

## **Apocalypse 1931**

Chapter 1931: Spending is also an art (3)

He discarded the ornate beads, and Ye Zhongming held this metal in his hand, slightly injecting energy into it to remove the dye on it.

After a few minutes, a metal material identical to that of the Bronze Order Leader mask appeared before him.

He had separated this metal from both pieces of equipment, but what to do next? Was the metal all he got?

Merge? Or enchant?

To be honest, Ye Zhongming did not really dare to try. Once it failed, it wouldn't just be a matter of losing clues, but a matter of damage; then the secret of the mask's double layer would be lost forever.

It was just... huh?

Ye Zhongming thought for a full ten minutes or more. Just as he was about to give up, his gaze fixed on the small opening of the white substance, and a bold idea appeared in his mind.

He decided to give it a try.

At a certain moment, he fully activated the energy in his hand. The metal substrate of the 'Four-Bead Bracelet' gradually melted, and over time, approximately half an hour later, it completely liquefied.

Then, Ye Zhongming picked up the inner layer of the Bronze Order Leader mask and brought it close to this liquid.

An extremely thin metal thread, separated from the mass of liquid, slowly moved towards the starting opening of the white substance on the mask's inner layer.

That opening was too fine, so fine that Ye Zhongming had to control it with his full concentration; otherwise, the outcome would be unpredictable if a mistake occurred.

When the thin metal thread successfully entered the opening, Ye Zhongming breathed a sigh of relief, but quickly focused again. He knew this was only the beginning because the white substance connected those chips and almost covered the entire mask. He had to carefully thread it through in the correct order, without making a single mistake.

Time passed bit by bit, and sweat was already visible on Ye Zhongming's forehead.

This task was too meticulous, testing not only aspects like mental strength and physical stamina but also concentration and skill.

If Ye Zhongming didn't have vast crafting experience, he really wouldn't have been able to do this well. But even so, he still felt his mental energy was being rapidly depleted.

From the outside, Ye Zhongming was currently sitting on the ground, his hands half-raised in front of him, seemingly motionless. Only the metal in his hands was slowly decreasing, and the thin thread connected to the metal was gradually merging into the white substance, slowly filling the white substance that began to plump up.

No one knew how long it had been. When the metal substrate of the Four-Bead Bracelet had completely melted into the white substance channels of the mask, the last bit happened to land right at the starting opening.

This almost confirmed the validity of Ye Zhongming's method. Otherwise, how could it be such a coincidence that this piece of metal, after melting, exactly filled these white substances?

When all this was completed, those chips suddenly lit up, and the entire inner mask seemed to come alive.

Ye Zhongming wiped the sweat from his face, held the mask, and examined it from both sides. Then, tentatively, he put the mask on his face.

At first, there was nothing. But when Ye Zhongming felt no discomfort and then opened his eyes, the view in front changed color.

To be precise, two small light screens appeared at the eye positions of the mask.

"I am Nuo, the one hundred and first user of this mask."

A consciousness just entered Ye Zhongming's mind without any warning.

The King of Cloud Peak was not afraid; he knew this was probably some kind of technique. He could sense that he had probably discovered some secret.

The one hundred and first user? Wasn't that the traitor?

Did he actually make the inner layer of this mask? That was a very long time ago.

"I don't know who you are, a great craftsman who accidentally discovered this secret, or someone from the Star-Eye Clan who studied the mask. But whoever you are, please learn these things I left behind. I had no offspring in my life, so let my life continue in this way."

Was this the legacy of that traitor who almost took control of the Star-Eye Clan?

Ye Zhongming tried and found that he could not control the light screen, nor could he control this mask.

"Before learning, I must explain: please cherish this opportunity, because there is only one chance. Unless you can make the 'Askid Metal,' something that has been extinct for countless years, reappear."

The metal used to make the inner layer of the mask was called Askid Metal; it must have been extremely precious.

"Alright, I will begin now."

The entire store was very quiet. Apart from Ye Zhongming, no one else heard this.

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Zizi Kaba was also getting a bit anxious.

It was really because this Novice number one from the Star-Eye Clan had been inside for too long—a full day and more. What exactly was he selecting?

