

## **Apocalypse 1786**

### Chapter 1786: Mimicry weapon

It was unclear whether Color Man carried some special equipment, but when he approached Ye Zhongming, synchronized audio transmission appeared on the light screen.

The question he asked Ye Zhongming was the very same doubt lingering in the minds of those watching the battle.

Many had a vague notion—how could this garbage be so strong as to kill Sky Pillar? Or rather, how did he pull it off?

Not everyone possessed Color Man's sharp insight. After all, aside from his formidable personal strength, his role overseeing the annual special training missions had honed his judgment far beyond others in this regard.

So when he spoke, everything became clear.

Turns out, Sky Pillar was easily struck because the traps weren't meant to injure it but to restrict it, creating that fleeting opening. Exploiting that moment to pierce its eyes wasn't about dealing direct damage—it was to create a blind spot.

With that blind spot, the second shadow clone could drive the short sword into the fatal point on its head, allowing Ye Zhongming to capitalize on another blind spot—created by his own eye-piercing strike—to close in and finish Sky Pillar with a single punch.

Impressive. But this alone shouldn't have secured victory. The paralysis Sky Pillar exhibited after the first injury was equally critical—it drastically reduced its defenses and focus, letting the shadow clone strike so effortlessly.

In fact, Cheng Liuji now wanted Color Man to ask another question: How did he create such a solid shadow clone? What's the trick?

Ye Zhongming patted off the dirt and stood up. His disheveled state wasn't an act—taking a direct hit from a level nine lifeform with only earthen armor and green-tier leather protection was no joke. Had Sky Pillar's attack been fully charged, the King of Cloud Peak might've been bedridden for days.

"Hmm, just embed a bit of mental energy when forming the shadow. Easy."

Ye Zhongming said it as if it were the most natural thing.

To him, this shouldn't be groundbreaking. If they could infuse poison into the shadow, why not mental energy? At its core, shadow creation was just the fusion of personal energy and mental power.

Yet this sentence plunged Color Man, Masked Man, Aslan, and everyone behind the light screen into awkward silence.

How... mortifying.

Double Poison Shadow was their invention, their teaching. This garbage had only learned it ten days ago. And now, his rhetorical question highlighted what they'd never achieved!

But no one had ever made a shadow function like this. Was it due to mental inertia? Or did this garbage possess some unique technique?

Face mattered everywhere. Cheng Liuji decided to task all clansmen who knew Double Poison Shadow with researching this. Suppose they could crack it themselves; no need to ask. If not... they'd revisit the issue.

"Disperse. Everyone, return to your duties."

Cheng Liuji abruptly shut off the light screen and left.

On the battlefield, Color Man wasn't one for subtlety. He cut straight to the chase:

"How do you embed mental energy?"

Ye Zhongming first shot a puzzled glance at Aslan—then realization dawned.

These people... couldn't use the ability like he could.

Initially, he'd assumed Aslan's teachings were incomplete because she hadn't mastered it.

Now it was clear—the entire Star Eye Race had limits in applying Double Poison Shadow!

That glance made Aslan's face burn. The female birdman seethed inwardly—Was this garbage implying she was incompetent?!

But Ye Zhongming was no fool. Having grasped the situation, he immediately deflected, avoiding a direct answer.

True, the Star Eye Race had brought him to the heavens, offering answers to questions that had plagued him for nearly seventeen years (including his past life). But realistically, any Cosmic Race could've done the same. He owed them no debt.

Freebies? Not happening. Want his technique? Pay up.

Not that he planned to gouge them—he knew his place. But handing it over for nothing? No chance.

Color Man understood.

From behind him, he produced an object—a metallic cylinder about 20 cm long and 7-8 cm in diameter, engraved with archaic patterns and unfamiliar symbols.

"This is a Mimicry War Device. Press different symbols to transform it into various weapons. Decent power—far superior to your makeshift short sword. See if it satisfies you."

