

## **Apocalypse 1876**

### Chapter 1876: Descend (3)

On the largest aircraft outside the Novice Star, the same image was displayed on the light screens: a small conference room with several virtual figures seated inside.

"Is the information accurate?" one person asked in a muffled voice.

As the leader of the Su Race, they were very backward in cosmic monitoring; their expertise lay in construction and defensive arrays.

"Would we lie to you?" a woman said somewhat impatiently.

In theory, this should be a meeting of the highest level among the Cosmic races, and they shouldn't speak to each other in such a tone.

But there was no other way. The alliances of Reina Star and Huo'er Star were too powerful, accustomed to being domineering. This reflected their respective strengths.

If it weren't for the Slave Races exploding twice—once a large-scale reproduction, once a nutrient wave—making the internal situation of the Cosmic race very unstable, they wouldn't be holding this meeting.

"Then we need to make plans early." The leader of the Su Race seemed completely unaffected by the attitude of this important figure from Reina Star, merely nodding in agreement.

To the side, a burly red-bearded 'dwarf' looked disdainfully at the Su Race leader. He looked down on this person from the bottom of his heart.

The representatives of the two major alliances attending this meeting were not the highest rulers of Reina Star and Huo'er Star. That is to say, they weren't the real decision-makers of the two major alliances. Yet, the Su Race and the Taros Red Dwarves had their highest leaders attending.

Even though there was a significant strength gap between them, this situation was still very disrespectful. He wouldn't be as good-tempered as the Su Race.

The person sitting in front of them wasn't the Empress of Reina Star; what would happen if he contradicted her?

"What about the distance?" the Su Race representative asked again.

"If the direction doesn't change, it will reach the closest point in six cosmic days," said the high-ranking official from Hall Star who hadn't spoken until now.

"Six days..." Everyone pondered this timeframe.

"It's time to make a decision." The woman from Reina Star clapped her hands. She was still not very accustomed to this consultative tone.

When did the people of Reina Star need to consult with others about their decisions? They often ignored even the people of Huo'er Star.

But now it was different. The incident a few days ago, where the Cosmic races collectively pressured them, made their highest ruler realize that while slowly boiling the frog-like treatment of these races had been fine before, once changes happened too fast, they would face the most intense resistance.

At this moment, it was clearly not the time for suppression or purging.

"The situation has been explained to everyone earlier. A Slave Race is moving towards the direction of the Novice Star. We don't know if it's just passing by, but we dare not gamble."

When the woman said this, her attitude became completely calm.

Yes, no one dared to gamble.

Up to now, even with the help of the wheel, the Cosmic races had not personally killed a single Slave Race. All they could do was wander through the cosmos like stray dogs.

They could neither defeat the Slave Races in battle nor leave them, because the energy for much equipment and even the survivor fortresses came from the Slave Races.

Now, a Slave Race was coming. Although the Novice Star was already a planet 'ravaged' by Slave Races, due to the investments of the Cosmic races, in the final period of the planet's end, there were still many lifeforms on it, even a large number of parasites.

If this Slave Race had a whim and came to take a snack, this possibility was not nonexistent.

The life or death of a planet didn't matter to the Cosmic races. However, at the moment, there were numerous parasites on it, which represented a substantial amount of Moonspan Gold. It would be a pity just to abandon it.

Also, while the novices on it couldn't be called the hope of the Cosmic races, at least over half of the outstanding younger generation were on it. If they were trapped, the loss would be even greater.

"Since that's the case, let's evacuate." The high-ranking Huo'er Star official spread his hands. He advocated a comprehensive evacuation plan. Since no one dared to gamble, then leave quickly, far away from that Slave Race, to ensure absolute safety.

"But if we leave just like that, this novice battlefield will end abruptly. How do we calculate the final results? Someone will definitely not be satisfied. Also, once we evacuate completely, all investments on the planet will be wasted. For us, it's a huge loss, almost equivalent to building a quarter of a small survivor fortress."

The woman shook her head. A full evacuation meant too great a loss, one they couldn't afford.

"Then what should we do?" the Su Race representative asked. He was accustomed to following orders and wasn't good at thinking independently.

"The fourth small cycle for the newcomers still has a little over one day left. Our opinion is to let the already arrived warriors enter the battlefield early, complete this small cycle, then directly settle the rankings, distribute rewards, and begin cleaning up the planet immediately afterward. Before the Slave Race arrives, take away as much as we can."

