

Apocalypse 1821

Chapter 1821: Missing

Whether facing the trials of the Star-Eye Clan in the garbage trial or on the battlefield hunting the Spirit Fire Rhino, Ye Zhongming had always kept his biggest trump card hidden until now.

Bloodline!

The Hell Envoy bloodline, which he had already upgraded to its highest level back on Earth.

In the Cloud Peak King's view, this was his greatest reliance.

Now, surrounded by five level-nine opponents, Ye Zhongming finally played this card.

His eyes turned pitch black, the skin beneath his leather armor began to be covered in mysterious patterns, and his entire aura surged dramatically.

Ye Zhongming was already a top-tier evolved, but after being enhanced by his bloodline, the aura he emitted was enough to make other lifeforms tremble.

Behind him, a massive black hole illusion appeared, with lightning constantly crackling across it. Near the ground, countless white sands flowed out, and a monster with horns on its head condensed from the white sands, slowly rising.

Lightning Sand Monster!

A top-tier Lightning Sand Monster, massively enhanced.

Its appearance blocked Hawkins's twin blades. Hands formed from condensed white sand reached out, enveloping the shimmering weapons.

The blade light and the force carried by the blades sliced through the Lightning Sand Monster's hands and into its body as if they were nothing, but Hawkins immediately halted, attempting to withdraw his blades.

The originally fine, soft white sands instantly solidified, cement-like, trapping the twin blades within. Simultaneously, the horns on its head fired two purple lightning bolts straight at Hawkins's face.

After failing to withdraw his blades, Hawkins abandoned them, drawing a circle in the air with his hands. A faint light shield appeared before him, barely forming before being struck by the lightning. The two energies erupted in a dazzling burst of light!

Attacking Ye Zhongming alongside Hawkins was Wade.

His attack was somewhat bizarre: his hands first became as soft as noodles, continuously elongating. They stopped after reaching about a meter in length, then began to harden, their tips sharpening and covered in barbs.

As he charged, his ten fingers stabbed toward Ye Zhongming like ten steel spears.

Ye Zhongming tore off the leather armor stained with disgusting mucus, revealing two bone blades in his hands. He swung them left and right, slashing at Wade's hands, while his body advanced instead of retreating, crashing into Wade.

His speed was so fast that it showed no signs of having just endured two or three layers of Hofkof's attacks.

Judging by Wade's abilities, he seemed to be an agility-type warrior. Being entangled by such an opponent was troublesome, so Ye Zhongming decided to engage him in close combat to seize the initiative.

After activating the Hell Envoy bloodline, he was confident he could take down even a warrior from the Numao Race, let alone an agility-type fighter.

The little girl's long blade struck the mountain shadow, causing it to stall—or more precisely, to enter a stalemate, locked in a standoff with the little girl!

The Mountain King Crown's ability was no ordinary skill; Ye Zhongming used it as a killer move, so its power was imaginable. Although it had been partially depleted earlier by the Netherworld Starbeing, most of its energy remained. This showed just how terrifying the little girl's strength was.

Her face flushed red, and the little girl was not having an easy time either. It was only when the light beam fired from Aimusi's arm struck the mountain shadow that the deadlock ended.

The giant shadow vanished, and the little girl plummeted from the sky.

She had no flight ability; her combat style relied solely on raw courage. Now that her goal was achieved, her old strength exhausted and new strength yet to be generated, she could only fall.

Aimusi merely glanced coldly in her direction before turning her attention to Ye Zhongming. Whether the little girl would die from the fall was of little concern to her.

Of course, she knew death was unlikely, but an injury would be ideal.

Ye Zhongming was in dire straits.

Although the Lightning Sand Monster temporarily tied up Hawkins, and he had suppressed Wade, Aimusi, Hofkof, and the soon-to-rise little girl were about to free themselves. Once that happened, he would have no chance left.

Now, the only way for Ye Zhongming to seize the initiative was to kill Wade quickly.

But that was easier said than done.

Even if Wade wasn't the strongest among them, he was certainly in the upper-middle tier. He understood the battlefield situation and Ye Zhongming's intentions perfectly.

