

Apocalypse 391

Chapter 391: Flying Wheelchair

Wen Hong looked at her hands before she used her job skill, Battle Officer.

Right, she was a War Soldier. In this half a year, she leveled up to Battle Officer.

Her body grew to three meters, and two rusty iron swords appeared in her hands.

This was the special ability that these jobs had; they had their own weapons.

“Are you prepared to die?” She smiled, “Are you prepared to die together with your leader that has disappeared? After we injured Yellow Ball, how can you threaten us?”

After turning into the muscular War Officer, her voice was thick, but the aura shocked Mo Ye, Xia Bai, and Shengyuan.

Glory Army was the core of the alliance battling them. Ye Zhongming killed so many of them before he left, turning their 9th army ravaged. He even took a large amount of their potions.

Under such a situation, naturally, they were the most eager in the operation.

They were the first to arrive and sneak attacked Yellow Ball, who had been fighting for Cloud Peak.

As the strongest fighter after Ye Zhongming left, Yellow Ball became a mark of Cloud Peak. Its level five rank meant many people who wanted to attack Cloud Peak stopped.

As time passed and the other survivors strengthened, Yellow Ball’s level advantage wasn’t so apparent. Many factions thought about killing it, but it was too strong, so they failed.

But after Glory Army succeeded in occupying and digesting Blue Dungeon, it sneak attacked Cloud Peak.

Its target was the strongest Yellow Ball.

They set up a trap and nearly killed the yellow dog out for a hunt.

Although they failed, Yellow Ball was severely injured. To them, it had injuries that it couldn’t recover from. Even with the healing job, this dog couldn’t heal in one to two months.

During this period, Cloud Peak lost its terrifying combat strength, and this helped their alliance set up their foundations.

Cloud Peak wasn’t wiped out now, but more factions would have five-star evolved one to two months later. Yellow Ball’s threat would be gone. At that time, those factions would slowly wipe Cloud Peak out.

When the Glory Army did the sneak attack, they guessed Cloud Peak would fight back. Not only to take revenge for Yellow Ball, they wanted to reduce the pressure they would face in the upcoming battle.

So they had to use the differing times the factions gathered to kill some people. Or to gather their strength to wipe out some factions.

Since that was the case, why couldn’t they use this chance, too?

Thus, Wenhong gave Cloud Peak a chance. She believed that apart from Yellow Ball, no one else would be a threat to her.

Moreover, she had helpers!

Little Nine jumped out from a tree with his arms crossed. He looked at the three core members with a sunken expression.

A silver wheelchair flew above them and just hung there. The thin guy in a white robe had an ice-cold gaze as he looked at the Cloud Peak members below. Although he was calm, his hatred surged into the skies.

White Robe!

The guy Ye Zhongming made handicapped had found a piece of silver equipment and used such a way to ‘stand up’!

“So, will you all die today?”

Wen Hong smiled viciously, “I hope Ye Zhongming is not dead. I can enjoy his expression when he finds out you are dead.”

“Ah Hong, stop talking and attack.”

White Robe said calmly. Although he hated them, he didn’t want to waste words on these small fry. This was what he hoped. He hoped the guy who took his legs and made him live in a wheelchair wasn’t dead. Then, he could kill him personally.

Mo Ye, Shengyuan, and Xia Bai’s hearts sank. They were trapped, and if they weren’t careful, they would die here.

“All of you leave.”

Shengyuan whispered to the two of them. He moved his shield towards Wen Hong.

The situation was obvious. If they went all out, the three of them might die here. After all, Wen Hong was five-star, and so was Little Nine. Only White Robe was four-star, but he was floating in the sky. His silver wheelchair looked amazing. The three were enough to crush the four of them, who were all four-star.

Shengyuan planned to sacrifice himself. One dead was better than three. If Cloud Peak lost three members at once, they would not be able to stop the attacks that were about to arrive.

“Together!”

Xia Bai charged at Wen Hong. Although she wasn’t a leader in Cloud Peak, everyone knew she was strong. Everyone knew that Yellow Ball and she were the ones who got most of the crystals for the only five-star potion they had. They gave the potion to the best support, Park Xiuying, and made her the only five-star evolved.

So Xia Lei wouldn’t care about what Xia Bai does. Now that she made her choice, Mo Ye and Shengyuan could only bite their teeth and follow.

“Ignorant!”

Wen Hong smashed her swords together in the sky and gave off a huge explosion. Ripples spread out from her. The ripples revealed Xia Bai, who had invisibility in the night sky. Moreover, the speed that she relied on was reduced.

“This is War Ripple, die!” Wen Hong roared and dashed at Xia Bai.

On the other side, Little Nine and White Robe attacked, too. The three from Cloud Peak were immediately in a passive situation.

At this point, rustling could be heard from deep in the forest, attracting their attention.

Chapter 392: Six star

Ye Zhongming didn't expect such a thing to happen to himself. But since the apocalypse was here, he accepted it.

Secret Realm had too many secrets, and so special humans were possible.

But after feeling a woman's body heat and breathing on his neck, Ye Zhongming didn't know what to do.

If it were another situation, Ye Zhongming wouldn't be pressured. Guys and girls doing such things were normal, like drinking water in the apocalypse.

But this was different. This had something like a passing of strength. Although he wasn't a good person, he didn't want to use such a method to raise his strength.

“You will face many dangers in the Imperial City; not everyone can enter the pool. Only the talented warriors can enter it. Even if you are from the Ah Tao tribe, they might not let you in. The big tribes are the ones who hold the names to enter the pool.”

Miya moved her body, and that made his heartbeat speed up. This woman was a Latin-styled beauty. The moment she moved, he felt a soft and bouncy feeling.

“You have to sneak in, as that is the most tightly guarded place in the Imperial City.” Miya pressed her lips on his ear, and the two shook simultaneously.

“So you need to be stronger. Do me; that is the only way I can help you.”

He pulled her hands and looked into her eyes. He said, “I will face dangers and might not survive. Even if I get into the pool and return to my world, I am unsure when I can return, even...”

He hesitated before saying, “I might not return. Even then, do you still want to do this?”

Her eyes turned red, and tears started to flow, but she was smiling, “En, I am sure. Do you know why Bent hates you? That was because he requested Ah Tao for him to be our Male Sa. He wanted to get me and increase his strength. Without you, I will end up like that. Even if it is not Bent, it would be someone else. I am just a tool to get food for a winter.”

“That is my destiny until you appeared.” Miya focused on this guy, “You might think our relationship is no different. But to me, it is different. I like the person I am sacrificing for. This is luck. Even if you don't return, I still think I am lucky.”

Miya pulled her clothes apart. Like the first time she saw Ye Zhongming. The difference was that she wasn't trying to kill him and was just handing her body over.

Maybe this was love; maybe it wasn't. Maybe she was worshipping an expert and resisting destiny. No matter which it was, her feelings were genuine. This was the first time she had her own choice.

