

Apocalypse 1951

Chapter 1951: Cold shop

"Darkstrip City is not a large city. The most powerful race here is the medium-level Melkan Star People. When the city was established, they made significant contributions. For a long time initially, they were the undisputed choice for the ruler of Darkstrip City."

"The entire Darkstrip City has twenty-three races. Among them, eight are medium-level races, often referred to as the 'Eight Heads.' The remaining races are not very powerful. Our Star-Eye Clan is basically one of the last two."

"Darkstrip City has a registered population of three million, six hundred and seventy thousand, with an additional floating population of probably several hundred thousand."

"As for the honors of Darkstrip City... besides the Darkstrip language being the common language of the Cosmic Races, it's probably only you who set a record with your points to take the Novice first place."

Wu Qian walked on the streets of Darkstrip City, introducing the city where the Star-Eye Clan resided to Ye Zhongming beside him.

They had changed into casual clothes and were not wearing masks, but they wore mimetic armor. This was a type of semi-combat armor with certain combat capabilities, but its primary function was to conceal the identity of its wearer.

Even normally, Star-Eye Clan people rarely walked openly on the streets. Their reputation was not very good. Moreover, weakness was considered an original sin, and they were also the most vulnerable targets for crime among many beings.

Regarding Ye Zhongming's purpose in asking him to come to Darkstrip City today, Wu Qian was completely in the dark. After asking, the Order Leader only said two words: shopping.

Why didn't you ask Aslan to go shopping?

Such thoughts could only be hidden in Wu Qian's mind; he didn't dare say them out loud.

It had been about ten days since he came to the Bronze Camp. This person had already firmly established his position. Regardless of the methods used, this was the fact, an embodiment of ability. Wu Qian had nothing to be unhappy about.

Even though this person messed up the warehouse under his jurisdiction, it wasn't like he hadn't explained, although Wu Qian didn't know when that explanation would come.

Along the way, Ye Zhongming didn't talk much, just walked and looked, having Wu Qian continuously introduce everything about Darkstrip City.

At first, Wu Qian thought it was because Ye Zhongming had just come up from his home planet and was curious about this completely artificial cosmic fortress. But he soon realized that wasn't it.

After making a round and gaining an understanding of Darkstrip City, Ye Zhongming began asking Wu Qian about the industries the Star-Eye Clan was involved in.

For a race, perhaps they could survive without agricultural support—after all, they could buy food if they had none—but they certainly couldn't survive without commerce. That would mean almost no income, and they would inevitably struggle to make ends meet.

Speaking of this, Wu Qian felt somewhat embarrassed. He led Ye Zhongming for a while and soon arrived at a place.

Ye Zhongming looked around. This could barely be considered a commercial district, but the location was terrible. It was in an alley that extended out for some reason, with one side entirely a wall, and only one shop on the other side; the other two were closed.

There was an unpleasant smell in the air because this place was truly 'seeking quiet within bustle,' and many beings directly used it as a place to relieve themselves.

"Here?"

A dilapidated shop with a dusty sign at the door, a rusted door, and no one even greeted them when the two reached the entrance—this was the Star-Eye Clan's only commercial facility?

Faced with Ye Zhongming's inquiry, Wu Qian's face turned red. There was no helping it; the clan really had been too uncompetitive in the past.

"Yes, the clan originally focused mainly on accepting missions. Although they also acquired property and land, the quantity wasn't large. In recent years, as the situation gradually worsened, they began disposing of these assets. Now, only this one remains."

Ye Zhongming was already speechless. The Star-Eye Clan's situation might be even worse than that of the Changxu Water Race.

But on second thought, Ye Zhongming could understand. Although the Changxu Water Race was also on the verge of extinction, they had, after all, been glorious before, even glorious for a long time. The period of decline was short compared to the period of glory. They had sufficient opportunities to accumulate huge savings. Moreover, the decline of the Changxu Water Race was due to the plundering of their population, which meant they had considerably more remaining assets than the Star-Eye Clan, which had gradually declined and been hollowed out bit by bit.

