

Apocalypse 1221

Chapter 1221: Evolve to level eight

Saint Father's clones were too close and were all hit by the magma.

Red Hair's abilities weren't as dazzling as what Xia Bai used. Be it Spinning Dance or Apocalypse Wind, they were visually stunning.

But Red Hair's attacks weren't. She thrust her spear and fired magma.

But the Saint Father's clones retreated. This was also something that didn't happen previously.

This could only say that the Saint Father feared the magma.

Such a situation wasn't surprising. When Red Hair jumped into the Magma Ocean, Saint Father didn't dare chase her, which told Red Hair that the level nine lifeform feared extreme things.

Magma Spurt didn't have any blind spots. Saint Father's three clones were still drowned in the hot magma even if they retreated.

After Xia Bai's attacks, this was the second time everyone had their mouths agape. How was the Saint Father on the back foot again? Posthumous People and the Alliance Army's two women were so strong they could deal with the Saint Father.

It was just a simple move that dealt damage to all the clones.

Apocalypse Wind and the magma disappeared at the same time. People watched and saw that the clones went from seven to three.

Xia Bai and Red Hair were left with one apart from the one in the middle.

The three clones hollered and gathered in a direction to get out of the battlefield.

Red Hair looked at Xia Bai and felt she was decent.

This was something that couldn't happen before. Red Hair only cared about Ye Zhongming in the past.

Maybe the Talking Lady could be considered another one.

"I wanted to conserve some energy, but it seems I can't now." The three clones said at the same time. They raised Wind and Lightning. This time, three swords flew, and two aimed at Red Hair.

Xia Bai scoffed, and her body fell from the sky. Her immunity period was over. Facing such a quick sword light, she could only tilt her body before she was hit. Blood flashed. Even if the clone's attacks were weaker than the main body, they caused huge injuries to her wings. She was unable to maintain balance and fell.

Conversely, the undead dragon fish gave the Saint Father a deep impression—one sword light aimed at the dragon fish while the other aimed at Red Hair.

It was so quick that Red Hair couldn't dodge and only take it on. Her situation was much better than Xia Bai's. The light that hit the dragon fish left a deep mark on its tough bones. Some parts were even sliced.

But the undead dragonfish didn't care. The energy flowing in its bones started to repair those parts, and the bones were perfectly fine after a few seconds.

But Red Hair didn't find it as simple. The sword light hit her body. She was nearly sent flying even if she tried to block it with the spear. She stumbled before standing still. Deep sword marks were left on her spear and red-scale armor.

Saint Father scoffed, and another three sword lights flew. This time, they all aimed at Red Hair.

The undead dragonfish raised its body to help her block.

This time, a large amount of bones were broken. Although the energy could repair them, it wasn't as quick as the first time.

This time, the Saint Father's next round of attacks arrived.

Numerous bones had fallen. They were sliced from its body.

The dragonfish gave out a silent roar. Its body could not stand tall and returned to a flat state. But its mouth spat out large amounts of energy. The red energy turned into magma when it touched the wind and attacked the three clones.

The two of them were some distance from each other. Although the clones were hit slightly, they didn't disappear.

As revenge, Saint Father slashed three times again.

Red Hair sensed that the dragonfish wasn't in a good state. She was prepared. Her long hair stretched to form a shield. The three slashes still broke it, and she was sent flying. Many cracks appeared on her bright scale armor.

The undead dragonfish gulped and rolled. It arrived near Red Hair and helped her back on its back.

Saint Father stared at Red Hair. His attacks slowed, and he was panting.

He wanted to continue using the ability, but it consumed energy. After so many uses, he couldn't take it anymore.

But Red Hair was in an even worse state. Facing the Saint Father, who was a level higher, she was fully suppressed. The sword light meant she couldn't even raise her head and could only defend herself. If there were more attacks, she wouldn't be able to hold on.

Many Saint Light Hall warriors heaved a sigh of relief, and some even cheered. They saw victory, they saw their opponents running out of gas.

Only the Saintess squinted her eyes coldly.

At this point, an unexpected element entered. The modified War Fortress wasn't useful in that chaotic battle. It was even afraid that the sword light would target it.

But there was no choice now. He had to react to delay Cloud Peak's failure.

