

## **Apocalypse 1051**

### Chapter 1051: Final attack

Nan Jin and Rongzhi were fully equipped and riding on their mounts.

Beside them was the Saintess holding the Glory Staff.

Just now, the Saintess led some Saint Hall female priests to heal the injured warriors. But this wasn't much compared to the overall number of casualties.

When attacking, injured warriors could rarely return. Most of them could only lie on the battlefield and wait for death.

They were probably the ones who hoped for victory. Only if they won could they have a chance to survive. If they failed, the enemies would finish them.

As for prisoners...

This phrase didn't exist in the Blue Secret Realm, at least not for ordinary warriors. Since they wouldn't become prisoners, there was no healing. Medicine was probably more precious than human life here.

"Gelan is dead."

Nanjin's voice was very low. The battle was more intense than he imagined.

He was one of the people who decided to send experts into the Imperial City to kill or hold back the Alliance army higher-ups so that their elite squad could take down the walls.

Like the others, he was very confident in this plan because Saint Light Hall had more experts than the Posthumous people, and because the Posthumous people had an internal conflict, the number of kings dropped by close to half. Even with these outsiders, it couldn't stop Saint Light Hall from having this advantage.

But who knew that two level-eight auras would disappear in a short time, and so too were many level seven?

Did Posthumous people have some hidden powers?

Gelan's death was the one that shocked him.

This person competed with him to become the Light Cavalier Squad leader. If not for his battle techniques being more suitable for cavalier fights, maybe Nanjin's position would be his.

Nanjin knew how strong his opponent was. Not only did his hands have saint eyes, but he also had ten level-six demon monsters as helpers. In terms of one-versus-one ability, maybe Nanjin wouldn't be Gelan's match.

But this person died just like that.

They didn't know who could kill Gelan in such a short time apart from Ling Kun and the protector.

He felt that even Ling Kun and the protector were on the same level as Gelan. If one didn't consider the protector, the strongest should be Black Pillar and Flame Dove. The former was killed by three of their men, and the latter died by their own people!

How did the badly affected Posthumous people kill Gelan? Did the protector do it? But someone should be fighting him.

"Han Zishan's aura has disappeared. Hong Xiang's aura is slight so we did gain some benefits."

The Saintess pressed the staff on the ground, "We suffered big losses as they had to charge into the city so accidents could happen. Although they are dead, there was some value. The Posthumous people only have four kings. Now that one is dead and one is badly injured, there are only two higher-ups left. With only Neal and Ling Kun, they can't ensure that there is effective leadership. Even if the people we send all die, it will be worth it!"

Each person's judgment of whether something was worth it was different. Nanjin didn't agree with her, but he still nodded.

"There seems to be some resistance on the wall; it seems like it is our turn."

Zaili had previously been charged with the Feather Warrior Squad, but now it was Rongzhi and Nanjin's turn.

“Commander Nan, let me lead.”

Rongzhi raised his blade and led the way. Behind him were a thousand silent guards wearing white armor.

These people were the Saint Hall close guard elites. They were usually responsible for the Saint Father and the Saintess’s safety. They had the strongest combat strength in the whole of Saint Light Hall.

The few captains were taught by the Saint Father personally.

Such a team should attack at the crucial moment, was it the time now?

This was just the first day, and only half of the day had passed!

But since the Saintess didn’t stop him, Nanjin didn’t say anything more. He adjusted his armor and waved behind him. A cavalier squad followed behind him.

Five thousand cavaliers were also the most elite of his squad. Since Feather Warrior Squad and the guards were going all out, he had no reason to hold back.

End the battle in a day?

Then... End it.

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Ye Zhongming wiped the blood off his face and pulled a dagger out of his stomach. His strong body quality caused the muscles around the wound to tighten, and within a few seconds, the blood flow slowed.

Ye Zhongming looked at the hole and small crack on the star equipment and heaved a sigh of relief.

The elite squad corpses were around him.

He coughed twice to relax his injured body and then looked outside.

Ye Zhongming faced this squad alone. Although he won, the enemy attacked crazily, and he paid some price.

His body was slightly injured. The two elves finished their energy, so if they weren't replenished, they wouldn't be able to support him anymore. His armor was also badly damaged and needed to be repaired...

