

## **Apocalypse 1921**

Chapter 1921: Bragging number 1 novice (2)

Cheng Su's eyes widened. Yisewei looked surprised. Jie Su stared dumbfounded at Ye Zhongming.

This guy really dared to say that.

Jie Su becoming the leader of the Su Clan?

Wasn't that a joke!

Do you know how many people in the Su Clan are qualified to inherit the position? Do you know how long it would take for Jie Su to possess the strength that convinces his clansmen? Do you know how difficult it is to learn one array? Do you know how many of the Ten Great Arrays one needs to master to be qualified to aspire to the top? Do you know how many people need to pledge allegiance to you to possibly compete? Do you know to what extent Jie Su would need to grow for the possibility you mentioned to occur?

After the stunned moment, Cheng Su laughed, with a look of utter disdain.

He couldn't be bothered to argue with Ye Zhongming. He stood up, intending to leave.

Coming here was originally to pick up Jie Su and accompany this rising star of the clan to receive his rewards.

"Jie Su coming to the Novice battlefield was an accident for you, right? But if you had sent him, what ranking did you anticipate he could achieve?"

Cheng Su's steps slowed slightly.

"You didn't think he could rank second, right? But now, he is ranked second."

Ye Zhongming didn't look at the gaze Yisewei was secretly giving him and continued, "Perhaps let me put it another way: if all the people in your clan qualified to inherit the throne entered this Novice battlefield, what do you think would be the best result these people could achieve? How many have a chance to surpass Jie Su's current ranking?"

Since he had started, Ye Zhongming went all out.

"How do you measure a person's potential? What do you look at? Isn't achievement the most important aspect? Don't tell me you go by personal affinity."

"Zhongming!"

Jie Su frowned and said something, telling him not to say irrelevant things, but in his heart, he found it very satisfying to hear.

"Hmph, the Silk Sea Light Array is not the most powerful energy array of the Su Clan."

The meaning of Cheng Su's words was clear: Jie Su obtained so many points relying on one of the Su Clan's Ten Great Energy Arrays. If it were someone else, especially someone who mastered an energy array with greater lethality than the Silk Sea Light Array, their results would be better.

"You only see the energy array?" Ye Zhongming showed an extremely surprised expression.

"No wonder the Su Clan's influence is gradually weakening."

"Zhongming!"

This time, even Yisewei couldn't listen anymore. This guy should just talk; why does he always turn on the mocking function?

These words truly angered Cheng Su. He laughed in extreme anger, looked at Ye Zhongming, and said, "Fine, I'll listen to what brilliant opinion you have."

As he spoke, he sat back down, motionless, looking at Ye Zhongming and said, "You'd better give me convincing reasons. Otherwise, today I will teach a lesson to you, this Novice number one!"

Ye Zhongming was unhurried. Looking at Cheng Su, he said, "The Silk Sea Light Array indeed helped Jie Su gain points. But if he only had that one array, could he have gained so many points? Others aren't stupid; why would they enter your array to be killed? Isn't it because there was a reason they had to enter?"

"Fine, perhaps others could also find such a reason. But could they be sure to attract so many people?"

"Fine, even if they could attract the same number of people, could they guarantee they would survive like Jie Su?"

A series of questions made Cheng Su's expression change slightly, but he still didn't say anything.

Ye Zhongming continued.

"Besides the energy array, Jie Su achieved such results because he had helpers: Yisewei, White Robe, and the Changxu Water Race. Why did these people help Jie Su? Because Jie Su risked death by suppressing his strength to descend to the Novice battlefield. Is courage something a qualified, even excellent, leader must possess? Being able to gain the help of so many comrades who entrust their lives to him, is that a quality a qualified, even excellent, leader should have?"

"If these still don't make you think Jie Su is excellent, then the fact that he will definitely obtain powerful external assistance in the future, doesn't that mean he can operate more freely within the clan? Master resources others don't have?"

Cheng Su smiled slightly. "Oh? Tell me, what external support can Jie Su obtain?"

Ye Zhongming directly pointed at Yisewei.