All the energy fired at Saint Father. At this range, with a large area of firepower suppression, Saint Father's clones were hit.

The meteor-like energy lit up the entire space. They hit the clones and gave off dazzling fireworks. Some people saw the Saint Father being forced back. An injured clone couldn't take it anymore and disappeared.

Before it disappeared, it slashed again. The other two clones also attacked. Three sword lights went against the energy storm. The opposing sides negated each other. Two sword lights disappeared, but the last one remained and hit the War Fortress.

The giant machine started to malfunction and stopped running.

The people inside smashed the control stations.

This product of human and wheel technologies was strong enough to threaten a level nine lifeform, but its defense was too weak.

The modified War Fortress was damaged, meaning Cloud Peak used up all its trumpcards. If the Saint Father could still fight...

That meant that the massacre would begin.

Chapter 1221.5- Evolve to level eight (2)

Everything was unsalvageable.

“Leave!”

Xia Lei gave the order she didn't want to give. She knew this battle would be the worst defeat in Cloud Peak history.

Although everyone said that high risk would bring high rewards, the Secret Realm would become their back garden if they completed their target,, sending their progress into overdrive.

But when it failed, it would be a collapse. After this battle, Cloud Peak's strength would drop. They would be out of the top ten and no one knew how far down they would drop to.

The effect of this defeat was not only on the rankings. It would also have a series of effects. That would be the toughest to deal with.

Maybe Cloud Peak would have to turtle up for a long time.

Xia Lei was used to victory and glory, was proud, and didn't want to see such a situation.

This order was very decisive. Everyone knew how bitter she was about it.

Those warriors ready to die raised their weapons and aimed at the two remaining clones. They planned to sacrifice themselves to buy time for their leader and allies.

They didn't accept death. They understood that someone had to remain if not everyone would die here. Since that was the case, facing death head-on was more valuable than running from it.

After Xia Lei gave the order, she turned to push the door open and bring Ye Zhongming back to Earth. She would then close the space gate and cut off both worlds.

But when she touched the door, she sensed a terrifying aura explode from within. She retreated in terror as she saw the room explode.

At the same time, the Saint Father's clones realized something and started to dodge.

Many people saw a thick pillar of light fire to the sky at the Saint Father's clone.

Many people covered their eyes.

The light dimmed, and many people looked at the sky. They saw the Saint Father block with his arms. He held Wind and Lightning with it facing down to try to use it to block more parts of his body.

But he was unable to block it completely. Saint Father's body already had many areas without flesh; all that was left were white bones.

Even the flesh on the arms he used to block his face was cleaned out.

This sudden attack hit Saint Father. Apart from the scattered clones, his main body was badly injured.

Everyone looked back at the source of the light. A guy stood on a ruins and held a beautiful bone staff.

"Boss!"

“Zhongming!”

“Boss!”

“Brother Ye!”

Different shouts rose from both sides and gathered into a cheer.

Ye Zhongming’s name reverberated in the mountain!

Cloud Peak’s leader woke!

People said that heroes often appeared at the crucial moment. But they forget that not all heroes want to do so. They were only able to enter at that moment. Everything that was done was to buy time for him to appear. If something bad had happened, the hero wouldn’t have the chance to make an appearance. 然而，英雄的出现往往是在关键时刻。但他们忘记了，并不是所有的英雄都愿意在这个时候出现。他们只能在这个时候出现。一切都是为了给他争取时间。如果有什么坏事发生，英雄就不会有机会出现。

Saint Light Hall and Cloud Peak’s crucial members exchanged glances.

No words were spoken, no psychological attacks. Everyone knew that the battle would continue. The winner would mean that his faction would win. They would rule over this space that was about to be destroyed but still had many resources.

Saint Father didn't care about his badly injured body. He charged toward Ye Zhongming with Wind and Lightning.

"Move aside."

Ye Zhongming's words caused everyone to retreat like a flood. The scenes of thousands of people listening to orders were shocking.

Posthumous People and Cloud Peak used their trump cards in exchange for a badly injured Saint Father. Now, it was down to Ye Zhongming.

The eight-star Ye Zhongming!

He kept the Soul Shattering Bone Staff and took out Earth Sand Moon Blade. Ye Zhongming looked at Saint Father get close without any fear. His eyes were filled with killing intent.

