

## **Apocalypse 1706**

### Chapter 1706: Handling (2)

Unexpectedly, at this critical moment, Ye Zhongming—as the leader of Cloud Peak—still hadn't moved.

Confusion arose as everyone stared intently at the light screen.

"What... are those?"

Some voiced this question aloud.

At this point, the Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace was on the verge of collapse, yet the thunder's brilliance had only dimmed slightly.

The Talking Lady, who had taken a step back earlier, now stepped forward again.

Ye Zhongming's inaction didn't reassure her—this was where she differed from Cloud Peak's other members.

After all, she was a mutated lifeform, one that had evolved to level nine and was now at the peak of her confidence and emotional state.

She wasn't willing to entrust her life to Cloud Peak or Ye Zhongming, no matter how deeply intertwined their fates might be.

As a last resort, she prepared to act, whether Ye Zhongming requested it or not.

Many in the Youth Army had already channeled energy into their weapons, ready to strike at any moment.

Yet, just then, the translucent barrier of the Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace, which had been on the brink of shattering, suddenly stabilized. Even more astonishingly, the terrifying Annihilation Thunderstrike began visibly dimming at a rapid pace!

What was happening?

Not only were the observers baffled, but even the Talking Lady turned to Ye Zhongming in confusion before shifting her gaze elsewhere.

On the light screen, many finally noticed the earlier questions.

At the edge of Cloud Peak's formation, a group of strange lifeforms had appeared unnoticed. They knelt on the ground, hands pressed to the earth in a posture resembling "atonement."

These beings were arranged in a perfect circle around Cloud Peak's members, equidistant from one another. Beneath them, a glowing energy line connected them all, its origin traced back to Xiao Mi, — the one who had placed her hand on the Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace's barrier earlier.

"Is she... absorbing the thunder's energy?" Ruan Xiao's eyes widened in disbelief as he turned to Wu Xiu.

The Cannibal Chain's leader lowered her hands, along with her earlier ambitions.

"I don't know how she's doing it, but... it seems so."

Ruan Xiao nearly blurted out "Impossible!" but swallowed the word.

If someone had actually achieved what he deemed impossible, then it was possible.

Ye Zhongming's expression remained unchanged, but a faint glimmer of relief flashed in his eyes.

The moment the Mechanical Genius revealed the Fortune Card's effect, Xiao Min proposed her idea to Ye Zhongming. With his immediate approval, this scene had unfolded.

It was risky—but undeniably worth it. The kneeling figures surrounding them were growing stronger at an alarming rate.

These were the gene warriors left behind by Alamos, the special variants fused with White Cave Crystals that eliminated issues like rejection and evolutionary stagnation.

The White Cave Crystals ensured these artificially created lifeforms wouldn't suffer from negative side effects. They didn't require nutrient baths, nor were their strength levels fixed upon creation. In short, the problems Liu Zhengong had struggled with were resolved by these crystals.

Of course, they weren't flawless—low initial levels, imperfect base designs, and limited abilities were among their shortcomings.

But their ability to evolve like natural mutant lifeforms, even faster and stronger, more than compensated for these flaws.

These gene warriors required life energy to evolve. Normally, the Annihilation Thunderstrike's power couldn't be absorbed—its sheer force would obliterate them instantly, even in its standard form.

Xiao Min was the key to making this work.

During a previous trial, she had obtained a reward—an unidentified candy. Uncertain of its effects, she had kept it unused until now.

After all, it was non-tradable, non-giftable, and bound to her alone.

When faced with the terrifying Guardian Beast later slain by the Talking Lady, Xiao Min had secretly consumed it.

The Female Guard's philosophy was to rely on themselves first—not others, and certainly not Ye Zhongming—to overcome challenges.

Xiao Min was no exception. She would use any means at her disposal, including this mysterious candy, without hesitation.

The consequences? That wasn't her concern.

The result: the candy was called "Constitution Candy," granting the consumer a special physical constitution.

