

## **Apocalypse 1956**

### Chapter 1956: Cave Huo Transport squad

Nights on the survivor fortress were not much different from those on a normal planet, because the entire fortress needed to obtain many things dynamically, such as light, power, adaptability to their former home planets...

But whether on natural celestial bodies or on artificial fortresses, night usually meant the beginning of sin. Of course, precisely speaking, the color black itself provided a natural protective cover for many things.

The Cave Huo People were one of the 'Eight Heads' of Darkstrip City, meaning one of the eight medium-level races.

However, their reputation was not very good, at least towards the Star-Eye Clan.

The Cave Huo People were skilled at excavation and construction. Although they weren't the most skilled among all the cosmic races, no other race in Darkstrip City did better in this regard.

They built the Star-Eye Clan's underground fortress. However, they had severely overcharged this client back then, making the Star-Eye Clan, who were eager for a foothold, the sucker.

In the following days, the Cave Huo People no longer felt guilty about their black hearts and treated the Star-Eye Clan more kindly. On the contrary, whenever there was an opportunity, they would take a bite out of this increasingly weaker small race.

Towards the Cave Huo People, the Star-Eye Clan was full of ill will.

Today, a hundred-person squad of Cave Huo People was escorting a batch of materials and equipment to another city. Yanghu Plantation was their necessary path.

Deep within the Yanghu Plantation, Ye Zhongming looked at the fully assembled Assault Camp and began announcing today's mission.

"Today, our goal is to plunder the Cave Huo People's transport team."

This one sentence made everyone in the Assault Camp feel uneasy.

Plunder their transport team?

Wasn't this a joke? This wasn't like the old days when transporting anything relied on many vehicles. Essentially, various space equipment was now being used. A transport team, in plain terms, was simply an elite team riding in vehicles.

As for large-scale machinery, that would be transported by air, using aircraft.

Those transported by ground basically had destinations not too far away, just between two adjacent cities.

Once a distress signal was sent out, the transport capacity of various advanced aircraft and vehicles enabled reinforcements to arrive within minutes.

By then, forget stealing things, even leaving might be a problem.

However, Ye Zhongming's authority had been established during this phase. Although the Assault Camp soldiers felt it was very unreliable in their hearts, they did not panic.

"I know what you are worried about, but what I can tell you is, since I decided to do this, I won't joke about my own life or everyone else's."

Ye Zhongming spoke while looking at the people below. "Later, you just focus on killing. Don't worry about anything else. If you can't kill people, then you will only be killed."

"Again, I'm not joking. Think about when they built the underground fortress; they took advantage of our desperation and overcharged the clan so much money. How much money was that? How many excellent soldiers could we have trained with that money? How much good equipment could we have bought?"

Perhaps feeling that the previous training and everything had been too strict, Ye Zhongming began appealing to their emotions and reasoning.

"What we are doing today is just taking back a little interest."

Speaking about this, Ye Zhongming's voice softened. "Everyone knows the clan's situation. Although the good results in the recent Novice battlefield alleviated the bad situation, it's still not optimistic. We need to make some changes. Today is the beginning of that change."

"Why was the Assault Camp established? Wasn't it to use our own hands and our own lives to help the clan, to ensure the three words 'Star-Eye Clan' still exist among the cosmic races? Since that's the case, what is there to hesitate and worry about? Are you just afraid?"

"Not afraid!" The Assault Camp suppressed their voices.

Since the Order Leader said so, what was there to hesitate about? Let's do it!

"Surprise attacks are what our Star-Eye Clan is good at, aren't they? This time we are certain to win."

"Next, I will assign the respective assault areas each is responsible for."

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"This piece of junk is not only slow but also bumpy. Why didn't they assign us a few hovercars?"

A large man wearing a suit of armor, holding a firearm approximately one meter long, complained while seated on the mechanical vehicle.

The driver was a bald man. From the back of his head to the edge of his combat armor's neck, there were some black keratinous substances, characteristic of the Cave Huo People.