Ye Zhongming's eyes lit up. He was lacking a proper weapon. If this outperformed his short sword, it'd be at least blue-grade—a significant upgrade.

Taking it, he pressed a symbol as instructed. The device flashed blue, and from both ends, energy beams shot out, elongating into a two-meter staff with a shimmering, radiant body. A few test swings confirmed its perfect weight.

Testing other symbols revealed more forms: sword, blade, spear, whip, and dagger—six modes in total.

The real shock? Every form was gold-grade!

Treasure. Absolute treasure.

"Well?"

Color Man smirked.

To the relatively "poor" Star Eye Race, the Mimicry War Device wasn't particularly valuable.

But to a destitute garbage? Priceless.

After a moment's thought, Ye Zhongming agreed.

Color Man tapped his shoulder, linking to headquarters—he had no intention of hoarding this knowledge.

Payment received, payment due. Ye Zhongming explained his shadow-crafting method. Most aligned with Aslan's teachings—the key difference lay in the poison-gas infusion phase, where the King of Cloud Peak had innovated.

"That's it. Embed mental energy seeds—when detonated, they unleash mental shocks. Same principle as poison gas, just a different vector."

As Ye Zhongming divulged the technique, the headquarters' reaction remained unseen. But Color Man's trio fell silent, processing. And once they grasped it, doubt surfaced.

By this garbage's account, the conditions for creating such a shadow seemed... absurdly stringent?!

Chapter 1787: Only half

Ye Zhongming chewed on dried meat, quietly waiting for his body to recover fully.

Earlier, when he killed the level nine lifeform, it might have seemed like everything was under his control, but in reality, it was an extremely risky endeavor. Had even one aspect not met his expectations, the battle would have stalled into a deadlock.

Of course, the rewards after victory were substantial.

Materially, Ye Zhongming wasn't particularly concerned. He wasn't some inexperienced kid—on the contrary, he was likely one of the few on Earth with a relatively clear understanding of the Cosmic Races.

Not only had he actively sought information from allied forces, but he himself had undergone the trials of the Sky Ladder and had even served as an agent for the Taros Red Dwarves—a race renowned throughout the cosmos for their craftsmanship.

When it came to technology surpassing Earth's level, even if Ye Zhongming didn't possess it, he had at least seen it.

Take, for example, that Scorpion Crystal Armor.

Having witnessed the equipment of the Taros Red Dwarves, seeing this Mimicry War Device—likely crafted by the Star Eye Race—didn't excite him nearly as much as he pretended.

He knew this thing was mediocre at best.

But Ye Zhongming still let the Star Eye clansmen believe he was desperate for it, ecstatic even—all to integrate faster.

Being valuable while knowing his place. These two points were enough to make them treat him with caution.

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Color Man, Masked Man, and Aslan returned to headquarters. With an improved ability technique in hand, they had to report in person, even though the method had already been recorded via transmission.

Inside a conference room, nearly twenty people sat, half of them wearing masks.

Cheng Liuji, despite his status as a Gold Commander, took a lower seat—clearly, the head of the table was reserved for a higher-ranking figure in the Star Eye Race.

Color Man, as the overseer of the garbage training camp, sat at the main table, while the supervising Masked Man and Aslan were relegated to the second row.

Aslan's bloodline was extraordinary, but that didn't translate to rank here.

Soon, the light door dimmed, and an elder entered.

If Little Tiger had been here, he would've blurted out, "Wow! What an immortal-looking old man!"

This Star Eye clansman looked strikingly similar to an Earthling—except for his four-pupiled eyes, which were slightly eerie.

The elder walked in, followed by another man—a towering figure with a ring of bony plating around his neck, shielding that vital area. The same feature appeared on the backs of his hands, as if covered in bone armor.

As the two entered, everyone stood and greeted them. The elder naturally took the head seat, while the burly man sat opposite Cheng Liuji—indicating a status on par with the Gold Commander.

