

Oh My God 1001

### **Chapter 1001: Power Even More Terrifying Than the Apocalypse**

The wild boar warrior had gone mad.

His eyes, which were covered in blood, could not tell the difference between Meng Chao, the four children, and the Turan warrior at all.

He was like a burning chariot out of control, crashing into the Turan warrior.

Before the Turan warrior could react.

Meng Chao had already charged forward like lightning.

The distance between the two sides was only 20 to 30 arms.

They were about to collide with each other.

Meng Chao's body suddenly curled up like a spinning top. He drew an incredible arc and bypassed the wild boar warrior.

The wild boar warrior continued to charge forward.

The originally straight charging path seemed to have been deflected by an invisible hand. His body, which weighed more than half a ton, could not help but lean to the right. He narrowly brushed past the four children and the bull-headed warrior and rushed past them.

He wanted to stop and turn back to launch a new round of charge.

His vital parts made cracking sounds.

At this moment, more than ten blood flowers bloomed on his right arm and right leg.

From the wrist to the ankle, the tendons that controlled the right side of his body were all accurately cut off by Meng Chao's sharp blade that was as thin as a Cicada's wing.

Boom!

The right side of the Wild Boar Warrior's body was twisted into a ball, while the left side of his body was still maintaining a high-speed forward posture. He could not control his balance at all, nor could he brake. Under the effect of the huge inertia., he fell into the ruins of the roadside and crashed into the houses, causing smoke and dust to fill the ground.

Although he had broken bones and tendons, his head was bleeding.

But the strong vitality of the high-level orc still made him struggle to get up.

However, what awaited him was a swift and fierce figure that pounced on him.

Meng Chao's right foot was like a whistling train shell, ruthlessly hitting the wild boar warrior's chin.

This kick actually sent the wild boar warrior, which weighed more than half a ton, flying into the air.

His chin was directly shattered, and all the broken bones drilled into his skull like bullets.

Before he landed on the ground, the wild boar warrior fainted.

After landing on the ground, he was like a puddle of wet mud.

“...”

The ox-headed warrior was dumbstruck.

Meng Chao was wearing an ebony mask and had dyed his trademark black hair into a visible gray color. The ox-headed warrior thought that he was one of his own, and that he was a mercenary hired by his own family, so he hurriedly stuttered and thanked him.

Meng Chao nodded, took two steps forward, and said, “You’re welcome.”

The Iron Fist that was wrapped in a scarlet battle flame, as if it had just been taken out of a steel furnace, whistled out with the last word, “Thank you.” It drilled deep into the connection between the Tauren warrior’s chest and abdomen.

The power penetrated through the entire body of steel and iron bones, almost making the Tauren warrior’s spine protrude high from his back.

The ox-head warrior was hit so hard by this punch that he could not even scream.

His burly figure, which was like an iron tower, could only bow in front of Meng Chao.

Meng Chao happened to grab his two ox horns and used all his strength to give a fierce knee strike. The iron knee smashed into the ox-head Warrior’s face like a war hammer, almost flattening his entire face.

He lifted the bull horns and dragged the bull-headed warrior to another pool of mud.

He then turned around and carried the four dumbstruck rat children to a safe corner.

He snapped his fingers in front of the children several times before summoning their souls back to their bodies.

He removed the Ebony mask and revealed a modified but not very ferocious face. It was a very typical and ordinary rat face, indicating that he was one of the children’s kind.

Only then did he slightly appease the frightened and restless soul.

“You are from Cai Luo Village?” Meng Chao pointed at the colorful conch pendant on the neck of the child in the lead.

The child’s mouth was half open. He was stunned for a long time before he realized what Meng Chao was referring to.

He hurriedly shook his head and grabbed the pendant. He stuttered, “No, no, this is a gift from Fishbone.”

“Fishbone” was probably the name of a child.

In other words, there were indeed some children from Cai Luo village who lived in this slum.

“Where’s Fishbone? Isn’t he with you?”

Meng Chao relaxed his tone and tried to make himself look less fierce in the eyes of the children.

“He, he didn’t seem to have run out,”the child said.

“He ran out. I saw him run to the east,”another child said.

“There are a lot of old men fighting in the east. I saw him run to the west!”The third child said seriously.

The fourth child was the youngest. He seemed to have been scared silly and couldn’t say anything.

However, looking at the temporary home that had been in a mess and now turned into ruins, it seemed to remind her of the real home that had been destroyed by the samurai old men not long ago.

Her eyes turned redder and redder, and she finally could not help but cry out.

“Mommy.”

She said, “Mommy is still inside. I want Mommy!”

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

“Her mommy is not inside.”

The eldest child, who was wearing the colored snail pendant, said, “Our Mommy and Daddy died a long time ago.”

Meng Chao Sighed.

Well, they were all children.

Whether they came from Cai Luo village or not, what difference did it make?

“Go behind this wall and find a safe place to hide.”

Meng Chao broke a few pieces of golden fruit from his waist bag, mixed it with honey and cheese, and dried the solidified golden milk. He handed it to the eldest child, who looked smarter, and asked him to share it with his companions.

He stuffed a golden milk into his mouth, and the sweet taste that he had never tasted before rushed into his brain like a flood. The youngest child widened his eyes, stopped crying, and began to burp.

“Then, how long are we going to hide?”

Seeing that Meng Chao was different from the fierce-looking samurai lord, the most clever eldest child summoned up his courage and asked.

“Hide until –”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and said word by word, “If you can’t hear half of the wild boar samurai and bull-headed samurai scream anymore, don’t Stop.”

The battlefield between the bull-headed samurai and the wild boar samurai gradually moved deeper into the slums.

This made it convenient for Meng Chao to enter the abandoned sewage pipes at the edge of the slums.

The positions of the thirty-six wild boar samurai and bull-headed samurai who were still fighting in this area, as well as the range of their vision, were all accurately scanned by Meng Chao. In his mind, they were in the form of a translucent three-dimensional light and shadow, they were recreated.

According to their fighting posture, after predicting their positions and blind spots for three seconds, Meng Chao had a road map after repeatedly deducing in his mind.

Taking two deep breaths, he silently chanted "Three, two, one" and rushed out like a transparent shadow.

For the first twenty meters, Meng Chao crawled between the ruins on the ground. He tried his best not to move his limbs and only used the ripples of his muscles to move forward like a snake.

Only when there were no more broken walls in front of him could he stop and take a breath. He silently waited until the two warriors of the clan who were close by hugged each other tightly. Their bodies weighed nearly half a ton, adding up to nearly a ton, he crashed hard on the ground and dodged past them when dust was flying everywhere.

The eyes of the two warriors of the clan were like two cannons without cannon barrels. They wanted to blast two bloody holes in each other's faces.

Meng Chao restrained his breathing, heartbeat, and even his body temperature to the maximum.

When he flashed past the two of them, he was actually not discovered by them.

Next, he hid behind a pile of unconscious meat mountain for three seconds.

Until the two wild boar warriors in front of him and the three bull warriors that rushed out from the side rammed into the depths of the ruins in front of them.

Only then did he continue moving forward and finally found the entrance of the abandoned sewage pipe where he stored his totem battle armor.

In fact, there were countless abandoned sewage pipes in this area.

It was only because of the long period of disrepair that most of the sewage pipes had collapsed and were severely blocked, losing their original functions.

It was also because of the deadly biogas and poisonous fog that accumulated in the depths of the pipes, which was not something that ordinary rats could withstand.

That was why very few people had the idea to abandon the sewage pipes.

For Meng Chao, whose cell activity had greatly surpassed that of ordinary carbon-based intelligent creatures, the mere poisonous fog and methane gas were naturally not a problem.

When he swept to the top of the entrance of the abandoned sewage pipes, he discovered that part of the place had already collapsed.

The air that was visible to the naked eye, along with the black sludge, was so pungent that even the samurai lords were deterred. No one was interested in fighting inside the sewage pipes.

As a ghost assassin, Meng Chao was not so particular. His figure flashed and he entered the pipe. He also gave a roundhouse kick, causing the entrance of the pipe to collapse completely, temporarily blocking the entire entrance.

The tribal warriors' fanatical cries of killing were temporarily isolated outside.

Through the cracks of the ruins, the sounds of people entering the pipe were distorted and distant. They were like the most devout believers and the craziest prayers.

Meng Chao was like a giant gecko, crawling nimbly on the four walls of the abandoned sewage pipes that were more than two meters in diameter, advancing at high speed in a three-dimensional mobile mode.

Very soon, he found the totem armor.

In fact, he did not even need to be patient to find the mark that he had drawn on the wall of the pipes.

The totem armor fragment that was stimulated by the shouts and the intense smell of blood on the ground had long been like a living creature. It trembled slightly and emitted a "Ding Ding Ding Dang", a weak but rapid sound of collision.

When Meng Chao appeared, the surface of the pieces of totem armor shone with a demonic light. The ripples that contained killing intent rippled out, allowing Meng Chao to clearly sense its existence.

Meng Chao had once heard that the divine weapons on Earth, after tasting the sweetness of human blood, would be kept in the scabbard for a long time. When it was late at night, they would let out roars of tigers, dragons, and even ghosts.

Thinking about it, the materials used to create those divine weapons were the same as the materials used to create the totem armor, right?

"Do I really have to absorb such violent power into my body?"

Before reaching out to the totem armor fragment, Meng Chao hesitated for a moment.

But he soon laughed.

"What other power would be more terrifying than the end of the world?"

### **Chapter 1002: Become a Part of Me!**

According to Ice Storm and the method Big Buck told him, Meng Chao first unscrewed a few plastic soda bottle caps and mixed a few energy secret medicine, bone-strengthening secret medicine, and steel secret medicine together. Then, he carefully sprinkled a small pinch of insect powder that stimulated the activity of the secret medicine.

The originally colorful secret medicine that was like viscous oil suddenly began to "gurgle gurgle gurgle," spewing out streams of heat. Even above the liquid surface, small clusters of fireworks bloomed.

Meng Chao did not even blink. He raised his neck and gulped down a large bowl of liquid that looked very suspicious.

Then, he stuffed a few pieces of golden milk that were rich in energy into the depths of his throat.

One of the milk pieces was embedded with a totem beast core.

These things were like lava flowing down his throat and into his internal organs.

It made every pore on his body expand to the limit, shooting out steam like an old-fashioned locomotive.

Following that, Meng Chao concocted another bowl of boiling secret medicine.

He also sprinkled every drop of the secret medicine that was emitting a faint fluorescent light onto the totem armor fragment.

A strange thing happened.

Even though the surface of the totem armor was as smooth as a mirror.

The medicinal liquid did not flow along the arc-shaped armor to the ground.

Instead, it was quickly absorbed by the totem armor fragment, not even a drop landed on the ground.

The totem armor that had absorbed enough spiritual energy, in the darkness deep inside the abandoned sewage pipe, blossomed with a magnificent brilliance.

It was like the shell of some kind of creature slowly squirming, with a few silver-colored metal tentacles sticking out from the edge, extending an invitation to Meng Chao.

This time, Meng Chao did not refuse.

He took a deep breath, stretched out his right hand, and grabbed a totem armor shard.

He activated his life magnetic field to the limit, trying to resonate with the power contained in the armor shard.

He also meditated on his own spiritual vein, which was like a neural network that was growing crazily. Invisible "Nerves" pierced through his skin and wrapped around the armor shard, making his limbs and the totem armor... perfectly connected.

When all the broken pieces of the armor had completed an incredible 'connection'.

They suddenly melted from the sharp-edged armor into a round liquid metal.

Moreover, they went along Meng Chao's right hand and wrapped around his right arm, right shoulder, right chest, and right face.

Like mercury pouring down, they spread rapidly around his body and eventually covered and protected his upper body.

The totem power that originated from millions of years ago also flowed through Meng Chao's spiritual vein and into his brain through his life magnetic field.

In an instant, Meng Chao felt an indescribable pain.

It was as if someone had extracted all of his blood and bone marrow.

However, it was replaced by a super alloy that had been heated to thousands of degrees.