"And get you a hovercar? Don't those things consume energy? What time is it now? It's when all the survivor fortresses are shifting positions, consuming vast amounts of Moonspan Gold. We don't know about those major races, but all the medium races have started tightening their belts. Having mechanical vehicles is pretty good. Apart from the mechanical legs being a bit bumpy and a bit slow, they are at least safer than hovercars, right?"

The person who spoke first was dismissive. "Safe? How far have we even left Darkstrip City? We're also very close to our target. Who would be so blind as to provoke us? This is a task that could be completed with our eyes closed."

"Don't be so confident. Things have been uneasy recently."

Another person was still very cautious, watching the outside movement through the monitoring screen on the mechanical vehicle.

"Stop looking. The display effect of this thing from hundreds of years ago is like being blind. Also, the unease is a matter for those major races. What danger could there be here? Don't tell me someone wants to rob our convoy."

Hearing this person speak, the others laughed.

In Darkstrip City, the Cave Huo People were not the most powerful, but they were one of the most powerful races. This hundred-person squad, riding in five old-style mechanical vehicles towards their destination, although not a high-intensity march, not a top-secret operation, and they weren't a top-tier team, but considering what they were transporting, deploying this many people was already showing sufficient respect.

The people in every vehicle were chatting casually, not feeling there would be any danger ahead at all.

With this mindset, they entered the Yanghu Plantation.

Ye Zhongming stood quietly in the canopy of a tree, looking outside through the gaps in the leaves. The five mechanical vehicles were getting closer and closer.

"Boss."

Helsky appeared behind him, looked at the convoy, and said, "Really don't need me?"

He was somewhat doubtful about the Assault Camp's combat strength. If this battle couldn't be resolved quickly, it would be troublesome.

"No need. Just do the task I assigned you properly. That is more valuable than here."

Helsky listened and nodded, said goodbye, and disappeared into the night.

Estimating the distance and the target, at a certain moment, Ye Zhongming took out a display panel that Helsky had given him earlier and pressed a button on it.

Afterwards, silent radio waves rippled through the forest.

The surprise attack began.

Chapter 1957: Sneak attack

"Hey, we are on a mission, can you stop watching this stuff? It's very noisy."

A Cave Huo person said to the companion next to him.

The person next to him was using a terminal to watch a program; inside, there was energetic singing, hot dancing, flashing blades, and clashing swords. It seemed to be a battle dance talent show that was quite popular recently.

The speaker had always looked down upon such things.

Could mimicking a few moves really embody the essence of combat? These were all flashy displays; they'd probably faint at the sight of blood.

But he also knew these programs were necessary. The cosmic races were concentrated in the seven survivor fortresses, with vast populations. Most of these lives were ordinary people with not-so-great talents. Perhaps because they lived in the universe, they could use some energy to nourish their bodies and learn some combat methods and techniques, barely allowing them to say they knew a few moves.

But everyone knew clearly that those were not warriors.

A true warrior needed to reach what was commonly referred to as Level Nine. Only then would the Furelai index be used to measure strength.

For example, he himself, although his Furelai of over four thousand was not high, he was still young and had room for development in the future.

"You don't understand, this is leisure. Unlike you, thinking only of training, training, and more training all day? What's the use? Look at this one, right here, their annual income is much higher than yours."

"Also higher than yours."

The speaker retorted, leaving his companion somewhat speechless.

"Eh? What happened?"

Suddenly, the companion shook his arm and said with some surprise: "Signal interrupted? It couldn't be some black screen manipulation, could it? This is too obvious! I voted!"

His voice was somewhat loud, attracting the captain responsible for this escort mission, who was in the same vehicle. The captain came over and asked unhappily: "What's all the fuss about? Shouting over nothing?"

"Oh, Captain, it's nothing. I was watching a program, and it suddenly cut off. I suspect black screen manipulation."

The captain had already walked to his side, leaned over to look, and said with a puzzled expression: "There's no signal. Is your terminal malfunctioning?"

