

Apocalypse 851

Chapter 851: What to do with the prisoners

The entire mountain was filled with happiness.

One could hear laughter and joy that had disappeared since winter began.

Ye Zhongming sat in the middle and looked at the sizzling barbecued beast meat in the bonfire ahead.

Even if he had revived and gotten used to life and death, the feeling of people forgetting about the deaths that happened a few hours ago made him uncomfortable.

He wasn't a saint; he just had a new understanding of the Posthumous people. People who had lived in such despair would treat death so lightly. On Earth, even if ten years had passed, one could be cold, but one wouldn't be as uncaring as those in the Secret Realm.

Miya saw that Ye Zhongming wasn't too happy and was worried about him. She thought he had been injured in the battle but didn't know how to console him. She held his arm tightly and placed it on her big chest.

Miya missed him so badly during this period, especially the few days when the Imperial City army attacked. Ye Zhongming was in her mind every moment. She even thought that she would never see him again.

Fortunately, the heavens were good to her, and he returned to her side. She was satisfied. She didn't care whether she remained in the Secret Realm or headed to the other world. She didn't mind dying, either.

Posthumous race women were like that; the guys were the most important!

But Miya's actions angered Liang Chuyin.

Liang Chuyin had told her about Miya and even told her how he got stronger after doing those things with her. Liang Chuyin could accept it, but seeing Miya being so clingy, she couldn't help but feel jealous.

Ye Zhongming had three girls by his side. They were killers, be it Xia Lei, Liang Chuyin, or Xia Bai. Their personalities were decisive and vicious. But when they were with Ye Zhongming, they would be very gentle. However, they weren't like Miya, who always seemed gentle and weak.

It seemed like guys liked such girls, which made Liang Chuyin feel a sense of danger.

She could accept Xia Lei and Xia Bai, and she could even accept Mo Ye and Park Xiuying because they were on the same side and belonged to Cloud Peak. They had common interests and topics and had experienced life and death several times.

They had saved each other's lives so many times that they were willing to share a guy.

So, Liang Chuyin didn't care about the number of women Ye Zhongming had.

But Miya was different. She wasn't from Earth. She represented the Secret Realm, which was totally different from Cloud Peak. Liang Chuyin didn't understand this branch's thoughts, but these thoughts would definitely affect Miya.

It wasn't that Liang Chuyin was overthinking but that each super faction leader represented many interests. Only by balancing those interests could you ensure that the faction was stable. Look at Cloud Peak; they didn't fully accept Ying City. Within a single squad, the strength and number of people were also very complicated.

Now, Ye Zhongming would have another group of people. Miya would be the most significant person in this group.

This made Liang Chuyin think about many things.

She could die for Ye Zhongming, but it didn't mean she would ignore her interests. Now that Xia Lei wasn't here, Xia Bai didn't care about such things; she was the only representative of Cloud Peak's interest. This pressured the influencer.

But when Ye Zhongming glanced at her, she smiled. She understood what he meant.

Don't worry.

"Carry it over."

Ah Tao looked at Miya mercifully and instructed the people at the sides. Ye Zhongming didn't understand what was happening, but the old man said nothing.

In just a while, a few people carried some bags and walked over.

"We had enough food this winter, and after hiding through the coldest part of winter, we searched for these crystals. These are for you."

Their eyes lit up. Ye Zhongming had gained many crystals from the Candleroom tribe, and now more people were gifting him crystals.

It was as if the demon crystals that one had to use lives and fresh blood to trade for were free here.

He opened the bag and took a look. There were thousands of crystals of different levels. But most were levels four and five. These were the average level of the demon monsters in the Secret Realm.

He kept several level-six crystals, telling Liang Chuyin to keep the rest. His made her relax. It was as if she was a wife keeping her husband's wallet.

Zhao Xingmei and Guang Yao were still in disbelief that demon crystals could be found everywhere in the Secret Realm. If they returned to Earth, these crystals alone would be a huge sum—this team had only spent a week here!

"What about those Imperial City prisoners?"

Grey Mountain touched his head and asked.

This question stunned everyone.

They captured 2000 Imperial City warriors along with the king. Dealing with these people became a big problem.

Kill them all? The Posthumous people might not be able to accept it. Winter was ending, and the Imperial City could send more troops to surround them. Even with the people Ye Zhongming brought, they might be unable to go against them.

Release? Of course not. These people killed so many, so how would he be able to answer to the families of the dead? Moreover, they would reveal information about the Cloud Peak tribe's strength.

Ah Yang was the most talented with words. He grasped the Secret Realm language and translated it for the other earth evolved. Everyone frowned.

"Of course, we can't release them." Ye Zhongming was relaxed, "Of course, we can't kill them. They are chips, our chips to return to Earth!"

Everyone listened and understood. At this time, a Posthumous people guard entered and said something that made Ye Zhongming stand.

Chapter 852: War is coming

An airforce was circling the skies near the Cloud Peak tribe's mountain.

Right, an airforce!

Six hundred people were riding a twin-headed purple eagle. Each of them wore similar armor and held long spears.

The leader wasn't old, around 25 years old. He squinted his eyes and looked at the mountains beneath him. Suddenly, he stopped.

"Land!"

He pointed the spear, and most of the cavaliers started to land. A few dozen of them spread out to be the sentries in the area.

This entire army was very disciplined. It was very different from the Posthumous people.

After landing, dozens of cavaliers spread to scout the area. Everything occurred in an orderly manner.

The young man looked around and walked to a place. Snow continued to land, and the area was silent. But he took a sniff and took several steps. His spear pointed down, and an energy current shot, scattering the snow here.

Frozen blood stains were revealed.

Someone squatted down and moved the ground with his dagger. He tasted the icy blood and thought about it before saying, "General Xicun, it should be a Soaring Hunting Bird, around level seven. It was killed less than half a day ago."

"Soaring Hunting Bird?" He focused.

"Right, apart from Vasi Stone Forest, Posthumous people have three; two are level seven."

As a subordinate, he only needed to share information he knew. The general could decide on his own.

The young General Xicun nodded and waved. His subordinates spread out and started to search.

The snow continued, but it wasn't as intense as before. The bright armor of these air cavaliers shone, melting the snowflakes. The water evaporated instantly, leaving no traces.

More traces were found, and information was reported to Xicun. In just a while, everyone was back. A female cavalier bowed, "A battle occurred here half a day ago. Although the bodies are gone but from the tracks, at least a thousand people fought, and it lasted for a short time."

