

Oh My God 1011

Chapter 1011: Two Choices

“From Ghoul Dog to Turan King, how inspiring!”

In the depths of Meng Chao’s brain, there was a large amount of information about Jackal Kanus.

There was nothing he could do. As the man who had started the war between worlds in his previous life, whether he was regarded as a hero who had risen to challenge the old order, or the main culprit who had wreaked havoc on the entire world and ultimately led to the destruction of the Turan civilization and Dragon City civilization...

His sense of existence was too strong.

The Holy Light faction in his previous life called him the “Wilderness Wolf”, which meant that he brought disaster and destruction.

Wherever he passed by, whether it was originally a glorious city, lush forests, or the subterranean world with exquisite structure and intricate maze-like structure, they would all turn into ruins and devastation, it’s like a desert that’s been abandoned for thousands of years.

As for the chaos faction..

Well, the naturally rebellious, chaotic and liberal faction of chaos doesn’t have the habit of bragging about the leaders of its allies.

Moreover, “Wolf of the wasteland, Wolf of disaster, Wolf of the Netherworld, Wolf of the end” and other such nicknames that the Holy Light Camp had painstakingly come up with to defame “Jackal”kanus sounded, in the chaos camp, rather awe-inspiring.

It was as if the people of Dragon City did not mind the holy light camp calling them “Otherworld catastrophes.”.

They did not feel ashamed at all. Instead, they felt proud of themselves.

Speaking of which, whether it was the Holy Light Camp or the chaos camp in his previous life, they had to admit that “Jackal”Kanus was a very evil genius.

Although he was a madman who had provoked a war between worlds.

However, in his crazy brain, when he was not so crazy, he could shine with a radiance that no other champion in the chaos faction could shine with for tens of millions of years.

To be more precise, before “Jackal”kanus ascended to the throne of war chief, the Otherworld continent did not have the concept of the “Chaos faction”.

There was only the “Chaos Race”.

Even the chaos race was a concept that was constructed by the Holy Light faction.

It was used to describe the unruly and unruly races who lived around the continent of another world. They refused to listen to the teachings of the Holy Light, and they were even more unwilling to sacrifice their flesh and soul to the Holy Light.

For example, the orcs, ogres, Blood Elves, undead race, Abyss Demons, and so on. Later, there was also the "Alien catastrophe" from Earth, the people of Dragon City.

These chaotic races did not have the self-awareness to gather under the same battle flag and start a war against the Holy Light Camp.

Until the appearance of "Jackal"kanus.

The rise of this "Corpse-eating dog" or "Wilderness Wolf" was a mixed blessing for the Dragon City civilization in the previous life.

On the positive side, because this "Corpse-eating dog" did not "Seize" the throne of King Turan, but used some unknown means to "Steal" the highest power of Turan ZE.

And in the past tens of millions of years, the werewolves had never led the entire Tulan civilization.

Therefore, the foundation of his rule was not stable.

When faced with the deep-rooted military nobles among the lion-men, Tigermen, Tauren, and even wild boar-men, he had to rely on the help of external forces to be able to balance the veteran nobles such as the bloody hoof family.

This was why, in his previous life, Dragon City fought so fiercely at the end of the Monster War and stepped out of the monster mountain range in a greatly weakened state. Even a blind man could see the weakness of Dragon City, but it was still the first time..., received the warmest welcome from "Jackal"kanus.

Each Other's dragon city civilization, has not been covered in wounds of blood lapping clean.

The so-called "Iron Torrent", but also by the dying of the monster civilization counterattacks, rushed to pieces, there is no later "Alien natural disaster" awe-inspiring.

It is reasonable to say that the high orcs, who are rebellious and worship the strong, are hard to look at.

But for "Jackal"kanus, the people of Dragon City might be more reliable than the veteran nobles such as the Lion Man, Tigerman, Tauren, and wild boar man. After all, the people of Dragon City could not compete with him for the throne of "Chief of war, King of Tulan"!

Therefore, "Jackal"kanus opened his arms and warmly and sincerely welcomed the arrival of his friends on Earth.

He was talking and laughing with the top management of the nine Big Enterprises.

And from the werewolf legends of the Earth era, he found evidence of the long-standing friendship between them.

He also very straightforwardly opened the vast market of Tulanze, ordering his dozen or so werewolf battle groups to all change into automatic rifles and rocket launchers from Dragon City.

Overnight, he became very friendly with the people from Earth.

During their honeymoon period, "Jackal"kanus generously provided dragon city with a large amount of resources, helping Dragon City to tide over the economic crisis and lack of resources after the tragic victory.

Apart from the earthlings, "Jackal"kanus also extended an olive branch to the various chaos races.

One had to know that the race distribution in the other world, including humans, dwarves, and elves belonging to the Holy Light faction, was located in the fertile land with abundant resources in the center of the continent.

The chaos faction was scattered in the barren mountains and rivers and vast deserts around the continent.

The lack of resources was one aspect.

More importantly, the geographical difficulties and obstacles were unattainable. It was destined that it would be difficult for the chaos races to join forces naturally.

In the history of the Otherworld Wars over the past tens of millions of years, it was not that the chaos races had never produced heroic figures with great talents and great strategies.