Naturally, it couldn't compare to Ye Zhongming's top-tier constitutions like the Beautiful Celestial Body. This candy had five grades, and hers was the second-lowest, bestowing the "Luminous Physique."

In essence, it allowed her to convert any energy type into another, retaining a portion of it within her body to enhance specific attributes.

This was an extraordinarily powerful trait.

Of course, the enhancement wasn't instantaneous—it progressed gradually—but it was remarkable nonetheless.

Under normal circumstances, this constitution wouldn't provide an immediate power boost. But against the thunder?

Xiao Min's idea, approved by Ye Zhongming, had led to this moment. She converted the thunder's energy into life energy, funneling it into the gene warriors.

Bathed in this life energy, the gene warriors' strength skyrocketed, and Xiao Min herself grew steadily stronger.

To onlookers, Cloud Peak's countermeasure seemed unimaginable.

The Annihilation Thunderstrike—so destructive—could be absorbed and repurposed?

Wasn't this too broken?

However, this state didn't last long. After barely ten seconds, Xiao Min's body jerked violently as if struck by an invisible force, sending her flying. The energy absorption ceased abruptly.

With its outlet gone, the Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace shattered instantly. The now-unimpeded Annihilation Thunderstrike descended upon Cloud Peak's warriors.

Without their combined attack, without their barrier, and without their ingenious energy conversion, what could possibly withstand the thunder's remaining fury?

## Chapter 1707: Handling (3)

Just before the Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace shattered, Ye Zhongming threw out a dense cluster of puppets from his spatial storage.

Then, he activated his bloodline, summoning the Sand Lightning Monster to meet the thunder head-on.

But that wasn't all. The King of Cloud Peak gripped two weapons in his hands, mounted Yangos' back, and the evil dragon instantly took to the skies.

A single flap of its wings was enough.

"Little Ye, if Grandpa Dragon dies here, you better build me a dragon tomb filled with gold coins and bury me with a hundred or so beauties. Otherwise, even as an undead dragon, I won't let you off."

The long-unused mental communication suddenly popped into Ye Zhongming's mind at this moment.

The King of Cloud Peak tossed an object onto the ground, pointed at it, then patted the dragon's head with a smile.

At this moment, the scene on the light screen had a striking sense of layers.

At the very top was the collapsing but not yet fully dissipated Zhuangxiang Eight Trigram Palace, struck by the thunder. Below it was a dense layer of puppets, and beneath them, a bizarre, lightning-horned monster.

Under the monster were the King of Cloud Peak and the level-eight fire dragon.

If that were all, this scene would merely be a montage of desperate defenses against the thunder. But beneath Yangos, a massive tree was rapidly growing upward, soon reaching the dragon's feet.

Cloud Peak's forces were completely obscured beneath this colossal tree, vanishing from the light screen.

The weakened thunder struck the puppets, which shattered like glass under a hammer blow despite their seemingly sturdy defenses.

The Sand Lightning Monster charged fearlessly into the thunder. Though it was a hybrid of lightning and sand—making the thunder akin to its own element—its body couldn't withstand the strike. After barely a second, it was blasted apart, its fragments scattering beneath an unknown plant.

By now, the thunder's power had diminished significantly. Yet when Ye Zhongming met it, he still had no confidence.

But he gave it his all, channeling every ounce of energy into his two weapons before hurling them at the thunder.

Many from other factions watching this scene thought the Cloud Peak leader had run out of ideas, resorting to such a foolish tactic. Attack-type weapons weren't defensive gear; no matter how high their tier, they couldn't possibly block thunder of this magnitude!

Yet, against all expectations, this seemingly childish move worked.

When the thunder struck the two weapons, it was as if they had been halted. Not only did its brilliance dim sharply, but parts of it even scattered, deflected elsewhere.

This... was bizarre!

The puppets were creations Ye Zhongming had crafted using three monster templates obtained earlier in the space: Stone Cavalry, Flame Giants, and Slime Monsters. He had forged them all using the Human Refining Furnace and Engraving Machine.

This naturally required an immense amount of time, but the earlier star adventures had given Ye Zhongming both the opportunity and materials to mass-produce them.