"Short time?"

Xicun interrupted her.

"Right, based on the blood freezing, it should have ended within a thousand breaths."

This was the first time General Xicun showed some emotion.

The level seven demon monster was killed, and the battle ended within a thousand breaths.

"Also, although the corpses were cleared, some fragments are left on them..."

He frowned and looked unhappily at his deputy. She had never been so hesitant.

"They are weird. The slices are orderly, but the meat pieces aren't. There are burn marks, but they differ from those after being scorched."

"Sorry, General, I can't guess which weapon or skill caused it."

She lowered her head and seemed very ashamed.

Xicun nodded and, after some silence, said, "We haven't found the entrance?"

The few deputies looked at each other and could see the awkwardness in their eyes.

They understood Posthumous people and understood everything about them. But they always had to spend time to find their camps.

This wasn't their fault. Posthumous people lived in the mountains. They were great at hiding their entrances. If not, how would those demon monsters be unable to find them? The mountains were their final barrier. Although they were backward, some areas reached their peak through the despair.

"Give us some time, and we can find it."

The person who knew which demon monster it was through tasting the blood promised.

Xicun looked at him and shook his head slowly.

"We have no time; we must reach the assembly point!" Xicun said, ordering everyone to get on their mounts.

That deputy hesitated and looked at Xicun, "General, there should be a tribe here. If they notice us and tell their Imperial City? Then our plan..."

Xicun jumped, and energy spurted from his legs, causing him to fly onto the mount's saddle. He looked down, "Qing Ci, we want to strike them quickly and wipe out these barbarians that occupy the resources. With the Saint Father and Saintess, how could they stop us? It is okay if they don't know, but they will be able to live peacefully for a few days. But so what if they do? The outcome won't change."

“They have occupied this land for a long time; it is time to use their blood to wash this filth!”

The female deputy called Qing Ci and the other cavaliers roared, and the eagles they rode flew into the sky.

This team returned to their orderly formation and charged towards a direction.

At the end of the snow plains, a black line was getting thicker.

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Ye Zhongming and the people around him used a few hidden air holes to watch this airforce leave. He was shocked.

“That is... Spirit Eagle Cavalier Squad!” Candleroom’s body was shaking. This tribe leader who ruled a middle-sized tribe wasn’t this terrified when he faced Hong Xiang.

Ah Tao, Grey Mountain, and Mountain Bank looked much worse. Their eyes were filled with terror!

“They... Why are they here? Why would they appear here in such a big group?”

Mountain Bank clenched his fists and was very emotional.

“Is calamity going to descend?” Ah Tao held his hands behind his back. He closed his eyes, and his voice was trembling.

“Saint Light Hall?”

Ye Zhongming’s soul had traveled there previously, and these cavaliers wore similar clothing.

The few tribe leaders nodded.

Ye Zhongming thought about it and knew why they were afraid.

The secret realm was split into three groups. Night Demon Plains, Posthumous People, and Saint Light Hall. Each of them guarded their territories.

Now, these cavaliers invaded, which meant only one possibility.

War was coming!

Chapter 853: Cloud Peak heading out

It had been a long time since Ying City had been so busy. The last time was when Boss Ye led some Ying City elites away.

Many people were excited. They were naturally those who were chosen to attack the dungeon.

The last group that visited the center city returned much stronger and richer which drew many people’s envy.

You could get rich if you followed Boss Ye. Although Boss Ye wasn’t leading the team, it was still Cloud Peak’s operation. The leader was the famous Sister Lei! This was the same as Boss Ye personally leading the troops.

So when news spread, many people still signed up even if they were heading to the terrifying dungeon.

Nobody was a fool. Would Cloud Peak head there if they didn't have confidence?

This was a good job.

As for death, what wouldn't result in death nowadays? If you headed out to pee, you might get bitten by a zombie.

Registration and selection to the final expedition. The numbers increased. Including three thousand from Cloud Peak, the total number of evolved reached 20 thousand!

But this wasn't much compared to the number of people in Ying City who had evolved. Most of them didn't have the right to follow.

In a patch of sighs and envy, the team from Ying City split into four groups before heading out.

Two ordinary-looking evolved stood there and squinted as they watched Cloud Peak leave. Envy and greed flashed in their eyes.

To them, they had seen Cloud Peak warriors. They were the faction with the highest average equipment level. It was as if silver was free. But people were still fighting for white equipment in other areas.

"Xia Lei is in the team."

"Park Xiuying, too."

The two of them spoke one after another and recognized the two focus of attention in the group. They knew that these two were the core of Cloud Peak. One was Ye Zhongming's woman, the second in command of Cloud Peak, and Ye Zhongming's other brain.

The other was a strong healer with many solo and group healing skills, the healer that many factions envied.

"Seems like they are moving out."

A slightly taller person said softly.

The other person looked and was suspicious.

"Did you see the other core members? Little Tiger, Mo Ye, Tang Hu, Tang Tian, etc, aren't here!"

"What are you worried about?" The taller guy didn't shift his eyes.

"I am worried it is a trap."

"Why? Do you want to intercept them along the way? Although there aren't many core members, Cloud Peak isn't weak. Along with ten thousand from Ying City, you have the confidence to consume them?"

"Keke, we don't have such plans."

“Then what do the few core members have to do with this?”

“Right. Do you think that the zombies are silent today?”

“They have become humble. You know about Ying City; those zombies are also very dumb.”

The two of them ended their conversation. When the team left slowly, they waved to each other and left.

At the same time, news of Cloud Peak heading out, spread from Ying City to many unknown places.

On the walls of Cloud Peak, Liu Zhenghong was playing with the test tube with the snake, spinning it around.

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The atmosphere that was joyous because of Ye Zhongming’s arrival became really suppressed because of the Saint Light Hall Eagle Army.

In the end, Miya’s words made everyone feel better.

“Aren’t we following Ye to his world? Since that is the case, the war won’t affect us.”

Although the tribe leaders knew this, it wasn’t easy for them to leave. The war would add many unknown elements, but it was also a chance to reduce the obstacles.

Now, they didn’t know if it was good or bad. But having a chance to be good was better than nothing.

They could only console themselves.

However, Ye Zhongming was in charge. He was the only person who knew how to leave. The few leaders looked at him and wanted to listen to his thoughts.