The other races had waited for so long and were getting increasingly restless. Several major races had already come to express their dissatisfaction, hoping Zizi Kaba could go in and remind the person inside.

Checking the time, Zizi Kaba decided that if the person inside still hadn't come out after another half hour, he would go in and call him.

However, the store door opened at this moment, and Ye Zhongming walked out slowly.

"This is the list of items I need to purchase." Ye Zhongming walked up to Zizi Kaba and handed him that piece of paper.

"I accidentally damaged a few prizes while inspecting them inside. Their names are listed at the end, and I've brought the items out."

As he spoke, Ye Zhongming showed Zizi Kaba some items in his hand, all small, such as bracelets and rings. Zizi Kaba looked at them and then paid no more attention. After all, these were already Ye Zhongming's things; if he damaged them, it was his own affair.

Ye Zhongming was also afraid that only damaging the Four-Bead Bracelet would arouse suspicion, so he had intentionally damaged a few other small items.

Zizi Kaba took the list and looked at the Novice number one before him with slight surprise.

Why did this guy seem like he had just been in a big battle? Additionally, the fluctuations in his power were not very stable, sometimes high and sometimes low. When low, it might only be around one thousand Furelai, but when high... how did it feel like it exceeded three thousand? Or even higher?

Seeing Ye Zhongming come out, everyone perked up. It was finally their turn to select rewards.

After greeting those he knew, the people from the Star-Eye Clan left immediately after He came out. As for those rewards, special personnel would deliver them to the Star-Eye Clan.

As for why they didn't stay here any longer, Cheng Liujiu was truly afraid that long nights bring many dreams, and also afraid that people would approach him again to discuss matters that were hard to refuse.

The Star-Eye Clan's aircraft soared into the sky from the Novice planet and was the first to leave here.

After entering the space, Ye Zhongming found a room and fell directly asleep, only to be awakened by He's knocking.

Putting the brought food and water to the side, He asked with concern, "What's wrong with you? Are your injuries not healed? Why do you look so tired?"

Ye Zhongming drank some water, ate while looking at He, and then asked, "Do you know Bing Shengning?"

He's face instantly showed an expression of shock, even mixed with a bit of fear.

Chapter 1932: Spending is also an art

Ye Zhongming sighed slightly. Regarding the decline of the Changxu Water Race, he no longer felt the same complete sympathy as before.

The reason he mentioned the name 'Bing Shengning' was that this person was a member of the Changxu Water Race.

He was from the same era as the 101st generation Bronze Order Leader and was also a good friend.

Earlier, in the store, at the end of what Ye Zhongming learned from the mask's inner layer, the Bronze Order Leader explained why he betrayed the Star-Eye Clan. After leaving these materials and legacy behind, he led the Bronze Team and started the path of rebellion.

The reason for rebelling against his own race, in Ye Zhongming's current view, was that he had been misled by others. They painted a grand picture for the Bronze Order Leader, promising how things would be in the future, how the future would unfold, and highlighting the current state of affairs, which they claimed needed to change.

Of course, Ye Zhongming could not know what the Bronze Order Leader was thinking at the time—whether he already had rebellious intentions or was completely influenced by others. However, one undeniable point was that during this process, Bing Shengning played a role in fueling the flames.

It wasn't just the Bronze Order Leader of the Star-Eye Clan alone; this member of the Changxu Water Race also persuaded many people from other races. They rebelled against their own races to establish a brand new alliance, hoping to seize power.

Among them included the people of Huo'er Star.

What happened later with the Huo'er Star people, Ye Zhongming did not know, but he estimated they probably failed as well. Otherwise, it would be impossible to explain the heavy-handed treatment the Changxu Water Race received from them ever since.

"How do you know Bing Shengning?"

He knew that Ye Zhongming was someone who had just arrived from his home planet and definitely wouldn't know much about the history of the cosmic races, let alone this name, which was somewhat taboo even within the Changxu Water Race and other races.

Ye Zhongming sighed slightly. He's expression had already given the answer; there really was such a person as Bing Shengning.

"Was he once the clan leader of the Changxu Water Race?"