"Is that so?" This person checked and found there was indeed no signal.

"Ah? Mine doesn't have one either?"

The companion who spoke first just subconsciously checked his own terminal and, surprisingly, found the same problem.

The captain quickly checked his own, and like the others, there was no signal.

"Where is this? Is there some special terrain or substance blocking the signal?"

Although the technology of the universe's races was advanced, terminals could still lose connection to the main system in certain areas, such as near mutated plants with unique properties or radioactive substances.

"Man-made forest by the lake... doesn't seem particularly special."

Someone looked outside and said doubtfully, "Could someone be intentionally jamming the signal?"

Hearing this, the captain's body jerked violently. He then ran towards the front, where there was an intercom that could communicate between the several vehicles. Fortunately, they were old-style mechanical vehicles that still retained such antiquated things.

He grabbed it, pressed the button, and roared: "All units, close in on me! All units, close in on me! Pay attention to the surroundings! Possible enemy attack!"

At this moment, it was better to believe it possible. The captain's vehicle was in the very center; having everyone close in on him was an instinct.

But as soon as he finished speaking, he saw the mechanical vehicle in front of them shudder violently, the body tilting to one side, then crashing to the ground. With the line of sight no longer blocked, the captain saw that the very front vehicle had also fallen, dropping into a deep pit.

Now he was very, very sure they were under attack.

"You, stay behind and contact our clan to request support. The rest, disembark with me!"

Before his words fully faded, their vehicle shook violently, as before, and began to tip over to one side.

All the warriors in the vehicle were thrown into disarray. Even though they were all skilled, inside an enclosed space, they weren't much different from ordinary people.

After all, they couldn't use their abilities, or they would end up harming each other.

The captain could imagine the vehicles behind were probably in the same situation.

The enemy must have used very advanced traps!

"Break through the hatch, seize advantageous terrain, and defend!"

The captain wiped blood from his face, not knowing if it was his own or someone else's. There was no time to care about that now. Once the vehicle stopped rolling, they had to get out as fast as possible. Otherwise, if they got trapped inside, the danger would be too great.

Just earlier, the Cave Huo person himself had said these old-style mechanical vehicles were very safe. Why were they safe? Precisely because their 'skin' was thick. So the warriors chose to break out through windows, doors, and other relatively weak points or places that could normally be opened.

Everything happened too fast, and the squad leader also believed his command had no issues.

But when they charged out, they were greeted by lethal spears.

They flew out of the darkness, carrying immense force, tearing through the air with a sound. Many warriors who had just rushed out were caught off guard and were directly pierced through. Even if some managed to block one, spears came one after another, forcing them either to retreat back inside or to withstand the onslaught.

"Don't be afraid, charge out! If we don't break out, we're finished!" The captain pushed a warrior above him who wanted to shrink back out, then leaped out himself. Relying on his own strong capabilities, he held a weapon in one hand and directly grabbed an incoming spear with the other, while deflecting another with his weapon.

Feeling the immense force transmitted through the spear, the captain roared, both to bolster his own spirit and to let his clansmen around know he was still there and had broken out.

But his voice was too loud, making him a target immediately. At least over fifteen spears came whistling from various angles. The captain dodged left and right, swinging his weapon continuously. After evading fourteen, he failed to dodge the last one. It pierced through his right shoulder, the inertia carrying him flying far back. He finally managed to stop himself by firmly planting his weapon into the ground, but then a sharp pain erupted in his chest. A sharp conical sword had pierced through his body, puncturing his heart.

The captain turned his head with difficulty and saw a cold, metal-glinting mask, and below it, eyes that were cold and utterly devoid of emotion.

"It's... the Star-Eye... Bronze..."

Unfortunately, vitality was rapidly draining from his body, already preventing him from uttering a complete sentence.

At this moment, from beside the overturned mechanical vehicles and from the dense forests on both sides, many figures emerged. They moved silently, wearing masks and battle armor. With flicks of their wrists, various skills flew out, crashing into the midst of the Cave Huo people who were already reeling from successive blows and struggling to free themselves.