This action itself wasn't problematic, but the problem was his movement was too fast and too direct, making Yisewei could only lower her head speechlessly, and Jie Su smiled wryly repeatedly.

This guy really dared to use a chicken feather as an arrow.

"The first in line to succeed the Sheke Star, one of the strongest among the younger generation, the future ruler of a super major clan—does that count as support?"

Cheng Su glared at Ye Zhongming. Did he need to say that? That naturally counted. But the problem was, just because you say it counts, it counts? Does she agree? From what Cheng Su knew, Yisewei went to the Novice battlefield for White Robe, not for Jie Su.

"It counts, right?" Ye Zhongming turned his head and asked Yisewei.

The onlookers, especially Jie Su, simply wanted to hide their heads under the bed.

This was forcing someone to give their opinion.

For the first time, Yisewei felt how could this little guy Ye Zhongming be so shameless? She hadn't noticed it before. But thinking of White Robe's relationship with Jie Su, and how Jie Su risked his life to save White Robe, she still nodded.

"It counts."

Since Yisewei personally admitted it, Cheng Su didn't say anything more. In his heart, regarding Jie Su having such a heavyweight ally, he began to take him seriously for the first time.

But just one Yisewei, who hadn't yet succeeded, wasn't enough to make Cheng Su react much. His eyes told Ye Zhongming to continue.

"And him." Ye Zhongming pointed at White Robe, who was in the treatment pod.

Cheng Su rolled his eyes without care for his image.

White Robe... his reputation was okay, but his strength was too poor. The gap between him and those cultivated with full force by major clans was too big. If not for his madman-like personality, he would be lost among the crowd like many ordinary warriors.

Cheng Su acknowledged Yisewei as support, but what kind of support was White Robe? He was a burden!

"You might think, White Robe? A small trash."

White Robe, in an unconscious state inside the treatment pod, suddenly twitched.

Yisewei bared her teeth at Ye Zhongming.

"But I disagree with your view. On the contrary, compared to White Robe, many so-called young talents among the cosmic races are small trash, including those in your Su Clan."

"Let me state my reasons first. If you don't agree after listening, then consider it unsaid."

Ye Zhongming saw Cheng Su, filled with anger, about to speak, and immediately interrupted him.

"Three points. First, White Robe is thirty-five years old today, with over seventeen thousand Furelai."

The corner of Cheng Su's eye twitched.

For the cosmic races, who all have long lives, thirty-five years was a very young age. At this age, having over seventeen thousand Furelai, even if not called extraordinarily brilliant, being called a genius is absolutely not an overstatement.

Before, because there were too many stories of geniuses falling, Cheng Su, like others, had overlooked the fact that White Robe was very young.

"Second, White Robe is not afraid of death."

Cheng Su felt like laughing upon hearing this. Not afraid of death? Which among the cosmic races is afraid of death?

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"What I meant was, his lack of fear of death shows he has the courage to challenge. And as an expert yourself, you should also understand that having potential alone is not enough for a person; it must be realized. And being on the edge of life and death is the fastest way to realize potential."

This point was probably a publicly recognised rule. Cheng Su had to admit it, too.

White Robe indeed improved himself through repeated battles, reaching a high level at a 'very young age'.

Ye Zhongming looked at Cheng Su's expression and knew this array master was somewhat persuaded.

"Also, White Robe isn't dead."

"It's the same principle as what I said earlier about Jie Su not dying in the Novice battlefield. White Robe is crazy; his fighting style is aggressive. If it were someone else, they might have died long ago. But he didn't. What does that mean? It means his madness, his recklessness, are measured and controlled. He has mastered that... degree!"

"When he always manages not to die, perhaps no one will be able to kill him anymore."

Upon hearing this, Cheng Su narrowed his eyes. Even Yisewei and Jie Su seemed thoughtful.

Yes, everyone outside knew White Robe was crazy, knew he fought without regard for his life. But did he die? No. He was severely wounded countless times, but were there any times when he had left himself handicapped or with future issues? No!

If they hadn't thought about it, it was fine, but once they did, they realized their friend seemed somewhat complicated.

Recalling past events, both Yisewei and Jie Su had a thought.