This was indeed the best handling method; no one could argue against it.

But in reality, everyone knew very clearly in their hearts: who would gain the most benefit from this sudden, surprise decision?

Naturally, it would be those super major races with the strongest overall strength on the Novice Star.

But everyone accepted it because, apart from this, there was no better alternative.

"Then it's settled!" The woman's light figure stood up at this moment, intending to end the meeting.

"Wait." The leader of the Taros Red Dwarves, who hadn't spoken since the meeting started, suddenly called out to everyone.

"I have a question... My spokesperson was intercepted by another race midway. How should this be handled?"

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He groaned in pain. Her still-intact arm pushed against the ground, and she deliberately lowered her head. A holy sigil on her back emitted a bright light, blasting the parasite entangled around her foot.

If she couldn't regain her freedom of movement, He knew she wouldn't get out today.

There was only one holy symbol behind her, not to be used lightly. Among the Changxu Water Race, this was known as the 'Base Sigil,' referring to the foundation of all holy sigils, the source of bodily strength. The energy within it was source energy, not to be used easily, otherwise it would severely harm the body.

But at this moment, He could no longer care about that.

The attack of the 'Base Sigil' was indeed powerful. That parasite was also closer and was instantly killed.

Her body regained freedom, but He faced not only parasites but also enemies. She saw the person who had broken one of her arms pick up his short sticks again, clearly intending to repeat the attack.

But just then, a sound suddenly came from every novice's recorder.

"Emergency event. Mutual Assistance Mode initiated. Each race represented by a surviving newcomer will dispatch three warriors to enter the battlefield to assist in obtaining points. The final ranking will be the sum of the novice's points and the points of the assisting warriors. The Mutual Assistance Mode will last for one day, until the end of the fourth small cycle. Simultaneously, the novice battlefield will also close after this cycle. All novices are urged to seize the time to obtain points."

Chapter 1877: Suppress

The entire Novice battlefield, across all fifty zones, came to a standstill at this moment.

What the hell?

Mutual Assistance Mode?

Dispatching warriors down?

Points calculated together?

The Novice battlefield ending completely in one day?

What was all this?

No one had ever heard of such a mode before!

Except for these warriors from a few planets who were in space for the first time, the majority of the others were warriors cultivated by the Cosmic races. They naturally knew what the previous Novice battlefields were like.

But they had truly never heard of such a thing.

Many people immediately realized the 'trickery' involved.

After reading the specific regulations for these warriors, many secretly shook their heads and sneered.

Despite the restrictions on energy level, so what? What about equipment? Experience? Coordination? Information control? Who had the advantage in all these? Clearly, it was the major races. And now, the first half of the points ranking was dominated by minor races. Wasn't the intention behind this obvious?

Wasn't it just to level this gap? Wasn't it still about letting the major races gain more benefits?

Many Novices were very dissatisfied with this arrangement.

But they couldn't refuse.

These warriors had already begun entering various zones, indicating the resolution had been passed. The Novices opposing this decision knew their own races had agreed, making their opposition meaningless.

However, once this decision was accepted, many subsequent issues would arise.

How to find the warriors from their own race? Should they even look for them? If they encountered warriors just dispatched by other races, should they definitely run? Or could they kill them? Was there any reward for killing these warriors who had no points? Could these warriors also kill each other?

Amid countless questions, numerous green-named, zero-point individuals suddenly appeared on everyone's recorders. Needless to say, these were the newly arrived warriors.

Everyone realized that the sky of the Novice battlefield was about to change.

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He also paused for a moment. In fact, this news was so significant that it gave He a slight breathing space. At the very least, she managed to stand upright.

However, the situation was still unfavorable. The other three individuals became even more cautious and serious after receiving the news. They needed to deal with this woman quickly and then find a way to cope with the sudden rule change.

The three of them raised their hands together. Clearly, they were about to attack simultaneously.

But before they could act, the three suddenly felt their bodies grow heavy. Shocked, they realized it was poison?

At this moment, they couldn't afford to figure out who released the poison. They could only take antidote medication from their storage spaces and simultaneously began moving, evading potential attacks in advance.

A black shadow suddenly appeared from the side, a cold light in its hand slashing towards a Chaos Heart Race member.