He used the energy from his successful evolution to use the Soul Shattering Bone Staff to injure the Saint Father badly. The soul weapon made of a level nine lifeform's bone had become his strongest weapon.

Ye Zhongming was in his best state. His body was filled with energy, and he was very confident, even though he was facing a level nine.

Saint Father arrived before Ye Zhongming in a few breaths. He waved the cracked weapon toward his final opponent.

Ye Zhongming crushed something in his hand.

The area around him started to shake. Three parts of the ruins exploded, and three pillars rose.

These three pillars looked like they were made of dead evolved lifeforms. Although they were dead, their spirits were there, just that they were restrained to the pillars. They cried but didn't make a single sound. It looked very weird.

The moment they appeared, the three pillars were connected by an invisible energy. A green energy barrier sealed the space between them and trapped Ye Zhongming and the Saint Father within.

There was a giant explosion. Ye Zhongming rolled backward and knelt on the ground. His right hand shook. A small crack appeared on Earth Sand Moon Blade.

He found it hard to block the Saint Father's strike, which was now much slower.

"What is this?"

Saint Father didn't continue to attack Ye Zhongming. He looked at the green barrier that trapped him. He didn't feel good.

"Spirit Feed Totem!"

Ye Zhongming replied calmly. He wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth and held Earth Sand Moon Blade. He took something out from his space and tossed it into his mouth.

Chapter 1222: Sky Monument's final reward

It was a colorful pill.

"This..."

Ye Zhongming's movement didn't draw much attention. Saint Fathere still looked in shock at the space covered by the green energy barrier.

Suddenly, the Saint Father's eyes locked onto Ye Zhongming.

"What did you eat?"

Ye Zhongming was impressed.

It wasn't about Saint Father but all lifeforms at that evolution level.

Their level had exceeded what ordinary evolved could imagine, reaching an unimaginable level.

This not only meant combat strength, but there was also their grasp of the rules and laws of the space.

For example, now. Saint Father didn't care about what he ate previously. Although he was injured, he wasn't someone Ye Zhongming could fight against. Level eight and level nine were far from just a level gap. It was an understanding of strength.

An injured level nine was still level nine.

He cared more about the space that had started to affect him.

Saint Father realised that not only did this space cut off his connection with the outside world and break the energy transfer, but it was also even absorbing energy from him.

The Saint Father wouldn't care too much if it broke the connection. Not much energy remained in this space, so it didn't have much effect.

What he cared more about was his energy being absorbed. This was what made him panicked.

His energy was his life.

If he lost energy, he was losing his life.

Saint Father's change was because of Ye Zhongming's change.

Saint Father didn't respect Ye Zhongming, not only because of his low level of evolution but also because he was affected by this space. The three pillars also absorbed his energy.

But after Ye Zhongming ate that pearl, that energy absorption stopped and even reversed.

Where did the reversal of energy come from? It was from the Saint Father!

"Evil fellow!"

Saint Father forced those words out of his mouth, which also represented the start of his attacks toward Ye Zhongming.

Saint Father didn't dare use energy on a large scale in this sealed space. He held his sword and slashed Ye Zhongming carefully. This was an excellent sword technique, one of the Saint Father's other trump cards.

But some bones were revealed on parts of his body, including his arm. As he moved, it showed how cruel and bloody this battle was.

Each person watching held their breath. Even Saint Light Hall's members who entered the Imperial City didn't react.

There was no need for any reactions now.

Everyone knew that this was the final battle. The faction of the person that won would win.

But Saint Light Hall members felt complicated. The Saint Father had the strength to crush everything, but he was forced to this stage. They knew it wasn't because the Saint Father was weak but because the opponent was too strong.

This guy was just a level eight warrior who could block the Saint Father's attacks.

This situation was caused not only by Ye Zhongming's eight-star strength but also by that pearl.

This equipment was a one-time-use tool. It was the final reward of the Sky Monument—Beautiful Sky Pearl.

Ye Zhongming was slightly disappointed when he obtained this piece of equipment.

When he saw the initial light, he thought this was a top piece of equipment. Only after did he find out that it was a one-time-use potion.

This pearl only had one use-- Nourish.

