

Apocalypse 1661

Chapter 1661: Don't force me to kill you

“If you think this can buy time, then you are wrong. I won't give you this opportunity.”

The voice from the mechanical combat puppet replied two seconds after Ye Zhongming finished speaking.

As he spoke, his mechanical combat puppet troops began moving as a whole. Those few imposing puppets strode forward, clearly preparing to join the battle.

“It's actually quite a pity. If your puppets weren't connected to you in real-time, you would be the one staying here today.”

Ye Zhongming's tone now mirrored his opponent's earlier demeanor, which unsettled the person inside the mechanical puppet.

“You damned bastard, you fu—”

His words cut off abruptly, unfinished.

All the moving machinery... the iron chains still locked in struggle with Cloud Peak's warriors... the two eerie combat puppets attacking Ye Zhongming—everything froze at that moment.

“You... how did you...”

The person only managed half a question before falling silent.

Because he had figured out the reason and couldn't bring himself to speak further.

“You set up this trap, and I must say, it's genius. To grasp the situation so quickly, first securing an invincible position for yourself, then challenging us with such overwhelming confidence—all of this, if not the work of a genius, a self-assured genius, would be too unfair.”

“Some of your words were true, some false, making it hard to judge. For instance, when you said you killed 4,999 people, that was a lie. You didn't kill that many. You were just creating tension, trying to make us panic.”

Ye Zhongming spoke the truth.

This faction, this young man whose voice was heard but never seen, had been thinking from a vantage point since the trial began. While others were still figuring out how to pass, he had already considered how to control others' passage.

The wheel space provided four ways to pass, but this person instantly saw through everything. While others desperately tried to advance through the first two methods, he had already planned it all, becoming both the 'player' and the 'dealer' here.

Moreover, this person wasn't just clever—he was fiercely confident. Since he was monitoring everything here, he couldn't have been unaware of Cloud Peak's strength. Yet he still dared to challenge Cloud Peak Mountain Villa. Such courage was something others lacked.

However, geniuses often have flaws, and this person was no exception. Ye Zhongming didn't know what his specific flaws were, but one thing was certain: this person was arrogant, even narcissistic, as evident from his words. His own success intoxicated him.

Such people are the most prone to mistakes, the easiest to overturn.

And now, this person had been overturned.

Because he overlooked the most basic fact—the mountain path was circular!

The young man, overconfident, believed he held absolute control and could toy with Cloud Peak as he pleased. But he forgot the unique terrain of this place.

To consider everything so thoroughly, he was a genius. To forget the simplest detail, he was a fool.

During Cloud Peak's battle, there had been no sign of Yellow Ball. By the time both sides were locked in confrontation and the young man was boasting about his achievements and declaring Cloud Peak's defeat, Yellow Ball had already been gone for a while.

Perhaps Ye Zhongming hadn't appeared as 'far-sighted' as the young man today, but the moment he realized the truth, he had already taken countermeasures.

Now, Yellow Ball had destroyed the first mechanical combat puppet sent by the young man and killed the evolved being with it. The young man had lost his first card.

Soon, Yellow Ball would reach the second checkpoint and dismantle the second card of the mechanical puppet army.

By the time the young man tried to send reinforcements, it would already be too late.

"Are you going to kill him?" Ye Zhongming shrugged, looking at the captured evolved.

This sentence infuriated the young man.

He could indeed kill this person now and pass the trial, but he would no longer be able to stop Cloud Peak's advance. He interpreted Ye Zhongming's words as mockery.

...And it was indeed mockery.

"It makes no difference. Once we kill the person on the second path, we'll all be sent to the next round together!"

As Ye Zhongming spoke, he felt no relief. Though they had passed this stage, they would still face this person and his mechanical puppet army at the mountaintop during the final trial. This was a formidable enemy.

The young man fell silent for a moment before replying, "Yes, you're right. I can no longer stop you from passing this trial. But... I still have a little time left, don't I?"

As if remembering something, his voice regained a hint of levity.

"I'll drag this out as long as possible and use that time to make you suffer the consequences of angering me."

He clearly intended to keep fighting.

"Don't force me... to kill you."

Ye Zhongming spoke softly, his gaze fixed on the mechanical combat puppet.

The scene was eerily quiet, broken only by the occasional crackle of sparks from damaged mechanical puppets.

The Cloud Peak King had said, Don't force me to kill you—and he meant it.