When he saw Ye Zhongming charging at him, his hands had just finished clashing with the Cloud Peak King's bone blades. Originally planning to break the blades, he abandoned the idea and twisted his body like a fish to the side, avoiding the collision.

Opportunities often last only an instant. Since Wade dodged, it meant Ye Zhongming's goal of quickly killing one life had failed.

Hofukafu filled the gap left by Wade, blocking Ye Zhongming. The little girl climbed to her feet, shook her dizzy head a couple of times, and gripped her long blade as she moved closer. Aimusi, whom she glared at angrily, only took two steps before stopping.

Though she desperately wanted to kill Ye Zhongming, these people were enough. Her gaze fell on the pitch-black hole.

She had a feeling that something inside posed a danger to her.

.....

Earth.

Sunlight pierced through the clouds, just as it had for hundreds of millions of years, illuminating the land.

The only difference was that the life forms on the land continued to undergo changes, both normal and abnormal.

Under the sunlight, there wasn't just beauty—there was also sin.

Xia Lei slightly narrowed her eyes, concealing the emotions in her heart. She knew that at this moment, she was sinful.

But she felt no guilt. She only knew that to achieve her goal, she had to make an example out of everyone who, upon learning of this, would either observe or resist.

It all came down to one phrase.

Those who submit will prosper; those who resist will perish.

The Beast Manor and Deacon Water had agreed to submit to Cloud Peak, but Chief Commander Mu refused. The Five Ring Money also refused, as did the Cannibal Chain.

Due to her relationship with Deacon Water, Director Tong completely defected to Cloud Peak with her people, splitting Five Ring Money. In the future, she, along with Deacon Water and Lu Yi, would support the commercial department and Puxing Town.

Xia Lei did not make her first move against former allies. Their refusal wasn't absolute; they clearly didn't want to sever ties with Cloud Peak. They were still hoping Ye Zhongming would return and stop Cloud Peak's madness. Since that was the case, Xia Lei felt that if her man really did return and agreed with her methods, these forces could likely be absorbed peacefully.

For her first targets, she chose ten at once!

Cloud Peak's forces were divided into ten groups to deal with ten renowned factions in the Chinese region.

What "accumulate resources slowly and claim kingship cautiously"? If they took it slow, everything would be too late to unify Earth within fifteen years!

They had to adopt an attitude of "who else but me?"

To ensure an initial victory, she personally led one of the teams!

But just before the battle began, someone suddenly brought her news that was both good and bad.

Qiuqiu... had gone missing!

Chapter 1822: Don't care

To ensure victory, after Cloud Peak's forces were divided into ten parts, each one was almost 'pushed to the limit'—meaning that after comprehensively analyzing various intelligence and precisely assessing their opponents, Cloud Peak selected teams capable of defeating them without wasting excessive resources.

As for casualties...

Xia Lei was not Ye Zhongming; she didn't care too much about that. As long as losses were within a reasonable range, she saw no issue. At worst, they could replenish their ranks through combat. After all, to achieve global control, military expansion was imminent. The elite-centric mindset of Cloud Peak's past was no longer viable. As long as the core members remained Cloud Peak's veterans, it was acceptable.

As Ye Zhongming's "pet," Qiuqiu naturally served Cloud Peak. Though lazy and picky with food, it was formidable in battle, boasting incredibly robust defensive capabilities and vitality, which compensated for its limited attack methods.

In this battle, it was assigned to Xia Lei's team. According to previous classifications, it was rated as level 8.5—meaning its strength fell between level eight and level nine lifeforms.

Such strength wasn't rare at Cloud Peak, but it was undoubtedly a frontline combat asset. Its sudden disappearance was a significant surprise for Xia Lei, who meticulously calculated the strength of each team.

While it didn't mean certain defeat, casualties would inevitably increase, and difficulties would multiply.

However, alongside her surprise, Xia Lei considered a possibility.

She knew Qiuqiu's origins well. If, just if... then...

Xia Lei couldn't help but look up at the azure sky.

