

## **Apocalypse 1911**

### Chapter 1911: Unsealing Mountain King Crown

The smell of blood had never been so strong.

Perhaps it was because the strength of these dead people was very high.

Giant mountain peaks were being continuously shattered by the people below, but the crashing peaks were also tearing the people apart.

It could not be denied that the people below had strong combat power. Those powerful and mature warriors could shatter a corner of a mountain peak with one skill or easily blast a large crater in it.

However, not a single person could shatter an entire peak tip with a single blow.

And when these mountain peaks crashed or smashed down, not a single mature warrior could withstand it, let alone those Novices.

What the hell was this?!

The lives participating in the attack, amidst their shock and anger, constantly thought about this question. Why did such a powerful move appear? In their opinion, to possess such a strong attack capability, it was something only the core forces of their clans could achieve.

No, perhaps even those people couldn't achieve it. It wasn't that their level or strength was insufficient, but this kind of ability, which clearly belonged to anomalous phenomena, necessarily required a corresponding medium.

Either equipment or other immensely powerful existences.

The mountain shadows ran rampant among the crowd, and the rock giant ape was the same. It simply did not defend. None of the attacks on any part of its body could be fatal to it, be it the throat, heart, or head.

Countless attacks landed on its body, at most causing the rocks composing its body to shatter into flying fragments. Some did want to blast its legs or other parts to hinder the giant ape's movement, but it was simply too big and its body too hard. To achieve that goal, even if the giant ape didn't move at all, it would probably take several minutes of blasting. But the giant ape wouldn't stay still. Every swing of its fist or kick of its leg was fatal to Novices. Mature warriors also couldn't withstand two consecutive punches or kicks.

Don't forget, besides the rock giant ape and the dozens of mountain peaks, there was another giant... Ye Zhongming's misty black shadow.

This guy was another giant ape. His punches and kicks were full of power, and that giant roar earlier had indirectly caused who knows how many deaths!

Ye Zhongming's move, in fact, White Robe and the others knew it would definitely be effective, even a deterrent-like effect. They had all seen or heard of it before.

According to their expectations, basically, after the Cloud Peak King erupted, he could probably kill about ten mature warriors plus more Novices. That would undoubtedly greatly relieve the pressure. Plus, with that cooldown potion, he could cycle once and kill another ten or more.

Achieving victory was probably not possible, but it would undoubtedly greatly increase the possibility of dragging on until the end of the Novice battlefield. For them, that was victory!

However, the scene had now completely exceeded the expectations of White Robe and the others. They, who were originally the main defensive force, could only play a supporting role. The real main forces were the giant ape, the giant shadow, and the group of peaks!

Moreover, they were even gaining the upper hand.

Some of the previous attackers had already started to retreat. There was no other way; when these people found things had exceeded expectations, their thirst for life naturally burst forth.

Everyone who saw this scene would be shocked, and the most shaken were undoubtedly the members of the Star-Eye Clan.

On the Star-Eye Clan's spacecraft in outer space above the Novice planet, the entire cabin had been in a state of utter silence. Until a certain moment, the communicator on the side started ringing frantically. Who knows how many races wanted to connect and talk, which finally startled everyone.

They had never thought that one day, the Star-Eye Clan could also become the focus of the cosmic races.

First came heavy breathing, then uncontrollable wild joy and cheers.

They saw hope for victory, and a great hope at that!

"Answer or not?"

A man with a flushed face asked Aslan. He was referring to the communications from other races. With sharp eyes, he even spotted communication requests from spacecraft belonging to a few major clans ranked in the top ten in comprehensive strength.

"No!"

Aslan said very decisively. Seeing that others were somewhat puzzled, she smiled and said, "If we answer now, can we answer the things they want to know? No. Even if we could, should we tell them? No. Then what's the point of answering?"

"But, wouldn't it offend people?" Someone was still thinking about the problem with a habitual mindset.