The two walked in. Ye Zhongming saw that the interior was quite spacious, with two floors, totaling approximately three hundred square meters.

However, the goods were somewhat scarce. He looked around; apart from the clerk, who lacked any vigilance and was dozing on the table, the merchandise consisted of ordinary items.

The Star-Eye Clan was not a race skilled in manufacturing, nor did they have any talent for creating artworks. This shop, resembling a general store, sold ordinary equipment, special products from certain planets, some food supplies, etc.

Having just been in the commercial district, Ye Zhongming had seen other shops. What were they selling? Premium equipment, various warbeasts, high-level medicines, wheel items, even various slaves and servants. Ye Zhongming even saw a chain store belonging to the Huo'er Star People displaying a member of the Changxu Water Race.

That wasn't for sale, but rather a muscle-flexing behavior.

Once, the Changxu Water Race had offended the Huo'er Star People, and now they had become prisoners.

At least, that's what Ye Zhongming thought. He stood there watching for a long time, but after weighing the options, he gave up the idea of snatching by force.

Wu Qian knocked on the table, and the ordinary clerk woke up. He looked at the two confusedly, as if wondering why they came here, then pointed around and said, "The goods are all here. The prices are marked nearby. Call me if you see something you like. If you are here to discuss a property purchase, please leave your contact information. The Star-Eye Clan will contact you within three days."

After speaking, he continued to lie down and sleep.

If Wu Qian didn't know that this guy definitely wouldn't recognize him in mimetic combat armor, he would have wanted to lose his temper.

However, even though this was the Star-Eye Clan's only shop, it wasn't under the jurisdiction of a mere Bronze Camp logistics officer like him.

Ye Zhongming, on the other hand, looked calm. After looking around, he nodded and left with Wu Qian.

"Order Leader..."

Wu Qian wanted to say something, but Ye Zhongming waved his hand to indicate it didn't matter, then suggested going to see the place where missions were accepted.

"In the cosmic races, mission issuance is basically divided into three types. The first is mobilization missions."

Wu Qian led the way while explaining the Cosmic Races' mission system to Ye Zhongming.

"Several major factions or super races are qualified to issue missions to all Cosmic Races for joint actions. This kind of mobilization mission is called 'Full-Spec Mobilization,' and it is basically only issued during large-scale wars. In the last hundred cosmic years, no 'Full-Spec Mobilization' order has appeared."

Ye Zhongming's understanding of the Cosmic Races led him to believe that, due to the recent aggressiveness of the Slave Race, the Cosmic Races, which adhered to the 'nature' principle, had restrained themselves and had not engaged in large-scale wars among themselves for many years. Without conflict, the basis for Full-Spec Mobilization orders naturally disappeared.

"And the others?" Ye Zhongming continued to ask.

Chapter 1952: Bountied

"There is another type of mobilization mission, the special mobilization order. For example, the right to open the hunting planet that you obtained for the clan this time is one type of special mobilization order. However, because such events are rare, apart from the fixed few, special mobilization orders rarely appear."

Wu Qian saw Ye Zhongming casually buy a box of exquisite food worth three hundred Moonspan Gold at a shop, and his eyelids twitched.

Three hundred Moonspan Gold! That could buy a decent piece of equipment.

"The second type is public missions."

Wu Qian forced himself to forget about others' extravagance and continued speaking.

"So-called public missions are tasks that every race, even every individual, can issue. These tasks vary in size. For example, tasks seeking companions for hunting together, manufacturing tasks like researching medicine or equipment refinement together, investment tasks like setting up factories or reclaiming farmland, teaching tasks, trial tasks, search tasks, etc."

Wu Qian provided several examples to help Ye Zhongming understand that public missions encompass everything. As long as you have money, you can hire people to do anything for you.

"Of course, there are also some more bloody tasks, like buying a life's limbs, or even their life, family, etc. But the probability of these appearing in public missions isn't too high. There are only a few over the course of a year. After all, once a public mission is issued, others can take precautions, and there's a high chance one's own identity could be exposed."

