

Apocalypse 1916

Chapter 1916: Novice Battlefield end

Whether it was the warriors currently on the Novice battlefield or the other members of the cosmic races watching here, many among them had lived for a very, very long time. They had basically seen everything that could happen.

However, they had never truly seen the current scene before.

This was a fighting method they didn't quite understand.

It looked somewhat soft and too ordinary, but in reality, it beat the lives besieging the small hill into disarray.

Perhaps one or two hits couldn't do much, but they couldn't withstand the number of these black shadows. Also, each black shadow's attack wasn't just one or two hits, but a set of continuous attacks.

As Ye Zhongming continued to execute moves above, the black shadows below moved accordingly. Casualties soon appeared, and this number continued to increase over time.

The lives closest to the hilltop were blocked by White Robe and the others, while the black shadows behind attacked from the rear. They couldn't continue attacking White Robe and the others, nor could they escape.

There was no other way; who told them the black shadows couldn't be attacked?

Especially the top-tier among the mature warriors. If their strength hadn't been suppressed, it might have been better; they might have truly found some way to deal with these black shadows. However, at this level of two thousand furelai, they possessed strength but couldn't utilize it effectively.

Break through White Robe and the others desperately?

They hadn't considered doing that, but facing attacks from both sides, they had little confidence. The death of one person earlier had already reminded them that going for broke wasn't a good solution either.

So what to do?

Someone started to escape.

That person was originally near the edge. Gritting their teeth, they took a few hits and rushed into the dense forest.

This undoubtedly reminded many lives, especially those at the edges. Using the opportunity that these black shadows were always converging towards the hilltop, they fled one after another.

Deaths during the process were inevitable.

In the end, those lives located at the center of the hilltop still decided to kill Ye Zhongming.

Running? They were too far from the edge. That distance might get them beaten to death by the black shadows.

Not running? Then there was only this one choice.

Although Ye Zhongming was continuously 'practicing kung fu', if anyone rushed to his side, his attacks would spontaneously turn into combat with that life.

His punches and kicks were not comparable to the black shadows. Whether it was the mental power contained within, the gravity control of the Earth Spirit applied in the attacks, or the toxicity of the Double Poison Shadow, all were several levels higher. Killing him wouldn't be easy.

Moreover, there were White Robe, Yisewei, Jie Su, and others looking after him.

Actually, the number of lives that could rush to the hilltop now wasn't large. But even so, it caused huge trouble for White Robe and the others. Their numbers were truly too few, and they had too many people to look after. Later, as the black shadows controlled by Ye Zhongming pressed closer, the attackers also fell into a desperate state.

The battlefield fell into complete chaos. People died continuously, and people escaped continuously.

With three minutes left, Jie Su was injured and withdrew, playing only a small role in watching over the other wounded.

When there were two minutes left, White Robe vomited blood and was severely wounded, his body beaten out of shape—he just wasn't dead yet. At the same time, He, who was already injured, exhausted his stamina and completely lost his combat ability.

The entire defending side only had Ye Zhongming, who was still 'practicing kung fu', and Yisewei, who had the strongest overall strength.

Unlike Ye Zhongming, who was enjoying his own fighting, Yisewei was now completely playing both father and mother. She had to protect herself and also protect the wounded. But alone, she couldn't take care of everything well. Soon, people died...

When there was one minute left until the end of the Novice battlefield, the hilltop was already piled with people and black shadows. Every second, someone fell.

Intense light or huge energy fluctuations flashed continuously, then vanished without a trace.

Amidst this chaos, the bell signaling the end of the Novice battlefield rang. An impact fluctuation that could almost pierce consciousness came from everyone's recorder, forcing everyone to stop.

The black shadows disappeared. The hill regained quiet, but the corpses scattered all over the place told everyone what had just happened here.

"This Novice battlefield has ended. Everyone, stop attacking and wait in place."

"All corpses are not to be moved. Do not pick up the equipment and weapons from the corpses."

The voice was raspy, as cold as usual, but its pitch slightly increased, clearly indicating an unsettled mood.

