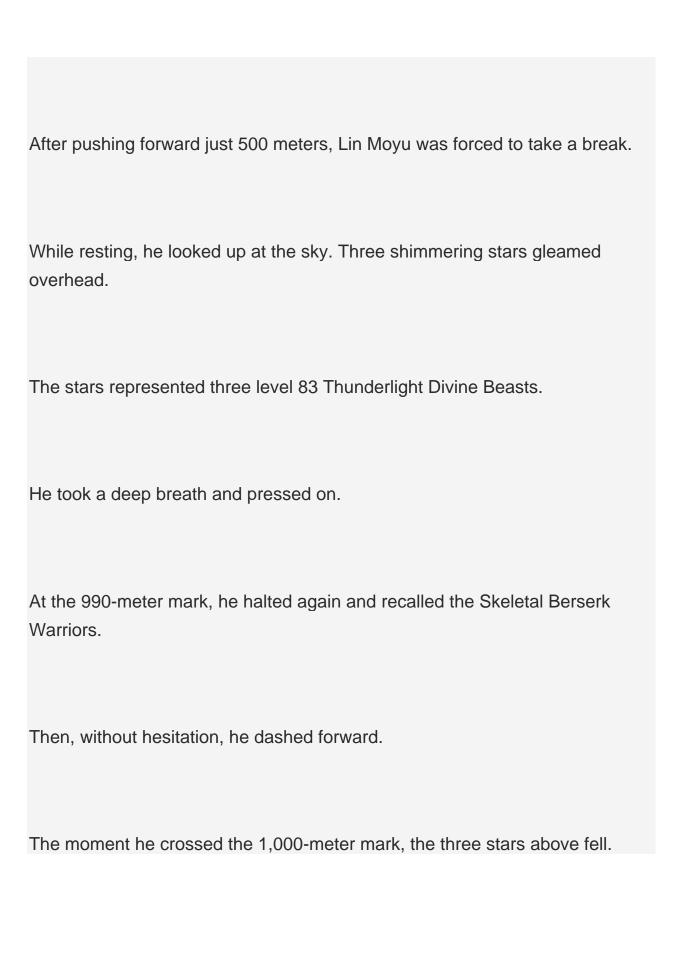
"Through all the long years has anyone ever made it this far?"
He already knew which way to go—the far-left path
So many choices, so many forks, to choose correctly every single time, and arrive here must be nearly impossible.
And this place, its difficulty was at the forbidden zone rank.
Lin Moyu had 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."

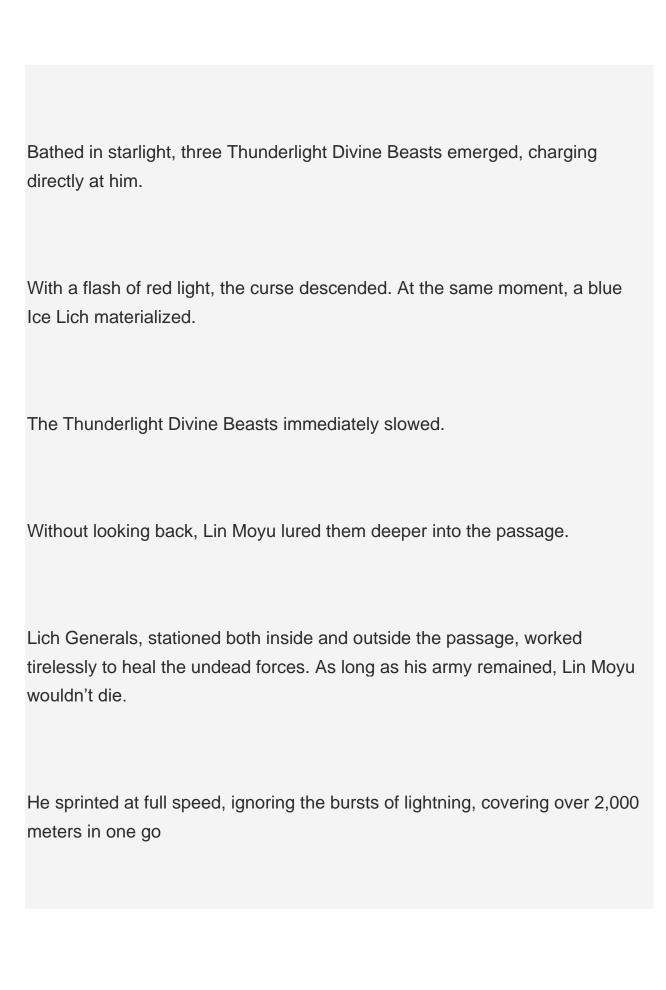
"Which means I have to stop at least one of them from casting it."
Lin Moyu knew his limit. He could withstand two waves of Thunder Wrath.
Therefore, he had to eliminate one of the Thunderlight Divine Beasts instantly. Only then would he have a fighting chance.
He took out a Solidified Fire God's Blood 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.

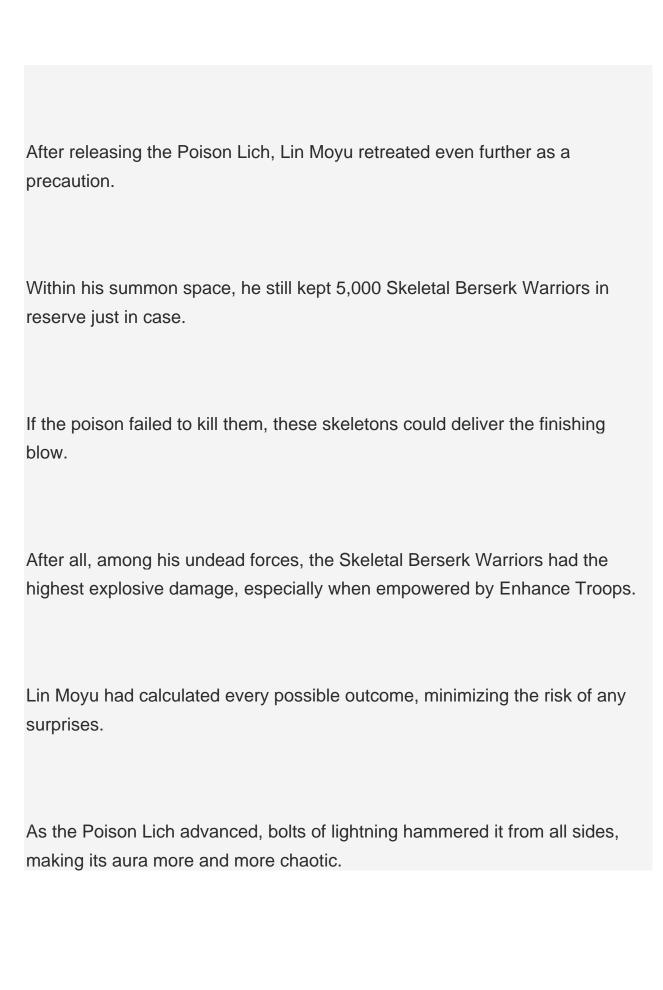
Lin Moyu disliked surprises. He always prepared multiple contingencies.
Leaving 10,000 Skeletal Marksmen outside the passage was one such contingency.
After entering, the path behind him vanished. Lin Moyu immediately attempted to recall a Skeletal Marksman.
It worked. Relief washed over him.
The disappearance 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.

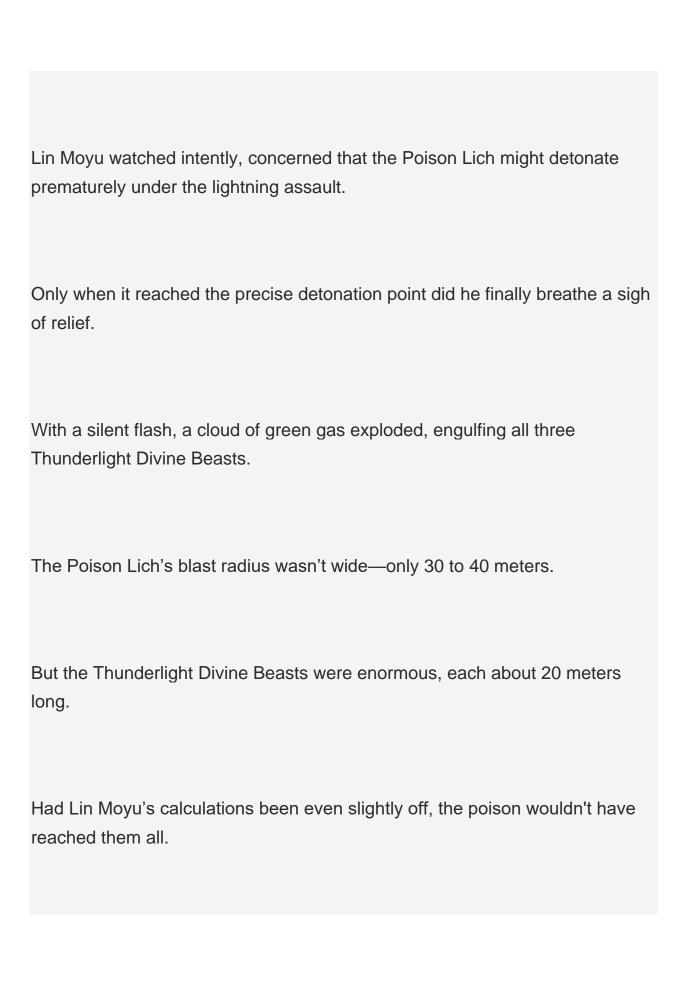




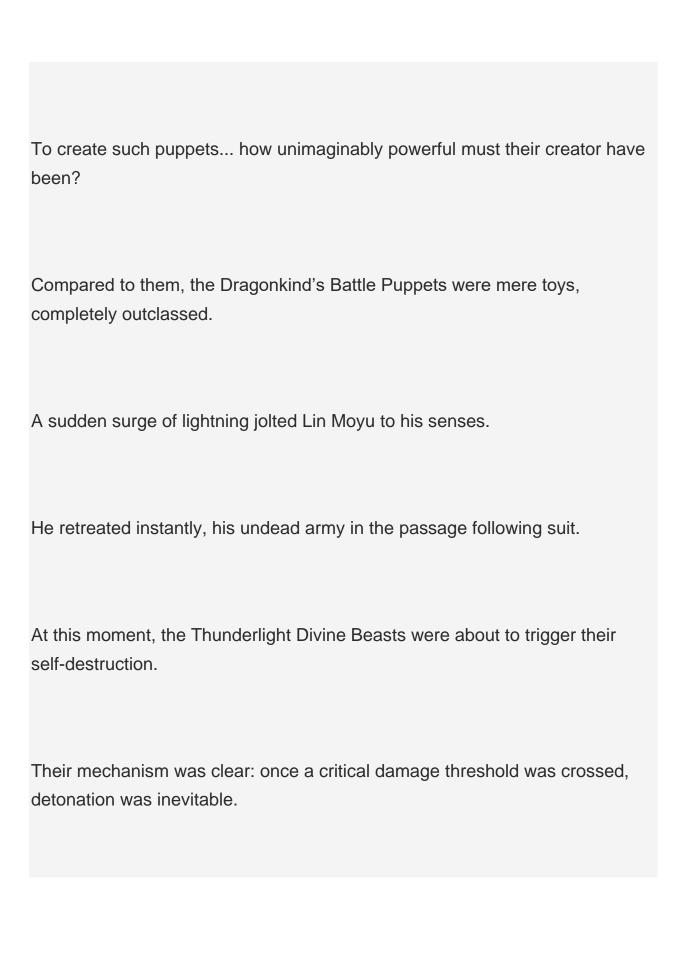
He was now approximately 3,000 meters from the entrance of the passage, a distance he had calculated carefully.
Even if all three Thunderlight Divine Beasts detonated simultaneously, it should be far enough to escape the blast radius.
The Lightning Burial Canyon operated by fixed rules. Nothing happened 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.