However, when these heroes raised their sabers towards the fertile land at the center of the Otherworld, the Holy Light faction would always be able to rely on the advantage of fighting on the inside, making it very convenient for them to obtain the help of their allies.

Meanwhile, due to the personality, geography, and social form of the chaos race, they had never thought that they would be able to find allies in other worlds that spanned across the entire continent.

Take the Tulan civilization as an example.

When the proud lion-men, Savage Tigermen, conceited Tauren, and irritable boar-men launched a 'War of Honor' against the land of Holy Light, they never thought that they could invite the undead in the vast desert, those skeleton soldiers who were 'scrawny and vulnerable' launched attacks at the same time as them, pincer attacks from the north and the south.

'Jackal'kanus, on the other hand, was different.

He was able to calmly accept the disgraceful nickname of 'corpse-eating dog'. He did not care about using any means to seize or steal the victory.

Long before he used both soft and hard tactics and established an alliance with the people of Earth to attack and defend.

He had secretly sent envoys to contact the chaos races scattered at the edge of the Otherworld continent.

Through secret military agreements, all the chaos races were bound together to become a 'chaos faction' that was equal to the Holy Light faction.

Only in this way could they start the 'Ultimate War' that would engulf the entire foreign land.

Meng Chao believed that no matter how the butterfly effect evolved, 'Jackal'kanus would still strongly need the dragon city people as his 'good friend', and he would not easily betray the alliance agreement.

The problem was that this guy was too dangerous.

To be able to form the first alliance of the chaos races in tens of millions of years, and to pose the most serious threat to the holy light faction in history, this was indeed a meritorious deed.

At the beginning of the war between worlds, when "Jackal"kanus led the Tulan army and broke into the core of the Holy Light faction through an incredible route with lightning-fast combat techniques, all the holy light races were greatly shocked, even the most devout believers began to waver, believing that the end had come. "Jackal"kanus was the messenger from the Netherworld, representing the god of death.

"The gods are dead!"

At that time, there were even people within the holy light camp who let out such heinous screams.

Unfortunately, the gods were not all dead in the end.

"Jackal"kanus was the same as the Dragon City civilization. None of them were able to escape the fate of being exterminated in the end.

In other words, he and the entire chaos camp, who were innately deficient, were unable to create a miracle in the end, even though they had unleashed 120% of their war potential.

They had smashed their heads against the iron wall formed by the old order that had ruled the Otherworld for tens of thousands of years, revealing many fatal flaws within.

At this time, "Jackal"kanus could no longer turn back.

If it was the lion-man, tiger-man, or Tauren who commanded the Tulan Army, the accumulated wealth of the noble families over tens of thousands of years was enough for them to withstand one, two, or even three times, the most disastrous failure.

But kanus, who was a werewolf, could not.

The only reason he was able to ascend the supreme throne was because he had convinced all the high orcs and even the chaos races that he could bring them a great victory that was unprecedented.

One failure meant eternal damnation.

Not only him, but the entire werewolf race could be crushed into pieces.

Faced with the various forces of the Tulan civilization that were ready to stir up trouble, he could only march forward and silence those who doubted him with one victory after another.

He also used the spoils of war to barely maintain the overloaded war machine and fill the stomachs of his so-called 'allies' that could never be filled.

In the end, he, the Wolf clan, the Tulan civilization, and the entire chaos camp, including the Dragon City civilization, all fell into eternal damnation.

Because of Meng Chao's hard work, the Dragon City civilization ended the monster war two or three years earlier than in his previous life with a great victory.

Well, actually, there wasn't a 100% chance of winning.

The remnants of the monster civilization were still lurking in the inner parts of Dragon City, even in the depths of the brain of some of the Dragon City's powerhouses.

For example, 'LÜ Siya'.

But according to the analysis from the memories of his previous life, as long as the remnants of the monster civilization were like the people of Dragon City and wanted to survive under the wrath of the gods, they wouldn't choose to come out and cause trouble at this time.

The current "Jackal"kanus had yet to rise up by suppressing the "Great Horn Rebellion".

However, Meng Chao was convinced that if he wanted to stir up the fate of destruction, "Jackal"kanus was the best fulcrum.

How to use this fulcrum was a very complicated matter.

Meng Chao had two choices.

Either he found "Jackal"kanus and tightly hugged the thighs of "Corpse-eating dog, Wilderness Wolf, disaster wolf, and Doomsday Wolf".

He believed that just like in his previous life, "Jackal"kanus desperately needed the help of his friends on Earth, using automatic rifles, rocket launchers, infantry tanks, and even main battle tanks to maintain his unstable rule.

But by doing so, he still couldn't solve the problem that "Jackal"kanus would start a war in another world, but he couldn't win or even end the war. He would only drag everyone down with him.

Or, find "Jackal"kanus.

Before he evolved into "King Tulan, Wilderness Wolf, disaster wolf, and Doomsday Wolf".

Kill him.

Although he did not have this guy who lit the fuse.

A war between worlds was still inevitable. It would erupt under the impetus of the irreconcilable conflicts that had accumulated for thousands of years.

But the eastern front might not necessarily fire the first shot and become a joint meat processing factory that devoured endless flesh and blood.

The Dragon City civilization could also have a longer time to develop in a wretched manner and perfectly digest the legacy of the monster civilization. From being a pawn of the chaos faction to becoming the ruler of the chaos faction, and finally, winning this damn war?