Those who knew Ye Zhongming understood that if he said it, he could do it.

But the young man didn't know. He could only judge for himself.

If he stubbornly continued attacking Cloud Peak, could Ye Zhongming really kill him?

This was a gamble that seemed simple but required immense courage.

Win, and all would be well. Lose, and he'd be dead.

"Fine. You're good." The young man's voice sounded like an order as the mechanical puppets began retreating.

"You win this round. We'll meet at the top."

With that, he coldly executed the evolved he controlled and remotely ordered the mechanical puppet on the second path to kill its captive as well. The entire force gradually vanished from the mountain path, becoming the sixth team to pass the trial.

As their opponents disappeared, Cloud Peak received a prompt from the wheel space—they were the seventh team to pass.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief before being plunged into brief darkness. When light returned, they found themselves in a vast hall. Ye Zhongming scanned the area and saw the other six teams.

Cloud Peak, Cannibal Chain, Great America, Mechanical Genius, Women Guard, Motley Crusaders, and Gyanendra.

Seeing Cloud Peak arrive, Wu Xiu and Ruan Xiao relaxed. The situation was still unclear, and they weren't entirely confident.

“Check your rewards. They're right in front.”

Though the seven factions could see each other, they were each enclosed in a massive transparent energy dome. Facing the direction of the Mountain King Disk was an exquisitely crafted box, about one cubic meter in size.

This was likely the reward for clearing the Death Staircase.

Chapter 1662: 3D Wheel

This reward didn't specify its criteria—perhaps the quality was the same for everyone who passed the trial?

Ye Zhongming glanced at the other factions. Aside from Mechanical Genius, who had stored his reward inside a combat puppet (making it invisible), the others had likely opened theirs long ago. Now, they were all watching Cloud Peak.

The Cloud Peak King made no attempt to hide it, opening the box directly.

There was no radiant glow, no lingering fragrance—just a men's top inside.

If not for the elegant design of both the box and the garment, it could easily have been mistaken for a storage container.

As Ye Zhongming lifted the top from the box, he received a prompt.

"Monk's Robe."

Since he had taken it out, the other factions could now see it. Many let out murmurs of surprise.

Not because the top was too good, but because it was far too mediocre.

Many noticed it emitted a grey glow.

Grey-grade? This was bottom-tier equipment. Even if Cloud Peak Mountain Villa had passed the trial last, did they really deserve only a grey-grade item?

The wheel space would never normally give a grey-grade gear. Ye Zhongming had seen something similar before—the Bloodstepping Boots.

Back then, the Bloodstepping Boots had been a prototype obtained from a Gate of Sacrifice's treasure chest. It required materials to be added before finalizing its form.

Ye Zhongming had infused it with a Cloud-Foal's hoof, a Lizard-Man's tail, and the most valuable Golden Cloth, transforming the boots into gold-grade gear. Even now, he still wore them, frequently relying on their abilities.

Unlike the shocked and disbelieving onlookers, Ye Zhongming actually found this item quite promising.

Seeing no immediate changes around him, and unsure when the next trial would begin, he ordered his subordinates to inspect the energy dome for anything noteworthy. Meanwhile, he retreated into the group, searching his spatial equipment for materials.

Even though all factions were sealed in their own spaces for now, an inevitable "great battle" loomed ahead. Any extra strength would be invaluable.

After all, Mechanical Genius's earlier display of combat power had left the Cloud Peak King deeply wary.

Back then, the materials infused into the Bloodstepping Boots had perfectly matched its nature as footwear. This time, Ye Zhongming wouldn't recklessly add just anything.

The prompt indicated that five materials could be inserted.

After some thought, he first tested Ghost Metal and the scarce Ocean Drill Gold, but the system rejected them as "incompatible with the equipment's attributes."

Abandoning that idea, he pulled out a few other items.

The first was a beast hide—taken from a level nine Human Bear, specifically the most intact, most defensive section from the center of its back.

This was level nine material, far superior to the Cloud-Hoof foal or Lizard-Man parts used on the boots.

The result proved the advantage of high-tier materials. After inserting the Human Bear hide, the grey-tier Monk's Robe instantly jumped to green-grade!

Ye Zhongming's eyes gleamed.

Not because the green-tier surprised him, but because this equipment's potential seemed astonishingly high.

He couldn't wait.

The second material was Snow Wolf King's fur.