The seven survivor fortresses could each be seen as a selected planet. The Cosmic Races were like homeless dogs before the Slave Race, but concentrated on the seven fortresses; In any aspect, they were not something Earth could compare to.

Area, population, land, resources, etc.

With so many people and such a large place, all interconnected, it wasn't surprising that a vast number of tasks were generated.

"The last type is commission and bounty missions."

When Wu Qian mentioned this, his expression became more animated, because the Star-Eye Clan basically accepted these types.

"Commission missions are a method where the client directly seeks help from a specific contractor. They state the requirements directly, then determine the price. The contractor accepts and completes the task within the stipulated time, and payment is given based on the degree of completion."

"Similar to hiring?" Ye Zhongming asked.

Wu Qian nodded: "Yes, it's similar to hiring. The difference is that hiring is open, while this kind of commission is covert."

"Another category, bounty missions, does not have a specific contractor, but there are several targets who can roughly complete the task. In this situation, they issue bounty missions, letting these targets compete. Whoever completes it first gets the reward."

"The rewards for this type of task are higher than other methods, and of course, more dangerous. Several forces compete, and the failures get nothing."

"Bounty missions are semi-public; you need to pay to query them."

Ye Zhongming listened and thought for a moment, then raised his arm and said, "Terminals are very advanced now. Why does every city still need to establish a place to accept missions?"

The place they were going to now was a building similar to a mission guild.

"I think there are two reasons." Wu Qian answered after thinking: "First is security. These specialized places for publishing and accepting missions have high system security, making them less prone to errors, tampering, or exploitation. After all, even for public missions, some people don't want to be traced back to them."

"The other reason, I think, is more about culture. Many races have their own mission systems. They were accustomed to this method from the beginning. Even after becoming members of the Cosmic Races, technology changed many things, but they still maintained many habits. This should probably count as one."

As they spoke, the two arrived at this building that looked rather unremarkable from the outside, but upon entering, it was filled with a mix of retro and tech feels.

Two completely different styles were perfectly fused together here.

The building had four floors. The top floor was the office and host area; non-staff members couldn't access it. The lower three floors were all mission areas. The difference was, the lower you went, the lower the rewards for the tasks, and the higher you went, the greater the privacy for those accepting the tasks.

The two first walked around the first floor. There were many people here. Except for the side with the entrance, the other three sides had huge light screens constantly refreshing with tasks. People stood below looking, and if they saw one they liked, they could go to the dozens of machines around to operate and select.

If you looked carefully, you would find that the tasks here were all from Darkstrip City and this survivor fortress; there were none from the other six fortresses.

The task content was naturally diverse, mostly not too difficult. Young people from many races would come here to choose tasks, both to train their strength and earn income.

After looking around, the two went to the second floor. The tasks here were fewer, but of much higher quality. Most were in other cities, and Ye Zhongming even saw a few tasks from other survivor fortresses.

The rewards here were naturally much higher than on the first floor. For example, a trial accompaniment task, located a few hundred kilometers east of a city called Jieshi Fortress, actually offered a reward of one thousand Moonspan Gold.

It clearly stated the recruiter's requirements, such as Furelai level, combat experience, and suggested races, etc.

Before Ye Zhongming could look away, the font of this task suddenly turned red. Wu Qian told him this meant someone had taken the task. If completed, the task would disappear from the list. If failed, and the publisher hadn't withdrawn it, the red would be removed and it would light up again.

Then, they went up to the third floor. No one stopped them.

The third floor was completely different from the lower two floors.

Here, it was divided into small rooms, each with a number. A service staff member came over with a smile and asked if they wanted to choose one to view tasks. Originally, Wu Qian intended to leave; they were just looking around, and spending the fee for a task room was completely unnecessary.

But Ye Zhongming directly paid ten Moonspan Gold, chose a room, and walked in first. Wu Qian had no choice but to follow.

The room wasn't large, but it was very well appointed, comfortable, and cozy. An operable light screen device was placed on the table and could be moved.