Ye Zhongming lay on the ground like a noodle. Next to him, an ugly, big man was squatting, staring at him intently from no more than twenty centimeters away from his face.

"Get away from me. Your breath stinks."

Although Ye Zhongming was extremely unwilling to speak, this guy's smell was really too strong. He was afraid that in his current poor state, he might be smoked to death by it.

"After we get out, let's fight again."

This life had just been beaten black and blue by Ye Zhongming and couldn't do anything about him. For him, who had suppressed his strength to come here, the frustration in his heart was beyond words.

"Depends on the timing."

"Get lost!" Yisewei came over and said.

She had to guard against the possibility that the cosmic races might send someone akin to a death warrior. If such a person recklessly killed Ye Zhongming, White Robe, or Jie Su, who could not currently fight back, it would truly be a case of capsizing in a ditch.

The life glanced at Yisewei, stood farther away, but still looked at Ye Zhongming, clearly waiting for his answer.

But how thick-skinned was the Cloud Peak King? No matter how he looked, he just wouldn't agree.

What a joke. Here, everyone's strength was two thousand furelai. The strongest in overall strength, like Yisewei, could probably exert around two thousand five hundred, including equipment?

But outside? Others could have ten or twenty thousand. For Ye Zhongming himself, estimated at over a thousand, to fight them would be seeking death.

Even transforming into a giant, adding in the Mountain King Crown, wouldn't work.

"Thank you."

Ye Zhongming had to speak to Yisewei. Without this woman's desperate fighting, none of them would have survived. She not only gave Ye Zhongming a second chance to go all out but also sacrificed the life of her male guard.

Now on the hill, the only mature warriors still alive were Jie Su, White Robe, Yisewei and her maid, and two Changxu Water Race members. The rest were all dead.

Among the Novices, many were also killed in the final assault. Fortunately, those Ye Zhongming valued—Helsky, Jie Kui, Mechanical Genius, Mu Hanyi, and others—were still alive.

"In the future, help White Robe more. And remember, you owe me a favor."

Yisewei wasn't like how she was with White Robe towards others. After saying this calmly, she looked up at the sky.

In the distance, the silhouettes of spacecraft were visible. They were coming to pick up the surviving Novices.

Ye Zhongming let out a long breath. He knew the difficult Novice battlefield was over. Next, it should be the most anticipated award distribution ceremony, right?

Chapter 1917: Changxu Race's crazy choice

The Novice camp was chaotic and noisy, filled with the clamor of voices, the roar of machinery, the roars of warbeasts, the moans of the wounded, the curses of enemies, and the clanging of strikes.

There was no other way. The surviving Novices and mature warriors, as well as the clan members who came with the two waves, had now basically all landed on this planet and gathered in the Novice camp. Not only did they fill the lost numbers, but they also exceeded them by a considerable amount. Wanting this place to be quiet was simply impossible.

The Star-Eye Clan, led by Aslan, naturally came too. Because they feared incidents, basically everyone except those necessary to control the spacecraft came down to the planet, numbering over thirty people!

Reportedly, another large Star-Eye Clan spacecraft was on its way, carrying over a thousand Star-Eye Clan warriors.

Ye Zhongming could already stand up, but it was estimated he would need two more days to return to his best condition. This was already the best medicine the Star-Eye Clan could temporarily provide.

Others, even White Robe, after treatment, would need to lie in certain medical pods for a week before they could walk around.

Aslan looked at Ye Zhongming sitting quietly there and felt a sense of shock.

How could someone who had achieved such great success and was about to face unimaginable rewards remain so calm?

Didn't he feel any excitement or thrill? Had he not thought at all about what drastic changes his future would undergo?

Yes, Ye Zhongming, Novice number one. The Star-Eye Clan, total score number one.

This was thanks to Ye Zhongming's clone practicing kung fu at the final moment. That allowed him to surpass Jie Su, who had the help of the Silk Sea Light Array earlier, in kill count, and naturally, his points surpassed by a lot too. Along with the points from Robe Bai and Jie Kui, the two surviving Star-Eye Clan members, the total score was also first.