Chapter 1958: Not yet attacked

The entire man-made forest by the lake was permeated with the smell of blood.

Because the survivor fortresses were built by the cosmic races themselves, there were almost no large beasts or mutated lifeforms in the other regions. And the remaining animals introduced to enrich the ecosystem absolutely did not dare to enter this place that had been pulsating with killing intent since a moment ago.

The warriors of the Assault Camp stood in place, somewhat dazed.

While they fought, they felt little, only thinking about killing the enemy. But when the battle ended and they realized they had won, it felt somewhat like a dream.

Yes, they had won, and it was a complete victory.

How complete was it? Apart from over ten people being injured, not a single person had died in battle.

They only had seventy people. Even counting Ye Zhongming, they only had seventy-one people. How did they achieve such a victory?

Their opponents, the Cave Huo Star people, numbered 100, and their average strength was considerably higher than theirs.

"What are you standing around for? Secure the area, take everything valuable, withdraw within five minutes!"

Ye Zhongming shouted in a low voice.

In his view, there was nothing strange about this.

Indeed, the strength of these Cave Huo warriors was considerably higher than that of the Assault Camp, and their combat experience was richer. However, this ambush tested multiple factors.

The Star-Eye Clan was a race skilled in ambushes; they were originally excellent ambushers and assassins. In the darkness and dense forests, this was their natural battlefield.

They had planned against the unprepared. While the enemy was completely off guard, they first used traps to overturn the enemy's vehicles, used the chaos to kill targets as they emerged systematically, and on top of that, Ye Zhongming personally took action. With the cooperation of a few individuals, they took out the backbone of this hundred-strong force right at the start of the battle. What waves could the remaining people possibly make?

Furthermore, before this mission, Ye Zhongming had fully equipped the Assault Camp. Every person, from head to toe, had decent equipment, which boosted their combat power by more than just a little.

The battlefield was quickly secured. Ye Zhongming walked over to the captain who had died with eyes open, cut off his head with one knife stroke, and placed it in a box.

Afterwards, he led the Assault Camp and disappeared into the dense forest.

A few minutes after they left, a figure suddenly appeared there. Looking at the messy battlefield, he sighed and shook his head.

"Clearly inexperienced. Corpses can also reveal many things."

While saying this, the person took out a bottle of powder, applied a little to each corpse, and soon the corpses turned into pale, sticky liquid.

After inspecting the battlefield once more, confirming that no clues were left behind, this figure disappeared.

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One morning, the people of Dark Strip City were stirred up by two pieces of news.

One was that the Star-Eye Clan, which had been on the verge of extinction, suddenly announced the reopening of their shop. Furthermore, on the reopening day, they would host a small auction, and among the auction items, two were particularly noteworthy.

One was a fine Red Condensation grade piece of equipment from the Taros Red Dwarves, a weapon, the type of equipment everyone valued most.

Equipment from the Taros Red Dwarves wasn't considered rare in many places, but this depended on the situation and location.

For some major races, their standard-issue equipment all came from the Taros Red Dwarves; they were just that extravagant with their immense wealth.

However, no matter how extravagant, for example, races like the Reina Star people and the Huo'er Star people, their standard-issue equipment could only reach 'Ke Steel grade', which was only slightly better than 'Common grade'.

But in Dark Strip City, even those medium-sized races among the 'Eight Heads' couldn't afford to use Common grade as standard-issue equipment. Only their elite teams had Common grade in hand, while Ke Steel grade was exclusive to mid-level personnel like team captains.

As for the Red Condensation grade, among the eight leaders of the Eight Heads, there were probably only three to five pieces total on their persons. For the entire race, a few dozen pieces at most.

There was no other way. These races in Dark Strip City were passable within the city, but placed among the cosmic races, they weren't much to look at. For Red Condensation grade equipment, which required custom orders from the Taros Red Dwarves, they simply didn't have the qualification to even speak with them.

