

Apocalypse 1946

Chapter 1946: Furious Zhong Hongke

Seeing this scene, Shi Yong's tense expression finally relaxed. He knew this duel was practically won.

At the same time, the Bronze Camp warriors seized the mistakes and launched their attacks; those Assault Camp warriors quickly retracted the attacks they had just initiated.

Many people were stunned because of this.

Withdrawing a launched attack may sound simple, but achieving it requires control over the body and energy at a micro-level realm.

Such a realm, let alone in the Bronze Camp or even the Silver Team, is not one that many have achieved.

It required not only rich experience and diligent training but also a certain amount of talent.

It could even be called the domain of experts.

These Assault Camp warriors were indeed decent, but could each of them possess the level of being able to see the big picture?

What was going on?

Originally, it was the Assault Camp people who made mistakes, attacking too early. However, with one countermove, it became the other side's mistake, attacking too early.

Combat is a matter of moments. The Bronze Camp warriors made mistakes and, naturally, were punished. Among them, only very few could manage to withdraw their skills, and even then, not very smoothly, because just moments ago, they were going all in for a one-hit kill.

The attacks landed on these people, causing injuries one after another, and the situation immediately became perilous.

The Assault Camp gained the initiative but did not relax in the slightest. Taking advantage of the opponents' chaotic moment, they immediately changed their formation. Those close to each other rapidly closed ranks. While abandoning some opponents, they locally formed situations of fighting few against many—two or three people against one injured person—directly eliminating the opponent within seconds.

By now, the outcome was basically decided. The numbers were nineteen versus seven, and these nineteen were in perfect condition, while among the 'seven', five were injured.

The subsequent battle proceeded without any surprises. Even though the Assault Camp's individual combat power was somewhat inferior, they ultimately held a large numerical advantage and were high in morale, while their opponents were lethargic. When it finally ended, the numerical difference was fixed at fifteen to zero.

A duel that a few people had predicted but most did not expect had ended. The entire training ground was very quiet. Compared to the silent Bronze Camp side, the Assault Camp side had an excitement and agitation that could be felt without even looking.

When the Assault Camp was first established, almost no one was optimistic. Out of a ten-thousand-person team, only over sixty people signed up. The recognition rate of just under one percent reflected the degree of disapproval.

These past few days, when walking in the camp, the Assault Camp members were often observed with weird gazes and even provoked by some extreme fighters with words.

But they endured it all. They knew that besides using results to prove their choice was correct, there was no other way.

This victory, although it couldn't prove much, could at least strengthen their confidence and encourage them to continue striving.

Ye Zhongming, however, remained very calm. The first match was originally the easiest to win. If they lost this one, there was no need to compete further; they might as well admit defeat directly.

He taught the Assault Camp trainees 'Layered Eye'. Although the training time was brief, and the direct effect was capturing energy boundaries and level fluctuations, practicing it even a bit had an impact on them. With intent, they could now barely retract skills that weren't launched at full power. This made the opposite side's flaws obvious.

Ye Zhongming went over to check the injuries of the five who had left the field and frowned slightly.

The injuries weren't severe, but they did affect combat strength. For those who needed to participate in at least one more match, this wasn't good news.

But since he had already boasted, he could only tough it out.

He administered some medicine to a few people, allowing them to recover as much as possible.

"Using injury medicine worth dozens of Moonspan Gold as soon as he acts; this guy really is rich."

White Robe, watching this through the light screen, looked with envy. Cheng Liujin beside him, said: "As if you don't have any. Yisewei gave all her points to you. Besides the supplies exchanged for the clan, you also got quite a few good things, right?"

White Robe laughed, "Definitely not as much as Little Ye's."

"What did you notice?" Cheng Liujin asked White Robe, "The equipment advantage we thought existed wasn't fully displayed here. So how did the Assault Camp manage to retract abilities so easily?"

White Robe thought for a moment and shook his head: "I didn't see it. I just felt that at that moment, these people gave the impression of being very gentle, detailed, and precise in their attacks."