The previously set goal was merely the top fifty. But now, Ye Zhongming had achieved the best possible result in this Novice battlefield with the richest rewards. Aslan felt that the rewards from the cosmic races, being predetermined, were one thing, but what about the clan? What reward could they give to appease this man and make him willingly stay in the minor Star-Eye Clan?

Aslan suddenly felt that if this person had only completed the clan's set goal, it might have been much easier to handle.

Fortunately, White Robe went.

Aslan knew that if Ye Zhongming ultimately chose to stay with the Star-Eye Clan, White Robe's companionship at the risk of his life would definitely be an important reason.

Perhaps, the most important reason.

Knowing her own words carried little weight, Aslan still decided to probe Ye Zhongming in this direction, even if just to sound him out.

"You now have hundreds of thousands of points that must be spent in the Shop. Any thoughts?"

The reason it was called the Shop and not the Novice Shop was that after the Novice battlefield ended, the Novice Shop underwent an upgrade, increasing the variety and quantity of goods inside for the survivors to consume. This was also the purpose of the points besides ranking.

Aslan asked this skillfully. With so many points, it was estimated they could empty one-third or even more of the Shop. Whether one person took so many benefits or shared them with everyone, even the Star-Eye Clan, could, to some extent, gauge Ye Zhongming's final decision. Even if not completely certain, it could at least show this person's character.

Ye Zhongming looked at Aslan with a faint smile that wasn't quite a smile. His perceptive mind accurately caught the probing meaning behind Aslan's question.

"Depends on the situation."

This simple three-word answer almost choked Aslan.

"If, I mean if, you had to spend these points now, what would you want to buy?"

"Haven't thought about it."

"Just if..."

"I don't even know what's in the Shop. How can I say?"

Aslan's face turned black. She wanted to say more, but she was truly too angry. She turned around and left in a huff.

However, one sentence before she left made Ye Zhongming pause.

"Cheng Liujin, Order Leader, is on his way."

Cheng Liujin? A Gold Order Leader? One of the five top experts of the Star-Eye Clan?

This person came to pick him up? Ye Zhongming's first reaction was that he came to see White Robe, since the two Order Leaders had a relationship built on fighting. But he immediately dismissed this guess.

Perhaps Cheng Liujin used this reason externally to explain his arrival, but in reality, he must have come for Ye Zhongming.

As long as the rewards in Ye Zhongming's hands hadn't yet become the foundation for the Star-Eye Clan's prosperity, they would definitely try their best to keep Ye Zhongming under their control.

Whether this control would be 'hard' or 'soft', Ye Zhongming himself was no longer sure. Given his nature, he had to be cautious of this aspect.

This also directly affected how the Cloud Peak King would spend those massive points.

Ye Zhongming went to see He. The Changxu Water Race people were also here. They also achieved a good ranking, within the top ten in total score. But they had sacrificed one clansman. For them, with their already small population, this blow was somewhat heavy.

After all, they had very few clansmen with free status. Losing one could mean losing a few percent, or even a few tenths of a percent.

Ye Zhongming was truly satisfied that they chose to stay with the Star-Eye Clan. He knew this was He's credit, the suggestion of this woman regarded as the hope of the entire Changxu Water Race.

Ye Zhongming felt it necessary to talk with this woman. Its importance to him was even greater than the Star-Eye Clan's need for the Cloud Peak King.

There was no other way. Ye Zhongming feared death. The few abilities that barely allowed him to stand firm among the expert-filled cosmic races were all of the 'thrill then die' type. He needed someone to add a turtle shell behind him...

Also, the more Changxu Water Race clansmen there were, the stronger the turtle shell would be. Just thinking about later, when fighting someone, majestically waving his hand, letting the opponent hit him

for a full minute, Ye Zhongming felt he would experience a lowbrow, tasteless, yet enemy-infuriating exhilaration.