"Offend?" Aslan pointed at the scene of flesh and blood flying on the light screen now, her attitude firm. "Doesn't this already offend? What happens on the Novice battlefield cannot be pursued; that's the rule. But we all know in our hearts that's the rule for the major clans. When have we minor clans ever been respected? Not to mention that in normal Novice battlefields, we rarely kill their warriors. Even if we could kill them, wouldn't they retaliate? They just wouldn't be so blatant about it!"

Everyone calmed down a bit upon hearing this, knowing that Aslan was telling the truth.

Although facing the pressure from the Slave Race, the cosmic races had established many rules to follow for survival; in reality, whoever had the bigger fist was still in the right.

"When we win, it won't be too late to answer these communications. By then, there will be more things we can say." Aslan crossed her arms, watching the slaughter on the light screen, her heart filled with the same question as everyone else.

How did this Ye Zhongming manage to create these things!

Ye Zhongming had leveled up. No, it should be said he had unlocked the next stage of the Mountain King Crown.

Previously, the Mountain King Crown had several abilities for him to use: Shortening Distance, Feedback Force, and Mountain Shadow Press. This time, after receiving the drug Sky Step from He, he chose to unlock the Mountain King Crown. Thus, the Cloud Peak King gained two new abilities: the currently appearing giant ape and the mountain peaks.

Mountain Becomes Ape: Turns a mountain peak into a rock giant ape with terrifying combat power. The level of comprehensive strength is related to the energy paid by the summoner and the size of the mountain serving as the medium.

Command of the Mountains: Summons the peak tips of a group of mountains, turning them into a moving attack group to damage targets.

The Ocean King Crown and the Mountain King Crown were lord-grade equipment, belonging to the highest level of equipment. Their abilities were naturally extremely powerful. Perhaps now, because Ye Zhongming's own strength was relatively low, they still couldn't deal with the powerful existences among the cosmic races. But dealing with these lives whose maximum energy was only two thousand furelai was more than sufficient.

When the attackers finally broke the Command of the Mountains and Mountain Becomes Ape abilities, and also endured until Ye Zhongming's transformation ended, they, who originally had an overwhelming advantage, were now severely depleted. Only over forty mature warriors remained, and only a little over a hundred Novices were left!

That is to say, from the moment Ye Zhongming made his move until now, when these skills disappeared, over five hundred attackers had been killed!

Chapter 1912: Again

Silence became the theme of the battlefield.

This situation typically occurred at a specific moment just before a major battle, when both sides were building momentum and waiting for the decisive moment.

However, this kind of silence, which appeared after half a day of fighting, was too unusual and eerie.

The attackers, now only about two hundred people, were somewhat dazed. They didn't understand why a victory that should have been a crushing one from any perspective had suddenly turned into this situation. They didn't understand why they were on the verge of failure.

"Not defeated yet!"

These words were spoken almost simultaneously in several places.

On many light screens across the seven Survivor Fortresses, races whose clansmen had participated in this attack all made such a judgment.

Yes, previously there were 1,300 or 1,400 people, now reduced to less than 200. It seemed like they should be defeated, but in fact, even with only this many warriors left, they still held an absolute numerical advantage against the defenders.

Those who said this also included some attackers on the scene. They did not deny that they had been terrified by Ye Zhongming's skills just now. But now the skills had ended, and the things that made them afraid no longer existed, so why couldn't they continue attacking?

The state of the opposite side was clearly very bad.

Indeed, after the previous slaughter, the situation seemed to clear up, as if the defenders were on the verge of victory. But in fact, White Robe and the others were now all injured, including Yisewei from the Sheke Star. After all, in that situation just now, no one cared whether they would offend a major clan; survival was the top priority.

Amid the chaos, the Novices on the defensive side, except for He, had all fallen. Those not dead were severely wounded and unable to move.

Taking advantage of the chaos, the center of the array was breached twice. The Silk Sea Light Array had been completely destroyed, and those light threads that could buff the defenders had already disappeared.