Chapter 1012: Ice Storm's Shock

Of course, whether it was hugging the future king of Turan, “Jackal” Kanus’ thigh, or pretending to hug his thigh then looking for an opportunity to kill him...

The prerequisite was to find him first.

Meng Chao had pushed back the timeline based on the memory fragments from his previous life. The current “Jackal” Kanus should still be the Wolf Clan’s leader in the Gold Clan’s main city, Red-gold City. He was supposedly waiting for the lion and tigerman powerhouses to be dispatched.

Hence, Meng Chao was in a hurry to head to Red-gold City.

However, thinking about it carefully, since “Jackal” Kanus was about to lead the Wolf Clan army and embark on a journey to suppress the Great Horn Rebellion...

Should he first contact the believers of the Big-horned Rat God, or even blend in with the Great Horn rebel army and wait for “Jackal” Kanus to come knocking on his door? It seemed to be a feasible option?

By the way, when analyzing the situation at Picturesque Orchid Lake and looking for potential partners in the Turan civilization, Meng Chao also placed his sights on the rat rebel army.

While Meng Chao was very sympathetic to the suffering of the rat people, including Leaf, who had been oppressed and ravaged for thousands of years...

He also agreed that the intolerable rat people had the natural right to rise up.

They were even willing to help other rat people like Leaf to kill the clan masters, who were riding on their necks to bully them.

However, the fighting strength of the rat people’s rebel army was truly too weak.

In ancient Earth’s history of war, such desperate situations were often encouraged by fanatical superstition. There was a lack of professional skills, as well as equipment, and there was no unified program and strict organization. Those who only wanted to rise up for a moment of pleasure would usually find it impossible to escape the fate of being destroyed.

The best outcome would also be to marry off their children.

The rebel army might destroy an old dynasty, but they did not have the ability to create a new world.

The final fruits of victory were often usurped by powerful officials, warlords, and ambitious people like “Jackal” Kanus.

The influence of individual combat strength on the entire civilization was far greater than that of the Other World on Earth.

Compared with the clan warriors, the combat strength of the rat militia was really weak.

Even if the number of the rebel rat militia was dozens of times more than the clan warriors, and they had the courage to march forward and face death with ease...

Before killing techniques and totem armor that had been passed down for tens of millions of years, the result of a moth flying into the fire would just be a moth flying into the fire.

Anyway, Meng Chao remembered that the Great Horn Rebellion in his previous life would be completely quelled by “Jackal” Kanus within one or two years.

The Big-horned Rat God could not possibly become the Picturesque Orchid Lake’s savior.

Naturally, that would not be able to help Meng Chao turn Dragon City’s fate around.

“In short, let’s find an opportunity to interact with the Big-horned Rat God’s followers and members of the rat people’s rebel army first. Let’s see if they have anything else that is worth cooperating over with other than fanatical faith and daydreams of becoming the sixth clan.”

Meng Chao made up his mind and returned to the Blood Skull Arena.

At that moment, the Blood Skull Arena was like a chaotic military camp with many clan warriors.

They had all been defeated by the gladiators from the Blood Skull Arena who belonged directly to Casanova Bloodhoof in the Game of the Brave. According to their promises and traditions, they joined the newly formed Blood Skull Battle Group, which consisted of those who swore allegiance to Casanova Bloodhoof.

However, after experiencing thrilling battles on the street, those who returned to the Blood Skull Arena to rest still seemed to be immersed in the extreme pleasure caused by excessive secretion of dopamine and endorphins.

They were either drinking and gambling in groups of three or five, or they had just swallowed a large amount of mandrake fruits and the flesh of totem beasts. So, the latter were probably meditating to regulate their breathing.

No one paid attention to Meng Chao, who had snuck in close to the wall.

As for the rat soldiers, besides Meng Chao, no one dared to seek death in the chaotic Game of the Brave.

They had all gathered in the Blood Skull Arena and were undergoing high-intensity training on their own, waiting for the final reorganization of the Blood Skull Legion.

When Meng Chao arrived at Ice Storm’s ace training field, the snow leopard warrior had already returned before him.

The Mithril Reaper had become sharper and sharper. The swirl-like patterns on its surface had become more detailed and gorgeous. Even its killing intent had become colder and more suffocating... Judging from the many changes, Ice Storm must have made a lot of gains in the Game of the Brave.

However, when their eyes met, ice storm was the one with an even more curious glow.

The snow leopard warrior gently waved her claws.

The door to the ace training ground automatically closed behind Meng Chao, latching shut.

A thick layer of ice quickly grew out.

It was like a completely sealed ice cave.

“How many totem armor fragments did you get?” Ice Storm asked impatiently.

Meng Chao pondered for a moment.

Since both sides still wanted to cooperate, he couldn't not tell his temporary ally a single card.

For advanced orcs who worshiped the strong, it was also very necessary to show a certain level of strength.

Besides, it was just a few low-level totem armor fragments, there was no need to hide it.

Regarding the secrets of T]totem armor, he still had many things he needed to ask ice storm for advice.

Thinking of this, Meng Chao folded his right index and middle fingers and gently pressed them against his glabella. Using a special brainwave, he activated the high-frequency oscillation of the life magnetic field and awakened the totem armor that was dormant in his body.