Up there, her man should be fighting.

.....

Ye Zhongming's battle had reached its most critical moment.

After blocking the Lightning Sand Monster's lightning, the golden battle armor on Hawkins shimmered with a flowing halo. He slightly crouched, adopting a horse stance, his arms raised to his waist before his right fist shot straight out.

They were already close, and this punch struck the sand monster's chest with a thud. The sand monster's body, which had hardened to encapsulate the twin blades, shattered violently, its lower half collapsing into the white sand behind it. The twin blades were freed completely.

A flush crossed Hawkins's face. As he straightened up, he flung one of his blades toward Ye Zhongming.

The blade moved weirdly, as if traveling not through air but through glue—so slow it seemed less like a thrown weapon and more like a goldfish leisurely swimming in a tank.

Yet from the moment it was released, the blade continuously emitted an invisible, intangible, but keenly felt fierce aura. The pressure and sense of threat it exuded grew exponentially with time.

The impression was that this blade was pressuring Ye Zhongming, daring him not to move recklessly, lest he faced a quick strike.

Hofkaf filled the gap left by his brother's dodge, his hands mutating into two massive golden cleavers. He blocked Ye Zhongming's escape route and began slashing madly at him.

Wade slid slightly away, thrust five fingers into the ground, and violently swept upward, hurling the dislodged soil directly at Ye Zhongming.

But the pressure didn't end there. The little girl, though her fall was quite heavy, had no serious injuries—internal vibrations were nothing to a resilient fighter like her. Gritting her teeth, she leaped high again, raising her long blade to chop down at Ye Zhongming. The blade was once again wrapped in wind and thunder attributes, along with that hallucinogenic aura.

Attacks came from both near and far, not to mention the greatest pressure of all: Aimusi, who stood motionless for now.

The Cloud Peak King didn't even glance at the thrown blade, nor at the little girl in the sky, nor at the soil projectiles with force similar to a bullet.

He simply stomped his foot heavily on the ground, filling the surrounding area with starlight, while his body abruptly accelerated forward, charging directly into Hofukafu's attack.

Truth be told, the Cloud Peak King wasn't in excellent condition. The earlier disgusting mucus attack had essentially ruined his armor, leaving him reliant on his own body for defense. Facing clearly specialized ability-based arm blades like this seemed somewhat overconfident.

Even with his Beautiful Heavenly Body.

Yet he charged forward anyway.

Hawkins had retracted his fist and thrown his blade but was still somewhat distant; Wade, after scattering the soil, hadn't regained his balance; the little girl had just reached her apex and was about to descend; Aimusi stood rooted, staring at the black hole; not far away lay the corpse of a companion killed by Ye Zhongming's despicable hidden weapons, utterly ignored...

Strictly speaking, Hofkaf was the closest to Ye Zhongming, even if others' "distance" was only relative.

Hofkaf's heart sank.

At this level, no one was a fool. For this man to suddenly ignore the thrown blade, the soil, other attacks, and even Hofkaf's own cleaving arm-blades—there had to be a reason.

And it was very likely a strong killing blow!

If Hofkaf were alone, he wouldn't hesitate; he'd immediately retreat to assess the situation.

But now, surrounded by allies, with attacks from his companions imminent, even if this man could instantly kill him, he would still be slain by other attacks. Would he gamble everything like this? Would he so easily abandon that sliver of hope for escape?

Or was he merely putting on a show of determination to intimidate Hofkaf into backing down? To clear an escape route?

Hofkaf hesitated. In that instant, he couldn't clearly discern his opponent's intention.

This cost him the chance to dodge.

He immediately understood—he couldn't retreat. He had to press on!

Pouring all his strength into his hands, Hofukafu knew that regardless of the opponent's intent, his chance of success was virtually zero. From any angle, there was no way for the opponent to find an opportunity amidst the many attacks.

A habitual cruelty flashed in Hofkaf's eyes. He felt he would need to apologize to the Hawkins couple later because this man was destined to be unable to avoid the attacks and would be killed by him.