There was no right or wrong!

When Ye Zhongming's muscular body was on her, it was as if he was in a bed of cotton. Even with Ye Zhongming's evolved body, he nearly collapsed after reaching the peak.

When a part of her body shattered, a power charged into his body; his body was covered in light. The two of them were fixed to the spot. But in their bodies, it was as intense as a tsunami.

Ye Zhongming felt this power washing every cell and then injecting energy into each.

Even his eyes were filled with energy. Many colors changed and switched, which shocked him.

Ye Zhongming was very sensitive to strength and felt his power increasing. His body quality, which had no bottleneck due to the Soul Refining Technique and Scorching Flame Technique, was seeing an all-around upgrade.

Even Miya was being affected by this power. Her level-three strength was increasing. When the light disappeared and she regained consciousness, she realized she was about to reach level four. This meant she had increased by a whole level in a few seconds.

She had never heard of a Nu Pu receiving benefits when giving up her first blood.

Was it because the guy who was in her was from another world?

Ye Zhongming came to his senses. He didn't know how long it took. It might be just a blink, or it might have been a few hours.

He only knew two things. One was that his body felt really good and much stronger. He had gone from 5.5 stars to six stars!

Ye Zhongming was familiar with this. He was at this standard in his last life. Although strictly speaking, he was still slightly weaker now, but it wasn't much.

He took ten years to get to this stage in his last life. In this life, in terms of Earth timing, it was less than a year!

Many things changed. Like his strength, but his thinking changed too.

The second thing was that after completing this ritualistic merger, the guy's desire returned to his body. He felt more emotions towards this woman and the clear, wet, and smooth feeling below.

Their movement got more intense. The heavy breathing got through the tent.

This was the last night before he left, where memories were left... Although in this place, there wasn't night or day.

"You must come back..."

She muttered in his ears each time she was sent to the heavens.

Chapter 393: Figure behind the zombies

The cold wind got thicker and thicker.

Ah Tao pulled his sleeves. He didn't cultivate the Scorching Flame Technique like Ye Zhongming. He only had Soul Refining Technique, so his body wasn't as strong as the other warriors. Along with his age, his cold resistance wasn't too strong.

Ah Tao sighed when he looked at Miya, staring in the direction Ye Zhongming left.

He didn't know whether he was right or not.

Ah Tao was the one who gave his blessings for Miya to sacrifice herself to Ye Zhongming.

If not, even if Miya had such thoughts, the Nu Pu protected by the race would be stopped. After all, nothing in the tribe could be hidden from this old man.

But now, he suspected his choice. If this guy didn't return, then Miya...

Ah Tao shook his head. If Ye Zhongming didn't return, maybe the tribe wouldn't even exist once winter passes. Miya's fate wouldn't be different regardless.

"Go, kid, whether or not he returns is not under our control."

Miya looked at her leader and said firmly, "He will return; he definitely will."

Ye Zhongming turned his head and saw that the figure on the hill was gone. The last bit of unwillingness to leave was gone, and what replaced it was firmness.

Imperial City? Ye Zhongming laughed. Even if it was a dragon's den, so what?

In the deep mountains, the biggest and most prosperous city in Posthumous People history welcomed an unwelcomed guest.

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The noise stunned the six people in battle. No matter who made the sound, it was unknown danger.

The few of them had to stop. Mo Ye signaled to the other two, then charged toward where the sound came from.

The outcome wouldn't be good if they fought two five-star and one four-star. For Cloud Peak, this accident was not only dangerous, it was also a chance.

A chance to flee!

Little Nine was stunned. He hesitated. After all, he was the commander and was used to thinking about the big picture. He would consider the dangers. When he faced the rustling forest, his instincts told him he shouldn't enter.

But Wen Hong's hatred towards Cloud Peak was too deep. She didn't give Little Nine a chance to consider and chase. This made Little Nine and White Robe follow her passively.

If this was in the day, White Robe could observe the situation from the skies. But it was pitch black now. Apart from the glow from the equipment and a small bit of moonlight, even a four-star evolved couldn't see too far.

White Robe was concerned about his wife, so he hesitated. He decided to use a skill to see what was going on.

He slapped the handle on the right, and a golden pole stretched out. It shone, and a yellow ball of light shot towards the area with the sounds.

The ball was eye-catching in the night sky. The path it took was lit up, and it showed the fleeing trio. It also showed the zombie horde that they were about to bump into.

The three from the Glory Army were stunned.

They were all evolved. When the light shone, they saw many zombies in the forest. They all evolved more than once, and there were many level three and four ones.

Evolved looked like they were surviving well now, but it was because they were in areas with fewer zombies and monsters. For example, in Ying City, humans could only cause little problems.

These zombies became a well-trained army, especially after Talking Lady became the Zombie King. It was hard for survivors to kill them at scale. On the contrary, the horde would often attack survivor camps. Many battle squads and organizations were wiped out in this short half-a-year. Now, the Talking Lady had evolved to level six and had no opponents in Ying City. If not for the beast army still existing and humans having many experts, no one would know the situation in Ying City.

The ninth army of the Glory Army was very strong. They could occupy the dangerous Cloth River Dungeon but couldn't clear Ying City with a few million zombies.

So when they saw the dense zombie horde, even if the three of them wanted to kill these three core members, they had to care about their lives. Two five-stars and one four-star, once they landed in a horde with zombies of average level-three strength, they would be fortunate if even one of them managed to escape.

Mutated lifeforms were entering their evolution wave. Zombies and beasts were at a much higher level than humans. The zombie horde with an average level of three meant that levels four and five wouldn't be less than a hundred!

"Retreat!" Little Nine ordered for White Robe and Wen Hong to retreat.

Wen Hong was still hesitating. She pointed at the three in the zombie horde and wanted to say something. But white Robe reiterated for her to retreat, so she had no choice. She could only stare viciously and follow the two guys back.

"Although they aren't 100% dead, they will pay a heavy price. Our goal is done."

Wen Hong was their strongest. Even Little Nine couldn't defeat her. So he cared about her emotions and explained while they retreated.

Wen Hong, who had recovered, nodded and looked at her husband in the air.

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Xia Bai, Mo Ye, and Sheng Yuan moved in the horde. Sheng Yuan was at the front, Mo Ye in the middle, and Xia Bai was moving about to assist at any moment.

But there were too many zombies, and on a rough look, there were a few thousand. Moreover, the lowest level zombie was level two. The main ones were level three, and there were many level-four zombies. What was weird was that the ones attacking were level two and level-three. The level-four zombies were wandering around.

“They retreated!” Xia Bai said those words and reminded her friends who were fighting.

Mo Ye thought, “Charge to the side and try to get out!”

The talisman in the sky formed giant wind blades. The Talisman Master job skill was used.

The other two nodded and were about to charge to the side. The zombies surrounding them suddenly stopped and opened a path for them.

At the end of the path was a blurred figure standing!

