

Apocalypse 1866

Chapter 1866: 30 minute sneak attack (3)

Ambush!

And it was from newcomers!

Airezeiya's heart sank directly; this was what she feared most.

Nothing was more terrifying than one's own kind—this was the conclusion and truth she had reached after surviving the apocalypse for seven or eight years.

Moreover, she understood even more clearly that since they had been targeted and attacked, it at least proved one thing: the opponents were stronger than they were.

Victory or defeat would ultimately be determined by fighting, but confidence was not.

Airezeiya was already at the rear of the team, and with this mindset, she immediately retreated.

The cold gleams were mostly concentrated on those at the very front, allowing her to withdraw from the danger zone calmly.

When she looked up again, Airezeiya saw three black shadows charging into the team.

Those were Ye Zhongming, Jie Kui, and Shi Kangbu.

Ye Zhongming had set traps here. Those things were not fatal, at least not to nine-star evolved, but once hit, they were particularly troublesome because Ye Zhongming had coated them with some toxins that would cause a slight numbing effect.

At the same time the traps were triggered, something Airezeiya, being at the rear of the team, did not see was that some vine-like things suddenly stabbed out from the ground, with even greater power than the cold gleams. Most people were pierced in the soles of their feet by these things.

It was at this moment that Ye Zhongming and the other two used their respective abilities to charge over. As warriors of the Star-Eye Clan, sneak attacks were their specialty.

Before even getting close, Ye Zhongming's Double Poison Shadow appeared. There was only one black shadow, not very conspicuous, but it abruptly appeared in the middle of the target team, instantly exploding and producing a mental energy strike that caused these people, already in brief chaos from the trap attacks, to freeze.

The three seized the opportunity to charge into the team.

Within the first second of entering, they took out three people.

Everything was going as planned, extremely smoothly, but Ye Zhongming and the other two did not get greedy. Taking advantage of the moment the opponents were just reacting, they immediately retreated, with Ye Zhongming using three black shadows for cover.

Aside from Ye Zhongming's improved version of the Black Shadow Giant Possession, when it came to mental attacks, if the opponents were already prepared, the effect wasn't very good. After all, he couldn't inject too much mental energy into the black shadows, as it would affect his condition later.

With three companions suddenly killed and seeing that the other side had only three people, some in the target team immediately flew into a rage, directly charging forward to launch a counterattack. Others felt something was wrong and instinctively retreated like Airezeiya. A team that still had eight people was split into two parts at this moment.

The distance between them wasn't very great; those who launched the attack would realize the next second that some companions hadn't followed, and they would certainly pull back.

But Ye Zhongming definitely wouldn't give them such a chance.

Behind the four charging forward, a huge vine net rose up, separating them.

Airezeiya's already sinking heart now sank to the bottom.

Traps, ambush, killing, and then more traps.

To say the opponents weren't fully prepared would be self-deception. At this point, she had figured it out: they were here to kill. For what? Points were the best treasure!

She turned from backing away to turning around and fleeing. She no longer held the mindset of waiting to see how things developed; instead, she wanted to escape this place immediately.

As for who would signal the captain's side... whoever wanted to could do it. She would signal only after reaching safety. If she signaled now, even a one-second delay could mean death.

Airezeiya suddenly lowered her head as a cold gleam shot out above her scalp. The killing energy on it made her shudder.

There were people on the side, too!

She stopped her body and retreated again, but this time toward the companions who had retreated with her. She cleverly used her companions to cover half her body.

The petite frame of a female body provided some advantage at this moment.

Airezeiya held her combat knife horizontally, quickly scanning the surroundings. She saw that none of those who had retreated had been hit, realizing that the arrow wasn't aimed at them!

She turned back just in time to see one of those who had charged out fall down. A vibrating arrow was embedded in the back of his neck.

Meanwhile, a shield warrior, an aura warrior, and two others had already appeared from the surroundings and were very close. Of the four who had charged out, one was already dead, and the rest were surrounded, at a disadvantage in numbers.

"Pull the net!"

Someone suddenly shouted, reaching out to pull the risen vine net. He had seen clearly that this thing was rising due to the force of its launch and was now starting to descend. If pulled downward, the process would accelerate, and the separated team would reunite.

The others reached out.

This process certainly wouldn't take long. Airezeiya also went to grab the net, but before they could touch it, light buzzing sounds appeared, almost forming a continuous string.