All the energy in the area is used to clear, nourish, and develop the user so that the user's body has a special quality--- a beautiful sky body!

This was a body that resonated on the same rhythm as the universe.

Ye Zhongming thought about it and felt that this pearl became more important.

This might not give Ye Zhongming purple or seven-colored equipment, but it might be more valuable in the future.

Ye Zhongming didn't know what that body was, but just from the introduction alone, the fact that he could resonate on the same rhythm as the universe, you could imagine how strong it was.

Ye Zhongming had encountered the three-legged monster and gathered a lot of information from him. He didn't know whether it was real or fake, but one thing was for certain: A level nine lifeform was so strong because it could rely on the energy in the space.

As for what that energy was, that was another problem.

So, although Ye Zhongming had just woken up, he saw Saint Father and could guess roughly what had happened.

The totems gave him a reason to use the pearl immediately.

These three pillars were prepared for the Saint Father. They absorbed energy, so he wanted to use it to suppress the Saint Father.

However, the difference from before was that Ye Zhongming planned to gather all the Cloud Peak and Posthumous People experts here and use their collective strength to kill the level nine expert. Now, he was the only one that remained.

Without the pearl, he wouldn't use the totem. Within the space, all lifeforms would get their energies absorbed. The higher the level, the quicker that absorption. In the original plan, many people could fight the Saint Father one by one—using the difference in energy absorption speed to catch him off guard.

The situation changed now, forcing him to use the pearl. While the pearl nourished his body, it would absorb the surrounding energy. Its level was also above that of the totem.

The truth proved that. After using the pearl, Ye Zhongming's own energy wouldn't be absorbed, and he would get even more from space.

One had to talk about one of the pearl's special points. Through the process, although it would take a long time, the absorption speed will change and affect the time the process took.

Which meant that when there was a lot of energy, the absorption speed would be quick and the time it took to form the special body was lesser.

In this totem space, the Saint Father's energy was surging into Ye Zhongming's body quickly!

Chapter 1223: Digging three feet

This was a slightly long process.

Level nine energy was huge for the level eight Ye Zhongming.

He might look like he was in a bad state. He could only use Earth Sand Moon Blade to dodge the Saint Father's speed. He would occasionally get hit, but he was only slightly injured with his sick defense.

Beautiful Sky Pearl helped nourish the body so his injuries would heal. Saint Father's strength was stolen and given to Ye Zhongming, who healed these simple injuries in just a few seconds.

The remaining energy helped Ye Zhongming's body qualities to increase clearly.

Ye Zhongming had never felt this way.

He had just evolved to eight stars and was at his peak. He used the bursting energy to attack the Saint Father and then adjusted his body. He faced the attacks. With his equipment and black soil armor, even the Wind and Lightning could only barely break it.

Saint Father wanted to use that terrifying sword light or other skills, but he was afraid of losing energy. But the more that happened, the more he could not hurt Ye Zhongming.

Facing an opponent that was getting stronger, the Saint Father decided to attack.

He couldn't allow such a thing to continue.

He chose to kill Ye Zhongming immediately.

He stuck Wind and Lightning into the ground and slapped the sword handle. Energy surged into the sword and into the ground.

It was as if the entire space had frozen and been covered in a layer of white. The freezing also froze the soil.

This piece of land started to crack. A few breaths later, it exploded, and many pieces of soil smashed at Ye Zhongming.

Ye Zhongming wanted to dodge, but he noticed his legs stuck to the ground. He took out the Nature Staff and placed it before him. On it was one of the few advanced water element gems he had.

Water Bottle Protection protected him, but the advanced water gem held on for two seconds before shattering when he was about to heave a sigh of relief. Ye Zhongming had no time to switch it. He could only keep the staff and rely on his own defense to tank it.

After Ye Zhongming evolved, his mental energy was full. He allowed the Earth Elf to refresh the black soil armor. He also tossed everything in his space that had a defensive effect out.

Many people were dazzled by the frozen soil bits. They could only see defensive barriers light up around Ye Zhongming before disappearing. These pieces of soil then gathered together, blocking and scattering them as if they were waves hitting the shore.

Moments later, the dam collapsed as if there was a flood.

The flow of soil pieces smashed into Ye Zhongming.

