

Apocalypse 1871

Chapter 1871: Bloody Region 50 (3)

After Ye Zhongming arrived in the heavens, after all, he had stayed for too short a time. His knowledge of the alien races, the Slave Races, and other matters of the heavens was limited to the little he had learned during his time with the Star-Eye Clan. Therefore, there were many things he had not fully understood before coming to the newcomer battlefield.

If he had known about the nutrient wave, he would certainly not have run to the side of monsters like Siha.

When the alien races detected the nutrient wave, it was actually already too late. No, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that even if they had known the nutrient wave was coming early on, they would have been powerless to stop it. Because they simply could not stop it.

The so-called nutrient wave was an unknown energy that spread through the universe at irregular but long intervals. This energy seemed to have no effect; it was colorless and formless, and could only be detected by specialized instruments.

It was this energy wave, which would go unnoticed if not paid attention to, that caused the Slave Races to become powerful in a short time, and by extension, so did their parasites.

Originally, the Slave Races and their parasites had already left the alien races at a loss, only able to make small-scale efforts with the help of wheel technology to delay their expansion as much as possible.

Each such nutrient wave caused heavy losses to the cosmic races, requiring many cosmic years to recover. In contrast, the Slave Races made significant progress with each nutrient wave. This ebb and flow had led to the current situation.

It could be said that the nutrient wave basically meant a turning point, a turning point where the cosmic races continued to weaken and the Slave Race continued to grow stronger.

If the previous Slave Race reproduction tide had made the Cosmic races tread on thin ice, then now, they were truly terrified and desperate to the point of wanting to die.

Misfortune never comes alone—perhaps this was the most fitting description for the Cosmic races.

But there was nothing that could be done. Besides cursing the nutrient wave that had absolutely no business appearing now, they could do nothing.

The interval since the last nutrient wave was too short. The impact this time was far more severe than the Cosmic races had estimated, affecting almost all aspects.

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On the planets enveloped by various Slave Races, due to the sudden nutrient replenishment, the Slave Races grew faster, and their ability to produce parasites also increased rapidly. This plunged these planets into a dark age.

Those who could have resisted a bit now faced rapid defeat against the parasites; those who couldn't resist in the first place faced imminent destruction. Planet after planet 'occupied' by Slave Races was rapidly losing energy and the life upon them.

Countless agents and proxy forces painstakingly cultivated by the Cosmic races perished, years of effort vanishing in an instant.

It was like an investment: not only was there no profit, but the principal was lost as well.

Also, the Slave Race parasites raised by various races on the survivor fortresses for various purposes were similarly nourished. Protective measures for them had to be immediately strengthened and upgraded. Parasites already affected by the nutrient tide had escaped from breeding cages or freezers, causing considerable chaos.

Regardless, the moment the nutrient wave was discovered, many high-ranking members of the Cosmic races realized that many things were imminent.

And many people's eyes turned to this period's novice battlefield because the effects of the nutrient wave also occurred in sequence. The planet where the novice battlefield was located would be among the first affected.

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Ye Zhongming had essentially upgraded from a rifle to a cannon.

Because he had previously obtained many points, even though the prices of various items in the official store had skyrocketed, he could afford them.

After all, besides manufacturing equipment to sell, Ye Zhongming now had another business: repairing equipment!

This was tax-free.

Although not every piece of equipment of the Cosmic races could be repaired by him, and some, even if repaired, were not as good as new, Ye Zhongming never tired of it. His enthusiasm for repairing equipment far exceeded that for manufacturing it. There was no other way; repairing equipment allowed him to understand the structures and techniques of various equipment of the Cosmic races, which highly aligned with his desire to learn how such equipment was made.

During rest periods, many people did not pay much attention to the rankings. In fact, there was a moment when Ye Zhongming had surged to third place, but he immediately spent his points, so very few people noticed.

What did Ye Zhongming use these points for? The small black spheres he used earlier to escape those pursuers were one type. Those things were called Retractable Sniper Bunkers. When they fell to the ground from a certain height, they transformed into rod-like objects, emitting short energy rays that had undergone complex processing within. They had a certain coverage area, could not lock onto targets, and had relatively large blind spots individually, so they were usually used in groups of several at a time.