Ye Zhongming turned it on, and many tasks appeared on it. The rewards made even the Cloud Peak King feel tempted.

Most tasks here required leaving this survivor fortress, either going elsewhere or directly going to dangerous places like resource planets.

"Can bounty missions also be operated here?" Ye Zhongming asked Wu Qian.

The latter nodded, operated on the light screen, and the screen changed, showing an identifier. Wu Qian used his terminal to swipe and pay the fee. Soon, several dozen tasks appeared. Ye Zhongming scanned them and then froze, because he found a task that was actually a bounty on him.

Killing him, the Novice first place, would yield a reward of ten thousand Moonspan Gold!

If one could record the battle process and the video of the kill, the reward was doubled!

Moreover, this task was currently in a red state!

Someone had already accepted it!

Wu Qian also saw it and quickly checked the target range for this bounty mission. There were over ten races listed, all major races!

That meant people from major races would look for opportunities to try to kill Ye Zhongming!

"The time limit is one cosmic year?" Seeing this time limit, Ye Zhongming laughed coldly.

Chapter 1953: You will be very busy

When they returned to the Star-Eye Clan, Wu Qian was completely speechless. At one point, he even wondered if this Order Leader would kill him.

"Keep it confidential, understand?" Ye Zhongming looked at Wu Qian as they parted.

Wu Qian quickly nodded. How could he not understand? Even if he didn't, he had to understand!

Watching Ye Zhongming's retreating figure, Wu Qian felt he was somewhat unable to keep up with the times. Could this be the correct method for the Star-Eye Clan's revival?

But... it was just too unbelievable, wasn't it?

After returning to the Star-Eye Clan, Ye Zhongming first stayed in his room for a few hours, then went to see the two clan leaders. After talking for a long time, he came out and immediately gathered the assault team, who had just started resting, for training.

In Ye Zhongming's words, the assault team entered a special training period.

No one knew why Ye Zhongming did this, except for Wu Qian. However, thanks to the Assault Camp's outstanding performance earlier, the members had no complaints and threw themselves into it wholeheartedly.

Another thing Ye Zhongming hadn't expected was that five Bronze Camp soldiers applied to join the Assault Camp.

If it were just after the Assault Camp was established, Ye Zhongming wouldn't be surprised, no matter how many came. But just now, the Assault Camp had viciously slapped the Bronze Camp's face. At this time, training hard to regain face in the future was normal, but choosing to join the Assault Camp seemed like a thankless task.

On one hand, the Bronze Camp members might see them as traitors. On the other hand, the Assault Camp might think they were opportunists, only coming because they saw things were better here.

Ye Zhongming also had such concerns. The Assault Camp could be said to be his first step among the cosmic races; it must be solid and stable. He did not allow opportunists to exist here.

However, after some investigation, Ye Zhongming found that the situation didn't seem to be as bad as everyone thought. These five people all came sincerely.

For example, Ou Chong, after losing to the Assault Camp, immediately went to his Thousand-Person Leader and made this request. However, the Thousand-Person Leader didn't want to let go of this person, whose Furelai had already exceeded eight thousand, so he suppressed it. Later, when he could no longer hold back, he reported it to Ye Zhongming.

Although Ou Chong only had high Furelai and wasn't very good at mastering the Star-Eye Clan's skills, he was brave in battle, had a straightforward personality, followed orders, and was a very good subordinate. No one wanted to let him go.

After the investigation, Ye Zhongming felt a sense of relief. He handed the people over to Shi Yong, instructing him to keep a close eye on them and report any problems as soon as possible.

.....

Mizha Haike was bored, picking at his fingers, his mind pondering his future.

He was a person with no talent for combat. But among the cosmic races, warriors held the highest status. Those who couldn't become warriors wouldn't have very high status.

Mizha Haike also had a wish. He hoped that one day, through his own efforts, he could join one of the three major teams, instead of guarding this dilapidated shop that wouldn't see a customer in ten days.

He hoped the clan would sell this shop so he could logically return to the clan.