If half of Ye Zhongming’s relaxed attitude had previously been fake, then 80% of it was real.

The Posthumous people were terrified when they saw the Saint Light Hall army. This was an instinct because they had fought many wars and had never won before. If not for their territory being too huge and they knew how to hide, if not, they would have gone extinct.

But Saint Light Hall’s strength was imprinted in their hearts.

To them, those people who lived good lives were invincible. Each war with them was a calamity and worse than winter.

But it had been a long time since they had fought a war. If they wanted something, they would enter their territory to demand it. No one dared attack their troops. At most, they would just capture some of their spies.

But everyone knew that it was just a way to feel safe. If they confirmed that someone was a spy, they might not dare kill them.

Ye Zhongming didn't plan to convince them. This wasn't something that could be solved with a few words. The confidence in winning all battles like Cloud Peak was something that had to be nurtured through many fights.

He talked to Han Yihao and his wife and then whispered something to Miya. This woman called the few leaders, Liang Chuyin, Xia Bai, Guang Yao, etc, and they headed to the prisoner camp.

He told someone to carry King Hong Xiang, pinned to a silver needle on a stone board.

Hong Xiang shuddered when he saw Ye Zhongming. After all, one move from him, and he was knocked down. But when he saw the other Posthumous people, that fear turned to rage, and he despised them.

"Scold us, and I will slice your tongue."

Ye Zhongming's simple sentence made him shut up. Although he thought that he would die, but... What if there was a chance, it wasn't good to be mute?

"We saw an army riding purple eagles, around 600 of them."

Hong Xiang was stunned. His injuries had slowed his reaction, but he realized what he meant, and his expression changed.

"You are lying, no, no!"

Ye Zhongming shook his head, "You are my prisoner, and your life is in my hands. Why do I have to lie to you?"

Hong Xiang opened his mouth and realized that it was true.

"You probably understand that since the Saint Light Hall entered the Posthumous people's land, it means that war has begun."

Ye Zhongming squatted beside him, calmly saying, "You have never won them. But, now that I am here, everything will be different. Do you want to live, defeat them, and carve your name beside the Saint Pool?"

Chapter 854: Working together

Hong Xiang gulped.

Honestly, at his current age, he wouldn't fantasize because of words from someone. He might even kick the person who dared say such things to him if he was fine.

Things were different now. The person who said it to him was the expert who badly injured him with one move. It was a super genius that crossed many levels within a hundred days.

Hong Xiang had to think carefully about it.

He grasped his life, and he had to pay attention to him. This was his current mentality.

But after thinking about it, his heart started to heat up.

Although he knew that it wasn't too possible, just imagine. What if it happened, then...

But the pain he was feeling pulled him back to reality, and he decided to ignore this fantasizing kid.

Right, this fellow was strong and talented. He also had magical powers and also came from another world.

So what? It didn't mean that he was invincible. Before meeting Light Saint Hall, he would never know how terrifying they were. They were killing machines. The Posthumous people had so many more people than them and had several folds more warriors.

But why couldn't they win?

Equipment, individual standards, overall standards, battle tactics, strategy, etc. They were being suppressed. Even if they fought on their own land, they were forced back.

Saint Light Hall's invincible image was deep in their souls. Even the king thought that way.

Ye Zhongming squinted and observed as his expression changed. He guessed his thoughts, but he didn't care. He took out the demon energy crystal gun and fired at the wall. Moreover, this time, he didn't hide the purple glow from the weapon.

Hong Xiang's head could turn. He tilted his head and was shocked.

The wall seemed fine, but the deep marks and the color terrified him.

Seconds later, pieces of stone started to drop, and a big hole appeared.

The demon energy crystal gun and lightning energy shocked Hong Xiang.

This wasn't it. Ye Zhongming flicked his fingers, and a crystal cannon was pushed in. It fired right beside Hong Xiang's ears.

This shocked him even more. This thing could probably hit a further range. It was very powerful. Although it wasn't as powerful as that purple gun, he saw many cannons.

Ye Zhongming brought Hong Xiang to the Exquisite Floating Ball before he could recover. This king was shocked. He had never seen such a weird thing. The modern feel of the metal stunned him.

"So, King Hong Xiang, do you think there is hope?"

This time, Hong Xiang believed him.

He had to. These things had exceeded his recognition. It was like how someone from the middle ages crossed into the modern age and saw cars and planes. It was good that he didn't go crazy.

But this confidence was suppressed. After all, wars weren't decided solely by equipment. Moreover, Hong Xiang didn't think that these equipment was stronger than Saint Light Hall.

But now that his life was in their hands, everything could be discussed since he had some hope.

"What do you want?"

Hong Xiang looked at Ye Zhongming and asked.

"Work together." Ye Zhongming stood up. He told people to remove the four silver nails and fed him a basic healing potion.

"How so?"

Hong Xiang had many thoughts when he heard it and started to think about all sorts of possibilities.

As for those that had died before, he didn't care. To an expert, all these were chips. Even the backward Posthumous people tribes were chips.

"First, you provide demon crystals, and I will provide those shining weapons."

Hong Xiang looked at the crystals on those cannons and finally understood why Ye Zhongming wanted them. Now that he heard him say that, he nodded and agreed.

He could decide on that. Once the Imperial City agrees to work together, the other kings would be happy to see it happen.

"Second..." Ye Zhongming smiled mysteriously, "I need to discuss the rest with all the kings."

Hong Xiang's face turned red, and he got angry. Was he looking down on him?

But when he thought about his position, that rage disappeared. He had no choice as he was still a prisoner.

Ye Zhongming said seriously, "Saint Light Hall has invaded. This time, they might want to take all of your land, so keep your other thoughts. If Posthumous people are finished, you will be finished too. Without me, all of you will die. With me, although you might not win, things will change. If there is change, there is hope. If we win, your name might really be carved on the saint pool."

His expression changed, and he was deep in thought. Ye Zhongming didn't disturb him and knew he was weighing the pros and cons. But he was confident that the king would agree. If he wasn't stupid, he should know what is important. Even if he had other ideas, he would toss those ideas aside when the other Posthumous people find out about the invasion.

After their initial plans were agreed, the Imperial City army was released but their weapons were confiscated. Hong Xiang was also separated from them. Ye Zhongming and Liang Chuyin kept watch of him so he couldn't cause any trouble.

Ye Zhongming found the various leaders and Cloud Peak members and told them his plan. Although they didn't know what he wanted to do, but they were used to listening to him. They got ready to leave in ten hours.