The only better aspect was that he still had a lot of mental energy.

But Ye Zhongming knew that this wasn't the time to rest. Although the battle was solved, the saint light canisters, along with the other squads, were pushing forward slowly on the other side of the wall. They were about to occupy 200 meters of the wall. More warriors from the ice crystal path charged onto the wall.

At this time, Ye Zhongming had to respect Saint Light Hall. While their numbers could cause pressure on different parts of the walls, they could also continue their strike on this location.

They had many high-quality warriors, which Cloud Peak or Posthumous people could not compare to.

Of course, even if Saint Light Hall won after this battle, they would be damaged. They would take 20 years to recover.

It was the same the opposite way. If the Posthumous people won, their youth and strength would also greatly decrease.

Some weird horn sounds spread from outside, which caused the Saint Light Hall warriors to pause. They then gave a giant roar, and the entire mountain range shook.

“Light Horn!”

An older Posthumous people warrior heard the sound and muttered.

Ye Zhongming turned, "What is that?"

The warrior was numb as he looked at Ye Zhongming, "The moment the Light Horn is blown, the god's punishment will descend."

"They are launching their final attack."

Chapter 1052: Wall collapse

Potential was hard to describe. Only when it explodes will you know how terrifying it is?

The Saint Light Hall warriors, who were in an intense fight, and the Posthumous People warriors all felt that was the most intense moment.

Blood dyed the walls and flowed along the ladders down the walls. Anywhere you could see was covered in broken limbs and incomplete corpses.

Some people who were still alive were crying or moaning. Some would shout loudly, and sometimes, those sounds would stop.

In the sky, the air troops of both sides were engaged in a chaotic battle. The Posthumous people were at an obvious disadvantage in this area, but with the support from the walls, they were able to hold on. Many human and demon monster corpses fell from the sky, and the blood, feathers, and body parts formed a waterfall of life.

Flame light shone from the skills. There were explosions, and the light from those exceeded the lamps made of demon monster oil.

The arrows and burning stones flew across the walls. The dark demon crystal energy also swept the groups, and along with them was skin being broken and blood being splattered.

Of course, there were killing shouts, sounds of weapons clashing, energy smashing, terrified shouts, injured roars, shouts from death...

Everything turned the walls into hell on earth.

Many people from Earth, Posthumous people, and Saint Light Hall warriors were terrified initially. They didn't think about fleeing, but they noticed that when they turned, weapons would land on their backs and claim their lives.

Thus, fighting became their only choice.

Slowly, fear and terror disappeared, and what replaced them was numbness.

Fighting became an instinct for them.

So when those Saint Light Hall warriors heard the sounds from the horn, both sides were shocked by how much potential each side had.

The intensity reached another level.

Outside the city, the Saint Light Hall warriors who hadn't joined in the fight appeared. Even some outside the mountain range doing logistics work joined the siege. Saint Light Hall was launching their final attack.

They were going to go all in.

This thought was amusing to the Posthumous people and Cloud Peak.

It did seem like the Posthumous people were in chaos because their kings and high-level experts were being tangled and even killed. But Cloud Peak and the warriors from Earth maintained a good leadership system. They relied on their equipment and skills to stay calm and obtain good results.

Even the Posthumous people didn't need accurate commands. They just had to fight.

If enemies appeared, hit them. If they push forward, you push back. Just continue to fight.

They just had to defend the walls!

Even if there were more Saint Light Hall members, they had to cross the walls. Even if the ice crystal path opened a breach compared to the entire wall, that was a small part. Posthumous people had dozens of reserve squads to block that area.

Waste life? They were wasting human life, but this meant that Saint Light Hall couldn't get in.

Many Posthumous people looked at the charging Saint Light Hall elites like they were looking at dead people.

Until...

The walls around the city gate suddenly collapsed.

Both sides were heavily attacking that area, and many troops were there. No one expected it to collapse.

"The stabbing earthworms!"

People found the reason. Previously, the tools that entered the wall only made tremors. The Posthumous people and even ordinary Saint Light Hall warriors thought that their effects were over.

No one expected them to be still working, destroying the foundations of the walls until they collapsed!