Yes, Hofkaf couldn't evade now—but neither could Ye Zhongming!

Hawkins's thrown blade suddenly accelerated at that moment, like judgment from the heavens.

The soil projectiles struck Ye Zhongming's head and body, scraping bloody streaks and punching small holes.

Yet Ye Zhongming remained unmoved, raising his left arm...

Then, he threw his right fist.

Hofkaf let out a startled cry as a force that made him almost immobile surged from beneath his feet. His arm-blades hesitated momentarily, and Ye Zhongming's raised left arm met them. But that wasn't the

key point. The key was that his right fist shot through the gap between his opponent's arms, landing heavily on Hofkaf's face!

Chapter 1823: Left arm for life

"Little Brother!"

Wade let out a startled cry the moment Ye Zhongming threw his punch.

As an older brother, he knew his younger brother's weakness all too well—his penchant for gambling during fights. He had scolded Hofkaf many times about it, but Hofkaf always had a ready excuse.

He said his gambling was based on reasoning, a decision made according to the actual situation, and he only took the bet when the odds of winning were high.

Besides, how could anyone avoid gambling in battle? Otherwise, when faced with danger or difficult choices, should one always just run away?

Wade had been left speechless by this rebuttal and had gotten angry and lost his temper over it, but something so ingrained in one's nature is extremely hard to change. Although under his constant nagging, Hofkaf had improved somewhat in this regard, when it came to a real crisis, his instincts still took over.

Wade didn't know what the outcome would be, but seeing Ye Zhongming use his arm to block the blade without dodging—such an irrational move felt eerie. Out of caution, he called out to his brother, wanting him to back off.

If he backed off and ensured his own safety first, whether this person escaped through the gap or not didn't matter much to Wade.

So what if he escaped? He wasn't some enemy of theirs. Besides, with so many people around, even if he escaped for the moment, he couldn't escape forever—they could just chase after him later.

But when he saw his brother suddenly put more force into his strike, Wade knew he had chosen to gamble again. All he could do was rush to his side as quickly as possible to help.

After that hand clawed through the ground and attacked Ye Zhongming with sand, Wade used the momentum to land and charge forward. In the next second, he would be able to reach the battlefield.

And just as his body turned completely to face his brother and Ye Zhongming, he saw that punch.

The punch that landed squarely on his brother's face.

Then, red, black, and purple—all exploded outward!

Wade's vision went black, and his mind went blank for a moment.

Only one thought crossed his mind... It's over.

Yes, even for a nine-star evolved, taking such a heavy punch to the head from a superhuman opponent of the same level would mean either death or severe concussion.

As for Ye Zhongming's punch, although the feedback power hadn't stored much power in a short time, he inherently excelled in strength. Combined with the boost from his bloodline and the fact that they were on sandy ground, this blow landed squarely on Hofkaf's unprotected face. The latter's facial features were directly sunken in, both eyeballs burst, and where his nose should have been, nothing normal remained—red and white substances oozed out from there.

Along with that, the entire shape of Hofkaf's head changed. Originally spherical, it became oval, with his ears bulging and bleeding profusely. The back of his head also swelled, unsure if the bones there had been shattered by the tremendous force.

After a moment of daze, Wade rushed over like a madman. He wanted to pull his brother away. As long as he wasn't dead, Wade had medicine that could save his life. He was willing to pay any price afterward—sending Hofkaf back to their clan for treatment would allow him to recover fully.

But then he saw smoke rising from the cracks in his brother's head... The reason he put it that way was that Ye Zhongming's punch had cracked Hofkaf's head in multiple places... and the smell of roasted meat wafted out.

Ah!!!

Even if Wade didn't know what that was, he clearly understood his brother was beyond saving... His brain had been cooked.

Having done all this, Ye Zhongming remained completely unmoved. He showed neither joy at killing his opponent nor groaned in pain from the two deep, bone-exposing wounds on his left arm from blocking the hand blade. Instead, he continued forward, crashing into Hofkaf's embrace, and forcefully threw the guy's corpse toward the little girl about to descend from above.