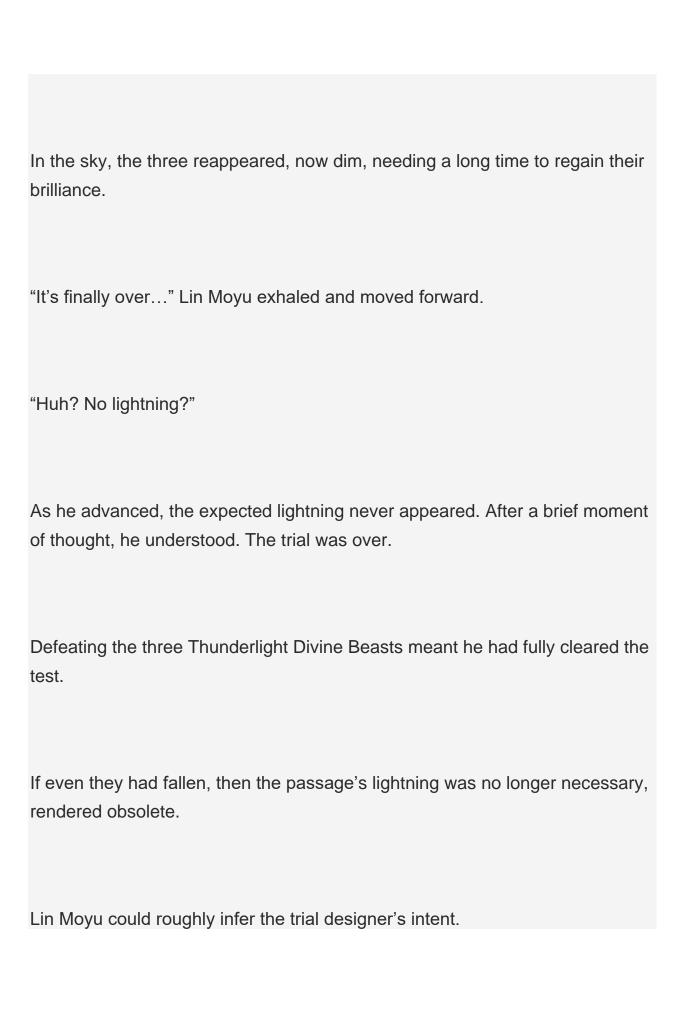


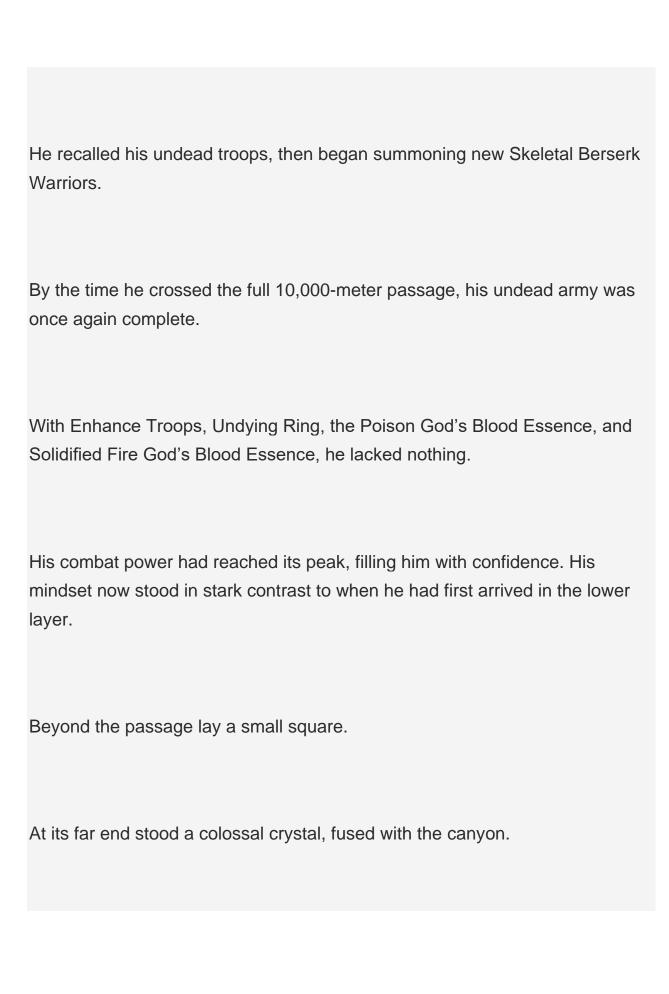


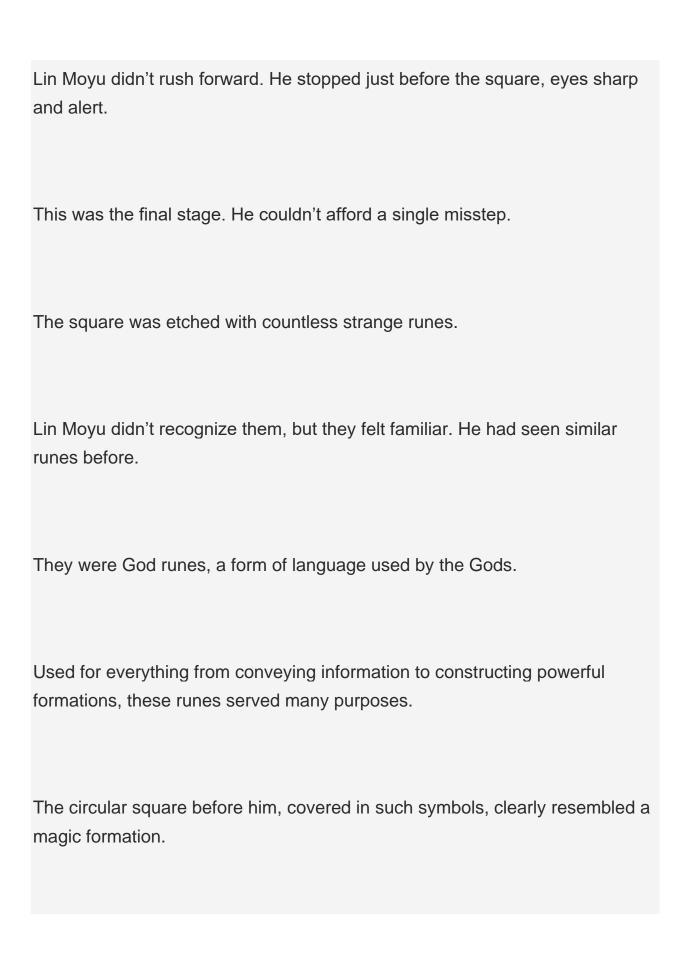
Within the dense poisonous cloud, the Thunderlight Divine Beasts' bodies began to decay rapidly.
They weren't truly living beings, so they let out no screams.
As their forms decayed, bolts of lightning began leaking uncontrollably, flickering wildly through the canyon.
Lin Moyu's eyes narrowed sharply. 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.



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.



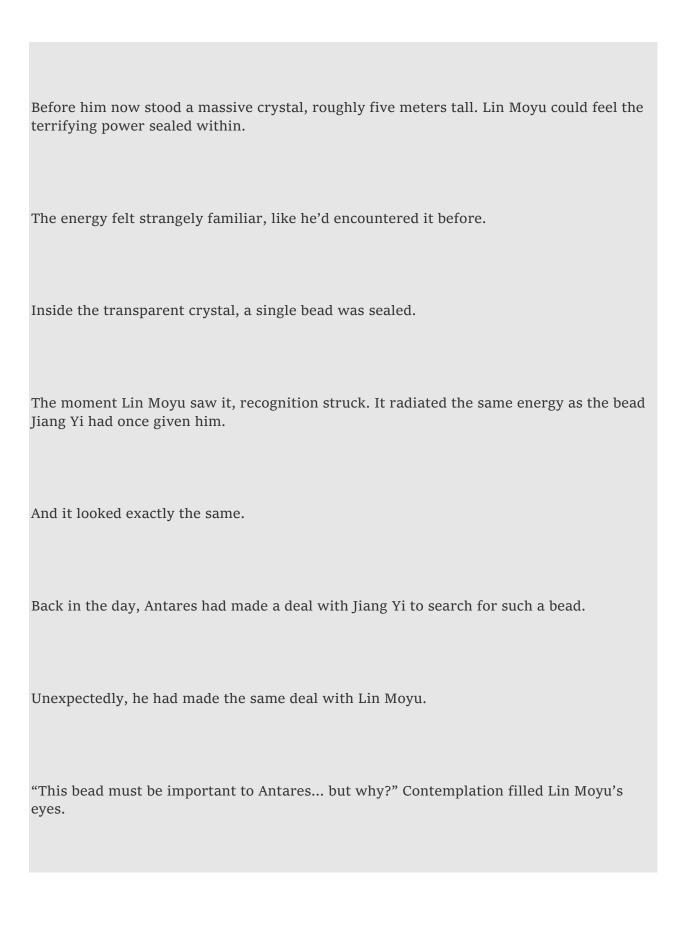


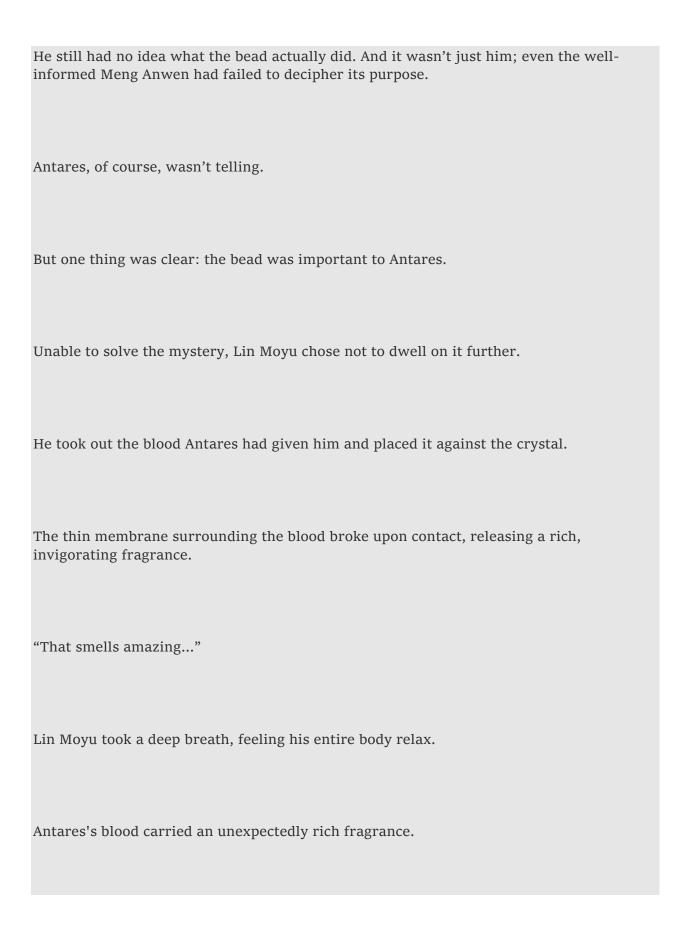


Lin Moyu studied it for a long time, but its secrets remained elusive.
One thing was certain: to reach the crystal at the far end, he would have to cross it.
He hesitated. Then, a quiet chuckle escaped his lips, "Why am I overthinking this? There's no turning back."
Caution was pointless now. The only 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 i could go remained to be seen.
Once the lightning from all the crystals had flowed into him, the light around the square quickly dimmed.