Among the mature warriors who could still stand, two had also lost their combat ability. They were He's clansmen. They were too focused, or rather, too eager to ensure the safety of their own people, and were assaulted up close. Even though they immediately activated water chains and launched holy symbol attacks, they still couldn't turn the danger into safety.

That is to say, on the defenders' side, only White Robe, Yisewei, and the other two from the Sheke Star, Jie Su and his two clansmen, plus He's remaining clansman could still fight.

As for He and Ye Zhongming, everyone saw their condition; they were definitely unable to fight anymore.

Two hundred against eight; no matter how you looked at it, they couldn't lose.

The Talos Red Dwarves truly lived up to being the race with the best equipment. Even when facing Ye Zhongming's terrifying attack, they all managed to survive. Only one had a leg broken by the impact and was sent to the back by his companion using that ferocious war chariot.

The other two looked at Ye Zhongming with red eyes.

The Talos Red Dwarves were different from the Su Clan. The Su Clan had a detestable 'literary and artistic' aura about them. The Su Clan's defensive arrays would only use some of their clan's junk for other races, first checking if relations were good, then looking at the price.

But they were not like that. They only looked at the price. Except for some of the clan's highest technological works and unique creations, nothing was unsellable, as long as the buyer had money.

One focused on personal relationships, while the other was only concerned with money—almost completely opposite practices made their relationship with each other less harmonious.

Otherwise, back then, the Talos Red Dwarves would have joined the Su Clan faction like other races that didn't want to get involved in the disputes of the Ten Thousand Races of the universe.

Now, seeing the Su Clan helping their clan's 'traitor', they decided to kill Jie Su first, then kill Ye Zhongming.

The leader of the Talos Red Dwarves had an impatient temperament. He hated Ye Zhongming too much. Seeing Ye Zhongming's current weak state, he roared and charged forward, also restarting the battle.

At the same time, the prompt that there were only thirty minutes left until the end of the Novice battlefield also sounded, telling those present that whether they won or lost, they only had half an hour.

This leader charged over and reached in front of Ye Zhongming.

For a moment, he felt strange. Why didn't White Robe and the others stop him?

But the temptation of being able to kill Ye Zhongming immediately made him forget this matter, because he knew his companions would guard his back.

But he suddenly saw that the Novice number one, who should have been listless on the ground, suddenly stood up and swung his weapon at him.

A mimicry war device? Something we phased out long ago!

The Talos Red Dwarves warrior smiled disdainfully in his heart, simply not thinking this thing could have any effect on him.

He wanted to raise his own weapon, to let this pauper from a small place witness the technological power of the Talos Red Dwarves!

But he was puzzled. Why couldn't he lift his arm? And his body wouldn't move?

He suddenly looked down, horrified to see a giant hand composed of soil below, wrapping his lower body and arms within it.

However, his body was somewhat short, making the giant hand appear petite.

This... He suddenly looked at Ye Zhongming. He recognized what this was.

But he didn't see Ye Zhongming's face; what he saw was the cold gleam on the mimicry war device.

He very much wanted to shout "No!" like thousands of people before death, but the weapon, without any defensive interference, stabbed directly into his mouth, pierced through his head, and hit the helmet.

It had to be said, the Talos Red Dwarves' equipment was indeed good. Even such a fierce strike from Ye Zhongming did not pierce through his helmet.

Killing a powerful Talos Red Dwarf with one move made many people behind pause. There was no other way; there had been too many surprises in this battle. Now, no one could guarantee what else might happen.

However, the death of one mature warrior could not stop the others from attacking. Even at this moment, more warriors and Novices had already appeared around the small hill. They had been observing the battle from the dense forest, and now, they felt there was an opportunity to reap rewards.

Further away, even more people were rushing over. Perhaps their target had been here all along, or perhaps they came after seeing the anomalous phenomena of Ye Zhongming's abilities. In any case, although over a thousand people had died on the small hill before, it could be predicted that soon, even more people might gather here.