This person gritted his teeth, threw his weapon away—this allowed him to take out a defensive equipment item earlier—and simultaneously recalled his parasite.

Survival was clearly more important now.

But this black shadow, which he hadn't seen clearly, suddenly exploded. An intense mental shock caused his body to falter, and another black shadow rushed over, its light sweeping past his body.

Crack!

It sounded like something broke. The Chaos Heart Race member was drenched in sweat, his heart filled with lingering fear.

The defensive equipment in his hand was now shattered. If he hadn't made the right choice, abandoning his weapon to take out this equipment, he would be dead now!

The timing of that person's ambush was perfect. He struck when the new rules mentally unsettled everyone. First, he released poison, then used the black shadows as decoys, and finally attacked with a thunderous strike.

His clansman had already noticed the situation here and rushed over quickly to deal with the attack together.

The attacker, after failing to land a hit, immediately distanced himself, his body disappearing behind the black shadows.

By now, there were dozens of black shadows surrounding them, as if these things were everywhere.

"No!" shouted the Chaos Heart Race member who had just escaped death, because his parasite had been killed. The ambusher, unable to finish him, had immediately started attacking the parasite he controlled.

Amid his shouts, these black shadows all exploded simultaneously. A much stronger mental shock than before spread out around them, and their bodies grew even heavier.

"He!" Ye Zhongming, now visible, shouted to the Changxu Water Race woman. Understanding, she placed a water chain on him. With this enhancement, the Cloud Peak King charged towards another enemy and engaged in close combat.

Mental shock and gravity control couldn't truly make a level nine evolver stand still and be slaughtered, but it absolutely provided the advantage of striking first.

Ye Zhongming, holding mechanically crafted daggers in both hands, launched a frenzied attack on the short-stick-wielding opponent he was suppressing.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

The short sticks continuously struck Ye Zhongming's body because he simply didn't dodge. His body was not only protected by his own defensive equipment but also by the Black Earth Armor summoned by the Earth Spirit and the protection of He's water chain. This kind of purely physical attack could hardly harm him.

But his opponent couldn't withstand it. Lacking so many defensive measures, and with Ye Zhongming trading blow for blow, he was stabbed dozens of times in just a few seconds!

True, he might have landed dozens of hits on Ye Zhongming, but the latter was fine! He, however, really couldn't take it. After Ye Zhongming's dagger pierced through his chest, this person fell to the ground unwillingly, his body twitching as his breath gradually weakened.

He was truly too unwilling. The look he gave Ye Zhongming before dying seemed to say, 'It's not that I'm inferior to you, but you're too shameless.'

After killing this opponent, Ye Zhongming slowly turned to face the two Chaos Heart Race members who wanted to help but hadn't made it in time.

The ambush was over. What remained would depend on their respective strengths.

Two against two? Ye Zhongming wasn't afraid of anyone, especially with He present.

"How are you? Can you still hold on?" Ye Zhongming glanced at the woman who had moved beside him.

"At least until we finish off these two guys, definitely no problem."

"Good."

Ye Zhongming looked at the two Chaos Heart Race members and their remaining single parasite. Killing intent began to spread.

He was also affected by the newly announced rules. But in his view, no matter who came down, he would deal with it. Because he knew that what was coming would still come, and he couldn't avoid it.

Because he was ranked first. If those major races wanted better rankings and points, and ultimately the best rewards, then Ye Zhongming was undoubtedly their target.

Since that was the case, what was there to fear?

Under immense pressure, Ye Zhongming's potential began to erupt.

Chapter 1878: Evolve?

White Robe opened his eyes. Only then did the worry on the faces of the two Star-Eye Clan warriors beside him disappear.

Anyone could see their relief.

They didn't say it out loud, but in their hearts, they believed the Order Leader's decision this time was too rash and irresponsible.

Why lower his own Fureila?! Although they didn't know exactly what level the Order Leader's strength had reached, in their view, it should have exceeded ten thousand Fureila. After all, every time he fought with Cheng Lujin, it was always a narrow defeat, and the Gold Order Leader's Fureila was confirmed to be over eleven thousand several cosmic years ago.

Doing all this, just to see that clan's top-ranked genius?

Moreover, suppressing one's own strength required taking a special potion. That thing wasn't exactly a mature product. Were there side effects? If so, were they major or minor? These were all problems. If this caused irreversible damage to White Robe, leading to a decline in his strength, it would simply be a crime! He was the Star-Eye Clan's star figure and pillar!