Hawkins's blade arrived at Ye Zhongming's side. The immense pressure made Ye Zhongming feel as though everything had come to a standstill. He ignored it, and after crashing into and sending Hofkaf flying, he used the momentum to dodge, placing his injured left arm in front of Wade's furious attack. As the sharp fingers pierced into his body, he used it as a pivot to deliver a side kick, hitting Wade squarely on the shoulder.

On the side, Aimusi's eyelids twitched as she watched.

She now somewhat understood why, even after equipping Adam with such excellent subordinates and so many valuable items, he had still been killed by this man. This Cloud Peak King was really... ruthless.

Ruthless to his enemies, and even more ruthless to himself.

Earlier, to kill Hofkaf, he risked having his arm severed just to create a sure-kill opportunity. Now, he was directly using his injured and nearly useless left arm as a shield to pin his opponent in front of him, then attacking again.

Was he planning to trade an arm for the lives of two opponents?

If Hofkaf or someone else died, Aimusi wouldn't have cared much. But if two died together—no, three, since that long-armed, bent-over creature was already dead... if three died, that would be rather bad.

So she moved. A pair of wings suddenly unfurled from behind her purple armor—not illusory, but likely part of the armor itself. At the same time, an extremely beautiful mechanical spear appeared in her hands. Both hands were fully encased as they gripped the spear’s shaft, not exposing any skin even when moving. At the spear’s tip, besides the sharp, hair-raising point, where the tip connected to the shaft, there were four arc-shaped, tentacle-like structures, hollow inside, with something flowing continuously within them.

Having decided to act, Aimusi showed no mercy. Her wings flapped, propelling her forward, and the spear thrust out with her movement, aiming directly for Ye Zhongming’s right shoulder.

If it hit, even if Ye Zhongming dodged all other attacks, he would lose both arms and truly become a lamb waiting for slaughter, only to be captured alive.

Moreover, Aimusi didn’t think Ye Zhongming could avoid her husband’s Life Severing Blade. That ability was so terrifying that even she would have great difficulty dealing with it.

Thump. The already dead Hofkaf’s corpse was split in two by the little girl. The protective gear on his body and the toughness of the corpse itself halted the little girl’s momentum, causing her to fall toward the ground. Before she landed, she would be unable to reach Ye Zhongming’s side to attack.

The sharp spikes on the hand left several bloody holes in Ye Zhongming’s left arm. Wade was also kicked in the shoulder, where the bones and flesh, even encased in equipment, directly exploded, blood spraying everywhere as he was sent flying backward.

The only threats left to Ye Zhongming were the Life Severing Blade, almost upon him, and the dazzling spear that seemed to traverse time and space, suddenly arriving at his side!

The corners of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins's mouths lifted in smiles.

This Cloud Peak King's strength was beyond their expectations. Killing two and forcing back two in such a short time was admirable.

But it ended here.

There was no way for this person to avoid their attacks now. They just hoped he would be resilient enough not to die immediately, giving them a chance to torture him.

But... a somewhat strange sound emerged as they launched their attacks. It was a simple syllable, "Mmm mmm," yet upon hearing it, one could immediately sense the confusion and bewilderment within, as if asking, "Who am I? Where am I?"

Then, two more urgent "Mmm mmm" sounds followed, as if saying, "Don't bully people!"

Next, a white shadow shot over like a cannonball, directly knocking aside the confident Aimusi. Meanwhile, the lightning sand monster, which should have been dispersed, bizarrely reappeared beside Ye Zhongming, perfectly blocking the Life Severing Blade!

“See you!”

With Hofkaf dead, the “Tri-Phase Unity” ability dissipated, and Ye Zhongming could once again use his teleportation ability. He softly uttered two words, and his body moved to another direction. After a few more flashes, he vanished into the woods!

Chapter 1824: Respect

Patting Qiuqiu's head, Ye Zhongming felt that heaven never seals off all exits.

Just moments ago, his situation had been extremely perilous. Even after activating his bloodline, gaining the 'home advantage' on sandy terrain, with the Lightning Sand Monster's assistance, and even having eliminated one opponent in advance.