If it weren't for the fact that he had experienced a hundred times more pain during the rebirth of the Apocalypse and the fierce battle with 'LÜ Siya', he would have lost his mind due to the pain.

In the first segment, he would have lost his mind due to the pain, and he would have been at the mercy of the totem armor.

While the biological liquid alloy was transforming his body of flesh and blood, the vast amount of information hidden in the depths of the totem armor turned into a flood and a ferocious beast that rushed into his mind through his spinal cord, it started to stir up trouble.

Meng Chao felt that dozens of completely different memories flooded into his mind.

The clearest one was from Big Buck's perspective. When he was putting on his totem armor, he was fighting with people cruelly on the arena, or he was sweating profusely on the training ground, he was going through all kinds of crazy training scenes.

The blurry part was the scene of seven or eight bull-headed warriors with different appearances, brandishing all kinds of strange-looking heavy weapons. They were fighting on the battlefield filled with corpses, killing advanced orcs from other clans, or the scene of Holy Light Knights covered in lumps of light like giant fireflies being smashed into meat paste and torn into pieces.

However, at the end of all the scenes, it was the scene where the bull-headed warriors were besieged by the enemy and collapsed on the battlefield in the most miserable state.

In the most blurry and ancient scenes, Meng Chao even discovered that he had turned into an enormous bull-shaped monster. Faced with the siege of dozens of rats and four or five warriors of the clan, he was still rampaging, he roared nonstop until the last drop of his blood was drained before he collapsed.

All the memory images were like whistling bullets that pierced through his cerebral cortex.

It made these memories feel as vivid as yesterday.

They included being surrounded by enemies that were dozens of times more powerful than him, being stabbed into a hornet's nest by dozens of spears that were wreathed in holy light, and even his eyeballs were poked out and stuck to his cheeks. The pain that had penetrated deep into his bones was 100% preserved.

Meng Chao understood.

"These... are the memories of the previous owner of this totem armor, as well as the previous owner and the previous owner.

"Ice Storm said that totem armor can store the wearer's combat skills and killing experience, allowing clan warriors who were not familiar with certain weapons and tactics to become masters the moment they complete their breeding equipment.

“It turns out that through a similar method of ‘memory duplication’, it has the same effect as the heroic spirit messenger of Dragon City. It’s simply too magical!

“However, even the death memories of the previous masters were copied and stored together.

“This is not good.

“Other than me, who has experienced the apocalypse and is determined to contribute to the whole human race, how could ordinary clan warriors, no matter how fearless they are, withstand seven or eight or even a few pieces of ‘Death Memories’ at the same time?

“No wonder those guys turned into the ‘Origin Warriors’ who are neither human nor Ghost!”

Meng Chao thought quickly and roughly understood the principle behind the inheritance of the totem armor’s power.

However, at this moment, it seemed that his genes were ‘detected’, and there was a subtle difference between his genes and those of a high-level orc.

The totem power that had already stabilized suddenly surged again.

The previous owners of the armor appeared in Meng Chao’s mind and turned into ferocious ghosts at the same time.

The battle memories became extremely real, and they were even more real than real. They were illusions that could bring a hundred times more pain and fear.

However, they had dragged Meng Chao’s consciousness into a battlefield that was both real and illusory!

“This is..

Biological liquid metal flowed into my body and connected to my neural network, stimulating the cerebral cortex and creating illusions that are hard to distinguish between reality and falsehood in my mind

Meng Chao sneered in his heart.

If it had been a year or so ago, he might have been shocked.

However, after the fierce battle with the Demon God ‘Wisdom Tree’, ‘Monster Brain’, and ‘mother 01’, he was extremely familiar with the tricks of stimulating the neural network and brain cells to create illusions.

In the end, it was all left over from Mother 1.

Even the real Mother 1, which was parasitized in Lu Siya’s body, could not stop him.

It was just a piece of broken armor. What could a few brutal souls do to him!

After realizing that I was not a Turan, did he want to test whether or not I was qualified to wear the totem armor in such a way?



“Then... let’s give it a try!”

In Meng Chao’s hand, golden light flashed and gradually condensed into a Golden Tooth Blood Soul Saber that was wrapped in golden chains.

Although the real Golden Tooth Blood Soul Saber was left in Dragon City by him...

Since this was an illusion created through his neural network and cerebral cortex, then he was the true and only ruler of this illusion.

Not to mention the Golden Tooth Blood Soul Saber, even fantasizing about a railway gun would be enough.

Thus, when those ancient ferocious souls hidden deep within the totem armor screamed, roared, and pounced at him with bared fangs and brandished claws.

Meng Chao set off a golden storm in his mind.

“This is my body!

“This is my mind!

“Any power that comes here must fuse with my will, obey my control, and listen to my commands!

“Either you will become a part of me like an arm, and change this crazy world with me.

“Or you will let me burn all the ferocious souls with the most violent spiritual flame, burn the totem armor into scrap metal, and bury the scrap metal into the feces of hundreds of years ago in the deepest part of the waste pipeline!”

Meng Chao controlled the golden storm and tore the ancient ferocious souls into pieces again and again while he roared crazily.

Even though the ferocious souls would reassemble after each time they were torn into pieces...

Meng Chao also noticed that the ferocious souls that were reassembled tended to be thinner and weaker than before.

Finally, after the ninth time, the ferocious souls didn’t reassemble. Instead, they turned into clusters of golden sparks. Each cluster of sparks turned into a wedge-shaped character, forming a surging information flow, from Meng Chao’s field of vision, they flew down like a waterfall.

The illusion shattered like a shattered mirror.

The ancient battlefield vanished into thin air.

Meng Chao returned to the exhaust gas drainage pipe that could not be seen.

Looking at the continuously flashing wedge-shaped characters in front of him, he knew that he had already taken control of this totem armor.

Sure enough, when he looked down, he found that the totem armor had already wrapped tightly around his upper body in an orderly manner.

The totem armor seemed to have the function of adjusting its own shape according to its owner's body size and combat style, perfectly fitting its owner.

When it was put on Big Buck's body, it looked fierce and fierce, with sharp edges and corners. When it was put on Meng Chao's body, although the distinctive features of the ox head on his chest and the ox horn machete on his arms were still preserved.

However, the arc of the armor itself had become more low-key and gentle.

Not only had the ox head on the chest armor, which had been protruding high and furious, become slightly protruding, stripping away the features of the ox head, leaving only a highly abstract conceptual pattern.

The two ox horn scimitars had also become thinner, longer, and more flexible. After being slightly bent, they could be embedded into the grooves on the arm armor, greatly improving the concealment and avoiding unnecessary trouble when moving in complicated terrain.

Even the main color of the gauntlet had changed from a bright, dominating color to a dull black that did not reflect light. It was like a slightly expanding shadow, which was more in line with the characteristics of Meng Chao's 'Ghost Assassin'.

Chapter 1003: The Ancient Operating System

"What an incredible armor!"

Meng Chao moved his arms vigorously to confirm the totem armor's range of movement and defense.

The first feeling he had was lightness.

It was not as heavy and clumsy as when he was wearing the ordinary power armor in Dragon City.

It was not as heavy and clumsy as when he was carrying hundreds of kilograms or even three to five tons of steel on his back and relying on the mini engine, as well as transmission shaft, to exert force. There had been an unavoidable delay and a sticky feeling.

It was even smoother than wearing the nano battle suit.

It was as if a second layer of skin had grown on his body.

However, when he stretched out his finger and poked his chest lightly, he could feel the real existence of the totem battle armor.

It was not as hard as steel.

Yet, under the texture of a creature's shell that was both hard and soft, it had a firmness could not be easily broken through, especially after Meng Chao clenched his fist and punched his heart.

He felt the entire totem armor suddenly shrink, and ripples spread out from the surface of the armor, distributing the power of his punch to all parts of his body.

Ninety percent of the power was released along the arc of the armor, and the remaining ten percent was taken by the muscles all over his body.

Without a doubt, such an active defense mode was able to break down, reduce, and digest attacks that the totem warrior suffered to the extreme.

When he took the most standard stance of the Reckless Bull Technique and threw a punch, Meng Chao could feel the totem armor continuously contracting. It adjusted his stance of exerting force slightly and even stimulated part of his nerves as well as muscle bundles. This caused the tens of thousands of muscle fibers in his body to participate in the exertion of force at the same time, increasing his originally terrifying fist strength by another 20% to 30% in an instant!

“The totem armor’s amplification to both the offensive and defensive ends can actually reach such a terrifying degree!”

The more Meng Chao tested it, the more he secretly clicked his tongue.

However, the amplification of pure offensive or defensive power was not what surprised him the most.

The function that surprised him the most was hidden in the totem battle armor’s helmet.

Although Big Buck’s totem battle armor only covered the upper half of its body...

It provided extremely tight head protection.

Apart from its helmet that had two horns, one big and one small, rising into the sky...

There was also a mask that had seemingly been fished out from the River Styx, and it was covered in death ripples.

However, the helmet and mask made of liquid biological metal completely fitted Meng Chao’s head and facial features, wrapping them up entirely.

Meng Chao did not feel debilitated or stifled at all.

Instead, he felt that his breathing was much smoother.

Biogas, poisonous fog, and unpleasant smells were trapped in the abandoned sewage pipes. Yet, they were all filtered out by a liquid metal polymer filtration membrane that mimicked the structure of activated carbon.

Moreover, his vision was not blocked by the helmet.

To be more precise, Meng Chao did not sense the existence of the helmet at all.

He still maintained a positive scanning range of nearly 180 degrees.

Only when he reached out and touched it lightly could he feel a nearly transparent “glass box” on his head.

Moreover, the “glass box” also utilized some incredible technology to project a large number of cuneiform characters before eyes.

While he focused his gaze on different places—such as his body, the cracks in the surrounding walls, and the ruins that blocked the sewage pipes at the end of the darkness—the shiny cuneiform characters would constantly change.

When Meng Chao fixed his sights on the cuneiform characters, he discovered that he could click on the characters that were constantly flashing, jumping, and surrounded by blood-red electric arcs.

After they were tapped open, even more cuneiform characters spewed out like water bursting from a dam.

These cuneiform characters were different from the runes that the people of Dragon City had discovered in the ancient ruins.

However, they had a very strong correlation.

Meng Chao had been a tester in the ancient ruins research center for half a year. Although he was not a serious ancient linguist, he more or less knew the meaning of certain ancient runes.

In addition, through the memory fragments of his previous life, he roughly identify the characteristics of more than ten different languages in the Other World.

Using these characteristics, he could extrapolate and guess the meaning of some cuneiform characters.

He speculated that the cuneiform characters contained all kinds of information related to battle such as temperature, humidity, relative speed, the surrounding environment and the condition of the totem armor, and so on.

The Dragon City civilization's power armor and the large rune machines also had similar information displays.

Of course, the power armor allowed control to hundreds of commands through voice, eye movements, and the twitching of the fine muscles in a person's ten fingers and ten toes.

This "operating system" that was composed of cuneiform characters could apparently use biological electricity and brainwaves to directly carry out complex interactions.

Meng Chao was not unfamiliar with such an "operating system."

That was because, the moment he was reborn after the apocalypse, the Kindling that drilled into his brain adopted a similar operating system.

Of course, the information projected onto his retina by the totem armor was still much simpler than that of the Kindling.

Nevertheless, they were all stimulating the central nervous system and the visual cells, directly bringing a huge amount of information to surface in his mind. It was naturally much more advanced than Dragon City's mechanical rune display screen and joystick.

This operating system's appearance once again confirmed to Meng Chao that the Turan civilization in the past had indeed possessed a brilliance that surpassed the Earth's civilization in the 22nd century.

Even if the level of their civilization had not reached the level of the Ancients and mother during the ancient war, it was definitely post-ancient war technology.

When the gods fell, the mother also fell apart and descended into a deep sleep. That was one of the most advanced and powerful civilizations in the Other World.

The totem armor, which was equipped with such an operating system, was definitely not as simple as an ordinary armor.