Afterwards, he wanted to tell his parents to hire a tutor to coach him in martial skills.

"You're not sleeping today?" A voice suddenly sounded above his head. He looked up sharply and saw a person wearing mimetic combat armor, accompanied by three other individuals.

The person on the far left exited the armor state. Mizha Haike shot to his feet.

"Lord Ya Shinan!"

Mizha Haike might not know anyone else, but he would absolutely know this person. It was Ya Shinan, the Star-Eye Clan's logistics chief, who had selected him from school for being good at mathematics and clever enough to be responsible for managing the shop.

At this time, the other three also exited the armor state. Mizha Haike was stunned again.

He recognized all three, but they didn't know him.

He had watched many, many videos related to the recent Novice battlefield and was very familiar with two of the faces.

The Star-Eye Clan's two Novices, Ye Zhongming and Jie Kui.

The fourth was Lord Wu Qian, a logistics officer with an excellent reputation.

What were these people doing here? And why did that "not sleeping" comment sound so strange?

Ye Zhongming wasn't really blaming Mizha Haike for sleeping and having a poor attitude that day. Just imagine, a life in its prime, yet could only guard a shop with few customers in this dark, smelly alley, handling eating, drinking, relieving oneself, and sleeping all here, with no one to relieve him.

Facing such seemingly endless days, no one could maintain enthusiasm for work.

"I came to tell you something." Ye Zhongming sat down to the side. Ya Shinan very comfortably went to the cabinet, rummaged around, and found half a case of alcohol.

This place had once been his place to relax. Today, he also intended to build a relationship with this new Bronze Order Leader.

As the chief logistics officer, Ya Shinan was now very open-minded. The clan had already used various actions to show its support for this Bronze Order Leader, so he naturally had to comply.

Furthermore, if this person could really bring positive changes to the Star-Eye Clan, he would be even happier. He, better than anyone, knew and felt most acutely the importance of logistics.

"I plan to renovate this place, then replenish some goods, and do some publicity. I want to ask for your opinion on whether you are still willing to continue managing here?"

"Of course, your compensation will increase, and may even rise based on business turnover. You will also have a few subordinates to order around."

Ye Zhongming's words left Mizha Haike somewhat stunned. It took him a moment to react, and he stammered, "You, your, meaning is, to reopen? The clan isn't selling?"

After receiving an affirmative answer, Mizha Haike initially felt disappointed, but then realized something seemed amiss.

The disappointment was that if this place hadn't been sold, he would still have to guard it here, and he could no longer stand it. But now the Bronze Order Leader said he wanted to reopen it? Was he that confident? Brand new goods, and even publicity?

Mizha Haike began to realize that this might be an opportunity for him.

"If you are unwilling to stay, that's fine too. We will recruit new people and also give you a sum of money to commend you for enduring the loneliness here."

"If you stay here, then I will formally accept you as a member of the Bronze Team. Every cosmic year, you will have two months for professional training. I, and other Thousand-Person Leaders, will personally guide you."

"I am willing to stay!"

Before Ye Zhongming could finish, Mizha Haike immediately cried out. Whoever didn't agree to such conditions must be out of their mind.

"Good. Later, people from the clan will come to renovate the shop. In the future, a Gold mask warrior, along with two Silver mask warriors and five Bronze mask warriors, will be responsible for your and this shop's safety. What you need to do during this time is organize the remaining goods, make the final accounts, then take a few days off to go see your relatives."

"Believe me, once it opens, you will be very busy."

.....

That night, after Ye Zhongming drank Ya Shinan and Wu Qian under the table, he met with He in Darkstrip City. The next day, the people from the Changxu Water Race bought a residence in Darkstrip City.

At the same time, Helsky also appeared in Darkstrip City, similarly purchasing a property as a place to stay.

Chapter 1954: Eight Turn

He sat in front of a stone table in the basement, carefully inspecting the medicines before him.

"Clan Leader He, here, there are a total of one thousand six hundred and seventy medicines. Among them, seventy-two are four-turn medicines, two hundred and forty are three-turn medicines, four hundred and sixty-five are two-turn medicines, and eight hundred and ninety-three are one-turn medicines."