This guy, whose combat power currently had a certain gap compared to theirs, wouldn't really, as Ye Zhongming said, reach a point in the future where no one could kill him, would he?

Cheng Su took a deep breath for a long time, then finally nodded and said, "This barely counts as you passed. Tell me the third point."

"Third, me!"

If Yisewei and Jie Su had been drinking water at that moment, they would have surely spat it out, and specifically spat it all over Ye Zhongming's face.

They were talking about White Robe. Why were you butting in?

Cheng Su also felt, for the first time, that this kid was quite funny and quite proficient in the skill of self-praise.

But soon, he realized that self-praise had a whole new level.

"I am even younger. My current Furelai.. uh, haven't measured it yet. However, based on battlefield experience, it should be between 1,500 and 1,700. By the time I reach White Robe's age, I estimate it will be thirty thousand."

Everyone in the room, except Cheng Su, collectively covered their foreheads.

Fine, even if White Robe wasn't the most awesome heaven's favored one, he was still a genius. So hardworking, so desperate, and only around 17,000 Furelai at this age. Even if he slightly held back, it wouldn't exceed 20,000. But you directly say 30,000? Yisewei was a heaven's favored daughter, cultivated since childhood, and still not very old now. How much was her Furelai?

"I know you all don't believe me, just like before entering the Novice battlefield, no one believed I could take first place."

This sentence made those who, without saying it aloud, thought Ye Zhongming was talking nonsense in their hearts, pause.

Right, the person before them was the Novice number one. Who could have predicted that before? He not only made himself number one, but his points were so high that they made the Star-Eye Clan the total score number one, too!

Having achieved such impossible things, it seemed there was nothing wrong with him saying he would surpass White Robe in the future.

After all, White Robe never got Novice number one.

"I owe White Robe a debt of favor, owe Yisewei a debt of favor, and also owe Jie Su a debt of favor." Ye Zhongming waved his hand. "I am someone who will definitely repay what I owe, and will repay as much as possible."

"And through this Novice battlefield, I think Jie Su is very good. I consider him a friend. And towards my friends, I have always been very nice."

If someone from the country were here at this moment, they would definitely feel that Ye Zhongming's words were exactly the same as those boastful big brothers in movies.

"Never mind whether you are qualified to be Jie Su's friend, even if you are, does that mean Jie Su is qualified to aspire to the Su Clan's top position?" Originally, Cheng Su didn't entirely agree with Ye Zhongming's previous analysis, but he did agree with part of it. However, upon hearing Ye Zhongming's such arrogant words, his anger towards this person, which had faded, returned.

"Yes!" Ye Zhongming said something that would lose friends; his expression was still that self-assured, smug look.

"If I can achieve Novice number one, I can achieve other number ones. I will, together with White Robe, lead the Star-Eye Clan to revival and become a new, powerful force among the cosmic races. At that time, we will go all out to assist Jie Su to ascend to that position."

Cheng Su stood up, looked deeply at Ye Zhongming, and, while walking out, said, "Then I will wait for that day."

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The Su Clan people left the Star-Eye Clan camp. It seemed they wouldn't have any further interaction with them until the camp closed.

Yisewei and Ye Zhongming stood outside, watching the coming and going of people in the camp.

The rankings were set. Everyone was waiting for the final reward settlement.

"Was that you repaying Jie Su's debt of favor?"

Yisewei originally didn't think much of this little guy from the Star-Eye Clan. Even if he performed very well on the Novice battlefield, once his strength was restored, that level of attack would be ineffective against her. But besides White Robe's difference in opinion, the Sheke Star's mistress now had a brand new understanding of Ye Zhongming.

When Ye Zhongming faced Cheng Su earlier, he seemed to act very childish, with some amusing self-inflation. For a moment, Yisewei also felt this person was somewhat too shameless. But upon second thought, she guessed Ye Zhongming's true intention.

He was helping Jie Su to improve his status within the clan. If he could turn part of what he said today into reality in the future, it wouldn't be impossible for him to help Jie Su win over Cheng Su, a powerful ally.