It should be similar to the Kindling that could allow its owner to undergo a rebirth.

However, the advanced orcs that had experienced a civilization decline or even a fault were far from being able to activate the totem armor's full potential.

It was just like how they were far from being able to activate all the legacies left by their ancestors, even if it was only 1% of their potential.

To put it bluntly...

Today's advanced orcs were simply a bunch of apes carrying electromagnetic cannons.

They still had not figured out the correct operating mode of an electromagnetic cannon. They just swung the cannon barrel and used the electromagnetic cannons as meteor hammers.

"In my previous life, the advanced orcs did not seem to understand what their 'ancestors' had left them until the destruction of the entire civilization.

"They only used their totem armor as an armor that could repair itself and increase their strength as well as speed.

"Perhaps I should, and I must spend some time to sketch out the Turan civilization's true face..."

Just as Meng Chao was thinking, he suddenly felt a slight pain in the depths of his eyes.

Many cuneiform characters shattered and took the form of the totem armor's the previous seven or eight owners.

They looked ferocious and seemed to be circling Meng Chao's consciousness. Baring their fangs and brandishing their claws at him, they let out a series of roars.

After realizing that Meng Chao could not be swayed by force, they suddenly switched to submissive but anxious look, transmitting a series of gurgling noises into Meng Chao's auditory nerves.

At the same time, a small and exquisite three-dimensional transparent model of himself wearing the totem armor appeared in front of Meng Chao's eyes.

The totem armor's helmet, mask, neck guard, shoulder guard, arm guard, breastplate... were broken down into dozens of modules, each of which emitted different colors and lights. However, there were also a lot of cuneiform words surrounding them. As long as Meng Chao focused his attention on one of the modules, a flood of information would jump out.

“No wonder the advanced orcs would treat the totem armor as a living armor that embodies the wisdom, experience, and killing intent of their ancestral spirit.”

Meng Chao thought to himself, “If I’m not wrong, these ‘fierce souls of the previous owners’ should be operating auxiliary systems similar to voice assistants.

“Two hundred years ago on Earth, many mobile phones, computers, and household appliances had voice assistants!

“However, the functions of such operating auxiliary systems are very powerful. They have long left the realm of voice assistants and can be considered as artificial intelligence.

“The poor Turan civilization has already degenerated to the age of the clan. Even their excrement that is piled up like a mountain cannot be processed automatically. How can they understand the meaning of ‘artificial intelligence?’

“It is understandable to regard the operating system as the ancestral spirits’ guidance, and even to regard the artificial intelligence as the ancestral spirits themselves...

“However, what is the artificial intelligence in the totem armor trying to tell me?”

Meng Chao pondered for a long time.

His gaze stayed on the oddly shaped cuneiform characters.

He also made the totem armor’s various modules continuously enlarge and shrink.

He guessed the AI was reminding him that this totem armor was too weak compared with his body and combat strength.

Moreover, many of the totem armor’s modules had been designed for warriors with larger bodies. Although they could be slightly adjusted to match Meng Chao’s body size, he could not unleash their ultimate destructive power. It was not exactly in line with Meng Chao’s fighting style.

He needed to fight.

He needed to defeat more totem warriors and seize more totem armor fragments.

He also needed to absorb these fragments and a large amount of cultivation resources into his body. Following that, he could integrate them with the existing totem armor modules to carry out a comprehensive upgrade.

Only then would he get his own unique and unrivaled ultimate armor!

“This suggestion... suits me just fine!” Meng Chao exclaimed smoothly.

The corners of his mouth curled up into a subtle arc.

His vision, which had a part of the perspective function, had been enhanced by the totem battle armor. He could clearly scan the abandoned sewage pipe, which was not visible on the surface.

Long ago, when he stored the totem battle armor, he had already thoroughly understood the structure of the abandoned pipe and the surrounding seven or eight pipes.

This included every crack that was scattered across the four walls of the pipe.

At that moment, the wild boar warriors and Minotaur warriors, whose average weight was more than half a ton, stomped their iron hoofs on the ground.

The cracks that were spread all over the pipe continued to expand, and plenty of dust and gravel fell from within.

Thus, like a whirlpool, Meng Chao effortlessly locked onto the intersection of a large number of cracks, the most vulnerable part of the entire pipe.

With the totem armor's enhancement, he took a deep breath and squatted down. Then he stomped on the ground heavily, instantly pushing his speed to the limit.. He headed toward the intersection of the cracks and crashed into it.

### **Chapter 1004: A Full-Scale Battle**

The impact was as strong as a railway gun against the wall of an underground pipe.

With a deafening boom, a hole with a diameter and depth of more than three meters was left on the wall.

One had to know that the underground sewer system in this area had been in disrepair for a long time. It was full of potholes and collapsed everywhere. It was as fragile as a beehive that had been magnified a hundred times.

Otherwise, it would not have been abandoned by the bigwigs of Black-corner City.

More than a hundred wild boar warriors and bullhead warriors were fighting here, which made the already precarious structure even worse.

Meng Chao's collision became the last straw that broke the camel's back.

No, it was not a straw, but the mountain that broke the camel's back.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack

The impact triggered a chain reaction. New crevices kept appearing around the crater-like holes. The old crevices were expanding at a speed visible to the naked eye, and more dust and gravel were spurting out of them.

In just a few seconds, a series of loud noises were heard. The ground within a hundred meters collapsed, forming a huge pit that was at least seven or eight meters deep.

Dozens of warriors of the clan who were fighting on the ground suddenly fell into the pit.

Although they were tough and tough, they would not die easily from falling or being smashed to death.

However, when the ground collapsed, the smoke and dust in the air were still like clouds of turbid mist that blocked their vision.

The Tauren warriors and wild boar warriors who were struggling in the ruins in the dense mist could not see their companions clearly for a moment.

It was even difficult to hear the screams and moans coming from a place so close to them from the chaotic situation.

This was the ideal hunting ground that Meng Chao had taken the initiative to create.

He was already prepared. The moment the ground collapsed, he stepped on a few pieces of broken rocks and jumped above the ruins.

He locked onto his first "Prey", a wild boar warrior with a totem armor on his chest and left shoulder.

This wild boar warrior had just struggled out of the ruins.

Although he didn't suffer much damage.

His dusty face made him extremely unhappy.

With a low roar, he was about to tear through the fog and rush out of the pit to find a new opponent.

Meng Chao was already like a ghost, appearing from the void and cutting into his arms.

Boom boom boom boom boom boom!

Meng Chao's arms turned into two storms.

In an instant, he punched over a hundred times at the chest of the wild boar warrior.

The chest of the wild boar warrior, which was extremely strong, was like a pond that had been invaded by a storm. The ripples overlapped with each other and sank deeply.

Even though the wild boar warrior's skin and flesh were extremely thick...

He was unable to withstand or even react to Meng Chao's torrential attacks.

His massive body, which weighed more than half a ton, was blasted high into the air by Meng Chao.

When he landed on the ground, he had already passed out cleanly.

And when Meng Chao spread out his five fingers and grabbed towards his breastplate and shoulder armor...

His totem battle armor was actually like Big Buck's totem battle armor a few days ago, voluntarily disintegrating and disintegrating.

It was as if he despised his master's weakness, and could not wait to throw himself into the arms of a stronger person.

"Such power..."

Meng Chao's attention was not on the wild boar warrior at all.

At his peak, he was, after all, a warrior whose combat strength was comparable to the peak of the heavenly state. In some fields, he even had the hope of peering into the mysteries of the divine state. It was only higher than Ice Storm who was equipped with the Mithril Ripper.



This ordinary warrior who was only equipped with half a set of breastplate and a shoulder guard was not his “prey.” Rather, it was more like a “target” to help him test the performance and control mode of the totem armor, it was even more appropriate.

“Under the enhancement of the totem armor, my fist speed seems to have increased by at least 20%!

“Originally, when I was at the peak of the Earth realm, under the condition that the average fist strength was close to a ton, I could throw about 85 to 87 punches a minute.

“But now, I can throw 108 to 110 punches.

“Moreover, through the liquid metal, I can slightly adjust the vibration and expansion of my muscle fibers. It seems that I have saved 5% of my physical strength. This means that after equipping the totem armor, my endurance battle time has also been slightly extended.”

Meng Chao accurately calculated the amplification data of the totem armor.

He was preparing for the blood battles that would definitely appear in the near future.

However, the enhancement on his body was secondary.

He was more interested in the AI that was hiding in the totem armor when he threw out the storm-like iron fists. It once again transformed into the appearance of the previous owners of the armor, cheering and cheering for him.

Close drumbeats, majestic horns, the rumbling of iron hooves and the roaring of flames appeared beside his ears, making him feel as if he was on a magnificent and hot-blooded battlefield.

The shouts of the warriors and the sounds of weapons clashing were almost like a rock music from hell, igniting his auditory nerves.

Naturally, a large number of illusions appeared before his eyes.

Every time he threw a punch at the wild boar warrior.

At the moment when the Iron Fist collided with the opponent’s flesh and blood.

At the point of collision, there would always be a burst of colorful and extremely dazzling sparks.

Some of the punches hit the vital points, or had not yet adapted to the amplification effect of the totem armor. When the force of the punches exceeded a ton, the sparks would turn into rings of light.

There were even radiation-like ripples on the periphery of the light rings.

It had to be said that when Meng Chao unleashed his torrential rain of attacks, within ten seconds, dozens of consecutive punches, the Sparks and the light rings intersected. It was as if a small fireworks party had been held on the chest of a wild boar warrior, the sound and light effects were really gorgeous to the extreme.

The problem was that Meng Chao knew very well that he had not recovered from his serious injuries. Even with the enhancement of the totem armor, his combat strength would not exceed the heavenly state.

He had not yet reached the level where spiritual flames shot out and sparks spurted out.

Moreover, he had always been a person who was indifferent to fame and fortune, simple and unadorned, low-key, and ordinary.

Since he and this wild boar warrior did not have an irreconcilable feud, naturally, they did not have an ingrained killing intent. When they attacked, they still held back.

Why would they deliberately play tricks and create so many useless sound, light, and electricity effects when they attacked?

Therefore —

“It’s a special effect.

“The totem armor acted on its own initiative and interfered with my visual and auditory nerves, adding a large number of battle special effects.

“Whether it was the ear-splitting ‘battlefield rock music’ or the more dazzling special effects that exploded after every punch, both of them greatly enhanced the immersion and the exhilaration of the battle.

“For someone like me who has been through hundreds of battles, it doesn’t matter if I’ve eaten the experienced experts that I’ve seen before.

“If I grew up in a remote village, or even if I was a warrior of the ordinary clans in Black-corner City, as long as I wore the totem armor, I would be accompanied by passionate rock music during the battle. Moreover, I would be able to ‘see’ my ordinary punch and produce the most exaggerated special effects. I would definitely be addicted to it!

“No wonder the advanced orcs are so keen on battle.

“Perhaps, in the eyes of the advanced orcs who are equipped with totem armor, the so-called battle is just like... a video game!”

Meng Chao had just thought of a ‘video game’.

He saw countless glittering spots of light emerging from the unconscious wild boar warrior. Like fireflies that had no physical body, they circled around him a few times and quickly drilled into his body.

A series of crisp and melodious jingling sounds suddenly rang in his ears.

It was like a collision between crystals and a handful of gold coins.

Two huge cuneiform characters appeared in front of his eyes.

Although he could not understand them, he could guess from the rather exaggerated flowing lights around the characters that this was the totem armor celebrating his first victory”, or to use a more professional term, “first kill.”

Including the golden light spots, they condensed into a series of rapidly flashing, jumping, and changing cuneiform characters in front of Meng Chao’s eyes.

These cuneiform characters often appeared in the torrent of information presented by the totem armor, and they often changed.

Meng Chao boldly speculated that these should be the numbers of the ancient Turan civilization.

Did this string of numbers represent some sort of integral?

Meng Chao was very sure that he did not sense any psionic ripples on the golden speck of light that had just crawled out of the wild boar warrior's body and crawled into his own body.