“Swoosh!”

A large amount of liquid metal-like substances were rapidly secreted from 36,000 pores. At a speed visible to the naked eye, they covered every inch of skin, including his fingers and toes, and solidified into a metallic luster, it was a gorgeous armor that had biological activity.

After fusing with a large number of fragments, the current totem armor completely lost the huge, heavy, and overbearing style that the blood hoof family had when they had just snatched it from Big Buck.

There was almost no sharp and abrupt parts on the dumb black armor. There were extremely smooth arcs everywhere, just like pieces of solidified black waves.

The ox-head relief sculpture on the breastplate was also highly abstracted to only a pair of scarlet eyes and two sharp horns.

If one had to say, there was something else that made people shudder on this totem armor, and that was the four curved sharp blades that extended out from the elbows and knees.

The four scimitars, which were as thin as cicada wings, were originally tightly stuck in the grooves where the armor was connected.

However, as long as Meng Chao bent his elbows and knees and exerted a little force, they would be able to bounce out like the Fangs of an archaic vicious beast. With lightning-fast speed, they would be able to cut into the tiniest gaps between the hardest bones of the enemy.

No, there were actually more than four sharp blades.

On the inner side of his palms, the tips of his toes, and the heels of his feet, there were actually six shorter and sharper thin blades embedded in them.

However, Meng Chao, who had always kept a low profile, felt that there was no need to show them off.

However, even such a low-profile totem armor gave the snow leopard warrior a big fright.

“You-You actually fused all the fragments of the armor on the spot and directly fused them into a full-body armor?”

Ice Storm was dumbstruck.

Of course, she knew what Meng Chao was there for.

Nevertheless, she still thought that even if Meng Chao could successfully make a move and steal a few battle armor fragments.

He would have to return to the blood skull arena obediently and slowly fuse them under her supervision.

An outsider who had first come into contact with the totem battle armor could devour so many battle armor fragments in one go and directly condense them into... Such a uniform and distinct full-body armor.

Moreover, he still retained a clear mind and a stable soul. His mind had not been taken away by the totem armor.

This meant that his willpower was far stronger than the ferocious souls contained in these pieces of the armor combined.

In any case, whether it was in the Gold Clan or the Blood Hoof Clan, Ice Storm had never seen such an incredible guy.

“You, what kind of monster are you!”

Ice Storm could not help but exclaim, “Don’t you feel that every time you fuse with a totem armor fragment, there will be a large number of slaughtering scenes and messy information flooding into your brain, almost bursting your brain?”

Meng Chao shrugged.

He could roughly guess why advanced orcs could not devour too many armor fragments at once.

Because the brain of the advanced orcs was too small.

Perhaps their brain capacity was almost the same as that of the Earthlings.

According to their enormous size and magnification, they were even more than the Earthlings.

But things like intelligence, willpower, and spiritual resistance were never simple and crude. It could be measured by the size of their brain capacity.

The once glorious Turan civilization had been in decline for a long time.

The advanced orcs now grew up in a relatively simple or even isolated environment.

Even the so-called military nobles were the same.

There was no internet, no games, no television, movies, radio, and even a pitiful number of books.

Even the orc priests, who were known to be as intelligent as the sea and could communicate with their ancestors, Meng Chao doubted how many brain cells they had used?

From this perspective, the advanced orcs were like “pure and flawless” pieces of white paper.

It was difficult for them to withstand the surging waves of information.

It was like a primitive man who had eaten raw meat and blood. He had suddenly transmigrated to a modern city where the lights were red and the wine was green. He had witnessed the bustling and bizarre information society, he had even poured the torrent of information from hundreds of television movies and even the Internet into his brain.

Even if his brain was not fundamentally different from the brains of modern people.

There was a high chance that he could not bear it and would completely collapse or get lost.

In short, for the “pure and flawless” advanced orcs, the totem armor was too stimulating. It was enough to stimulate their brains to the point that they would directly crash.

But the people of Earth were different.

The people of Earth who grew up in the information age, not to mention the superhuman individuals who cultivated the secret techniques of the mind, even the ordinary citizens were playing with their phones at the age of three and computers at the age of five. Before they reached puberty, they were already influenced by the flood and fierce beasts on the Internet, they were nurtured into the existence of an old driver.

The torrent of information that the totem armor instilled, as well as the extremely cool sound and photoelectricity effects during battle, were of course very stimulating.

However, for the old drivers of Earth who were used to watching immersive movies, playing virtual reality video games, and surfing the Internet day and night, it was nothing much.

Chapter 1013: Armor from 10,000 Years Ago!

“The shining cuneiform characters surrounded by electric arcs are indeed annoying. They are like a swarm of burning headless flies that are rampaging in my head.”

Meng Chao thought for a moment and said, “They seem to be different from the current Turan language. They are a hundred times more complicated than the modern Turan language. In every short word, there are very complicated and profound meanings.”

As soon as he said this, the way Ice Storm looked at him became increasingly strange.

“You-You can actually see a large number of cuneiform characters?” she asked in disbelief.

Meng Chao subconsciously felt that something was off. He scratched his head and said, “Shouldn’t I be seeing so many cuneiform characters?”