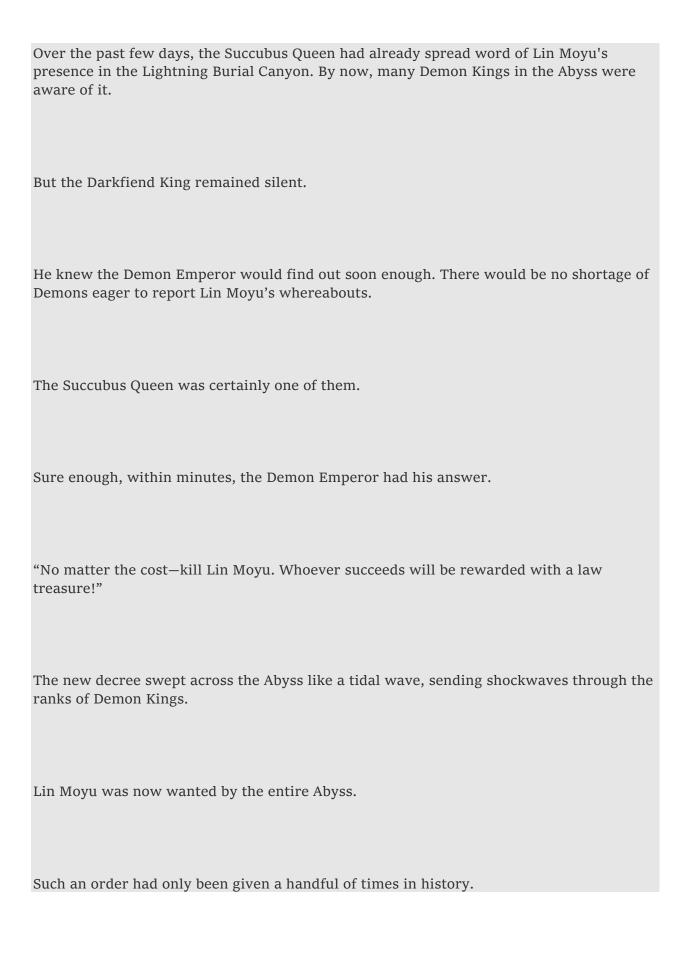


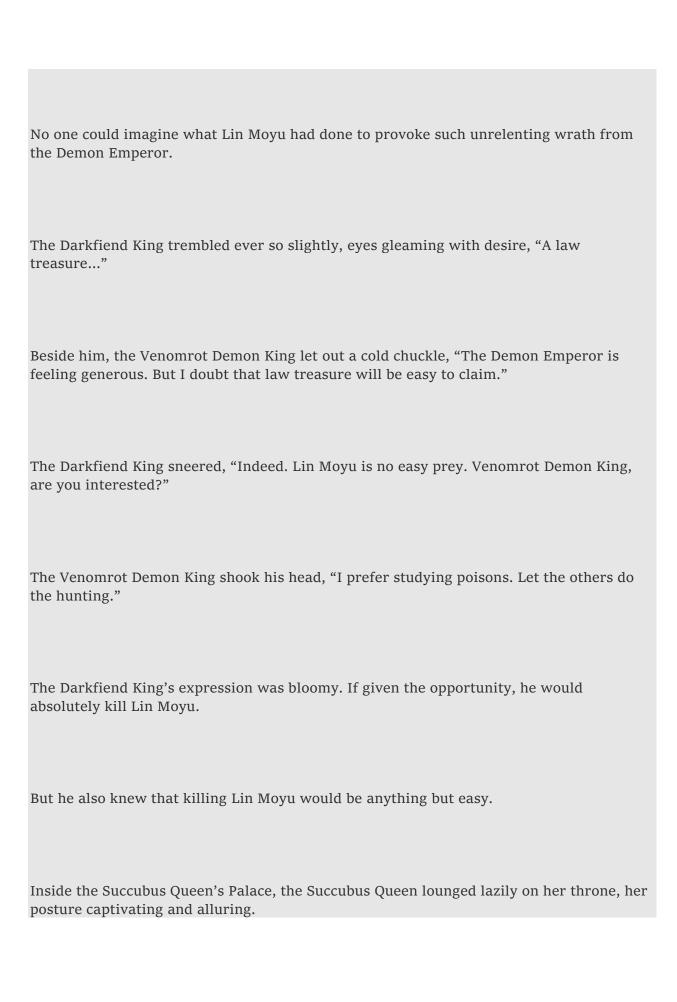
For a moment, he even felt tempted to taste it.
The blood quickly seeped into the crystal, which began to melt at an astonishing rate.
Lin Moyu was ready. He had already prepared a suitable box.
The instant the crystal dissolved and revealed the bead, he grabbed it.
He studied it for a long time, but 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 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.





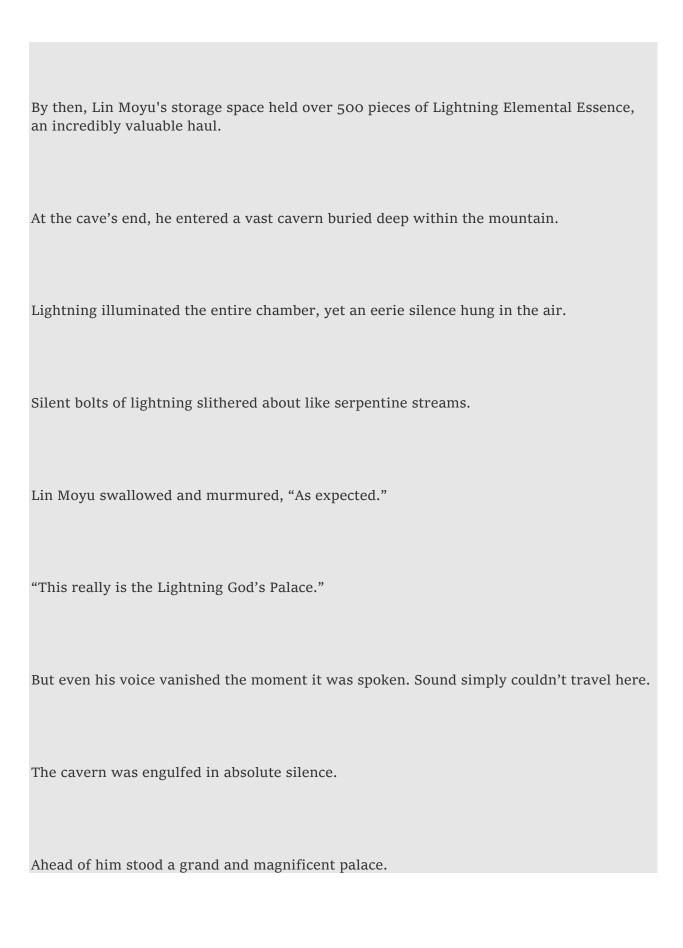
Mina stood respectfully to the side, "Demon Queen, should we go?"
The Succubus Queen scoffed. "Go? And die? Who knows what Lin Moyu did in the Lightning Burial Canyon to enrage the Demon Emperor like that."
"But that alone proves how dangerous he is."
"Trust me, we can't kill him. Crossing him would 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.

[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.



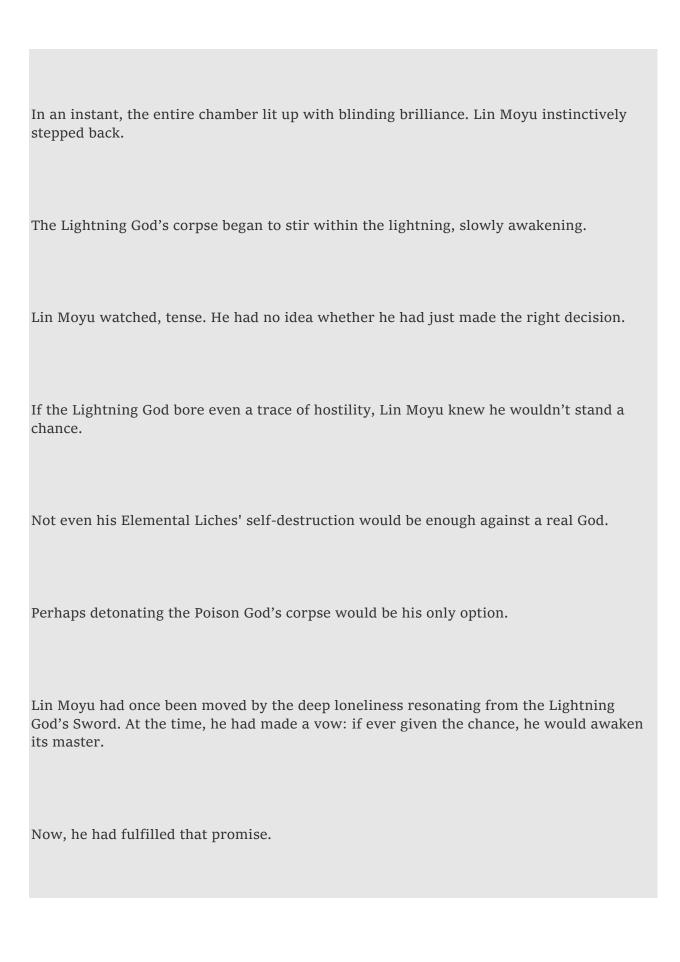
The palace was the source of the lightning.
Whether it was the cavern or the entire Lightning Burial Canyon, all the lightning originated from the Lightning God's Palace before him.
Lin Moyu instantly recognized it. The palace bore an unmistakable symbol: the Lightning God's Sword.
He had that very sword 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.

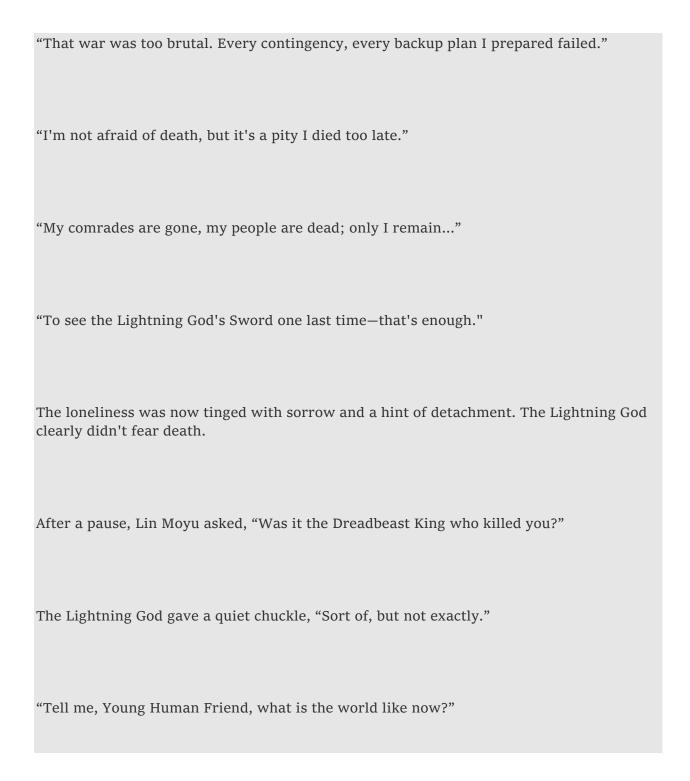
Despite the countless years, the corpse remained perfectly preserved, with lightning clinging to it like armor.
The lightning was so concentrated it had taken on a liquid form. Flowing slowly like molten energy.
Only one place remained untouched: the space between the brows.
And there, above the brows, 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.



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.