In other words, this golden speck of light was neither a real substance nor some kind of particle or ripple.

It was merely an illusion created by the totem armor to enhance the pleasure of 'defeating the enemy'.

Meng Chao naturally wouldn't be fooled by such petty tricks.

But...

"The so-called totem power is indeed hiding a huge secret. The water is too deep. Ordinary orcs can't grasp it at all!"

Meng Chao finally understood why advanced orcs were so aggressive and looked down on death.

It turned out that under the stimulation of the totem armor, they really treated battle as a video game.

Perhaps, they even thought that even if their flesh and blood bodies were turned into meat paste on the battlefield, their brave and fearless souls would enter the totem battle armor under the protection of the ancestral spirit and fight forever!

Speaking of which, even though the special effects were all fake.

But the boost effect of the totem battle armor on combat strength was awesome.

Without hesitation, Meng Chao tore off half of the wild boar warrior's chest armor and the left shoulder guard.

Then, taking advantage of the fact that the smoke and dust were still filling the air, he took off the belt of the wild boar warrior's pants.

As expected, the wild boar warrior was tanned with cow leather, which was as wide as a palm. On the belt that was studded with rivets, there were two secret medicines to replenish energy, and three pieces of high-energy food that were mixed with a large amount of condensed milk, honey, and golden fruit puree, it was a high-energy food that had been compressed and dried repeatedly.

This was what ice storm had told him.

This was because fighting in totem armor consumed a lot of physical strength and spiritual energy.

Once the killing was on the rise and the spirit energy was overdrawn, the hungry totem armor could devour its master's flesh and blood at any time, turning its master into an Origin Warrior or Origin Spirit.

Therefore, the experienced warriors of the clan would always carry a few secret medicines and a large amount of high-energy food with them.

When they felt that the totem armor was about to lose control, they would immediately take it to stabilize the totem power.

It was almost the same as the measures taken by the superhumans of Dragon City to prevent spirit energy deviation.

Meng Chao thought of something.

The lower half of the mask that protected his mouth and nose suddenly separated from the middle and merged into the helmets on both sides.

He drank the secret medicine in one gulp.

Then, his mouth grew to the extent that his jaw was almost dislocated, and he swallowed three large pieces of high-energy food with a strong fragrance.

Ever since he fell into the super waterfall, Guillotine, his stomach, which had not been full, let out a satisfied squirming sound.

Sensing waves of magma-like heat flow from his stomach to his limbs and bones, Meng Chao finally pressed the two totem armor fragments he had just captured onto his chest.

### **Chapter 1005: Armor, Fusion!**

Accompanied by the high-frequency vibration of the vitality magnetic field...

Meng Chao pushed the spirit magnetic field formed by the hundreds of interweaving spirit meridians to its limit.

The spirit energy contained in the hundreds of spirit meridians in his heart was like the convergence of a hundred rivers, surging out of his heart like a flood. Through the breastplate carved with a highly abstract ox head pattern, it wrapped up the brand-new broken pieces of the armor.

The breastplate and the piece of armor shone at the same time.

Gradually, they became translucent. They were like melted glass, but also felt like molten iron.

Then, the breastplate and shoulder pads that belonged to the wild boar warriors a moment ago turned into liquid metal with no fixed shape again and merged into Meng Chao's breastplate.

Meng Chao let out a satisfied sigh.

It was as if he had just eaten a sumptuous feast.

His breastplate had undergone visible changes.

The pieces became thicker, sturdier, and integrated into one.

The ox head pattern in the middle of the breastplate also became more abstract. It completely broke away from the characteristics of a wild ox and looked more like a black ghost with devil's horns.

On both sides of the “black Ghost with big horns,” there were six streamlined flow channels.

When running at high speed, they could guide the air in front to the back and put pressure on Meng Chao from the back to help him accelerate to the maximum.

They could also skillfully guide the enemy to attack Meng Chao’s chest directly, sliding past his body and pouring down from the back.

From the appearance, the totem armor that had absorbed the brand-new fragments also became more mysterious and fierce. It was more like a ghost from the end of the world.

In Meng Chao’s vision, a large number of shining cuneiform words appeared.

Although he could not understand the specific content, he could still understand the shining arrows behind the series of numbers.

“Does this mean that after absorbing the new shards of armor, the performance of my breastplate will be greatly improved?” Meng Chao muttered to himself.

It was true. It was becoming more and more like the equipment in a video game being upgraded.

Speaking of which, the advanced orcs who wanted to collapse their civilization and degenerate to the age of the clan had mastered the basic operation of such a powerful individual weapon system. An operating system that was extremely “visual, idiot-proof, what you see is what you get, no training needed, you get it in a second” was quite suitable.

If one wanted to become a totem warrior, like the mechanics in Dragon City, they would have to master a large amount of mechanical principles and general knowledge of engineering dynamics, and even learn the ability of precise maintenance and programming...

It was likely that the “totem power” had long been lost or even annihilated, just like the other black technologies created by the Turan ancestors.

“In order to let the constantly degenerating advanced orcs still have some fighting power, their ancestors really worried themselves to death.”

For some reason, such a fighting and leveling mode reminded Meng Chao of some parents who would dig a hole in the middle of pancakes and hang them around the neck of their silly son before they went on a long journey.

It was a real pity for such parents in the world.

It was a pity that the Turan civilization in his previous life had still been destroyed along with the Dragon City civilization.

It was just like how the silly son starved to death after chewing off a circle of pancake around his neck.

Just as he had perfectly absorbed the new fragments and made the totem battle armor even more powerful...

The “system assistant,” which was the few ferocious souls that had transformed into the previous owners of the totem battle armor, once again came out, cheering for Meng Chao.

They were chattering non-stop, as if they were saying, “Well done, keep up the good work and strive to devour more fragments to upgrade the totem armor to its strongest state.”

“Of course I will upgrade it to its strongest state...”

Meng Chao muttered in his heart, “However, can you turn off this system assistant? These fierce souls are really... too ugly.”

Meng Chao could barely accept that the artificial intelligence hidden in the totem armor had taken the initiative to activate the cool sound and light effects for its thief.

There was a saying that when fighting with the special effects maxed out, even a normal jab could draw out the feeling of a sure-kill. It was indeed... pretty cool.

It did not matter if he was dealing with these ordinary soldiers in front of him.

However, Meng Chao felt that if he was able to max out the special effects when he was fighting against a strong opponent like the monster mastermind and there were people constantly cheering for him in his mind, then perhaps his combat strength... could really be increased by more than 5% !

The problem was that these people who were cheering for him were really too ugly!

They were all Minotaurs with big waists, fierce looks, and chest hair that was thicker than his hair. They waved their blood-stained battle axes and battle hammers as they roared at the top of their lungs.

Perhaps ordinary clan warriors would like this kind of cheering method.

However, Meng Chao truly could not stand these hideous ghosts—even if they were just illusions, they would still float around in his vision during a battle.

“Even if the totem armor’s operating system has to have a system assistant, can’t we change it to a more attractive set of skin?” Meng Chao ridiculed silently.

Suddenly, a flash appeared in front of his eyes, and the fierce souls all changed from fierce-looking Minotaur warriors to fierce-looking Minotaur warriors with chest muscles that were three to five times more developed.

“Uh...”

“So you can really customize the skin of a system assistant?”

“However, the ‘attractiveness’ that I’m talking about doesn’t mean that the Minotaur has to become a female Minotaur warrior.

“Moreover, this change is too perfunctory. Other than having two thick and long braids on their heads and an additional few lumps of chest muscles, what’s the difference between female warriors and the ferocious souls just now? Plus, their chest hair is even longer than that of those fierce souls from earlier!”

The totem armor seemed to have heard Meng Chao’s ridicule.

It changed its appearance once again.

This time, the system assistant projected in Meng Chao's vision took the appearance of Ice Storm.

The snow leopard warrior in Meng Chao's mind had changed from being as cold as ice in the real world.

Just like those previous fierce souls, she was now like an excited female gorilla, cheering and jumping for his victory and strength.

"This skin looks much better than that of a stocky female Minotaur warrior."

Meng Chao thought to himself, "However, it still feels strange. After all, I'm not very familiar with Ice Storm. We're only working together temporarily to get what we want. Her image keeps appearing in my mind all day long. It feels quite twisted, like I'm a pervert with a very low level of interest."

The totem armor carried out its master's request loyally once again.

From Ice Storm, it changed its appearance to that of "Lu Siya."

Of course, she had green hair and red eyes. The vital parts of her body were wrapped in leaves and moss. Her expression became increasingly seductive, and her figure grew more and more soul-stirring. It was the "will banshee" version of Lu Siya.

As expected of the black technology that condensed the wisdom of the Turan ancestors...

It could satisfy all the needs of its master.

It could even use its master's memory materials to automatically create an image that would leave the deepest impression on its master. It could stimulate its master's combat ability and desire to conquer, which would make its master fight and grow stronger!

"Wait a minute, what desire to conquer? There's no desire to conquer. Sister Ya had more of a desire to conquer me!"

Meng Chao frowned. "Besides, Sister Ya is now under Mother 1's control. In order to save me, she didn't hesitate to fall into hell!"

"Once I cultivate my totem power to the extreme in Picturesque Orchid Lake, I have to go back and save her!"

Meng Chao wanted the totem armor to turn the system assistant's skin back into the original Minotaur ferocious soul to prove his innocence.

Then, a thought occurred to him again...

"Sister Ya is now under Mother 1's control and has become Lu Siya.

"When I return to Dragon City, there will definitely be a battle between me and Lu Siya.

"If I want to save Sister Ya, I have to defeat 'Lu Siya' and suppress her brutally.

"From this perspective, I can picture Lu Siya's evil, weird, and mysterious appearance in my mind all day long. I can get used to it as soon as possible and get tired of her beauty. I can try my best not to be bewitched by the banshee the next time we meet, and I can also warn myself day and night not to forget my original intention and mission. Killing two birds with one stone will be very beneficial.

“Forget it, the system’s appearance isn’t important. As long as I have an upright and pure heart, what’s the difference between ‘Lu Siya’ and the fierce soul of a Minotaur warrior? I can’t be bothered to change it.”.

“What’s important is...”

Meng Chao seemed to be in the cooldown period after the integration of the battle armor. His mind had yet to recover from the impact of the great totem power, and he stood on the ruins in a daze.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a Minotaur warrior with totem battle armor on his legs. He was moving stealthily toward his back.

Molded by his will, when the totem battle armor and fragments from Big Buck were put on, they underwent a complete transformation.

The brand-new style of pursuing lightness, secrecy, and extreme speed was also very different from the Minotaur warrior’s style of being strong, powerful, and fierce.

Therefore, the Minotaur warrior did not treat him as a companion.

He thought that he was a helper that the wild boar warrior had invited to help him.

Seeing Meng Chao’s “dumbstruck” look, he naturally would not let go of the golden opportunity. Using the cover of the smoke and dust, he “sneaked” to three meters behind Meng Chao. Only then did he let out a low roar and suddenly pounced on him, he smashed his Warhammer heavily at the back of Meng Chao’s head.

Unfortunately, the Minotaur warrior seemed to have completely misunderstood the meaning of “sneaked.”

The moment his iron hoofs stepped on the ruins and emitted a “kacha kacha” sound, his intentions were clearly determined by Meng Chao.

Thus, at the same time that the Minotaur warrior pounced forward, Meng Chao’s legs exerted heavy force on the ruins beneath his feet, creating a hole more than half a meter deep in the ruins.

He fell straight down like a weight.

The height of his head was naturally half a meter lower than before.

As a result, the Minotaur warrior’s war hammer, which was mixed with blood, brain matter, and bone dregs, swung over his head.

The Minotaur warrior did not leave behind any contingency plan for the strike that he was determined to achieve.

However, after being struck by the war hammer, the huge inertia caused him to stagger and almost roll under the ruins that were on the verge of collapsing again.

When he finally regained his balance.



He saw Meng Chao's eyes, which seemed to be burning with black flames, shining through the translucent mask.