The Posthumous people were unprepared. A breach appeared where a ten-thousand-strong squad could pass.

Tens of thousands of people were under the huge rubble.

Many people were shocked by Saint Light Hall's determination and viciousness. To confuse the Posthumous people, they actually used five digits worth of people as bait!

Who knew that this focus point would become the breakthrough? It was even one where they didn't care about whether their people lived or died.

The Imperial City walls were terrifyingly tall, and one could imagine how much damage they caused. Although not everyone died, most did.

The smoke and dust were announcing the soldiers that sacrificed.

At the same time, the Posthumous people mocking them in their hearts were terrified to notice that a passage into the Imperial City opened.

As for those rubbles, they weren't an obstacle for the evolved.

The warriors on other parts of the wall looked over and saw five to six thousand cavaliers and many Saint Light Hall warriors charging into the ruins.

A few dozen seconds later, they would step into the city.

They couldn't defend them anymore!

Such a thought appeared in their hearts.

What did they rely on? It was because they fought with their backs against the wall. Ye Zhongming and Cloud Peak's support was another reason. But in the end, it was because of the majestic wall that numerous generous spent their sweat and blood.

But it collapsed.

Who could stop them?

"My people, charge, charge! Block that place!"

Ling Kun, whose face was covered in blood, appeared far from the wall and shouted. He used his special skill so the entire city could hear his voice.

“Don’t let them get in, we definitely can’t!”

Hong Xiang, being carried away and on his last breaths, raised his hand and pointed there.

“Focus all the firepower there, shatter the cavaliers!” Xia Lei’s eyes were opened wide. She knew that the moment of life and death was here, and she shouted.

The Posthumous people nearby and the few reserve squads in the city, even those in charge of logistics, all charged toward the breach.

They knew they had to block that place even if they used their lives!

If not, it would be over.

At this point, a person jumped on the ruins and faced the cavaliers. He seemed a little small in the smoke.

But everyone looked over.

Chapter 1053: Killing weapon

“What is the boss doing?”

Many Cloud Peak warriors looked at the figure in the dust, and such a thought rose in their hearts.

Everyone didn't know what a level nine evolved was but had seen level eight experts before. Everyone knew that those were bodies made of flesh and blood. They would get injured and would also die.

When people surrounded them and attacked, they would be killed quickly.

Even if they could cause large numbers of casualties, they could still be killed by a battle of attrition.

Ye Zhongming was strong and that was undeniable. Even Ling Kun and the protector admitted that if they fought Ye Zhongming alone, there was a 40% chance of them winning. Ye Zhongming even had an advantage.

But no one felt that Ye Zhongming could block that breach alone and could face six to seven thousand elite cavaliers.

Moreover, there were many Saint Light Hall warriors behind those cavaliers.

Many voices rang out, and most were shouts. Ye Zhongming heard them, but he didn't care. He only saw the charging troops before him.

They were enemies.

Ye Zhongming didn't want to use those words to describe them. To a certain extent, he admired this civilisation that was more advanced than the Posthumous people.

He wanted to use an outsider's perspective on this battle, even though he was in the Posthumous people's camp.

But this didn't make him like this battle and the Saint Light Hall people.

Their arrival paused his plan.

Why did he want to run Blue Secret Realm and even send Cloud Peak warriors here to fight? Why did he publish so many bounties and spend so much riches so that more evolved could come and defend the Imperial City?

It was because this was the biggest treasure trove he had obtained since he revived.

This place had everything he needed. All sorts of materials, mines, demon crystals, land, population...

With this place, Ye Zhongming would have some ability to fight those mysterious lifeforms that were looking down on Earth.

Ye Zhongming even saw battle and soul techniques as his final trump card... He was afraid that everything he owned would become useless against those lifeforms.

That was because these were 'given' by them.

In Ye Zhongming's mind, this was his land of hope, even if it was unstable compared to Earth.

Saint Light Hall wanted to destroy all of that.

They had seriously affected Ye Zhongming's interests.

Thus, they were his enemies.

As long as he saw them as enemies, he would go all out to wipe them.

Ye Zhongming treated this place as his back garden. When the Posthumous people moved out, this place would belong to Cloud Peak and him.