At the very least, he was taking the heat for Jie Su, making the Su Clan hesitate, not to punish the direct-line member who risked himself too severely.

Naturally, for Ye Zhongming's actions to be effective, the greatest reliance was on Yisewei and her Sheke Star. This was an outright utilization. But Yisewei didn't mind. From White Robe, Jie Su, and Ye Zhongming, she experienced a 'like-mindedness' she had only heard of but never felt before.

"No. You, White Robe, Jie Su, and those alive or dead, all saved my life. A debt of favor isn't repaid like that. Otherwise, how could I have the face to meet you all in the future?"

Ye Zhongming shook his head. It was true he was helping Jie Su just now, but he didn't think that could offset the debt to Jie Su.

"You are more mature than I imagined and have adapted very quickly to this place." At this moment, Yisewei acted more like a qualified successor of a super major clan, not the love-crazed girl in the impression of the cosmic races.

The King of the Sheke Star had never interfered too much with Yisewei, perhaps considering this a kind of protective coloring.

"I have to leave. I've already had someone transfer my points to White Robe. You can use them. When White Robe wakes up, tell him that this time, for his sake, I truly angered my father. I can't follow him around like before. If..."

Yisewei paused, her gaze becoming deep.

"If he remembers my goodness, come find me... But remember to be quick. Also, he must be strong by then."

"You all must be strong."

Chapter 1923: Prize

When Order Leader Cheng Liujin arrived at the Star-Eye Clan, Aslan breathed a sigh of relief.

During these two days after the Novice battlefield ended, she was truly afraid someone would come and kill everyone here without asking for reasons.

The first thing Cheng Liujin did upon arrival was to visit White Robe, who had regained consciousness in the treatment pod. The two of them sent everyone away. No one knew what they talked about. It wasn't until two full hours later that Cheng Liujin came out.

Surprisingly, he did not go to talk to Ye Zhongming immediately.

Everyone knew how important Ye Zhongming was to the Star-Eye Clan now. Shouldn't such an important figure as Cheng Liujin make contact with him right away?

Fortunately, Cheng Liujin met Ye Zhongming the day after his meeting with White Robe.

"Don't blame me for the neglect. It's just that your results were too good, and the clan is having some difficulty deciding on your rewards."

Ye Zhongming looked at Cheng Liujin, but his thoughts were actually on the legends about this Gold Order Leader he had learned from other Star-Eye Clan members after becoming familiar with them in the two days since the Novice battlefield ended.

It seemed that, although not as famous as White Robe, he was also a legendary figure.

Not to mention other things, such as battle records, some Star-Eye Clan members mysteriously told Ye Zhongming that this Cheng Liujin, dozens of cosmic years ago, was allegedly involved in a major robbery, hijacking a convoy of a major clan transporting Moonspan Gold.

Ye Zhongming was really very curious about this and asked for details, but everyone was vague. They actually heard it through the grapevine. Anyway, Cheng Liujin had disappeared for a period of time, and after returning, he convalesced for a long time. However, during that time, the Star-Eye Clan, which was on the verge of collapse, suddenly received an influx of funds and survived the crisis.

Ye Zhongming was skeptical about this.

If the rumor was true, would that major clan let it go? If they couldn't deal with others, couldn't they deal with a Star-Eye Clan?

Fine, even if they cared about face, or due to rules couldn't act without solid evidence, but giving you trouble or making things difficult occasionally, could the Star-Eye Clan withstand that for dozens of cosmic years?

However, when Ye Zhongming saw Cheng Liujin and saw the indescribable something in his eyes, for a moment, he really felt that this person had committed robbery.

"Let me first talk about the clan's hopes. That way, when I explain what the clan can give you, you can judge more easily."

Ye Zhongming nodded in agreement.

He wasn't an ungrateful person. He understood the meaning in Cheng Liujin's words. If extended, it could even define the relationship between the two parties.

Cheng Liujin, or the Star-Eye Clan, meant, 'You created value for me, and I will also get some things from you. But I won't let you name the price first. I will state a figure first. You see if it's acceptable. If not, we can discuss further.'