The attacks started to weaken, and Saint Father panted. He looked at the space and noticed that it still remained. His energy was still being absorbed at a stable rate.

“Are you disappointed?” Ye Zhongming’s voice spread from under the pile. He dug three feet of soil and pushed them outwards. The Cloud Peak leader climbed his way out.

Ye Zhongming wasn't as energetic and heroic as before. His face was covered in blood, and he continued to stare at the Saint Father.

"This is the Spirit Feeding Totem Space; it is a death formation made up of many souls."

Due to his injuries, Ye Zhongming stammered but still stood up stubbornly. Earth Sand Moon Blade was covered in cracks. In the clash with Wind and Lightning, it was at a disadvantage.

Although Ye Zhongming found it a waste, he was tempted he looked at the Saint Father's weapon, he knew that it was a seven-colored weapon. If not, it wouldn't have suppressed his.

"It is impossible to kill me and break this place." Ye Zhongming smiled. This made Saint Father touch Wind and Lightning again. His killing intent thickened.

But Saint Father didn't move. He continued to listen as if he had fallen for Ye Zhongming's tricks in delaying the time.

"Unless the souls finish their own energy; if not, nobody will get out. That includes both you and me!" Ye Zhongming wiped the blood off his face and pointed his weapon at the Saint Father, "Unfortunately, with your current state, you won't be able to wait until that time. Even if you kill me, this place will absorb all your energy. You will die without energy. Before I woke up, you didn't finish killing all my men because you were holding back. Keke, I bet you regret it now. If you had gone all out, you would have already won."

Hearing Ye Zhongming say that, the Saint Father closed his eyes and stood there. No one knew what he was thinking.

Ye Zhongming was stunned. Half of his words were true; he was speaking to delay time so that the energy would heal his injuries. He had nearly died and had basically no more combat strength.

Even if he knew that a level nine expert couldn't be judged normally, he still didn't expect how strong those attacks were.

The fact that he was still alive meant that he was outstanding.

“No, you are lying. The space restriction isn't time but the rhythm of strength!”

Saint Father suddenly opened his eyes and smiled.

“You are misdirecting me because you hope I will attack the pillars. You actually know the way out. Of course, you won't say it. Even if I kill you, you wouldn't. You should have a way to save your life, right? Which is why you dare to speak to me.”

“But you underestimate a level nine lifeform. We are best at controlling laws. The laws here will get broken by me soon.”

Ye Zhongming and the others saw one of his hands moving as he spoke. His finger made many weird shapes as if he was calculating something.

“Right, this is it!”

He opened his eyes wide with joy.

It seemed like he had broken the laws here.

On that side, Ye Zhongming who had recovered some energy was shocked. He didn't know if he believed the Saint Father grasped the way to break this space but he didn't dare take a gamble. If it was true, Saint Father would be unstoppable.

Ye Zhongming took out many small skeletons and crushed them. The entire space changed.

Chapter 1224: Saint Father's death

Three pillars made of the bodies of numerous evolved lifeforms shattered.

The totem was not only a way to deal with the level nine Saint Father; it was a trap. Those three pillars were a trap for the Saint Father and Ye Zhongming.

Everything was to kill the Saint Father.

But when this level nine expert could grasp some rhythm and break this space, Ye Zhongming could only give up and attack.

An attack where he would die if he failed.

His exploding the pillars was him breaking the bank.

Numerous souls filled this space. It was as if darkness energy was covering everything.

Ye Zhongming sat on the ground. While crushing the switch to the totem, he drank many potions.

The three totems were a trap because once they were broken by someone other than the controller, they would only attack that person. Ye Zhongming was the controller of the space, so when he broke one, everyone in the space would be attacked.

These attacks were relentless and random.

These souls damaged the body, energy, and minds of all targets in range.

The damage had to do with the number and levels of those souls.

The few totems took a long time to complete. Not mentioning the levels, the number alone was shocking.

Miya and the others in charge of logistics estimated that feeding those corpses to Ghost Metal or the Death Bone Platform would yield a huge return.

That showed how many lifeforms there were.

The Saint Father chose a different method when facing the souls that would deal huge damage to his mind and body.

Ye Zhongming relied on his defensive equipment, potion, and identity as the controller to defend. The Saint Father chose to attack.