Now, all three templates had been fully realized as puppets.

Their unique trait was that after being expended, they would merge into three far more powerful entities.

Facing the tripled thunder, Ye Zhongming refused to risk his subordinates. After Xia Bai, Xiao Min, and Dai Zhi weakened it, he took charge of the rest.

These puppets were gambled here.

Yes, there was a risk of complete destruction—but also the chance to merge into something stronger. Far better than wasting irreplaceable assets like the War Puppets.

As for the two weapons, one was Wind and Thunder, the other the unnamed metal hammer.

Ye Zhongming wasn't afraid of losing them. After all, they were the essence of a dimensional realm—a realm that had once been a powerful planet. Their essence shouldn't fear the thunder.

Moreover, they were infused with his energy.

The result proved him right. The thunder couldn't destroy them, merely knocking them aside while exhausting much of its own power.

Next to face the thunder were Ye Zhongming, Yangos, and the colossal tree that had now overtaken them in height.

This was a Roselle Cedar, activated by Ye Zhongming using Fertile Soil.

The seeds of the Death King Tree, in a sense, grew into mindless bodies—though without the enhanced durability of the original post-evolution Death King Tree, which had transcended its species' limits.

But there was no denying the Fertile Soil's trunk was incredibly sturdy.

Given the extreme time constraints, even with vast amounts of Fertile Soil and the Gardener's skills, it couldn't have grown so large so quickly. So Ye Zhongming used another ability on it.

The third power of Auspicious Fortune: "Nourish All Life."

This ability granted instantaneous growth to living beings, with the extent depending on the energy invested by the Auspicious Fortune.

The bright star adventures had also served as a charging process for the Auspicious Fortune. Now, all that energy was poured into this ability.

Thus, the Roselle Cedar became a towering giant in mere seconds.

The collision between the thunder and the colossal tree was earth-shaking.

The sky-piercing tree toppled, and the thunder was drastically weakened.

Yes, even after shattering the Roselle Cedar, the thunder persisted.

But their clash bought Cloud Peak ten critical seconds.

The drastically reduced puppets were hurled skyward again by Ye Zhongming. Rather than being destroyed, they inherited their trait, merging into fewer but far stronger entities.

They met the thunder once more.

Again, they shattered, scattering from the sky. The thunder remained, but anyone could see it was on the verge of dissipating.

Ye Zhongming lunged upward himself, raising his arm, where an exquisitely crafted shield was strapped.

The moment the King of Cloud Peak made contact, he was slammed into the ground, the impact carving a crater around him and sending nearby warriors and beasts tumbling.

But they survived.

And the thunder... vanished.

The terrifying tripled Annihilation Thunderstrike had been withstood by Cloud Peak!

Rising from the crater, Ye Zhongming touched the faintly cracked purple shield on his arm and knew:

The Mountain King Wheel's challenge had just lost all suspense.

Chapter 1708: Eternal Imprisonment

Witnessing Cloud Peak overcome challenges and successfully withstand the tripled Annihilation Thunderstrike, the other teams fell into stunned silence.

Every individual and faction had their own understanding of their capabilities, but even the most arrogant and confident among them—such as the Mechanical Genius—had to admit that their own forces couldn't possibly endure such a soul-shaking, thunderous onslaught.

In their perception, it simply shouldn't have been something human power could resist.

What were those two unbroken weapons? Were they... purple-grade? No—seven colored grade? How had Cloud Peak replicated those three types of monsters that, despite being shattered, still stood back up? And what about that terrifying giant tree—how had it grown so large in an instant? And what grade was that shield on the Cloud Peak leader's arm to neutralize the thunder's residual force?

Questions flooded their minds, but no answers would come.

These unsolvable mysteries only deepened their awe of Cloud Peak, elevating its might to an insurmountable level in their eyes.

The Women Guard and Gyanendra were no longer worth mentioning. Even the Cannibal Chain and the Mechanical Genius had to concede that, in their current state, they stood no chance against Cloud Peak.