While these two were talking, the terrain for the second match had already been decided within the training ground.

"Death Corner."

Ye Zhongming's choice of this terrain again left the Bronze Camp side extremely puzzled.

Death Corner was actually a maze terrain. Different height walls divided a square area into who knows how many sections. Moreover, these thick walls were not arranged neatly, making this terrain very irregular. But one thing was the same: the gaps between walls, at their widest, could only fit two people side by side. It could be said that every path was a narrow channel. Once enemies met, it tested personal strength.

However, personal strength was significantly more favorable for the Bronze Camp. Why would Ye Zhongming choose a terrain that exposed their weaknesses?

This time, several Thousand-Person Commanders felt a bit unsettled. The loss in the first match damaged their face; they absolutely could not lose this second match. They came before the thirty people who were about to go out to war and had the First Thousand-Person Commander, Zhong Hongke, represent them in speaking.

"I feel very embarrassed!" This one sentence made the faces of those twenty from earlier feel scorching hot.

"The combat power of the people on the other side is actually pretty good. If ordinary warriors faced them and lost, it would be one thing. But your average Furelai is at least eight hundred, if not a thousand, higher than theirs, yet you lost completely. Tell me, is it embarrassing or not?"

Tie Cha and the others' faces were red as if bleeding, their heads bowed so low they almost touched their chests.

"We..."

"Enough! Were you going to say you fell for a trap? Are you still qualified warriors? Do failures need reasons?"

Zhong Hongke's stern gaze swept over them, and those who wanted to explain no longer dared to speak.

"The Death Corner terrain actually tests one-on-one combat ability, reaction, and ability to sneak attack and counter sneak attacks. In theory, as long as we perform normally, we will be in a good spot. But the Order Leader is not stupid; he wouldn't choose a terrain so advantageous for us for no reason. So there must be a trick inside. Once you enter, be careful, take it seriously, don't underestimate the enemy, and exert your full effort. If you win, fine. But if you lose..."

"Don't blame me for making you cry in training!"

Chapter 1947: 19 against 11

The thirty people from the Bronze Camp who were fighting this time knew they truly could not lose.

The outcome this time was no longer just about them personally, but also concerned the face of these mid-level officers. One could imagine that if they lost, these Thousand-Person Commanders would reclaim their lost face from them.

"Can I go back to get my equipment?" a Bronze Camp soldier suddenly shouted.

Because they had previously come for a silent protest, many had not brought the equipment used only for formal combat. They had nothing aside from their daily gear, so such a request was made.

Although this request was somewhat embarrassing, the Thousand-Person Commanders held back their displeasure, thinking it was better than losing, so they all looked at Ye Zhongming.

Ye Zhongming nodded, indicating they could do as they wished, after which he also made a gesture to the soldiers of the Assault Camp.

No one paid much attention, thinking he was telling the Assault Camp members to be careful.

After waiting a few minutes, the Bronze Camp fighters returned, and the battle officially began.

It was the same location as before. After a glow, the Death Corner terrain appeared. Because this terrain was entirely composed of tall walls, it was impossible to watch from the sidelines. Instead, the terrain generator projected a holographic image onto a nearby large screen.

The soldiers from both sides entered through opposite entrances and made their preparations. As the large countdown numbers above the terrain ended, they stepped onto the battlefield together.

From the outset, everyone recognized the distinct choices made by the two sides.

On the Bronze Camp side, they almost immediately split into several routes, with people entering each path.

After all, each passage was very narrow; even one person was enough to hold it, and having more people would be useless.

This terrain was ultimately a test of hard strength.

Compared to the Bronze Camp, the Assault Camp's approach was perplexing.

They chose only three paths, with ten people on each path.

In such narrow passages, the widest only allowed two people to stand side-by-side, and even then, they could barely maneuver effectively. Having ten people on one path was a complete waste.

However, because of their victory in the first match, everyone kept their doubts to themselves.

The terrain was not extensive, and both sides quickly converged on the central area. The spectators grew tense as close combat was about to begin.