Among the Star Eye Race, the Bronze, Silver, and Gold Masked Warriors were the backbone. As the leader of the highest-ranking Gold Masks, Cheng Liuji's position in the clan was evident. These two newcomers—one above him, one equal—were undoubtedly high-ranking leaders.

The elder's gaze swept the room, softening briefly when it landed on Aslan before turning stern again.

"Where's Pao Bai?"

This question was directed at Cheng Liuji. Pao Bai, the Silver Commander, wasn't his subordinate, but both belonged to the combat division.

"Still on the Kill List."

Cheng Liuji shrugged helplessly.

"That little lunatic." The elder chuckled. "Tell him to be careful—don't get himself killed."

Cheng Liuji smirked. "You tell him. If I say it? He'd just laugh in my face."

The room erupted in laughter—even the stoic, bone-armored man cracked a smile.

Pao Bai was the Star Eye Race's most infamous battle maniac, obsessed with combat above all else.

In the Cosmic Races—or at least in Darkstripe City—the most famous figure from the Star Eye Race wasn't their two leaders, Star Lord and Eye Lord, but this Silver Commander, Pao Bai.

His achievements overshadowed elites from major races, dominating multiple leaderboards.

As for Cheng Liuji's quip that made everyone laugh? It stemmed from their "rivalry."

Cheng Liuji hadn't become Gold Commander by chance—he was one of the clan's strongest warriors in the past hundred cosmic years, ranking in the top five aside from the two lords.

But Pao Bai? The guy was a madman. When not fighting outsiders, his favorite pastime was challenging Cheng Liuji. Initially, out of concern for the clan's rising talent, Cheng Liuji humored him—not to crush him, but to mentor him, helping him accumulate experience.

Pao Bai didn't disappoint, improving rapidly and soon earning the Silver Commander title.

Yet even after becoming one of the Star Eye Race's three combat leaders, Pao Bai never abandoned his goal of defeating Cheng Liuji. He kept challenging him, and though he still lost every time, the fights grew longer, fiercer, and deadlier.

Eventually, Cheng Liuji decided these sparring sessions had to stop and began refusing. But Pao Bai's persistence was... legendary.

Whether Cheng Liuji was eating, working, training, or even sleeping, he risked an ambush.

Finally, Eye Lord intervened, forbidding Pao Bai's childish antics. The rule was simple: no more fights unless Cheng Liuji agreed—or until Pao Bai was confident enough to challenge for the Gold Commander title in an official duel.

Pao Bai wasn't ungrateful. Though many now believed his strength matched—or even surpassed—Cheng Liuji's, he never formally requested a promotion duel, content with his Silver Commander position.

But he still seized every chance to fight Cheng Liuji, much to the latter's exasperation—and the clan's amusement.

Once the laughter subsided, the elder's words steered the meeting back on track.

"I've reviewed the dialogue and the skill modification. Though untested, I'm certain the method works."

The room grew solemn, though inwardly, everyone was pleased.

This was a boon for the clan.

"What did you offer that kid?"

The elder suddenly turned to Color Man.

While Cheng Liuji could answer seated, Color Man wasn't granted that privilege. He stood immediately, detailing the training camp's protocols and the Mimetic War Device given to Ye Zhongming.

The elder fell silent—then laughed, tossing a small light-projecting pen onto the table.

"You've all been fooled. If my deductions are correct, he only revealed half of the technique's modification."

The entire room stared at the elder in shock.

Chapter 1788: Universe Apocalypse

Aslan was the first to rush out of the conference room.

But just as she stepped out of headquarters, before she could even spread her wings to take flight, Color Man grabbed her arm.

"Let go!"

Aslan turned her head furiously and shouted at Color Man.

"No."

Color Man naturally knew what Aslan intended to do—and he couldn't allow it.

"Why?!"

Aslan was livid, the feathers on her wings bristling.