This thing costs twenty points each. Because its power wasn't actually very great against level nine evolved, basically no one bought it. Yet Ye Zhongming bought twenty of them.

Facing a pair of Siha, Ye Zhongming first took out a metal disc about one meter in diameter and half a meter thick. After placing it on the ground, it immediately began to unfold, instantly becoming a metal ground area of nearly a hundred square meters. He stood on it and placed four ball-like objects the size of human heads in the four directions.

That wasn't all. He held a combat knife in his hand—not the shapeshifting kind, but a real combat knife, about a meter long, with a thick blade and a not-too-exaggerated curve. However, the edge gleamed coldly and had a distinct structure.

Besides the knife, Ye Zhongming took out a small box-like object with straps. He carried it on his back, reached over, pressed a button at the bottom of the box, and a pair of mechanical wings extended from both sides of the box. The forward-facing side had special metal sleeves that would fit over his arms for easy control.

After setting these things down, Ye Zhongming finally assumed a stance and looked at the two Siha.

But just as the battle was about to begin, the rankings on the recorder suddenly changed dramatically. Ye Zhongming's ranking was suddenly pushed to third place!

He was startled. Taking a look, he found that the names of the two people ranked above him had disappeared, which meant they had died!

One of them was even the lifeform ranked first!

What had they encountered that caused the two top-five ranked individuals to die at the same time?

Ye Zhongming had no time to think about these people. The Siha had already charged right before his eyes. Yet this change cast a shadow over his heart.

Ye Zhongming had some understanding of these renowned parasites. The moment he saw them step onto the metal sheet, he waved his hands, making the wings carry him backward. The larger Siha on the left immediately shot out its tongue from its mouth, striking toward Ye Zhongming.

Before the tongue could touch Ye Zhongming, the spherical objects in the direction where the two Siha stood exploded.

Chapter 1872: Cold Melt Throne and Pulling Spheres

Viscous liquid sprayed out after the sphere exploded.

The Siha's bodies were too large, and the liquid sprayed out and splattered too far, instantly covering them with a significant amount.

These things meant nothing to the Siha; their thick scales were no joke. Not to mention some liquid, even swords and axes, chopping at them couldn't break through in the slightest.

Ye Zhongming's long knife struck the tip of the tongue with pinpoint accuracy. The tremendous force pushed him backward.

However, thanks to the wings, he only flew a bit diagonally upward before stopping. Meanwhile, the two Siha continued charging toward him, inevitably moving into the central area of the metal ground.

The other three spherical objects also exploded, splattering the same liquid in a similar manner.

One Siha stood on its hind legs, its front claws swiping at Ye Zhongming, who wasn't very high up. The other one directly jumped up, thrusting its head out and extending its tongue, trying to roll Ye Zhongming into its mouth.

The Cloud Peak King flapped his wings, risking flying over their heads. To do this, he had to engage in another direct confrontation with the two Siha.

The Siha twisted their bodies and continued attacking Ye Zhongming.

But this time, Ye Zhongming did not continue to risk a direct clash. Instead, he directly gained altitude.

By now, the area where the Siha were was shrouded in mist. If not for the fact that these two behemoths were truly massive, they would probably have been invisible.

That was the vicious mist emitted from the tubular structures on their backs.

Going through all this trouble, what Ye Zhongming feared most was this very mist.

Strictly speaking, these toxic gases couldn't immediately incapacitate a level nine evolver, but the damage to the body from the toxicity was certain and continuous. If one stayed in this toxic mist for even a little too long, combat effectiveness would begin to plummet.

Simultaneously, this stuff also affected vision.

In the records of the Star-Eye Clan, many people, because they couldn't break free from the Siha's entanglement in a short time, even if their strength were a notch higher, ended up being eaten by these creatures.

The pair of wings Ye Zhongming created was specifically designed to avoid this toxic mist.

As Ye Zhongming flew into the air, the two Siha also sensed something was wrong because they felt their movement was restricted.

They looked down and discovered some sticky, thread-like objects had glued them to the metal disc. This stuff was not only extremely sticky but also very tough and elastic. The Siha moved a couple of times but couldn't shake it off.

They knew this was the doing of the small lifeform in the sky, so they simply gave up on removing it. After all, they didn't detect any other harm to their bodies. They could break free slowly after killing this guy.

But Ye Zhongming smiled.