Wu Xiu and Ruan Xiao exchanged a look of silent resignation. Unlike others, they knew the truth—the Cloud Peak team here was indeed elite, perhaps even the cream of the faction. But in terms of their total strength? This was likely just one-fifth, maybe even one-tenth of their full power!

Not a single main combat team from Cloud Peak had come! Within their mountain stronghold, they still had more eight-star evolved than fingers on both hands, more level-eight battle beasts than could be counted, and rumors spoke of a possible level-nine mutant plant lifeform...

Not to mention their massive arsenal of demon crystal weaponry and gene warrior legions...

If all that were unleashed, who could possibly stand against them?

The Cannibal Chain? Wu Xiu was a high-ranking core member, privy to the secrets of her enigmatic organization. Yet even she had to admit that while they might compete financially with Cloud Peak—though the outcome would be uncertain—in terms of raw power, they couldn't even see Cloud Peak's shadow anymore.

Cloud Peak had not only pulled ahead in the Chinese zone but was now streaking ahead globally.

Compared to the Cannibal Chain, which understood the true scale of Cloud Peak's strength, the Mechanical Genius—who had assumed this was Cloud Peak's full force—was slightly better off. He was

frustrated and unwilling, but his nature dictated that while he might not fear Cloud Peak or even acknowledge them, he would admit they were stronger.

Thus, in the following rounds, the Mechanical Genius began to concede actively.

He wasn't afraid of a direct clash—he'd fight to the death if necessary, even if it meant heavy losses for Cloud Peak. But this wasn't a battle of strength—it was a contest of wealth and luck. He feared Cloud Peak might play a Fortune Card and wipe him out effortlessly.

To him, such a sacrifice wasn't worth it. So he behaved meekly, even willingly paying tolls when landing on Cloud Peak's stars, just to signal one thing:

The Mechanical Genius had surrendered!

Anyone else would have openly negotiated with Ye Zhongming—after all, they could hear each other. But the Mechanical Genius was eccentric. Though he surrendered in his heart, he refused to admit it aloud. He stayed silent, never formally conceding, and as a result, by the end of the challenge, his forces had dwindled further.

Others had no such reservations. The Women Guard even pleaded with Ye Zhongming for help to survive.

Ye Zhongming agreed, as the undisputed victor.

When landing on the Women Guard's star, he paid the toll and dragged Gyanendra into paying too.

Yes, the only two Shared Fate Cards had been bought by Ye Zhongming.

Gyanendra was furious but powerless to resist this unavoidable penalty.

This seemed to kick off a battle, with Cloud Peak as the commander, directing its arrows at Gyanendra. The Women Guard, the Cannibal Chain, and even the Mechanical Genius followed suit, unleashing everything they had on the Western Asia Saint.

The Mechanical Genius was especially eager, desperately trying to curry favor with Cloud Peak to offset the hostility from earlier.

Each faction still had some cards left—useless outside this space. Since they'd bought them, why waste them? Not daring to use them on Cloud Peak, they needed a scapegoat—and Gyanendra was the unlucky target.

By the final round, Gyanendra's forces had dwindled to a mere dozen, his wealth completely exhausted. He was in a worse state than the Women Guard.

Facing Cloud Peak—still largely intact—and the Mechanical Genius—battered but not broken—was no easy task.

In the last round, Ye Zhongming openly discussed with Wu Xiu. After extorting some valuable compensation from the Mechanical Genius, they jointly played Fortune Cards against Gyanendra.

Cloud Peak paid the price.

Ye Zhongming's Fortune Card was brutally simple—a Bright Star Annihilation Card, destroying three of Gyanendra's stars, leaving him with just one.

The Cannibal Chain's Fortune Card was a Loss Compensation Card, allowing them to reclaim every coin spent in the first nine rounds from a designated faction.

Naturally, Gyanendra was the target.

With few subordinates left and no wealth to his name, Gyanendra was forced to surrender his two most precious items—the magic orb he wielded and the mechanical warrior he rode. Yet even that wasn't enough.