He forced herself to suppress her fluctuating emotions and nodded, but the meaning in her eyes told Ye Zhongming that if he couldn't answer He's question, then this current clan leader of the Changxu Water Race would not consider speaking further.

"I need a definite answer, then I can tell you my purpose."

Ye Zhongming was equally firm.

He clenched her fists and said: "Yes, he was a member of the Changxu Water Race, and he was the clan leader for a long time. However, he was a sinner of the Changxu Water Race. He bears half the responsibility for the clan's situation today. He offended far too many people, turned far too many friends into enemies!"

These words essentially defined the nature of these matters.

Ye Zhongming chewed the food in his mouth and stopped speaking. He sat quietly to the side and waited.

After Ye Zhongming finished eating, he finally spoke: "In the past, your Sacred Sigils could perform combined attacks, right?"

He nodded in affirmation, waiting for Ye Zhongming to continue.

"But the method of energy circulation, and the related other techniques, have been lost by now, haven't they?"

"No, not lost!"

He almost said this through gritted teeth. "He was a traitor! A power maniac! To prolong his rule, he killed all the clansmen who mastered this ability! Such a powerful ability of our Changxu Water Race could only be controlled by himself. Yes, this ability was very difficult, so difficult that those who mastered it needed very high talent and strength, but... it was also an important reason why we could gain a foothold among the cosmic races. Yet, because of his selfishness, this ability was lost with his disappearance!"

"He disappeared?"

"Yes, disappeared. After his crazy plan was exposed, he vanished without a trace, taking his pipe dream with him, disappeared!"

"Leaving us behind, to survive alone!"

He's voice even changed a bit, showing the extent of her resentment, even hatred, towards this Bing Shengning.

Ye Zhongming reached out and patted He's shoulder, comforting her to calm down. After all, things had passed for too many years; Bing Shengning couldn't possibly still be alive, so what use was her hatred? The urgent matter now was to rebuild the Changxu Water Race.

"I know of a place where the legacy of your clan's ability might be inside."

Halfway through hearing this, He stood up, her face flushed red and her body trembling slightly as she looked at Ye Zhongming, extremely focused, trying to discern if Ye Zhongming was deceiving her.

But she immediately realized that the man she had sworn to follow would not deceive her. After all, that ability was rarely mentioned now, and Ye Zhongming shouldn't know about it. Moreover, he wasn't the type to speak irresponsibly.

"You, how could you possibly know about this, this matter?"

Ye Zhongming shook his head: "Don't ask. I cannot say. And also, don't be too happy too soon. I am not clear whether that place actually has your lost ability or not."

"But it's worth us going to look, isn't it?" He's voice trembled as she spoke.

"Yes, very much worth it." Ye Zhongming stood up, picked up the tray, and as he walked out, he said:  
"When conditions permit, we will go there to search."

"But..." He hesitated.

"Among the prizes I selected, there is a batch of high-grade specimen cultivation pods."

Ye Zhongming went out the door, leaving behind these words, and He inside the room, her eyes reddening.

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After sending away the tray, Ye Zhongming knew that this time, He had likely truly given her allegiance.

That ability of combined Sacred Sigil attacks not only required the legacy, but also needed a very rare substance as a guide during cultivation and mastery. That thing was very scarce and hard to find now. It was only used in the manufacturing of some special equipment. Among the relatively easier items to buy that contained a bit of this substance were the high-grade specimen cultivation pods; their core components contained this substance.

It was just that once this substance was extracted, this expensive item would be completely ruined. For every Changxu Water Race member who wanted to master the combined Sacred Symbol attack ability, they needed at least the quantity contained in three high-grade specimen cultivation pods. It could be said that learning this ability required not only finding the legacy but also having money.

Ye Zhongming not only found them a clue to their lost unique skill but also indicated he would provide the necessary substance. How could such actions not make He give her allegiance?

He walked to the central part of the aircraft. Here, the front was the cockpit, and the back was the command room. Now, Cheng Liujin and the others had gathered here, even White Robe, whose injuries had mostly healed, was present.

Seeing Ye Zhongming walk in, these people collectively looked over. White Robe directly jumped over, put an arm around Ye Zhongming's shoulder, and pulled him towards the large conference table.