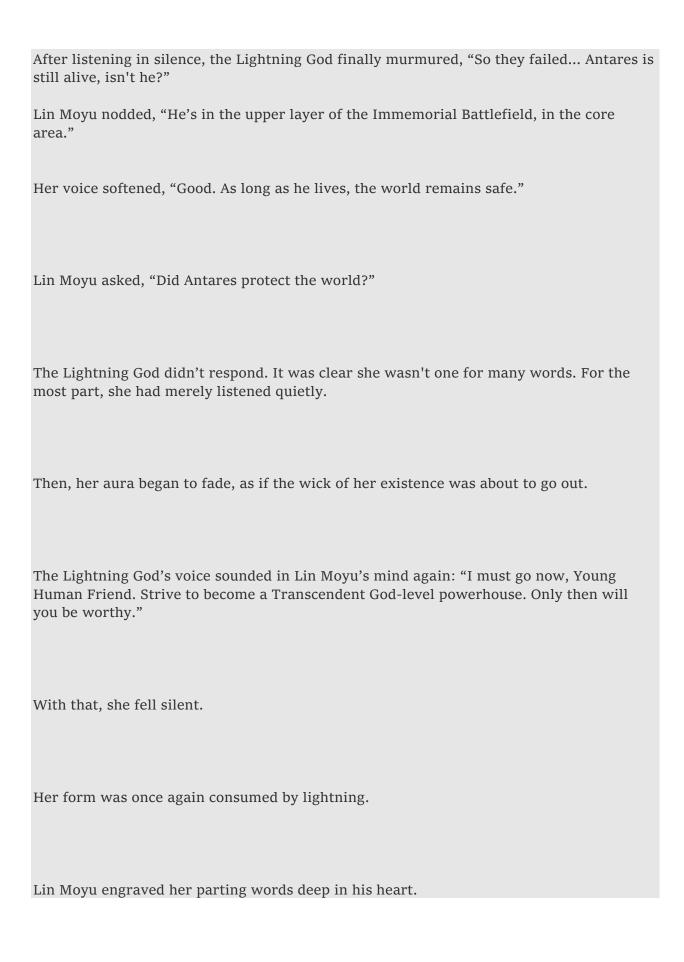
But the Lightning God did not attack. She gently caressed the sword, then opened her eyes.
Lin Moyu froze. Her gaze was not fierce, but filled with unfathomable loneliness, as if someone who had outlived everyone and everything they'd once held dear.
The emotion spread through the chamber like a silent 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."

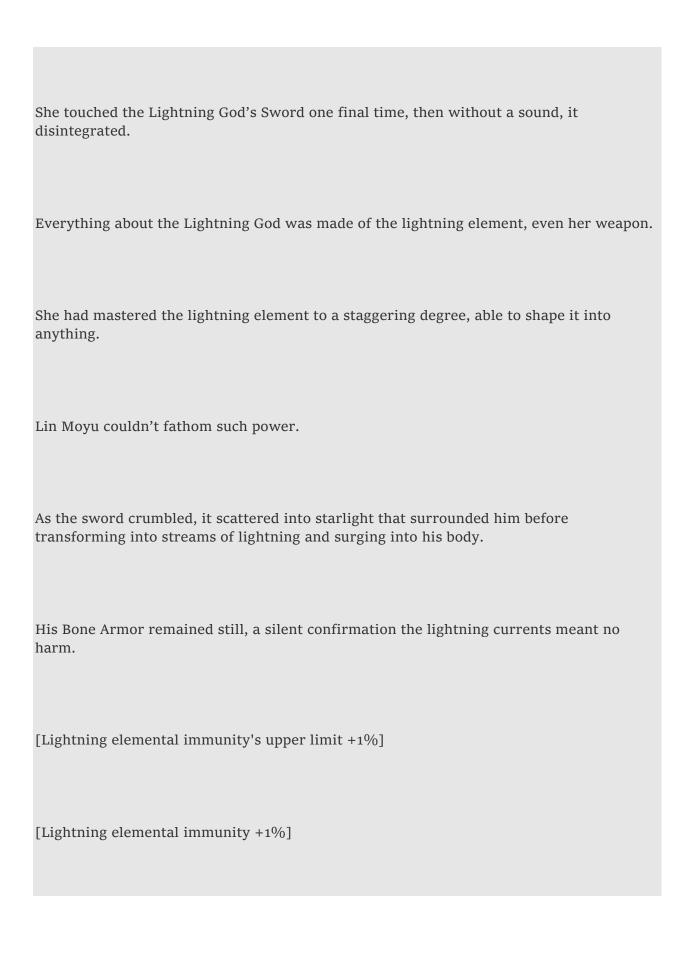
A voice echoed not through the air, but directly within Lin Moyu's mind.
The Lightning God hadn't spoken aloud; her words were carried through spirit transmission.
Lin Moyu replied, "I made a promise to the Lightning God's Sword that I would awaken its master."
"This sword was my dearest comrade. To 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?"

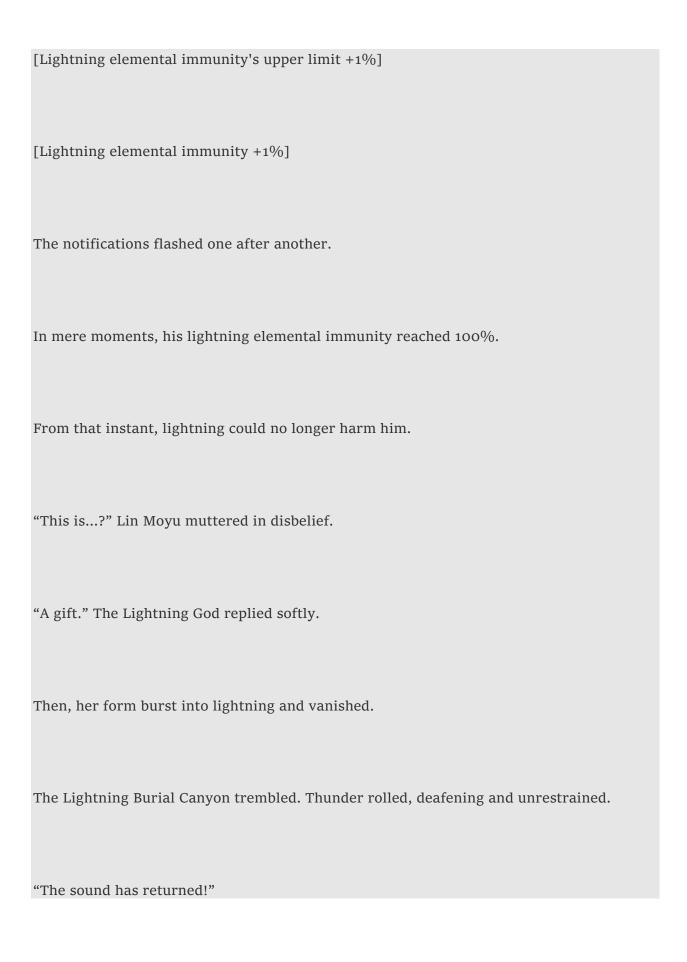


## Chapter 485: Complete Lightning Elemental Immunity

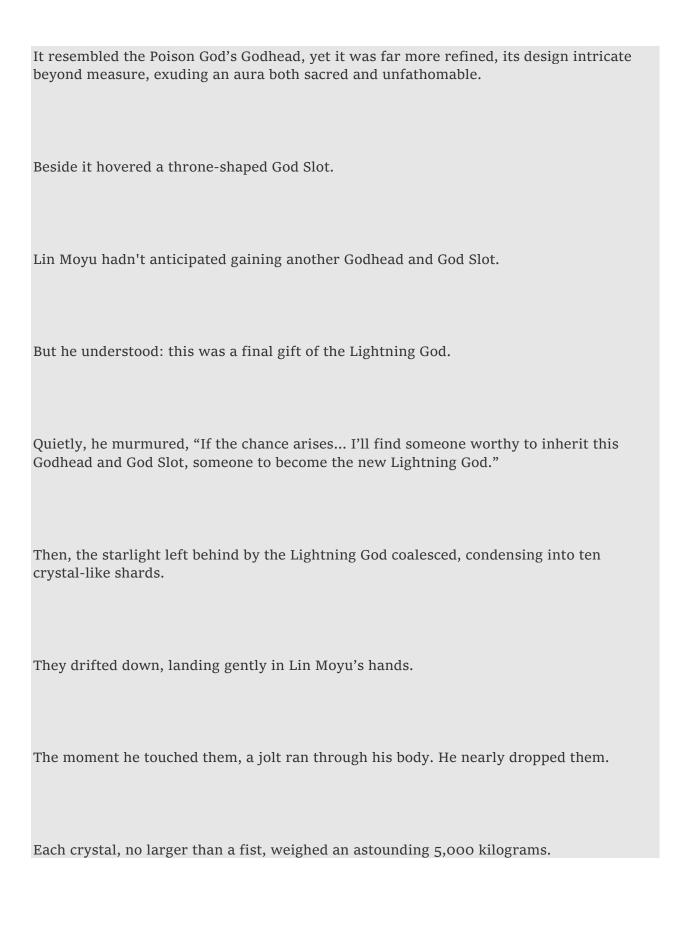
The Lightning God spoke gently, her tone kind and composed.
She addressed Lin Moyu as "young human friend," suggesting a favorable view of humanity, much like the God of Life in the Putrid Corpse Land.
But not all Gods were the same.
The Poison God, for instance, was different.
From this contrast, Lin 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.







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.

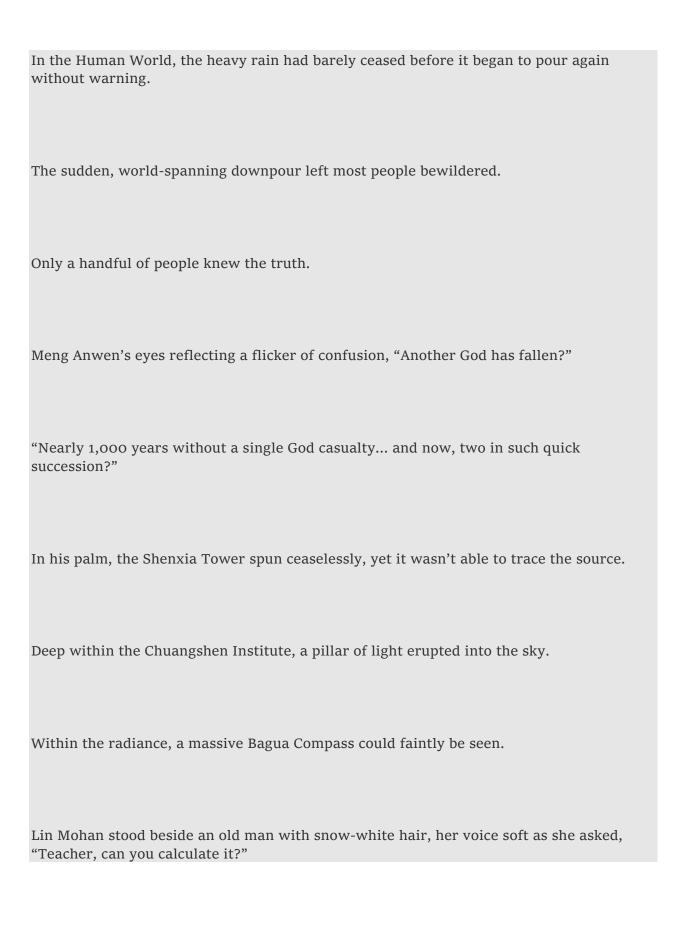


Lin Moyu was shaken.
Inside each crystal pulsed an unfamiliar power, surpassing even the Poison God's Blood Essence in both intensity and purity.
He instinctively knew that if he were to use one such crystal to summon an Elemental Lich, its inevitable self-destruction would unleash devastating, unimaginable 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.