There wasn't much left—the battle against this level nine creature had been brutal, causing heavy losses.

But as a natural part of its pelt, it offered excellent defense, making it a likely fit.

Sure enough, after inserting the sleek silver fur, the robe absorbed it completely.

The green glow faded, replaced by blue light.

Ye Zhongming frowned.

After two materials, his initial excitement had cooled into dissatisfaction.

Only one grade up?

Both materials were level nine, yet it only reached blue-grade?

His earlier enthusiasm dimmed.

Since two level-nine materials had only pushed it to blue, he grew even more cautious about the third.

Just then, the Mountain King Wheel in front of the seven factions began rotating. The faint mist obscuring its surface gradually dissipated.

The final trial was about to begin.

"What is this?!"

Many gasped upon seeing the disk's surface.

"A 3D wheel?!"

Wu Xiu's jaw dropped.

After nearly six years in the apocalypse, everyone had seen all kinds of wheels—standard, class-specific, special, even trial-based ones like this.

But all had been flat, two-dimensional.

The Mountain King Wheel, however, was three-dimensional—or rather, it defied conventional understanding entirely. Its surface was a painting, a self-contained spatial artwork.

From their perspective, the disk's interior resembled a starry sky, with small bubbles drifting at varying depths.

Inside these bubbles were items, though their details remained unclear.

But the most dazzling object lay at the very center—

A magnificently crafted crown.

Undoubtedly, this was the Mountain King Crown.

"The final trial begins now. In the order of clearing the Death Staircase, the first faction—Great America—select a representative to strike the Soaring Crystal."

A mechanical voice announced this as a peculiar stone platform materialized before the disk. On it rested two items:

A stone hammer with a curved handle

A wing-shaped crystal, folded together

Great America's energy dome automatically opened a passage. A burly black man with dreadlocks stepped out.

Clearly, Governor Spade wasn't about to risk himself without understanding the rules.

Who knew what came after striking the crystal? What if it demanded a sacrifice?

The other factions watched nervously. Since they'd face the same scenario soon, having a demonstration was invaluable.

Even Ye Zhongming paused his material infusion, moving to the dome's edge to observe.

The black man walked hesitantly, visibly tense. After reaching the platform, he glanced back at Governor Spade, then gripped the stone hammer.

Gritting his teeth, he swung it at the Soaring Crystal!

Chapter 1663: Buy or challenge

"Clang!"

A crisp sound rang out as the stone hammer struck the Soaring Crystal before flying out of the black man's grip. Many of the evolved watching shook their heads in disbelief.

Even if he was nervous, how could he be this shaky? Could he even be considered an evolved if he couldn't even hold onto a hammer?

"!—"

The black man tried to say something, but the Soaring Crystal, now also sent flying, had already crashed into the three-dimensional wheel surface, producing the second crisp sound of the day.

Instantly, everyone's attention was drawn to it.

From the perspective of the onlookers, the Soaring Crystal hadn't traveled very far or very fast within the starry, three-dimensional space.

But visually, it gave everyone the impression that it had flown an unimaginable distance—perhaps hundreds or even thousands of light-years away.

Many of the lower-level evolved, or those with weaker mental fortitude, began trembling after watching for just a few moments, their backs drenched in cold sweat. It was as if they had been dragged into a mysterious cosmic void, drifting alone for tens of thousands of years.

This bizarre and unsettling phenomenon left all seven factions dead silent.

The apocalypse had brought many things beyond human comprehension, but this sensation of "one glance spanning millennia" was something no one could rationalize—only fear.

"The Soaring Crystal has reached the Bright Star. Please choose: Purchase or Challenge?"

The wheel space's cryptic announcement only deepened the confusion.

What was a Bright Star? What did Purchase mean? And what kind of Challenge was this?

Even those who hadn't lived two lives like Ye Zhongming—who harbored deep resentment toward the apocalypse's cruel games—now felt nothing but frustration toward the Mountain King Wheel's absurd trial.

Wasn't this just toying with them? No explanations, just forcing a choice—who knew what kind of trap lay hidden behind it?

"W-what does this mean?"

The black man's voice trembled as he spoke.

Though he had been chosen as Great America's representative, that didn't mean he was strong. On the contrary, he was utterly expendable within their ranks.

Naturally, he wasn't some high-ranking leader or powerhouse. After multiple rounds of battles and eliminations, he was simply the most suitable cannon fodder.