"Kid, you quickly explain to me, why are there so many useless things among the rewards you selected? Cheng Liujin and I tallied it up; good grief, over a hundred thousand points! Even if you have money, you can't waste it like this! If you don't give me a reason today, when we get back to the clan, the two of us will fight! I'll suppress my strength, and you are not allowed to transform."

Cheng Liujin, Aslan, even Jie Kui, who performed well in the Novice battlefield, and Helsky, who had clearly aligned himself with Ye Zhongming, all stared intently at Ye Zhongming.

Their expression wasn't that of looking at the Novice number one, but rather that of looking at a spendthrift.

Chapter 1934: Bronze Camp currents

When they returned to Darkstrip City, the entire city was focused on the Star-Eye Clan's spacecraft. They knew it carried this session's Novice number one.

Before this aircraft even arrived, the reward items Ye Zhongming had selected began to be delivered successively to the Star-Eye Clan's underground palace. One after another, aircraft landed at the entrance. Many Bronze Warriors of the Star-Eye Clan were dispatched to move things into the underground palace. The scene attracted onlookers from other races in Darkstrip City.

As for spatial equipment, that stuff costs money, too. Even if not rare, it's not something found everywhere on the streets. Especially high-capacity ones; their numbers are few, controlled by major races. How could they be used to transport things for the Star-Eye Clan? So... they had to move it themselves.

Fortunately, items worth several hundred thousand points were indeed not few, but also not too many. Moreover, they didn't all arrive at once, so this scene only lasted a short while.

The people of Darkstrip City were all discussing that, apart from the Common Language of the cosmic races being named Darkstrip Language, probably only this time—the Star-Eye Clan obtaining the double first place in the Novice battlefield with an unprecedented high score—would be recorded in history.

There was no other way. On this survivor fortress, Darkstrip City wasn't considered a major city, and there were no super major races inside. There were too few honors they could boast about.

Of course, many lives were also scornful of this, believing it was just the Star-Eye Clan's final flicker of life. They would persist a bit longer, but would still be eliminated eventually.

But that jealousy remained in their hearts.

They just didn't know that from this moment on, this jealousy would never disappear from their lives.

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The Bronze Mask Warrior camp was commonly referred to as the Bronze Camp.

Ever since the 101st generation Bronze Order Leader led the rebellion, the members of the Bronze Camp could only undertake less important tasks. As the Star-Eye Clan declined, many of them were even left idle due to the reduction in mission volume. Even though the number of warriors in the Bronze Camp had also significantly decreased.

Now, apart from tasks like guarding, reception, or even maintenance, the warriors of the Bronze Camp mostly just trained.

Performing well, increasing strength, and being selected by the Silver Team had become their only way out.

But the usually bustling training ground was unusually quiet today. Almost all the Bronze Mask Warriors in the camp had returned to their dormitories, while some managers and squad leaders chose a room to discuss matters.

"Just came out of the Novice battlefield and immediately became the Bronze Order Leader? This is too... to put it bluntly, too disrespectful to us! It cannot be denied that this guy, called Ye Zhongming, is outstanding. He achieved the highest score in history, became the Novice number one, and also made our Star-Eye Clan the overall score first, giving us a moment of pride. But how strong can his current strength be? Among the nearly ten thousand people in our camp, can he rank in the top five thousand?"

Fine, even if he made contributions and the clan wants to reward him, and no other position but the Bronze Order Leader can show sincerity, they should still consider the facts, right? Even if they treat him as a seed for focused cultivation, they could let him take over after his strength meets the standard!"

One person voiced his full of complaints to the several dozen key members of the Bronze Camp around him. He was a Thousand-Person Commander and could be regarded as one of the more influential people in the camp.

He was wearing a mask at the moment, but if Ye Zhongming were here, he would definitely recognize him as the Bronze Mask Warrior who casually killed someone when receiving them to the Star-Eye Clan.

His name was Leng Jiao.

He knew he probably wouldn't leave a good impression on Ye Zhongming, so his opposition to Ye Zhongming was very firm. At the same time, he wasn't without some desire to aim for a deputy position in the Bronze Camp.

Leng Jiao knew he wasn't cut out for the Bronze Order Leader position; whether in terms of strength or connections, it wouldn't be his turn. But for the two deputy positions, he felt he could compete.