The Western Asia Saint, on the verge of completing the trial, was eliminated at the last moment.

Failing to finish ten rounds meant death.

A monstrous thunderbolt—far worse than the tripled version—struck, reducing Gyanendra to ashes. Even with a life-saving artifact—a bead that preserved his consciousness to possess another evolved’s body—it was useless.

With no other evolved on the star, the bead remained stranded there, forever unable to find a host.

His mind endured, but his body was gone. If this space collapsed later, it would be a mercy. Otherwise, the Western Asia Saint would suffer eternal torment in isolation.

An endless imprisonment.

With the tenth round complete, Cloud Peak emerged victorious.

The wheel space announced:

"Congratulations to Cloud Peak for passing the final trial and obtaining the Mountain King Crown."

"Congratulations to the Mechanical Genius, the Cannibal Chain, and the Women Guard for completing the Star Path and receiving exclusive rewards."

Chapter 1709: Crazy people still have pride

"Though... many of our sisters died because of you," Ella's face was filled with complex emotions. The biting cold wind tousled her hair, accompanied by occasional snowflakes, and her desolate tone, painting the scene with tragic hues.

"But you also allowed the others to survive."

Staring at the delicate features of the Eastern young man before her, the white female leader of the Women Guard could hardly believe that in the roulette wheel where he had nearly annihilated them, he had secured the greatest reward with minimal losses.

The Mountain King Crown!

That was the Mountain King Crown—one of Earth's supreme artifacts! A solid seven-colored-grade equipment!

And there were other rewards too. Though she didn't know what they were, judging by what she had received, they must be extraordinary.

"What do you want to say?" Ye Zhongming frowned, unsure why this woman had sought him out after leaving the space.

Over there, the Mechanical Genius hadn't moved either.

True, in the final rounds, the four factions had allied to eliminate Gyanendra—technically cooperating. But ultimately, they were still competitors. In the earlier rounds, they had fought tooth and nail.

Now that they were out, he could just KO them outright. Who would dare stop him? Loot them all, damn it!

"I have no ulterior motive. I just wanted to thank you—whether you believe it or not, no matter... how conflicted our feelings are."

Many surviving Women Guard warriors lowered their heads.

Indeed, who could understand their turmoil? Earlier, Ye Zhongming had brought them to the brink of annihilation, aging them in an instant. Even now, many white-haired comrades stood shivering in the icy wilderness, their strength gone, weaker than ordinary people, unsure if they could even survive this frozen wasteland.

Yet in the end, it was also Ye Zhongming who spared them, paying the toll that allowed them to survive. That was a debt of gratitude.

Even if it felt like charity. Even if others might dismiss it as nothing.

"I obtained two items. As thanks, take them both."

Ella extended the items toward Ye Zhongming.

The King of Cloud Peak smirked coldly and accepted them.

He examined them—one was a piece of equipment, the other a tool.

The equipment was a gold-grade armor with five abilities, dual-element (earth and wood).

Gold-grade gear might be treasures in others' eyes, but to Ye Zhongming, they were nothing special. After checking its attributes, his expert craftsmanship instantly rendered his verdict:

Mediocre.

The kind that's too bland to enjoy, yet too wasteful to discard.

The abilities were passable, but it lacked top-tier offensive or defensive power—just half-baked. Two passives, like increased stamina recovery in forested terrain, offered negligible boosts.

Honestly, its overall stats were only slightly better than some of the blue-grade equipment Ye Zhongming had crafted. Forget core members—even among the Female Guard, at least a hundred pieces surpassed this gold-grade armor in practicality.

The other item, however, caught Ye Zhongming's eye.

A cooking pot.

Not like Cloud Peak's Fire and Water Stew Pot, but somewhat similar. The former was used to create dishes that enhanced various abilities, while this one repaired weapons and equipment.

By filling it with special energy-rich liquids—blood, bodily fluids, plant sap, etc.—then boiling them, damaged weapons could be submerged and restored over time.

A fantastic item, even priceless. Since evolved were constantly fighting, weapon damage was commonplace. Most couldn't repair their gear—either lacking the means or unwilling to pay the exorbitant fees.