Saint Light Hall touched Ye Zhongming's treasure.

His previous life experience made his psychology extreme. Since he had made his mind up, he would continue to think that way.

As the city wall collapsed, the imperial city was about to get lost. The back garden was about to be occupied, and Ye Zhongming became anxious.

When he faced death the previous times, what he didn't lack was the gambler's mentality.

Of course, he was going to gamble again.

Rongzhi, leading a thousand guards, charged at the front. He saw Ye Zhongming and smiled coldly in disdain.

Even someone like the Saint Father wasn't willing to face a group of cavaliers. He also wouldn't challenge an army alone.

Even if he won, he would have to pay a huge price.

He was close to god, but he wasn't a god.

Behind Rongzhi and the others was Nan Jin and his five thousand Light Cavalier Squad. He also saw that lone figure standing there and felt it was stupid. But respect rose in his heart.

Not everyone dared to challenge an army alone.

Even if such a person was stupid, he was worthy of respect.

But this stupid person had stuck something into the ground.

The smoke and dust scattered, but as more cavaliers stepped into the ruins, they showed signs of gathering again.

Rongzhi and Nan Jin roughly saw what it was.

It was a bone staff.

It was exquisite and special.

The two of them sensed a surging aura from it.

The two level-eight experts instinctively wanted to stop.

This was an instinct when one faced danger.

But it was a little too late. Their pupils constricted, and they wanted to say something. Their bodies wanted to do something, too, but it was too late.

A thick pillar shot from that bone staff and swept the battlefield ahead.

The entire area outside of the Imperial City was shocked by that light.

The pillar appeared suddenly and disappeared quickly, too. If not for the empty land they opened up, it would have been as if nothing had happened.

No, more accurately, at least Rongzhi and Nan Jin were still there. But they looked terrifying.

Rongzhi sat on the ground and maintained his riding stance. His arms and legs turned into white bones. His forehead and collar were without any flesh, and everything he wore was gone. He was dark red.

Most of his skin was destroyed by that light pillar.

“No...”

Rongzhi gave a rough voice, and no one could understand it.

Nan Jin was better. His armor was tattered, and he was bleeding. He also fell to the ground, and his mount disappeared.

He looked badly injured, but it shouldn't be fatal.

What was that?

That was the thought of many. What was that dozen-meter pillar?

That was just one shot, and the warriors in the range all... Evaporated?

Also, one shot badly injured two Saint Light Hall heads?

Those who didn't know were stunned, but those who knew looked at him worryingly.

This was because he used the Soul Shattering Bone Staff, but its strength... Was bigger than when he used it at the siege, then would Ye Zhongming faint?

Surprisingly, Ye Zhongming was standing there and holding the staff. After walking a distance, he stuck the soul artifact on the ground.

Some sharp people saw Ye Zhongming pour something into his mouth, and then that terrifying pillar of light appeared.

It charged and disappeared.

Where it swept turned empty.

Many hands were shivering. This felt similar to when they first saw Power of the Gods.

This was fear of a killing weapon!

Chapter 1054: Disgust

When Ye Zhongming woke up, he didn't get up immediately. He looked at the ceiling and thought back to the moment he fainted.

He used the Soul Shattering Bone Staff three times and shot through the charging Saint Light Hall army. He estimated that with the density of that army, three pillars killed tens of thousands of people.

Of course, there might be more.

No one cared about the number. The appearance of that attack exceeded normal meaning, shattering their faith.

Because of his preparation, he was able to use it three times. However, this preparation was for level nine Saint Father. He was forced to use it now.

Ye Zhongming obtained a mental energy recovery scroll. Compared to mental energy recovery potions, the scroll recovered based on ratio.

Ye Zhongming obtained six of them, each of which could help him recover his mental energy by 30%.

Naturally, he spent a large amount of things to get the scrolls.

At the same time, he obtained an ability strengthening potion.

This was a potion that could increase job skill or ordinary skill, which was also based on a ratio. But its ratio wasn't too much. The ones Ye Zhongming got weren't too good and could only increase it by 10%. They couldn't stack either.

Be it the mental energy recovery scroll or ability strengthening potion, they might not mean much to others, but to Ye Zongming, they were very effective.