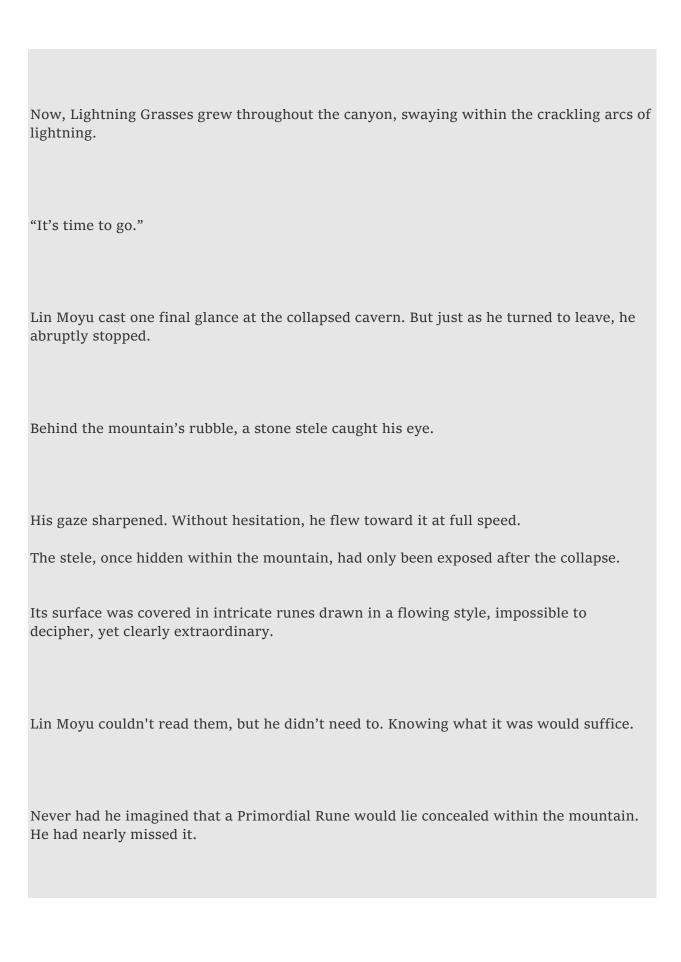
Only a few days had passed since it last appeared, and once more, it descended upon the Immemorial Battlefield and the Human World.
In the upper layer, Antares slowly opened his colossal eyes, "The Lightning God is finally gone."
"Who would've thought that brat would bring both the Lightning God's Sword 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.



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



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,

## 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.

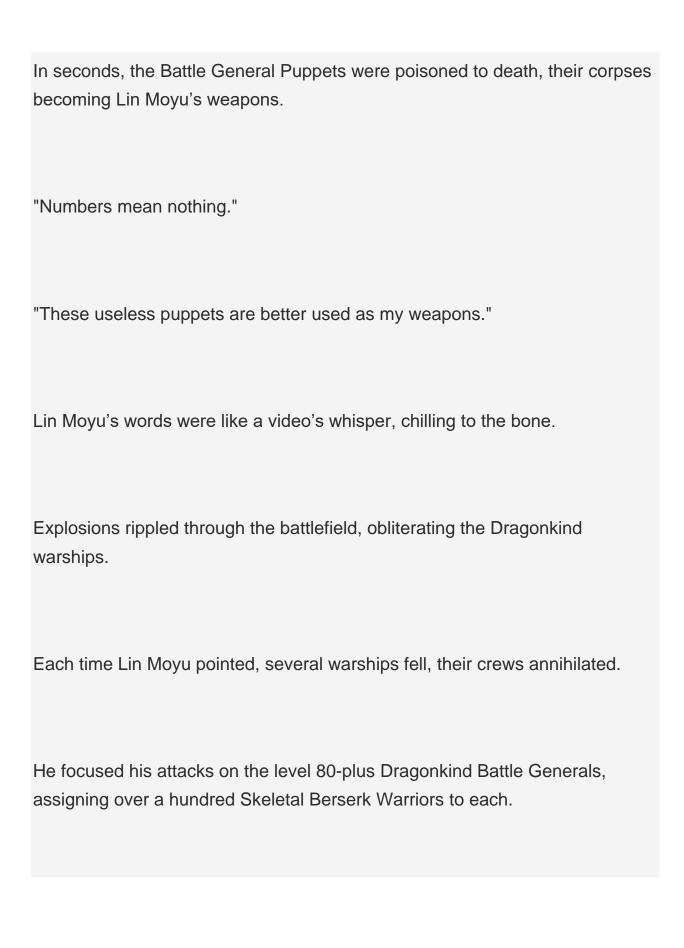
"Lin Moyu! What did you do?!" The Dragonkind commander roared.
What did he do? Couldn't the fool see for himself? Lin Moyu didn't bother answering. He raised a hand, casting a couple of spells.
A crimson net of light descended with a low hum, blanketing the battlefield.
In regions where Lightning Trees 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.

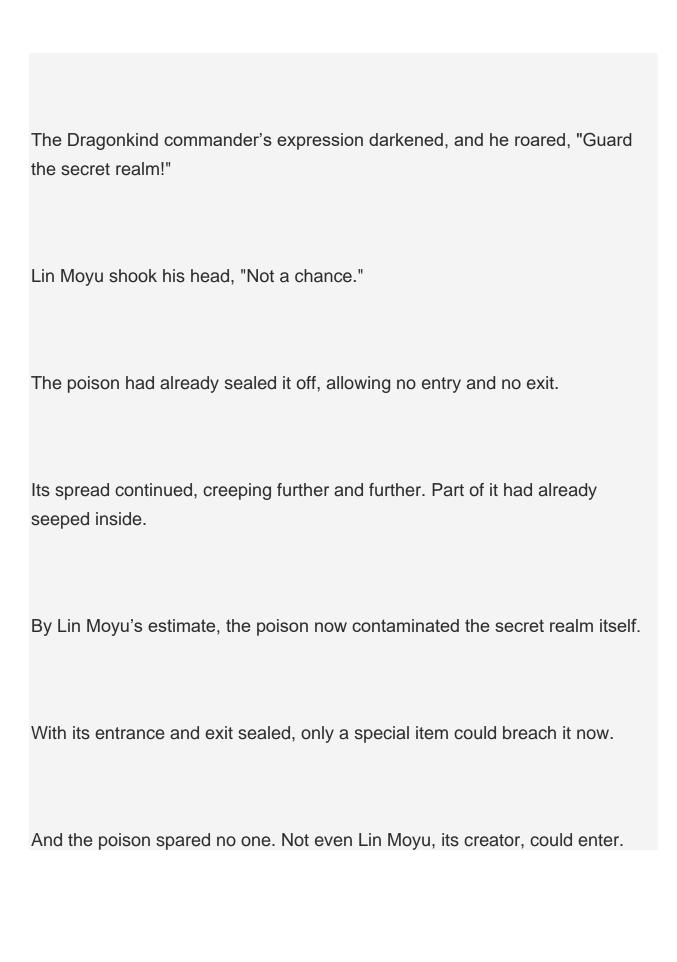
The level 80-plus Dragonkind Battle Generals could barely hold out. The level 70 Dragonkind Battle Generals, especially the puppets, couldn't last more than a few seconds.
Ordinary level 70 Dragonkind had around 650,000 total attributes—less than 200,000 in physique. If the Healers failed to keep up, 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; Realy 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.

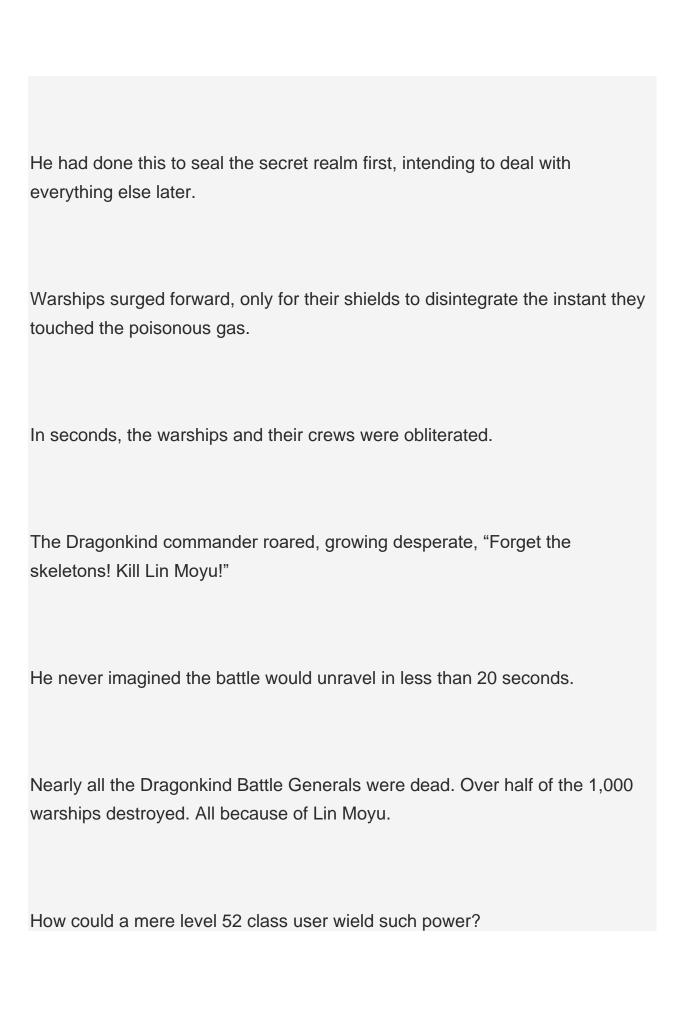
But those norms no longer applied.
Lin Moyu's appearance had shattered the balance between classes.
His very existence defied logic.
Like right now. Despite being only level 52, he planned to annihilate hundreds of thousands of Dragonkind.
And none of them were under level 70. Some even exceeded level 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.

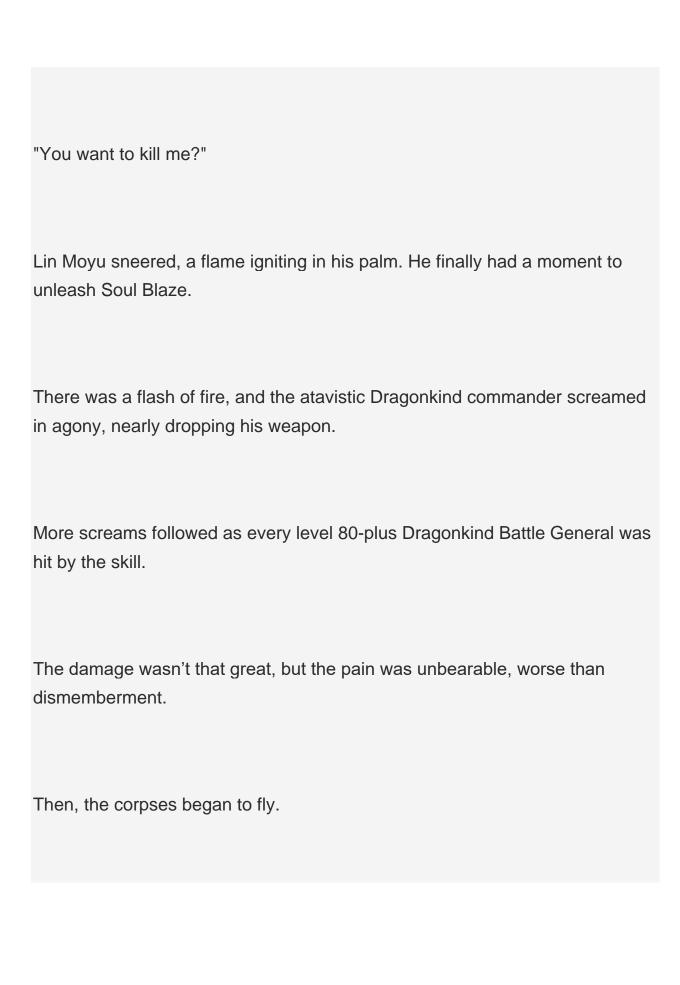
Poison Ring, Ice Ring, and Lightning Ring triggered in unison, poisoning, slowing, and electrocuting the Dragonkind. Frustration mounted among them.
Without the Enhance Troops skill, the Skeletal Berserk Warriors wouldn't have stood a chance.
But now, their attributes matched the enemy's.
And when they 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.