Shi Yong led a team quickly through the passages. They had no specific target, as they didn't care who they encountered.

Soon, upon turning at a fork, they saw a Bronze Camp soldier opposite them. The other side also noticed the Assault Camp and, with a loud shout, charged forward.

The speed of Shi Yong's team remained unchanged. When they were a certain distance from this person, Shi Yong, standing in the first position, continued forward, while the person behind him suddenly crouched down. The third person lightly leaped onto his back, using the momentum to fly over Shi Yong's head and launch an attack towards the opponent.

That wasn't all. Once Shi Yong and this person, one in front and one behind, entangled the opponent, the remaining members immediately turned around and ran back the way they came.

What kind of tactic was this?

The spectators didn't find this method particularly novel; it had been done before. They just didn't understand: while two against one was good, it necessarily meant leaving half the opponents behind.

No matter how complex the terrain was, the paths ultimately connected. Knowing that combat would basically occur within the central area, it wouldn't take long from hearing the sounds to arriving at the battlefield. In such a short time, even if the Assault Camp temporarily gained a numerical advantage, their individual combat power was lower than their opponents', making it very difficult to defeat an opponent quickly.

Once the remaining opponents arrived, wouldn't it just revert to a contest of hard strength?

But soon, those outside noticed something different.

All three of the Assault Camp's squads encountered opponents. The remaining eight members of each squad turned back, but instead of continuing to search for enemies, they stopped at the fork in the passage leading to this channel.

Soon, nearby Bronze Camp soldiers came to support, but were intercepted by the people blocking the road. The eight-person squads followed the same method, assigning two people to deal with the newcomers, while the remaining six continued to guard the other intersections.

At this point, everyone realized that the three Assault Camp teams had chosen their routes very deliberately. They were very close to each other, selected adjacent routes, and after combat started, most of the forks leading here were controlled by the Assault Camp.

Even if multiple Bronze Camp soldiers arrived, they could only be divided and surrounded, continuing to fight few against many.

The Bronze Camp had initially been too dispersed, and the Assault Camp took the central routes. They used space to buy a certain amount of time.

The Assault Camp soldiers' individual strength was somewhat inferior, but fighting two against one, and necessarily from front and back, quickly produced results.

It was originally thirty versus thirty, but soon became thirty versus twenty-nine, thirty versus twenty-eight, twenty-nine versus twenty-seven...

Watching the constantly changing numbers, the Bronze Camp side looked very unhappy. How could they not have thought of such a simple tactic? They had been somewhat overconfident. Now they could only watch as the enemy gradually whittled away their numbers.

From the light screen, it could be seen that the remaining Bronze Camp members were rushing over, but the Assault Camp was also moving. Their direction collectively shifted to one side, meaning they focused their attack on one flank, while increasing the distance from the Bronze Camp soldiers coming from the other side.

Even to delay the reinforcements, the Assault Camp would send out a few people to hold key channel junctions—where several passages converged—like moths to a flame, using this method to create opportunities for the main force to fight many against few.

White Robe and Cheng Liujin watched this scene, their eyes filled with astonishment, even more surprised than when they saw these soldiers all master the Micro-level.

"How could they achieve such perfect compliance with orders in just a few days? Their advance and retreat are so efficient?"

Both were Order Leaders, usually responsible for training their subordinates. They knew how difficult this was to achieve. The Star-Eye Clan primarily focused on assassination and surprise attacks and was not adept at this kind of highly regulated and efficient frontal combat style.

"This guy really has some skills," White Robe murmured, watching the live broadcast.

When the Assault Camp soldiers rushed to the very edge of the Death Corner, the opponents on this side had been completely eliminated. Now, the numbers ratio was nineteen to eleven, with the Assault Camp having the advantage.

The Thousand-Person Leaders' expressions, although not good, relaxed slightly.

In terms of numbers, they were still at a disadvantage, but in their view, the outcome was basically decided. However, this certainty was accompanied by a sense of relief mixed with lingering fear.