Chapter 394: part 1- What is Cloud Peak

“You?”

Xia Bai, Mo Ye, and Sheng Yuan took the path left for them warily. They saw the person who was staring beneath a tree.

Or rather, a zombie.

It was Red Hair.

A Talisman spun warily above Mo Ye’s head. Through the light it gave off, one could see Red Hair’s symbolic hair and that face that looked more and more human-like. However, it was still covered in frost.

“You can go.”

Red Hair couldn’t speak smoothly, but it was much better than half a year ago. However, her tone was still the same and sounded weird.

Hearing Red Hair say that, the three knew this puppet had saved them. Naturally, they felt grateful.

“Thank you.” Mo Ye knew that this puppet had her mind and wasn’t the Red Hair who only knew how to follow Ye Zhongming from the new district base. She was the Little Zombie King who had many helpers. Without the Talking Lady, she would probably become the only Zombie King in Ying City.

Xia Bai looked around and noticed a hole in her shirt and a wound inside.

“Are you injured?”

Since Ye Zhongming left, Red Hair was split off from Cloud Peak. She worked in Ying City. She didn’t help her Master’s faction and didn’t attack them either. Cloud Peak often bumped into her men and her when they came to Ying City, but she acted like she didn’t see them. She wouldn’t help them complete their mission. If she saw them getting sneak attacked, she would stand aside. Of course, she also didn’t attack them.

The core members knew that Red Hair existed. During these two intense months, they tried to contact this ally but didn’t get any reply.

Red Hair’s appearance was very surprising. But the three of them were shocked. Who could injure this little Zombie King when she was protected by close to two thousand zombies?

They knew that Red Hair had used the evolution blood. She was level five half a year ago and much stronger now. Ying City had two Zombie Kings; one was the big king, and the other was the little king.

“Talking... Lady.”

Red Hair replied. She sniffed the air, “You need to be careful of her; she is evolving. She is at her crucial stage and needs energy.”

She looked at the three of them and left. Her zombie army followed around her. Apart from footsteps, there weren’t any other sounds.

Mo Ye opened her mouth slightly but didn’t stop her. She wanted to help her, but she didn’t know how to tell her that.

The three of them quickly left the area.

On the noon of the second day, when the three of them returned to Cloud Peak, they seemed very tired. Although they nearly fell for Glory Army’s trap and died outside, they met two groups of people on the way back. Three killed 30 of them and were injured, but it wasn’t much.

“Is Sister Lei back?”

Mo Ye didn’t even change. She entered the five-meter-tall city gate into Cloud Peak, surrounded by walls over ten meters tall, and asked Tang Tian who was training the new troops.

They were ambushed, so would that be the case for Xia Lei and the others?

Tang Tian was stunned when he saw the three of them, “They returned two hours ago. They are with Yellow Ball, and they are all fine.”

The three of them heaved a sigh of relief and nodded at Tang Tian before rushing to the villa at the core area. It was where Ye Zhongming stayed previously. After he left, it became Yellow Ball’s home.

The three saw that the core Cloud Peak members were all here. Xia Lei, Liang Chuyin, Little Tiger, Liu Zhenghong, Le Dayuan, Lu Yi, Sister Rong, and the only five-star evolved in Cloud Peak, Park Xiuying.

Seeing the trio, the others asked them what happened. Mo Ye told them about it, and they were terrified. Sneak attacks were like that. If they were exposed, they would be in huge danger. Fortunately, they were all safe now. But when they heard about Red Hair, many people felt it was unfortunate.

If Ye Zhongming were here, Red Hair would be the strongest help to Cloud Peak. In the Ying City battle, Red Hair was crucial.

Unfortunately, Ye Zhongming hadn’t sent news in half a month. For Red Hair to help once now was quite good already.

“How is Big Yellow?”

Xia Bai would only speak up about Yellow Ball now. The others hadn’t seen her face after she snatched this mask from Green Flower.

She touched Yellow Ball's smooth but firm golden fur and didn't dare to look at its injuries.

Xia Bai could have a dozen broken bones and be in intense pain while still fighting, but she couldn't see others she cared about getting injured. After Ye Zhongming left, this care turned to Yellow Ball.

Yellow Ball lay on the ground, and its body trembled. It squinted its eyes open and saw Xia Bai. It then wagged its tail before it fell back down weakly, and it closed its eyes again.

"We brought CEO Wang's body back. It finally had some strength after Yellow Ball ate it, but the wounds that Glory Army caused weren't healing. Xiuying uses Gentle Chains on it once every two hours to maintain in this state and not decompose."

"What caused it?" Little Tiger was annoyed.

The women in Cloud Peak loved Yellow Ball, but Little Tiger had the best relationship with it. Seeing the big dog like this, Little Tiger felt very bad.

"This should be White Robe's new job, caused by the Decomposing White Bone Demon." Xia Bai took a piece of paper and passed it to everyone, "This was the news that our spy spread back. Although she didn't see it personally, she heard Glory Army warriors say that, so it could be trusted. Wen Hong and Little Nine, these two five-stars evolved delayed Yellow Ball and White Robe sneak attacked with his weird job skills to cause big injuries."

Le Dayuan sighed, "We failed Yellow Balls; if it didn't have to hunt for us, it would have reached level six."

Chapter 394.5 part 2- What is Cloud Peak

Everyone was silent. Yellow Ball was the protector god that Ye Zhongming left for them. This dog was loyal to its master. It fought around Cloud Peak for half a year, delaying its evolution. Even then, it was on the cusp of reaching level six and would break through quickly.

Unfortunately, it was sneak attacked by the Glory Army and was severely injured. Its strength was significantly reduced, and no one knew how quickly it could recover. No one knew if it could maintain its level-five state even if it did recover.

Seeing how sad everyone was, Xia Lei clapped, "Let's be optimistic. Although Yellow Ball is injured, we aren't weak. We killed one of the known five-star evolved. We have killed seven factions, two of whom have 500 people. Moreover, we had small losses."

Everyone was pumped up, and their expressions looked better.

"Cloud Peak has reached five thousand people, with 3,500 warriors. 2000 level-one evolved, 800 two-star evolved, 200 three-star. Our core members are all four-star evolved, and Park Xiuying is five-star. Her job reached the third grade, and she became a Saint of Light. She has grasped an AOE heal."

“What are our one-star and two-star evolved? They were fed the modified potions, much stronger than ordinary people! The 1,500 backup members can consume the potions to fight for us at the crucial moment as we have enough prepared! Moreover, our logistics and support staff can pick up weapons! We have 5000 people that can fight!”

Killing intent surged in Xia Lei’s eyes. The giant that was famous in Ying City showed how overbearing she was.

“Oh right, Sister Zhenghong prepared some delicacies for these people, and they will be shocked.”

Xia Lei looked towards Le Dayuan.

“Worker Le didn’t have Ye Zhongming’s, so his crystal weapon speed is slowed, and the quality isn’t as good as before. But after half a year, the quantity is quite good. We can let them experience our new weapons!”