If both sides were equal, this would be fine. But even though Ye Zhongming obtained Novice number one, and even though the Star-Eye Clan was close to extinction, the latter was still countless times stronger than the former.

At least for now, Ye Zhongming alone could not compare to any of the cosmic races, even one like the Star-Eye Clan.

The Changxu Water Race? An existence with only a few dozen free people, all of auxiliary nature, compared to a race like the Star-Eye Clan that still had an independent base and three major combat teams—that was the difference between an egg and a stone.

So, the premise of the dialogue between Ye Zhongming and Cheng Liujin was that Ye Zhongming was the weaker party.

Now the stronger party was speaking in the tone of the weaker party; Ye Zhongming naturally felt it.

At the same time, Ye Zhongming was also filled with gratitude.

Before he had a clear understanding of the personal rewards from the Novice battlefield, the racial rewards, the value of items exchangeable with points, and many other aspects, if he named a price, it would either be too high or too low.

Now, the Star-Eye Clan was telling him: You don't need to name the price; I'll name it first. Before naming it, I'll first state your value.

This avoided the situation of asking for too much or too little, preventing the loss Ye Zhongming might suffer due to information asymmetry with the Star-Eye Clan.

It had to be said, with just one sentence, Cheng Liujiu greatly increased Ye Zhongming's impression of the Star-Eye Clan.

Ye Zhongming perceived a message the Star-Eye Clan was conveying to him: they truly needed him.

"I won't talk about the personal rewards; those are all yours. The clan will not reach out to take them just because we provided you with some support."

Another very commendable decision.

Ye Zhongming knew about this point because he had Novices like Helsky and Ji Ruiguang around him. He knew that races like the Luther People had pre-agreed with their spokesperson that they would deduct a certain percentage from the personal rewards as costs for providing equipment, medicine, companions, even travel expenses, etc.

Compared to these races, the Star-Eye Clan, besides the normal costs, had even sent the clan's hope, White Robe, down, which basically equaled saving Ye Zhongming's life. Now, they weren't taking the personal rewards; they had already done things very beautifully.

As for the argument that White Robe came because of the changing overall environment and that he also gained huge benefits, if Ye Zhongming thought that way, it wouldn't just be a matter of narrow mindset, but also small character.

"You helped the Star-Eye Clan achieve a total score ranking first. In the past, the rewards would be fixed. But this time it's different; all reward items have been altered to some extent. The most important one among them is ten spokesperson numbers and five tickets for the next Novice battlefield."

The first place got ten spokesperson numbers? And five entry tickets?

The Cloud Peak King thought of his own Cloud Peak immediately.

Up here, Helsky, Jie Kui, and others were good. Ji Ruiguang was also someone who could stand alone. There was even He, a future right-hand man. But... they ultimately had too short a time working with Ye Zhongming, far less handy than the Cloud Peak people. If he could use this opportunity to bring a few people from the villa up, that would be beneficial.

"Besides that, there is also a trade discount valid for one cosmic year, meaning until the next Novice battlefield begins."

The gold mask on Cheng Liujin's face prevented Ye Zhongming from seeing his expression, but judging by his tone, his attitude towards this reward seemed somewhat... complex?

Sensing Ye Zhongming's confusion, Cheng Liujin said, "For other races, this trade discount condition might rank even before the spokespeople spots because they have money, and their trade volume is large. One cosmic year can save them a lot. But for the Star-Eye Clan..."

Cheng Liujin shook his head and didn't continue, so Ye Zhongming understood.

The Star-Eye Clan... now even had to spend money to buy spokespeople spots or entry tickets. Their Moonspan Gold had to be kept for the basic operation of the race. But even so, they were almost unable to hold on. Where would they have much money for trade? Without trade, the discount naturally had no meaning.

"Also, for first in the rankings, there is the right to open a planetary hunting ground."

Chapter 1924: Prize (2)

Ye Zhongming was entirely in the dark about this. What was a planetary hunting ground?

Cheng Liujin pointed outside and said slowly, "Actually, this place was once a planetary hunting ground."

Ye Zhongming's heart moved. His expression changed from confusion to seriousness.