"Why are you so angry?"

The question made Aslan freeze for a moment before she stared at Color Man with an incredulous look.

"Shouldn't I be?! We gave him rewards, and in return, he hid half the technique! What does he take us for? Shouldn't such garbage be punished?!"

After hearing the elder's analysis earlier, Aslan had barely been able to contain her fury.

That elder was the Chief Technical Officer of the Star Eye Race, overseeing the entire clan's skills, manufacturing, cultivation, production, and more.

In the chaotic universe, two types of people held the highest status:

Warriors and commanders who excelled in battle.

High-level technicians like the elder, capable of precise analysis and ability modification.

In the Star Eye Race, aside from the two clan leaders, the most respected figure wasn't Cheng Liuji, the commander of the Gold Masked Warriors—it was this elder, Jike Su.

As for the burly man accompanying him? His role was similar to Color Man's, but their statuses were worlds apart.

That man was the Chief Combat Instructor of all Star Eye warriors, responsible for training and improving their combat prowess. That was why he could sit as an equal to Cheng Liuji.

Color Man, as the overseer of a newbie training camp, couldn't compare.

"He should be punished—but the one he deceived was me, not you. So why are you so furious?"

Aslan's eyes widened, a flash of confusion crossing her face.

That's right... shouldn't Color Man be the angrier one?

"You were the one who taught that new garbage. Whether he hid part of the technique or not, you only have merit in this. Meanwhile, I'm the one responsible for the exchange—meaning I'm the one at fault here. I should be the angry one."

Faced with Color Man's calm reasoning, Aslan was momentarily speechless. After a long pause, she muttered:

"He deceived the entire Star Eye Race! Every clansman should be outraged!"

Color Man shook his head.

"If he passes the trials, he'll be one of us—a comrade. As such, he has the right to keep his innovations and even patent them. If he handed the full technique to the clan, do you think the rewards would be limited to a bit of preferential treatment and a Mimicry War Device—of which our clan has no less than 800,000?"

"Truthfully, what we gave him wasn't enough. We simply took advantage of his 'garbage' status. But..."

Color Man took a deep breath.

Since the higher-ups hadn't shown any intention of transferring Aslan away—and might even be grooming her to take his position—he needed to make things clear to avoid hindering her growth and the training camp's operations.

"In the past, yes, we could've punished him for hiding the truth—for undermining our authority and dignity. But Aslan, do you think the words 'authority' and 'dignity' still apply to how other races treat us now?"

"W-what does that have to do with this?!"

Aslan flinched, suddenly uneasy.

She was still young. Though aware of the clan's precarious situation, her privileged status had shielded her from the full severity of their plight.

Without deep understanding, she couldn't possibly feel the same urgency.

Hearing this spoken aloud so abruptly left her rattled.

"They don't. We're no longer the Star Eye Race of old—no longer the assassin alliance whose very name made the Cosmic Races tremble. Now, they call us \*'filthy killers,' 'spineless cowards,' 'vermin lurking in the shadows!'"

"Do you know why Pao Bai is so insane, gambling his life in battle after battle, refusing to rest even when covered in wounds? Because as a youth, he ventured out and suffered unimaginable humiliation. That's why he understands our race's standing better than anyone—and why he's determined to change it with his own hands."

"And why does the clan indulge him? Why does Cheng Liuji allow him to challenge his authority again and again? Because Pao Bai possesses something every Star Eye clansman lacks."

Few had ever spoken to Aslan so harshly—especially not Color Man, who had his own troubled past. It left her unsettled.

"But Pao Bai alone can't change the fate of the Star Eye Race. In this apocalyptic era, where a race is wiped out every few cosmic years, we're inching closer and closer to the brink. The moment we show weakness, the major races will kick us down to prolong their own survival."

"In times like these, we must abandon our old habits—even our sense of superiority over the 'garbage.' Think carefully. Are we truly that much stronger than they?"