What he had tested just now was a series of continuous thrusts like a storm.

Now, Meng Chao wanted to test the power of the ultimate fist!

Chapter 1006: Happiness Beyond Limit

As he took the initiative to fall, Meng Chao rotated himself 180 degrees and activated several spirit meridians in his right arm. He managed to create the spirit magnetic field for the Demon Subduing Pole's upgraded version thanks to Battle God Lei Zongchao's guidance.

As spirit energy gushed out, the arm guard of the totem armor seemed to perfectly fused with his right arm and expand several times at the same time.

The mysterious and complicated spirit tattoos that should have appeared on his skin also appeared on the arm guard that was several times thicker. It made Meng Chao's right arm literally turn into a Demon Subduing Pole that could support the sky and the Earth.

The moment the Minotaur warrior swung his war hammer in the air, Meng Chao's Demon Subduing Pole brushed past the guy's chest from the bottom up, hitting him squarely on the chin.

The Minotaur warrior's chest, which was covered in ordinary armor, exploded as if it had been hacked by a two-handed greatsword.

A red mark that was so deep that one could see the bones immediately appeared on his chest, which was even sturdier than metal.

Before the blood spurted out, his chin was completely shattered with a cracking sound.

His enormous body, which weighed half a ton, was also lifted up high and fell heavily on the ground. He collapsed in the ruins like a pile of mud.

When Meng Chao walked over to take a look, the pieces of the armor that had wrapped around the bull-headed warrior's legs had already collapsed, leaving the unconscious "Master" who had completely lost his combat ability.

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that it was best not to upgrade the totem armor directly on the battlefield, because totem armor fusion involved a lot of risks and time.

If one was careless and the ancestral spirit backfired, it would be easy to be beaten passively.

It was just like how pythons would become lazy and stupid after swallowing large prey. They would have to find a place to hide and slowly digest and absorb it.

However, if they only swallowed small fish, prawns, frogs, and toads, of course, it would not matter.

Totem armors also had pros and cons.

These clan warriors who gathered next to the slums were only “Team level powerhouses” between second and third-rate.

According to the standards of Dragon City, they were merely superhumans in the Earth Realm who had not even reached the three-star level.

Among them, there were not even half of the powerhouses who could gather a complete set of totem armor.

It was easy to imagine what kind of quality the armor fragments attached to their bodies could be.

Although Meng Chao had just recovered the battle strength of peak Earth Realm...

He had the battle consciousness of someone at the peak of Heaven Realm.

Furthermore, he had been tempered by the flames of the apocalypse, and his mental toughness was comparable to that of a god-level powerhouse.

In addition, he had already seen through the tricks played by the totem battle armor operating system.

Fusing with the lowest level of battle armor fragments was naturally not a problem.

Thus, the brand new battle armor fragments evenly covered his legs.

It made his strong and powerful legs, which were like rocket propellers, appear even thicker, and filled with explosive power.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Heavy footsteps came from behind him.

There was also an unusually sharp whistle.

It was a giant wild boar warrior who was more than four meters tall and had part of the barbarian elephant bloodline.

He was waving a meteor hammer that was nearly half a meter in diameter and covered in spikes.

He did not see Meng Chao defeating the Minotaur warrior.

However, he saw the highly abstract Minotaur pattern on Meng Chao’s chest.

Of course, other than the two horns that shot up into the sky, the current Minotaur pattern didn’t seem to be too closely related to the Minotaur Man.

The problem was that the relationship between this pattern and the wild boar man seemed to be even more distant.

After all, the bull had horns, and the wild boar man was famous for its powerful fangs.

Thus, the huge wild boar warrior immediately treated Meng Chao as an enemy. The meteor hammer tore through the dust, setting off a destructive storm, and smashed down on Meng Chao’s head.

In Meng Chao’s field of vision, the cuneiform characters instantly exploded like a broken kaleidoscope.

In response to the meteor hammer, he quickly calculated the constantly changing speed, angle, accuracy and strength of the attack.

Of course, even without the assistance of the totem armor, Meng Chao had more than ten ways to dodge the meteor hammer that was “as slow as a snail” in his eyes.

However, he still chose not to dodge. He crossed his arms and received the opponent’s attack head-on.

“Next, I have to test the defensive power of the totem armor!”

Boom!

The powerful meteor hammer struck the point where Meng Chao’s arms crossed.

Meng Chao felt as if a rocket launcher was aimed at his face at such a close distance.

Both of his arms suddenly felt a sharp pain.

His ten fingers were somewhat numb, and he could barely hold on to anything.

His shoulder blades were also burning, as if someone had inserted more than a dozen red-hot steel needles into the gaps between his bones.

In order to maintain his position, his spine was under extreme pressure, and it emitted an explosive “ka ka ka” sound.

However, after a few seconds, the intense pain and discomfort greatly subsided.

He moved his fingers. No matter if it was the muscle fibers, blood vessels, tendons, or the neural network, they were still unimpeded and were not affected by the heavy blow.

The price was that a large number of scarlet cuneiform words jumped out in front of him, flashing and flashing, warning him.

In the visual field, the lifelike three-dimensional model of the totem battle armor, the arm armor, had also turned into a dark red color that represented danger. Behind many numbers, there were downward arrows.

Behind them, there was a series of flashing numbers. Every time they flashed, the numbers would shrink a little.

It was like a countdown.

Meng Chao pondered for a moment. This was probably to remind him that after the gauntlet was heavily damaged, it had suffered damage and its performance had temporarily decreased. It needed a certain amount of time to repair itself automatically.

Of course, according to the principle of conservation of mass and energy, repairing the totem armor required a large amount of spiritual energy.

Meng Chao felt that the high-energy candy he had just swallowed from the energy secret medicine had been almost completely consumed in an instant.

He was now confident.

“This wild boar warrior’s meteor hammer attack is roughly equivalent to Dragon City’s mass-produced rocket launchers. At a distance of about fifty meters, the effect of hitting the target.

“The low-level totem armor worn by ordinary clan warriors should be able to withstand the direct hit of one or two rocket launchers.

“However, it will take a certain amount of time to repair itself and consume a large amount of spiritual energy.

“This means that totem armors are not immune to the attacks of rocket launchers and other heavy weapons.

“There will not be a situation where a low-level warrior wearing totem armors will be able to enter the flood of steel in Dragon City as if no one was there.

“By the same logic, even without rocket launchers, as long as there are enough heavy machine guns, grenades, and even semi-automatic rifles to form a dense bullet curtain, a high-level orc wearing totem armors can still be exhausted to death.”

This was very important.

It was not only related to how to form an effective balance between the Earthlings and high-level orcs.

It was also related to whether the Dragon City civilization could open Picturesque Orchid Lake’s blue ocean market with bazookas, grenades, grenade launchers, and semi-automatic rifles.

If a single hot weapon could not break through the defense of the totem armor at all.

How could it be sold?

Now it seemed that although there were a lot of mysteries on the totem armor that could not be solved by Earth’s technological level for the time being...

At the very least, it was not some “divine weapon” that was invulnerable to swords and guns, and had unlimited ammunition and energy.

While Meng Chao thought about it, the wild boar warrior had already retrieved his meteor hammer, and he tried to fiercely hammer Meng Chao’s chest once again.

Meng Chao gritted his teeth. This time, he simply let go of his arms and directly used his breastplate to meet the blow.

Bang!

The fierce collision between the meteor hammer and the breastplate actually created a dazzling fireball. The breastplate, together with the ox head pattern, was so deep that it could be seen with the naked eye. Even Meng Chao’s breastplate was deeply sunken, accompanied by the cracking sounds of his breastplate, faint signs of cracking appeared. It was as if his heart had been heavily pinched by an invisible giant hand. The pain was so painful that he almost could not breathe.

However, such a test was necessary.

At least, Meng Chao now knew how much damage the most ordinary totem armor could withstand.

Moreover, while the totem armor crazily absorbed spiritual energy from his body to repair the breastplate, it also injected a mysterious power into his cerebral cortex through his spinal cord and central nerves.

Meng Chao suddenly felt a clear spring gushing out of his brain.

The spring water turned into a sweet and refreshing stream and flowed into his internal organs, limbs, and bones, especially his arms and chest, which had been hit repeatedly.

The wound that was still painful to the bone a moment ago actually transmitted a weird... refreshing feeling with the "stream"?

"Is this... dopamine, norepinephrine, endorphins, and oxytocin?"

Meng Chao diverted 10% of his attention to deal with the wild boar warrior's frenzied attack.

The remaining 90% of his attention was focused on analyzing the subtle changes in his body, mainly in the cerebral cortex and nervous system.

He discovered that under the stimulation of the totem armor, his body was crazily secreting all kinds of "happiness hormones."

Whether it was dopamine, norepinephrine, endorphins, or men and women all secreted, the oxytocin known as pituitrin could maintain the normal physiological activities of the human body, it allowed people to maintain a sense of comfort, pleasure, and euphoria.

Therefore, it was collectively known as the "happiness hormone."

Under normal circumstances, the happiness hormone could help people resist the effects of pain and maintain a positive mental state. It was an essential and important hormone for the human body.

However, if it was over-secreted, it was possible to destroy the normal stimulation and restraint mechanisms of the human body on the happiness hormone, raising the threshold of the happiness stimulation continuously, and causing people to sink into long-term depression, depression, and pain.

This was so-called withdrawal reaction, or "addiction."

When superhuman individuals were training, because spirit energy stimulated the central nervous system and endocrine system, they would often secrete ten times more happiness hormone than ordinary people. They would feel a hundred times more intense pleasure than anything in the secular world.

Before the people of Earth built the theoretical edifice of spirit energy training, many extraordinary individuals did not know how to control the excessive secretion of happiness hormone.

They were addicted to the hundred-fold pleasure brought by cultivation. The more they cultivated, the crazier they became. They gradually embarked on the path of madness and inhumanity, from "superhuman individuals" to "lost individuals."

Apart from the expansion of ambition, the lack of order, and the ancient ruins' summon, the Blood union in the past committed the heinous crimes, and the loss of control of dopamine and endorphins was also an important reason.

Fortunately, with the constant exploration of pioneers such as Lei Zongchao, the Battle God, mankind finally realized the problem of addiction in cultivation and developed various physical and psychological therapies, they included secret spiritual techniques that suppressed the excessive secretion of the happiness hormone to control their thirst for endless pleasure.

However, Meng Chao discovered that the totem armor that was equipped with advanced technology had no intention of suppressing the high secretion of the happiness hormone.

Instead, it was stimulating his body to release an endless and unrestrained flow of "happiness" that was beyond the limit!

### **Chapter 1007: Let Me Bear This Danger!**

Of course, this did not mean that the totem armor was harboring evil intentions, deliberately disrupting Meng Chao's self-restraint mechanism against dopamine and endorphins.

It could only be said that it was a normal, even necessary treatment method.

After all, Meng Chao had just taken two heavy blows from the wild boar warrior.

According to the body strength of an ordinary clan warrior, even if he was not half-dead from the blow, he would at least be in a seriously injured state.

Not to mention, he could not even lift his arms, even his sternum was broken. Every time he breathed, he would feel the pain of his heart being torn apart.

Under such circumstances, stimulating his body and releasing an excessive amount of happiness hormones could not only help him alleviate the pain and keep calm, but also stimulate his body and release more strength than his limit. Only then could he escape death.

It was just like how the military doctors of Earth's army would inject morphine into the severely wounded when they temporarily lacked medical conditions.

Saving lives was the most important thing. As for whether he would become addicted to it or not, that was a question that had to be considered after he survived.

"Therefore, the totem armor carries a very advanced medical system that can stimulate the master's central nervous system and endocrine system, releasing excessive amounts of happiness hormones to help the master relieve pain and heal his wounds?"

"However, it seems that the Turan civilization does not have any secret spiritual arts that can suppress the secretion of happiness hormones and maintain the normal threshold.