Was it worth it?

These three words had never left the hearts of the two Silver Mask warriors since they learned White Robe was coming down this way.

Even the decision to descend to the novice battlefield was made, changing the timing, forcing White Robe to take the medicine on the spot. That's why he had only just now woken from the potion's toxicity.

Clearly unable to feel the Order Leader's usual sharp aura, the two warriors felt both wronged and heartbroken.

"How long has it been?"

"Almost an hour."

White Robe frowned upon hearing the answer.

The potion immediately suppressed his strength after taking it, allowing him to pass the detection, but it made him extremely uncomfortable. Forget fighting, even moving was difficult. He had to rest and recover immediately after descending, and only now was he much better.

But various parts of his body still hurt badly. However, White Robe didn't show it on his face. He knew he could delay no longer; he had to find Ye Zhongming quickly.

Warriors from various races had descended to the newcomer planet. The original rules had been changed; there were no longer restrictions between zones, allowing free movement. So they had all set out uniformly from the newcomer camp.

"Where is Ye Zhongming?"

"Still in Zone 50."

White Robe could have checked himself; he also had a recorder. But he felt it wasted time; asking his subordinates was faster. They must have been constantly monitoring this information.

"Let's go!"

With White Robe's order, the three rushed out of the camp and entered the teleportation array.

As the light flashed, White Robe silently thought to himself.

Hold on, kid!

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Ye Zhongming was truly holding on.

After reuniting with He, they first killed one novice, then, after a bitter battle, killed two Chaos Heart Race members.

But just as he predicted, someone had come for him.

He was already quite severely injured. One arm was broken and unusable; her body had suffered impacts. Even though she carried many medicines, she could only maintain her condition. At the very least, her arm couldn't be fixed immediately; the bones there were shattered.

Ye Zhongming wasn't feeling too great either. Earlier, to escape pursuit, he had also been injured. He felt better after taking medicine, but killing two Chaos Heart Race members wasn't easy. While gaining their points, he also paid the price of injury.

And the red name revealed his location, eliminating the last shred of hope in Ye Zhongming's heart.

Merely ten minutes after the Cosmic Races' warriors arrived, someone found him.

It was a creature somewhat like a beastman, with a human body and a beast's head, holding an iron staff.

Despite its large size, it was quite agile and fast. Upon seeing Ye Zhongming, it began attacking him frantically.

Ye Zhongming only clashed head-on once and suffered a minor loss.

This guy's strength was actually slightly higher than his!

Even though Ye Zhongming hadn't activated his bloodline, this was terrifying enough.

Ye Zhongming knew he couldn't stay in one place too long. Neither his nor He's speed was enough to shake off this half-beast. He could only fight, and he had to defeat the opponent in the shortest possible time to escape.

The Cloud Peak King truly went all out. He activated his bloodline, threw out everything he had bought from the official store during rest that could be of use, unleashed the two element spirits and the Earth Ruler equipment's full strength, and even the usually lazy Qiuqiu overclocked its performance.

The half-beast's iron staff whistled. Several abilities seemed to have no cost and could be used continuously. The two most troublesome for Ye Zhongming were: one, rapid strikes—this guy's arms could twist at various angles, making the long staff dance like a flower. Within seconds, the staff seemed omnipresent, making Ye Zhongming extremely uncomfortable.

The other ability was that the iron staff would suddenly lengthen, and three spearheads would extend from the staff body for a thrust. This was different from abilities that produced blade auras, etc.; this was completely a special skill where the weapon lengthened and branched. One could only say the

weapon's material must be extraordinary; otherwise, Ye Zhongming truly didn't believe any random iron staff could have such changes.

In a short time, Ye Zhongming had been hit several times.

Fortunately, his defensive ability was strong. Although uncomfortable, he didn't suffer serious injuries.

He also tried to use the trade-injury-for-injury method to deal with this guy, but his opponent was, after all, not a newcomer but a true warrior. His weapon, his abilities, and his equipment were all incomparable to the previous person. After trying several times to trade injuries, Ye Zhongming gave up.

There was no other way. If it were killing a thousand enemies at the cost of eight hundred losses, Ye Zhongming would grit his teeth and do it to get rid of this guy.

But the result was killing a thousand at the cost of twelve hundred losses. That was unacceptable.