Color Man's words struck Aslan like hammer blows, forcing the sheltered girl to mature at an unprecedented pace.

"Aslan, the Star Eye Race can't afford to miss any opportunity to improve our situation. If this garbage can modify one of our abilities, even if he hides half the technique—even if he reveals nothing—we'll tolerate it... as long as he serves us."

"And you, Aslan—do you know why you were assigned to the newbie training camp? You could've had better postings, easier roles. Why here? Have you ever wondered?"

Aslan looked blank, shaking her head slowly.

Wasn't it natural? Serving the clan is the same no matter where I am, right?

"Who are the most respected figures in our clan?"

Aslan blinked, caught off guard by the sudden question. But Color Man answered for her.

"The two clan leaders, the three commanders, Chief Technical Officer Jike Su, and... Chief Combat Instructor Bashilu."

His words came faster now.

"For the Star Eye Race to grow stronger, our warriors must grow stronger. And the key figures behind that are the Chief Technical Officer and the Chief Combat Instructor."

"Pei Lan is now Jike Su's disciple—destined to become the next Chief Technical Officer. And you? You will advance step by step until you become the next Chief Combat Instructor."

"After that... you and Pei Lan will succeed as the next leaders of the Star Eye Race."

"This is your inescapable duty—because just as Pei Lan is Eye Lord's son, you... are Star Lord's daughter!"

Color Man bowed slightly.

"The Star Eye Race needs not just powerful warriors—but powerful leaders. Reform is coming. The merging of the two leadership roles is inevitable. So from now on, you must act with the clan's survival in mind."

"And I, Rui, will await the day I can pledge my loyalty to you."

Aslan hurriedly steadied Color Man, her expression a mix of shock, excitement, and emotion.

But then his next words made her entire body stiffen.

"Forgive my bluntness, future Star Lord, but even if you go to that garbage now, it's pointless. Because..."

"You can't beat him."

Chapter 1789: Final trial

Apocalypse Gachapon

Ding!

Ye Zhongming used the staff form of the Mimicry War Device to deflect a slashing claw, then planted the energy pole against the ground to vault into the air. Mid-leap, the weapon shifted into whip form, its length coiling around the monster's horn as he swung himself forward.

Upon closing in, the whip vanished—replaced by sword form. But this time, the blade didn't appear in Ye Zhongming's hand. Instead, it materialized in the grip of a shadow clone on the monster's opposite flank.

Pfft!

The sword pierced through a weak spot beneath the creature's arm. The clone then detonated, unleashing a mental shockwave. Seizing the opening, Ye Zhongming lunged in, delivering a dozen rapid punches to the monster's head—pulverizing it outright.

After harvesting the level eight magic crystal, Ye Zhongming rinsed his bloodied hands with a sac of water, satisfied with today's haul.

The beast's body was sheathed in a layer of sturdy bony plating—superior to flood dragon hide for armor crafting. Once refined, it would significantly boost his defenses.

He lingered briefly, then excised the creature's claws and fangs before departing swiftly.

Three days had passed since his deal with Color Man, yet the anticipated second trial still hadn't arrived. Puzzling, but Ye Zhongming hadn't idled.

Between honing Double Poison Shadow and scouting for potent toxins, he'd hunted relentlessly.

Ahead lay the swamp—a modest stretch, barely a few soccer fields wide. Home to toxic frogs (a mediocre venom source lacking debilitating effects), its murky pools hid perils beneath deceptively lush vegetation. Treading here demanded vigilance.

Retracing his steps, Ye Zhongming suddenly veered into towering reeds, vanishing from sight.

A hundred meters away, two figures crouched within a dense thicket exchanged glances.

"Well?"

"If he doesn't reappear soon, he's spotted us. We strike immediately."

"Agreed."

Their whispers barely faded when—

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two glints of cold steel sliced through their former position as the duo dived sideways.