"As a result, when a warrior of the clan puts on the totem armors and keeps fighting and stimulates excessive dopamine and endorphins in the battle, not only will he not feel the pain, he will even be able to derive pleasure from the pain. He will gradually indulge in the pleasure and be unable to extricate himself.

“It will only take three to five battles. No, if the dosage is high enough, after one battle, he will become... addicted to fighting!”

Just like the wild boar warrior in front of him.

Meng Chao noticed that because of the wild boar warrior's crazy attacks, every muscle in his body was trembling at a high speed. White smoke was gradually rising from his thick hair.

It was like an overloaded killing machine.

His small red eyes were emitting a turbid light, and he was panting in excitement deep down his throat. His expression was half ferocious and half crazy.

Every time the meteor hammer struck, his facial features would twitch violently, and his eyes would turn crazier and crazier.

It was as if he was not interested in winning or losing, or even life and death. He was just addicted to the battle itself.

Meng Chao did not know if the wild boar warrior's field of vision had similar information streams and sound, light, and electricity effects like his.

If every time the meteor hammer hit the target, there would be golden, shining cuneiform words surrounded by electric arcs that jumped out from the wild boar warrior's eyes, jumping and flashing crazily.

If the operating system of the totem armor would transform into the wild boar warrior's most worshipped ancestor, or the most beloved female warrior, cheering for him, encouraging him to fight bravely against the enemy and continue to level up.

Would it be that every gully in his cerebral cortex had long been filled with boiling dopamine and endorphins, so much so that in his life, there was only killing, conquering, and destruction, and anything else... could not arouse his interest at all.

So, was it the wild boar warrior who was controlling the totem armor in the battle, or was the totem armor firmly controlling the wild boar warrior?

Meng Chao sighed in his heart.

It should be the end of this battle.

His figure flashed, and his speed suddenly increased by five times. Like a ghost, he evaded the meteor hammer's attack again. Using only the tip of his left foot, he lightly tapped on the spike of the meteor hammer, standing in front of the wild boar warrior.

The wild boar warrior had successfully struck several times in a row. He thought that this “weak” short guy in front of him would turn into meat paste the next time the hammer hit him.

He had not expected that the meteor hammer would be stepped on by Meng Chao and fall into the ruins. He could not help but be shocked and angry.

He growled and tried to retrieve the meteor hammer.

The chain instantly straightened up.

He had not expected that Meng Chao, who was walking on the straight chain as if he was walking on flat ground, would suddenly fly from the meteor hammer to the front of the wild boar warrior.

With a light tap of the tip of his foot, a flexible but persistent force surged into the chain.

The chain immediately changed its direction and curled up like a python that had been electrocuted.

The meteor hammer lost control and smashed fiercely towards the wild boar warrior's own face.

The wild boar warrior turned pale with fright and hurriedly hid his head to dodge.

Meng Chao took the opportunity to hook with both his feet, and with a flick, he hooked more than half of the chain into his hand.

His entire body flew like an eagle, flying over the wild boar warrior's head and behind this huge monster.

"Bang! Bang!"

Meng Chao's iron knee landed heavily on the lower part of the wild boar warrior's neck, in the middle of its back.

The wild boar warrior felt the pain, and its head, which had just shrunk in, could not help but stick out.

Meng Chao took the opportunity to wrap the chain around its neck and cross it behind its back. It spun a few times like a crocodile's death before it exerted its strength.

The chains immediately sank deep into the wild boar warrior's neck.

The wild boar warrior's eyeballs bulged, and the blood vessels in them were broken.

He struggled desperately, but because of the lack of oxygen and panic, his strength was leaking out crazily. He was completely unable to contend with the strength of the archaic vicious beast contained in Meng Chao's seemingly skinny body.

He barely pulled out the battle saber that was hanging diagonally at his waist and stabbed randomly behind him, trying to stab Meng Chao.

However, his broad body, which was like an iron wall, created an obstacle for his attack.

Meng Chao hid in the middle of his back. Between the two bulging muscles, he was in a blind spot. Unless a wild boar warrior had the bloodline of an octopus or a squid, which could turn both arms into jointless arms, then his tentacles could bend at 360 degrees at will. Otherwise, it was impossible to be stabbed.

At this moment, dopamine and endorphins were still being secreted in Meng Chao's body.

The system assistant that appeared in the form of "Lu Siya" blinked its scarlet eyes, and its green hair danced crazily like a venomous snake. It twisted its soul-stirring body and cheered for Meng Chao, it encouraged him to show no mercy. With a little more strength, it could completely kill the wild boar warrior.



Little did he know that Meng Chao had molded the appearance of the system assistant into the appearance of demoness, “Lu Siya” in order to remind himself at all times that he must not be bewitched by the totem armor, he was addicted to the pleasure of killing and gradually became a slave of killing intent.

It was the humans who controlled the weapons.

It was not the weapons that controlled the humans.

Outside Dragon City, in order to achieve his goal, Meng Chao did not mind killing.

However, just as he said to Leaf, he did not like to be controlled by killing intent or any power to carry out unnecessary killing.

Plus, he would not treat killing as the only solution.

“Lie down!”

Meng Chao growled and suddenly exerted strength with his legs. He twisted his waist and pushed. Using his shoulder as a fulcrum, he actually lifted the four-meter-tall wild boar warrior and threw it over his shoulder.

Boom!

The wild boar warrior smashed into the depths of the ruins.

The ruins that had just collapsed once collapsed twice.

His hands and feet were bent in the direction of his joints in a strange way.

White foam spurted out of his big, bloody mouth with protruding fangs.

His bulging eyeballs gradually shrank back. His eyes, which were originally emitting a turbid light, were somewhat unfocused. It was as if his fragile brain was still bumping back and forth in the hard skull, falling into a serious state of concussion.

Fortunately, his chest was still rising and falling slightly.

Meng Chao loosened the chains and a large amount of oxygen rushed into his lungs through his pig nose, making the thick and strong advanced orcs’s heart, which was bigger than a watermelon, beat again with a “bang bang.”

“Believe me, for you and most of the advanced orcs, the totem armor is too dangerous. Such advanced black-tech personal equipment, you guys, who have long degenerated to the era of the clan, can’t grasp it at all!”

Meng Chao said to the wild boar warrior who was foaming at the mouth and had fallen into a coma, “Let me take the risk on your behalf!”

Crack! Rip!

He tore off the wild boar warrior’s armor.

At this time, the smoke and dust around the pit gradually dispersed, and the vision of the clan warriors became clear again.

Meng Chao had already stripped the three clan warriors who had been knocked down one after another. Not to mention the totem armor, he did not even let go of the scraps of high-energy food that they carried with them.

Then, before the last speck of dust settled, he escaped into the slums.

At this moment, all the rat subjects had already escaped from the slums.

The fierce battle between the clan warriors had also entered a white-hot state.

Everyone's eyes were bloodshot. They were covered by fresh blood, leaving only two small holes in their eyes. They could only see the opponent in front of them. They did not expect that there was a third party lurking in the darkness.

It was a good opportunity for Meng Chao to take advantage of the situation and fish in troubled waters. He then pounced on the seven clan warriors, dragged them into a corner, and did whatever he wanted.

It must be known that not all clan warriors were qualified to equip totem armor.

For the vassal families that came from the region, to be able to equip half-body armor, even if it was just a heart protection mirror or a shoulder shield, was already quite a powerful character.

Meng Chao attacked ten totem warriors consecutively.

Finally, the two sides in the melee realized that something was wrong.

However, they did not think in terms of when "the snipe and clam fight, the fisherman gains the benefit."

They thought that the other party had invited a ruthless and unscrupulous expert.

Seeing that if the fight continued, the remaining totem warriors on their side would be stripped clean.

Both sides finally broke free from the crazy stimulations of dopamine and endorphins.

They entered the traditional vicious speech segment, swearing away from contact and retreating from the battlefield.

Meng Chao did not pursue.

He was already quite satisfied with the first real combat test of the totem armor.

The fragments of the armor from the ten totem warriors were enough to piece together a fully enclosed armor that covered every inch of the body.

It also helped him figure out a lot of information about the totem armor.

First, Meng Chao denied his initial speculation that the totem armor was a kind of biological liquid metal.

The totem armor was not metal.

It was impossible for the metal to be light as if it had no mass.

It was also impossible to change the density and volume so drastically.

### **Chapter 1008: Starting the Reverse Engineering**

Meng Chao took down ten totem warriors' armor fragments in total.

Even though many of them only had half a chest plate or a set of arm plate...

Considering that advanced orcs were generally larger than Earthlings, just the four-meter-tall wild boar warrior's armor fragments were enough to cover Meng Chao from head to toe.

However, Meng Chao only managed to cover his last toe after absorbing the armor fragments from ten totem warriors in a row.

This meant that during the fusion process, the size and density of the totem armor fragments had undergone an astonishing change — they had shrunk significantly.

Such a degree of shrinking was not something that could be explained by molecular compression.

It might even involve the change of the spherical energy layer of the atom.

Meng Chao did not feel "heavy" at all after absorbing so many pieces of the battle armor into his body.

He only felt that his body was like a giant beast that was starving. Its thirst for high-energy nutrients and cultivation resources was ten times stronger than before.

This made him suspect that totem armor was not just a kind of "Metal". Perhaps, it was even in the category of pure "Material".

Secondly, every time Meng Chao absorbed a piece of armor fragment, a new stream of data would flow into his brain.

It was all the battle experience attached to this piece of armor fragment.

Of course, there was also the "System assistant" or "Artificial intelligence" that had transformed into the appearance of the previous owner.

It seemed that as more and more pieces of the battle armor fused together, the system assistant that assisted the owner in controlling the totem battle armor also became smarter and stronger.

Not only did the cuneiform characters appear in Meng Chao's vision more and more, the frequency of the light flashing also became faster and faster. It seemed to be able to help Meng Chao control every data within a hundred meters, including the trajectory of the dust.

And when Meng Chao used the undead technique to deliberately reduce the flow of blood to his brain and the oxygen content in his blood, entering a 'semi-unconscious state' and relaxing his control over his body.., the totem armor would also stimulate his nerve endings and muscle fibers, allowing him to 'instinctively react', dodging the enemy's attacks, and even performing a series of gorgeous totem combat skills.

This meant that as long as the owner was equipped with the totem armor, even if the owner was seriously injured and unconscious, there was still a certain chance of winning the battle in the “Unmanned” state, or at least leaving the battlefield.

Such artificial intelligence technology was ten times more powerful than the drone cluster attack of Dragon City and the automatic patrol technology of the “Thinking tank” that carried the monster’s brain.

Of course, any AI system was a double-edged sword.

Especially when applied to powerful war machines.

Handing over a large number of combat tasks to the AI meant that the master’s control over the totem armor was constantly declining.

The totem armor might take matters into its own hands, maxing out the acousto-optic special effects during fierce battles and stimulating the master’s brain to secrete excessive dopamine and endorphins.

Regardless of whether the totem armors had good intentions or not, it would cause their owners to become addicted to battle, treating battle as the only meaningful thing in their lives.

The more battle armor fragments fused, the stronger the totem armors would be, and this problem would become more serious.

What Meng Chao had absorbed today was only the lowest level of battle armor fragments. Even if it enveloped his entire body, the artificial intelligence contained within would not be able to contend against his will that had undergone the tempering of the apocalypse.

By silently operating the secret technique of his mind, he could easily break down the excessive dopamine and endorphins and maintain his demand for happiness hormones within a reasonable threshold.

However, Meng Chao was not sure what would happen if he absorbed Ice Storm’s Mithril Ripper.

The mithril Ripper was far from the most powerful totem armor of the Turan civilization.

Whether it was the Blood Hoof Clan’s Lava Fury, or the Gold Clan’s ancient armor that had been passed down for millions of years...

The artificial intelligence that contained the combat experience of hundreds of masters would not easily recognize a new master from outside of the Turan civilization.

“Was it because of this reason that the people of Dragon City in my previous life did not conduct in-depth research on the totem armor and even tried to reverse engineer it?”

Meng Chao muttered to himself.