Regarding Ye Zhongming's wounds not being fully healed and him coming to find her separately from the Star-Eye Clan people, He understood. Before Ye Zhongming could speak, she said first, "I was the most optimistic about that plan in the Novice battlefield. Do you believe that?"

Ye Zhongming thought for a moment, then nodded.

This optimism was actually linked to need. The Changxu Water Race was now the race most in need of improvement. The crisis they faced was, in some ways, even greater than that of the Star-Eye Clan. Otherwise, if there were any possibility of persevering, they wouldn't have pushed He out at this stage. That was equivalent to placing a piece of meat on the plate before those who coveted their race, waiting for them to eat.

If He achieved a good ranking, she might gain a certain degree of freedom to choose. But if she didn't do well, the Changxu Water Race would completely lose hope.

Now, someone had a bold, even rebellious plan, with an extremely slim chance of success, but He and the Changxu Water Race were willing to gamble.

Moreover, through one Novice battlefield, He was full of trust and confidence in the man before her.

She saw a glimmer of an unclear future. She persuaded a small number of free clansmen.

The decision she made was far crazier than Ye Zhongming had anticipated.

Chapter 1918: Changxu Water Race's crazy choice (2)

"My clansmen and I can all pledge allegiance to you as our master."

Just this one sentence made Ye Zhongming's heart race wildly.

No matter how outstanding Ye Zhongming was on the Novice battlefield before, he was ultimately just a newcomer who had just emerged from Earth.

Not counting those in human history who entered outer space, boarded space stations, and the moon, he was among the first batch to truly set foot in the universe.

Such a person, before the cosmic races who had survived for who knows how many years in space, really wasn't much.

Perhaps one day Ye Zhongming would have the confidence to place himself and Earth's humanity at the top of the cosmic races, but he could not deny his and humanity's current low status here.

From strength to influence, humanity was in a state of being crushed.

But at this moment, a race from the cosmic races suddenly wanted to become his subordinates; how could it not tempt him?

It was like an ordinary person with no strength to tie up a chicken facing a martial arts master who suddenly bowed in submission. Initially, there would definitely be excitement and temptation.

But soon, Ye Zhongming calmed down.

The more tempting something was, the greater the price to be paid for it.

Sure enough, before Ye Zhongming could speak, He took the initiative and said, "But you must first agree to a few things for me."

Ye Zhongming gestured with his hand, indicating for her to speak.

This was more normal! The Cloud Peak King now felt relieved about a trace of wariness he had towards He.

"Our Changxu Water Race wants to become a key part of this plan. Naturally, we also want to obtain the corresponding benefits after the periodic success of the plan."

Contrasting with the condition was the final great success of the plan. However, because this plan was too special and too rough, it was conceived temporarily based on a notion in Ji Ruiguang's mind during the Novice battlefield state; it was still very rough and broad so far. In the future, many, many details would definitely be filled in.

If they waited until this plan matured and was realized, the time would be very, very long. The Changxu Water Race probably couldn't persist until then.

Ye Zhongming figured this out, so he understood the request He made. He immediately agreed.

"I hope you can use the rewards and points from this time to help us exchange for a place to settle down and make a living."

Huh? Ye Zhongming was somewhat confused. What did this mean?

He brushed her hair aside, her face carrying a bit of sadness. "Races that are doing well basically own one or even many cities on the seven Survivor Fortresses. Those super major clans even own several city clusters. And the least well-off also have a place of their own to reside."

Ye Zhongming nodded. He had seen the Star-Eye Clan's territory. Although they could only live underground, and it was referred to as a castle or something, it was actually a city with a considerable area.

"Our Changxu Water Race, since losing Changxu City many cosmic years ago, can now only repeatedly rent places to live on the smallest three Survivor Fortresses. As for why we don't even have fixed rented places... rent is also one of the means some people use to force our obedience."

Ye Zhongming listened quietly, and He also spoke quietly.