At one moment, Ye Zhongming had begun to despair.

"Papa, I'm very sleepy. I can't hold on much longer."

A sudden sentence echoed in Ye Zhongming's mind, causing the nearly despairing Cloud Peak King to freeze.

He was all too familiar with this voice. It was the Earth Spirit's voice.

Because it was too special, after arriving in the territory of the Cosmic races, Ye Zhongming strictly forbade it from manifesting its true form, and naturally didn't allow it to speak to him. Who knew if the Cosmic races had some method to tear the little creature from his body once they discovered its existence?

The little creature saying this now undoubtedly meant it could no longer hold on. As for why, Ye Zhongming didn't need to guess; it was about to evolve!

The Cloud Peak King felt helpless. Usually, he hoped and prayed for it to evolve quickly, unlocking new abilities. But the little creature was too picky. Starting from eating anything, it gradually became extremely picky, only eating precious things. There were a few times it seemed about to evolve, but the result was only the growth of existing abilities or temporarily gaining a special ability, which reverted after energy consumption.

Who knew it would choose this moment to evolve?

Once the Earth Spirit fell into slumber, who would maintain the Black Earth Armor for him?! Ye Zhongming felt like crying, but no tears came.

Chapter 1879: Ultimate move

Ye Zhongming was rapidly thinking. He did not want to die here; he still wanted to see what the Earth Spirit would truly look like after evolution.

But the current situation was that the gap between him and this half-beast warrior was not large, yet it couldn't be bridged.

This was another opponent against whom he felt somewhat helpless. The last one was the Holy Father in the Blue Secret Realm.

The Cloud Peak King forced himself to calm down.

The Black Earth Armor had already disappeared, indicating the Earth Spirit had fallen into slumber and officially entered the evolution stage.

Ye Zhongming waved his hand, activating Mountain Press. A massive mountain descended from above, enveloping all three people.

The half-beast looked up, finally showing a serious expression on his face.

He could feel the immense power of this ability.

He hadn't expected a novice to exert such pressure on him.

He was indeed an ordinary warrior with only 1,900 Fureila. But what about these novices? Judging by past results, having a little over a thousand was already very good. The gap with him was too large. Once in combat, if not a complete crushing win, he would win in a short time with a suppressing posture.

To be honest, this person had already given him a big surprise. Due to racial reasons, the strength of half-beasts ranked among the top in the Cosmic races, only weaker than those major and powerful races. Yet his opponent's strength was only slightly inferior to his. With such a huge gap in Fureila, it could only mean the other's talent in this aspect far surpassed his.

Judging by appearance, the half-beast could tell this person came from that small blue planet. But that planet seemed to be the smallest of the seven targets, with the least life, and even the Slave Race that occupied it was just a juvenile.

How strong could the lifeforms on it be?

But this person truly exceeded his expectations, especially with this ability now, which gave him an instinctive sense of danger.

He retracted the long staff in his hand. Somehow, it instantly went behind his back. The hand not holding the staff pushed forward, striking out with a palm.

Ye Zhongming felt his spirit pause. His control over his ability and even his body seemed to be completely split away at that moment!

But this moment of confusion lasted only an instant before disappearing. He saw a hand that had already reached quite close to him.

It was too late to dodge or meet it with his own hand. He could only raise his arm while bending it, using his elbow joint to knock against the opponent's wrist just as the palm was about to strike his chest.

Using this force, he took a step back. The half-beast's palm swept past his face.

Ye Zhongming's arm immediately felt sore pain. Although it wasn't broken or immobile, it was sprained, showing the great force behind the opponent's palm.

The half-beast's surprise grew even greater.

The skill he used was called Dazzling Palm, Hidden Staff. He struck with the palm first, carrying a mental control attack method, aiming to make the mountain summoned by Ye Zhongming disappear. That way, the most threatening attack would be gone for the half-beast.

Incidentally, if this person didn't react in time, he could end Ye Zhongming's life directly with this palm.

But this palm was countered.

The half-beast thus discovered another unusual aspect of this opponent: his mental power was also exceptionally high!

Strength was a specialty, and mental power, too?!

The half-beast truly didn't understand, because these two attributes were unlikely to both be specialties in the same race.

But he didn't panic. Since mental interference couldn't make the opponent cancel the ability, he would just kill the opponent before the mountain fell. By then, the mountain would disappear, right?!