He didn’t find any information about the “Shanzhai” totem armors of Dragon City in his previous life in the memory fragments.

Logically speaking, the dragon city civilization and the Turan civilization in his previous life were allies who fought side by side.

It was another matter if they were pigs or not. At least until the end of time, neither side had shed all pretense of cordiality and betrayed each other.

Then, it was normal for them to exchange cultivation systems and war technology, learn from each other's strengths and learn from each other's weaknesses?

High-level beastmen did not have a strong concept of secrecy.

Meng Chao did not believe that the high-level officials of dragon city in his previous life could not even get the most ordinary totem armor.

As long as they could get a totem armor, the scientists and archaeologists of Dragon City should be able to pry into the secrets of the Tulan civilization and realize the power of this "Ultimate single-soldier equipment."

But why didn't the people of Dragon City in his previous life equip totem armor on a large scale?

After thinking about it, there were probably three reasons.

First, it was too difficult to win the monster war in his previous life. In the long and bloody war, not only did the strong fall one after another, a large number of scientists, archaeologists, weapons r & D engineers... were also assassinated by the monster civilization, including all the scientific research units and laboratories of Dragon City, which were all targeted by the monster civilization.

Therefore, when the Dragon City civilization in the previous life encountered the Tulan civilization, their scientific research and "Reverse engineering" abilities were far from what they were today, the "New Dragon City", which had completely inherited the "Monster Legacy".

Secondly, there was no time.

The Monster War in the previous life would continue for another two to three years. When the people of Dragon City finally fought their way out of Monster Mountain Range, the ultimate war that swept through the other world was already in full swing.

Being forced to jump from one whirlpool to another, which was even bigger and more terrifying, most of dragon city's resources, including the smartest brain in the entire civilization, would be directly thrown into the war, it was impossible to waste it on the "reverse engineering" that was far away.

The third, and perhaps the most important reason, was that.

It was because the operating system on the totem armor was too strange. The problem of "Battle addiction" seemed to be unsolvable. Large-scale equipment on the totem armor would only get a bunch of crazy people who were addicted to battle, that was why the decision-makers of Dragon City were deterred, right?

After all, the Dragon City civilization, which had just been involved in the war between worlds, seemed to be in a good situation by relying on the flood of steel.

There was no need to place the hope of victory on the totem armor.

When the higher-ups of dragon city realized that it was "Very necessary".

However, it was too late for them to crack and copy it.

Learning from the experience of my previous life, I must crack the mysteries of the totem armor. It would be best if I could replicate and install the totem armor on a large scale. Only then could I make an explosive breakthrough in the combat ability of Dragon City civilization in the shortest time

Of course, Meng Chao knew the danger of the 'double-edged sword'.

Even he himself could not guarantee that in the increasingly intense, crazier, and crueler battles, he would never lose himself in the pleasure of killing, conquering, and destroying and become a puppet of the totem armor.

But..

Compared to the arrival of the apocalypse, the destruction of Dragon City, and the tens of millions of earthlings struggling, screaming, burning, suffering, and being reduced to ashes in the raging flames,

Being controlled by the totem armor and turning into a bloodthirsty war maniac was really too insignificant a risk.

"If I want to escape from death before the arrival of the apocalypse, there is no safe and secure way. Any action is a risk, and any choice has to pay a price.

"Just these totem armors of the lowest level are far from enough for me to punch out a fist that can change the future. I still have to devour more and stronger totem armors and subdue the ferocious souls contained within them — those battle data and artificial intelligence that have been passed down for thousands of years!"

Meng Chao roared in his heart.

According to the method that Ice Storm and Big Buck had told him about, he had to adjust the vibration frequency of the life magnetic field and stimulate the cerebral cortex with spiritual energy, releasing a special brainwave that made the totem armors as hard as iron... he recovered the softness of the liquid metal and absorbed it into his body through the 36,000 pores.

He watched as the last round, mercury-like liquid metal seeped into his palm from his palm.

No matter how hard he shook his palm and stretched his fingers, he could not feel any hindrance.

Meng Chao clicked his tongue in amazement. He was more and more interested in the Turan ancestors who had developed such a divine weapon.

However, now was not the time for archaeology.

Before More Clan Warriors arrived, he circled the slums.

He had wanted to ask a few adult rat subjects about the situation.

But after the fierce battle just now, all the rat subjects had fled, hiding in some unknown corner.

He could only put on the mask again, put on the hood cloak, and turn back to look for the four children he had saved previously.

Fortunately, the four children stayed obediently in the corner he had ordered.

Perhaps they had nowhere to go after their homes and temporary homes had been destroyed one after another?

Looking at the children in shabby clothes and their faces filled with panic and confusion, Meng Chao Sighed in his heart.

The deeper he went into tulanze, the more he felt that the civilization that occupied this place was so deformed.

Yes, it was not “Backward”, but “Deformed”.

Just like the ugly monsters created in the genetic laboratory.

It was ten times more deformed than the dragon city civilization that had just transmigrated to another world during the Blood Alliance era.

Those adult clan warriors who were equipped with totem armor might have become incurable killing machines.

But what should these children do?

Meng Chao originally wanted to save the children of Bright Shell Village from Black-corner City.

It could be considered as repaying them for saving his life.

But these rat children who looked like the people of Earth in front of him made him hesitate.

Especially when he thought of the Dragon City civilization in his previous life, which treated all the foreign races, old, weak, women, and children as ants and grass, mercilessly crushing them. In the end, he could not avoid the humiliation of destruction.

Moreover, even if he could save the rat children of Bright Shell Village from Black-corner City, what would happen then?

Big Buck was right.

Right now, Black-corner City was the only place within a hundred miles that had sufficient food, strong city walls, and houses that could shelter them from the wind and rain and resist totem beasts.

If he took the children out of black-corner city and threw them into the wilderness, they would still be doomed.

But Meng Chao couldn't sneak into Red Gold City with a large group of rat children and make a big fuss, could he?

Meng Chao didn't know how to properly rescue and resettle his savior.

He could only squat down and check on the four children to calm them down.

**Chapter 1009: The Big-Horned Rat God**

Since Meng Chao had just saved them and they were similar in size to him, they did not feel as strong as the Turan or the wild boar man. The four children's emotions were still relatively stable.

However, Meng Chao realized that the children had not finished the high-energy food he had given them. Each of them had left a small portion.

They could not even speak clearly, even the youngest children were the same.

"We, we want to leave some for Fishbone and the others to eat."

The child with the colorful conch pendant hanging around his neck stammered, as if he was afraid that Meng Chao would take back the cheese and sugar cubes.

Meng Chao thought for a moment and simply took off a leather pouch from his waist. He took out a large piece of high-energy food that was mixed with honey and condensed milk and compressed into milk bricks. He crushed it in his palm and then subdivided the fragments into a few pieces of leaves, he sent them into the arms of the children.

This was one of the spoils of war that he had just looted from the ten unlucky totem warriors.

It was always a very pleasant thing to be generous to others.

The four children were all dumbfounded.

They had never met someone who treated them so well for no reason.

"Sir, you..."

The older child, who was wearing a colorful locket, pinched his chest a few times. The hard milk bricks that were wrapped in leaves were still there.

This made him muster up the courage to secretly observe Meng Chao for a long time. He carefully asked Meng Chao, "Are you an emissary sent by the Rat God?"

"Rat God?"

Meng Chao's heart moved.

In the memory fragments of his previous life, countless glistening streams of information were crazily churning in his mind.

He raised his eyebrows and asked, "You also know about the Rat God?"

As soon as the word "Rat god" came out, the eyes of the four rat children lit up.

"He's really, really the messenger of the Rat God!"

"No wonder he saved us!"

"Uncle and the others didn't lie. The messenger of the Rat God really came to save us!"

They hugged each other and wept with joy.

Then, they circled around Meng Chao and sang a strange song:



“The bravest big-horned rat!”

“The most powerful big-horned rat!”

“The most powerful big-horned rat!”

Meng Chao felt dizzy listening to this.

He could only stop with a bitter smile.

“Listen, children –”

Meng Chao rolled his eyes and said, “The Rat God will definitely save all the rat people, but it will not be easy to save all of you from black-corner city. Tell me, in black-corner city, OH, let’s say around you, are there many people who believe in the Rat God?”

The children did not doubt him and nodded repeatedly. “Yes, everyone believes that the Rat God will definitely descend to Tulanze and save all the Rat People!”

“It’s like this...”

Meng Chao was deep in thought. “Then, where did you hear about the Rat God?”

“It was the adults who said it!”

The children said, “When we drill into the deepest part of those dark, stinky pipes, we will be so smelly that we will be so dizzy that we will vomit our intestines out. The adults will comfort us and bear with it for a few more days. The emissaries of the Rat God will save all of us.

“Sometimes, the adults would gather together and talk about the Rat God. We didn’t really understand what they were talking about. All We knew was that the rat god was very powerful. No one in Tulanze or the land of Holy Light was his match. In this glorious era, the Rat God would definitely descend to the human world and lead all the rat people to seize the supreme glory. That must be it, right?”

The rat children looked at Meng Chao expectantly.

The words were a little awkward. It was obvious that they were not speaking their own language, but that they had heard it at a secret gathering of the adult rat population.

“Of course, the glory belongs to the big-horned rat, and the victory belongs to all the rat population.”

Meng Chao used a speech that the believers of the big-horned rat God often gave to dispel the last bit of wariness in the children. He continued to ask, “Then, which adult told you these truths?”

The children all shook their heads.

“We don’t know.”

They said, “The adults would only run to the deepest underground tunnel on the most tiring night to talk about the Rat God. When they did, they would wear masks on their faces.”

“I see. Thank you for telling me these things.”

Meng Chao smiled and nodded, encouraging the children to continue with their conversation with his eyes.

He asked a few more questions.

The high orcs of the clan era did not have a strong sense of secrecy.

The children who grew up in the rat village did not learn to hide their beliefs.

The warriors of the clan in this era did not take the primitive beliefs that were popular among the rat people seriously.

Therefore, Meng Chao quickly confirmed that there were a large number of believers of the Rat God in this slum, and even in the entire black-corner city.

Moreover, as the blood hoof army gradually took shape and plundered all the resources within a radius of hundreds of miles, countless old, weak, and disabled people died in silence around their burning homes, the Clan Warriors had also reached the limit of their oppression of the rat people.

The rat people, who were hundreds of times more numerous than the warriors, were like springs that had been compressed to the limit and were about to bounce back with the most powerful force.

This could be inferred from the children and the secret meetings of the adults that were becoming more and more frequent.

Meng Chao's original plan was to save the children of Cai Luo village.

He found that there was such a huge force hidden in black-corner city. It was like magma was ready to move and a volcano was about to erupt. His mind raced, and he felt that it was necessary to fine-tune his plan and even the ice storm.

He told the four children to hide the high-energy food scraps and continue hiding here for a while. When the adults showed up and order was restored, they would go out to find their partners.

He promised the children that he would come back.

Meng Chao disappeared into the darkness again and quietly left the slum.

He activated the undead spell and lowered his breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature to the limit.

He was like a thin shadow, sticking close to the wall and moving in the darkness.

He carefully avoided the clan warriors who were everywhere, controlled by dopamine and endorphins, and trapped in the whirlpool of killing. They fought like they were playing a video game.

He used his knife-like sharp eyes to examine the majestic city in front of him.

Just as he stepped out of the Bloody Skull Arena and looked down at Black Horn City, Meng Chao felt that it was unbelievable.

How could a barbaric civilization that was a clan warrior build such a supercity that could accommodate millions of people?

He waited until the true appearance of the Tulan civilization was gradually sketched out.

He saw the clan warriors smash the outer shell of the black building in a reckless battle, exposing large areas of broken walls under the mottled outer walls.

Only then did Meng Chao realize that the high-level orcs of today had not “Built” this city.

They had only “Inherited” the city and were like prodigals who “Sold their grandfathers’ fields without caring”, constantly destroying the city.

Black Horn City must have been ten times larger than it was today.