Parasites were powerful, and the Siha were among the strongest in terms of combat ability. However, in Ye Zhongming's view, their threat wasn't too great because perhaps their bodies were too formidable,

resulting in a slight deficiency in their intelligence. They only knew how to fight by instinct and couldn't assess the situation, study the target, and respond accurately.

This was probably why, despite their powerful combat strength, they weren't the top-tier parasites.

Didn't they wonder what the metal disc under their feet was for?

Before the two Siha's attacks could land, the metal disc initiated an attack first. Small holes appeared on the flat surface, followed by a hissing sound. The toxic mist, as if encountering a natural enemy, was rapidly pushed aside by whatever was spraying out from these holes.

The two Siha immediately let out screams of agony.

This metal disc, which could change size, was called the Cold Melt Throne. Those spherical objects were called Pulling Spheres.

The latter had a single function: to explode and release a sticky fluid that fixed anything it touched within a certain range. Their stickiness would gradually increase over time until it completely solidified. However, afterward, they would rapidly weather and become brittle, losing their effect.

Pulling Spheres were relatively popular in the store. After all, their function was useful in many situations, and the price was acceptable: thirty points each. After use, retrieving the base allowed refilling the adhesive for ten points.

Pulling Spheres were common goods, but the Cold Melt Throne was not.

This thing costs a whopping three hundred and fifty points. Most people wouldn't be willing to buy it. Although it also wasn't disposable and could be recharged, recharging it once cost one hundred points—it was simply burning money.

However, more money meant better effects. Isn't there a saying? The only downside of expensive things is their price; the only advantage of cheap things is their cheapness. The Cold Melt Throne was like that.

It emitted a cold melt gas. The damage to top-tier lifeforms was no less than that of purple-grade weapons, and it had strong corrosive properties, essentially greatly ignoring defense.

More importantly, the Cold Melt Throne had over a hundred emission holes on its limited surface area. This meant that once it attacked, it was like over a hundred purple weapons with armor-piercing properties attacking simultaneously. The power was imaginable.

Everyone knew it was good, but the price was too high. Using it once costs a hundred points. In the previous zones, how many mutated lifeforms or parasites were worth using this thing on? Moreover, the Cold Melt Throne's weakness was well known: such a small area meant a target would cross it in a second. How could it cause damage? This necessarily required additional support equipment, such as pulling spheres, which would further increase the cost.

Probably only someone as wealthy as Ye Zhongming would be able to afford this.

The Cold Melt Throne's power erupted in a short time. By the time the two Siha ran down from it, their lower bodies were already a horrifying, unrecognizable mess. Such injuries made them lose their ferocity, and they began to flee.

If Ye Zhongming let two creatures in such a state escape, he wouldn't deserve the title of Cloud Peak King.

Relying on his wing ability, he began continuously diving down from the sky to attack the two monsters, quickly completing the kill. One thousand four hundred and fifty points obtained!

At this moment, Ye Zhongming's ranking officially jumped to first place among all newcomers!

He put away the Cold Melt Throne and the Pulling Spheres. He didn't bother with the two Siha corpses either, quietly hiding nearby.

Within a few minutes, people arrived here one by one. How could Ye Zhongming's point and ranking changes escape their watchful eyes? They naturally guessed what had happened and came hoping to pick up the pieces.

In their minds, even if Ye Zhongming wasn't injured from killing two powerful parasites, he must be in poor condition.

But what they didn't expect was that their nightmare began here. People were continuously killed; newcomers nearby were constantly disappearing from the points ranking.

What this meant was clear to everyone.

After the first day of the fourth small cycle had passed, there had originally been forty-nine people in Zone 50. Now, only thirty-one remained. Eight of them were taken out by Ye Zhongming.

Everyone who saw these numbers felt a chill in their hearts. Looking at this place again, it seemed filled with the color of blood.

Chapter 1873: White Robe is here

White Robe stood before the light screen of the aircraft, watching the live feed. Although it could only monitor less than twenty percent of the locations, and the visuals often stayed in one place for a long time without moving, he still watched with great interest.

Finally, something happened in one of the feeds. It was only a part of a battle, gone in an instant, but it made White Robe's body suddenly move closer. He watched it over and over again.

Afterward, a smile appeared on his handsome face, which was covered in small scars.