These people immediately forgot about pulling the net and turned to defend.

It was the sound of bowstrings being released.

In their line of sight, a person had already stood up from behind cover, holding a bow on each side of their body. Right now, the bow on one side was firing, with speed unimaginably fast—firing five arrows at a time, with the next volley almost every two seconds!

It was clear that these arrows weren't imbued with any abilities, only the attacking power of the bow and arrows themselves, but that was terrifying enough. If not dodged, they would still be injured.

Several people continuously used their weapons to deflect these arrows. One of them, seeing that this Six-Eye Race member was alone, roared and charged over.

It must be said that his charge was very skillful, likely one of his abilities. His weapon swung forward, tracing a triangular energy mark. This mark was like a wave, knocking away all the arrows in front. Under the cover of this "wave," he quickly approached the Six-Eye Race member.

But the closer he got, the more he could see the mockery on his opponent's face. Subconsciously, he looked at the other hand of the Six-Eye Race member, which was already raised, with a heavy crossbow aimed at him. A thick arrow was already shot out.

"No!"

This person screamed in terror. They were too close; it was too close to avoid this attack. His whole body trembled, feeling death approaching, but he also swung his weapon at the same time.

Mutual destruction was the best outcome he could achieve.

Unfortunately, this fully charged arrow did not give him such a chance. It pierced through his body, sending him to hell.

Airezeiya witnessed her companion's death. Just as she was about to do something, a huge force suddenly came from behind, knocking several of them forward.

She, who had remained relatively calm until now, stumbled and looked back. The opponent's shield warrior had already knocked several separated companions forward, hitting them through the vine net. Several weapons had already pierced the bodies of her companions.

Airezeiya could no longer maintain her composure. She pressed one hand to the ground, and with a bang, a gray mist rose, enveloping her.

Chapter 1867: Letting points

When she reappeared, she was in another place not far from the battlefield, but outside the ambush range of Ye Zhongming and the others.

Airezeiya did not pause at all and began sprinting rapidly toward the captain's direction. After more than ten seconds, she finally paused slightly, looked up, and sent a signal into the sky.

She hoped this signal could help the teammates she had abandoned, although... she felt no guilt about it.

Ye Zhongming naturally saw this fleeing woman, but he did not care. He only narrowed his eyes slightly when she used that gray mist to disappear and reappear suddenly.

A fellow Earthling—well, he would leave her to Ji Ruiguang and the others.

On the battlefield, Ye Zhongming's team had already taken complete initiative. The target team, originally eleven people, had now five killed, one escaped, and the remaining five were all injured and trapped within a narrow area.

The shield warrior from the Fengkan Race felt this battle was truly satisfying, not because it was long or evenly matched, but because it was easy.

It was genuinely easy.

Logically, the opponents were also nine-star evolved, with strength basically on par with his. If they had truly fought head-on, regardless of the outcome, it would have been extremely intense.

But now, from the very beginning, his side held an absolute advantage.

Due to racial traits, he was a shield warrior. Whether within his race or outside, he was responsible for defense—in other words, for taking hits. But this time, he truly experienced the thrill of dealing damage.

The two giant shields whistled fiercely in his hands, beating the already panicked enemies into crying for their parents.

As for why it was his turn to attack, it was simply because everyone in Ye Zhongming's team was now attacking. If he didn't attack, would he just stand and watch?

Since he had agreed to join the "Win" plan, this Fengkan Race warrior didn't care about being red-named or not; only points mattered. Even a green name would do.

He gathered all his strength, spotted an opportunity, threw the shield in his right hand, then followed up, bending and lowering his head, charging forward.

One person, who had just been forced back by Ye Zhongming's knife and was nearly injured, was unlucky. By the time he noticed the shield, it was too late to dodge. He could only rely on his equipment and nine-star body to withstand it. First, he swung his weapon, hoping to reduce some force, but the weapon broke first. In panic, he raised his arms, so his arms broke too. The shield hit him and then fell to the ground. In severe pain, he began to fall backward, but the Fengkan Race warrior gave him no chance to hit the ground. He headbutted the opponent's now defenseless body, and the shoulder spikes Ye Zhongming had made for him pierced through the opponent's chest, killing him instantly.