Just moments before, the numerical difference wasn't only eight as it was now, but twelve. It was the individual strength of several Bronze soldiers that played a crucial role: either they held out until their teammates arrived, or they achieved quick victories, preventing the situation from worsening.

Now, although fewer people remained, each one was an elite. The nineteen people on the opposite side were all injured. What was more favorable for the Bronze Camp was that the Assault Camp's position had only three exits, all of which were already blocked.

Chapter 1948: Starry Chaos

There was no other way but to fight head-on.

The Bronze Camp soldiers learned their lesson. The remaining eleven people arranged three in the central passage and four in each of the two side passages, no longer allowing the Assault Camp to fight with numerical superiority.

Both sides silently gathered their strength across a distance, preparing for the final battle.

But at this moment, the Assault Camp members made a move that stunned both their opponents and the spectators.

They suddenly retracted the weapons they were using and switched to different ones.

The new weapons were still of the types they were accustomed to, but completely different models.

Higher-level weapons!

This wasn't the end. These people also took out various pieces of equipment from their spatial rings and replaced what they were originally wearing.

Before the battle began, the Assault Camp members already wore new equipment, which everyone had seen. Thinking it was normal for these people who chose to serve under the new Order Leader to receive some benefits, no one paid excessive attention.

But now it was different. The amount of new equipment on these people was a bit much, wasn't it? Each person had at least four pieces; for example, Shi Yong had six pieces of equipment that others had never seen before!

Even if the Bronze Order Leader wanted to establish them as role models, this investment was too large. How much money did this cost?

"Brothers, there's no choice but to fight, but with this equipment, it should give everyone a bit more confidence, right?"

Shi Yong gripped his brand-new weapon, feeling the surging power from it, and spoke softly to the Assault Camp brothers behind him.

"Certain victory!"

The others roared, announcing the start of the final battle.

Shi Yong and another person each led five companions, while the other direction had seven people, and they all charged towards their respective opponents.

The two sides collided instantly.

"Remember the strategy!"

Shi Yong's roar reached the ears of every Assault Camp soldier. They pressed their lips together and charged straight ahead.

The battle erupted with a different atmosphere.

The spectators realized that the Assault Camp soldiers were fighting almost recklessly, as if their lives depended on it.

In such trials, lives were naturally not easily lost. Various instruments could ensure everyone's safety to a certain extent. As long as they were in the simulated terrain, they were subject to these constraints.

This was also why everyone could fight freely and without holding back.

But after all, a trial was just a trial. Very few people fought with a life-or-death mentality. Who knew if they would be so unlucky as to encounter that extremely low probability of death?

Therefore, when they discovered the Assault Camp was fighting recklessly, the Bronze Camp soldiers' momentum faltered.

The new equipment and the desperate mindset made the Assault Camp soldiers completely unafraid of the enemy at the start. The situation was even very favorable. Shi Yong's side even managed to remove one opponent from the battlefield, changing the numbers to nineteen versus ten.

Savagery was something every member of the cosmic races inherently possessed. Once they realized the Assault Camp was fighting recklessly, the Bronze Camp soldiers also started fighting recklessly.

The intensity escalated to a new level at this moment.

The disadvantage in individual strength on the Assault Camp's side began to show. Even though the new equipment made up for some of it, it still wasn't enough.

However, the Bronze Camp soldiers involved in the fight might not have realized it. They were still happy about removing Assault Camp soldiers one by one, but the spectators noticed a problem.

Even when Assault Camp members were defeated and eliminated, they would do their best to inflict some injuries on their opponents. Several people were eliminated very quickly; under normal fighting conditions, they could have held on for a while longer, but they chose to 'trade their lives for wounds.'

At one point, the numbers ratio became fourteen to ten, with five consecutive eliminations on the Assault Camp side. However, afterwards, the numbers began to shift in another direction.

Fourteen versus nine, thirteen versus nine, twelve versus nine, twelve versus eight, twelve versus seven, twelve versus six...

Both sides were bloodlusted. The change in numbers did not slow down, even as the total number of participants decreased.