The latter part of the ability, Hidden Staff, appeared.

Like a snake, after the palm lost its target due to Ye Zhongming raising his arm, it came through beside the half-beast's neck. Using the extended arm as cover, exploiting this blind spot, it flashed out from beside the arm, straight towards Ye Zhongming's head.

This move was too fast, too sudden.

By the time Ye Zhongming noticed, it was somewhat late.

There was no other way. When strength was suppressed, being passive was inevitable.

The Cloud Peak King gritted his teeth and used teleportation.

This skill had a limited number of uses within a short time. Once that limit was exceeded, each additional use would cause more damage to the body.

Ye Zhongming instinctively wanted to dodge to the side, but at the moment of determining the direction, he chose backward.

The tip of the long staff in front of him suddenly split into three, stabbing in three directions.

The Cloud Peak King looked at the close but already spent, sharpened staff tip, knowing he had relied on instinct to dodge the opponent's killing move.

"Later, I'll leave it to you."

The Cloud Peak King suddenly spoke a sentence, then his entire being actually sank into a state of illusion.

He was stunned because the water chain she had placed on Ye Zhongming suddenly broke. That meant the Cloud Peak King was currently in an un-targetable state.

The half-beast, regretting his missed strike, was also a bit stunned, not understanding what was happening to this person. How could he have such an ability to turn his body semi-transparent like a shadow?

He slowly retreated because she wasn't sure if the half-beast would come for her. She needed to maintain a safe distance, waiting for Ye Zhongming's move.

As for what was being left to her, she didn't know for now.

The mountain in the air suddenly changed.

It began to collapse from the form of a towering high mountain, turning into countless fragments of stone. Then these fragments of stone rotated and condensed together, forming a giant earthen ring.

The surrounding air seemed to freeze. Both He and the half-beast underneath felt their bodies as if stuck in glue, movement becoming very difficult.

Although he didn't know what would happen next, the half-beast's feeling of unease grew stronger. He roared, began attacking the surroundings with his staff while trying hard to move, hoping to escape the area under the earthen ring above.

But it wasn't that easy. No matter how hard he tried, he could only move a tiny distance each second. Escaping would take at least ten minutes.

The circular earthen ring began to descend at this moment, extremely fast. As it fell, it shrank. By the time it was about two or three meters above the half-beast's head, its diameter was only two or three meters.

Under the half-beast's terrified gaze, the earthen ring slipped from above his head, wrapping his body, then tightening, tightly wrapping him!

The long staff, the equipment—everything became meaningless at this moment. Any resistance from the half-beast was futile.

He finally understood what Ye Zhongming wanted her to do.

Kill!

Chapter 1880: All chaos

He did not know how long the earthen ring that had fallen from the sky would last. After understanding Ye Zhongming's meaning, she immediately launched a Holy Sigil attack, her strongest method.

The light swept past, and the Holy Sigil blasted the half-beast's head, sending him flipping backward.

But when He looked, she saw she hadn't killed him, only beaten him until his head was covered in blood.

Was this guy really that tough?

The Changxu Water Race woman wanted to launch another Holy Sigil attack, but the fallen target made it difficult to find a good angle. If she forced an attack, it was very likely to hit the earthen ring covering the half-beast from his neck to his knees.

If her attack ended up freeing the half-beast instead, He felt Ye Zhongming might just kill her himself.

So she quickly went to the half-beast's side, took out a pair of short spears, and began stabbing at the half-beast's head.

The half-beast was indeed a qualified warrior, but He was also a level nine evolved. The weapons in her hands were made of excellent materials; otherwise, she, who didn't often use weapons, wouldn't have kept them as backups.

He attacked frantically, and the half-beast struggled.

While feeling the pain, he exerted force. But as time passed, the half-beast realized that the strength which always filled his body was now beginning to disappear gradually.

The fear of death finally overwhelmed any dignity or confidence, turning into continuous wails.

But He's broken spear thrust his mouth the next second.

Blood splattered, and the sounds gradually ceased.

He panted heavily, the broken spear in her hand falling to the ground. She ignored the blood on her hands, propped herself on her knees, and looked very tired.

She was indeed tired—the kind of physical and mental exhaustion that comes from intense exercise under extreme tension. She had been terribly afraid that her insufficient attack power would prevent her from killing the half-beast. If he had broken free, death would have awaited her and Ye Zhongming.