His base value was high.

Ye Zhongming's mental energy or the Soul Shattering Bone Staff's attacks were terrifying. To increase the base of these abilities by a percent was shocking.

So Ye Zhongming could use it three times and even strengthen the staff.

After the staff attack, the entire Saint Light Hall army was affected. The Posthumous people launched a counterattack and even headed out of the city to fight. After half a day, the Heaven Barrier appeared above the city again, and both sides stopped.

Both sides paid a huge price in this high-intensity battle.

On the side of the Posthumous people, due to the sneak attack, King Zishan died, and Hong Xiang lost his combat strength. Many level six and seven experts died, too. When the chaos began, those losses increased. The protector was injured and lost an arm. Neal fell unconscious. Little Tiger, Liang Chuyin, Little Li, Xia Bai, and Guang Yao were badly injured. Park Xiuying was unconscious. Little Tiger led the cavaliers to charge and was attacked, losing an eye...

On the side of Saint Light Hall, Ye Zhongming and Park Xiuying each killed a level-eight expert. Ling Kun and Xia Bai each killed a level-seven. On the walls, Ye Zhongming wiped their elite squad. Below it, he badly injured Rongzhi and Nan Jin. After Saint Light Hall saved them, it was said that Rongzhi died from his injuries.

The other head, Zai Li, was hit by the Annihilation cannon. After falling onto the walls, he was surrounded. But he was strong and broke free. But when he jumped off the walls, he couldn't control his body and broke his legs. He was also badly injured.

The Saintess wasn't feeling good also. She also suffered slight injuries. Cloud Peak had so many serious injuries because they tried to surround her. The protector's arm was also sliced by her Glory Staff. This level eight Saintess was an enemy that gained their respect.

Like Ye Zhongming.

Also, Yangos landed in the Imperial City and was surrounded. Although it made a huge commotion and caused many deaths, even nearly killing half the city, it was captured.

Yangos's capture was why the Saintess was surrounded by the Posthumous People Alliance. If not, Yangos would fly into the sky with the Saintess, and the outcome of the battle would be uncertain.

These were just the higher-ups. There were more losses for the ordinary warriors. These numbers were enough for any commander to faint.

Just look at the few layers of corpses on the plain and wall, and you will know the price each side paid.

This was war!

No pity, no feelings, only killing.

Ye Zhongming didn't do anything as his mental energy was gone. If he entered the battlefield, he would be targeted. Then, he would have to continue using mental energy, and he might faint at any moment.

Then, he wouldn't be helping at all and would just be a burden.

When he stood on the walls and held the staff, it was more effective than his actual use of it. He was showing them that he was still there and that he could use that terrifying attack again.

Saint Light Hall had no suspicion as they also had a battle god in their Saint Father.

They felt like Ye Zhongming was waiting for the Saint Father, which was why he didn't attack.

When the Brown Bone Pearl's cooldown was up, Ye Zhongming reopened the barrier. This made Saint Light Hall retreat and gave the Posthumous people time to rest.

Although Ye Zhongming killed many of them, the staff wiped out their guards and cavalier elites and weakened them, but there were much more of them. If the battle continued, the outcome would be uncertain.

Anyways, both sides split and reorganized. But they were exhausted.

Each battle filled people with disgust. Both Ye Zhongming and the Saintess felt the same.

Chapter 1055: Where did you come from

Even if the fighting had stopped for a day, the air was still filled with a gory stench.

This smell wasn't good, but everyone was used to it.

The ice crystal path was destroyed, but the breach in the walls wasn't something that could be filled, much less the collapse of the city gate.

Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang stood on the wall near the gate and looked at the warriors cleaning the ruins.

Neal and Hong Xiang were badly injured. Even after Park Xiuying recovered half her mental energy and healed them, Hong Xiang could barely walk, and he wasn't in a good state. Neal could only lay on the bed.

The two of them probably needed three to five days to recover to the level that they could fight. It would take ten days before they could totally heal.

"That is cement?"

Ye Zhongming nodded. It was actually concrete, but he didn't want to explain it too much.

Since the stoppage began, Cloud Peak's squad has brought large amounts of building materials over. Along with those stored in the city, they have started to repair the walls.