The beings he faced were simply too numerous and too powerful. Once trapped, what awaited the Cloud Peak King would be either death or capture—for Ye Zhongming, death in battle would be preferable.

But now, his situation remained far from optimistic.

His bloodline has entered a cooldown period and cannot be used for a short time, reducing his combat effectiveness by at least one-third. His left arm was severely injured and had lost its fighting capability; moreover, due to being wounded twice in succession, the healing process there was extremely slow.

The two blade wounds from Hofkaf were somewhat manageable—though deep enough to reveal bone, with the arm bone slightly cut and accompanied by minor fractures, and blood vessels and meridians severed—given enough time, even without treatment, the recovery abilities of a nine-star evolved and the Beautiful Celestial Body should eventually heal them.

But the holes pierced by Wade were troublesome. A light green substance was attached to the wounds, hindering healing and causing constant pain.

Ye Zhongming hasn't forgotten that his troubles don't end there. The abilities of the Mountain King Crown and Sea King Crown were also on cooldown; the specially made Black Earth Armor cannot be summoned, he no longer dared to block blades with his arm, and that damned curse!

The loss of hearing kept Ye Zhongming in constant danger. He had tested it—even his Detection Art was greatly affected, no longer providing the extensive detection range it once did.

Having killed Hofkaf and the bent-over long-armed opponent, according to the rules, he was entitled to one-third of their points. Probably because they had been constantly pursuing Ye Zhongming, their points were few. Ye Zhongming gained only nine points in total, meaning the two guys he killed had only twenty-seven points combined.

Now, Ye Zhongming's points had reached sixty-two.

This score wasn't very high. He glanced at the rankings and found himself placed around twenty-two hundred.

Earlier, after killing the Spirit Fire Rhino, Ye Zhongming's ranking was still around nineteen hundred. Now, with nine additional points, his ranking has dropped instead of risen—it seems others have been quite productive.

Ye Zhongming also looked for Jie Kui and found his points unchanged. He was still on the leaderboard, which means he wasn't dead yet.

This was good news, as the Star-Eye Clan's final ranking depends on overall points. Additionally, that tracking expert followed Jie Kui. Before he returned, Ye Zhongming's safety was relatively higher.

After carefully observing his surroundings, Ye Zhongming confirmed that no one was pursuing him for now. He took out a dagger, inserted it into the bloody holes on his arm, and scraped off the light green substance along with bits of flesh.

He didn't know if this substance had any long-term toxicity, but it certainly wasn't good for his body. The sooner he got rid of it, the better.

But what made Ye Zhongming's heart sink was that after scraping off the green substance, he found that the wounds still had glowing green specks.

Ye Zhongming scraped again, sweating profusely from the pain, but the result was the same. This thing seems like a bone-deep parasite—it simply could not be removed by this kind of 'scraping the bone to heal the poison' method.

It seemed he must return to the camp to find a solution.

Now, less than a day has passed. In other words, his left arm would be unusable for the next two days.

And it seems that even if he returned to the camp, recovery would require significant cost—who knows how many points it would take.

Ye Zhongming ate something casually to replenish his energy, then identified a direction and continued running.

.....

Jie Kui was exhausted. The bent-over long-armed man and the Tearhound Ghost Race member have been following him like haunting ghosts, trying every way to kill him, while he has no choice but to try his best to escape.

The two sides have been chasing and fleeing, and now they have no idea how far they've run.

But because of the tracking expertise of the Tearhound Ghost Race member Kuma, Jie Kui couldn't shake them off, no matter what he did.

Feeling his body nearing collapse, Jie Kui knew this couldn't continue. As he fled, he thought of a plan. While occasionally checking if Ye Zhongming's name was still on the leaderboard to see if he was alive, Jie Kui suddenly noticed something else.

He stopped, thought for a moment, then sat down to eat and drink. Only when the bent-over long-armed man and Kuma appeared did he get up and start fleeing again—but this time, he changed directions.

.....