"The clan is getting weaker and weaker, which has a lot to do with having no industry or even a place to settle down. I hope you can help us resolve this issue first. The place doesn't need to be too big, as long as it belongs to us. My clansmen and I are truly tired of the wanderer life. We also hope that any clansmen fortunate enough to escape control in the future will have a clear destination and won't be as lost as they are now, like rootless duckweed."

Buying land and property... Ye Zhongming pinched his chin.

In any case, this was actually something that required huge capital. Although He only mentioned buying land and didn't ask Ye Zhongming to help with property, probably in a place with a super large population but only seven Survivor Fortresses as living space, even if not every inch was gold, it definitely wouldn't be cheap. Whether Ye Zhongming's current resources could buy a piece of private territory was really hard to say.

But since He made this request, and she understood land prices, she probably thought the resources in Ye Zhongming's hands were sufficient and had surplus.

From another perspective, even on Earth, if someone agreed to pledge allegiance and was doing something life-risking, then buying them a house was not unreasonable. A small area or a bad location would seem stingy.

Ye Zhongming nodded and said, "This is no problem. But there will be many issues, like location and area, later. Let's discuss it. Based on my ability, I will try my best to meet the requirements of you and your clansmen."

This answer satisfied He very much because she didn't hear any stinginess or unrealistic empty boasts. The caution revealed in Ye Zhongming's tone could instead prove he sincerely hoped to fulfill He's request.

"Also, our clansmen are controlled by many races. I hope that in the future, while following you, whenever there is an opportunity, you can help these clansmen gain freedom and return to our main clan."

The request seemed simple, but Ye Zhongming knew it wouldn't be easy to handle.

Why was the Changxu Water Race in today's situation? Wasn't it precisely because of their special abilities and attributes? They could add defense to others and also refine medicine, almost nature's best support!

Since others had controlled them through various means, wanting them back wouldn't be an easy matter.

If they didn't want to use force, they would first need to understand the target. Based on the intelligence obtained, they would either have to cater to their preferences or use coercion and inducement.

Regardless of the method, it was very troublesome and difficult.

Ye Zhongming was still very cautious, frowning and saying, "It's the same as before: within my ability, I will definitely do it. But you also know this involves too many connections. We might want it, but we might not necessarily get it."

If it were someone else, they might think this was a refusal. But He understood Ye Zhongming and knew he was leaving room for himself.

"I understand. Initially, it will undoubtedly be challenging. Let's see the opportunities first. If there is a relatively good opportunity, you must seize it. I think, as you and we grow stronger day by day, this matter will become easier and easier to handle."

Ye Zhongming agreed with this point. Once they became powerful in the future, this matter simply wouldn't be an issue. It was even possible that the situation would be others choosing to send the Changxu Water Race people back.

"Next."

Ye Zhongming knew that the Changxu Water Race, represented by He, definitely wouldn't have only these two conditions.

"The next one might put you in a tough spot."

He spoke very slowly, as if it was difficult to say, or as if giving Ye Zhongming time to consider.

"Say it. If you don't say it, how would I know I'd be in a tough spot?"

He took a deep look at Ye Zhongming, opened her mouth, and spoke a sentence. Ye Zhongming was directly shocked!

Chapter 1919: Changxu Water Race's Crazy Choice

"You didn't say it wrong?"

"No."

He was very calm. The determination in her eyes told Ye Zhongming she was not joking.

The condition He proposed was to annihilate the Huo'er Star people at a suitable time.

This condition was simple, only seven words, but it struck Ye Zhongming's heart like a heavy hammer.

Who were the Huo'er Star people? They were the leader of the Huo'er Star Alliance, the strongest in the faction, with the largest population, the most warriors, and the most experts. Their King was one of the few top experts among the cosmic races, one of the most powerful existences.

Even among all the cosmic races, they were among the strongest.

Annihilate such a top race?

Ye Zhongming and the others' plan was indeed majestic, enough to scare people to death on a planet if spoken aloud, but it didn't include the intention to wipe out a super major clan completely.

Asking someone who had just stepped into the universe, just completed the Novice trial, to annihilate a super major clan standing at the pinnacle of the universe—this condition was truly crazy enough.