In their eyes, there were now two extremely tempting prizes, tempting enough almost to lose reason.

One was Jie Su.

He was the one who set up the Silk Sea Light Array. The points from those killed by the array naturally counted towards him. His and his clansmen's total score was already ranked first!

The other, naturally, was Ye Zhongming. He was originally the Novice number one, and the Star-Eye Clan was previously the total score first. Now that he had killed so many people, although surpassed by Jie Su and the Su Clan, he was still ranked second, with a frighteningly high score.

Whether it was Jie Su or Ye Zhongming, killing just one of them would immediately propel oneself and one's race to the top two positions!

The temptation was truly too great!

Chapter 1914: Did you have too much fun?

The black shadows submerged all areas from the small hill to the forest. Only the spaces between each circle of black shadows still had lives standing.

They no longer fought each other, but stopped their hands and were fully prepared against the surrounding black shadows.

It wasn't that no one had attacked these black shadows, but they found the attacks were ineffective. Whether weapons or energy-laden skills, they would pass right through these black shadows.

They seemed to have only a form; everything else was empty, illusory.

But with so many black shadows around, even if they appeared to pose no threat, it couldn't put everyone at ease.

What was the point of fighting now? Thinking about how to deal with the surrounding situation was what really mattered.

There were too many black shadows, so many that no one present could count them all. Only those standing at the very top of the hill, like White Robe and the others, could roughly see that the number of these black shadows identical to Ye Zhongming should have exceeded five thousand.

This number was already several times greater than the number of lives present.

Many lives that had come to take advantage had already begun to run outward. They could easily pass through these black shadows. They had seen that demon-like mist giant before; now this thing was a smaller version, clearly not a good sign.

Only those obsessed with points, or with other ideas, remained, not moving.

This Novice number one had already created such a big scene before; now he created this. Did it truly possess the power it once had, or was it just a bluff? After all, there was only a little time left until the end of the Novice battlefield. It wasn't impossible for him to play an empty fort strategy to trick everyone once.

The lives watching the scene before the light screens felt extremely complicated.

How did the originally calm and uneventful Novice battlefield, the one that remained unchanged, the controllable and adjustable Novice battlefield, become like this?

Finally, almost everyone who had this confusion focused their gaze on that Novice number one.

It was this person who brought endless changes to the Novice battlefield.

Now, what would these black shadows be?

The only ones probably feeling excited were the Star-Eye Clan members. Their moods were like a roller coaster, rising and falling. Now they were at a high point again, and possibly the highest point.

There were less than ten minutes left until the Novice battlefield ended. If Ye Zhongming could hold on until then, then the Star-Eye Clan would achieve unprecedented success. These points weren't just for ranking; they could also be exchanged for many good things.

Now, what remained to be seen was whether Ye Zhongming and White Robe could hold on until that moment.

If they survived, it would be a glorious moment for the Star-Eye Clan. If they died, it would also be a dark moment for the Star-Eye Clan.

They could only wait for glory or darkness. The only thing they could do was pray.

"Hey, will it work? Did you mess up?"

White Robe asked quietly from the side.

In their opinion, Ye Zhongming should have transformed into that black mist giant again at this time, killing all four directions to reduce everyone's pressure.

Although White Robe also knew that the black giant probably couldn't last long, the situation at the moment no longer allowed for any hiding. They had to activate it, hoping to quickly defeat these people or break through to see if they could escape for a few minutes, holding on until the Novice battlefield ended.

But now, no matter how you looked at it, it didn't seem right.

These black shadows were numerous and looked quite intimidating, but the actual situation was unclear to anyone. What if Ye Zhongming overexerted himself, turning the big giant into a bunch of small dwarves, with attacks like tender, affectionate palms? Then everyone would be finished.

Ye Zhongming did not respond to the White Robe. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but that he couldn't.

He had really messed up a bit.

This was not originally his intention.