Twelve versus five, eleven versus five, ten versus five, nine versus five, nine versus four, eight versus four, eight versus three, seven versus three, six versus three, six versus two, five versus two, four versus two, four versus one...

When only one person remained from the Bronze Camp, sighs began to rise from various places. It seemed they were going to lose.

Three versus one, two versus one!

But the last remaining Bronze Camp soldier managed to 'kill' two more people in a row, reigniting hope. The entire training ground fell silent, awaiting the final outcome.

Another Assault Camp soldier fell.

One versus one!

Cheers began to be heard.

But Ye Zhongming's mouth corners turned up, while the other Thousand-Person Leaders lowered their gazes.

The sighs of White Robe and Cheng Liujin sounded.

One versus zero!

The last Assault Camp soldier, who was in perfect condition, removed the Bronze Camp soldier, who was covered in wounds and whose stamina was almost exhausted, from the battlefield.

In the thirty versus thirty duel, the Assault Camp captured another victory!

Winning two out of three duels meant they had already won!

Ye Zhongming looked at these Thousand-Person Leaders. Zhong Hongke sighed and was about to acknowledge the result.

As he had said before, losing was losing; there were no excuses or reasons.

But...

"There's still one more match!"

"Yes, there's still one more!"

The other soldiers of the Bronze Camp shouted out first.

Zhong Hongke and the Thousand-Person Leaders and Deputy Thousand-Person Leaders turned around and saw soldiers with red eyes, knowing their pride had been wounded.

They thought it was a certain victory, but lost two matches in a row. They hoped to fight the final battle, even if it couldn't change the outcome.

"Many of the Assault Camp members are no longer..."

"We will field the same number of people they do, and we won't wear any equipment!"

Zhong Hongke meant to say that many Assault Camp members had already fought two matches, especially the second one, where dozens were seriously injured, with several clearly unable to get up. Fighting a sixty-five versus sixty-five duel like this, even if they won, would bring no glory.

The soldiers clearly knew what he was going to say, so they made this decision.

Maintain the same number of people, and then they, the uninjured and intact ones, would not wear equipment.

Everyone present knew that tempers had flared.

"Order Leader, let's fight. Victory or defeat isn't important; what's important is not backing down."

Shi Yong's face was pale, but his attitude was firm.

Did the Assault Camp lack the courage that their opponents possessed? If they want to fight, then fight. Would the Assault Camp be afraid?

All eyes focused on Ye Zhongming. Everyone awaited his decision. For the other Bronze Camp soldiers, eager to salvage their reputation, their gazes towards Ye Zhongming even held a plea.

"Then... let's fight." Ye Zhongming's decision brought relief to everyone.

"The battlefield will be... Starry Chaos."

White Robe, watching the live stream, chuckled.

"This guy, choosing this terrain... he's planning a big free-for-all."

Cheng Liujiu nodded, recalling the description of this training terrain.

Starry Chaos, with numerous covers, was very suitable for the Star-Eye Clan's style. The entry positions for every member of both sides... were completely random.

Chapter 1949: Revolution

The Assault Camp tallied their numbers; forty-seven people were still capable of fighting. Upon receiving this news, the Bronze Camp immediately selected forty-seven people as well.

Afterwards, they also took off all their equipment.

"We'll take ours off too."

With these words from Shi Yong, his Assault Camp members also removed their equipment.

"There's no reason for us to wear equipment if they aren't. Who do they think they're looking down on?"

The Assault Camp soldiers immediately responded. They could afford to lose the final match, but they couldn't afford to be weak in spirit. If they wore equipment and won in the end, it would still be disgraceful.

The Bronze Camp members were somewhat angry, but there was nothing they could do; they couldn't force the others to wear their gear.

Both sides quickly made their preparations and took their positions. After a bright light flashed, everyone was moved by the simulator to random locations.

White Robe also stood up at this time.

"Not watching anymore?" Cheng Liujin asked.

"No, there's no suspense about the outcome of this match. The Assault Camp has no chance." White Robe took one last look at the light screen, turned, and walked out.