That's why he had been picked. If striking the Soaring Crystal was harmless, he could do it. If there were risk, he would bear it—his death wouldn't weaken Great America.

Courage often correlates with strength. The black man knew he wasn't cut out for this. Helpless, he turned to look back at Governor Spade, the mountainous, obese leader of Great America.

"You choose Challenge!"

Governor Spade's face darkened as he issued the command.

"No! I won't! I—I can't do it!"

If not for Cloud Peak and Mechanical Genius's interference during the Death Staircase, allowing Great America to slip through by sheer luck, this black man might already be dead. Now, he clung to his life desperately.

Governor Spade ordering him to Challenge? Only an idiot wouldn't realize he was being sent as a sacrificial scout. And in the Mountain King Wheel's trial, scouting meant death.

The black man wanted to scream, "Why don't YOU try it then?" But though terrified, he hadn't lost all reason—he still had to live under Governor Spade's rule afterward. So he could only keep repeating:

"No, no, NO!"

"You're the first one. The Challenge won't be too difficult. Don't worry—nothing will happen."

Governor Spade forced a greasy smile, trying to reassure his subordinate.

But the black man kept shaking his head, even backing away as if trying to retreat into Great America's energy dome.

"You cannot leave before making a selection."

An invisible force seized the six-star evolved, dragging him back in front of the stone platform to choose between Purchase or Challenge.

"I WON'T CHOOSE!"

The black man's composure shattered as he began shouting hysterically.

"Countdown initiated. If no selection is made within ten seconds, the selector will be deemed to have voluntarily forfeited their life, and their faction will suffer a random penalty."

A dead end.

No choice meant certain doom. Instantly, the entire Great America faction erupted into frantic pleas, urging him to pick something—anything—before they all suffered for his refusal.

"You're all selfish bastards! Fine! I won't Challenge—I'll choose PURCHASE!"

The man snapped, ignoring his faction's demands. But since he had to choose, he went with the option that at least sounded safer.

"Purchase selection confirmed. Please present equivalent payment."

The prompt caught the black man off guard.

"Equivalent payment? What's that?"

This time, the wheel space actually answered:

"Each Bright Star has its price. Every item has its value. If the value of your items matches the price of the Bright Star, the purchase will succeed."

The crowd began to understand. Essentially, anything could be offered—but the space alone would decide its worth. If deemed sufficient, the payment would allow the purchase to go through.

But this raised a new problem:

What if everything he had wasn't enough to buy even a single Bright Star?

"Then you may choose Challenge."

Couldn't afford it? Then fight for it. The rules were that simple.

The black man frantically pulled out his belongings—a small pouch from inside his clothes (he had no spatial equipment). Most of his resources had already been spent on scrolls and potions, leaving this pouch as his entire net worth.

"Please present equivalent payment."

The space's voice sounded icy to his ears. He held up a piece of magic crystal.

"Level three demon crystal—submission accepted. Please continue submitting..."

The crystal vanished instantly.

He pulled out another—this time, a tier-four crystal.

"Level three crystal—submission accepted. Please continue submitting..."

Like a nightmare on loop, the phrase "Please continue submitting" repeated endlessly, signaling that he still hadn't met the price.

Soon, he exhausted all his magic crystals—including six level seven crystals he had painstakingly saved.

Those were his most valuable possessions.

Panic set in. Desperate, he started offering anything—item after item disappearing into the void, yet the demand for more never ceased.

Finally, he even stripped off his equipment—his armor, his boots, even his weapon—but it still wasn't enough.

"I have NOTHING left! What the hell is a Bright Star worth?! How much more do I need?!"

With nothing left to give, the man screamed in despair.

"Remaining payment required for Bright Star (Zone One): 67.5%."

Chapter 1664: Nether Moth

Many people instinctively gasped.

Among these seven teams from powerful Eastern and Western factions, every evolved present was among the elite.

In their eyes, the items the black man had offered were nothing special, and the number of demon crystals was negligible.

But that didn't mean these items were worthless outside.

The various-level demon crystals, his green and silver-grade equipment, and other miscellaneous items could still be sold for a decent sum.

Ye Zhongming roughly estimated that these items could be exchanged for two seven-star evolution potions on the outside.

But here? They only covered 32.5% of the first zone's Bright Star purchase price.

Did that mean six seven-star evolution potions were needed to buy a single Bright Star?