Even White Robe and the others knew that Ye Zhongming's giant transformation couldn't last very long. How could Ye Zhongming himself not know?

Not being able to last very long meant there would be a gap of a few minutes before the Novice battlefield ended. In those few minutes, too many accidents could happen.

He didn't want to hand his fate over to luck like this.

So when activating this transformation, Ye Zhongming had a sudden inspiration and tried a change.

For someone like Ye Zhongming, who always left a margin of safety, such a situation with no reserves was rare. This was thanks to the strong effect of the potion Yisewei gave him. After drinking it, he found that it not only completely reset the cooldown of the Earth Spirit's abilities but also had a surplus.

Probably because Ye Zhongming's body was somewhat special, the situation Yisewei mentioned, where excess couldn't be drunk, did not occur. Instead, they transformed into energy, filling Ye Zhongming's body and granting the Cloud Peak King a full recovery and enhancement.

When his body reached its optimal state, Ye Zhongming activated the ability and found that the previously already familiar skill control became even more effortless. If activated again, he could probably last dozens of seconds longer.

But that was useless. So Ye Zhongming wanted to explore other ways to increase the giant's appearance time.

It was fine if he didn't try, but once he did, he actually discovered that his greatest advantage, his mental power, could be utilized to the fullest when his body was at its peak.

This made him extremely happy. Ye Zhongming thought that, besides stamina, if mental power could be used, he was confident the black mist giant could last ten minutes!

That would directly take them to the end of the Novice battlefield; everything would be perfect.

But... thinking was good. When he released the ability, it changed.

Those circles of black shadows were not just strange to others; Ye Zhongming himself found them strange too.

Could it be that this was another manifestation form of the improved Double Poison Shadow?

Ye Zhongming could only explain it this way.

Soon, the Cloud Peak King discovered the secrets.

He began to attack.

Ye Zhongming, who had been motionless after activating the skill, suddenly threw a punch forward.

A straightforward, ordinary-looking punch.

But that didn't matter, even if he was punching air.

But all the black shadows identical to Ye Zhongming simultaneously threw the same punch. Their fists were a bit terrifying.

Although they were not particularly powerful, this punch came with special effects. First, it emitted a screeching sound that would daze those with low mental power. Then, these circles of black shadows, with adjacent two rows throwing punches, their arms would lengthen, just enough for the fists of the two rows of shadows to meet.

That is to say, the first circle of shadows and the second circle, the third circle and the fourth circle, and so on, they formed closed attack rings with each other.

These were shadows occupying the space from the hill to the forest edge! These were over five thousand shadows! The monitors recorded the scene of them all punching together. The people who saw this scene through the light screens were all shocked by that orderly and cold action.

Chapter 1913: Again (2)

The Star-Eye Clan spacecraft, which had been immersed in great excitement, fell completely silent.

They had truly thought they had won just moments before, but... ultimately, there were still too many people. Even with heavy losses, they had outlasted those deadly skills.

Additionally, Ye Zhongming's transformation time was too brief, allowing those people a chance to catch their breath. Otherwise, if it had persisted for just a few more minutes, all the attackers would have collapsed.

Suffering nearly ninety percent casualties without routing was something only these formidable lives in the universe could achieve. But similarly, if a few more had died, even these formidable lives would have fled, because that would have been a certain death situation.

Unfortunately. These were the only two words in the heart of every Star-Eye Clan member.

There was less than half an hour left until the end of the Novice battlefield, but they knew that for Ye Zhongming and the others, over twenty minutes was far too long.

The feeling of falling from the clouds to the ground was too unbearable.

Many people clenched their hands tightly, then loosened them again, feeling that this brief period on the Novice battlefield was like a dream, a beautiful one. Unfortunately, now the dream was about to end.

On the battlefield, many people thought the same.