A few others with similar thoughts echoed his words. Still, they didn't share the same ambitions, but also didn't think the clan's decision was very mature, and expressed support.

"Also, although he achieved extraordinary success and will definitely leave a mark in history, I think his judgment is poor, and his heart isn't with our Star-Eye Clan."

Hearing Leng Jiao say this, many who hadn't expressed an opinion also looked at him.

His heart isn't with the Star-Eye Clan? This was a very serious accusation.

The people here were all members of the Star-Eye Clan. They bore the distinct label of the Star-Eye Clan and were to share glory and disgrace, survive and die together with the Star-Eye Clan.

Why many squad leaders and managers didn't have much resistance to Ye Zhongming taking the Bronze Order Leader position was precisely because Ye Zhongming had brought honor to the Star-Eye Clan, making the Star-Eye Clan's name reappear in the sight of the cosmic races in the universe.

Even in their hearts, they somewhat approved. They hoped Ye Zhongming could bring something different to the Star-Eye Clan.

But hearing this sentence, they also became uneasy.

"You can't say that without proof."

Among those inclined towards Ye Zhongming succeeding as Bronze Order Leader, a somewhat overweight person frowned and said.

"Of course, I have a basis." Leng Jiao sneered. "Did you see the rewards he selected this time? What are those things? What use are they to us? In my opinion, he wasted at least over a hundred thousand points! True, these are indeed his own points, but don't forget, for his sake, Order Leader White Robe personally went down to the Novice battlefield and even brought Jie Su, who is probably our Star-Eye Clan's only friend. If the future successor of Sheke Star hadn't followed them down, what first place would there be? They would have all died up there! If Ye Zhongming had a conscience, shouldn't he share some of these points with the clan? But he didn't. Instead, he chose these things—research stuff, farming stuff—probably under the pretext of giving them to the clan, trying to repay the clan's favor this way. Does our clan need this junk? No! Tell me, if his heart were with the clan, would he do this?"

Everyone fell somewhat silent. This reason sounded a bit far-fetched and completely speculative, but it wasn't without merit. Any normal person, knowing the Star-Eye Clan's situation, wouldn't choose those things.

"Also, don't forget, the Changxu Water Race people are with him."

Leng Jiao added another sentence.

Everyone didn't react at first, but slowly began to grasp the implication.

The Changxu Water Race's situation was worse than the Star-Eye Clan's, but that was based on their unwillingness to lose independence. Once they were willing to compromise, they would become targets of contention for other races. Even so, many major races like the Huo'er Star people kept a covetous eye on them.

Now, the Changxu Water Race clearly intended to follow Ye Zhongming. Didn't that mean offending many major races at once? If Ye Zhongming stayed with the Star-Eye Clan, it would be equivalent to the

Star-Eye Clan offending them. Everyone could figure this out, and so could Ye Zhongming. So wasn't he afraid? The outside world wasn't the Novice battlefield, where Furelai was limited to around two thousand, letting him kill everyone after transforming.

Then there was only one explanation: his heart wasn't here. Perhaps he would turn around and throw himself into the embrace of Huo'er Star.

At this, even those originally inclined towards Ye Zhongming began to waver. After a long while, everyone's gaze focused on the person sitting at the very front, one of the Deputy Order Leaders of the Bronze Camp, Ka Lan Ka.

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While the Bronze Camp was stirred because of Ye Zhongming, the King of Cloud Peak arrived at the end of a passage. In front of him was a metal door. Inside, the two Clan Leaders of the Star-Eye Clan were waiting for him.

Chapter 1933: Spending is also an art (5)

Aslan looked at Ye Zhongming, her feelings extremely complex.

Previously, it was because they had a sort of half-mentor, half-apprentice relationship, yet the apprentice had surpassed the master in a certain skill. Now, it was because he had directly refused the marriage proposal.

Was she really not in his eyes? Not even with half of the Star-Eye Clan thrown in?

Everyone instinctively considers problems from their own perspective, and Aslan was no different. This tendency is more pronounced the less experience one has.