Their goal was--- The Posthumous people Imperial City!

Chapter 855: Preparing a meeting gift

Saint Light Hall was a religion, so everyone firmly believed in the cause.

Belief was worthy of respect and was the cornerstone of many societies.

But after going through the apocalypse, Ye Zhongming knew some information. He knew that those gods were just murderers in different realms!

He scoffed at such gods.

But he wouldn't underestimate people and armies with such faith.

That was because they would be much better fighters than ordinary people.

“Saint Hall Cavalier Squad. Looking at the mark, it should be their Bright Cleansing Division, around 500 of them.”

Hong Xiang looked at the clear video. He said those things, but his heart was in shock.

For a race that relied on torches to light their nights to see a technological product. He might be a level eight king, but he would also be shocked if he were a level nine expert.

Two different civilizations clashed; the power could not be described with words.

Saint Light Hall understood the Posthumous people, and the Posthumous people understood Saint Light Hall. They might not understand them as much, but they had some information about most things.

For example, their army system.

Three days had passed since Cloud Peak Alliance had set off. At the start, Hong Xiang was searching for opportunities to flee, but when he crossed the mountain and saw a Saint Light Hall army traveling, he calmed down.

He knew that it wasn't the time.

Even if he had never treated the other tribes as humans, when he saw the army sweeping the camp and leaving corpses, sadness rose in his heart.

He knew that Ye Zhongming was right. Saint Light Hall was here to wipe them out. During the previous few wars, they didn't wipe out small tribes with a few hundred people.

So, he became very well-behaved and told Ye Zhongming everything he knew. His heart was leaning fully toward working with Ye Zhongming.

Saint Light Hall had found their way here, and there was no room for negotiation. If they worked together, they could have one more ally. If they didn't, would Ye Zhongming join the other side?

Hong Xiang wasn't much of a person, but he knew how to make a choice.

But, when Ye Zhongming suggested following the army and wiping them out, Hong Xiang was terrified.

Normally, Posthumous people would only dare to attack when they had five times more people than the Saint Light Hall. Although this army had only 500 people, they would only attack when they had 2500. He had enough people if they included Ye Zhongming's group. If they only counted the Imperial City army, there were only 2000. He... didn't have the courage to charge. What if Ye Zhongming used him as cannon fodder?

Ye Zhongming ignored his thoughts. He only wanted to destroy this army.

He had a habit of only considering victory. He first considered how to get back when he entered the Secret Realm. There were only three paths, and two of them had been proven.

One was the Gate of Blessing, and the other was the Saint Pool.

If the Saint Light Hall hadn't invaded, with Ye Zhongming's relationship with the Imperial City, they wouldn't let him leave through the pool. So, he would have to use some methods.

That would be difficult, and he would have to pay a high price.

As for the Gate of Blessing, that wasn't a part of his consideration. A level nine person was guarding it, so would he just go there to die?

But the heavens were helping him. The Saint Light Hall decided to attack them at the end of winter!

This gave him a chance to leave through the Saint Pool!

He was going to work with them to fight Saint Light Hall.

He dared not lead his own people to face the level eight Yangos and level nine Saint Father. But if he had the entire Posthumous race, he dared.

But he knew how tough it was to negotiate with them. After all, he wasn't as strong as them. The kings in the Imperial City were all level seven, and there were at least three level eight kings. The protector was someone he had met, and he was the strongest person apart from the level nine Saint Father.

Why should they work with you? Because you held Hong Xiang hostage? This was just the brick to negotiate. He planned to give them a big gift to make them accept him in his next series of actions.

What was better than killing a small army?

So, with the help of some people, he repaired the Exquisite Floating Ball. He used its speed to scout the area and found this army.

Ye Zhongming was impressed with them. After having this scouting weapon, he saw that the Saint Light Hall army was very coordinated. Their various squads worked perfectly with each other. Ye Zhongming followed them for a day before getting this opportunity. As this 500-man squad attacked the tribe, they were further from their allies, which gave him a chance to strike.

"King Hong Xiang, watch how we fight."

Ye Zhongming smiled and controlled the Exquisite Floating Ball to charge at the cavalier squad. At the same time, the Cloud Peak forces on the ground received the order. Thousands of them sped up and dashed.

Saint Hall Cavalier Squad was a cavalier squad. According to Hong Xiang, there were 50,000 of them split into five divisions, and Bright Cleanse was one of them.

Although they weren't the strongest squad, they were in the top three. Moreover, each cavalier was nurtured since birth and learned one of their ten secret skills—Light Strike. It was a powerful battle technique that dealt blows to the Posthumous people.

But Hong Xiang didn't expect this guy to charge even though he had already said such information in detail.

Usually, things wouldn't be like that.

At this time, the cavalier squad that was moving slowly noticed the metal ball in the sky.

Chapter 856: Exquisite Floating Ball vs Light Cavalier

The Saint Light Hall Cavalry Squad were only righteous to themselves. The Posthumous people were just evil, which is why this world was unstable.

So they didn't feel bad when killing these weaklings. They would even feel honored that they were fighting for their god.

No matter how disciplined an army was, it would have times when it was relaxed.

After they entered the Posthumous people's land, they faced little resistance. Saint Light Hall chose such a time to attack the Posthumous people who weren't prepared and couldn't organize any resistance. The tribes that hadn't walked out of the toughness of winter all faced destructive blows.

Victory was in front of them.

But today, when they were planning to return to their camp with the joy from all the killing, the attack arrived.

They started to use their skills. Even if their formation was a little chaotic due to their carelessness, they entered battle mode the moment they noticed the enemy. Their legs rode their Blood Qilin Foals and lined up.

Five hundred people moved as one.

At the same time, the five hundred halberds thrust toward the sky and pointed at the thing that was landing.

Ye Zhongming, who was in the Exquisite Floating Ball, nodded.

This was an army.

What he didn't know was that the hearts of the cavaliers were shocked.

What... Was that?

The Exquisite Floating Ball descended, and the giant ball filled their eyes. They didn't know what it was, so even if they had good mentalities, they suffered a blow.

"Rise!"

They raised their halberds, and light condensed at the tips.

"Move!"

This cavalier army started to move towards the Exquisite Floating Ball. They picked up speed. Although there were only 500 of them, that aura was no different from thousands of horses.

Ye Zhongming squinted his eyes.