“It’s not that I shouldn’t have. It’s just that when ordinary low-level warriors first put on their totem battle armor, they would only see a few limited commands and not see too many cuneiform characters.

After all, the ancestral spirits are also very busy. It's impossible for them to pay attention to every battle of every descendant and give guidance to these nameless nobodies hand-in-hand!"

Ice Storm explained, "Only when a nobody has fought countless battles with his totem armor and not only survived but performed outstandingly can he receive the ancestral spirit's special attention and personal guidance.

"At this time, the totem armor will release a large amount of data and commands to help the person fight at a higher level.

"The fact that you can receive so much battle information on your first totem armor means that the ancestral spirits are very optimistic about your potential. Perhaps not just one ancestral spirit, but hundreds and thousands of ancestral spirits are watching your battle and preparing to lend you a helping hand!"

"Uh..."

Meng Chao had goosebumps all over his body.

It was just an artificial intelligence that assisted in battle. Which "hundreds and thousands of ancestral spirits" are watching? Such feudal superstition really gave him a slightly odd feeling.

"Don't worry, the ancestral spirits only care about whether or not you can bring out the totem armor's most powerful battle potential. They don't care if you're a Turan or an outsider."

Ice Storm misunderstood Meng Chao's expression and comforted him. "In fact, the ancestral spirits have already accepted the fact that you, an outsider, have become a totem warrior.

"If I'm not wrong, your totem armor fragments should have been taken from the Minotaur warrior, wild boar warrior, and barbarian elephant warrior, right?"

"The most basic form and characteristics of the Blood Hoof Clan's totem armor are rough, thick, and solid, like moving iron walls.

"But I notice that you've already perfectly integrated these battle armor fragments and washed away all the Blood Hoof characteristics, using your own will to reshape them.

"Without the ancestral spirit's approval, this is impossible."

"Is that so?"

Meng Chao did not believe that there was really any ancestral spirit.

It was just some kind of artificial intelligence. At most, it was some extremely special brainwave, information flow, and magnetic field disturbance.

Perhaps, it was because deep in his brain, he had already installed a very advanced battle assistance and strengthening upgrade system, the Kindling System or Contribution Point System.

Although the Kindling was still in a dormant state, when he was equipping the totem armor, he had partially covered and integrated the latter's operating system.

Despite that, Ice Storm's still revealed a key piece of information.

It was possible to reverse engineer and crack the totem armor.

As long as they found the right path, the Earthlings might be able to equip the totem armor like the advanced orcs.

"However, it's time to adjust your plan of action."

Ice Storm continued, "I originally thought that you would wear a partial body armor today. It would take at least ten days to half a month to gather a full-body armor.

"I didn't expect your battle potential to far exceed my expectations.

"Now that you already have a full-body armor, there's no point in plundering the lowest-level totem armor fragments.

"Even if you fuse ten times more low-level armor fragments into your armor, it won't increase your battle power by a lot."

Meng Chao nodded.

He also noticed the same thing.

In the beginning, every time an arm armor, knee guard, or chest armor fragment was added, whether it was in terms of appearance, feeling, or the amplification from the actual combat test, the improvement would be very obvious.

However, when he swallowed the last piece of armor fragment, it was like adding icing on the cake. Its effect was negligible by then.

It seemed that there was a limit to the fusion of totem battle armors.

It was impossible to rely on unlimited swallowing to become infinitely stronger.

"In that case, since the totem battle armor has already fused into the full-body form, covering every inch of skin, how do we strengthen and upgrade it?" Meng Chao asked humbly.

"If you want to continue to grow stronger, you have to plunder the fragments of higher-level armor."

Ice Storm allowed Meng Chao to channel a thread of spirit energy into the surface of the totem armor at a specific frequency, where there were complicated patterns that symbolized "characteristics."

Then, Meng Chao filled his eyes with spirit energy. If he looked at the totem armor's surface from a specific angle, he would be able to see thin lines that looked like tree rings around the faintly-glowing patterns.

"These spirit tattoos are like the rings of a big tree, representing the totem armor's history."

Ice Storm explained, "A totem armor contains the battle experience and wisdom of the ancestral spirits. Therefore, the older it is, the stronger it will be. The more owners wear it, the stronger it will be. The more famous and tragic the battles it has participated in, the stronger it will be.

“According to the totem armor’s history, it can be roughly divided into four levels, New Generation Armor, Hundred-year Armor, Thousand-year Armor, and Ten-thousand-year Armor.

“The pieces of the armor that have just been removed from a totem beast’s body only contain some of the wild beast’s battle memories. Other than the enhancement of the basic battle values, they cannot help the owner much.

“This is the New Generation Armor. To put it bluntly, it is a blank board. Aside from integrating into the body, not taking up additional space, and not increasing the owner’s burden, it is not much different from ordinary armor made of ordinary metal.

“However, as generations of owners wear this totem armor on the grand battlefield where millions of people fight, they will be constantly killed. After being soaked in gallons of blood, it will continue to compress, condense, and crystallize, slowly growing circles of spirit tattoos.

“In the beginning, the spirit tattoos will be indigo-colored.

“That is the Hundred-year Armor, which symbolizes that this totem armor has existed for hundreds of years.