Even though Aslan had been 'hiding her identity' to train herself, after all, it had been a short time, and she couldn't shake off that invisible preferential treatment. So even now, she was still somewhat immersed in the emotion of being rejected.

However, Aslan was, after all, the successor cultivated by the Star-Eye Clan. She might not understand or be unable to figure it out, but that didn't stop her from moving past the matter.

But now, what White Robe was talking about really made Aslan a bit angry.

Indeed, Ye Zhongming's points were all his own; the clan wouldn't interfere. But he still shouldn't be so wasteful, right? The list had a whole bunch of useless junk.

Looking at those items like the High-grade Specimen Cultivation Pods, Fifth Law Balancer, etc., with their long strings of large numbers behind them, Aslan felt angry.

These points were, after all, obtained with the help of White Robe, Jie Kui, and others. Acting like this was a bit too disrespectful.

Cheng Liujin didn't have the same negative emotions as Aslan; he just felt it was a pity. He felt he should have discussed this matter with Ye Zhongming in advance, at least asked about his needs and given suggestions. That might have avoided the situation where he chose so many useless things this time.

Yes, they were really useless. For a race like the Star-Eye Clan, which could barely maintain basic operations, where would the funds, energy, and manpower come from to engage in research and development?

Without R&D, these things were just scrap.

Ye Zhongming sat down at the conference table. He didn't want to be mysterious today. After all, he would still need their support in the future. With their help, it would almost mean the three major teams and the higher-ups were on his side. Then, within the Star-Eye Clan, he would truly be unimpeded without any constraints.

"I took twenty percent of the trade discount profits."

Ye Zhongming looked at Cheng Liujin, and the Gold Order Leader nodded.

"As for me, I am a fairly outstanding craftsman. Although my understanding of the manufacturing systems of the cosmic races is currently only at an elementary stage, not even considered beginner level, I am confident that after focusing on research for a period, I will achieve some results."

"Look at what I selected."

Ye Zhongming took the list, looked at it, and then circled an area. The others gathered to look; it was all sorts of equipment and vessels.

"These things range from low-level to high-level, all available. They are also what I need for the learning process, from simple to complex manufacturing techniques. I hope to master manufacturing methods that the clan does not possess by researching and disassembling these devices, especially those of the Taros Red Dwarves."

The others initially felt that it was somewhat unreliable, but hope immediately surged within them.

After all, Jie Kui had witnessed Ye Zhongming's manufacturing level. For him to say he hadn't even started was definitely modesty. Could someone who hadn't begun crafting equipment that many Novices rushed to buy? If that were the case, once he really started, how formidable would he be?

"You, really can?" Aslan, after all, had less depth and asked directly.

Ye Zhongming didn't mind and nodded: "There should be no problem. I have to give it a try anyway."

White Robe had fought alongside Ye Zhongming and had a natural closeness and trust in him. Hearing this, he immediately chose to believe him and patted Ye Zhongming, saying, "Alright, then explain these."

Cheng Liujiu, listening nearby, rolled his eyes inwardly, thinking this simple-minded guy, is crafting equipment the main point? This is the foundation, okay? The main point is the trade discount, the discount! That's money, money! It can benefit the clan! Shouldn't we ask more about that?

"These."

Ye Zhongming looked; they were some tool-like things.

"Right, let's be frank. These things are probably just fillers, things the last few placers would only choose when they had no other options. Now they've all ended up with you."

Cheng Liujin looked at White Robe, who was speaking, and thought, having gone through life and death together is really different; he speaks so casually.

"You know, among my personal rewards is a piece of land."

"I want to do some planting on it."

"Because I am also an excellent gardener."

Everyone: "..."

Is this a reason? Because you are an excellent gardener, you want these things used for farming or seedling cultivation?

What is the main theme of the cosmic races? It's battle! Growing crops is the work of those who can't become warriors or warriors with limited talent, right? Why is a Novice number one meddling in this?

"Do you need to do it personally?" White Robe's arm was so stiff it was almost twitching.

"Of course!" Ye Zhongming said resolutely. "Look, I am the new Bronze Order Leader, right? When I return to the clan, I need to meet my subordinates, right? How to gain their support in the future? Don't I need to give them some benefits? Good equipment, these, and also, good food."