The newly appeared warriors and Novices on the periphery, although ultimately coming for the points of Ye Zhongming and the others, their appearance provided temporary help to the defending side. Because the lives currently attacking Ye Zhongming and the others had to be wary of the newcomers, who knew if the latecomers would directly step over their corpses to seize the points of Ye Zhongming and the others.

So, even though Ye Zhongming, White Robe, and the others were already squeezed into a small area at the top of the hill, struggling to hold on, they had not been scattered for the time being.

However, the situation was still becoming increasingly perilous.

Three minutes after the fighting resumed, a mature warrior of the Su Clan was injured and fell to the ground. Although he tried hard to cover his wound, it was clear he wouldn't make it without some highly effective treatment.

There was some sorrow in Jie Su's eyes. He's remaining clansmen were all exerting their full effort to activate water chains to ensure everyone's defense, and simply had no time to treat their own clansman. Otherwise, the entire defense line would collapse immediately.

As for the other severely wounded people...

They were just not dead, merely not dead. If they could still move, it didn't count as a severe injury; throwing a stone from the back was considered participating in the battle.

Perhaps this was fate.

Jie Su swung his weapon and, with the help of his clansman, who risked injury, cut off the head of an opponent in front of him.

The newcomers and those originally here started fighting each other. Even if there was no initial intention to fight, facing each other with wariness, amidst the ground covered in corpses and strong smell of blood, the slightest unusual movement would cause a reaction, and conflict became inevitable.

The original attackers hated these newcomers even more. These people were here to snatch food from the tiger's mouth.

They didn't take the risks earlier, and now they come seeing the benefits? That won't do.

This caused their attacks on these latecomers to be even fiercer than their previous ones on Ye Zhongming, White Robe, and the others. Previously, their fighting was not entirely fake, but it wasn't all-out either, given the presence of so many people around. One strike each was enough to keep the opponents busy, and given time, flaws would definitely appear.

If not for the Silk Sea Light Array and Ye Zhongming's sudden eruption, they really wouldn't have needed to lose many people to take down the targets.

But against those snatching food, they truly fought with their lives.

Earlier, everyone attacked these people for points and ranking, risking offense to major forces like the Su Clan and the Sheke Star, enduring the powerful array's attacks and extraordinary assaults. Those who kept their lives were waiting for the harvest. But encountering food-snatchers, people who made all their previous efforts and risks worthless, how could that be tolerated? If not now, when would they fight with their lives?

And once one side fought with their lives, with everyone's strength being similar, if you didn't fight with your life, you would really die.

Thus, centered on the small hill, a large area around it fell into chaos.

Even if their initial thought wasn't to get the points of Ye Zhongming, Jie Su, and the others, killing one more person also earned many points. Also, there wasn't much time left until the end of the entire Novice battlefield, and they couldn't do much else anyway. It was better to gain some points here or scavenge corpses.

Additionally, although the seven Survivor Fortresses were very large, almost equivalent to planets, with numerous cities and settlements, they couldn't withstand the vast population of the universe's many races, and their living space was limited. Usually, some arenas or hunting grounds had a high degree of overlap, with everyone belonging to different factions, resulting in conflicts of interest. Many races harbored hatred for one another.

And the Novice battlefield was undoubtedly a place to vent these hatreds.

In the final moments of the Novice battlefield, some fought to survive, some fought for points, some fought for loyalty, some fought for hatred, some fought for the future, some fought for ideals...

But no matter what they fought for, they were all fighting.

On countless light screens, this shocking scene was playing out simultaneously.

Centered on the small hill, extending outwards, people were fighting fiercely everywhere. The previously relatively calm points board was changing at an almost dizzying speed, giving people the impression that the server might crash at any moment.

Everyone knew this situation would continue until the very moment the Novice battlefield officially ended.

The situation was indeed favorable for Ye Zhongming, Robe Bai, and the others, but their own situation was not optimistic.

Because everyone was focused on killing, even Yisewei was being targeted desperately. Although she had killed the most people besides White Robe, her two guards were severely wounded protecting her and had to withdraw. If not for their originally high strength, their experience ensuring performance

even when suppressed, their equipment being much better than others', and the Changxu Water Race, it wouldn't have been just a severe injury.