Ye Zhongming, now behind them, pressed the attack. His first strike—twin fangs reforged into green-grade projectiles—missed but achieved their purpose: disruption.

The Gollum-like creature faced Ye Zhongming's sword while a shadow clone flanked it, dagger poised.

In response, the target shimmered, splitting into two motionless doppelgängers—both shattered by the strikes. The real foe? Already slithering away as a ground-hugging shadow.

What Ye Zhongming deemed a chance encounter, and his ambushers a planned trap, was in truth—

A staged trial.

Behind the light screen, higher-tier spectators than last time observed:

Jike Su (Chief Technical Officer)

Bashilu (Chief Combat Instructor)

Cheng Liuji (Gold Commander)

Yashinan (Logistics Chief)

Three elite warriors (top ten in clan merit, two Gold Masks, one Silver)

These elites had each imparted skills to one of the three remaining "garbage" candidates. Now, they watched, privately backing their chosen pupils.

"Post-battle, the victor earns full clan support—then represents us in the Novice War." Bashilu's decree drew Cheng Liuji's concern:

"Only three survivors remain. If this ends with two... is that enough? Numbers matter in the Novice War."

The Chief Instructor's face twisted. "We sent hordes before. And achieved nothing."

His venomous tone silenced objections. Unless overruled by Star Lord or Eye Lord, his word was final.

Meanwhile—

The Gollum-being's shadow-meld failed as Double Poison Shadow's mental blast wrenched it back to solid form. A follow-up staff strike crushed its shoulder, sealing its fate.

Desperate, it glanced toward its half-beast ally—only to see him battling three armed shadows.

In its death throes, the creature self-detonated its ruined half, while black mist seeped from its skull—a race ability akin to soul transmigration (though new-body adaptation took years).

Ye Zhongming denied even this. His blade sheared the head clean, dispersing the escaping spirit.

Behind the screen, many shook their heads. That Gollum had potential.

Jike Su, however, fumed inwardly:

That brat... what he shared about Double Poison Shadow wasn't even half the truth. A third, at most!

Chapter 1790: Still not the limit

Ye Zhongming suppressed the churning blood in his chest and turned to charge toward that half-beast.

Over there, two of the three shadowy figures had already been shattered.

Not far away, Aslan, who was watching this scene, had already been persuaded by Color Man, but seeing this, her teeth still itched with frustration.

Back then, she had patiently and earnestly taught this trash, hoping he could quickly condense a second Poison Shadow. But this idiot had acted so foolishly, failing no matter what, until Aslan lost all patience and left in disappointment.

But now? Look at him—there was no sign of him being unable to create a second shadow. In fact, he could release four shadows at once!

This was something he had deliberately hidden from Color Man back then!

This guy could not only solidify the shadows enough to wield weapons and unleash mental shocks but also increase their numbers!

Aslan had no idea how many shadows this guy could create now, but it was clearly no longer just two. From now on, this ability could no longer be called Twin Poison Shadows in his hands.

Meanwhile, Color Man watched with his multicolored eyes gleaming brilliantly. He realized this was no longer an improvement on the Twin Poison Shadows ability—it was an innovation.

He couldn't help but recall a sentiment his teacher had once shared with him many, many years ago.

His teacher had said, "The beings who bring the most surprises in this universe are always the lowly races you look down upon."

Now, the term "lowly races"—clearly discriminatory and insulting—had fallen out of common use by convention. But in truth, every race in the universe still thought this way.

Yet it was precisely these lowly races that possessed the innovative power and unique abilities that the universal races were gradually losing.

A half-beast facing three shadows alone was one thing—he could shatter two in a row. But facing one shadow and Ye Zhongming? That was another matter entirely.

For someone whose mental strength was also not outstanding, the mental shock from the shattered shadows left him slightly dazed.

When Ye Zhongming closed in, he deliberately detonated the last shadow, hoping to finish off the half-beast while it was stunned by the mental shock.