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."





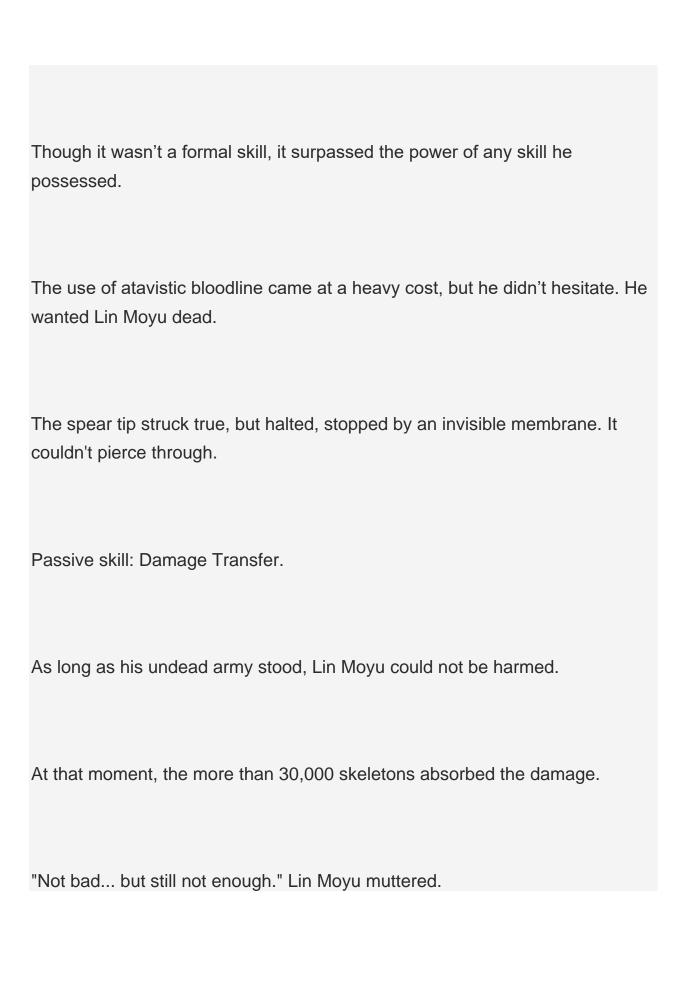


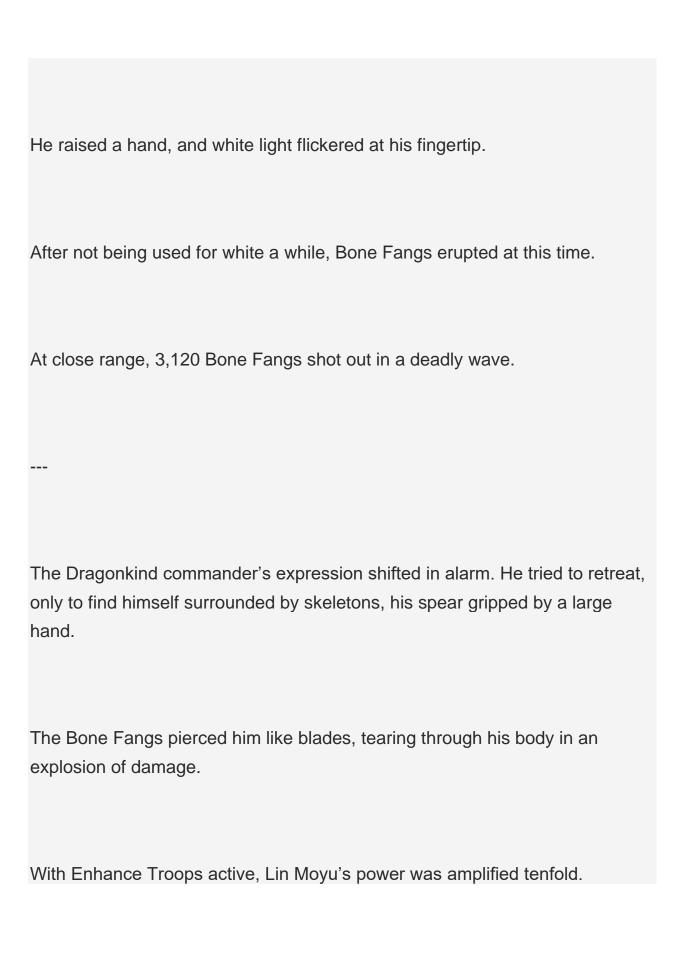
The Skeletal Berserk Warriors hurled them across the battlefield—mostly Battle General Puppets, but some were real Dragonkind soldiers.
When the enemy saw the corpses shooting through the air, they immediately sensed danger, but it was already too late.
The corpses exploded right before their eyes, sending 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.

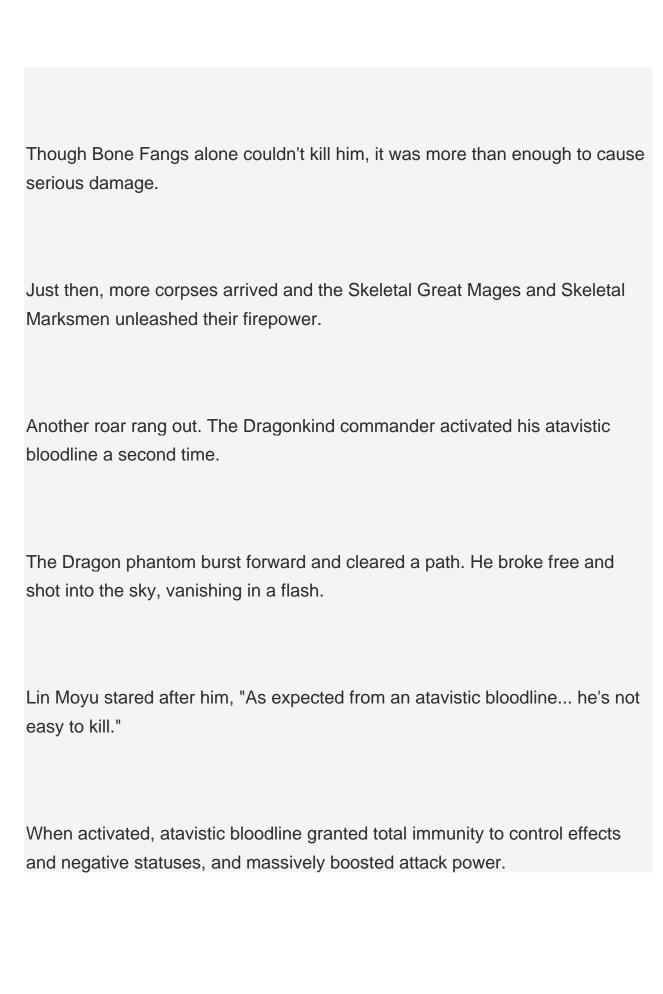
Panic spread. Their faces went pale, and they turned to flee, including even the atavistic bloodline Dragonkind commander. The battle was lost.
Power surged from them, blasting away skeletons in their path.
"You can't escape."
Lin Moyu shook his head. He had already locked onto these guys, precisely 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.

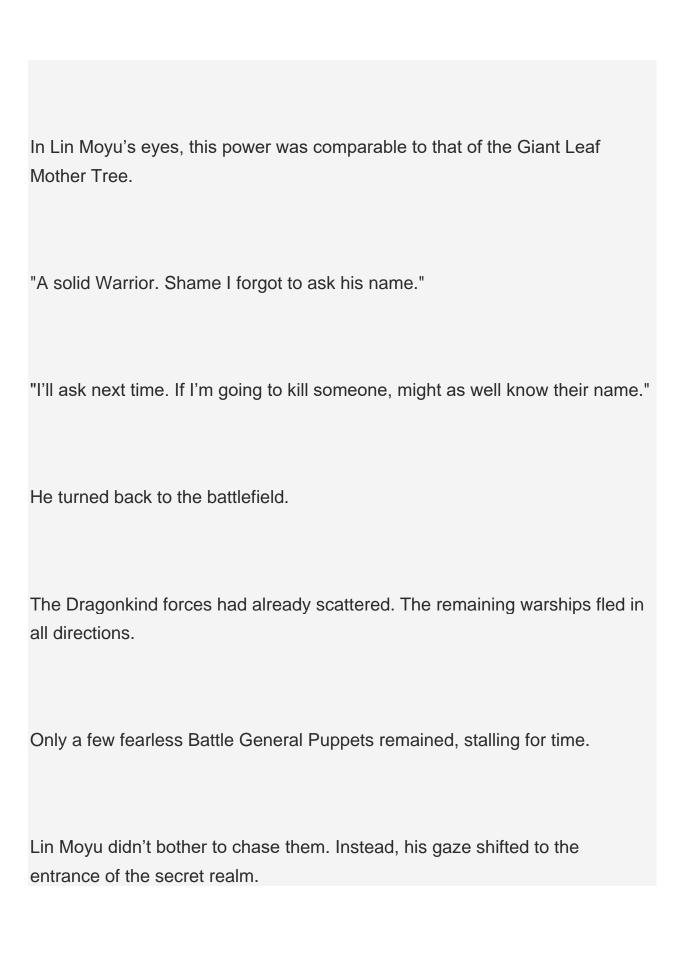
Although, given their level and strength, Bone Prison could only hold them for a second or two.
But on the battlefield, a single second could decide life and death.
The Skeletal Berserk Warriors swarmed in once more. This time, in double the number.
More corpses were hurled through the air.
Under the 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.

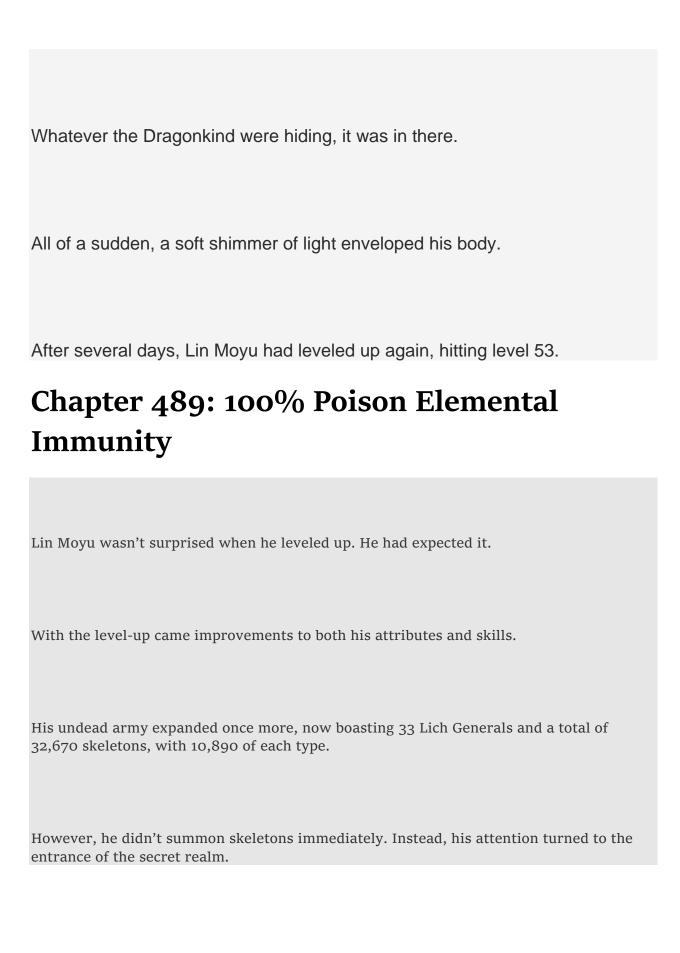
"Go to hell!"
With a furious roar, the Dragonkind commander broke free of his bindings. His twin horns flared with light as a massive wave of lifeblood erupted from his body.
A deafening dragon roar echoed through the skies, and a Dragon phantom took shape above.
The Dragon phantom merged into him. In 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.