“The totem armor at this time has stored a large amount of battle experience and the totem battle skills of previous generations of masters. It can collect battlefield intelligence for the current master and optimize the battle strategy. Even when the master is seriously injured and unconscious, it can push the master’s wounded body to continue fighting.

“Such a Hundred-year Armor is undoubtedly a relatively powerful war machine. Many battle team powerhouses from vassal families in numerous places take pride in obtaining a Hundred-year Armor. Even if they can’t get a full set of armor but can only obtain a few pieces of armor that have several hundred years of history and participated in famous battles, they can still greatly increase their battle strength when they are embedded in ‘white armor[1].’

“And when the Hundred-year Armor is soaked in blood and flesh, after thousands of years of erosion, its spirit tattoos will gradually turn silver.

“Then it will become the Thousand-year Armor, which is smarter, stronger, and more dangerous.

“I believe you don’t need me to tell you that the Thousand-year Armor is something that even gang-level powerhouses would go crazy for. Many warriors of noble families with glorious bloodlines are fighting desperately for a full set of Thousand-year Armor. Even my Mithril Ripper doesn’t have thousands of years of history on every piece of armor from head to toe.

“Also, a set of Thousand-year Armor with a history of 1,000 years and 9,000 years are obviously completely different.

“Who its worn by, its participation in a well-known battle, or its epic performance on the battlefield will determine the strength of the Thousand-year Armor. The armor’s space for strengthening and upgrading is endless.

“If it can be passed down through the hands of hundreds of masters, after ten thousand years of forging, the silver brilliance will gradually turn into dark gold, and then from dark gold to bright gold.

“That will be the legendary Ten-thousand-year Armor, the ultimate weapon bestowed by the ancestral spirit to the Turan people!”

Meng Chao was speechless.

“Is there really a ten-thousand-year-old totem armor?” he could not help but blurt out.

“Of course. Even many of the holy scriptures in the land of Holy Light recorded the warriors of Turan from tens of thousands of years ago. They wore totem armors and massacred Holy Light knights, mages, and night watchers. They were terrifying legends who would slaughter others as easily as they slaughtered pigs and sheep. Of course, the most ancient and powerful totem armors existed.”

When Ice Storm said this, she realized that she had misspoken and quickly ended the topic. “However, there’s no need for you to be too concerned about the Ten-thousand-year Armor, because every single one of these ancient and sacred totem battle armors has a great history. They are the divine artifacts of the various great clans. They are worshipped in the clans’ most heavily guarded temples. Only the clan chiefs of the various great clans and the strongest experts who have broken through to the battle-group level and become the champions of the three armies are qualified to wear them.

“For ordinary gang-level powerhouses, forget wearing the Ten-thousand-year Armor, even if they accidentally touch the spirit tattoos and totems on the surface of the Ten-thousand-year Armor, their souls and flesh might be devoured by the armor. They would then turn into deformed, twisted, and muddle-headed battle puppets, the Origin Warriors!”

Meng Chao nodded thoughtfully.

The battle group powerhouses of the Turan civilization could fight against a whole battle gang of strong soldiers and horses on their own.

They were equivalent to the Deity Realm powerhouses of the Dragon City civilization, the peak combat strength of each other’s civilizations.

The black technology equipment of the Deity Realm powerhouses were definitely not things that he could play with since he was in the Heaven Realm.

“There are many parts of my totem armor that don’t have totems and spirit tattoos. It’s a typical ‘white board.’”

Meng Chao carefully observed the surface of his armor and thought to himself, “Even the parts of the breastplate and shoulder plate that have spirit tattoos are very sparse and shallow, as if they have just begun to appear. At most, they are only three to five hundred years old.

“No matter how many ‘white boards’ I stack, it won’t be of much use to improve my combat ability.

“Next, I should ‘hunt’ those high-level team experts who are fully equipped with the Hundred-year Armor.

“I should even look for gang-level experts and try to snatch one or two pieces of their Thousand-year Armors. I should see if I can suppress the ferocious souls inside with my battle consciousness at the peak of Heaven Realm and absorb the advanced orcs’ several thousand years of battle experience.”

Chapter 1014: All Arranged By the Ancestral Spirits

It was not only because the Thousand-year Armor was more powerful than the Hundred-year Armor...

More importantly, Meng Chao wanted to read a lot of details about the large-scale war between the Turan civilization and the land of Holy Light tens of thousands of years ago from the fragments of totem armor that had been passed down for thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

Thus, he sketched out the most prosperous appearance of the Turan civilization before it degenerated.

Meng Chao believed that this was the key to help the Dragon City civilization avoid destruction and even conquer the other world.

From his thoughtful expression, Ice Storm sensed something.

“What I mean is that you can try to seize more pieces of the hundred-year armor and cover the entire totem armor with indigo-colored spiritual patterns, but you’d better not touch the thousand-year armor.”

Ice storm reminded, “Those who are equipped with the thousand-year-old armor are mostly the backbone of the major families. They can destroy the entire combat gang by themselves.

“The combat experience and the killing intent of the previous masters of the thousand-year-old armor are things that the current you can’t bear.

“It’s not that easy for me to find and trust a helper. Promise me that you won’t become an Origin Warrior before you escape from Black-corner City!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t act rashly.”