Meng Chao saw that the towering buildings that looked like palaces were only the ruins left behind by the Tulan civilization tens of millions of years ago after the high-rise buildings collapsed.

The reason why no traces of advanced civilization were found on these ruins, such as reinforced concrete and glass curtain walls.

It was only because the current high-level orcs had dug out a large amount of mud rich in minerals and trace elements from both sides of the Tulan River, moved it to black-corner city, and carefully smeared it on the ruined walls.

After being exposed to the scorching sun, a layer of black shell was pasted on the shattered ancient buildings.

At first glance, the black buildings looked like a series of undulating, row upon row of square and cube-shaped mountains.

The feeling of “Using the most primitive technology to build the most brilliant city” could often make people who did not understand the situation sigh with emotion and even worship it.

However, after figuring out that the current high-level orcs were only playing the role of prodigal and paperhanger, Meng Chao could not help but feel that it was both ridiculous and lamentable.

However, now was not the time to laugh at the high-level orcs.

As brothers who might fall into the abyss of destruction one after another, the people of Dragon City did not have the right to laugh at the high-level orcs.

Meng Chao soon peeled off the black sludge shell, revealing the ancient ruins of the building.

He focused all his attention and searched through the memory fragments of his previous life for any information related to the “Big-horned rat God.”.

Since ancient times, regardless of whether it was Earth or the other world, any race that was oppressed and had nowhere else to go would imagine a savior.

In the Tulan civilization, the rat people who had been oppressed by the Warriors of the clan for thousands of years also had their own gods that could bring ultimate salvation.

Of course, the Tulan civilization did not have the concept of gods. Instead, they strengthened the worship of their ancestors to the extreme.

Therefore, the “Rat God” that the rat people worshiped was not a real god. Instead, it was revered by all the rat people as their common ancestor spirit.

According to the old legend, thousands of years ago, in the war that caused all the rat people to bear the name of “Cowardice, inferiority, and humiliation”.

When the entire battle line that the rat people were responsible for completely collapsed, almost all the rat people fled.

The only exception was a rat warrior who was born with a strange appearance. His head was full of thick, long, crooked, and extremely sharp big horns. He went against the current and single-handedly resisted the enemy’s torrents.

The feat of this rat warrior naturally could not stop the collapse of the entire front line.

However, it lit up a glimmer of hope for the fate that the rat people and even the rat people were destined to mourn for thousands of years.

Many rat people firmly believed that they would use thousands of years to atone for the cowardice of their ancestors.

And after thousands of years of atonement, the heroic spirit of the brave and fearless big-horned rat warrior of the past would reappear in the human world and lead all the rat people to roam freely in Tulanze and even the land of Holy Light, to reclaim the glory that they had lost for thousands of years, to create the sixth largest clan outside the five major clans — the clan that belonged exclusively to all the rat people — gold, blood hoof, lightning, dark moon, and divine tree!

### **Chapter 1010: The Rise of the Wolf King**

The story of the big-horned rat had been passed down in Picturesque Orchid Lake for thousands of years, but it had never been taken seriously by the Warriors of the clan.

On the one hand, the Turan people paid attention to the worship of their ancestors. Even the lowest of the rat population did not come out from the cracks of a rock. It was normal for them to find a brave and fearless ancestor and put gold on their faces.

Even the high and mighty lords couldn’t deprive the slaves and cannon fodder of the right to daydream.

More importantly, the lords discovered that when the rat population believed in the existence of the Big-Horned Rat God, they were more able to grit their teeth and endure the torture and suffering of the modern world. As a result, the various clans were able to squeeze out more labor force and combat strength from these lowly, lowlifes.

After all, according to the faith of the Rat God, all the rat people must atone for the cowardice of their ancestors thousands of years ago.

When the atonement period is over, the bighorn rat will return to Turanze and lead them out of all their sufferings to establish their own clan.

In other words, for a devout rat believer, the only thing he should have done before the arrival of the Rat God was to settle for his humble status by the thousands-degree heat of the forge, on the arena that

was covered in layers of organs and blood, in the battlefield that was littered with corpses, he should just silently atone for his sins and quietly die.

The lower-class rat race believed that the existence of the Rat God was not a bad thing for the various clans that ruled Turan ze.

At least, it was not a bad thing for the Turan civilization that had alternated between “Prosperity” and “Glory” over the past thousands of years.

The problem was that after experiencing the longest era of prosperity in history, the number of rat subjects with terrifying reproductive abilities had also swelled to a point where the dumb brains of high-level orcs could not calculate it clearly.

Although the main cities of the major clans and the small and medium-sized towns where the vassal families were located had sent out conscription teams to the depths of the wilderness, combing the entire land of Tulan over and over again like combs made of steel.

But for the clan civilization that did not have reconnaissance satellites, drone surveillance, and modern surveying methods, it was obviously impossible to plunder the last rat citizen and the last mandala fruit hidden in the depths of the grasslands and forests, it was obviously impossible.

After the conscription teams burned, killed, and looted, the remains of the ruins.

In the most hidden rat village between the mountains and the rivers.

In the depths of the valleys and caves.

There were always fish that escaped the net.

And among the mouse people who had narrowly escaped but could not see the direction of tomorrow, whose every vein was filled with boundless anger.

New rumors spread like lightning and wildfire like viruses.

“The ten thousand years of atonement has come to an end!

“We have washed away the sins of our ancestors with the sweat, Blood, bones, and souls of ten thousand years!

“Our bloodline is no longer dirty. It is as holy as the bravest warriors!

“The Rat God heard our prayers and saw how we proved ourselves in ten thousand years that we are qualified to reclaim the glory of the Tulan people!

“Therefore, the Rat God has descended to the human world with a brand-new look. He is going to command all the rat people, sweep over the entire Tulan Swamp, establish the sixth clan, and become the chief of war. He will command all the warriors of Tulan, including the five major clans!”

The crazy words that sounded like a fool’s dream lit up the resistance that countless rat people had suppressed for tens of thousands of years.

They gathered all the primitive beliefs and folk stories together and gradually created a well-structured and enormous army — an army that belonged exclusively to the rat people.

Right now, the crazy words had not reached the ears of the nobles who had ruled Tulanze for generations.

Even if they heard a few words, the high and mighty lords would not take them to heart. They would only treat these crazy words as the funniest joke in the world.

The lowly rat people also wanted to climb onto the Lords' heads and become the supreme war chief?

Could it be that the heaven and earth could flip and the Earth could stand above the Sky?

Meng Chao knew that the contemptuous smiles of the clan warriors would not last long.

When they saw the mighty "Demon rat army," or the "Great horn rebel army," with the encouragement of their fanatical faith, they were ten times or even a hundred times larger, they attacked their battle formation repeatedly like moths to a flame.

Whether it was the most irritable wild boar warrior, the largest barbarian elephant warrior, or the lion tiger warrior with the sharpest fangs and claws.

Their ridicule would turn into cold sweat that flowed along the twitching facial muscles and onto the battlefield soaked in endless blood.

This was the 'Great Horn Riot'.

In his previous life, before the Dragon City civilization rushed out of the monster mountain range, the event that happened in Tulanze changed the entire pattern of the Otherworld and was also related to the survival of the Dragon City civilization.

Millions or even tens of millions of mouse people who couldn't bear it anymore rose up under the so-called "Call of the big horn rat god" and formed a rebel army known as the "Big Horn Army", they challenged the five big clans that had ruled Tulanze for tens of millions of years.

Although it was similar to the countless times that had happened on Earth and in the Otherworld since ancient times, the low-level uprisings that broke out relying on fanatical beliefs.

The 'Great Horn Rebellion' could not escape the fate of being spiraled up and destroyed. After turning Turan ze upside down, it was jointly suppressed by the five great clans.

However, this large-scale rat uprising still dealt a heavy blow to the ruler of Turan civilization and deeply shook the ruling foundation of the five great clans.

When Dragon City civilization fought their way out of the monster mountain range, the great horn army had already been completely suppressed.

As a result, there was not much information about the "Great horn rebellion" stored in Meng Chao's brain.

However, in the Dragon City of his previous life, even elementary school students knew that the "Great Horn Rebellion" led to the most direct and most serious consequences.

That was the rise of “Jackal”kanus.

“Jackal”kanus was also known as “Ghoul Dog, Wilderness Wolf, Netherworld Wolf, destroyer wolf, Doomsday Wolf”.

He was the first werewolf in the history of the Tulan civilization to sit on the supreme throne of the warchief.

He was also a war maniac in Meng Chao’s previous life, who was going to ignite the spark of the war between worlds in a year and a half.

If the citizens of Dragon City were divided into ‘ordinary citizens, elite citizens, special citizens, and heroic citizens’ according to the Tinder, it would be a perfect example.

To judge the heroes and heroes of the various civilizations in the other world.

“Hu Lang”kanus was definitely a “Heroic unit.”.

Even if Meng Chao ranked the “Top ten people who changed the world” according to the depth of the memory fragments in his previous life, “Hu Lang”kanus would still have the chance to make it into the top three.

Werewolves were a member of the golden clan.

However, their position in the golden clan was always lower than that of the lion-men and Tigermen.

Although werewolves had a strong reproductive ability and could mobilize the largest number of soldiers in the entire golden clan.

However, their individual combat strength was far inferior to that of the lion-men and Tigermen.

Such a fatal weakness had never appeared in their lives. At least, they had never revealed their ambition to seize the power of the golden clan and rule the entire Tulanze.

Instead, they obediently obeyed the orders of the Lion Man and the Tigerman, appearing as the leader’s most loyal pawns.

Kanus was not even the most powerful werewolf.

This could be seen from the word “Jackal” in his name.

Jackal was a canine beast that was not much bigger than hyenas.

Although it was ferocious and cunning, compared to other jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards, it was too small and thin. It made them face congenital deficiencies in fierce battles.

Most of the time, they had to rely on scavenging to survive.

This was also the origin of kanus’s early nickname, “Corpse-eating dog.”.

If it were a normal era of prosperity or the era of glory, a clan warrior like Kanus, who was born with innate deficiencies, would never have the slightest chance to steal Turanze’s hegemony.

However, the Great Horn Rebellion made a miracle that overturned the entire Otherworld happen.

When the great horn army had just risen, none of the clan rulers thought highly of these peasant rats.

It didn't matter if they were the lion men or the tigermen of the Gold clan.

It didn't matter if they were the Tauren or the wild boar men of the Bloody Hoof clan.

According to the old tradition, most of the soldiers were put into the ritual competition, the five clans.

They were trying to defeat their opponents in a fair battle and become the new war chief.

As for the ragtag group of rats, the laughable "Great Horn Army", they would let the Wolf Clan Army, which was equally large but relatively weak individually, deal with it.

In a sense, the rulers of the five clans were right about the great horn army.

Fanatical faith was not the same as powerful combat strength.

The rabble that could not stand it was just a rabble.

Although the rat population that had risen up had brought some trouble to the five clans with their terrifying numbers.

It forced the five clans to pour more war resources into the Wolf Clan Army time and time again.

"Jackal"kanus, who was in charge of the Wolf Clan Army, finally completed his mission and suppressed the mighty rat army.

However, the lion-men, Tigermen, and Tauren who had ruled Turanze for thousands of years did not expect that the Wolf Legion would expand into a terrifying existence that no one could control after they defeated and absorbed the remnants of the Rat Race Uprising army.

"Jackal"kanus, who was born with a lack of talent and did not have an impressive appearance, had ambitions that did not match his body size and was a crazy genius.

Meng Chao did not know exactly what had happened after the Wolf tribe Army, which had incorporated the rat people's uprising army, had entered the 'five races'War.

In short, when the Dragon City civilization in his previous life had rushed out of the monster mountain range and made contact with the Tulan civilization, the 'Jackal'Kanus had already firmly controlled crimson gold city and the Gold clan, he had defeated and even killed most of the opponents. With the body of a 'corpse-eating dog' that was born with a lack of talent, he had become the undefeatable war chief who had ruled over all the high-level orcs in the longest era of glory, he was the supreme king of Tulan.