“So what if that fellow has disappeared? Haven’t we lived well in this bad environment? Moreover, we have obtained all of these achievements!”

“Who are those people fighting against us?”

“There is Soul merchant... they led many small brothers and dared to fight the entire Ying City. They once hit Xia Bai so badly that she couldn’t fight back. They trapped the entire Ying City factions in a building and beat them up. Now they have one five-star, six four-stars, and over 2000 troops!”

“Glory Army... Who are they? Two five-star, one strong four-star, and many two and three-star warriors. Their army is trained well and could charge a horde of zombies in and out. I heard that they have taken down a dungeon!”

“There is that little girl from Lou Family. Who knew how she got two five stars? She led a few hundred people, who are three-star on average, to take revenge for her father. Even the name sounds dumb; it was Unicorn King Freedom Fighter.”

Everyone laughed. Even Yellow Ball opened its eyes to give Xia Lei a playful expression.

“Also, Royal Guild. Their five-star evolved didn’t even sit still before we killed him. Also, those factions that were killed so badly by Zhongming that they cried for their parents. Also, some small factions want to benefit.”

Xia Lei’s face turned red. Although all the work tired her, her beautiful face was still charming.

“In the past, be it Soul Merchant or Glory Army, even that faction alliance, all of them were far stronger than us. But now, who dares to attack us alone? None! Even Glory Army dares to sneak attack. What does that mean? Even if Ye Zhongming isn’t here,

they fear us! They only dare to band together to challenge us! They have already lost mentally!”

“Right, our situation is not good. Those fellows we have surpassed have joined hands, and their overall strength is above us.”

Xia Lei’s smile disappeared.

“Right, those teams that traded and worked with us, like Renxing Battle Squad, Star Beauty Company, etc., have decided to stand aside.”

“Also, those small faction alliances we had taken care of have ignored our calls for help.”

“Those people that relied on us to survive like Black Cloak Motorcade are hiding far away in case they get affected.”

Many of the core members were frustrated.

These factions worked with Cloud Peak and gained many benefits from them. Just the one-star potions alone were things that they all got. Although they helped Cloud Peak, in the end, the value of the potions was far more than anything else.

But now that Cloud Peak was in trouble, none wanted to help. Star Beauty Company, Sha Sha Battle Squad, Burning Rage, etc. After all, they were working together, but the fact that Renxing Battle Squad left was what angered everyone.

Cloud Peak saved Bai Feng’s life twice! Cloud Peak helped him to rebuild his battle squad. Xia Lei was the one who even gave him the first batch of modified potions. Inside was also the modified two-star potion that was never sold to others!

But now?

Little Tiger scolded them for being ungrateful.

Many small factions around Cloud Peak acted like their little brothers. They had all disappeared. Some were even fighting against them. They gave them information about Cloud Peak.

“Damn, if the boss is here, will they dare to be so arrogant?”

Little Tiger was so furious that he crushed the wooden handle of the sofa.

“Right, if Zhongming were here, they would only kneel on the ground.”

Xia Lei’s gaze was one of loss. She thought about that guy, and her worry reached new heights! But she forced herself to calm back down.

It wasn’t time to think.

“As Ye Zhongming is not here, we must do it well to show him. Once he is back, I hope he sees the smiling Cloud Peak and not burning ground and our corpses!”

“We will kill whoever comes!”

On this day, in the apartment at the center of Cloud Peak, the core members completed their final and only mobilization before the battle.

A storm was coming.

Chapter 395: Wanderer

Vinrose Mountain was a place where the Posthumous people gathered. It was famous for its bald and majestic mountains. This made it a good place to set up camp, which was why many tribes ended up here. After a long time, this became one of the most famous Posthumous people areas.

Winter had arrived silently. The temperature at the start wasn't too low. The Posthumous people tribes here were doing their final hunts and were storing as much food as they could for winter.

The mountain peaks and ridges here formed a circular chain, and only a few narrow entrances could one get in. This made it easy for them to defend. Many tribes guarded these few entrances. It had been a long time since the demon monsters got in. Compared to other Posthumous people, the people here could often sleep well.

But the world outside was still very dangerous. Even if there were dozens of tribes here and tens of thousands of people, when they went out to hunt, it was as if the God of Death was wrapped around each of them. It might wave its black scythe at a certain time and take their lives.

Each time they returned from a hunt, it represented a harvest and an eternal goodbye for others.

Portrait Entrance.

This was one of the few entrances of Vinrose Mountain. The mountain peak here looked like a head, so people called it Portrait Entrance.

The large tribe, Feet Tribe, led two medium-sized tribes and a dozen small-sized tribes to guard this area. Such things happened every day, so everyone was used to it.

In the distance, a 50-man-strong team was approaching. The Feet Tribe elder took a look and confirmed that it was one of the small tribes called... This elder thought about it long before recalling that they were the North Peacock Tribe. This tribe was used to sticking a flying demon monster's feather on its leather shirt. Their archery skills were also very famous in the entire mountain region.

The giant stone gate was pulled when they got close, and they surged in. Each person carried some things. Although they had different sizes than their numbers, this was shocking.

"The gods have shown their love. How are your spoils so good?" A small tribe warrior recognized these people. They greeted them when they saw such a situation. The other guards looked over. The large tribe's elder walked beside them and carefully looked at their items.

Some middle-aged Posthumous people nodded to this elder and then replied to the other familiar person.

"Hey, not only are our spoils good, we didn't even lose a single person!"

Those words caused many of the guards to exclaim.

Not only were the Posthumous people crazy in winter, but the demon monsters were. Apart from the minority, most Demon Monsters had to pass the winter. They needed to store food and energy.

No matter which type they were, they would hunt. They would hunt demon monsters or humans. To them, humans might even taste better.

This made the entire Blue Continent very dangerous. Every time someone from a tribe went out to hunt, some people would die. If they weren't lucky, their entire team might get sacrificed.

The Posthumous tribes, at this point, were covered in cries.

It was a luxury for those large tribes to return unscathed.

For a small tribe like the North Peacock Tribe to come back safely while getting so much food, that didn't make sense.

The elder looked around and didn't notice a level-five warrior. He didn't understand how. There weren't many injured people at all.

Lao Meicuo laughed and took out an arrow from his quiver. He waved it gleefully at these people.

"Yi?!"

Before others could see clearly, the elder had walked to his side and grabbed the arrow.

"Very weird. En, there is a strong power enchanted on it. No, it is its power. This is impossible!"

This elder muttered, and he was very curious about this grey arrow.

When the Posthumous warrior was fighting, they could enchant the weapons with light to strengthen them. But the light would disappear if the weapon got out of their control.

But this arrow... it continued to shine.

"What is this? Where did you get it from?"

The warrior who knew Old Meicuo saw the elder's expression and knew things were unusual. He asked. He knew that this was what everyone wanted to know.