They are charging?

Typically speaking, cavalry was used to charging, but this wasn't the cold weapons era cavalry. This was another civilisation and these cavaliers were all evolved. They didn't have to charge.

Since they did that, they wanted to... Fight him head-on?

A rare fierce light flashed in his eyes. This bunch of cavalry was too overconfident!

The Exquisite Floating Ball was less than 50 meters from them.

They might knock into each other in the next second.

But both sides wouldn't do it and started launching their own attacks.

The first to attack was Ye Zhongming.

Exquisite Floating Ball's movement system, or rather, its core, was still based on Earth Technology. It was a small nuclear reactor that provided the various systems energy. Among them included the neutral lasers.

The Exquisite Floating Ball had four holes from which to fire. When both sides got close, Ye Zhongming fired, and a bright light flew toward the cavalry squad.

"Moon!"

The Blood Qilin Foals neighed. They raised their armor-covered heads as they charged forward, allowing the cavaliers to use Crescent Light Slashes.

Laser and light slash clashed in the sky!

Two types of energies clashed and gave off an eye-catching light.

Ye Zhongming was in the Exquisite Floating Ball and pressed a button on the screen. The entire ball started to change.

Spinning Fortress!

The armor on the outer ball started to spin. The Crescent Light Slash hit these pieces of armor.

Five hundred attacks still managed to destroy the few laser lines that had fired for a few rounds.

Light slash hit the spinning Exquisite Floating Ball.

Peng peng peng!

The dense sounds of hits, like raindrops, could be heard. Exquisite Floating Ball fell into this storm.

The entire sky turned quiet.

"Thrust!"

The Saint Light Cavalry, which was about to relax, suddenly heard such a sound. The others thrust their spears instinctively.

A dragon-like spear light thrust into the sky. After the spear light left the halberd, they merged to form a giant light wall. Spikes protruded from them and pushed forward.

This was Light Strike- one of Saint Light Hall's ten mystery techniques!

Turn nothing to whole; turn the tides!

Exquisite Floating Ball charged from the light and appeared before the light wall.

As if it had met its enemy, both sides clashed.

The Exquisite Floating Ball's defense was 2000. Even if he allowed these Light Cavalry to attack it, they couldn't break its skin despite their levels being decent.

But when 500 attacks stacked, their attack caused the ball to shake intensely.

Hong Xiang nearly peed his pants.

Even as a level eight expert, he wasn't courageous enough to tank the attacks of 500 Light Cavalry. Would this thing explode?

But he glanced at the screen and just sat there.

The screen showed that the damage level was-- 11%.

In other words, a light injury.

If the damage level wasn't over 30, so it didn't affect its function. It would maintain some basic function if it didn't cross 60%.

11%, it wasn't much.

But the second wave of rumbling spread.

His expression changed this time, and the damaged number jumped from 11% to 25%.

What happened? This power could turn into a second attack.

He glanced at Hong Xiang. Based on what he just said, the Light Strike didn't have such an ability.

"I am not sure!"

Ye Zhongming retracted his gaze and gave another order.

25 then, it didn't affect its ability

The Exquisite Floating Ball that was about to stop smashed into the ground. It then flew towards the cavaliers.

Gravity Suppression!

"Attack!"

That voice in the cavalier army started to get anxious. When they heard it, these cavaliers thrust their halberds, and their charging motion didn't reduce.

Defense dropped to 1000, and the damage percentage increased to 26%.

27%!

When the exquisite floating ball touched the first row of Light Cavaliers, the dozen of them were squashed.

The second row of halberds arrived, and they thrust the ball.

Damaged percentage reached 28%. The Exquisite Floating Ball crushed the second row.

3rd row, thrust! 29%. Death.

Row 4, 30%!

The Exquisite Floating Ball slowed and continued forward with its momentum.

Fifth row, 31%! But it still crushed them.

The ball finally stopped before the sixth row. Behind it was a path of flesh formed by hundreds of cavalier bodies!

Chapter 857: One sided battle

The ammo in the Exquisite Floating Ball's system was used on Earth; all that was left were just skills after Ye Zhongming turned it into a piece of equipment.

However, due to the damage, it stopped after charging into these cavaliers. Although it killed hundreds of people, it lost momentum.

The Exquisite Floating Ball wouldn't have stopped if it still had its ammo. It would have attacked the cavaliers in front of it, blowing them into the sky.

However, due to the damage from the light strike and the lack of ammo, the equipment that was repaired a few days ago broke down once again.

Hong Xiang stared at the halberds that were thrust at them through the video feed; fear rose in his heart.

The Light Saint Hall's name was too loud.

But before he could do anything, Ye Zhongming pulled his arm and said something that terrified him.

"Go out and kill them!"

His injuries hadn't recovered!

Hong Xiang cried deep down. Fortunately, his high position meant he had some restraint and didn't shout those cowardly words out.

But the entrance to Exquisite Floating Ball had opened.

Two people jumped out.

That shocked the Light Cavaliers. Ye Zhongming was a foreign face, but they had seen Hong Xiang before in the portraits of previous wars. They were momentarily stunned when they just saw him, but a craze appeared in their eyes.

Hong Xiang! It is a king!

The geniuses of Saint Light Hall competed in terms of skill. Whoever was stronger received more attention, and whoever was a genius received more attention.

What about those ordinary warriors? They couldn't reach the advanced evolved levels even if they reached level five or six.

They didn't have enough resources.

You could learn battle techniques for free when you entered their army system. Some teachers would teach them, cultivators, to lead them, and they would also get some medicines and equipment.

Every warrior could reach level four if one weren't too bad. The slightly talented would reach level five, and the better ones might reach level six.

But that was the limit. Even if Light Saint Hall was rich, this was the maximum they could do. Even then, it was enough for Light Saint Hall to be much stronger than the scattered Posthumous people. They could use their average level four and five armies to crush the poor Posthumous people tribes.

Those in the secret realm might not know, but Ye Zhongming, who was outside of this situation, knew clearly. Saint Light Hall's advantage was in their system. There was a gap in civilization between them and the Posthumous people.

But even if they reached such a level, it wasn't easy for them to improve further. The Saint Light Hall wouldn't provide them with various resources, and they would have to fight for them.

With such a system, people would come together to protect the Saint Light Hall's rule.

You would have to contribute to obtain resources like better weapons and equipment.