For a faction, this could save untold resources.

But for Cloud Peak? Useless.

As a top-tier craftsman, Ye Zhongming's subordinates simply upgraded their gear when it broke. Worn-out equipment was fed to the Treasure Nurturing Gourd to empower other items.

Even Ye Zhongming himself had repair skills far more efficient than boiling weapons in a pot.

His gaze swept over the Women Guard before he nodded. "I'll take them."

Ella and Gianna remained composed, but the other Women Guard warriors lowered their heads, their reluctance evident.

Sighing inwardly, Ye Zhongming turned to Xiao Min—still pale from her ordeal—and murmured an order. Soon, Female Guard warriors approached, retrieving piles of equipment from their spatial rings.

Within moments, a small mountain of mostly green-grade female gear had formed—easily over a hundred pieces.

"These..."

Ella and Gianna were dumbstruck, gaping wordlessly.

But Ye Zhongming ignored them, striding toward the Mechanical Genius.

"Little Ye, are we killing him? Grandpa Dragon's been itching to! This guy's mouth is even fouler than mine—unforgivable!"

Yangos, reveling in his pettiness, flapped his wings, smoke billowing from his nostrils and flames licking between his teeth—clearly spoiling for a fight.

Though spoken in Chinese, the Mechanical Genius's side erupted into chaos, his remaining war puppets instantly forming defensive formations.

"Shut up!"

Ye Zhongming snapped, though inwardly he approved. Having this troublemaker around was useful sometimes.

For someone like the Mechanical Genius, only absolute domination worked. If not through force, then through fear.

Would he fight? Don't joke. There was no benefit now—just pointless casualties. Ye Zhongming wasn't that reckless.

Of course, if the Mechanical Genius reneged, he wouldn't hesitate to wipe them out.

"Where's what you promised?"

Faced with Ye Zhongming's demand, the Mechanical Genius fumed silently before finally relenting. Five mechanical war puppets stepped forward.

"How I made these—I won't tell you. Even if I did, you couldn't replicate it. It's my job."

Seeing Ye Zhongming's displeasure, he hastily added, "I'm being honest. Don't try to force it out of me. At worst, I'll fight to the death—and take dozens of your women with me!"

Ye Zhongming believed him. He hadn't planned to resort to violence anyway.

"How do I control them?"

"Pour your blood into the small holes on their heads. You can't upgrade them, but you can command them in battle. Also, without me nearby, they can't self-repair. Use them sparingly. Treat them well."

Ye Zhongming circled the five puppets before asking, "You didn't leave a backdoor, did you? Recall them once I'm gone?"

Silence. Then, through gritted teeth:

"I may be insane... but I have my pride!"

Chapter 1710: Big gains (1)

"It just feels like a bit of a waste."

Red Hair suddenly made this remark, leaving many momentarily confused about what she meant. After a long pause, someone burst into laughter.

Though Red Hair now appeared almost entirely human and could chat casually with anyone, she rarely spoke up voluntarily, often just wearing a smile.

In contrast, even when Xia Bai wasn't keeping a cold expression, she remained somewhat taciturn.

But there weren't many things that could prompt Red Hair to speak up unprompted—and when she did, no one would disregard it.

Her words were steeped in bandit logic.

No matter how human-like she appeared on the surface, at her core, she was still an evolved lifeform. She lacked certain emotions and habits unique to humans.

In her view, looting both the Women Guard and the Mechanical Genius wouldn't be a bad idea.

"These things are really useful," Red Hair pointed at the war puppets left by the Mechanical Genius. After testing them earlier, their power was indeed formidable.

"Not necessary," Ye Zhongming chuckled.

Right now, his mood was excellent—no, exceptionally excellent.

At his current level as the King of Cloud Peak, there were very few things that could truly excite or delight him. But this time's rewards had undoubtedly achieved just that.

Even the Women Guard—the worst-performing among the surviving factions—had obtained two gold-grade pieces of equipment. As for Cloud Peak, ranked first, aside from the Mountain King Crown, Ye Zhongming had acquired five exceptional items.