This instantly melted the nearly frozen atmosphere in the entire aircraft.

Aslan also relaxed a bit; this man really put too much pressure on her.

White Robe, the commander of the Star-Eye Clan's Silver Mask warriors, Silver Leader, whose combat power ranked among the top few in the clan.

This wasn't the reason why his clansmen both feared and respected him the most. What truly made his clansmen unable to ignore or forget him at any moment was that he was a madman, a battle maniac.

For the benefit of the Star-Eye Clan, White Robe would fight on almost any battlefield he could appear on, striving for any ranking he could achieve.

Everyone respected him and called him a madman, not as a derogatory term, but as a form of praise.

As for fearing him... it was because he often went mad enough to challenge members of his own clan, and even after challenging you, if he felt the fight was thrilling, he would remember and find you for another fight.

As for hiding strength or something like that, that was only in novels. Everyone was in this business; who didn't know who? Moreover, White Robe was the Silver Leader, with immense power in his hands. How could he not figure out what everyone's true strength was like?

His arrival at the newcomer camp this time truly surprised everyone and made it seem like it was inevitable.

The surprise was because this was the novice battlefield. White Robe was not qualified to enter; he had long passed this stage. Even if he came, it was only to hold the fort, something he shouldn't be very interested in.

The expected aspect was that now the entire Star-Eye Clan knew that a genius had emerged within the clan, jokingly referred to as the second White Robe. Not only had he modified the Double Shadow skill,

but he was also performing extremely well in the novice battlefield. If White Robe had free time, he could come here. After all, the clan needed three warriors with energy below two thousand Fureila to enter the newcomer battlefield. Warriors of this strength level were mostly Silver Mask warriors. As their commander, coming to supervise and see the 'second himself' was also reasonable.

"Aslan, you found this little guy well this time." Although White Robe was the Silver Leader, he didn't like wearing a mask when not fighting.

Aslan had a special status, but she was also respectful in the presence of the White Robe. She immediately replied, "It is Elder Jikesu's merit."

"Don't be modest. You taught him Double Shadow. The fact that he could modify it suggests that the greatest credit naturally goes to his talent and comprehension, but you must have taught him very well, too. This cannot be denied."

Hearing this, Aslan's face almost turned red. She really didn't think she had taught particularly well; at most, she was just a bit more serious than usual when teaching Ye Zhongming.

After thinking for a moment, Aslan still asked the doubt in her heart.

"Leader White Robe, why did you only bring two people this time?"

The clan having Silver Mask warriors come to participate in the final small cycle's trial was not beyond Aslan's expectations, because the Fureila indices of these two people were both above one thousand. This was a standard for wearing a silver mask; one had to exceed it. Those below one thousand wore bronze masks, and those above two thousand wore gold masks.

White Robe bringing his subordinates complied with the rules, but he only brought two people. Was the other person coming separately? That would waste another aircraft. And the aircraft's energy all came from Moonspan Gold. Given the clan's current situation, they would rather split one piece of Moonspan Gold into two to use. Even for someone of White Robe's status, doing this wasn't very appropriate, right?

This Silver Leader looked at the monitor, found nothing was happening, turned around, and said to Aslan, "Am I not a person?"

"I didn't mean that..." Aslan's voice grew softer, but the shock on her face grew larger.

White Robe looked at this little girl who might succeed as the Star-Eye Clan's leader in the future and said, "Everyone says this guy is the second me. I definitely have to come see him, and test his capabilities, see if he deserves to bask in my glory. If I think he's not good enough, then I'll just kill him. If his performance is acceptable, then I'll still beat him up, let him know my power, so he will often fight with me in the future."

Hearing such a reason, Aslan was stunned for a long time before she had to admit that this was truly White Robe's style.

"This kid seems really capable; he's ranked first now."

Hearing White Robe say this, the others realized they had been focusing their attention on this famous Silver Leader and hadn't paid attention to the rankings for quite a while.

Seeing Ye Zhongming's name appear in first place, everyone confirmed it first, then collectively cheered.

It was genuine happiness!

Previously, the rankings of Ye Zhongming, Shi Kangbu, and Jie Kui had already excited them unbearably. The three of them were ranked around sixtieth overall, just a stone's throw away from the goal.