Only those who reached level seven could obtain the second half of the technique, just the Light Strike alone. Just this alone showed how strict they were.

The most direct way to contribute was through fights. The best way to do so was war.

Now that they were in a war, everyone was trying their best to contribute. But such chances wouldn't drop from the sky; they would have to risk their lives to fight. These people weren't afraid of death; they were only worried that they didn't get a chance.

Why were they willing to massacre those weak Posthumous People tribes? That was because this was listed as one of the ways to get contribution points, which was why they would break away from the main army to spend some time killing the tribes.

Now that more points landed from the sky, a king actually appeared in front of them without any support. As long as they killed this king, they might get a rank and obtain the second half of Light Strike.

Thus, these cavaliers, who were still attacking the Exquisite Floating Ball, turned their weapons on Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang.

Of course, most of the attacks were directed at Hong Xiang. Those that attacked Ye Zhongming... Due to the distance, they couldn't reach Hong Xiang.

Hong Xiang wanted to die. He had to go all out. If not, he would be turned into a bee hive. But at that moment, there was some clear movement. A streak of light pierced the few cavaliers at the front and sliced them into two.

Everyone turned and saw a few weird-shaped things standing on the hill nearby. The light came from these weapons.

Beside the weapons were thousands of people dashing from behind the hills, right at them.

"Enemy!"

The commander shouted. Two hundred cavaliers facing that direction turned their horses and started to charge. They didn't fear the enemy that was ten times their number.

On this side, the other cavaliers started to attack Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang. But they realized that there was suddenly a staff before them. A woman holding a bottle protected them, stopping their attacks.

Hong Xiang heaved a sigh of relief. Although Ye Zhongming had already killed over a hundred cavaliers, and their formation was in such a mess that Hong Xiang wasn't afraid he would get surrounded and killed, they would have to pay a huge price to escape.

Fortunately, Ye Zhongming's subordinates were present. Ye Zhongming also summoned this strong protective spell, which relaxed Hong Xiang.

This kid's equipment was great.

But what shocked him more was yet to happen. As he watched, those people Ye Zhongming brought, the women wearing green and silver armor stopped after dashing for some distance. They formed two rows. The first squatted down, and the second row stood. They raised a weird weapon and fired at the Light Cavaliers. Beside them, a team of around a thousand that was as orderly as the Light Cavaliers also raised this weapon and pulled the trigger.

All sorts of noises filled the area.

The cavaliers saw that they couldn't attack Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang, so they went to support their allies. They charged into the gunfire.

After which, Hong Xiang watched as they... Were massacred.

As for Ye Zhongming's side, none of them were injured.

Chapter 858: Ignite

Xia Lei stood before a red mist.

After traveling for a few days, she arrived at the destination with the army.

The journey was treacherous.

It wasn't the evolved from other factions that tried to sneak attack them but there were many evolved lifeforms along the way.

Hordes of zombies and beasts, as well as mutated plants and animals.

Xia Lei had sent people to scout the area to occupy this dungeon. There were so many evolved lifeforms because someone had drawn them over.

Although humans were now experienced enough to deal with these wandering fellows, it was just some tactics. There would definitely be accidents, and the outcome often depends on luck.

As a result, the 20 thousand army suffered from 2000 losses.

How could Xia Lei be happy when she had suffered such huge losses?

Moreover, over a hundred of them were nurtured by her personally.

She was filled with hatred as she couldn't find any clues as to who did this and had no choice but to swallow this loss. Her personality was even fiercer than Ye Zhongming but she had no choice.

But she felt much better when she thought back to how Little Tiger and Mo Ye had already attacked.

Although she wasn't sure that the people who did this were Glory Army or God Hall, but she would treat it as such. She would use their blood as a sacrifice for the 2000 dead.

"Are you ready?"

Xia Lei turned her head and said to the deputy behind her.

“Ready. Everyone has consumed the potion that Candy crafted and the Silver Box Grenades have been distributed.”

Xia Lei nodded, “What about the demon crystal cannons?”

“They are assembled and can be used at any moment.”

“Okay, inform Bai Feng that we are heading in!”

She led them through the red mist, which was the Chaos Barrier, and entered the dungeon.

.....

There was a girl sitting on a rock with a black cat in her arms. Under the moonlight, she looked alive.

Her snow-white arms were revealed outside. They were so tender that they made people jealous. The skin was smooth and baby-like.

The black cat in her arms seemed to have merged with her hair; it was as dark as the deepest of nights.

Her hair danced in the wind, revealing her body. Her curves were a perfect translation of perfection.

Little Tiger looked at his watch and then at the girl sitting on the side. He turned to Tang Tian and decided to... Communicate.

He didn’t know what to call her.

“Talking, Talking Lady, Little Miss... Lady.”

He was an introvert, and now that he was facing a level seven zombie king, he felt very bad, but he had no choice. Be it strength or aura, he was being suppressed. This was the first time both sides communicated since they had gathered.

It wasn’t that Little Tiger wasn’t willing but that Talking Lady did not bother about him previously.

Talking Lady raised her head. Under the moonlight, the purple crystal on her forehead was very obvious. There were even thin bits of orange. Along with her aura, all signs pointed to this mutated zombie growing towards level eight.

Maybe, if she hadn’t been trapped in Ying City and following Ye Zhongming’s rules, she would already be level eight.

Little Tiger didn’t understand. Such a strong zombie king who controlled millions of zombies in Ying City. Boss Ye was not often in Cloud Peak, so she could head to other cities to feast even if she didn’t finish all the humans in Ying City. But why didn’t she leave?

Many others in Cloud Peak probably thought the same, just that they didn’t say it out loud. After all, Cloud Peak and Ying City could have such comfortable lives partly because of this Talking Lady zombie king.

There was another point that terrified him. Although Talking Lady’s intellect was high, and she could even speak human languages, she was still a zombie. It was a powerful zombie king. Even

someone a little dumb like Little Tiger would still be afraid. He was afraid that she would show her beast-like nature and kill him.

Two level sevens could kill Little Tiger in less than ten seconds.

Tang Tian was nervous. He joined Cloud Peak after many others. Although he became a core member, he didn't know many things. He didn't know how Ye Zhongming came to an agreement with the Talking Lady.

Unknowns meant that he would have a sense of mystery which was why his fear of the Talking Lady was more than Little Tiger. Seeing her lift her head and look at Little Tiger, his muscles tensed up, and he got ready to attack.