"All are qualified."

A Changxu Water Race member stood before He, introducing these medicines to her.

"Among them, medicines that enhance combat effectiveness account for thirty percent, while healing medicines account for seventy percent."

There were some other clansmen in the room. These people were all that He could temporarily gather together. They had spent nearly a month refining this many medicines.

They all knew these medicines were intended for sale, and they were very reluctant in their hearts. In the custom of the Changxu Water Race, the medicines they refined were to be kept for themselves and their clansmen to use.

Although this concept had changed significantly over the years, it still had an influence; it was almost an instinct. After all, when they refined medicines, they needed to use their own Sacred Sigils and energy; they would, to some extent, see this as an extension or existence of themselves.

However, reluctance aside, they all knew that selling these medicines was something that had to be done.

Firstly, their race's current situation was very, very bad, even after making sacrifices.

Since He returned from the Novice battlefield, all free clansmen felt the external pressure on them beginning to increase. They knew the reason; He's outstanding performance made the major races, led by the Huo'er Star People, worry that the Changxu Water Race would become powerful and cause trouble.

Yes, just cause trouble, not pose a threat to them. But this was enough reason for them to act.

At least five free clansmen had been detained or captured by various races for various reasons, becoming their slaves. One was killed due to fierce resistance.

This change made every member of the Changxu Water Race apprehensive. Several elders who had quite disapproved of He's decision to pledge allegiance to Ye Zhongming also stopped saying anything.

They truly gave up their last bit of illusion about the Cosmic Ten Thousand Races and began, like He, to place their bets on Ye Zhongming, who had just arrived from his home planet.

That might be their only chance.

Secondly, the person they pledged allegiance to provided them with a substantial amount of funds to purchase materials, enabling them to produce medicines in large quantities. These things were all money.

Well, all their wealth had already been handed over to that person. This Moonspan Gold was nothing in comparison, but the problem was that even if the money was just sitting there, the Changxu Water Race didn't dare touch it, and Ye Zhongming similarly didn't dare touch it. Bringing it up now was meaningless.

How difficult had it been for the Changxu Water Race people to improve their standard in recent years? Why was this? Besides their itinerant life, it was because they had no money to buy materials. Here, it refers explicitly to money belonging to themselves. Other races were willing to provide what they needed, but it was unclear what treatment they would receive after using it.

Finally, they also understood that this was a form of mutual assistance. Even if they suffered a temporary loss, in the long run, it was undoubtedly better for their backer, Ye Zhongming, to be stronger.

After checking the quantity, He nodded. A thoughtful expression appeared on her slightly tired face, and then she said, "We still need a flagship product to serve as the main attraction."

The other clansmen looked at each other. An older Changxu Water Race member said, "Clan Leader, I think we can appropriately release some five-turn medicines."

Five-turn medicines; quite a few clansmen had a high success rate in refining them, but the rarity of the required materials limited their refinement.

This clansman said this because he felt the material problem could be left to Ye Zhongming to solve in the future, so five-turn medicines would no longer seem as scarce as they did now.

But He shook her head.

"Five-turn is still not enough to build the reputation that Ye needs."

Hearing the clan leader say this, this clansman paused and asked: "Then take out one six-turn?"

Five-turn medicine was a watershed. The clan leader of the Changxu Water Race, as long as the number of Sacred Symbols was sufficient, even if accumulating experience over time, could basically successfully refine medicines of this grade.

But above six-turn, that truly required talent.

Even if you had six Sacred Sigils, or even more, with poor talent, medicines of this grade were still an insurmountable chasm.

Among the currently free Changxu Water Race members, only five people could refine six-turn medicines without incurring losses—in other words, people with a certain guarantee of success.

Why could He become the clan leader at such a young age? Besides her ten Sacred Sigils, it was closely related to her ability to refine six-turn medicines at a young age.

From her background to her talent, to the combat strength and vision she displayed on the Novice battlefield, all earned her everyone's respect and recognition.