Originally, they themselves didn't quite believe that Ye Zhongming and the others could complete the task. But now it seemed that as long as they maintained the momentum, there was an eighty percent chance of achieving the best result in the Star-Eye Clan's history.

And now, with Ye Zhongming jumped, becoming first in the rankings, and Jie Kui and Shi Kangbu's points also increasing significantly, the Star-Eye Clan's overall ranking had entered the top fifty, now ranked forty-fourth.

You should know that this was achieved with only three people. Those ranked ahead now, which one didn't have more than ten survivors?

Especially being first in the individual ranking—this was truly unprecedented. In past sessions, whether in the final result or during the process, no one from the Star-Eye Clan had ever held the first position.

This was an honor that could be written into the clan's history!

White Robe's face didn't show the same excitement as others, but the constant trembling of his eyes betrayed his feelings; he was equally unsettled.

"I will inject inhibitor genes to suppress my energy to two thousand Fureila, then enter the novice battlefield."

White Robe's words pulled everyone back to reality from their slight excitement over Ye Zhongming's ranking. They stared blankly, listening to the Silver Leader's decision.

White Robe didn't speak further, but in his mind was the scene of the guarantee he made to the two clan leaders on the way here.

"I will use my life to protect that kid..."

"If he can do something that convinces me..."

"I am not the hope of the clan, but I hope... he is."

Chapter 1874: Descend

Ye Zhongming held his abdomen as he ran through a patch of strangely bright vegetation.

This plant somewhat resembled willow trees on Earth, but its branches were more like transparent tubes filled with colorful, bright beads.

When touched, the bright beads would immediately start flashing, as if they were breathing, and the transparent tubes would begin contracting toward the canopy.

This annoyed the Cloud Peak King because it made it impossible to shake off the pursuers behind him.

The pursuers weren't novices but over a dozen parasites.

Ye Zhongming would rather encounter those top-ranked novices now than run into parasites.

These insects seemed to have gone berserk, becoming extremely aggressive the moment they encountered other life forms. For some reason, their strength had significantly increased, with some even becoming terrifyingly powerful, like those currently chasing Ye Zhongming.

Having been stabbed to death by underground insects in his previous life, Ye Zhongming inevitably had some lingering trauma. These parasites behind him had suddenly emerged from underground to attack, numbering over twenty. Ye Zhongming killed five or six before starting to retreat.

This came at a cost: his abdomen was pierced by a parasite's sharp, long pincer. Fortunately, it didn't damage his internal organs. After taking the medicine, his injury began to improve.

Ye Zhongming glanced at the points ranking. His points had suddenly increased by over five hundred just now, meaning each of these insects was worth about a hundred points.

Parasite Type 17, Lu Hua, Slaughter Charm Crab.

These things were indeed powerful, but Ye Zhongming was certain their points absolutely didn't reach a hundred. Group-living lifeforms rarely had point values exceeding three digits.

But now, their points had actually surpassed a hundred.

What was going on?!

Also, through observing the points ranking, Ye Zhongming discovered two things that shocked him.

First, the number of newcomers had decreased significantly on this day, to a startling degree.

How many had died in the first three cycles? The number of deaths now was almost equal to the previous total!

Second, the points of the surviving newcomers increased significantly. This wasn't related to the increase in hunting areas because newcomers in the earlier areas were the same.

Combining this with his own feelings, Ye Zhongming guessed that the points for prey had all increased.

The recorder determined points based on two criteria: one was type, which set the base value. The other was energy assessment.

The two methods combined determined a lifeform's score.

For example, if a parasite type had a base score of ten points and its energy was relatively high at three points, then its total score would be thirteen points.

Under this system, the abnormal increase in newcomers' points suggested that the parasites' scores had all maxed out. That is, with the type score unchanged, the energy points were all at maximum.

But why had these parasites suddenly greatly increased in strength? Without knowing the reason, Ye Zhongming naturally blamed Zizikaba and the other management for pulling another trick.

He carefully sensed the movements behind him. The Slaughter Charm Crabs seemed to have gone underground; there was no movement, and he didn't know if they were still pursuing.

Ye Zhongming didn't care anymore. He needed to get to the rendezvous point with He as soon as possible.

The small cycle had been going on for almost two days. Previously, because of those pursuers, Ye Zhongming hadn't dared to lead people in that direction, afraid of bringing danger to He. Now the situation was much better; he had to check.