The Talking Lady turned her head and looked at Tang Tian, which nearly caused the five-star evolved to pull out his blade.

Outsiders would be enchanted by her gaze, but only those who were being stared at would know how terrifying it was.

Tang Tian recalled a piece of information that Liang Chuyin told him before she left.

Talking Lady was a mental energy-type mutated zombie.

Little Tiger was sharp and saw Tang Tian. He knew that Tang Tian's animosity and wariness towards the Talking Lady had made her unhappy. Not to mention that he was a core member; just how Little Tiger had gotten together with his sister meant that he had to help him.

"Talking Lady, it is nearly time to attack, you..."

Before he finished, she stood up, and the cat jumped onto her shoulder. Her green eyes swept past Little Tiger and looked elsewhere. But the disdain nearly killed Little Tiger from rage.

"I will deal with their experts." Although her words had pauses and were unnatural, her voice was crisp and sounded very comfortable.

Little Tiger was delighted. That was his intention and he didn't expect the Talking Lady to say it first.

Little Tiger had a walkie-talkie, and a rustling voice came from within.

This was a signal from Xia Lei, which represented the beginning of the attack.

Little Tiger raised his head and Talking Lady had turned. Her body crossed the mountain, and when Little Tiger and Tang Tian climbed over, she disappeared into the dense zombie horde.

Flames could be seen in the distance.

Flame Tiger Operation had began just as these flames were set in the Glory Army Sixth Division's camp.

Chapter 859: Light Saint Hall's 3 leaders

Winter was finally over. The snowstorm had stopped, and everyone waited for its next return.

Blue Secret Realm was magical. After every winter, the temperature would rise quickly. In just two days, the snow had melted, and a smell of dirt was in the air.

This resulted in the ground becoming muddy. However, things were different in another place. Many white jade stones formed a stone platform that laid out on the soil, pressing the soil water into the ground. This white ground stretched for dozens of miles. The arrogance and extravagance made one lost for words.

On the white jade stone were many giant white tents. On one side was a half-exposed beast cage where thousands of beasts were housed.

Joyous sounds spread from the camp. Many guards wearing clean uniforms patrolled the area but didn't make a sound.

Four giant white pillars at the four corners of the camp reached dozens of meters tall. At the top was a blooming flower-shaped thing. Although it wasn't big, it was eye-catching. Occasionally, some light sand would scatter. These pieces of light would then be attracted by something and float towards the biggest stone pillar in the center of the camp. The four sides would merge, forming a light barrier in the skies above to prevent the remnant snowflakes from landing.

In a giant tent at the northeast corner, three middle-aged guys stood before a stone platform with exquisite markings. They drank a green liquid in a smooth cup.

"Commander Nan, is there no news?"

The only middle-aged man without armor looked at the man in white to his left and asked in concern.

The guy called Commander Nan sighed, "There is."

The other person in silver armor raised his head; he was also very concerned with this matter.

"We found their bodies here... They were all killed."

Commander Nan flicked and a black chess piece flew from his hands and stuck to the map hanging on the side of the tent.

Although this map wasn't as accurate and beautiful as those from Earth, but this was far more than what the Posthumous people could achieve.

The faces of the other two sank. Although they weren't the commander of the Light Cavalier Squad, the three armies of Saint Light Hall were connected. This was wartime, so they felt bad about the losses.

Five hundred of them, that was a full squad.

It had been some time since they invaded the Posthumous people's land, and they didn't even face any decent resistance, much less such huge losses.

"Which king did it?"

To the few of them, only the kings and their tribes from the Imperial City had the ability to kill 500 Light Cavaliers.

The guy without armor asked, and his gaze became sharp. He didn't show any respect for the kings, but as the commander of the Light Saint Hall's guards, the top guard for the Saint Father, he did have the right to say such a thing.

"I don't know. This place doesn't belong to any of their territories. Although it had been some time since we entered, we have been on the outskirts. We have not entered into their core areas."

Commander Nan replied and was deep in thought.

"Did the other squads receive a distress call?" The commander of the Light Feather Warriors, Zai Li, asked with some suspicion.

"No." Nan Jin replied, this caused Rong Zhi and Zai Li's expressions to change.

They were commanders. Although they didn't lead the Light Cavalier Army, they knew of how disciplined Nan Jin's army was. Although the Saint Hall was proceeding well, it was because they had not faced the Posthumous people's elite Imperial City army. So, the various forces were still careful. This squad didn't get too far from the main army, but they were wiped out even then. Who did it? When did they have such an ability?

"I told them to search to see if they could find any clues." Zai Li looked at the map. He was the commander of Light Feather Warriors, which was the air force. He was in charge of most of the scouting.

Nan Jin nodded; this was all they could do.

The three of them wanted to say something, but their expressions changed. They raised the cup in front of them and drank calmly.

A few seconds later, a guard ran in, and his face was filled with shock.

"Commanders, there is more news. Our new camp in Jiapa was attacked, three thousand troops.... All dead!"

Their cups all dropped on the ground!

.....

Ye Zhongming listened as Hong Xiang continued talking, but he didn't look annoyed.

He could understand what this king felt.

The Posthumous people had never obtained the final victory against Light Saint Hall. In each war, they didn't even win many battles.

With Cloud Peak's help, they destroyed a camp that Saint Light Hall had built and obtained huge amounts of resources. This was a victory that could enter their history books.

Apart from Ye Zhongming and those from Earth, Hong Xiang had two thousand from the Imperial City. There were around ten thousand from Cloud Peak Alliance with three thousand warriors.

Apart from that, there were close to ten thousand following them. The number of strong warriors had reached four thousand.

Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang had recruited them along the way.

If they left those scattered tribes along the way, they would be consumed by the Light Saint Hall. Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang didn't want it to happen. The former wanted to have more chips to negotiate with in the Imperial City and the latter didn't want the Posthumous people to be taken down.

Hong Xiang used his identity to order them to follow.

When the number of people crossed ten thousand, be it Ye Zhongming or Hong Xiang, they were more confident.

At this time, Exquisite Floating Ball detected a camp that the Saint Light Hall had set up in the Jiapa Basin, and he thought about attacking it. He set the plan quickly and sneak attacked. He used the crystal weapons to open a hole to gain victory, killing over three thousand of them. In return, they only lost a few hundred.

Hong Xiang was envious of their weapons and made up his mind to work with Ye Zhongming.