They had lived together for many years and were united due to the outside pressure. He didn't hide anything and said everything.

When they were hunting, they bumped into a Wanderer. Both sides came into contact and saw that he had these arrows made with monster bones. They were curious about this arrow that shone and wanted to borrow it. This Wanderer showed it to them and allowed them to try it out.

The warriors were shocked when they tried it, and they loved it. They wanted to buy it. He agreed and sold it for cheap; it was pretty much free.

"Free? Lao Meicuo, stop lying, tell us." The warrior saw that the elder was impatient and rushed the gleeful Meicuo to reach his key point.

"He just wanted some good bones and two blue crystals." Meicuo couldn't hide his emotions and laughed, "You heard it right. It is the crystal that even our kids don't

want to play with. The crystals that only represent the demon monster's level and have no other use!"

"So he only needed crystals and bones for this arrow?"

The elder grabbed his collar and hollered.

"Right, he..."

"Does he still have it? Such arrows."

Meicuo was interrupted but replied, "Yes, he has a huge quiver filled with such arrows."

The elder said nothing and shouted for his deputy to replace him. He ran back to his tribe.

Lao Meicuo blinked and reacted. He shouted, "Oi, he doesn't want all types of crystals; he wants at least blue-colored ones!"

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When Vinrose Mountain had such a legend of a Wanderer selling good weapons, this wanderer welcomed his second client 20 kilometers from there.

Chapter 396: Collecting money

Ye Zhongming was naturally the Wanderer that the Posthumous people mentioned. He used this identity to execute his plan to enter the city.

Of course, he didn't give up the thought of collecting the useless demon crystals.

He did gain a lot on this trip. Not only did he gain a chance to break free from the wheel, become stronger even without potions, and reach nine stars and even higher. He could complete those things that nine-star evolved in his last life couldn't.

But before all those turned to reality, Ye Zhongming needed demon crystals. Even if he didn't need them in the future, his men needed them. He didn't know if others could cultivate these techniques. No matter what, these crystals would bring him several benefits.

So Ye Zhongming collected everything he could see. He could see several pieces along the way. Last night, he even picked up an orange crystal under the bones of a giant demon monster.

That was a level-eight lifeform's crystal!

How much did he have to give up in his last life to get one of these?

But he could pick them up easily now.

Honestly, he felt complicated when he picked that level-eight crystal up.

Ah Tao had only been to the Imperial City once when he was young, so he only gave a few crucial names along the way. Ye Zhongming had to walk and find.

He thought about the identity he would use to enter the Imperial City. He relied on his Stamina Fountain and Blood Stepping Boot's recovery to rest only for three hours. He slept for an hour and then used two hours to create weapons.

He felt like this was his ticket to get in.

When he bumped into the North Peacock Tribe, he didn't contact them immediately and just observed them for a day. He confirmed that they came from the biggest city, Vinrose, before he acted like it was a coincidence. He then sold the grey arrow that he created to win their trust.

Of course, he also won over their crystals.

But he knew that the information would quickly spread to the Vinrose Mountain Region, and more tribes would search for him to trade for weapons. His identity would become firmer and less questioned. His reputation would even spread into the Imperial City.

He would also get such benefits while earning many high-level crystals. He was delighted to continue.

He successfully convinced the second tribe.

The difference with the North Peacock tribe was that this tribe was better with spears. Ye Zhongming prepared some. After coming into contact, he sold a few of them. They were double in price compared to the arrows and needed four level-five crystals.

These crystals were rare on Earth, but in Blue Secret Realm, many years had passed, and there were many of these.

But that tribe wasn't lucky, and their people didn't have many crystals on them. Most were from a kid whose dad gave them as toys. But after hearing that they needed to use many more lower-grade crystals to trade up, they didn't feel like Ye Zhongming was extorting them. They dug and picked up things from around and got the amount needed to trade for 20 grey bone spears.

This was a beginning. As this was the last hunting chance before the winter, many Posthumous Tribes would pass. Ye Zhongming started to collect these crystals and even used the materials in his space. The space was used to place his high-level crystals.

Such an act peaked when a large tribe from Vinrose came to trade with him.

The elder was the one who represented the tribe. He saw Ye Zhongming and his shining weapons and decided to make a deal with him.

This large tribe called Vanban trusted his identity as a Wanderer. Although Wanderer was a historic term, and it had been long since such a person appeared, many solo wanderers couldn't live for too long. Wanderers all had King-level or above King-level strength.

Ye Zhongming was recognized as the heir to a strong Wanderer. He was thought to be a Posthumous person with magical powers.

The negotiation circled around his ability. A large tribe had more needs than dozens of those small tribes—Vanban needed a lot. If Ye Zhongming only had so few weapons, it wouldn't mean much for this large tribe with thousands of warriors.

When Ye Zhongming took three types of weapons to show the elder and told him his ability to create new weapons, he decided to invite Ye Zhongming back to Vinrose. As for the price. Was that a problem? Although they didn't treat the crystals seriously, if they collected them, they would have a small mountain of them!

The three weapons were grey, white, and silver!

Ye Zhongming was thus invited into one of the entrances of the Imperial City, Vinrose Mountain.

The negotiation with the level-six leader was nerve-wracking. Posthumous people were not fools; they were very practical and greedy. They could force this person to stay here, but after Ye Zhongming revealed his strength, he gave up on that thought.

He was one of the top experts in Vinrose Mountain! The strongest warriors here was between level six and seven.

As for why there weren't level-seven ones...

Those level-seven experts could create super tribes and could enter the Imperial City. Who would stay in such a place and share resources with dozens of other tribes?

When the elder decided to work with Ye Zhongming, it caused a crystal collection wave.

Why? This thing that people abandoned could be traded for a powerful and shining weapon. This weapon could make warriors safer and stronger and hunt for better things!

In a short time, crystals became the most valuable trading tool.

After discovering that this place was just three days from the Imperial City, Ye Zhongming calmed down. He created equipment for two days. He could create two thousand pieces daily with his mental energy and numerous low-level crystals that he could use to recover. Moreover, the price had increased. He stopped providing materials. They needed to provide the blueprint and materials. As for the price... It didn't change.

When Ye Zhongming spent seven days here, news came from the Imperial City. A king wanted to meet him.

Before leaving, Ye Zhongming was shocked when he counted the number of crystals he had.

Chapter 397: King's invitation

Even after Ye Zhongming had seen many supercities on Earth, he had seen many majestic buildings left from history. When he saw the Posthumous people Imperial City, he was still shocked.

Ye Zhongming couldn't imagine how long such a backward society took to create such a mountain city.

It was huge!

So far, the densest place he had been to was the Vanban Tribe camp, which already impressed him. But as compared to the Imperial City, it wasn't much.

Ye Zhongming sat a 'transport tool' called Thread Demon Monster Car. It resembled a horse carriage, but the Thread Demon Monster was stronger than horses. Not only were they fast, but their stamina was high, too. The monster dragged him, and a whole bunch protected him. Three days of journey was shortened to just a day.