Ye Zhongming threw Qiuqiu out. The little guy extended several thin threads in mid-air, wrapping them around a large tree, turning itself into a slingshot. When the threads left the tree, it shot out.

It crashed into a level-nine creature, causing it to stagger. Seizing the opportunity, Ye Zhongming attacked and, with Qiuqiu's help, successfully killed the target within a minute.

This wasn't a particularly powerful level-nine life form, but the time taken to kill it was more than ten seconds longer than expected.

"Not having one arm really slows things down," Ye Zhongming said to Qiuqiu beside him as he continued fleeing after briefly looting the battlefield.

"Mmm?" Qiuqiu shakes its body, as if to say, "What are you talking about? I don't really understand."

"Is everything okay at home?" This is what worries Ye Zhongming—he doesn't know how Cloud Peak on Earth was faring.

"Mmm mmm?" Qiuqiu simply jumps off onto the ground, bouncing forward.

"You're really useless," Ye Zhongming scolded with a laugh.

His escape route had no particular purpose; he was merely buying time, which was very important to him at the moment.

Behind him, Aimusi and the others are not pleased. Due to the failure of the first encirclement, conflicts have arisen among them, especially between Wade, who had lost his brother and was now very dissatisfied with Aimusi and her husband.

It was only after Aimusi pressured him and promised fifty points that Wade did not withdraw.

Investing so much, Aimusi and her husband were not just pursuing Ye Zhongming for revenge, but also for the joint hunt that would follow.

After all, they still have to aim for rankings in the end.

“When we catch up to him again, we won’t insist on capturing him alive but will kill him. Anyone can do it.” Although Aimusi has become somewhat twisted in her quest for revenge, she was still rational. From the previous battle, she knew how troublesome Ye Zhongming was. If they continued trying to capture him alive, there may be more casualties.

“He’s still running. Does he have that much stamina? Then why not just run farther away?” The little girl has no particular expertise in tracking, but the traces Ye Zhongming leaves are obvious, so they won’t lose him.

“He’s doing it on purpose,” Hawkins said with extreme gravity.

“He’s buying time, waiting for his skills to cool down. At the same time, he never conceals his traces, allowing us to find him easily. Besides not wanting us to recall Kuma, I’d say... he still wants to kill us. Do you believe it?”

The five of them looked deep into the forest, feeling a trace of... respect for the first time.

Chapter 1825: Stop chasing

When this five-person tracking squad lost Ye Zhongming's trail for the first time, each face was filled with gravity.

Hawkins' words still echoed in their ears.

He had said that this man, who had temporarily lost an arm, not only intended to escape but to kill them.

Everyone believed it because all signs indicated that this man had the ability to leave quickly in a short time, yet he still kept them hanging on without hurry.

Half an hour ago, the previously very obvious traces he left had disappeared.

The five of them cautiously searched around, no longer knowing which direction to go.

"We could choose a direction and continue the pursuit. If after some time we still haven't found him..."

Before Wade could finish this sentence, he was interrupted by Aimusi.

"Just stop looking? Have you forgotten your brother was killed by him just hours ago?"

Wade's face flushed red all the way down to his neck.

Of course, he wanted revenge. He had practically raised Hofkaf from a child into a nine-star evolved; it was no exaggeration to say their relationship was both brotherly and fatherly.

Hofkaf's death meant too much to Wade—not only had he lost a relative, but also a companion, comrade, disciple, subordinate, and more.

He longed to cut off Ye Zhongming's head and, slowly, bit by bit, crush it to pieces!

But he was acutely aware of the current situation.

This was the universe's races' novice battlefield, not Earth, where they could run rampant. Ultimately, this was a process of self-improvement.

Succeed, and they might truly gain a foothold among the universe's myriad races; fail, and it meant death.

If that were the case, it would be better to have stayed on Earth as an ordinary eight-star evolved.

"Aimusi." Wade suppressed his anger, trying to keep his tone as calm as possible. "What I meant was, we choose a direction and continue the pursuit. If we catch him, then we kill him. The place Hofkaf held in my heart is nearly equal to that of your child! I've been by his side since the day he was born, right up until today!"