With Ye Zhongming's current strength, if the King of the Huo'er Star people stood before him and let him attack without fighting back for three days and three nights, he probably still couldn't kill him.

"Why?" Ye Zhongming had some vague guesses in his heart, but he still wanted a definite answer.

He's reason took several minutes to explain.

To sum up, it wasn't really complicated. Essentially, the Huo'er Star people were almost the prime culprit for the Changxu Water Race's current predicament. Others were at most accomplices, and those who added insult to injury.

Think about it: without a supermajor clan causing trouble behind the scenes, even if the Changxu Water Race's population was small, their abilities were still there. Due to their special attributes, they maintained very good cooperative relationships with many major clans, employing methods such as intermarriage, making it extremely difficult for ordinary people to move against them.

Not to mention them, just look at the Star-Eye Clan. Their life was very hard, almost facing extinction, but in Ye Zhongming's view, they were still quite strong and wealthy.

Every race that could still survive on the Survivor Fortresses was not that simple.

It was because the Huo'er Star people had ill intentions towards the Changxu Water Race that this race had its tragic situation today.

To this day, the largest group of enslaved Changxu Water Race people was in the hands of the Huo'er Star people.

At the same time, the largest number of Changxu Water Race people who died were killed by the Huo'er Star.

Compared to the Changxu Water Race's sworn enemy, the Evil Armor Star people, they hated the Huo'er Star people more.

"I know this is very difficult, and once you show hostility towards the Huo'er Star people, they will definitely not let you off. But..."

He suddenly smiled radiantly.

"We have all pledged allegiance to you. Whether you want to be enemies with the Huo'er Star or not, you have to be now. Especially me..." He pointed playfully at her own nose. "A genius like me, they won't let go. They wouldn't dare act openly, but they will definitely try every means to force me to submit. So, boss, you need to be prepared to deal with it."

Ye Zhongming directly rolled his eyes. He swore to heaven he really didn't know about this part! Otherwise, forget it. Even if he knew, he probably couldn't resist the temptation of the Changxu Water Race pledging allegiance to him.

"Here."

He handed Ye Zhongming a small chip.

"What is this?" Ye Zhongming took it, looked at it, and found it matched the universal device interface used by the cosmic races. It should be a storage device.

"Disconnect your device from the fortress's transmission."

Ye Zhongming did as told, then inserted the chip. If he hadn't looked, it would have been fine, but once he looked, his hand trembled.

This He had startled him twice in a row.

"The first page is the list of all Changxu Water Race clansmen we can currently control. The ones in green at the front are in free status. The ones in white behind are in trapped status."

"The numbers after each name: the first is age, the middle is the number of holy symbols, and the last is Furelai."

He looked at Ye Zhongming and said, "The first two items are accurate. The last one changes constantly. The updates for free clansmen are instant. For those trapped clansmen, it can only serve as a reference."

"The second page lists some assets mastered by our Changxu Water Race. The ones at the front are all good assets. Those below the horizontal line either don't make much money or have various troubles."

They had assets? Ye Zhongming resisted and didn't ask this question aloud. How could a race without even a base have assets? If they had assets, couldn't they buy a base themselves? Afraid of the Huo'er Star people? That was possible. However, the Changxu Water Race was now almost on the verge of collapse. Couldn't they rely on these assets to hold on for a while?

As if seeing Ye Zhongming's question, He explained, "Whether good assets or those problematic assets, we are not touching all the profits now. Regardless of how others investigate, these industries have no connection to our Changxu Water Race; they all belong to other races. There are only two situations where we can use these resources: first, when the clan truly reaches a critical life-or-death moment; in such cases, this is then life-saving money, used only once. Second, when the clan regains vitality, these will then be the future money-making machines."

Ye Zhongming scanned it. Good assets... There were about several dozen. The number of problematic assets was larger, exceeding three hundred.