"Are you sure? Without the equipment bonuses, the gap in their strength is reduced. There's still a chance, right?"

"Those soldiers are holding back a surge of determination; they are ready to fight desperately. Although the Assault Camp fielded forty-seven, at least a dozen or so are injured, which greatly affects their combat effectiveness. I won't watch a match with no suspense. It's more valuable to use this time to go back and think about the training plan, or go find Little Ye and ask him how he trained."

Watching White Robe's retreating, Cheng Liujin continued drinking his wine and watching the battle that had already begun. In his heart, he agreed with what White Robe said.

He just felt a bit sorry for the Assault Camp. If Ye Zhongming had been given a little more time, they would have achieved a complete victory in these three duels.

The result was just as the two Order Leaders predicted; it ended with the victory of the Bronze Camp soldiers.

However, their victory was not easy. In such a free-for-all terrain, the Assault Camp soldiers gave them considerable trouble. Without equipment, it was a contest of hard strength. It was true that the Bronze

Camp soldiers were stronger than the Assault Camp. However, the Assault Camp's 'Layered Eye' brought them a fine grasp of energy, giving them the capital to put up a fight.

Facing the strongest soldiers in the Bronze Camp besides the mid-level officers, the Assault Camp, even in their final defeat, still managed to remove thirty-seven opponents from the field.

If it were a real battle, only ten of their opponents would have survived.

The duel ended, but the entire Bronze Camp was not restless because of victory or defeat; there was only silence and quiet.

Many people looked at Ye Zhongming, knowing that this Bronze Order Leader would definitely have something to say.

"I know that many of you are not convinced that I occupy this position."

As soon as Ye Zhongming began speaking, he attracted everyone's attention.

"But so what? You cannot change this fact. For those who wanted to stop me, I wonder if their corpses have rotted yet."

Zhong Hongke and the others exchanged glances. From these simple few sentences, they gained a further understanding of this new Bronze Order Leader's strong character.

"So then, from now on, be obedient." Ye Zhongming's hand swept from left to right, encompassing all the Bronze Camp soldiers.

Many people began to frown because these words were too harsh and somewhat despotic.

"Does it sound bad?" Ye Zhongming sneered coldly. "Are you angry?"

"But it's useless!" Ye Zhongming's voice suddenly rose: "My mockery is based on the foundation of the great honors and benefits I have obtained, while your embarrassment and anger are the inevitable result of your perennial weakness."

"If I don't sit in this position, should a bunch of you, who are considered garbage even in the eyes of your own clansmen, let alone other races, sit in it?"

"And then what? Not the most garbage, but even more garbage?"

"And you have the nerve to call newcomers garbage? You are the garbage, the biggest garbage in the entire Star-Eye Clan!"

Ye Zhongming's mental power attached to his words, spreading throughout the entire training ground.

Many people flushed red with anger. Some Silver and Gold mask warriors who had not yet left also frowned, feeling that this Bronze Order Leader had included them in his insults.

"Not convinced again, are you?" Ye Zhongming didn't give them a chance to speak and continued: "Look at the current situation of the Bronze Team! Look at the tasks you are engaged in! Look, as one of the three major teams of the Star-Eye Clan, what honor have you brought to the clan?"

This series of rhetorical questions caused the angry mood throughout the Bronze Camp to falter. Many people even lowered their heads.

Yes, it seemed they had done nothing for the Star-Eye Clan.

"I only gathered over sixty volunteers, trained them for less than ten days, and beat the elite among you until you were utterly defeated. Come on, tell me, how do you usually train? Is this the result the clan gets from its investment in you?"

"And you have the nerve to come protest against me? Let me tell you, even if I broke a part of the warehouse supplies, or even broke all of them, it would still be better than giving them to you. At least I figured out many principles of equipment creation. What can you do with them?!"

With this, Ye Zhongming essentially answered why he had messed up the warehouse.

"I am here to change this situation. Those who cannot tolerate me can submit a request to leave. But if you stay here, then obediently follow orders, train diligently, and use your sweat and effort, even your blood and lives, to reclaim the dignity you have lost!"