"Generally speaking, or looking at all previous Novice battlefields, the solo ranking, that is, the Novice number one position, has a not-so-small chance of surprises."

Perhaps feeling thirsty from talking, Cheng Liujin stood up, went outside, called someone to bring two glasses of wine, took them, and personally handed one to Ye Zhongming.

Although the Cloud Peak King didn't feel shocked, he still felt a good impression of Cheng Liujin for this gesture.

Sitting back down, the Gold Order Leader continued, "But those few super major clans and the next tier of major clans basically maintain the first place in total rankings. I think you can understand that even if the people sent down by those major clans aren't extraordinarily brilliant, their overall quality is still better than that of other races. They also understand coordination better, possess more information, and even... know a little bit of beneficial things in advance, so it's not at all unexpected for them to occupy first place."

"Basically, they monopolize it. In the last one hundred cosmic years, there were only two surprises. The most recent one was probably fifty years ago."

Cheng Liujin drank his wine very slowly, sipping bit by bit, but the frequency was fast. Almost every sentence, he would drink a little. Raising and putting down the glass was incredibly smooth and seamless, not affecting his speech at all.

In Ye Zhongming's view, this already had a certain aesthetic appeal.

"Speaking of this, I need to tell you another concept."

Cheng Liujin looked around as if checking for anything else. He directly pinched off a corner of the stone table beside him, breaking it into seven pieces of various sizes.

Arranging these stones on the remaining tabletop, he pointed at them and said to Ye Zhongming, "Look, these seven are the Survivor Fortresses. Their approximate distance ratio is like this."

Ye Zhongming leaned over, looked, and nodded.

Then, Cheng Liujin drew some lines between these fortresses with his finger, then put both hands together and gestured in a certain area.

"This area is called the Public Star Domain by the cosmic races. It's the star domain between the seven fortresses."

Cheng Liujin removed the seven Survivor Fortresses and used these stones to outline the approximate shape of this star domain.

"This area looks small, but it's actually very large. Within this area, there are quite a few planets."

"Some of them are not suitable for intelligent life, but many have mines or plants that everyone needs, so they are called resource stars. Others have life; some have no higher life forms, while others have produced higher life forms."

Ye Zhongming listened quietly.

"Let's not talk about resource stars. Even if the things on them are good, only the major clans' spacecraft periodically go to mine them. Minor clans wanting to get involved face, first, helplessness against the hidden rules, and second, costs that not just anyone can afford. If they need something, they can just buy it."

"As for the ones with life, those without higher life forms—some major clans might pick those with better locations, meaning those that won't temporarily leave the Public Star Domain even if the Slave Races change positions, and use them as 'breeding stars,' doing planting and breeding on them."

Ye Zhongming nodded. He knew this kind of planting and breeding wasn't like growing crops and raising poultry on Earth, but rather truly cultivating precious plants, parasites, and mutated life forms.

"This is a major investment, similarly not something minor clans can get involved in. This is almost one of the most important sources of wealth for several super major clans."

There was indescribable envy in Cheng Liuji's tone.

Currently, there are fewer than ten such breeding stars, all occupied by super major clans from the three major factions, like Reina Star, Huo'er Star, and the Su Clan. The output from them is enough to sustain the daily consumption of the major clans; all other industries generate pure profit.

This actually creates a phenomenon where the wealthy become even wealthier.

Minor clans, even medium and large races, can only watch enviously. It's not that they aren't given opportunities, but they don't have the strength to invest in and operate such breeding stars.

In the past, some medium and large races have partnered to try out such breeding stars. However, the investment, consumption, and surprises were truly something these races, each with their own agendas, could not afford. Any single issue could directly downgrade them from their current position—a major race becoming a medium race, a medium race becoming a minor race, or even being eliminated.

Why are super major clans called super major clans? Because they can afford losses. They can withstand the loss of one or two breeding stars. Other races cannot; they dare not take the risk.

"The remaining types are those that originally produced higher life forms but were ravaged by the Slave Races."

Cheng Liujin said, "Don't think these planets have been destroyed and have little planetary life left; they might still have several hundred cosmic years or even nearly a thousand years."