It seemed that after being detached from the Changxu Water Race's management for a long time, many assets had lost control. But this was still impressive. Looking at the content of the first two pages, Ye Zhongming again felt a sense of 'No race is easy to deal with.'

A 'dying' race actually had such a backup plan!

"The third page lists the drugs of four cycles or above currently controlled by the free clansmen, including those passed down. The further back, the more precious."

Ye Zhongming's heart pounded as he looked.

These were truly good things. He had personally experienced the high-cycle drugs made by the Changxu Water Race; they were really excellent. Now, he saw their drug reserves...

"The fourth page..."

There was a fourth page!

"The first half contains some secrets we have mastered. They might be worthless, or they might be priceless; it depends on how they are used. The second half contains the locations of several... treasure troves of our clansmen. Inside are some past accumulations. Each location has an inventory on the fifth page."

There were treasures!

Ye Zhongming felt that even if He now asked him not only to annihilate the Huo'er Star people but also to go annihilate the Reina Star people, he would do it!

Although these treasures, assets, and such might not seem too much to those major clans, for Ye Zhongming, who currently had nothing, it was a huge fortune.

He looked at Ye Zhongming, knowing that this person who might create miracles had, at this moment, truly accepted the Changxu Water Race's allegiance.

"I have told you all our clan's secrets and given you all our wealth. But you, how can you guarantee you will fulfill your promises to me?"

Ye Zhongming was stunned. This... seemed really hard to guarantee. The key was that there were too few ways to gain trust that both sides would agree on.

"How about... you marry me?"

He said while smiling.

Chapter 1920: Bragging number 1 Novice

Ye Zhongming walked out of He's tent with a dazed feeling.

He took only that chip with him.

As for He's talk about marrying him and such, both of them knew it was a joke... at least on the surface.

It was hard to say about the future, but one thing both could confirm: even if there really was a marriage contract, so what? Couldn't they retract it? Couldn't they turn against each other?

If they truly wanted to do this, there was only one situation that would bind both sides: if the two had offspring together and established that offspring as the heir of both.

But... that wasn't so easy.

Currently, both sides are cooperating under heavy pressure and don't really need any guarantees. The best guarantee was mutual benefit. Ye Zhongming needed He and the Changxu Water Race's assistance, and the latter needed Ye Zhongming's potential and strength.

To put it bluntly, in this cooperation, the Changxu Water Race was temporarily giving up more. Because their situation was much worse than Ye Zhongming's, they naturally needed to place bigger and more extreme bets.

Of course, once successful, the future returns for the Changxu Water Race would far exceed their investment.

After He survived the Novice battlefield and achieved outstanding results, she basically established her position as the clan leader of the Changxu Water Race. The biggest reason for this was naturally the potential she displayed. Secondly, it was also related to the recent situation of the Changxu Water Race.

They had too few people in a free status, and it had long been proven that they were incapable of leading their race out of difficulty. He was their only and last hope.

This cooperation with Ye Zhongming was the first, and most important, decision He made in her new role.

After seeing Ye Zhongming off, He fell asleep comfortably and felt at ease.

She had done all she could. The rest was up to fate and doing her best.

She could sleep, but Ye Zhongming couldn't. Far more than just the Changxu Water Race awaited him.

The surviving Novices were basically taken away by their respective races. Their importance within their clans would be maximally elevated through this Novice battlefield. They would become the key cultivation targets of their clans. In the future... they would also become the most solid skeleton in that plan, only they knew.

Of course, some didn't leave, like Helsky.

The Luther People did come, but Helsky didn't leave with them. Because of this, the Luther People warriors who came to pick him up had a conflict with the Star-Eye Clan.

But basically, the Star-Eye Clan was at a disadvantage. Those Luther People came aggressively, insisting on taking Helsky. It wasn't that they valued this spokesperson so much, but the points on Helsky were now important.

The attitude of the cosmic races towards spokespeople and nurtured warriors was different. In their view, Helsky was far less valuable than how the Star-Eye Clan viewed Ye Zhongming. They wanted to get the points and then have him die.