The servant of the King who accompanied Ye Zhongming was proud. These tamed Demon Monsters could run at full speed for a quarter of a day. They could run continuously for two days if they maintained at 60-70% speed.

This made him interested in these level-three demon monsters. If he got them to Earth, they would be stronger than those Cloud Hooves he still hadn't hatched.

Of course, he could tell from the servant's expression that he was proud and impressed with the demon monster, but he was also a little disdainful about his identity.

The Wanderer was strong, but such people were weird.

They were either kicked out of their tribes, had weird personalities that meant they couldn't live with others, or did something wrong. They were exiled or fled on their own.

Exiled was the precursor to a Wanderer.

Some Posthumous people left the tribe to cultivate, train themselves in the wilderness, and try to break through. These people were friendly and would help Posthumous people that they met. They were really strong and respected. As time passed, people stopped calling them exiled and called them Wanderers.

But in the hearts of many Posthumous people, Wanderers were still exiled, people who weren't welcomed by their tribes.

Although Ye Zhongming's hair was long, it was short compared to the Posthumous people. Such an appearance stood out, so he didn't respect him.

But Ye Zhongming didn't care. What he cared about was whether or not he could leave this place. He wanted to save time and not head to the Dawn Saint Hall or the Cursed Abyss.

Next were the demon crystals.

He had a bunch of riches that could make any survivor on Earth crazy.

Sixty thousand level-three demon crystals! 40 thousand level-four! 20 thousand level five! A thousand level-six! 200 level-seven! Four level-eight demon crystals!

Ye Zhongming didn't even want level-one crystals. Level two were used as consumption items to recover mental energy, so few remained. The Posthumous people had an endless amount of such crystals, but they just provided the amount he needed to consume.

The space item naturally couldn't fit so many crystals, so he placed them in two big beast leather bags that were placed by his legs.

After passing the tall city gate, Ye Zhongming was attracted by the numerous lamps. There were still white birds circling above. Some Posthumous people stood on their bodies and poured the unknown oil into those lamps. It caused those lamps that dimmed to light up once more.

"Those are Hundred Vulture Demon Monsters. They will become gentle as long as you capture and pierce their eyes. Feed them, and they will listen to you.

Unfortunately, they aren't quick and can't see. If not, they could be nurtured into battle demon monsters."

The servant saw Ye Zhongming look at the top of the mountain and explained.

Ye Zhongming nodded. The Imperial City was amazing. It was much stronger than Ah Tao, Grey Mountain, and even the Vanban Tribe. Just demon monster taming alone was not something other places could compare to.

The King who wanted to meet Ye Zhongming was Neal. Ye Zhongming had heard the name before. Ah Tao said that he was the fairest. Although this was also something that Ah Tao had heard, for a small tribe so far away to hear that he was fair, at least it could explain some things. It was better to come into contact with this king than anyone else.

The streets of the Imperial City were wide, and the sky wasn't so stuffy. There wasn't the stench of excrement in the mountain. This made him curious about their facilities. He didn't know whether or not humans could do better than these people if they built a city in the mountains.

The Thread Demon Monster dashed into the city and headed to a region. There were many white tents here, and many Posthumous people in grey armor walked around. When they heard the demon monsters, they turned to look.

When the carriage stopped near a huge tent, the servant asked Ye Zhongming to get off and led him in.

It was lit, and six to seven people were seated around. There was a giant map. Although its way of marking was different from Earth, Ye Zhongming could tell that it was the map of the entire Posthumous people's territory.

Many people turned to look at the servant. They then looked at Ye Zhongming's body.

The middle-aged man in the middle wore a cloth shirt that was a little rough. But to them, this was a very luxurious piece of clothing.

"Kid of the gods, you are here. Sit. This is King Neal's tent; no need to be too polite."

A gentle voice rang out that shocked Ye Zhongming. He saw a middle-aged woman holding a wooden plate. She smiled gently.

This was an expert who was over level six. She also cultivated a secret technique that helped her cover her cultivation level.

Ye Zhongming was certain. If not, he wouldn't have noticed even though she was so close.

"Haha, Soora, you scared him."

That middle-aged man laughed and walked over with his hands behind his back.

"I am Neal, your King. Can you tell me your name?"

That name wasn't wrong. The king of the Posthumous people was all their kings, at least in name; it was like that.

Ye Zhongming bowed. He was a Posthumous person, so he had to follow their customs. He also removed his surname and said Zhongming.

This Neal was a level-seven expert. His aura shocked Ye Zhongming.

Neal looked at his body and then sat down. He told Ye Zhongming to sit and took out a white-grade feather.

"You are not unfamiliar with this as you created it. Can you tell me what technique you used? I am not trying to understand your secret, but I am curious. I asked many people, and no Posthumous person has this ability. No one in history has, too."

Ye Zhongming was prepared and smiled, "Who was the last Wanderer recorded? But the person who taught me this returned to the gods' embrace 700 days ago."

The people in the tent were stunned, and they looked like they didn't understand. The last Wanderer in history disappeared many days ago, right? Who was he referring to?

Neal was silent and played around with the white arrow, "I am not sure about the rules of a Wanderer. But if I invite you, are you willing to join my tribe and become a proud member of the King race?"

Chapter 398: I want to enter the Saint Pool

Neal was the leader of a super tribe. After becoming King, his tribe advanced. Apart from some in the city, another portion of his tribe lived in their hunting ground.

The two added together had 12000 people.

As compared to those small tribes, there was a huge difference.

But it was a problem, too. Super tribes were like boats going against a current. Neal had to consider how to increase their strength. Only then could he be stronger than other super tribes. Only then could he gain more benefits for his tribe in the King Alliance Meeting.

Be it outside or internal management, Neal had to take charge.

Moreover, he was a level-seven warrior. His strength was average amongst other Kings, but he was much weaker than the other three level-eight kings. Apart from those three tribes, his was second of the remaining four because of their numbers and overall strength.

But now, the tribes were catching up. Once they caught up, his ranking would fall behind, and he wouldn't get many benefits.

To stimulate the race to survive, rankings and interests were connected. These were the rules that the old ancestor left.

But Neal didn't have any solution previously. Apart from helping and teaching some of them how to cultivate, there was not much he could do or help.

In the recent thousand days, Neal's tribe has had some problems. For example, the number of new soldiers was reducing. The external hunting environment had caused more deaths and injuries. Many people cultivated their skills to a bottleneck, and more were stuck there.

These problems slowed their progress and made him anxious.

To solve this problem, Neal sent people to various regions to search for solutions, like absorbing weak tribes. Help Posthumous people solve their conflicts, giving food and tents to those who faced crisis. He hoped that he could increase their numbers by doing that and get more support because of their reputation.

But these were slow, and that gave him a headache.

A few days ago, a subordinate handed him this arrow.

Neal was a level-seven warrior and knew how strong this was without even testing it.