At this time, He was indeed in trouble.

Before, as a support job, she would have been highly sought after by various teams. With her, life had an extra layer of security.

But now? Many people knew she had joined Ye Zhongming's team. Many even considered her a core member. Once discovered, the first choice was to capture her alive, plunder her, and then directly kill her. The second choice was to see if she could be made to surrender and work for them.

But everyone felt the latter possibility was unlikely. The obstinacy and loyalty of the Changxu Water Race were famous.

So, after waiting for Ye Zhongming at the rendezvous point for several hours, He was discovered and became the target of a pursuit.

Having turned into water immediately after exiting the teleportation array to avoid attack and leave safely, He considered herself lucky. But now, her good luck seemed to have run out. After killing one person and escaping three waves of pursuit, she was surrounded by another group.

Four people, two of whom were from the Chaos Heart Race, recognized as quite troublesome among the cosmic races.

Their most prominent ability wasn't their own combat power, but their ability to control other life forms.

Not the ability to make mutated lifeforms or parasites into war beasts, but a stealing control—constantly absorbing the life force of the controlled target, then using that power to control the target forcibly.

The lifeforms they controlled would die in a very short time.

Because of this ability, they held a high status among the cosmic races and were a renowned major race. Depending on their strength, the number of lifeforms they could control varied. Most Chaos Heart Race members could only control one lifeform at a time, while the stronger ones could control up to three.

The two Chaos Heart Race members surrounding He could each control two.

That meant He was actually surrounded by eight lifeforms.

The holy marks on her body began to glow, a sign of the Changxu Water Race preparing for battle.

Simultaneously, two jade pendant-like objects hung down on either side of He's body.

"Exploration Palm?"

One lifeform looked at He's hands, which were emitting a cyan glow, and uttered a sound of surprise.

This was a glove-type equipment, a consumable. Its function was to double the power of attacks delivered through the palms for a certain period.

It was good stuff, but the Changxu Water Race seemingly had no attack abilities besides holy marks, right?

"And Han Jade, Death Wheel Belt."

A Chaos Heart Race member squinted, unable to hide his greed.

These two pieces of equipment weren't consumables but excellent items. Together, they were worth over seven hundred points. Only these top-ranked newcomers could afford them.

"And many medicines," another added. They roughly calculated that if they killed this woman, they would gain over three thousand points' worth of loot.

He tilted her head slightly, as if listening to something, then showed a relieved smile.

The several people's gaze shifted, scanning the surroundings.

This woman's teammate, the one ranked first, even if not present, could still exert significant pressure on them.

But He moved at this moment. She suddenly spewed out a large amount of water from her space while turning into water herself. While those around her were in a state of confusion, searching for the target, she appeared beside one life form. The beautiful mechanical belt at her waist suddenly opened and expanded into a circle, crashing into this person.

Chapter 1875: Descend (2)

In an instant, sharp semicircular blades extended from the belt, abruptly making contact with the person in that position.

This was not the end. If it were just this kind of simple physical attack, how could it be worthy of the name Death Wheel Belt? Simultaneously, as the semicircular blades fully deployed, slender biological strips, soft but highly elastic, with hollow yet sharp conical tips shrouded in some black mist, sprang out from the gaps in the metal.

This person exclaimed in surprise, jumping backward while swinging two strange weapons in front of him, hoping to force He back.

He did this out of necessity; they had all been somewhat underestimating the enemy. Even though they knew He had quite good equipment, in an absolutely dominant situation, they subconsciously overlooked some dangers.

In their minds, shouldn't He, in such an unfavorable situation, first try to surrender or buy her life with money or something?

The Death Wheel Belt sliced through the armor on this person's body, and those slender life strips stabbed in.

The person grunted, feeling his arms go numb. The weapons he usually handled with ease now felt extremely heavy. He knew this was the Death Wheel Belt's poison taking effect.

Gritting his teeth, his head swelled up at that moment, along with his stomach. Then he opened his mouth and emitted a silent roar towards He. A visible air mass crashed into He and exploded, pushing her backward.

This person managed to break free. The weapons were too heavy, so he simply abandoned them, took antidote medicine from his space, and threw it into his mouth. Only then did his heart settle a little.

But the next second, he felt a bright light before his eyes, a blinding light. His heart sank again.