He had to attack. He wasn't in a good state. He couldn't ensure that he could hold on under these attacks.

Although the space broke and, his connection with the surroundings recovered, and his own energy wouldn't be lost, these souls were like bloodsuckers that continued to absorb his stamina, mental energy, and energy...

They didn't absorb much each, but all together, it was a shocking amount.

Saint Father continued to wave Wind and Lightning. It wasn't the terrifying sword light but many energy snakes. They flew from the sword to attack those souls and reduce the damage the Saint Father was taking.

When the Saint Light Hall warriors saw that, they headed forward and wanted to save him. But the times were different. Posthumous People and Cloud Peak wouldn't allow that to happen and went to block them. Some parts even clashed, but Xia Lei and the Saintess stopped them.

Many Cloud Peak warriors wanted to head over like Xia Bai and her squad, but they were stopped. This soul ocean wasn't something that ordinary people could handle. The outcome of entering wouldn't be good.

Xia Lei was also worried. But at this point, she could only trust her own guy.

The soul storm continued. No one knew what happened inside and no one knew what the outcome would be.

Until a bright light shone.

Saint Father stabbed the Wind and Lightning into the ground. He stood two steps back and smashed his hands into the blade.

This was the purest power of light.

At the crucial moment, Saint Father activated his source power. This was the light skill that consumed the most energy and was the most powerful.

“Saint Life Baptism!”

Many Saint Light Hall warriors had the urge to kneel. This was the ability they were most familiar with. Every ten thousand days, they would be baptised by this. This was also a great chance to reach the next level.

While giving people with light element a blessing, it damaged those with the darkness element. Those souls were type of darkness energy.

After the saint light, everything was silent.

Ye Zhongming opened his eyes. He was out of energy. He looked at the Saint Father, who was also in a bad state and felt regret.

He didn't know if he could survive until the souls disappeared. Even if he couldn't, he prepared to sacrifice the Earth Elf to kill the Saint Father.

Ye Zhongming felt it was worth it if he could kill a level nine expert.

But he didn't expect the Saint Father to have ways to break the souls. He managed to survive.

What Ye Zhongming was sure was that the Saint Father was badly injured. However, he didn't know if he could continue fighting or not.

If he still had energy, then...

Ye Zhongming didn't dare to imagine.

Both sides stood behind their leaders and waited for the outcome.

To retreat or fight to the death.

"Kekekeke..."

Saint Father straightened his back. He didn't look like a human on the surface, and his body was shaking. He placed his hand on the sword and looked at Ye Zhongming fiercely.

"I am still alive." His voice was hoarse, but you could tell he was proud.

"Give me the way to get to your world, and I will allow all of you to become the slaves of Saint Light Hall."

"Where did you get that confidence from?" Ye Zhongming replied. His words shocked the other core members. His voice sounded even worse; it was as if his vocal cords had torn.

Saint Father shook his head, “then all of you can die. I will find out what I want from your bodies or from the mouths of the prisoners.”

He raised his blade and pointed at Ye Zhongming.

Many Cloud Peak warriors stood beside their leader.

“Move aside!”

Ye Zhongming coughed. His face flushed red, and he smiled coldly, “Bring it on!”

Everyone was shocked.

Saint Father smiled, “Indeed I can’t attack now, but if you give me a day, I will have enough energy to kill you. How much would you be able to recover in a day?”

“I won’t give you the time!” Ye Zhongming replied.

Saint Father smiled, “My kids will.”

He waved forward to order the troops to attack.

The remaining warriors could earn a day for Saint Father to recover.

“Puchi!”

Before his hand landed, he saw a blade pierce through his chest from his back.

Chapter 1225: Urge to bite him

The thick blood stench in the air had scattered. The Posthumous People had cleared most of the battlefield.

It was weird that Saint Light Hall and the Posthumous People were in the same region. Although there were still distinct areas, they weren't as tense as before.

This was the fifth day of the negotiations.

Ye Zhongming sat beside a table and ate something that Miya brought him. This was a specialty dish from the Secret Realm- a thick soup made from herbs and demon monster meat along with a bowl of life rice. This was a decent meal in the Imperial City, where everything was still chaotic.

The life rice nurturing made some progress. Although they couldn't produce the food on a large scale without Ye Zhongming's help, they could allow the core members to have a bowl every day.