He saw the hope of defeating the Light Saint Hall.

In this context, their previous conflict wasn't much. Hong Xiang even promised Ye Zhongming that he would run around for him to ensure that this cooperation would work out.

In such a joyous atmosphere, the Imperial City was close.

Chapter 860: Capturing alive

Even if he had come here before, he was still shocked when he returned.

Maybe the Posthumous people were backward. They still followed their system. Perhaps it was because of their leadership, who didn't advance with the times. Or perhaps it was because Saint Light Hall attacked them. Those who lived in the city still lived their dreams and cared more about money.

But this city, which took many years to build, still showed how majestic a civilization was.

Some thoughts appeared in his mind. Even if he came, could he change their ending? Would this Imperial City be like those dynasties on Earth, turning into rubble as their civilization and system were wiped out, turning into things in history books and being evaluated by people in the future? One could only look back at them with regret and sadness.

"Zhongming, wait here. I will head back to discuss this with them. Don't worry. Although I can't promise you anything, there is hope. Don't be anxious."

Hong Xiang knew that Ye Zhongming wouldn't enter even if he asked. Although both sides could work together, they had to be wary of one another. Setting up camp outside was the best choice.

He really wanted to work with Ye Zhongming now. He had witnessed Ye Zhongming and his men's strength. If Posthumous people and Saint Light Hall were two different civilizations, then Ye Zhongming and his world differed from Saint Light Hall.

In such a race survival battle, Hong Xiang recognized that Ye Zhongming was the hope of the Posthumous people.

Ye Zhongming saw Hong Xiang leave and could only wait while crafting equipment.

Many guards appeared on the city walls, and they watched nervously.

There were too many people.

Hong Xiang entered the Imperial City meeting hall. He had informed the Kings to gather inside.

The moment he entered, he saw many people. He glanced at them, and his expression wasn't good.

There were seven kings, six excluding him, but there were only four here.

"Where is King Black Wall and King Simu?"

Hong Xiang used his power to call for this combined meeting. To him, this concerned the Posthumous people's survival; everyone should pay attention to it. That was because the Saint Light Hall had already attacked them.

But there were only five kings here. Based on the Posthumous people's rules, most of them needed to agree on big decisions. He needed at least four kings to agree if they were to work with Ye Zhongming. Those kings who weren't here would be considered people who disagreed.

This meant that there were two opposing votes before negotiations began. If two of these four kings disagreed, this cooperation would fail.

Three of the seven kings were level eight, and four were level seven when Ye Zhongming was here last time.

Black Pillar, Flame Dove, and Ling Kun were level eight. Neal, Hong Xiang, Han Zishan, and Yue Hong were level seven.

Now that Hong Xiang broke through, there were four level seven and four level eight.

"Their tribes faced the Saint Hall army and headed back to command the situation."

Flame Dove looked at Hong Xiang and said calmly.

That sentence didn't seem wrong, as it was what these kings should do.

But Hong Xiang's face sank. Although the other kings had known about this previously, they were also numb to it.

The Posthumous people had never gained victory against the Saint Light Hall, but there was something worthy of praise.

The Imperial City had never been taken down.

To the Light Saint Hall, the Posthumous people's Imperial City position wasn't a secret. Many of the final battles of the various wars took place here.

The Posthumous people had lost all their land several times and were only left with one Imperial City.

But the Imperial City had never fallen.

At the start of every fight, the Posthumous people, who knew that they would lose, focused all their strength on the Imperial City. They used their natural defensive advantage to fight back.

Not only could they drag the Saint Hall into a siege battle that they didn't want to fight in, but they could also preserve the Posthumous people's strength and not let the tribes be taken one by one.

The Imperial City was the only place they could rely on the walls to fight.

Now, everyone knew that the Light Saint Hall had invaded, so they should be moving most tribes, especially the strongest king-race tribes, into the Imperial City to fight them there.

Saint Hall wasn't stupid and was far smarter than the Posthumous people. They knew what skills the Posthumous people had. They had to clear the tribes on the outskirts of the Posthumous people's territory and even sent some forces to wrap around and delay them from returning to the Imperial City.

The Posthumous people could only react to such a situation by running!

These tribes had many people, so they used the old and weak to delay the Saint Light Hall's chase and cover the retreat of the others. When needed, they would use some warriors to break out.

The Imperial City would normally send some people to receive them but not help them as that would only allow Saint Light Hall to kill more people. Their airforce might appear at any moment to deal a heavy blow to them.

If they couldn't leave, they would be abandoned. After all, the Saint Light Hall wouldn't have too much ability to crush each tribe. Most of the King tribe members could get back to the Imperial City.

Everyone would use this method to abandon some people to deal with Saint Light Hall's attacks.

But this time, the two kings didn't follow the best method that previous sacrifices had concluded. Did they go to lead their own tribes?

What were they doing? Did they think they could do whatever they wanted just because they were kings? Kings were the core power to defend the Imperial City. What if they were killed if they were outside?

Hong Xiang was furious. These two kings were taking a risk. They knew that they were unlucky for their tribes to get targeted. At the same time, they knew that if they followed the previous methods, their tribe would be badly damaged even if some of them managed to survive. The tribe was their greatest support. How many kings had lost their positions because their tribes were wiped out?

They were afraid of losing their positions! And thus lose the giant interests that they would otherwise have!

From their personal point of view, this was undeniable. But when the entire Posthumous race faced the risk of being wiped out, their choice was too selfish.

Hong Xiang knew the two kings wouldn't return to the Imperial City. If they saved their tribe, they would remain outside and wait until Saint Light Hall and Imperial City completed their final battle. They would think that the Imperial City could be defended. Once the war ended, they could still return and regain their positions. They would even have more power since the other tribes suffered losses. Due to the power imbalance, they would obtain more power and interests!

They were shameless!

But they were gone, and Hong Xiang could do nothing. He could only sit down and tell the people about his intentions.

When they heard Ye Zhongming's name and saw the thousands of Saint Light Hall heads Hong Xiang brought back, the Posthumous people were shocked.

Ye Zhongming was scouted by those people previously, and they knew his background.

"What do all of you think?" Hong Xiang exaggerated what had happened and looked at these kings in hope. He waited for them to express their opinions.

The few kings were silent and were considering. After a while, Flame Dove said in his low voice, "Maybe there is one way that will benefit us."

Hong Xiang was stunned and said instinctively, "What way?"

"Capture him alive."