"Eight-turn."

Hearing these two words, the clansmen below all stood up directly.

Eight-turn! This was no longer someone's prized possession, but the clan's prized possession!

As far as many people knew, apart from a suspected truly legendary eleven-turn medicine in a certain location, the highest-grade medicine currently in the clan's hands was a ten-turn medicine. Eight-turn medicines were equally precious, their number countable on one hand.

Taking out such an invaluable thing... this was simply madness.

"Clan Leader, it's not that we can't part with good things now, but eight-turn medicines haven't appeared in the survivor fortresses for too long. Once they appear, it will inevitably cause waves. At that time, the Star-Eye Clan and Ye Zhongming, who haven't grown yet, cannot provide us with protection."

This point, He actually agreed with. However, her idea was that eight-turn medicines would indeed make many races compete, but it wouldn't make them break all rules and discard propriety. After all, besides the Changxu Water Race, there were also many master alchemists among the cosmic races who possessed the ability to refine medicines with effects not inferior to eight-turn medicines. To put it in one sentence, they are rare but not peerless.

Medicines of this level should step on that 'line' of the major races. The cost of crossing the line is high, and the cost-effectiveness of an eight-turn medicine is very low.

In this situation, the probability of something going wrong is much smaller than the likelihood of nothing going wrong.

They needed to both avoid arousing excessive envy in others and build their reputation. Eight-turn should be the best choice.

"Don't worry. I think Ye will consider these issues clearly. What we need to do now is calm our minds and cultivate. Upstairs... they won't protect us for too long."

After saying this, He pointed to the first floor of this building. There, Yisewei could do one last thing for White Robe and the Star-Eye Clan for now—she invited four experts to stay here. They would protect the Changxu Water Race people for half a cosmic year. After that, their safety would depend on themselves and Ye Zhongming.

Chapter 1955: Secret Operation

"Learned everything?"

Jikesu was very surprised by Ye Zhongming's learning speed. He had taught the knowledge he compiled to Ye Zhongming for three days, and this kid said he had learned it and asked if there was anything else he could learn.

"You can test me."

The Technology Chief looked at Ye Zhongming very seriously for a while, then shook his head and said, "No, I think you really have learned it."

With Jikesu's experience, it was easy to tell whether Ye Zhongming had truly learned it or not.

"Has it been helpful for your equipment creation?"

Jikesu asked again.

Ye Zhongming did not answer immediately, but directly took out a piece of equipment.

It was a shield.

Jikesu could tell at a glance that this piece of equipment was different from the ones Ye Zhongming had created before.

Previously, all the equipment Ye Zhongming created used wheel technology. From the outside, it gave people a sense of seamless integration; the entire piece was simple and complete.

But this shield was not. It now carried obvious artificial technological colors.

The shield was not large and could be worn completely as an arm shield. It was double-layered. The front area was slightly larger, and the back diameter was about five centimeters smaller than the front.

The inner layer was an irregular arc. Besides an adjustable clasp that could be held or hung, several other places were clearly meant to serve as the base and activation mechanism for the part sandwiched between the inner and outer layers.

Jikesu knew just by touching the outer layer that it was 'Wuzai Iron', but after treatment, it had solved the metal's lack of toughness, greatly improving its frontal defensive capability.

The focus of the shield was naturally in the interlayer.

Ye Zhongming demonstrated it for Jikesu. The interlayer mainly had three functions.

One feature was that, when needed, a circle of metal approximately ten centimeters wide could extend from the interlayer to increase the shield's defensive area. The second was that these extended metal pieces were actually arranged and combined as small curved blades. When only half of them extended, they became a circle of energy-driven, scaled-down curved blades that could automatically rotate, causing sharp cutting damage.

And the last ability was that these curved metal blades, which formed a complete circle, could all fly out towards the target, becoming hidden weapons.

More valuable was that these metal blades had also been treated by Ye Zhongming, imbuing them with wind-attribute abilities that could enhance their flight speed and rotation speed.