And also, good food...???

The expressions on everyone's faces were indescribable.

Whether actively or passively, they were all advanced life forms that had left their home planets and entered the stellar era. Faced with all kinds of major events, did what they eat need to be so particular?

Seeing the expressions of the people around him, Ye Zhongming knew what they were thinking. He didn't care.

These people definitely didn't know how much money the various nutritional supplements and Cloud Peak delicacies he made on Earth had earned!

When he left Earth, that was already Cloud Peak's most profitable industry, with a profit margin even higher than the equipment he manufactured.

"I also bought some meeting gifts for the Bronze Mask Warriors. These are all here. I don't know how many Bronze Warriors there are; there are a thousand pieces here, I wonder if it's enough~~"

Everyone took a look; alright, this was at least acceptable. After all, they were all equipment and such, with high, medium, and low grades, obviously meant to be awarded according to strength.

Looking at the few good pieces of equipment among them, White Robe and Cheng Liujin felt a bit envious. The benefits bestowed upon the Bronze Warriors were a waste. But thinking that Ye Zhongming was new here and suddenly taking over the Bronze Team, he really needed some means to win people's hearts.

"And these?" White Robe pointed to some other items on the list.

Ye Zhongming looked and instead asked: "Are these not normal?"

White Robe shook his head, "Not normal! Because these are all consumables, consumables for battle. Many are needed when our Star-Eye Clan uses skills, as well as numerous trap-like items. Although these things aren't expensive, the quantity you bought is enough to support a medium-sized battle. Our clan's situation is not unknown to you; it's impossible for us to conflict with others now. These are a waste."

Ye Zhongming pursed his lips and said slowly: "Who says we won't have conflicts with others? I don't believe in that set of enduring humiliation to survive, dragging out a feeble existence, or persevering under heavy burdens."

"What I believe in is... truth lies within the range of the cannon."

Chapter 1935: Iron blood and plunder

Cheng Liujin and White Robe stood on this side of the passage, watching Ye Zhongming's figure disappear inside the door, and glanced at each other.

"Ultimately, it depends on the two Clan Leaders."

Cheng Liujin sighed, knowing that the conversation happening inside might concern the future of the Star-Eye Clan.

That's right, Cheng Liujin had already reached an agreement with Ye Zhongming. But as the main parties involved, it was still Ye Zhongming and the two Clan Leaders of the Star-Eye Clan. Their conversation, as well as their mutual feelings and impressions, was the key.

"There should be no problem." White Robe turned with Cheng Liujin, walking as he said: "Ye Zhongming possesses an ambition that we lost long ago. All these years, our struggle for survival has left us with more of a desire to live than a bursting, surging ambition."

The two walked, unusually harmonious, without any trace of the familiar scene that used to happen when they met, one challenging and the other refusing.

"Perhaps it's because he was such a person on his home planet. This is also characteristic of many Novices. Many lives die because of it, and those who survive become powerful individuals."

The corner of Cheng Liuji's mouth under the mask turned upward. "I have a basis for saying this. Look at the things he asked for; clearly, he intends to fight. It's just that I don't know if we can withstand the pressure for him."

White Robe shrugged nonchalantly. "We have to withstand it even if we can't, because we have no choice."

The Gold Order Leader nodded. He knew that although they had seemingly secured the overall first place this time, and the Star-Eye Clan's dire situation had been alleviated, in fact, there was a cost—they had killed too many people on the Novice battlefield, and also, they had compromised Ye Zhongming's potential.

Many races wouldn't care about this, but others would.

Potential was something no one could say for sure would be realized, but Cheng Liuji and White Robe were optimistic, and many other races shared their optimism.

Now, the argument outside and even within the Star-Eye Clan was that when Furelai wasn't suppressed, Ye Zhongming's transformation wasn't very useful.

But many people would look at it from another angle: if he was this formidable at this level, then how formidable would he be when he grew up?

This pressure was intangible, somewhat like the guilt of possessing a treasure.

"Yes, we'll withstand it."

After walking a few more steps, Cheng Liujin suddenly said, "Is this the most united the Gold, Silver, and Bronze teams have been since that incident? The time when the three Order Leaders have the best relationship?"