Of course, there was another way to obtain Red Condensation grade equipment: purchasing it through other channels. That's how the Red Condensation-grade pieces among the Eight Heads were obtained. But one could imagine that buying such equipment directly from the Taros Red Dwarves was already very expensive; how high would the price be after adding a middleman?

This was also why, over so many years, each race could only accumulate a few dozen pieces at most.

As for those small races, having ten Red Condensation grade pieces as their ultimate treasures was considered extremely lucky.

From this perspective, Ye Zhongming's seven rewards were indisputably a huge fortune. This proved why everyone valued the Novice battlefield, because the benefits one could gain there were immense. As long as one had enough points, being able to purchase Red Condensation grade equipment from the store was one of those benefits.

The appearance of a Red Condensation grade weapon at an auction in Dark Strip City was absolutely the best possible news for these medium-sized races.

The other item was an eight-turn medicine produced by the Changxu Water Race!

This was even more valuable and rarer than Red Condensation grade equipment!

It was widely known that among the medicines made by the Changxu Water Race, first and second-turn medicines were mostly healing medicines. For the other grades, the higher the grade, the smaller the proportion of healing medicines. At the eight-turn grade, if the common understanding over the years wasn't wrong, there were no healing medicines.

That is to say, this auction item must be a functional medicine!

Everyone speculated that since it was being put up for auction, it probably wasn't a medicine with auxiliary effects like removing negative statuses, but rather one that could directly boost combat power.

A medicine like this might be equivalent to a dozen or even several dozen cosmic years of arduous training. Who wouldn't be tempted!

Besides these, there were many other good items at the auction.

It could be said that as soon as the auction items were announced, this shop of the Star-Eye Clan became hot before it even opened.

The other piece of news was that a transport team of the Cave Huo people was robbed. Not a single team member survived, and goods worth several thousand Moonspan Gold vanished without a trace.

The interior of the universe's races wasn't exactly peaceful, but the overall environment was still okay, especially in Dark Strip City. Such direct attacks on transport teams hadn't happened for a long time, because it almost amounted to declaring war on the Cave Huo people.

But after committing this deed, the attackers left no clues— not a single trace to follow. Clearly, they intended to pull off a big score and didn't want to break with the Cave Huo people openly.

After receiving the news, the Cave Huo people went crazy, searching for clues in Dark Strip City and its surroundings, investigating any suspicious characters, hoping to find out who did it.

But from the looks of the news, they were just trying their luck, like headless flies.

Of course, in the minds of Dark Strip City's residents, and even in the minds of the Cave Huo Star people themselves, the Star-Eye Clan, which was preparing for the auction, absolutely could not be the culprit.

Chapter 1959: Notice

The Assault Camp was training, but everyone's expression was somewhat peculiar.

As members of Dark Strip City, they also had contact with the outside world. The outside world was already in an uproar regarding the discussion about that attack,

But no one believed the Star-Eye Clan did it.

On one hand, everyone now knew the Star-Eye Clan was barely able to manage its own affairs, only relying on the rewards from first place in the Novice battlefield to survive barely. The resources they obtained were further depleted by the survivor fortress's movement this time. Although reopening their shop had given them some recent limelight, discerning people could easily see they hadn't made any real progress.

Why was that said? Because everyone knew that Ye Zhongming, who had taken over as the Bronze Order Leader, had a good relationship with the Changxu Water Race people. It wasn't impossible for him to obtain an eight-turn medicine from them. As for the Red Condensation grade equipment, didn't Ye Zhongming receive seven pieces? Taking one out for auction wasn't a bad idea. The remaining six pieces would probably be sold off slowly in the future to maintain the Star-Eye Clan's operations.

Furthermore, all signs indicated that the Star-Eye Clan's three main combat teams had simply stayed within their clan and not come out.

Another reason not to believe the Star-Eye Clan did it was that the auction was about to be held. At this critical juncture, one would have to be incredibly foolhardy to invite such trouble.