Hearing several hundred or a thousand years sounds like a lot, but for planets whose lifespan is measured in billions, it's just a blink of an eye.

"For these planets, do you know what the cosmic races call them?" Cheng Liujin posed a small question, then said, "They call them fifty-percent breeding stars, meaning these planets are half-developed breeding stars. Even going directly, you can obtain large amounts of materials, magic crystals, and parasites from them."

"It means another kind of resource star." Cheng Liujin slightly clenched his fist. Even he coveted such planets greatly.

"Of course, compared to the first type of resource star, these planets have a very high danger index. There are always some exceptionally powerful natives, even mutated life forms and parasites on them, threatening the lives of the cosmic race warriors who land."

"However, behind this risk is a huge gain. The cosmic races naturally wouldn't let them go. And other races, with resource stars and breeding stars already occupied by super major clans, couldn't possibly give up such planets. So, these planets are jointly developed by the cosmic races."

"But here comes the problem."

Cheng Liujin's voice raised slightly.

"If everyone developed without any constraints, the stronger races would definitely gain more benefits. Then it wouldn't be much different from letting the supermajor clans develop alone. So, after a long discussion, a decision was made: these few planets would be one of the rewards for the top-ranked in the Novice Battlefield. The race that obtains first place has the right to choose one such planet to become a hunting ground for the cosmic races."

"That's not the key point. The key is the profit distribution issue after these already scarce planets become hunting grounds."

Cheng Liujin messed up the stones again, took out one of the larger ones, and said, "Forty percent of the profits is used to cover the costs of crafting and maintaining the Novice planet."

Then, he took out another one and said, "Twenty percent serves as public gains, distributed according to the total score ranking in the Novice battlefield."

Chapter 1925: Prize (3)

"The remaining forty percent of the profits belongs to the race that opens the Novice hunting ground, that is, to the top-ranked race."

Ye Zhongming looked at Cheng Liujin, thinking this was pretty good. If the Star-Eye Clan opened this planetary hunting ground, besides keeping forty percent for themselves, they could also get a lot from the twenty percent public revenue. Added together, even if not fifty percent, it should be around forty-five percent, right?

Why did this Gold Order Leader still seem to have a worried expression?

Cheng Liujin knew what Ye Zhongming was thinking from his expression and sighed, "Things aren't that simple."

"First, opening this planetary battlefield requires enormous costs. For example, you can't just send one small spacecraft with a few people, right? Even if no one dies up there, how much can you kill in a year? Even super major clans basically assemble a fleet, transport a group of powerful warriors and experts there to establish a base, and use it as a center to continuously expand hunting around it."

Ye Zhongming was familiar with the Star-Eye Clan's previous situation, knowing that spacecraft utilized Moonspan Gold as their power source. If the Star-Eye Clan opened a planetary hunting ground, they would definitely have to transport a large number of warriors to the planet. Just this cost alone was probably something the Star-Eye Clan couldn't afford.

"And there's the issue of rotation?" Ye Zhongming thought of this.

Cheng Liujin nodded appreciatively, very satisfied with this novice's divergent and extended thinking in problem-solving.

"Yes, you can't have one group of warriors stay there for a whole cosmic year, right? Whether from the perspective of training, the psychological aspect of the warriors, or fairness within the clan, battlefield rotation is necessary. Therefore, the transportation cost for each rotation remains a significant pressure. The final profit is only settled after the planetary battlefield closes, so you can't sustain the war with war either."

Facing all these problems, not to mention Cheng Liujin, who had a deep and clear understanding of the clan's situation, even Ye Zhongming, who didn't know much, felt the bad situation the Star-Eye Clan faced.

"If you open the planetary battlefield, you can't go alone, right? That would mean challenging the powerful existences on an entire planet by yourself. Even super major clans wouldn't do that; they would bring other races from their faction. Much less us."

"But once other races are allowed in, how do you split the benefits? Two-fifths go to the public, one-fifth is taken out as rewards, and two-fifths go to the one who opened the battlefield. Then what are the others coming for? To work for you for free? So, it seems you can keep forty percent, but actually, you can't take that much."