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Ye Zhongming was somewhat surprised because the Star Lord and Eye Lord in front of him were not wearing masks.

According to his knowledge, the two Lords only took off their masks at specific times, and even then, they mostly had their backs to the Star-Eye clansmen.

Many people said that the two Clan Leaders of the Star-Eye Clan had thousands of faces and were the most outstanding assassins and ambushers.

In fact, no one but themselves knew how many faces they had. But one thing that could not be denied was, what was supporting the Star-Eye Clan now? The three major teams? The assassination bounties? Or the madman White Robe?

No, essentially, it was none of these. The only thing that still held a bit of deterrence against other races was these two Clan Leaders.

As long as they couldn't be sure of killing both of them together, no one was willing to move against the Star-Eye Clan.

Major races disdained to, and other races were apprehensive.

They feared the two Clan Leaders of the Star-Eye Clan escaping, because if that happened, their future days would face assassination attempts by the most outstanding assassins anytime, anywhere.

So just from this single action, Ye Zhongming understood that the two Clan Leaders were showing him unconditional trust.

The true faces of the Clan Leaders were perhaps the Star-Eye Clan's biggest secret.

Having figured this out, Ye Zhongming, quite unusually, bowed to the two Clan Leaders and sat down at their smiling gesture.

"You are a benefactor of the Star-Eye Clan."

The one sitting on the left was male; he should be the Eye Lord.

The first sentence defined the nature of their relationship.

"What we give you is actually far less than what you fought for us. It's just that the Star-Eye Clan's capabilities are insufficient now, and we can't give you much. We hope you don't mind."

The Star Lord spoke; this one should be Aslan's mother.

Ye Zhongming smiled.

The Eye Lord stood up, walked near Ye Zhongming, and reached out his hand, saying, "Give me the mask, I will activate it for you."

Ye Zhongming had already learned the secret of the Bronze Order Leader mask. The inner layer had completed its mission and was quietly staying in his space, so he wasn't afraid of others looking at it.

Taking the mask, the Eye Lord walked back, sat down, placed the mask on the table, held one hand slightly suspended about one centimeter above the mask, and then a glow spilled out from his palm.

This light lasted for about a minute, then ended as the Eye Lord withdrew his hand.

When Ye Zhongming took the mask back, he clearly felt that this piece of equipment was different.

"Every mask is a piece of equipment, and the Order Leader masks are even more so. In the manufacturing of this type of equipment, the Star-Eye Clan's technology is not inferior to anyone's, and

the legacy is complete. I can even say with certainty that, solely in this type of manufacturing technology, we are not worse than the Taros Red Dwarves."

The Star Lord looked at Ye Zhongming, her expression quite proud.

"I know you are a very outstanding craftsman. Later, I will send you a copy of the legacy of this crafting method. Don't lose it."

Ye Zhongming was very surprised. This technology should be a major secret of the Star-Eye Clan, right? And they were giving it to him?

"We called you here today, besides letting you see our true appearances and giving you this legacy, is mainly to ask you about your future plans. Why did you, Cheng Liuji, and White Robe say those words? Also, is there a specific target?"

What the Eye Lord asked was clearly about Ye Zhongming's statement that he intended to clash with other races proactively.

Ye Zhongming knew this involved whether the Star-Eye Clan would fully support him. He organized his thoughts and said, "The clan's situation is very bad, and the external situation of the cosmic races is also very bad. On the way back, I heard about many things."

Changes like the nutrient wave of the Slave Race, Ye Zhongming, having come out of the Novice battlefield, already knew.

"Without these events, we could have used the obtained spokespeople spots, entry tickets, and other rewards to proceed slowly, gradually change the clan's situation, and develop and strengthen bit by bit."

"But now, that's clearly not feasible. Who knows when drastic changes might occur? We must become strong as soon as possible. Even if we can't leap to become a major race, we must escape the range of elimination at the bottom."

The Star Lord and Eye Lord both nodded. They knew the situation their clan faced was exactly like this.

"Therefore, we can only use extraordinary means to elevate the Star-Eye Clan." Ye Zhongming said solemnly: "I think, there is no faster or better method than iron, blood, and plunder."