Therefore, no one believed the Star-Eye Clan did it.

The more this was the case, the more excited the Assault Camp warriors became. But this excitement couldn't be shown openly, so their peculiar expressions were no stranger than usual.

Another thing that made them happy was that their Bronze Order Leader was improving their equipment.

The equipment they were given before was already good enough, and they knew the quality. That equipment was at least at the level of the Taros Red Dwarves' Common grade. Previously, the Star-Eye Clan didn't have many such things. Even if they did, they had to be prioritized for the Gold and Silver teams; it wasn't their turn yet.

But now, the Bronze Order Leader was personally making improvements. Judging from some of the already-improved equipment, it has absolutely approached the standard of Ke Steel grade.

How could this not excite them? Equipment of this grade was only standard issue for the teams of major races!

After this period in the Assault Camp, these seventy people felt a completely different experience.

Everyone knew this choice had probably rewritten their lives.

Ye Zhongming's proficiency in manufacturing was rapidly improving—not in the aspect of wheel technology, but in that of the universe's races.

The combination of the two technologies had opened a brand new door for him.

As he mastered various types of knowledge and his proficiency increased, he might still not be able to create overly powerful combined equipment, but the Ke Steel grade level no longer posed a difficulty for him.

This was almost Jikesu's highest level. The old man, while surprised, couldn't help but sigh at this new Order Leader's exceptional talent.

His technology had advanced, but a problem lay before him: if he wanted to continue improving, he needed extensive manufacturing, practice, and even various experiments that he knew might fail.

This was not a small expense.

Jikesu's talent was also excellent. Why had he remained at this level into his old age after all these years? It was because the Star-Eye Clan couldn't provide him with too many materials for practice and experimentation. And the reason Ye Zhongming could improve so quickly was precisely because he had exchanged for a large amount of various grade equipment from the Novice store to study!

However, he couldn't rest on his laurels either. Apart from the portions given to the Changxu Water Race, Helsky, and others, and the usage during this period, the Novice rewards were almost depleted.

This was an important reason Ye Zhongming launched the ambush.

The harvest was naturally not small.

During a break from manufacturing equipment, he was summoned by the two Clan Leaders.

Others didn't know the Assault Camp carried out this attack, but the two Clan Leaders certainly knew. They called Ye Zhongming this time to ask how to handle these items.

"You keep the materials for your own use. What about the equipment? Although the grade isn't high, they all have distinct characteristics. Whether we use them ourselves or sell them, it will expose that we did it."

Star Leader looked at Ye Zhongming with a smile, very satisfied.

What satisfied him wasn't the success of the ambush, but that not a single person died.

Ye Zhongming thought for a moment. The number of these illicit pieces of equipment wasn't large — only a few hundred. They were similar to the Taros Red Dwarves' Common grade. He had checked them before; measured by Earth's standards, they were slightly better than Gold equipment.

Ke Steel grade was somewhat higher than the level of Purple equipment. As for Red Condensation grade, it certainly couldn't compare to seven-colored equipment, but it was considerably stronger than Purple equipment. He hadn't seen the subsequent Raini grade and Lie God grade, so he couldn't comment.

Of course, wheel equipment and the equipment of the universe's races had fundamental differences. The former emphasized skills, the latter emphasized functions. Each had its merits, and could only be roughly compared; they couldn't be lumped together.

"When will the clan begin selecting the latest spokesperson?"

Ye Zhongming suddenly asked a question.

Star Leader looked at Ye Zhongming and said, "You mean..."

Ye Zhongming knew the other understood and nodded. "We agreed before that I would get one spokesperson slot and all five entry passes. If possible, I hope to confirm the spokesperson soon—the current leader of the force belonging to me on my home planet."

"Can the entry passes be issued at any time?"

"The entry passes can be used at any time. The spokesperson must be registered with the clan, which requires completing certain procedures. But don't worry, these aren't problems. The universe's races don't regulate this too strictly, as long as you have the slot in hand."