The concrete was definitely weaker than the original city walls, which were strengthened with special abilities, but they were quick. They could block the breach within a few days, and after dealing with them, they could be of some use.

"This barrier refreshed?"

Hong Xiang looked at the barrier. Although Ye Zhongming had mentioned it, he still asked. After all, this concerned whether or not the battle would restart.

Ye Zhongming nodded. He couldn't explain how the abilities worked and could only tell them the outcome in a way that they could understand. If there were areas that he couldn't explain, he would say that it was the omnipotent god...

"How long do you think they will stop for?"

Ye Zhongming looked at the Posthumous people collecting the corpses and the Saint Light Hall troops that were reorganizing.

He felt like the kings understood them more than him, and they could give an accurate guess.

Before Hong Xiang could say anything, Ling Kun entered.

His face still had some dried blood.

“This dragon is tough.”

He cursed. A guard passed him a wet cloth to wipe his face.

“You didn’t kill it, right?”

Nothing could improve relationships between guys like a battle. After this battle, Ye Zhongming and the three kings became much closer, and they could be considered friends.

They became familiar, so naturally, their words weren’t as worried, and they became more casual with each other.

“Nothing, just that its mouth is smelly. I beat it up, but its scales are so tough.” Ling Kun waved his fist at the two of them. Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang saw that his skin had broken.

“Zhongming asked how many days they would stop for.” When Zishan died, Ling Kun lived the longest, and Hong Xiang respected his views.

Ling Kun squinted and thought about it: “Normally, if they want to fight, they have to remake siege weapons and prepare materials. They need to get more troops, create armor, heal the soldiers, and recover morale.”

“They need at least 20 days for another full-scale attack.” Ling Kun thought about it and said, “But if they want to just disturb and probe us, they could do so in just a few days. But I don’t think they would do that.”

Ling Kun didn’t say the reason for his analysis, but both Ye Zhongming and Hong Xiang knew. Saint Light Hall also saw that with Cloud Peak’s help, it was tough for them to take down the Imperial City. The only hope was if the Saint Father attacked.

A level nine expert could crush many rules.

But they didn’t know when the level-nine expert would arrive. What made him ignore this current battle?

The three of them were silent and could sense the worry in each other’s hearts.

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Yangos’s giant roar rang out in the dark cave. This dragon didn’t stop after being held hostage.

When Ye Zhongming walked out, that voice paused and became more intense.

“Let me go, you despicable human, you know... How majestic I am?”

Ye Zhongming looked at Yangos tied to the stone walls and saw that there was a wound in its chest. It should have been from Ling Kun, and it prevented Yangos from spitting dragon breath.

Of course, after that battle, Ye Zhongming wondered if that fellow still could breathe fire.

Ye Zhongming pulled out his blade and walked to Yangos’s side.

“Scram further you ant, you...”

“I heard that dragons are filled with treasures.” Ye Zhongming said calmly, looking at Yangos’s face, “Dragon skin and dragon scale can create the best armor. The eyes can provide super vision; the horns can create really sharp weapons. The brain can increase mental energy. The meat can strengthen one’s body, the blood can increase the toughness of the skin and increase defense.”

Ye Zhongming walked before his leg. The Earth Sand Moon Blade turned, and the back hit the dragon’s leg. The sound of bones cracking could be heard, and it cried in pain.

“There is also the beard, tendons, claws, and wings...”

Ye Zhongming behaved like he wasn't the one who broke the leg. He looked calmly at Yangos.

“If you don't want me to slice you into eight pieces, you better be more quiet.”

Yangos stared and panted, but he stopped speaking.

“Very good, we can finally talk.” Ye Zhongming retracted his blade, which calmed Yangos down. That blade felt really dangerous.

He found a clean stone platform and sat on it. Slowly, he said, “I can imagine why there are zombies, why humans evolve, why there were golden warships, and how other advanced lifeforms are tempted to attack Earth.”

“But there are more things I can't understand. What are the wheels, the potions, the dungeons, and what are jobs and skills? How did they enter human bodies and become controlled?”

“You might not know the answer, but there is one thing you can answer.”

“Where are you from?”