But to his surprise, when what seemed like the final opportunity arose, the half-beast suddenly turned red all over, its body swelling as it transformed into a true beast.

The mental attack was also nullified in the process.

Ye Zhongming instinctively retreated several steps—Boom!—a sharp, horn-like tail stabbed through the spot where he had just stood.

Missing its strike, the drill-like tail retracted with a swoosh, only to reappear beneath Ye Zhongming's feet.

Ye Zhongming dodged seven consecutive attacks before getting a brief respite.

By then, he was already some distance away from the monstrous half-beast, meaning the advantage he had gained with Twin Poison Shadows was now completely gone.

In front of the screen, many sighed.

Unlike the two golden-masked warriors, some of today's spectators—such as Chief Logistics Officer Yashinan—were quite fond of Ye Zhongming. After all, during training, Ye Zhongming had performed the best. Both Jike Su and Bashilu favored this trash a little more, so Yashinan followed suit. One was a technical master, the other a training expert—could they really be wrong?

So when Ye Zhongming returned empty-handed, the Star-Eye Clan's chief steward, who was quite familiar with the Twin Poison Shadows ability, felt disappointed.

There was no helping it. Even if this ability could be improved, some aspects were immutable. Each shadow came with multiple restrictions—otherwise, the entire Star-Eye Race wouldn't have been limited to two shadows all these years.

How many had Ye Zhongming released in this battle? He must have reached his limit.

Without Twin Poison Shadows, facing a half-beast in its transformed state, this surprising trash could do little more.

Yashinan's judgment was also based on the half-beast's race—the Stinking Si Clan. A powerful species that, even if they did nothing after birth, would reach around level seven by adulthood. Of course, becoming a top-tier level-nine lifeform was harder for this race than others, but once achieved, they were even stronger.

It wasn't just Yashinan—even Jike Su and the others frowned.

The original intent was to pit two against one, artificially increasing the trial's difficulty to select the best trash capable of bearing the Star-Eye Race's future. But now that this trash had half-completed the trial yet teetered on the edge of failure, even those who had spoken harshly earlier hesitated.

Even if he failed this trial, he was still the most outstanding rookie trash in many cosmic years. Wouldn't it be a shame for him to die here? Even if he didn't participate in the Rookie Battlefield, wouldn't it be better to keep him as Jike Su's assistant to study abilities?

Jike Su opened his mouth, ready to spare this kid from death in this trial. He turned, about to instruct Bashilu to have Color Man—who was near the scene—halt the battle.

But what he saw was a face filled with shock, then delight. The old man Jike Su whipped his head back and saw the rookie trash he had deemed doomed wave a hand at the Stinking Sì half-beast—before a massive black mountain descended from the sky onto the target's head!

It was an energy construct, but visually, it was almost real—a towering peak complete with grass, trees, and streams!

Boom! The mountain crashed down, smashing the half-beast beneath it despite its desperate attempts to dodge.

The entire trial grounds trembled from the impact!

In front of the screen, gasps filled the air.

Had the battle just ended?

What kind of ability was that?

At the very least, none present had ever seen it before.

Jike Su, recovering from his shock, suddenly laughed, drawing everyone's attention.

"We once speculated that this guy might possess exclusive equipment from his home planet. What he just used must be that ability."

The old man rubbed his hands excitedly. He had a feeling this trash would bring him—and the entire Star-Eye Race—immense surprises.

"Earlier, we worried about his defeat, but we were all blind to one thing." The old man waved his arm, clearly exhilarated. The others watched, sharing his excitement.

"He didn't use his bloodline! That's an ability he would've definitely brought here. Yet he still hasn't used it. What does that mean? It means even now, facing two opponents of the same level, he hasn't been pushed to his full potential!"

Clapping his hands, Jike Su declared, "Bring him here. I want to meet this thrilling little fellow."