Of course, such a weapon had limited use to him, but it was very useful for his warriors.

Neal realized that this was an opportunity to raise their strength quickly.

So he decided to find the person who created this weapon to keep him here to serve him.

Of course, he cared about his reputation; he didn't want to force the person unless he had no choice. He wanted to negotiate. He wanted to see how this Wanderer would react.

Ye Zhongming wasn't surprised by Neal's thoughts; he had even expected it. He took a leather scroll and passed it to this King.

"If you can find these things, I can provide 2 thousand grey weapons for you."

Neal opened it and frowned. There were many weird things. Dozens of drawings, but he could only recognize a tenth of it.

Moreover, Ye Zhongming's two thousand grey weapons weren't attractive to him.

This level and number were not enough to satisfy him.

"My kid, normal Posthumous people and Wanderers are different. Their ancestors lived on the same land and saw the same sky. They know what is in their territory. If things exceed this, they wouldn't know anything. That includes my tribe."

He placed the scroll on the table, "You might have seen these things after traveling to many places, but we haven't even seen many of them, much less own them. So, can you change some conditions? For example, the crystals on the forehead of demon monsters. That is a good solution."

Ye Zhongming acted and frowned, "Respectable King, those crystals aren't very helpful for me. Wanderers have to complete a ritual and need these crystals. In terms of numbers, I already have most of them; I don't need them..."

Neal sat back, and his aura started to turn stronger.

"Of course." Ye Zhongming's tone changed, and he said sincerely, "If you can find level-six and above ones, I still need them—the higher the level, the better. I can promise you each level-six crystal can trade for one grey weapon. Each level-eight crystal for one white weapon. If you want arrows, I can reduce the quantity."

The people here were the high-ranking Neal Tribe members. They looked at each other and didn't feel the price was high. After all, they had no use for the crystals. But they didn't have many level eight crystals. If lucky, they could kill one level-eight demon monster in a few hundred days."

"Kid, your price wasn't like this in Vinrose Mountains."

A Neil Race elder was unhappy with him raising the price. He charged two level-six crystals for one white weapon but now wanted one level-eight crystal. It was much higher.

His attitude was good, and he smiled, "This senior, let me repeat myself. It is useless; I am just trading it to complete a ritual. The price was low because I didn't have many on hand and needed them. Now that I need a few more high-level crystals, my demand is low, so I am not anxious to get more. So naturally, it would be more expensive. This price is also worthy of your race's identity, right?"

Although he knew Ye Zhongming was sucking up, this elder felt good. He didn't say anything. The crystals weren't useful for them either. If he had asked for large amounts of food, they would have bargained with him until the gram.

"My kid, I need a large amount of equipment, and these can't satisfy me. I want you to remain in my tribe to help me. I can give you the status and resources. You will be safe, and you won't be hungry. There will also be beautiful women. What do you think?"

He was impatient. He hated to bargain. He could do this in the alliance meetings, but that was when he faced other strong people. But he didn't treat this Wanderer as an equal.

The future subordinate was what he saw him as.

Ye Zhongming knew that his respect and good attitude were at its edge. If he didn't get what he wanted, anything could happen.

He said something that shocked the King.

"I can join your tribe and become your weapon crafter, but I want a chance to enter the Saint Pool!"

Chapter 399: If he didn't die

Ying City was a little cold recently. Hunting sounds had reduced, and even the Blood and Liquid Bar at the border had little people.

In a deep secret realm were three people with three cups in front of them. A blue liquid shook and gave off a fragrance.

Beside a round table sat three people. Bai Feng, Zhao Xingmei and Sha Sha.

The three of them are very famous in Ying City now.

Bai Feng rebuilt the Renxing Battle Squad and picked himself up from where he fell. Although he was ranked second, it was good that he recovered in a short half a year. Moreover, he just became a five-star evolved.

Sha Sha Battle Squad was good, too. Although they weren't as strong as the Renxing Battle Squad, they developed swiftly. They went from 50 to the top eight. This was a team with high potential.

Of course, the throne was occupied by Star Beauty Company. Zhao Xingmei became a five-star evolved a month ago. She was the first in Ying City to do so. She had replaced Ye Zhongming.

The three would attract attention no matter which base they appeared in. Hundreds of warriors would follow them. But now, they were sitting in this dark secret realm and drinking alcohol.

"Shouldn't you use a whisky cup to drink whiskey?"

Sha Sha mumbled and took a mouth. She was four-star evolved, and her birthmark was pale. Under the dim light, the two of them were so beautiful that even Bai Feng, who was used to seeing beauties, had to praise them.

Those words broke the silence.

“Boss Bai invited us here to drink?” Zhao Xingmei wore a beige uniform. It was white grade, and it fit her body. She carried the green Flying Star. She didn’t look at Bai Feng but the wine cup.

Bai Feng regained his composure. His arm was gone in the battle with the Saint; now it was a white mechanical arm. It looked very high-tech, and a blue light would shine from it.

“The arm is not bad; where did you get it?” Sha Sha looked at the mechanical arm and asked casually.

Bai Feng glanced at Sha Sha and didn’t know if this woman was doing so on purpose.

“Cloud Peak is probably about to fight in a few days.”

Bai Feng drank all the wine in the cup and then sighed.

Pu!

Zhao Xingmei laughed, and that made Bai Feng frown.

“Boss Bai, is there a point? When Xia Lei asked you to send troops to help defend, didn’t you act like you didn’t see the letter? It is not too late to regret.”

Bai Feng was furious and mocked Zhao Xingmei, “Aren’t you the same?”

She shook her head, “Different. We have always cooperated and worked together. I have a right to choose. Moreover, I respect them because of Ye Zhongming. Unfortunately, he is dead, so I don’t have a reason to help him by offending the few factions.”

“But you are different,” She stared back without fear, “They saved your life more than once. Now that you are stepping aside, aren’t you afraid people will say you are a snake?”

“Pa!”

Bai Feng smashed a wine glass.

“I have paid that favor! I did! They saved me; I fought for them. This arm is the price! I don’t owe them anything!”

“That woman Xia Lei supported you to help you rebuild.”

“I paid a price!”

Zhao Xingmei looked at Bai Feng and didn’t say anything.

“So Bai Feng called Xingmei, and I’m here to say that you don’t owe Cloud Peak anything and want to console yourself?”

“You!”

Bai Feng looked at Sha Sha and couldn’t suppress his rage.

The three cooperated greatly in Ying City, so they were all here. If not, the leader of a faction would rarely be alone.

“Although Cloud Peak has developed into a monster and is far stronger than us, they have too many enemies, and they probably can’t hold on.”

Zhao Xingmei looked at Bai Feng before continuing, “Soul Merchant found you and told you they won’t blame you for hurting a Saint. They gave you a white mechanical arm. The condition is for you not to join this operation. I also received their promise not to care about the past, so...”

“So...”