Now, those who could exert decent combat power were basically only White Robe, Yisewei, and Jie Su.

When there were only ten minutes left until the end of the Novice battlefield, White Robe finally, after Yisewei and Jie Su, called out Ye Zhongming's name.

This madman also couldn't hold on anymore.

Ye Zhongming sighed inwardly. Things had come to this; ultimately, they had to use the final trump card.

He stood up, somewhat disregarding safety, and took two steps forward. It was White Robe who blocked the attacks for him. Amidst the Star-Eye Clan Silver Order Leader's question of 'Are you crazy?', Ye Zhongming took out the things given to him by White Robe and Yisewei and drank them in one gulp.

Afterwards, first, a circle of black shadows appeared around his body. The next instant, another circle appeared. The third second, a third circle...

In ten seconds, centered on Ye Zhongming, a full ten circles of black shadows appeared. The further out, the greater the number of black shadows identical to Ye Zhongming. At the tenth circle, there were already over sixty!

And, this had not stopped. The black shadows continued to expand outward, circle after circle...

Many people saw this scene and, thinking of this Novice number one's previous eruption, a question with an exclamation mark surged in their hearts...

Are you done yet? Again?!

Chapter 1915: Sea of Glue

Basically, every life within the attack range failed to dodge this punch.

Because there was no way to dodge, the punches were sudden and fast, forming a closed attack range, and carried a slight mental shock component.

Even if someone wanted to jump up, it was completely too late.

This punch did not cause many casualties among the lives here, but it created chaos.

They did not understand: what kind of move was this? How could it be so unified with that Novice's actions? How could it control so many black shadows at once? Also, why could these black shadows, whose bodies attacks passed through no matter what before, now hit us when they launched an attack?

Many people launched attacks in response, throwing weapons and skills at these black shadows.

But the result was exactly the same as before: all attacks passed through the black shadows. Because many people thought this was a good opportunity and basically attacked with full force, the glows and power directly passed through the black shadows and swept towards the lives on the other side.

The situation became even more chaotic instantly.

At this time, Ye Zhongming moved again. He leaned his upper body slightly and performed a side kick.

Those black shadows naturally made the same movement simultaneously. But this time, it was no longer the first circle of shadows and the second circle forming a closed attack, but the second circle and the third circle launching a 'face-to-face' offensive, the fourth and fifth circles, and so on.

Those people who had not been attacked before could no longer escape this time.

It was still orderly, just in a different direction.

It still carried a mental impact, and still, no life within the closed attack ring could dodge it.

Looking down from above, Ji Ruiguang suddenly felt a familiar sensation, a kind of order and unity that belonged only to the country.

Many lives were kicked, stumbling and falling.

Afterwards, Ye Zhongming made a move that made people want to cover their eyes.

He... swung his palm and slapped the air.

The black shadows simultaneously slapped, hitting many lives.

On Earth, in the country, a slap on the face was called an ear slap. Now, due to height issues, this slap landed on various parts of these people's bodies.

It didn't hurt at all, but precisely because it couldn't be compared to the previous punch and kick, many lives experienced the exact same... feeling of humiliation as being slapped in the face.

Yes, that Novice number one was using this method to insult and scorn them!

"Kill him, and these things will naturally disappear."

Someone shouted, prompting others to agree immediately.

Yes, these black shadows rendered their abilities ineffective. Then just take out the main body. After all, he was right there on the not-too-distant hill. Charge over; these black shadows that attacks pass through also couldn't stop everyone.

These lives, who had been fighting for themselves or even attacking each other, unified their thinking at this moment: first, kill this Novice number one who dared to challenge all the lives here first.

White Robe, Yisewei, and Jie Su felt extremely helpless at this moment. They thought, 'You, Ye Zhongming, wouldn't it be better to create that huge black mist giant and kill everyone? Now you create this thing, and instead of properly punching and kicking, you have to throw a teasing slap. Isn't that asking for trouble?'