Meng Chao thought for a moment and said, “Putting aside those dazzling cuneiform characters, putting on the totem armor to fight is indeed a very exciting thing. It even feels like an addiction. I wonder how the powerhouses of the five great clans solved this problem?”

Ice Storm did not understand. “What problem?”

“It’s a problem of addiction!”

Meng Chao said, “Could it be that when you activated the Mithril Ripper, you did not feel some kind of hormone... It’s something hotter and more viscous than blood, like magma, surging into your brain, making you feel an unprecedented pleasure, simply unable to stop, unable to control yourself?”

“Of course there is.”

Ice Storm nodded and said matter-of-factly, “This is because you have heard the call of the ancestral spirit and resonated with the previous owners of the totem battle armor. Your battle intent is constantly boiling, and you are about to unleash combat power that is beyond your limits. This is a good thing. What ‘problems’ do you need to solve?”

Meng Chao scratched his head and said, “Alright, let’s put it another way. Releasing a large amount of adrenaline and happiness hormones during a battle is certainly not a bad thing. However, after the

battle is over, don't you feel that everything other than the battle has become dull and boring, and you have no interest at all? You just can't wait to throw yourself into the next battle?"

Ice Storm shrugged.

"Most of the things in this world are boring to begin with, and even meaningless."

She said seriously, "The mission and meaning of being a strong warrior is to fight, to fight, to constantly fight, to make myself and the totem armor stronger and stronger. So, I still don't understand, what exactly is the 'problem' you're talking about?"

Meng Chao felt that there was still a difference between him and the snow leopard warrior in terms of outlook on life, world view, and values.

Taking a few deep breaths, Meng Chao reorganized his words, he said patiently, "What I mean is, have you and the other advanced orcs ever thought that other than purely fighting, there are many interesting questions in the world that are worth our consideration?"

"No, the advanced orcs rarely think. At least, we won't be like those idiots in the land of Holy Light, sitting on the ground and looking up at the sky. Our brains have been hijacked by the so-called Holy Light, but we still think that we are 'thinking.'"

Ice Storm looked at Meng Chao up and down and frowned, "You are not necessarily a worshipper of the holy light who believes that it is more 'meaningful' and 'fun' to kneel down and beg for mercy from the so-called gods, listen to their holy teachings, and act as their marionettes, right?"

"Of course not!"

Meng Chao gestured, "I mean, don't you think that the world around us is very strange and that there are many mysteries that are worth us solving? And once we are stimulated by the totem armor and become overly addicted to fighting, we will lose the time, energy, curiosity, and logical thinking ability to think about these... secrets that are of utmost importance to the entire race, the entire civilization, and the entire Orchid Lake?"

"A very strange secret?"

Ice Storm frowned. "What is that?"

"For example, advanced orcs don't produce anything. They fight and kill all day long. In the prosperous era, they relied on the mandala trees that grew out of the ground to survive without much care. In the glorious era, they launched wars to eliminate the excessive population. This is not what a normal civilization should look like!"

Meng Chao felt that he should touch the soul of the ice storm. "For example, do you feel that the advanced orcs themselves don't make a lot of sense?"

"Of course, when the characteristics of the human race and the orcs are combined, they can give you the agility of a cheetah, the strength of a wild boar, the strength of an elephant, and the savagery of a lion or tiger. But these advantages are at best the advantages of the era of cold weapons. In the era of hot weapons, in the face of the ultra-vision weapons that are more than a thousand miles away, what's the use of having three heads, six arms, and a height of eight feet?"

“No, due to the natural defects of the characteristics of wild beasts and such a weird social form, it is destined that the high-level orcs will have a hard time developing into the era of firearms!

“In your city, even in this bloody skull arena, there are a lot of advanced facilities and technologies that have surpassed the era of the clan, and these technologies are beyond your ability to repair, restore, or even inherit and innovate.

“Haven’t you ever thought about how the high-level orcs got to where they are today and became like this? According to this path of fighting and killing, if you continue on this path, what will Picturesque Orchid Lake become in tens of thousands of years?”

The ice storm stared at Meng Chao deeply.

It was as if Meng Chao’s words had really stirred up ripples on the cerebral cortex.

“Of course I’ve thought about these questions,” she calmly said.

“Really?”

Meng Chao was overjoyed. “What’s your conclusion? It doesn’t matter if you don’t have a conclusion. No matter what absurd ideas you have, we can all exchange them together!”

“The conclusion is that these are all the arrangements of the ancestral spirit!”

Ice storm said, “It was the ancestral spirit that changed Picturesque Orchid Lake into what he is today. It was also the ancestral spirit that molded the high-level orcs into such a strong, wild, and bold form.

“Since everything around us is so suitable for battle, it can be seen that the ancestor spirit’s goal is to get rid of all distracting thoughts. As long as we focus on the battle, we can obtain the ultimate strength from the ultimate battle and find the reason and meaning of everything!”

Meng Chao was a little mad.

“Don’t you think that compared to the ancestor spirit, the advanced orcs today are really too weak? You guys are simply degenerating at lightning speed?” he finally could not take it anymore and asked.

Ice Storm was still indifferent.

“Of course the ancestral spirit is a hundred times stronger than the advanced orcs today. That’s why they are the ancestral spirits!”

She still didn’t understand what this mysterious, uncertain, black-haired, black-eyed guy was struggling with.