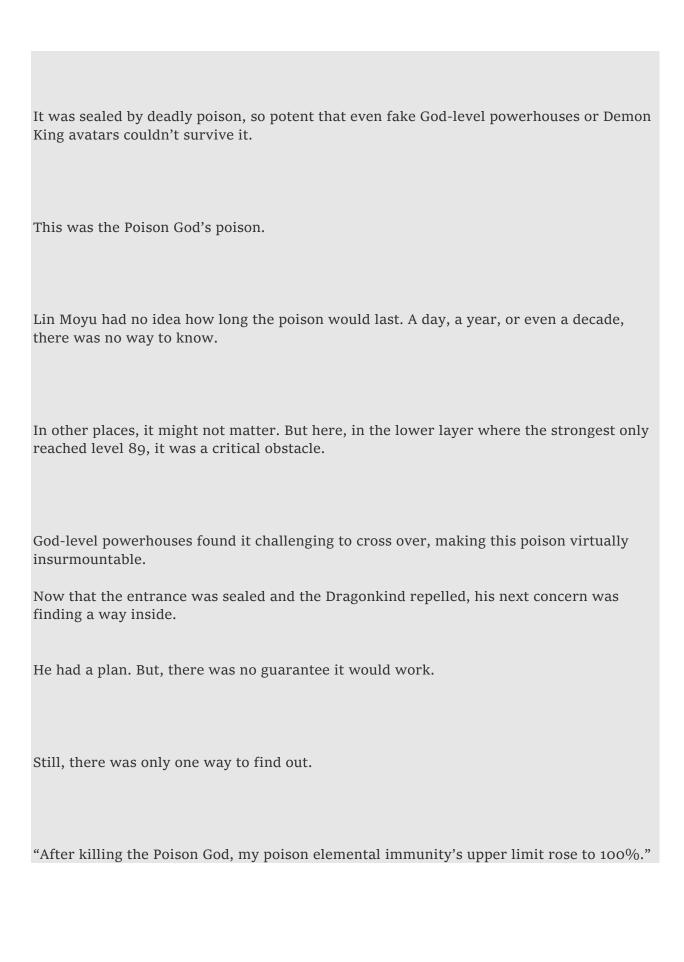


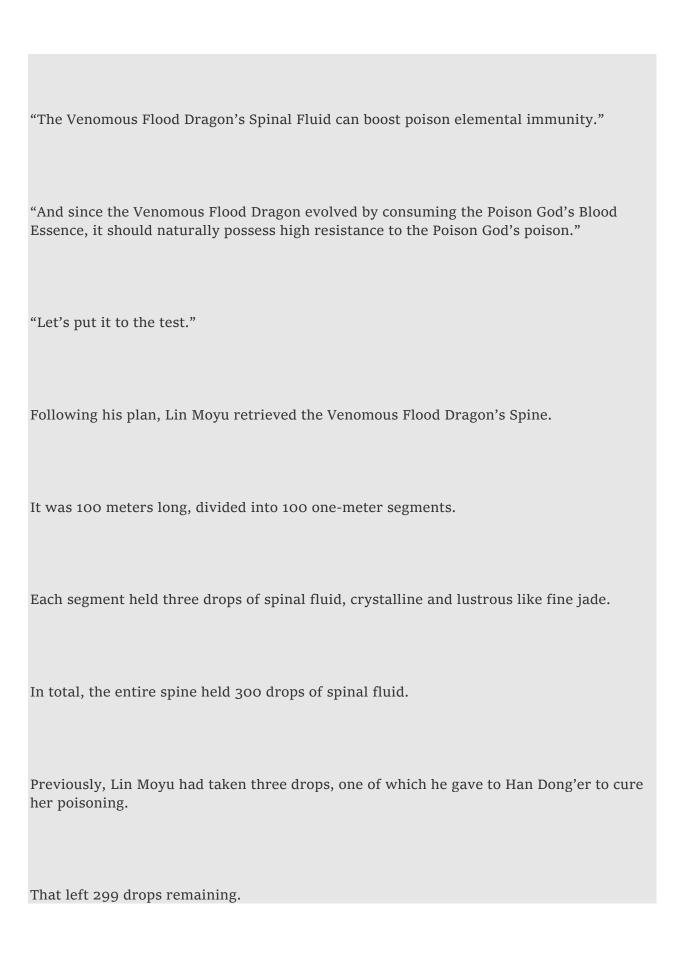


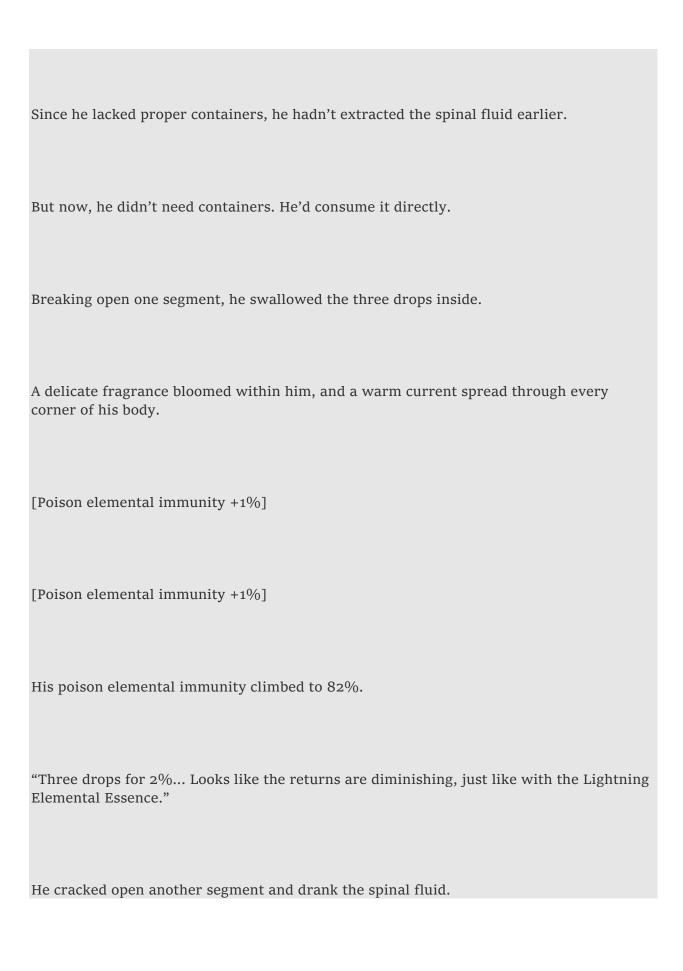


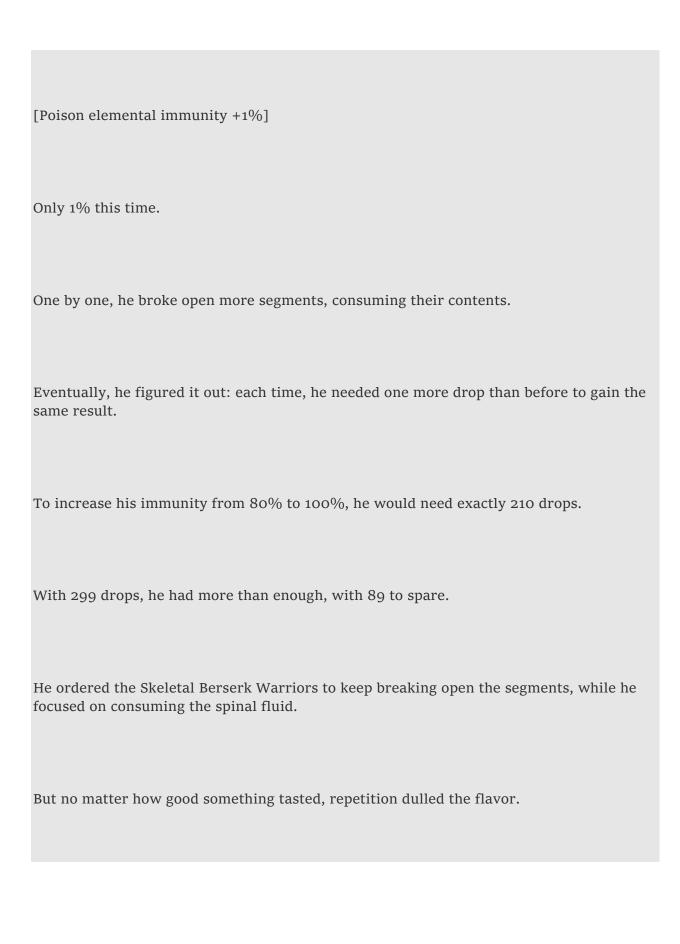








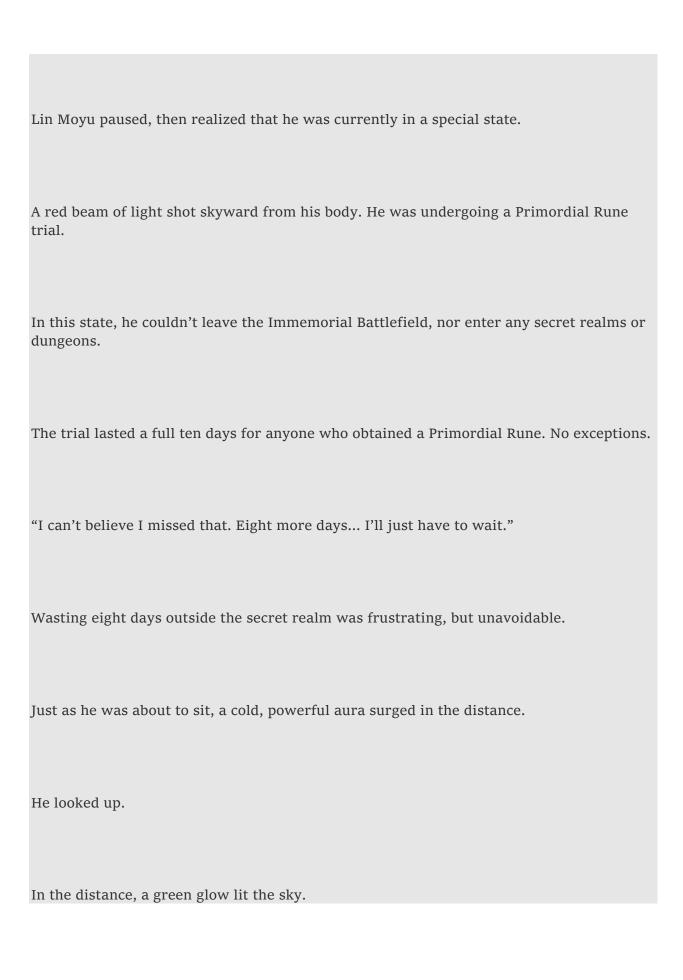


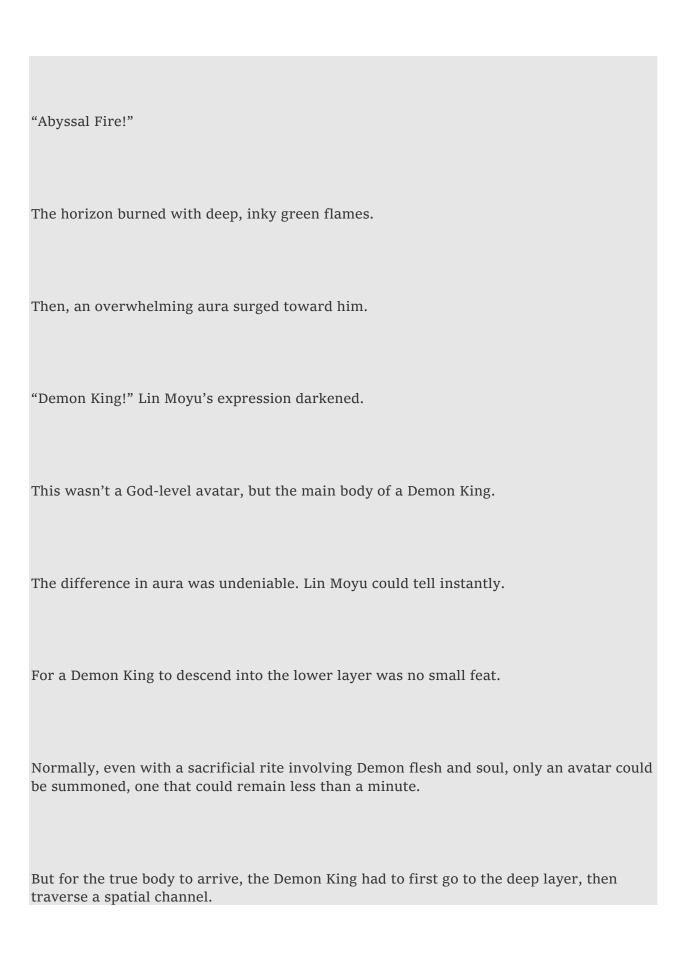


Though the spinal fluid had a pleasant taste, after consuming so much, Lin Moyu began to feel a bit nauseous.
He couldn't help but recall the days he'd grinded his skills by eating Desert Fruits.
But there was no turning back now. He glanced at the entrance to the secret realm, still shrouded in swirling 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.





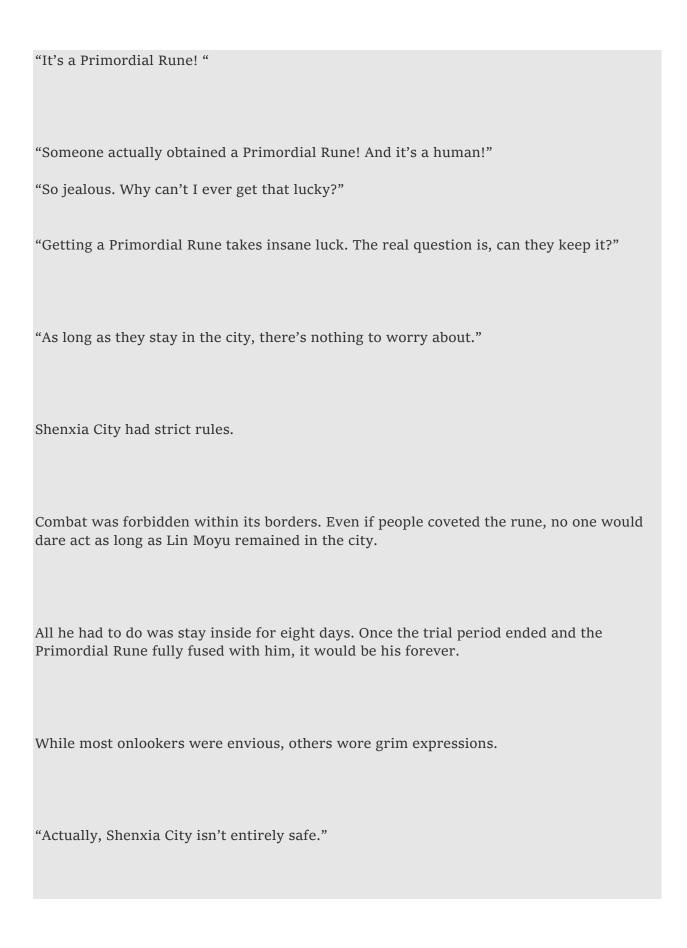
This allowed them to stay longer. Without engaging in battle, they could remain for up to an hour. But if they fought at full power, that time would shrink to mere minutes.
For a Demon King, let alone an hour, even a couple of minutes was more than enough to accomplish many things.
Lin Moyu could feel 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.