Six seven-star potions—even for Cloud Peak, that was no small amount.

Since the payment was insufficient, the wheel space deemed the black man incapable of purchasing and automatically selected Challenge for him.

The black man vanished abruptly, and the entire space darkened—only the Mountain King Wheel remained illuminated.

This scenario wasn't unfamiliar. It was similar to the Light Shadow Arena from before.

But the scene shifted dramatically. The massive energy domes enclosing each faction seemed to have been transported into the three-dimensional space, floating in an illusory starry expanse.

Now, everyone could clearly see the layout of the three-dimensional space and began piecing together the wheel's earlier cryptic hints.

For example, Zone One.

Looking down, they could see the Mountain King Wheel's space divided into seven zones, each spiraling toward the center where the Mountain King Crown rested, like seven coiled tubes.

For example, Bright Stars.

Within each zone's entrance, clusters of glowing stars were arranged in some order. But deeper inside, where the zones intertwined, the Bright Stars from all seven zones merged chaotically, though they still retained their original zone's characteristics.

For example, the bubbles.

From the outside, the bubbles had been indistinct, but now their contents were visible. Contrary to earlier guesses, each bubble contained a card, though its purpose was unknown.

These bubbles were the same size as the Bright Stars and clearly divided into sections:

Seven bubbles near the entrances, where the zones began merging.

A single passage leading into the chaotic mixed zone.

Five scattered bubbles deeper inside the mixed zone.

Now, the black man's figure appeared on the first Bright Star within his zone's entrance. From the omniscient perspective, the star wasn't large, but to him, it was an entire world.

"Seven factions, seven entrances—one for each?"

Xiao Min voiced her speculation.

"Look," Dai Zhi crouched, peering down as if it helped her see better. "Each zone has ten Bright Stars before the mixed area. That black man is on the first one—where the Soaring Crystal landed."

"So, you strike the Soaring Crystal with the hammer, and where it stops is your destination? But how do you control where it lands? The force of the strike?"

"What about the mixed zone? The stars there are chaotic—how do you predict the Soaring Crystal's path?"

"We'll have to wait and see how this black man's Challenge plays out. If he succeeds, we'll learn the next step. Otherwise, we might have to repeat the first process."

"At least we're last. We can watch how the other six factions handle it."

Members of the Female Guards and Youth Army analyzed their observations aloud, pooling their insights so Ye Zhongming could make informed decisions when the time came.

"Look! The Challenge is starting—what is that?!"

A Youth Army member pressed his face against the energy dome, spotting movement on the Bright Star.

A gigantic worm burst from the ground—its length immeasurable, its countless legs grotesque. Its bloated, grayish-white body looked soft, but along its back were fifteen tiny wings, fluttering rapidly to keep its mountainous form airborne.

From the omniscient view, the sight wasn't overwhelming. But to the black man?

The sky was gone, replaced by the underbelly of a monstrous worm descending upon him, covered in sucker-like orifices that triggered his trypophobia. He screamed uncontrollably.

Then, the space's announcement began:

"Equivalent payment provided: 32.5% of purchase price. Nether Moth's strength reduced by 32.5%."

"Challenge: Defeat the Nether Moth within 30 minutes. Failure to meet this condition will result in the challenger being converted into equivalent payment, becoming part of the Bright Star's purchase price."

"Converted into payment"? That meant death. The space's euphemistic phrasing left everyone furious yet helpless.

"Boss, can you gauge that Nether Moth's strength?" Xiao Min asked Ye Zhongming.

Without a demon crystal to sense or being physically present on the star, judging its power was impossible.

Visually, even Ye Zhongming couldn't be sure—but its sheer size suggested formidable strength.

Yet he had an advantage: he was a reincarnator.

In his past life, he'd seen a sketch of this creature.

A survivor from a dungeon had drawn it to sell information.

Back then, it wasn't called a Nether Moth but a Mountain Range Worm—and the one in the dungeon was only level seven, a third of this one's size.

This one? At least level eight.

"Probably... level eight," Ye Zhongming answered hoarsely.

His gaze drifted toward the distant, unassuming Bright Stars.

If the trials progressed from easy to hard...

How horrifying would the later ones be?

Chapter 1665: Bright Star use

The warriors of Cloud Peak now felt little apprehension toward level eight creatures—this was the psychological shift that came after slaying level nine beings.