Seeing his points suddenly increase by several hundred, the Fengkan Race warrior seemed as if he had taken stimulants, howling and charging toward the next opponent.

If he went too late, there would be nothing left.

After creating an opportunity for this big guy, Ye Zhongming stepped back.

These people indeed had many points. Each kill was equivalent to nearly a day of hunting gains, but he did not want to compete with his teammates for points at this time. In the initial stages of the plan, allocating some points to these individuals in a way that allows them to gain tangible benefits would greatly benefit team unity and morale in the future.

The battle ended quickly. From the moment these people stepped into the ambush to the last person falling, it took only about two minutes. From the initial traps to ranged attacks, and then to the separating tactic, these people were overwhelmed. Along with the strongest one directly fleeing, the remaining people basically caused no trouble.

One person was severely injured but not dead. It wasn't that everyone didn't want to kill him, but there was no chance during the battle. No one could abandon their position to kill someone obviously dying, specifically, it would seem like point-grabbing and break the completeness of the encirclement.

After the battle ended, these people did not rush to kill and take points, but waited for Ye Zhongming to distribute them.

"Everyone knows He's unique status. Although she didn't engage in close combat with the enemy, her role was irreplaceable. Giving this person to her—any objections?"

The others almost simultaneously nodded in agreement.

If Ye Zhongming had given this person to someone else, there might have been some objections, but giving it to He—absolutely no complaints.

Not to mention that the medicines in their pockets were all handmade by her—for this, they were even more grateful to Ye Zhongming. During the battle, whenever danger arose, a water chain would inevitably buff them, ensuring no one was injured by the end. Giving up one kill? Even several, they would agree.

Building good relations with the healer was the second most important thing, right after building good relations with the captain.

Ye Zhongming's team, which included him, consisted of nine people, plus an external member, Qiuqiu. After this brief engagement, everyone except Qiuqiu had kills. The Six-Eye Race member killed two, while the others got one each—fair and impartial.

As for the Six-Eye Race member killing two people and gaining two shares of points—that was his skill. A ranged warrior, alone on the flank, diverting the enemy, risking being rushed—earning an extra kill was reasonable.

After briefly cleaning up the battlefield, Ye Zhongming waved his hand, and the team started running toward the other side. Now, there were about ten minutes left until the one-hour countdown of the third small cycle. If Ji Ruiguang's side hadn't completely taken out the target, they might have to intervene.

The distance between the two sides wasn't far; it took Ye Zhongming and the others only about half a minute to arrive.

The battle wasn't over, but basically no intervention was needed because only the highest-strength captain was still putting up a stubborn resistance, though covered in injuries. On the ground lay more than ten corpses; it seemed Ji Ruiguang's side had casualties.

Seeing Ye Zhongming and the others arrive, Ji Ruiguang, who wasn't participating in the attack, walked over and gestured with his chin toward the captain.

"A person with over three thousand points—killing him yields over a thousand points. Interested?"

"Give it to me?" Ye Zhongming raised an eyebrow. This was over a thousand points—higher than the total points of many newcomers ranked lower.

"If I had the final say, giving it to you would be fine, but there are many people here. So, you'll have to exchange it for equipment, medicines, and so on. That way, it's easier to get their agreement."

Ye Zhongming looked over; the captain was clearly unable to hold on, only refusing to surrender and planning to take someone down with him. At the same time, he got a rough idea of Ji Ruiguang's team size—nearly thirty people.

"Deal." Ye Zhongming thought for a moment and agreed with Ji Ruiguang. If he gained these over a thousand points, his total would exceed five thousand, not far from six thousand. This would propel him into the top five! And the gap with the top three would be very small.

When he obtained these thousand points, the impact was something even he had not anticipated.

Chapter 1868: Forcing someone out

The third small cycle ended amidst undercurrents.

At the same time, the decision made by the races of the universe, after causing a great uproar, settled into calm. Except for those major races with absolute power, the other races were each considering their own response or directly began making arrangements.

Simultaneously, they paid even closer attention to this newcomer battlefield.

When the third small cycle ended, looking at the numbers on each leaderboard, they all gained a deeper understanding of this unique session.

This novice battlefield had the largest number of participants, with over thirty thousand people, making the competition extremely fierce.

With more people, casualties would naturally be higher—every race was psychologically prepared for this. But with less than half the time passed, the number had already dropped to under twenty-five thousand. Especially this time, the last ten percent were directly eliminated—nearly three thousand people.