Two pieces of equipment, one scroll, one crystal, and one certificate.

The two pieces of equipment were both purple-grade.

The first was a stunning pair of short daggers.

Among equipment, weapons held the highest value, and among weapons, matched sets were naturally the best. Without even looking at their attributes, this pair of purple-tier daggers was already top-tier.

"Twin Assault Blades."

Ability 1: Phantom Body. (Active) Upon activation, the user generates 15 shadow clones to attack up to 10 targets simultaneously. Shadow attacks can be dodged, but deal double the base damage. The main body's attack cannot be dodged (only blocked), dealing 50% of base damage, and must target the torso.

Ability 2: Agile Resonance. The user's Speed and Agility increase by 50%. If using skills reliant on these stats, the bonus rises by an additional 30%.

Ability 3: Remote Strike. Each successful hit marks the target. After 10 marks, the user can trigger Remote Strike within 5 meters, attacking without closing the distance.

Ability 4: Phantom Charge. The daggers can summon a dark-energy beast to aid in combat. Its strength scales with charge time (1 second = Level 1, max Level 8). The user must remain stationary while charging (can be interrupted or canceled).

Ability 5: Stormflight. The user can hurl the daggers to create a whirlwind of slashes in a designated area, dealing rapid, consecutive cutting damage.

Ability 6: Fierce Onslaught. During a combo, every 12th consecutive hit or after 7 seconds of sustained attacks, one strike will deal triple damage.

This was an assassin's dream weapon.

All six abilities were offense-oriented.

Holding the daggers, Ye Zhongming knew exactly who in Chameleon would be upgrading their gear soon.

The second piece of equipment was a long staff.

Truthfully, the apocalypse had birthed all manner of bizarre weapons—anything that existed in ancient times could now be found, alongside designs that would baffle even historical warriors.

But simple staff-type weapons were rare. Or more accurately, high-grade staffs were rare. After all, in the early days (and even now), many without proper weapons resorted to wielding plain sticks.

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"Ocean-Shattering Quake."

The name alone gave Ye Zhongming pause—this was likely extraordinary.

Ability 1: Mountain's Return. The wielder gains a 20% boost to Strength and "Mountain God's Blessing"—complete immunity to all mental effects.

Ability 2: Howling Wind. By roaring during attacks, the user gains a 10% all-attributes boost and "Microstate"—hyper-awareness of battlefield details.

Ability 3: Unyielding Resolve. Planting the staff into the ground creates a defensive barrier that reduces incoming damage by 15% and grants "Evasion" status.

Ability 4: Spiral Force. Spinning the staff increases defense by 20% and grants "Martial Might"—a 10% attack power boost.

Ability 5: Piercing Surge. For 10 seconds, the staff's length extends by 1 meter, and strikes inflict three consecutive shockwaves.

Ability 6: Primal Strike. When wielded with both hands for an overhead smash, attack power becomes twice the sum of Strength + Constitution. If the swing arc exceeds 2 meters, attack power becomes twice the sum of ALL physical attributes.

Alright, Ye Zhongming had to admit—this weapon's attributes were beyond his crafting capabilities.

Every ability was top-tier, especially the last one—it was downright broken.

In simple terms: a two-handed overhead smash with a 2-meter windup would deal damage equal to twice the sum of all physical stats, before skill multipliers.

Who the hell could survive that?! Even a peer opponent would be flattened in one hit.

This weapon was insanely good.

Though abilities like Primal Strike had strict conditions (angle, motion, grip), excluding most skills, there were still plenty of compatible techniques. And if the user lacked one, they could always train to match the weapon's requirements.

Ye Zhongming was tempted. With his top-tier physical stats, the damage potential was ludicrous.

But he already had the Undead Sand Moon Blade, Wind and Thunder, and that unnamed warhammer from the dimensional realm. Hogging this staff too, would be wasteful.

Undecided on who to give it to, he stored it away for now and turned to the scroll.