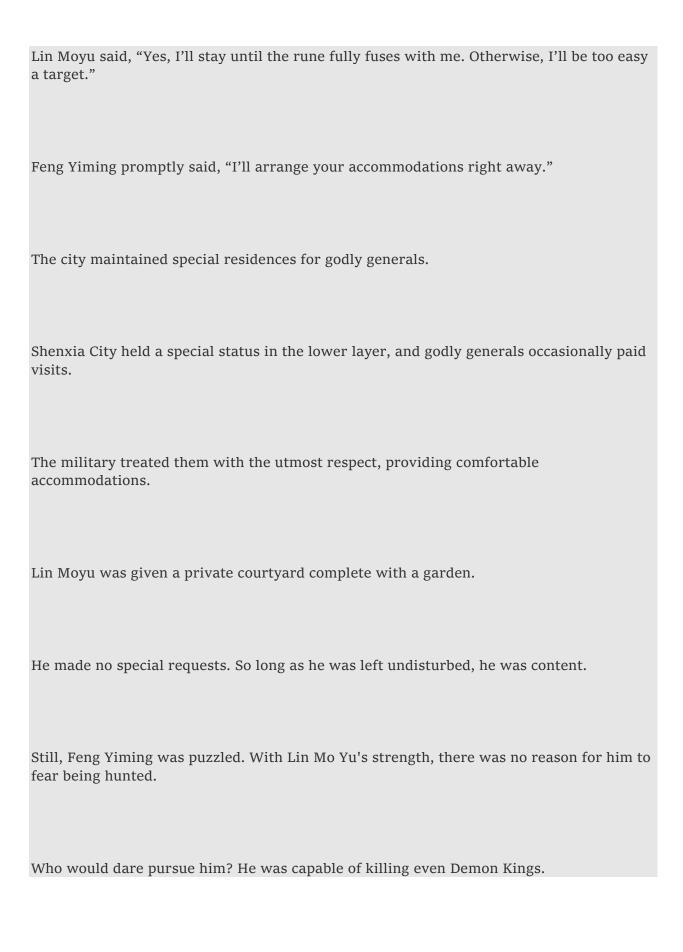
## Chapter 490: He's Really Level 53

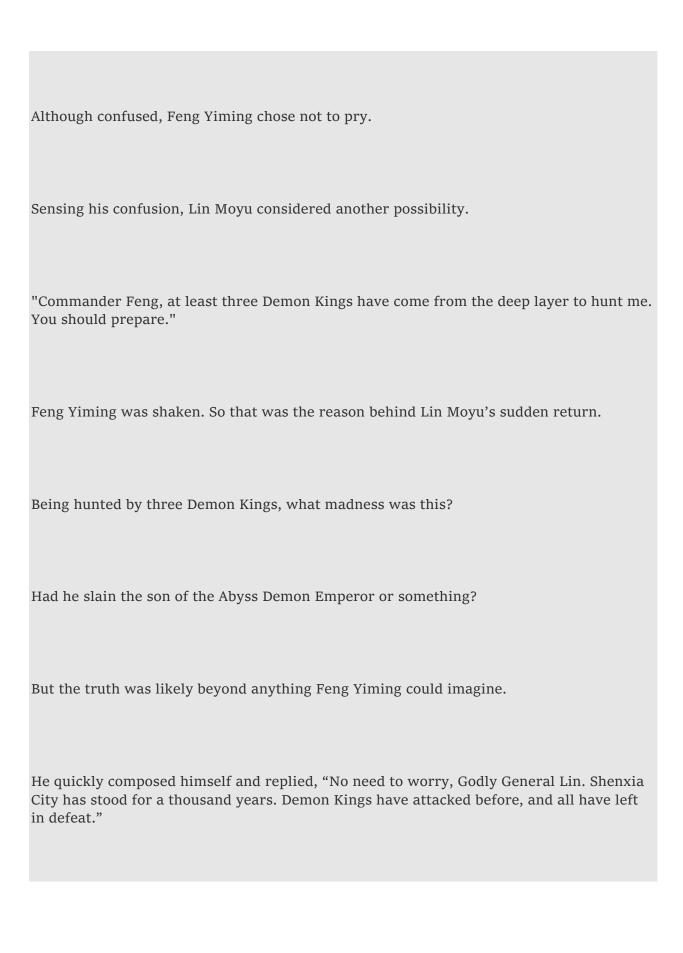
Mocking laughter echoed in the air. The Fire Sprite Demon King was already savoring his victory. To him, Lin Moyu was as good as captured.
But just then, a powerful aura erupted in the distance.
More Demon Kings were approaching, and not just one.
Lin Moyu spotted several black specks rapidly growing 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.



"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?"

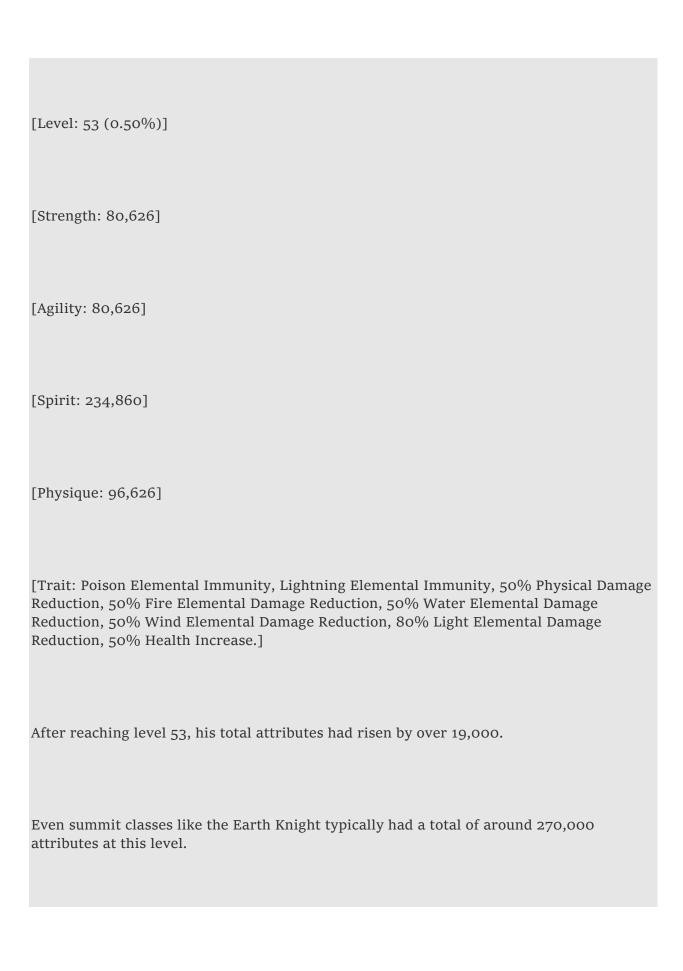




Confident in Shenxia City's defenses, Feng Yiming saw no cause for alarm.
Lin Moyu said no more. It was enough that Feng Yiming was confident.
The Demon Kings might not come here, after all.
After settling Lin Moyu in, Feng Yiming departed.
Despite claiming there was no need to worry, he immediately 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)]



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 wha 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.