Many races had lost all the people they sent, meaning their points would be reset to zero. So what if they sent three warriors in the end?

They had to start considering fallback plans.

Those with points at the top began to delve into their previously less considered various rankings, no longer focusing solely on the total points and individual points leaderboards.

Thus, some prominent figures from this novice battlefield began to enter everyone's field of vision.

In the past, even if these novices were in first place, the races of the universe wouldn't pay much attention. After all, they were just novices; no matter how strong, they were only strong among novices and not worth mentioning to many mature warriors. However, this time was truly different, involving numerous matters and interests.

The standout newcomers were one by one revealed, and then people began researching the reasons they could achieve high rankings.

These included those on the points leaderboard, efficiency leaderboard, etc.

Ye Zhongming was naturally no exception and was watched by many. Pulling out his development curve for comparison, everyone was shocked: Wow, this guy is addicted to killing! In less than ten days, he had already killed so many people! Most of his points came from this.

Without research, it was fine; with research, they realized: Do the rules of this newcomer battlefield encourage mutual attacks this much?

In past newcomer battlefields, although there were some stimulating measures, none were as direct and cruel as this. Mostly, they allowed mutual killing on the last day to acquire points or loot, which was already out of control.

But this time, killing someone earned one-third of their points. As the battlefield time increased, who would still hunt parasites? Everyone would kill people!

Of course, this also involved some choices. For example, amidst the frenzied slaughter, individuals could choose to hide and quietly hunt parasites, ensuring at least their own survival. In the end, with fewer survivors, points wouldn't be low.

Also, killing people ultimately carried high risks. Some might gather a group of strong individuals to hunt together, using other point bonus rules to counter the onslaught of bloodshed. With more people, others wouldn't easily provoke them.

After analysis, there were essentially only two paths in this newcomer battlefield: either collective hunting or killing for points. There was no third way. The idea of individuals with strong strength hunting alone—this elite path sounded plausible, but was actually a trick question. Such people would either hunt parasites for high points and then be surrounded and attacked to death, or they would simply hunt other newcomers for more points.

Regardless of which path, it would eventually become a confrontation between two groups: the hunting group and the red-name group.

In this regard, Helsky had seen the general picture, but Ji Ruiguang truly saw through it. His reason for proposing the Great Country Plan to Ye Zhongming was based on this trend, just giving a name to this behaviour.

Looking at the high points of these people and thinking they would use this interim period to become even stronger, eventually reaching an almost invincible state, many races could no longer sit still.

In the previous two cycles, they hadn't paid much attention, hadn't thought much, or had thought about it but hadn't taken it seriously, wanting to wait and see. But they hadn't expected that among this batch of newcomers, there were too many strong players, with a huge gap in strength between them and ordinary newcomers, causing severe polarization.

The final result would likely be a sharp decrease in newcomer numbers over the next few cycles, forming several large teams of indeterminate numbers. The number able to complete the trial probably wouldn't exceed ten thousand.

Moreover, aside from the warriors selected by a few super major races, most of the famous people were from small, minor races. This was about to turn things on their head.

Not only were ordinary races unprepared for this, but many strong races were also the same.

By the time they could send warriors in, their own people might already be dead. What meaning would this newcomer battlefield have for them then? True, the warriors you send might be strong, capable of taking out many people. However, others would also send people in, and if they were weaker, it would only be by a slight margin. What then?

Anxiety and dissatisfaction began to emerge from within many of the races of the universe at this moment, spreading across several survivor fortresses and eventually forming a huge wave.

Several super major races were caught off guard.

They held a commanding position, true, but the other races were only united around them, not their subjects or even slaves. They weren't afraid of a few races alone—they could always find an excuse to wipe them. But once over half the races united to make demands, they had to take them seriously, even... had to agree.

This was a matter of coercion; they could only compromise.

While Ye Zhongming and the others used these twelve hours to arm and strengthen themselves continuously, a temporary meeting was held among the races of the universe. After several hours of intense debate, both overt and covert, a resolution gradually took shape.

When Zizikaba flew into the sky to announce the official start of the fourth small cycle to the newcomers below, for the first time, he wasn't crossing his arms, and his previously annoying smile was gone.

"Now, I announce the changed rules for the fourth small cycle."