'Now look, they're all coming together again, and the scale... is basically larger than the people who attacked us before.'

"This guy has conned us."

Yisewei smiled bitterly, looked deeply at White Robe, and stood by this man's side. Her intention to live and die together was already very clear.

Among the people on the hill, anyone else might be spared, but they would definitely not spare the Star-Eye Clan's Novice number one, Ye Zhongming, and White Robe. Not wanting anything to happen to Robe Bai, she definitely had to protect him with her life.

Jie Su also sighed and shook his head. He originally thought they had passed the test today, but now it seemed they still had one last fight. However, the outcome would probably not be ideal.

Taking a look at the sky, Jie Su felt this was also bidding farewell to those clansmen close to him.

But just as these few people on the hilltop who could still fight prepared to fight for their lives, Ye Zhongming moved again.

This time, he turned around and then, towards the opposite direction, threw punches, swung elbows, kicked, struck with knees...

This individual was actually practicing the Chinese martial arts he had learned on Earth from Xia Lei, Mo Ye, and other experts at this moment.

Every punch and kick, the connection of moves, all had order and method.

Others didn't recognize it, but Ji Ruiguang, Mu Hanyi, and others did. Even if they didn't know specifically what it was, they recognized it as Chinese martial arts. As for non-chinese people like Helsky and Mechanical Genius, if they weren't completely unable to move, they would probably whistle immediately and shout, 'Oh my god, Chinese Kung Fu.'

With Ye Zhongming doing this, the black shadows behind naturally did the same. This time, they did not attack each other but instead stepped forward together in the direction Ye Zhongming was facing.

Their punches and kicks, which carried mental impacts, now also had the sound of wind and thunder when they attacked.

"That is... what?"

Jie Su, Robe Bai, Yisewei, and the others were already in great surprise because they found that the attacks from these black shadows, identical to Ye Zhongming and synchronous with him, were different from the previous joke-like punches, kicks, and slaps. Now the attacks clearly carried some inexplicable power.

Heavy and... Evil.

These should have been almost completely opposite feelings and shouldn't have appeared simultaneously, but they did.

They were outsiders and could only rely on feeling, but the lives within the array of black shadows were not about feeling, but about experiencing.

They found that, under the condition of being unable to attack the black shadows, the opponents' attack rhythm was completely unaffected. They basically treated any life in front of them as targets, and the power in their punches and kicks was surprisingly great.

What made them feel even more frustrated was that the great power was one thing, but once activated, it would produce a suppressing force on them, as if their bodies had become heavier, and their agility had dropped severely.

Additionally, these black shadows' attacks were toxic. It wasn't strong, but it definitely affected combat.

This was a vicious cycle: get hit, then the body becomes heavier and poisoned, then continue to get hit, continue to become heavier and poisoned.

To escape, unless you weren't hit. But these black shadows' strikes carried mental impacts, dazing them bit by bit. They might dodge the first one, but not the second or third...

Looking down from high above, this scene seemed like the various races' lives were fleeing, and those black shadows were chasing. Once caught, they would deliver a flurry of old-fashioned punches.

No one had ever seen this kind of fighting method. The black shadows were like a sea of glue, sticking the lives within them, then using seemingly clumsy and straightforward, but actually punch-to-the-flesh attacks, to beat the lives of various races to the ground.

Some lives discovered the trick: if they just lay on the ground regarding these black shadows that could hit them but couldn't be hit, the shadows would simply walk past them.

Following the example, other lives also didn't want to be beaten to death for nothing and learned to lie down and play dead. However, they overlooked one crucial detail: the previously lying-down lives were small in size; after lying down, their height was below the knees of the black shadows, identical to Ye Zhongming. But them? Even lying down, they were like small hills. So, not only did they not avoid the attacks, but the attacks landed on them even more densely.