He had forgotten the Changxu Water Race's most famous and skilled attack: the Holy Sigil attack!

He could only raise his arms again, making the most instinctive and only defense.

The light disappeared. The person's body was still in place, but when he opened his eyes himself, he let out a tragic scream.

His arms had vanished, dissolved in the energy of the Holy Sigil.

For a level nine evolved, not to mention whether he could rely on other technology or abilities to recover, just considering the current small cycle trial that still had a day to end, what losing both arms meant was clear to everyone.

This was practically equivalent to death. It might even be worse than dying outright, better than being severely injured and disabled.

His scream lasted only two seconds before it stopped abruptly. A sharp dagger pierced his throat, blocking his voice and severing his life.

A Chaos Heart Race member appeared beside him, holding that dagger, and shrugged at his companions and opponents.

"He was already useless. Can't let this woman get the points, right?"

Seeing the gloomy expression of the other person in the small team besides his clansmen, he continued, "If I ever end up like him in the future, you can do the same."

The others said nothing more, turning their gaze back to He.

This person's combat prowess had impressed them, and they also gained a brand new understanding of this clansman the Changxu Water Race had sent after who knows how many cosmic years.

This woman's fighting ability was somewhat formidable.

Although they had lost one companion now, the remaining three weren't particularly tense because the team's main combat power was the two Chaos Heart Race members and the four lifeforms they controlled.

He was breathing slightly heavily. Instantly turning into water and instantly recovering, plus activating the Holy sigil, had consumed a lot of her energy. Moreover, although that person's air attack was mainly intended to push her away, it had solidly hit her. Her internal organs were shaken; it wasn't as severe as vomiting blood or anything, but the churning blood and energy still made her feel unwell.

The situation she faced was even more dangerous.

The others naturally could see that He's condition was declining. They no longer wanted to play a cat-and-mouse game like before and began pressing towards her together. The four controlled lifeforms, baring their teeth, charged at He.

They were four parasites, not the top-tier in strength, but each was only slightly inferior to a level nine evolved. Four together were enough to put He at a disadvantageous position, flustered. Including the other three newcomers, this was a battle with a predetermined outcome.

He put up a stubborn resistance. The two pieces of Han Jade, the jade pendants hanging at her sides, provided her with relatively good defence, allowing her to minimize damage when attacked. The suddenness of the Death Wheel Belt's attack also prevented the other three from getting too close.

They knew clearly that the energy in the Death Wheel Belt was only enough to poison one more person, and none of the three were willing to be that person, so they only provided support attacks from the periphery.

One parasite finally found an opportunity. It used its soft body to entangle He's foot, then exerted force. With its strength, it would quickly break this person's bones.

Suddenly fixed in place, He wasn't panicked. Seeing a parasite taking advantage to come bite her throat, she slapped out with her palm.

A palm shadow shot from her hand, slapping the parasite's head. With the boost from the Exploration Palm, double the power erupted, instantly killing this parasite.

The other opponents were stunned.

This couldn't be blamed on the parasite being too weak. Rather, even though He had been injured before, she hadn't used any abilities. Using one now was very sudden, and the Exploration Palm doubled the attack power, allowing her to kill the parasite that thought it could launch a fatal attack against her.

One Chaos Heart Race member roared in anger, quite heartpained over his controlled lifeform.

Although they could just find another lifeform to control if one died, it was ultimately a troublesome matter. It required spending time to find a suitable target, then expending great effort to suppress it, risking injury. If it were normal times, it might be okay, but now they were in the newcomer battlefield. He wasn't confident he could find a brand new lifeform to control during this period.

Influenced by its master's anger, another parasite swung its large tail. Taking advantage of He's immobility and the moment just after she launched her attack, it heavily struck her on the back.

There, a light glowed as the Han Jade's defensive ability activated, but it couldn't withstand such attack power. A cracking sound came from the beautiful jade as a crack appeared. He was struck bending forward slightly. The dual damage to her foot and back put her in intense pain.

The person besides the Chaos Heart Race members finally found an opportunity. The two short sticks in his hands collided with each other, emitting a crisp sound. A figure appeared, instantly moving from him to in front of He, striking her on the shoulder.

It immediately caved in there.

This person cried out in pity. His target had originally been He's head!