This sentence made all the newcomers below stand still.

Changing rules again? Were they going to increase store prices or something? Increase the number of eliminations?

Many newcomers who ranked lower immediately looked unhappy.

"First, a zoning system will be implemented. Based on individual points rankings, newcomers at each stage can only enter the corresponding areas! The hunting areas are increased to fifty."

This one sentence caused an instant uproar below.

"Silence! Anyone who continues making noise will be killed directly!"

Zizikaba used his authority to suppress the below, then continued: "Now announcing the corresponding areas. Those ranked within the last 5,000 can choose areas 1 to 15. Those ranked between fifteen thousand and five thousand from the bottom can choose areas sixteen to twenty..."

Chapter 1869: Bloody region 50

"Those ranked between ten thousand and fifteen thousand could choose areas from Zone 21 to Zone 26. Those ranked between 5,000 and 10,000 could choose areas from Zone 27 to Zone 32. Those ranked between 3,000 and 5,000 could choose areas from Zone 33 to Zone 39. Those ranked between 1,000 and 3,000 could choose areas from Zone 40 to Zone 44. Those ranked between 500 and 1,000 could choose areas from Zone 45 to Zone 47. Those ranked between 100 and 500 could choose Zone 48. Those ranked between fifty and ninety-nine could choose Zone 49. Those ranked before fifty could choose Zone 50!"

Once this was announced, the newcomers below were completely polarized.

Those with lower rankings were overjoyed, as they had many more areas to move around in, and there were no experts to compete with them anymore—this referred to those top experts. As for those similar to themselves, they were not afraid of competition.

Those in the middle rankings felt somewhat indifferent. Although there were fewer areas to choose from, there was also less competition, so their points would not be significantly affected.

But those ranked at the top were not having it.

What did this mean? Only a few areas for them to choose? Everyone in the top hundred had fixed areas? Didn't that mean they had to compete with each other?

They were all big consumers of points. How could the parasites or mutated lifeforms in the areas possibly meet the needs of all of them?

If they wanted to continue earning high points, they would inevitably have to kill each other! This was an indirect way of cleansing the top-ranked lives!

These individuals might not have been well-known before, but in the newcomer battlefield, they were absolutely the top-tier existences. They certainly did not want to end up with only a handful of survivors after such mutual slaughter.

Among the top-ranked were several from super races. At first, they were completely stunned because their races had never mentioned such a thing. They were not afraid of competition, but when it came to competing with others who had similar points, they were unwilling to bear the intensity and risks that came with it.

They had bright futures in their races and did not want to risk their lives here.

Faced with the tidal wave of opposition, Zizikaba's expression remained unmoved. He just said coldly, "Silence! Additionally, each area will have an increased number of parasites and mutated lifeforms. In some of the newly added areas, the most powerful parasites we have found so far will appear. It is very dangerous. You'd better take care. Of course, their points are enough to make you forget the thrill of killing other newcomers."

"Begin."

For some reason, Ye Zhongming always felt that this time, Zizikaba seemed a bit off his game. His words lacked the sharpness they had before.

Numerous teleportation arrays appeared. Those ranked lower left first, heading joyfully to hunting grounds without experts. For them, this cycle was a brand new beginning.

Next were those in the middle rankings. They had more thoughts on their minds. With less external pressure, they began making various preparations. “

There was no other way. They were familiar with the methods of those previously ranked higher, so they just followed suit—either forming alliances or being ruthless.

When only about a thousand people remained, the pace noticeably slowed.

Everyone was very wary of each other.

There was no other way. Even though Zizikaba had mentioned that parasites offered high points, they would definitely be very dangerous. How could it compare to killing one of their own kind? They were all experts, true, but a sneak attack or something similar might not be all that difficult.

People left one after another. As if by agreement, only the top fifty remained, waiting for them in the brand new Zone 50.

"Don't worry, everyone's teleportation location is different," said a person in charge of the teleportation array to these elite newcomers.

Ye Zhongming cursed inwardly. This rule was of no benefit to him at all.

In the team, only he and He were ranked in the top fifty. If the teleportation locations were the same, the two of them could look out for each other after teleporting one after the other.

But now it was impossible. They had to go one by one. Who knew how big Zone 50 was? How could the two of them reunite?

"Not leaving? Then proceed according to ranking!"