This time, it was Eye Leader who spoke.

"As for how to select, how to contact afterwards, and the transmission of equipment, there are fixed rules and locations. Someone will guide you through these matters when the time comes. It's just..."

Eye Leader looked at Ye Zhongming and said, "I know you want to channel these equipment pieces that can't be openly used through the agent channel to your home planet. But you need to know, because

the Slave Race is occupying it, transmitting items requires consuming Moonspan Gold. There are quite a number of these equipment pieces, so the cost of transmission will naturally be large. The cost-effectiveness might even be low; it's possible to lose money."

Ye Zhongming nodded to show he understood, but insisted on doing it this way.

"Don't worry, two Clan Leaders. With me here, if I can establish contact with my subordinates on my home planet and guide them to take targeted actions, our harvest will definitely be much greater."

Hearing Ye Zhongming say this, the two Clan Leaders no longer objected. It was agreed upon anyway, and Ye Zhongming would bear the costs himself.

"By the way, there's a letter for you. Take it back and read it."

Star Leader handed Ye Zhongming an exquisite crystal envelope. He took it and gently wiped the surface. A watery, circular frame appeared on the crystal cover, and the reflection of Ye Zhongming's head was imprinted on it.

As if this were the key, the crystal cover slowly opened left and right amid a piece of melodious music, revealing a beautifully crafted sheet of letter paper.

Ye Zhongming looked at it and discovered it was actually a notification letter.

Chapter 1960: Arrange

"Inheritance is the proof of life's existence."

"The upward path leads to the divine realm."

"Be quiet, examine your inner self."

"Under the starry sky, everything is insignificant."

These four sentences flashed one after another on the letter paper, leaving Ye Zhongming completely bewildered. It wasn't until the fifth sentence appeared that he understood a little.

"Survivor Library Palace welcomes your arrival."

Ye Zhongming examined the sci-fi-esque notification letter from front to back, left to right, then said to the two Clan Leaders, "The Library Palace sends notification letters?"

"Yes," Star Leader nodded. "It's customary for the Library Palace to send a notification letter to the Novice first place. In the past, this was a rare honor, and the notification letter itself was worth hundreds of Moonspan Gold. It records the time it is open to you. Let me see, hmm, ten days from now. The journey... will probably take about three days."

"It seems I'll still make it back for the shop's opening day." Ye Zhongming smiled slightly, holding the notification letter, lost in thought.

"You probably won't make it for the spokesperson selection, but don't worry, the clan will arrange everything. However, before that, the allocation of your entry passes needs to be finalized."

Although it was agreed that one spokesperson slot would be given to Ye Zhongming, nominally it still belonged to the Star-Eye Clan, so it didn't matter if Ye Zhongming wasn't present.

"How much Moonspan Gold will be needed to transport those equipment pieces down?"

Ye Zhongming needed to confirm if he had enough money.

The two Clan Leaders looked at each other. Eye Leader said, "How about this: after the auction, you will have considerable proceeds. We will deduct the cost from the proceeds. If there's leftover, we'll put it into your account. If it's short, the clan will advance the funds for you first."

This was extremely favorable treatment. The Star-Eye Clan had to spend a significant amount daily just to maintain normal operations. Under such circumstances, possibly advancing funds for Ye Zhongming was both a gesture of goodwill and a sign of trust.

"There are also some equipment pieces I made myself that need to be sent down."

The two Leaders' expressions immediately soured slightly.

Transmitting those equipment pieces down was already going to cost a lot of Moonspan Gold, and now he wanted to send more?

"The clan can cover it for me, right?"

Ye Zhongming coughed once, feeling slightly awkward.

"Alright, but not too much."

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Ye Zhongming returned to the Assault Camp, finished improving all the equipment, and manufactured some more to be sent to Earth. Afterwards, he called Shi Yong and Ou Chong in.

"I am going to the Library Palace for a period of time. In my absence, you two will be responsible for training."