He saw the Luther People warriors flee; shouldn't he die?

Fortunately, the Sheke Star camp was right next to the Star-Eye Clan's. Yisewei was waiting for Robe Bai to get better before leaving. She discovered the Luther People causing trouble and went over, saying only one word.

"Roll."

So the Luther People rolled away.

Yes, among the cosmic races, many things were resolved that easily, provided you had absolute strength.

The current Yisewei was not the Yisewei suppressed to only two thousand Furelai on the Novice battlefield. Now, she was the little mistress of the super major clan, the Sheke Star; a powerful successor almost unmatched among the younger generation; a super warrior in a bad mood because the object of her affection was severely wounded, and a close aide had died.

The Luther People truly dared not provoke her.

After the Luther People left, people from the Su Clan came.

Their attitude was still not very good, just not as arrogant as the Luther People.

However, Yisewei's strength seemed somewhat lacking in comparison to the Su Clan people.

Never mind her, even if her father came, he couldn't use the word "roll" to treat the Su Clan people, one of the three major factions.

The person from the Su Clan was one of their pureblood array masters. Pure bloodline, combined with his own strong strength, his status was much higher than Jie Su, this pureblood rising star.

When Ye Zhongming returned, this old man named Cheng Su was calmly... reprimanding Jie Su. When he saw Ye Zhongming, his gaze just swept past him.

In his eyes, not to mention the Novice number one, even White Robe wasn't qualified to speak with him. The only ones in the Star-Eye Clan who could make him listen patiently were the two clan leaders.

Ye Zhongming could understand. Although he had become the Novice number one and was about to receive numerous rewards, before this Su Clan master, perhaps the man could earn that much by setting up two defensive arrays.

The Cloud Peak King didn't feel humiliated by being slighted. Instead, he started pondering some things.

But this old array master was getting a bit carried away with his speech. Who knew if he was pointing at the mulberry tree to curse the locust tree? Of course, the 'locust tree' he was cursing was Yisewei; Ye Zhongming or the Star-Eye Clan weren't even qualified for that.

However, the more Ye Zhongming listened, the more uncomfortable he felt. Jie Su's expression also became increasingly awkward.

Both Yisewei and Jie Su had now recovered their strength, but they felt a closeness to Ye Zhongming—a bond forged through fighting side by side.

This kind of friendship formed between life and death could quickly bring people closer.

Moreover, Yisewei and Jie Su had 'invested' in Ye Zhongming here.

Jie Su's personality was also easy to get close to, and Ye Zhongming appreciated this person. Yisewei doesn't need to be mentioned; even if she acted for White Robe's sake, she was still a great benefactor to Ye Zhongming and the Star-Eye Clan.

Now, this master was scolding one friend and mocking another, which made the Cloud Peak King very displeased.

"Master..." Ye Zhongming said softly.

But the master seemed not to hear and continued his elegant scolding.

This made the Cloud Peak King even angrier.

He recalled information about the Su Clan learned from White Robe, Jie Su, Yisewei, and others, as well as from other channels like the Star-Eye Clan. After taking a deep breath, he spoke again.

"Master, trouble comes from the mouth."

Suddenly, the master stopped scolding. His eyes turned coldly towards Ye Zhongming.

Ye Zhongming truly wasn't afraid.

Not to mention that if a fight broke out, Yisewei beside him would definitely save him. Just Jie Su alone couldn't watch Ye Zhongming be killed by his own clansman; otherwise, he wouldn't be able to explain it to White Robe.

"You are right, trouble comes from the mouth."

The master returned the words exactly to Ye Zhongming.

Ye Zhongming shook his head and said, "As far as I know, the Su Clan has a rule: when choosing the successor for the highest position, it prioritizes direct lineage, right?"

Master Cheng Su looked at Ye Zhongming, uninterested in answering his question.

"So you see, Jie Su is of direct bloodline, and his talent is excellent. He is very likely to reach the highest position in the Su Clan in the future. Now that you're scolding him like this, what if he ascends to that position in the future? You... what will you do then?"