Zizikaba appeared. Seeing the caution and wariness of these last few people, he immediately scolded them and ordered them to leave, starting from the forty-ninth rank.

Everyone had no choice but to obey, leaving one by one.

Ye Zhongming and He were ranked next to each other. After discussing a way to find each other, He left first. When it was Ye Zhongming's turn, he suddenly said to Zizikaba, who was beside the teleportation array, "Did something happen?"

Zizikaba had not expected a newcomer to speak to him so suddenly. He knew well that these people had no fondness for him, the training camp director, and in fact, they even hated him. Given the chance, it wouldn't be strange if they wanted to kill him.

Looking at this newcomer from Earth, he neither gave a definite answer nor a denial. He only said, "Only by surviving can there be other things."

This was the first time Ye Zhongming had seen this guy speak in a normal tone. Previously, his words had either been provocative and bizarre or cold and merciless. Ye Zhongming now had a completely new impression of him.

Entering the teleportation array, Ye Zhongming felt the world go dark, and then he arrived at a brand new scene.

Without a second thought, Ye Zhongming immediately activated his teleportation ability, moving away from his original location the instant he arrived. Before he could even see what was happening, he heard a series of sharp sounds behind him.

Along with a cold wind that followed him.

Ye Zhongming teleported again while simultaneously activating his Double Shadow skill, creating several shadow clones. Some blocked his body, while others landed in all directions before exploding, releasing mental shocks.

Under normal circumstances, Ye Zhongming's actions would have been enough to break free from any entanglement. Even if it were the Aimusi team from before, a sudden move like this would have bought him at least a few seconds.

And a few seconds were enough for Ye Zhongming to do many things.

However, to his surprise, the attacks against him did not cease. Instead, they intensified!

A very faint buzzing sound came from the sky. Ye Zhongming immediately dove to the side, saving his teleportation ability for later.

An explosion occurred where he had just been. The sound and range were not large, but the intensity was high. The shockwave and heatwave made Ye Zhongming feel threatened.

His body was pushed further away. Before he even landed, two long swords stabbed from the side, perfectly aimed at his head and neck.

The Cloud Peak King did not panic. Without knowing what he had prepared, he simply slapped his leg with his hand, which was hanging by his side. A huge airflow was generated, instantly sending him more than ten meters away. Then, Ye Zhongming threw out some small black spheres with both hands. After landing on the ground, they immediately turned into black metal rods about a meter long, which began frantically shooting out cold light in all directions, trapping the attackers in place.

Once free, Ye Zhongming glanced back and, with a rough count, saw five or six people.

He knew that in this brand new Zone 50, the bloody slaughter had begun.

Chapter 1870: Bloody Region 50

"I wonder how the boss is doing over there?"

Jie Kui leaned against a tree, his eyes vigilantly scanning the surroundings.

Shi Kangbu, Helsky, Yang Tuo, and the others nearby remained silent. They couldn't answer that question either.

Because these few had been following Ye Zhongming, their points were very high, and their rankings had all entered the top five hundred. However, in preparation for the next cycle, they had spent a considerable amount, even with the dividends from selling the equipment. But none of them fell below the thousandth rank.

This unexpectedly allowed them to stay together without being separated. Only that aura warrior, because he had slightly more points left, suddenly entered the top five hundred, so he wasn't with the group.

Unknowingly, it seemed as if it had been deliberately arranged this way, singling out the only one who hadn't agreed to participate in the plan with everyone.

Perhaps the previous battles had given them confidence, and since most of the team members were together, they chose Zone 47.

Although Zizikaba hadn't explicitly said it, everyone knew that the further back the zone, the higher the difficulty.

"The captain is with He, so there should be no problem. The captain... is very strong." The shield warrior from the Fengkan race, named Acha, paused as if recalling something, then emphasized, "Really strong."

Everyone laughed. At first, they thought it made sense, but then they felt it was obvious.

Could the captain not be strong? If he weren't strong, how could he be the captain? How could they take orders from someone weaker than themselves? Was that even worth mentioning?

Acha grew anxious: "I mean it! During that day's battle, I used my shield to smash a guy back, but the captain punched him so hard he knelt down. I didn't pay attention at first, but I remembered during rest. Right, it was the guy Fasikeda killed!"

Fasikeda was the magnetic Jin race aura warrior who wasn't here.