Zhao Xingmei stood up and walked out, “Don’t act like you are wronged. We are no different; we are dirty on this matter.”

Sha Sha stood up and walked out. But at the door, she turned to Bai Feng, “Boss Bai, you should ask for a white fake eye. That mask is so ugly.”

She closed the door and heard Bai Feng smashing things.

The white blew outside the bomb shelter.

Star Beauty Company and Sha Sha Battle Squad members appeared and surrounded their bosses.

“Beauty Sha, time to go.” Zhao Xingmei waved and was about to leave. But Sha Sha’s words caused her to be stunned.

“What if he didn’t die?”

Sha Sha said something, but Zhao Xingmei didn’t reply. She looked at the disappearing party and said, “Little Five.”

“Sister.”

A bald young man walked to her side.

“I will bring you near to Cloud Peak if... It gets broken into; save as many as you can.”

Little Five was stunned, but he agreed and then backed down.

Sha Sha looked towards Cloud Peak, and she was solemn.

Ye Zhongming that is all I could do...

.....

The core members of Cloud Peak were seated together and looked at a letter from their enemies.

“I was wondering why they kept wanting to attack us. They are interested in these things. I thought too highly about them. They aren’t taking revenge; they just want benefits.”

Little Tiger rolled his eyes and judged the letter.

The letter suggested a way to let the people live. It was based on four directions—modified potion recipe, crystal weapon blueprint, all white weapons, and giving up Cloud Peak.

“They are clearing the mutated lifeforms around. This letter should be the final one. If we disagree, they will attack us after they clear the area.”

“Should we reply to them?” Xia Lei smiled and asked.

“Reply, tell them to surrender. If not, we will kill the guys and capture the women to give birth to kids!”

Her words drew laughter. Their fighting spirit got thicker and thicker.

Chapter 400: Unlocked! Explosive Mechanic

No!

This was his instinctive reply.

What was the Saint Pool? It was the saint area of the entire Posthumous race. Ye Zhongming was a Wanderer. Even the geniuses of the seven super tribes had to wait for their chance. Moreover, the competition was intense. It was one of the hotly debated points at the meeting.

You wanted to get in; was that a joke?

The others heard his condition, and they all thought he was dreaming.

“My kid, you should change a condition.” Neal was amused.

“It is our saint land, and it is normal that you want to go there. But since you know it is a saint land, you should know that even I don’t have the right to let people enter that place. Moreover, it is usually dry. Every 300 days, Saint Water would surge out, and that would be the time to enter. But it is not time yet. Even if you enter, you won’t get any benefits.”

Ye Zhongming listened quietly.

It was his final goal, but it was also a test. After all, Ah Tao tribe was too small, and they didn’t understand much about it. Ye Zhongming naturally couldn’t get much information. To enter, he had to get some information before making a plan.

Seeing Ye Zhongming not speak, Neal frowned, “Laura, go get that thing.”

She nodded and walked out to get a small can she placed in front of him.

“There is some saint water. If you want to head in for this, then treat this as a gift to you to represent my sincerity.”

Neal was very polite. Although he didn’t know what he was thinking, he looked quite nice on the surface.

Ye Zhongming frowned. He picked it up and then opened it carefully.

A fragrance entered his nose and spread across the tent. The people who sniffed it looked drunk.

“This is saint water?” Ye Zhongming looked at the white liquid and asked.

Neal nodded, "This is Saint Water, but this thing is only useful for people that the pool recognizes. It, at most, has a healing effect on others. It can be used to heal internal and external injuries for those."

He signaled for Ye Zhongming to test it out.

Ye Zhongming didn't suspect anything, but his heart felt increasingly depressed. Was the pool not the way back? Did he have to find the Gate of Blessing?

But Cloud Peak was in trouble, and the losses might be huge if he was late. Even the entire villa would be lost!

He was slightly emotional. He moved his arm, and the can tilted. A drop of white water landed on his hand.

He felt something pulling him that lasted for two seconds.

En?

He was familiar with that power. When he entered the Blue Secret Realm through the key, the power that sent him here was the same.

Ye Zhongming's worry disappeared. He felt like he found a way back!

Saint Water!

He didn't care that Neal was beside him. He reached into the saint water, and that pulling power got stronger.

He retracted his hand. He didn't want to teleport an arm back to Earth while his body remained in the Blue Secret Realm...

He placed it aside and looked at King Neal.

"Respected King Neal, I still insist on my request. I just need the pool to complete my ritual. I just need a short time, so please help me."

Neal stopped hesitating and felt like Ye Zhongming didn't know his place. He already said that, so why did he want to enter? The pool was just a regular pool without saint water, so what was the point?

The higher-ups spoke up and scolded Ye Zhongming. Although he could create strong weapons, he was only level-six. Everyone here was stronger than him, so they feared nothing. The tent got noisy.

The threat in his words got thicker, and he looked like he was about to attack.

Ye Zhongming lowered his head and squinted his eyes. When he lifted his head, his aura started to get stronger.

"If I create a weapon that can raise your strength and use it to trade for me entering the Saint Pool, will you agree?"

He was stunned, and then he rolled his eyes.

"I can improve?"

“Right!” Ye Zhongming knew he had to give up something to get what he wanted.

“The strongest weapon I can create isn’t white grade but silver. It is several times stronger than white. I think you should know the difference.”

“If you allow me to complete the ritual in the pool, I will create such a weapon. If you disagree, then sorry. Even if you trap and kill me, I won’t create a single weapon for your tribe and you!”

“Moreover, you... Can’t do anything to me!”

Ye Zhongming looked like he would rather die than help them. He dared to do that because he knew that although he wouldn’t win, he could flee. He wouldn’t use this method if he were a level-eight warrior. Fighting someone two levels higher was just a death wish.

Ye Zhongming waved, and the Explosive Mechanic appeared by his feet. It lifted the barrel and aimed at the people in the tent.

The explosive mechanic had four of its attack styles unlocked! Apart from leaving the high-level crystals, he used all the low-level crystals and some higher-level crystals to unlock this fellow!

Even if the Explosive Mechanic was weak, the 4th attack form was very strong.

Attack form 4, Light Blade Cannon (Unlocked), need 1000 units of energy (Level 1, fire once, 50 PA strength, range: 200 meters, cover 20m area, speed: 0.1/second.)

Times it could fire until it enters cooldown, twice. Cooldown time: 30 hours.

50 PA strength might not threaten a level-seven expert! But Ye Zhongming had many demon crystals on him. He tossed a level-seven crystal, and it increased to level-three 100PA strength. That shining barrel started to ripple, and it caused everyone to retreat. That included King Neal!

“King Neal, my request isn’t tough to achieve in this period when the pool is dry. You can help me, and not only will you get a piece of good equipment, but you will also get my friendship. It is better than us fighting. What do you think?”

Neal’s expression was dark. He looked at Ye Zhongming and that terrifying, weird thing. He was tempted, but he gave up.

“Okay, you win.”