Ye Zhongming thought for a moment and grasped the meaning.

Opening the planetary battlefield doesn't specify profits for other participating races, but the final gains must be uniformly distributed. This creates a situation where the race that achieves the Novice battlefield top rank either does so alone or brings other races in and shares the benefits with them.

The choice was easy. The behavior of eating alone doesn't work among the cosmic races either.

However, once other races are brought in, distribution must be based on contribution. There are no recorders there; the final distribution cannot guarantee absolute fairness, only relative fairness. If it were a supermajor clan, that would be fine. Their prestige and strength are there; they would definitely take the lion's share. For the rest, even if there's some error in distribution, it wouldn't be too big, and they could find opportunities to compensate later.

But the Star-Eye Clan can't do that. The main reason was that they are too weak. Introducing other races basically means others get the benefits; they follow behind to eat some spoils, which is pretty good. They might even get cheated, causing the warriors entering the hunting ground to be wiped out. In the end, they open the battlefield, spend huge costs, others take the forty percent benefit, and they only get a little bit divided from the twenty percent. This wasn't fair.

But if they don't open it, they won't even receive that little reward, and other races will also apply pressure.

Now it seems, the only way is to open the planetary battlefield but not go themselves. That way, there's no loss, just wait to get the bit of reward divided from the twenty percent for first place.

Having figured this out, Ye Zhongming was also very helpless. The total score first reward was originally very, very good. But besides the spokespeople spots and entry tickets, the trade discount and planetary battlefield, which should have been big gains, seemed like the Star-Eye Clan couldn't even get the soup, only lick the bottom of others' bowls. This...

No wonder Cheng Liujin didn't show any excitement.

"Are these the only rewards?"

Ye Zhongming felt unhappy even for the Star-Eye Clan.

"There's also a pardon right."

Pardon right? Ye Zhongming's mind stirred, and he asked Cheng Liujin to explain in detail. It turned out that among the cosmic races, there were naturally laws. Some people who broke the rules would be punished. This reward meant that the top-ranked race could have a certain clansman exempt from punishment or have their punishment stopped.

"The Star-Eye Clan has no one needing pardon?"

Ye Zhongming asked. Since Cheng Liujin said it was not important, it proved the Star-Eye Clan probably had no such person.

Sure enough, Cheng Liujin's answer confirmed this. In recent years, the Star-Eye Clan lived with caution, and there were no members imprisoned or exiled.

"Can it be traded to other races?" This was the key point Ye Zhongming focused on.

Cheng Liujin was stunned, then smiled and nodded, "It can be done."

On this issue, the two stopped, both knowing how to operate specifically would be a matter for the future.

"Let's talk about the personal rewards."

Hearing Cheng Liujiu say this, Ye Zhongming's spirits lifted. After all, this was the reward that completely belonged to him.

"First, Moonspan Gold, ten thousand units."

Simple and straightforward—money!

Although he didn't know the value of ten thousand units of Moonspan Gold, it should be quite a lot.

"Let me put it this way: from the Survivor Fortress where the Star-Eye Clan is located, I brought warriors here on a medium-sized spacecraft. The round-trip consumption was only a little over three thousand. Of course, this is related to distance."

Now, Ye Zhongming knew this was an absolutely huge sum of money.

"Second, a set of equipment from the Talos Red Dwarves. Seven pieces in total, all at the Red Condensation level."

Another reward that moved Ye Zhongming's heart.

Within the Talos Red Dwarves, equipment was categorized. From the lowest Common level, to the Counter Metal level, which was mostly customized standard for various races, to the elite level Red Condensation level, then the precious Raini level, and the best Intense God level.

This set of Red Condensation level equipment, from what Ye Zhongming understood, was almost equivalent to a level between gold and purple. Although the level wasn't high, the functions were quite numerous. The actual combat power was considerably better than the purple equipment Ye Zhongming could currently make himself.

Besides their function, as a top craftsman, Ye Zhongming was also very curious about the equipment made by the Talos Red Dwarves. He hoped to have as many as possible to study; it might greatly help his technology.