Perhaps in the eyes of some master crafters, this shield wasn't much, but Jikesu sharply noticed that this should be an experimental product, and functionally, it was successful. If its sturdiness and durability could be proven, it would undoubtedly be an excellent piece.

Importantly, this piece of equipment reflected that Ye Zhongming was integrating wheel technology with the manufacturing techniques of the cosmic races, and he seemed to have found the correct method.

This direction was universally recognized as correct by the cosmic races. Solely relying on wheel technology or the cosmic races' own technology would have various shortcomings and imperfections. Only the combination of the two was the mainstream direction.

Even the Taros Red Dwarves, known for their superb manufacturing craftsmanship, had to research in this direction, as could be seen from their eager cultivation of spokespeople.

It was just that their own technology was too advanced, so advanced that it could not only compete with wheel technology but also far surpass other manufacturing-skilled races.

Jikesu couldn't help but entertain a fantasy, feeling that this guy before him might really one day be able to dethrone the Taros Red Dwarves in terms of manufacturing.

Seeing Ye Zhongming perform like this, Jikesu was very excited. He used this shield as an example to explain to Ye Zhongming his understanding of equipment creation that he had developed over the years. This gave Ye Zhongming, who was new to the area, a sudden feeling of enlightenment.

Before, even if Jikesu had explained it to him, he wouldn't have understood, as he had no contact with the knowledge of the cosmic races. Now, with a foundation, Ye Zhongming found it increasingly useful the more he listened.

The two talked all night. In the morning, Ye Zhongming left with a deeper understanding of what Jikesu had imparted to him.

Ye Zhongming had to leave because he had an appointment to attend to today.

Assault Camp.

Seventy soldiers were ready, each feeling apprehensive and nervous.

Today, they were going out to execute a mission, a real mission.

Not an exercise!

But up to now, they still didn't know what mission they were to execute.

Shi Yong, as the Assault Camp leader selected by Ye Zhongming, and Ou Chong, who had just arrived not long ago but had convinced everyone to become the deputy leader, also knew nothing.

Ye Zhongming slowly walked in, dressed in military attire.

Everyone's hearts jumped.

Even the boss was like this; clearly, this was a mission that required 'fighting'.

"Shi Yong, Ou Chong."

The two, hearing their names called, immediately stepped forward.

"From now until noon, you must use various methods to leave the Star-Eye Clan, then leave Darkstrip City secretly. Before nightfall, you must reach this location to assemble."

Ye Zhongming handed the two a piece of paper with a place name written on it and a simple map below.

"Remembered?" Ye Zhongming asked.

The two looked at the paper again and both nodded, indicating they remembered.

Ye Zhongming took it back and, in front of everyone, burned the paper.

"Remember, this operation must be completely confidential. You must not only hide it from people within the clan but also must not be discovered by people in Darkstrip City. I repeat, if discovered by people within the clan, immediately open the communication channel and report to me. The communication password is the one we determined during training. But if, by any chance, you are discovered by other races in Darkstrip City, then this operation is immediately canceled, and everyone returns to the clan. Is that all clear?"

Everyone was even more baffled now, but the training during this phase had an effect. Not a single person objected; all loudly replied that they understood.

"Good, I will be waiting for you there!" Ye Zhongming said finally.

.....

The two clan leaders and Aslan, the family of three, sat at the table for dinner. This was quite rare. The two clan leaders worked tirelessly for the Star-Eye Clan and were usually very busy. Aslan was also busy with training, so such opportunities were few.

Clan Leader Xing suddenly glanced at the time and said, "It should be about time, right?"

Clan Leader Yan nodded, "Barring accidents, it should have started now."

Aslan looked at her parents, completely confused.

"Daughter, sometimes I really don't know if Ye Zhongming's appearance is an antidote or a death warrant for us."

Clan Leader Xing suddenly expressed such sentiment. After pausing for a few seconds, he added: "But I know that, whether the Star-Eye Clan exists or not, this person will become a hegemon."

"Because he dares to do...Crazy things that we wouldn't even think of."