However, those were group battles. If swapped into the black man's position, even Cloud Peak had few who could confidently defeat this oppressive Nether Moth.

Even with its strength reduced by nearly a third.

Moreover, the level eight assessment was merely Ye Zhongming's speculation. What if this creature were actually level nine? Given its colossal size, it wasn't impossible.

Though mentally broken, the black man was still an evolved who had survived the apocalypse for nearly six years. With a roar, light enveloped his fists and feet as he stomped the ground, launching himself toward the Nether Moth in the sky.

This wasn't bravery—it was an instinctive last stand against certain death.

To most onlookers, the black man's job, skills, and the strength/speed of his leap were unremarkable. Yet no one mocked him. At this moment, he represented all evolved.

Even those from rival factions felt a twinge of shared frustration.

Stripped of equipment and potions, the black man's attack was pitiful.

The Nether Moth didn't even adjust its descent. As he neared its underbelly, several sucker-like organs suddenly gaped open, spewing a torrent of black-and-green fluid that drenched him mid-air.

The once-determined warrior crashed to the ground, his momentum shattered. He struggled to rise, but his body grew inexplicably weak. After multiple failed attempts, he barely stood, only to see darkness blotting out the sky.

The Nether Moth's massive body crushed down, pinning him beneath.

No one believed he could survive. Even an eight star evolved would struggle to withstand such weight barehanded. Such individuals were vanishingly rare.

Ye Zhongming himself doubted he'd emerge unscathed. At best, he'd be severely injured.

"Challenge failed. Purchase ratio decreased by 10%."

The space's announcement sealed the man's fate.

Though hope had been slim, scattered sighs still rose from Great America's ranks.

"Next: Women Guard, the second faction to clear the Death Staircase, shall strike the Soaring Crystal."

Unnoticed by many, the stone platform had shifted to the second zone's entrance. An opening appeared in the Female Guard's energy dome.

Cloud Peak, positioned farther away, couldn't hear their discussions. After about ten seconds, a woman emerged.

Both Ye Zhongming and his faction paid extra attention to Women Guard, not for their strength, but because they resembled an independent counterpart to the Female Guards.

As the only all-female faction to achieve notable influence, their performance intrigued everyone.

"It's Gianna."

Whispers reached Cloud Peak, revealing the woman's name. Like the black man, she shared his skin tone—but unlike him (a disposable grunt), Gianna was one of the Women Guard's dual leaders.

No one expected the Women Guard to send a leader. After witnessing Great America's failure, why take such a risk?

Great America had only lost one member. Why wouldn't Women Guard play it safe?

This confusion mirrored Xiao Min's thoughts. Had Cloud Peak been up first, she'd have vehemently opposed Ye Zhongming risking himself.

But the Cloud Peak King shook his head. "This is the Mountain King Crown battle. Without risk, there's no reward."

He pointed at the bubbles, then the crown.

"Boss, you mean whoever reaches the center first claims the crown?" Xiao Min asked, startled.

"Likely. But I don't yet know how to get there quickly."

Ye Zhongming stared at the chaotic central zone. Even he couldn't decipher the wheel space's true trial.

Gianna approached the stone platform. Having observed the black man, she mimicked his actions—lifting the hammer with far steadier hands. She even swung it twice to test its weight.

Then, taking aim, she struck the Soaring Crystal toward the second zone.

The crystal soared into the three-dimensional space, gliding through the starry void.

Her strike was notably stronger. The crystal flew faster, bypassing the first three Bright Stars before halting at the fourth.

"Soaring Crystal has reached Bright Star. Purchase or Challenge?"

"Purchase!"

Gianna had clearly decided beforehand. The instant the prompt sounded, she answered.

Next came a display of equivalent items.

As a leader of a top-tier faction, her offerings dwarfed the black man's.

Her magic crystals were all level six and seven. Other items—unidentifiable to most—were also submitted.

Thirty seconds later, the wheel's tone shifted.

"Equivalent value met. Congratulations to Female Guard for obtaining ownership of Bright Star B4."

As the announcement echoed, Cloud Peak's recorders finalized their tallies. Xiao Min listed the quantities of magic crystals and other items, while Ye Zhongming mentally calculated their worth.

To his surprise, the total value exceeded the first Bright Star's by 10%.

Did later Bright Stars cost more?

Simultaneously, Women Guard's entire faction vanished from their energy dome—reappearing moments later on the conquered Bright Star.