"From now on, during the ten-day tests, you can all choose to challenge the Assault Camp. Those who win will get double points; those who lose will also have double points deducted."

"I hope to see your points skyrocket because of this, rather than see you lose so badly you're stripped bare, and gloomily eliminated for being at the bottom."

Ye Zhongming paused here, then took out some equipment from his space.

"Today, all members of the Bronze Camp who participated in the battle will have ten points added. Those who eliminated Assault Camp members will be awarded points according to the number, ten points each. The forty-seven people who won the final match will each receive one piece of equipment."

"That's all. Dismissed. The Thousand-Person Leaders and Deputy Thousand-Person Leaders, stay for a meeting."

The combination of the stick and the carrot left the Bronze Camp soldiers somewhat stunned. Ye Zhongming then led the Assault Camp and the group of high-ranking officers into the building.

"You performed very well today, everyone worked hard. Each of you gets thirty points added. Practice for a few more days according to the original plan. Afterwards, there will be new things for you to learn."

As the 'personal guard,' Ye Zhongming naturally could not treat the Assault Camp poorly. Hearing that there was new content, these soldiers' eyes lit up.

They had truly tasted the sweetness of 'new things' today.

After the Assault Camp left, Ye Zhongming led the twenty Thousand-Person Leaders and Deputy Leaders into a conference room.

"Today, we'll mainly discuss three matters."

Ye Zhongming sat in the main seat and got straight to the point, without any beating around the bush.

"The first matter is to change the previous rules for distributing equipment and supplies. From now on, except for basic food and medicine supplies, everything else must be exchanged for by each Thousand-Person Team using their own points."

Chapter 1950: Aggressive

Hearing this, the Thousand-Person Leaders all opposed it.

If this were really implemented, wouldn't they be strangled? Except for eating and medical treatment, everything else had to be exchanged for points? Wasn't this indirectly transferring the authority from the clan to this guy?

Furthermore, what was being changed now was the benefits of being a soldier. This had hardly changed since the establishment of the Star-Eye Clan. If even benefits had to be actively fought for, then who would still come to join the Bronze Camp in the future?

Even if they agreed without saying anything, how would they explain it to the ordinary soldiers when they returned? They couldn't possibly agree either.

"Order Leader, isn't this matter open to discussion?"

Because the Assault Camp had just proven its strength and also proven Ye Zhongming's ability in training, Zhong Hongke spoke quite politely, but he clearly expressed his disapproval.

"Yes, once these are taken back, it will be extremely difficult to manage the soldiers below. They might not protest silently like today, but they would go directly to the clan to cause trouble. The impact would be very bad, and it doesn't seem good for you either."

Zhi Chaka was actually somewhat intimidated by this strong-willed Order Leader. He couldn't help it, and it wasn't just him; the others felt the same.

Firstly, this person had killed Ka Lanka, who was, if not the number one expert, then very close to it in the Bronze Camp during the days without an Order Leader, and this person killed him in a single encounter.

The few Thousand-Person Leaders and Hundred-Person Leaders had discussed the situation privately on more than one occasion at that time and determined that it should have been a premeditated ambush.

Perhaps the target wasn't fixed, but whoever opposed him would be killed, and Ka Lanka happened to be the one.

But even an ambush was terrifying enough; he then turned around and killed Leng Jiao, whose strength was on the same level as that of the Thousand-Person Leaders.

Secondly, the Assault Camp's victory just now confirmed to them that this person's training standards were equally high. In less than ten days, sixty-five people gave others a feeling of being completely transformed. This was skill, and everyone had to admit it. And capable people were naturally easier to convince and win respect.

Finally, the Thousand-Person Leaders were mid-level officers; their vision was far better than that of ordinary soldiers. In the three duels just now, ordinary soldiers might not have figured out what was going on for a while, but they saw it clearly immediately.

The Order Leader had taught the Assault Camp some valuable techniques, provided each of them with a substantial amount of excellent equipment, and, moreover, his methods of winning hearts were first-class, having already generated a strong centripetal force, leading to morale that was almost at its maximum.