Having shared a secret, the people in the Assault Camp now felt a greater sense of trust towards Ye Zhongming.

The two agreed. Both Shi Yong and Ou Chong were originally from mid-level backgrounds, so managing training posed no difficulty.

"I estimate my absence won't be too long. However, before I return, you must lead the team independently to complete one mission."

When the two heard there was a mission, their eyes lit up.

Many things, when never tried before, might leave one completely unaware of anything related to them. But once one has tasted it, it becomes hard to forget.

The benefits brought by this last raid were obvious.

Ye Zhongming was a very generous person. Of the supplies obtained from the raid, the equipment was reserved for Cloud Peak; the rest was basically used to bolster the Assault Camp.

Those materials had already become part of their equipment, strengthening them.

"Please instruct us, Order Leader."

Shi Yong's energy and spirit were completely different from before. He stood straight and replied.

"Killing again."

Their eyes shone even brighter.

"Some people have come to Dark Strip City who hold some hostility towards me. What you need to do is eliminate these people in batches, especially..."

"Some people around these locations."

As he spoke, Ye Zhongming transmitted an electronic map to the two of them.

"Specific locations will be given to you at the rally point by someone when it's time for action. You are only responsible for the killing."

"Remember, this time again, no one must discover it was you who did it. If discovered before the action, you must cancel immediately. If discovered during or after the action and traced back to you... You will be silenced."

"Before we become powerful, an Assault Camp that fails in its mission can only be treated this way."

After hearing this, sweat beaded on Shi Yong and Ou Chong's foreheads.

But they understood what Ye Zhongming said.

What Ye Zhongming was leading them to do now was inherently dancing on a tightrope. One misstep, and they would fall into the abyss, shattered to pieces. The Star-Eye Clan couldn't offer them protection temporarily, and if exposed, they might even have to disavow any connection proactively.

The two knew this mission carried great risk; it was a test for both of them. If completed successfully, in the future their positions within the Assault Camp, the Bronze Camp, and even the Star-Eye Clan would be as stable as a mountain.

If not successful... well, if they were dead, there was nothing more to say.

Watching the two figures leave, Ye Zhongming knew he was taking a risk, but he had no choice. He had too many matters and couldn't be in multiple places at once. Some things simply had to be done.

For example, the mission he just gave Shi Yong and Ou Chong was aimed at people investigating the whereabouts of the Changxu Water Race. Although there were experts from the Sheke Star protecting them, they couldn't have those experts deal with every small fry. The less powerful ones on the periphery still needed to be handled by themselves.

Of course, the targets for elimination in the operation were distributed across many areas of Dark Strip City; they wouldn't specifically choose the area where the Changxu Water Race was located, as that would reveal their position. Although someone would likely find out their location eventually, it was best to keep it secret for as long as possible.

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Dark Strip City was very lively today because the Star-Eye Clan's auction was being held.

Not just Dark Strip City; even some surrounding cities that got the news had races sending people over, including one or two major races.

There was no other way; an eight-turn medicine and Red Condensation grade equipment were attractive even to major races.

However, because the Star-Eye Clan's shop was relatively small, the number of invited guests was very limited. Basically, only those major and medium-sized races that had clearly expressed their intention to come, along with some wealthier small races, could enter. Others couldn't get in.

But this wouldn't achieve the best promotional effect, so the Star-Eye Clan decided to broadcast the event live. Many people in Dark Strip City stayed by their terminals, planning to watch the live stream and soak up the atmosphere.

White Robe hosted the auction.

He was the 'star' of the Star-Eye Clan. During the recent Novice battlefield, everyone had seen his top-tier combat prowess at the same level. He was the most easily accepted by others and the most capable of controlling the scene.

White Robe was very straightforward. After confirming that all invited guests had arrived, he immediately announced the start of the auction. He first introduced the shop and the auction items, warmed up the atmosphere a bit, and then gestured grandly, signaling the first auction item to be brought up.