Everyone knew he was straightforward and somewhat earnest. Seeing his anxious expression, they quickly nodded in agreement.

How could the captain's strength only be about being physically stronger than you? The captain's strength lay in his... versatility.

This was the consensus in everyone's minds. Those who had seen Ye Zhongming fight had thought that, since he came from the Star-Eye Clan, he should be an assassin, killer, or striker. But in reality, whether it was long-range, close-range, physical, or illusory, he could do it all—and not just competently, but excellently in every aspect!

"Alright, let's organize our equipment. Our prey should be here soon."

Jie Kui clapped his hands and nodded at Helsky. The two of them jointly led the team in Ye Zhongming's absence. Their current target was a parasite in this area, a very strong one—a unique insect of a powerful adult Slave Race. The recorder showed it was worth over five hundred points!

As for why this team, which had tasted the sweetness of killing, was now acting as hunters... never think they had changed their nature. They just felt that since everyone had spent a lot of points, killing now would be too low in cost-effectiveness. They were waiting for the final day.

Because the five hundred people ranked between five hundred and a thousand had three zones to choose from, most opted for the less difficult Zone 45. So, Zone 47, where they were now, was somewhat deserted. The team members smoothly completed the hunt and obtained the points.

While their points were increasing, Ye Zhongming's situation was not so good.

He was still being pursued.

It wasn't a vendetta; it was due to his points and his heavily red status.

No matter how justified his reasons for killing were, it couldn't hide the fact that he had killed many people. Ye Zhongming was now the highest-ranked red-name in terms of points.

What would everyone think when they saw him? Even if he hadn't killed the most people, he must have killed the highest-quality ones; otherwise, how could he have obtained so many points?

This question lingered like a curse in the minds of the top fifty experts. Coupled with their covetousness for Ye Zhongming's points, some of them unconsciously ambushed the area, waiting for Ye Zhongming to teleport in.

This was despite the teleportation points not being fixed; these people could only scatter and roam nearby, constantly searching. Otherwise, Ye Zhongming would likely have been greeted by twenty or thirty powerful opponents.

While escaping, the Cloud Peak King worried about He and could only blame his bad luck. After all, the rules had changed so abruptly.

Alone, he really couldn't handle so many people.

In the end, to shake off his pursuers, Ye Zhongming had no choice but to flee into the territory of a pair of parasites.

A male and female pair, True Color No. 3 parasites, Siha.

On the recorder, this pair of parasites was worth a total of over 1,400 points!

Siha were life forms somewhat resembling frogs in appearance, but they were not amphibians; they were genuine, land-dwelling creatures. Their massive bodies lay there like small airliners, covered in thick scales. On their backs were meter-high, tube-like, hollow protrusions constantly emitting black-purple smoke, reeking of a foul odor.

Sharp teeth, long tongues, tails at the rear, hypnotic vocal cords, toxic fog on their backs, and moving in pairs—these were the terrifying aspects of these parasites.

Not to mention newcomers, even powerful beings among the alien races would have to be extremely cautious when dealing with these creatures.

Among the most powerful parasites, Zizikaba mentioned Siha was one of them.

These things were extremely troublesome. Newcomers, even in large groups, were reluctant to provoke them. Seeing Ye Zhongming enter the Siha territory, they hesitated for only a few seconds before all retreating.

Of course, they didn't go far; they just started hunting in the surrounding area. Although they didn't think Ye Zhongming could come out alive, they still waited for the final outcome.

Once Ye Zhongming's name disappeared from the rankings, they would end this spontaneous joint attack.

The Cloud Peak King watched the Siha leaping rapidly toward him from afar without a trace of fear. He calmly began taking things out from his spatial equipment to set up.

Now, he was no longer the inexperienced newcomer who had just entered the battlefield with nothing. He was a tycoon with over five thousand points to spend.

What were the most powerful parasites the alien races could capture? Ye Zhongming intended to see for himself.

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Just as the fourth cycle of the newcomer battlefield, which determined the fate of many, was in full swing, the alien races faced another challenge after barely weathering the shockwave brought by the Slave Race's great reproduction.

Two consecutive, nearly back-to-back crises almost totally crushed the stable system the alien races had painstakingly built.

In the seven survivor fortresses, in every city of each fortress, every member of the alien races received a message within just a few hours.

The nutrient wave had erupted early!