These three aspects, combined, created today's situation, which led them to truly acknowledge this new Order Leader in terms of comprehensive ability.

Zhi Chaka opposed this decision in his heart, but he knew that just the qualifications of the present Thousand-Person Leaders were somewhat insufficient; after all, they were all his subordinates. Not opposing felt wrong to him, but opposing felt unjustified.

So he could only elevate the matter to the level of dissuasion, hoping to pressure Ye Zhongming a bit and make him withdraw this decision.

"That won't be a problem. The clan has already agreed. Here is the authorization order signed by the two leaders. You can take a look."

The conference table was itself a screen. Ye Zhongming tapped twice on his terminal, and a large video of an authorization order appeared on it. The two leaders clearly authorized Ye Zhongming's reforms of the Bronze Camp in all aspects, including, but not limited to, material supply.

That is to say, not to mention tools and equipment, even food and medicine could actually be allocated as Ye Zhongming decided.

Since the clan leaders had said so, what use was others' opposition? The twenty Thousand-Person Leaders and Deputy Leaders fell silent.

"Second, missions." Ye Zhongming continued.

"The Bronze Camp can independently accept missions from now on. I give you the right to choose, but the decision-making power remains mine. For mission rewards, the team will take a thirty percent cut, and corresponding points will be given. These points can be used to exchange for equipment."

Ye Zhongming had mentioned this point before, so everyone wasn't surprised. However, the fact that it could be implemented so quickly inevitably made people feel it was a bit rash.

But, having the right to choose in their own hands made these Thousand-Person Leaders much less resistant. At least they didn't have to worry about the Order Leader not knowing the specific situation and making hasty choices, causing unnecessary casualties.

As for the decision-making power, they didn't really care much and even felt it was beneficial for Ye Zhongming to control it, as this could help avoid them being scapegoated if any problems arose.

"There will also be some Bronze Camp collective missions and special missions. The right to choose and the decision-making power are both with me. You have no right to refuse. However, for such missions, I will obtain the clan's agreement beforehand and also inform you in advance."

The Thousand-Person Leaders frowned a bit, but they all accepted it, thinking that the clan wouldn't let him act recklessly.

"Third, after you return, start selecting soldiers with strong stealth ability, high loyalty, and who have family members. Each Thousand-Person Team will temporarily be set at twenty people. After selecting them, submit the list to me first. Remember, do not publicize it."

What was this for? The Thousand-Person Leaders didn't understand, and it had to be kept quiet?

Before they could figure it out, Ye Zhongming spoke again.

"In addition, also select those soldiers who are not very suited to our Star-Eye Clan's abilities and skills, like Ou Chong. Similarly, summarize them and report to me. There is no limit on the number for this; report as many as there are."

Seeing the expressions of the people below, Ye Zhongming knew what they were thinking. He said very seriously, "These matters are all very important, even more important than the previous two decisions. You must take them seriously. If I find out later that anyone tries to cheat me, then don't blame me for being impolite."

The Thousand-Person Leaders could only agree. However, this wasn't difficult for them. Since the Order Leader said so, they would just follow orders, though they still didn't understand Ye Zhongming's purpose in doing this.

"Also, soldiers with special abilities must also be separately recorded and reported to me. Those with potential must also be reported to me. The extent of each person's training must also be known to me, especially those stuck at certain barriers; they must organize detailed information and send it to me."

"In short, you must first thoroughly understand your own subordinates, and then let me also understand them clearly. Understood?"

After speaking, Ye Zhongming stood up, looked at these currently most powerful soldiers under his command, and said, "Later, when you go out, there are twenty pieces of equipment in the room on the south side. Those are my gifts to you. You choose them yourselves. I hope you understand that by following me, you will all receive unexpected benefits."

"Also, don't think that exchanging points for material equipment is a loss, because what you will get in the future will no longer be those ordinary equipment provided by the clan, but good things that have been improved and upgraded."