The earthen ring slowly disappeared. As this happened, Ye Zhongming's body also gradually returned to its normal state. When the ring completely vanished, the Cloud Peak King revealed his true form.

At that moment, he looked as if he had been pulled out of the water, completely drenched, his hair soaked with sweat, his face flushed red, his whole body trembling, even his eyes somewhat listless.

"Let's go quickly." Ye Zhongming uttered two words with difficulty, his voice completely unlike his own.

He immediately went over, held her companion, and quickly left in one direction.

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White Robe and his two subordinates stopped by a lake. Opposite them stood three people.

"Kui Yucang."

White Robe knew this person. He was from the Nakun Great Meteor Belt race. White Robe had once encountered him during an expedition hunt, and some enmity had formed. Later, in the coliseum of a

survivor fortress, the two with grievances agreed to a duel. White Robe won, and not with much difficulty.

At that time, to build the Star-Eye Clan's reputation, White Robe not only didn't hold back against this guy but also acted with some mockery, making Kui Yucang lose face completely.

White Robe hadn't cared at all at the time. Although the Nakun Race was stronger than the Star-Eye Clan, it was only by a limited margin. Choosing such a race to target was entirely normal.

He just hadn't expected to run into him here.

"After learning that your Star-Eye Clan's little guy was ranked first, I've been waiting for this moment. I not only got the opportunity I waited for, but actually ran into you too!" Kui Yucang felt this was the favor of the Cosmic God.

He had initially intended to trip up the Star-Eye Clan. Knowing they would definitely go protect that number one ranked guy, he checked Ye Zhongming's location and chose to roam in this area specifically to intercept the three Star-Eye Clan warriors coming down.

As long as he intercepted them, Kui Yucang knew that the kid named Ye Zhongming probably wouldn't last an hour before being killed by someone. That would also be an indirect avenging of his past defeat.

But who would have thought he'd not only encounter Star-Eye Clan members but even his enemy!

After publicly losing to White Robe before, only Kui Yucang himself knew what he had lost. It was his clan's support. Because of this, he went from a promising newcomer to an ordinary person.

From then on, the resources allocated to him became very few, and he had only reached a Fureila level of around 1,900 so far.

It was only because of the special requirements this time that he was assigned to make the descent.

As for his former opponent, White Robe, he had left everyone in the dust, becoming the Star-Eye Clan's Silver Order Leader, a renowned among the Cosmic races.

The gap between them was like heaven and earth.

Now, this person appeared before him. Kui Yucang realized one thing: his perfect opportunity for a comeback had arrived. Clearly, White Robe had used special means to suppress his strength to descend. That meant his current Fureila was at most just touching 2,000, almost the same as his. So, if he could defeat him...

Kui Yucang didn't dare to think too much about the future, but it would certainly be bright.

White Robe took a deep breath. He knew trouble would come, but he hadn't expected it so quickly. They had just entered Zone 50 when they encountered it, and it was such an enemy.

He slowly raised his hands. Since it had come to this, they would fight!

Two vortex-like air currents formed on his palms, their color a deep cyan-blue, completely covering his hands. The same color appeared in his eyes.

"Hand-Eye Star Vortex." Kui Yucang naturally recognized White Robe's ability. He had lost to this move back then; today, he would face it again.

He also spread his hands, revealing a pair of mechanical gauntlets. His forearms were also covered, perfectly integrated with the armor on his body without any disharmony.

"You two, go find Ye Zhongming. Leave this to me." White Robe suddenly whispered to his two subordinates. Then his body shot out from the ground like a cannonball, his hands swinging, attacking the three people ahead.

Although his voice was low, everyone was an expert. How could the other side not hear? Realizing White Robe actually intended to fight one against three, not only was Kui Yucang angered, but the other two from the Nakun Great Meteor Belt were also furious.

How much did he look down on them?! They were all warriors with around 1,900 Fureila. What made him so special?

They saw the other two Star-Eye Clan members bypass them and leave. They didn't even bother to stop them; instead, all faced White Robe.

Since you think you can handle the three of us, we'll oblige you!

The two sides collided amidst this enmity.

Not far from them, Jie Kui and Helsky were also in trouble. After the zone restrictions were lifted, the team had entered Zone 50 to find Ye Zhongming. It's just that reality was a bit different from what they had imagined...