Daning really solved the problem of planting this dish, which could strengthen the skills of the people who ate it.

The curtain was drawn, and Xia Lei walked in. He glanced at Miya's body and even winked.

Miya greeted her, and her face flushed red.

Xia Lei was just a hooligan that even Miya couldn't take it.

Xia Lei snatched a piece of meat, which caused Ye Zhongming to roll his eyes and pass his chopsticks to her.

"You have your own food; why are you fighting me for it?" He rubbed her hair as a form of revenge.

She didn't feel embarrassed at all and started to eat. Miya smiled and added rice for her.

Everyone knew Xia Lei was best to talk to when she wasn't angry. Of course, she was the toughest to deal with when she was angry.

"Did something happen?" Ye Zhongming drank some tea. In his last life, a hot meal or a cup of tea was really luxurious. But in this life, he didn't need to say anything, and people would serve them to him. The gap made him emotional.

Xia Lei chewed while looking at her guy and speaking, “Your tricks have been seen through. The person is asking you to head out to take a walk.”

Her chewing slowed down, and he moved mysteriously before him, “If you can get those Saint Light Hall warriors to Cloud Peak, I don’t mind having one more sister!”

Ye Zhongming’s hand stopped in mid-air.

“You don’t mind, but Miya minds!” Ye Zhongming stared at Xia Lei and prepared to meet the Saintess. He knew that it was time for him to appear.

“I don’t mind.”

Miya’s words entered his ears and made him stumble.

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Some unknown wind blew in the Secret Realm, bringing a fresh, earthy smell. But no one would hate it as this represented new life.

Sometimes, the creator was so magical. In a space that would collapse at any moment, lifeforms were using their own method to survive stubbornly.

Saintess and Ye Zhongming walked on the plains. There were no guards nearby.

“Are you not afraid that I will attack you?” Ye Zhongming looked at the Saintess’s near-perfect face and asked.

“That is also what I wanted to say to you.”

She replied confidently, and her gaze was firm, too. If not for both sides being enemies, people who didn’t know would think they were about to kiss.

“This isn’t time to be stubborn.”

Ye Zhongming was familiar with this aura competition before negotiations. Moreover, he wasn’t anxious. The longer this dragged on, the better it was for him.

Moreover, Ye Zhongming didn’t think his words were just a negotiation technique. He was confident that he could kill the Saintess.

Although he didn't kill the Saint Father directly, fighting a level nine expert gave him a lot of experience and thoughts. He even absorbed the Saint Father's energy, and he had a connection with the entire space.

Based on what the three-legged person said, he touched the edge of some laws.

The Saintess kept silent and looked into the distance. She seemed lost.

She didn't have a good time the past few days, especially after she killed the Saint Father.

Even if she knew that it was needed, when she did it and pulled her glory staff from his body, the pressure made it hard for her to breathe.

If not for the two heads standing on her side, she might not have been able to stabilise the situation. Even now, many people internally objected to her.

This internal instability made her forget a fact-- The Posthumous People and Cloud Peak alliance army were getting stronger!

When she realised this problem, she found Ye Zhongming. She knew that she couldn't continue delaying. If not, it might become a problem that her entire race would be wiped out.

She didn't think Cloud Peak and the Posthumous People would negotiate with them when they could crush them.

Ye Zhongming felt the same way.

When Xia Bai, Red Hair, and the kings recovered, Cloud Peak's attitude would be different.

Saintess knew she was at a disadvantage and adjusted her mood, "We can discuss your conditions..."

"No discussion."

Ye Zhongming interrupted her words, "The conditions are like that and won't be changed. I am referring to the conditions we gave on the first day."

Saintess was furious, but she suppressed her rage, "Don't be unreasonable."

"We have a phrase on Earth that says the situation is more important than strength." Ye Zhongming replied calmly.

He took two steps forward and turned, "Not only that, we want to increase the price. Apart from those conditions, I want 20 battle techniques, five of which must be what we ask for. Also..."

Saintess's expression had changed when she heard that he wanted to raise the price. When she heard the words "and", she had an urge to bite him.

But when she heard those words, she really wanted to bite this greedy fellow to death.

Ye Zhongming said that he wanted Wind and Lightning!