Aimusi shrugged and said nothing more.

"Believe me, I want to kill that Cloud Peak King just as much as you do, very, very, very much. But!"

"You and I both know what this place is and what our ultimate goal is, right?" Wade grew somewhat agitated as he spoke, gesturing with his hands.

"If we don't find Ye Zhongming, we should go hunt prey, earn points, raise our rankings from the bottom, maintain this situation, then gain more points, exchange for what we need at the camp, and finally become top contenders on the leaderboard!"

"Not like now, aimlessly tracking, wasting everyone's time."

Hawkins' expression darkened; he felt his wife had been insulted.

"Hawkins, perhaps what I said was too direct, but I have ample reason to support my words. In fact, reality is even grimmer than what I described."

Wade decided to lay it all out. He pointed to his eye and said, "According to the recorder, our rankings are within the last five hundred. There are nearly twenty thousand people ahead of us! The three-day period involves the elimination of the lowest ranks! No one knows how many will be eliminated—maybe just the last person, but given the numbers, that's clearly impossible. So perhaps ten? A hundred? Five hundred? Or maybe one percent or two percent of the remaining participants?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, I know you are very powerful, but if we continue chasing and after three days still haven't caught him, what then? Get eliminated? Okay, say we're lucky and we catch him. By then, our rankings will definitely have dropped further, maybe even to the last few spots. Will there be enough time left for us to escape the elimination zone?!"

The harsh reality left the others silent. Little girl Yaka and the Netherrealm Star Domain native looked at the Hawkins couple; clearly, Wade had struck a chord.

"The novice battlefield is long, with seven cycles totaling twenty-one days. We have plenty of time to find Ye Zhongming. The urgent matter now is to avoid elimination first."

Wade's tone softened. He could tell from their expressions that he had likely persuaded them.

"Also, the novice battlefield is actually a place to improve strength quickly. That man's left arm is severely injured now. Although his points are decent currently, it's imaginable that he won't gain much in the next two days. When he returns to camp, he'll need to spend points to treat his injuries. That will bankrupt him. Believe me, his injuries aren't so easily healed."

Wade raised his hands and waved them; everyone knew he was referring to the toxicity in his attacks.

"As for us, we'll have many points and will become much stronger. The gap between our strength and his will continue to widen. When we hunt him again, it will be much easier."

"Naturally, there's also the curse you two placed on him. Each day, another effect adds up, and it can't be treated at camp. So, if he isn't dead in three days, we can continue to follow and see where he teleports. Wouldn't that be easier?"

This last point resonated with the Hawkins couple. They wanted revenge, but they couldn't be reckless.

"One more thing."

The Netherrealm Star Domain native added from mid-air, "You can look at the points of those ranked in the top hundred, and those with red names who have killed more than three newcomers."

After a pause of a few seconds, assuming everyone had checked, he continued, "We can't let hatred cloud our judgment. The top-ranked lifeform already has over three hundred points, and the top six are all very close. Either all top six are lives with super strength, or those six have teamed up and completed many incredible hunts. As for those below, the hundredth rank has over two hundred points, nearly ten times more than us. If we don't push harder, it will be too late to catch up later. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, with your strength, wouldn't you be dissatisfied without making the top hundred? Perhaps even... punished?"

"None of your business!" Aimusi retorted, lifting her head, but she soon lowered it again.

Reality forced her to yield.

After a long moment, under everyone's gaze, Aimusi reluctantly said, "Recall the other two. Let's go earn points first. We'll deal with that yellow-skinned monkey after the second cycle begins!"

"Let's hope he doesn't die these two days!"

After speaking, the group somehow notified their other two companions, then changed direction and headed off to another side.

About half a minute later, a figure emerged from where they had left—none other than Ye Zhongming, the man they wanted to kill.

"Giving up for now, are they?" Ye Zhongming sneered coldly in the direction his opponents had gone.
"You chase when you want, stop when you want? It's not that easy~~"

After saying that, he also sped off rapidly in that direction.