“Forget it.”

Meng Chao gave up. He gently rubbed the bridge of his nose and said, “After we escape from Black-corner City and arrive at a safe place, we’ll find a chance to have a good chat!”

“That’s right. The most important thing now is to get out of Black-corner City. Don’t think that it’s a sure thing.”

Ice Storm said, "I think Casanova is already planning to make a move on me—he's been smiling at me for the past two days. Today, he even specially ordered people to allocate a batch of war resources to my newly formed 300-man battle team."

Meng Chao was dazed for a moment.

"You don't understand Casanova. He is a guy who insists on holding all his cards in his hand and will not allow any accidents to happen."

"He has been trying to coax me into accepting his blood for the past two years," Ice Storm said. "He forced me to accept his blood, and I was completely tamed by him. Every time I rejected him, his face would turn ugly."

"However, these past few days, when the Blood Skull Arena was about to be transformed into a Blood Skull battle group, he acted out of the ordinary and pretended to be magnanimous."

"It's obvious that he doesn't really intend to let me go."

"Instead, he has thought of a way to deal with me. He's just trying to stabilize me for now."

"You must know that Casanova has gained a lot in the Game of the Brave. The gladiators he sent out have defeated a lot of local powerhouses, and the local powerhouses from the declining clans who don't have a deep background are happy to join the Blood Skull Legion and join the Blood Hoof Clan."

"Therefore, Casanova's strength was expanding every moment."

"Perhaps he thought that he would be able to force me to surrender with his absolute strength in a few days?"

"However, he never expected that we still have your 'Ghost Card' on our side. Whether or not we can escape Black-corner City will depend on how useful your 'Ghost Card' is."

"About that..."

Meng Chao said, "I have a vague feeling that the number of players, trump cards, and ghosts in this game is far more than we imagined."

After discussing with Ice Storm about their plan for the next day, they discussed whether or not they should cooperate and cover each other, as well as a series of secret signals, secret texts, meeting places, early-warning methods, and other details.

Meng Chao left the ace training ground and went to the large training ground where the rat militia gathered to look for Leaf.

Even though Ice Storm's words were not without reason.

For a talented rat youth like Leaf, staying in Black-corner City was perhaps the best arrangement. He had already made a name for himself in a few consecutive battles. Even if Meng Chao and Ice Storm escaped Black-corner City, he would definitely be noticed by an expert with discerning eyes. He would be carefully groomed, join a certain clan, cultivate resources, and even totem battle armor. It was something to look forward to.

However, Meng Chao felt that it was necessary to ask this youth who had helped him a great deal for his true feelings.

After all, even the deepest darkness in the depths of the dungeon had not been able to quell the hatred in this slender youth's heart, the hatred of his loved ones being killed, and the anger of his home being destroyed.

If Leaf was determined to embark on an extremely difficult journey and tried to strangle fate, Meng Chao would not mind at all.

He did not mind giving him a helping hand.

Meng Chao did not expect Leaf's first words to stun him after he found the youth.

"Reaper!"

Leaf's face was beaming with joy. He was practically dancing. "Have you heard of the Rat God?"

Chapter 1015: A Rat Youth's Awareness

The number of rat soldiers under Ice Storm had increased to three hundred.

After the number of soldiers increased, the daily consumption of food, medicine, weapons, and equipment for so many soldiers became something a gladiator could not afford.

Even an ace would not be able to afford it.

Most gladiators would seek refuge with a wealthy clan at this stage, and the clan would bear the majority of the soldiers' consumption.

Naturally, the clan would gain some control over these servants. The so-called commander would not be able to obtain 100% of the servants' loyalty.

Due to her own reasons, Ice Storm was unwilling or unable to join the Blood Hoof Clan.

Her control over these servants was very limited, so she simply let them be. They could train however they wanted on the large training ground, according to the method Meng Chao had taught them.

Meng Chao did not have the mood or ability to train a total of three hundred civilian rat soldiers into battle-hardened elite soldiers.

He just accepted the thirty civilian rat soldiers who had followed him in the beginning, including Leaf, as the instructor of the three hundred civilian rat soldiers.

He did not think that he would be able to teach other recruits so well.

Instead, as an instructor, he could rightfully allocate more resources to the thirty soldiers, such as mandrake fruits and secret medicines.

Moreover, the process of imparting skills to others would also deepen his impression. Unknowingly, he would merge his combat skills into his blood, forming a conditioned reflex.

Meng Chao still valued the first batch of thirty rat soldiers.

After all, there were more than ten to twenty people there. He had personally selected them from the depths of the dungeon and coached them closely, especially Leaf!

He had helped him so much when he was half-dead.

The little guy was gifted and smart.

If possible, Meng Chao still hoped that he could live well until the war between worlds ended. Then he would walk into an even better tomorrow.

When a seed was sown on barren land, it might take three to five years for a small bud to grow.

However, as long as it was given a little sunshine, rain, and sweet nutrients, it could quickly grow into a towering tree as hard as iron.

Leaf was like that.

After getting enough mandrake fruits, golden fruits, and even the flesh of totem beasts, they swallowed them together with the secret medicine. Following the method Meng Chao taught, they wriggled their intestines and stomach at a high frequency, speeding up the secretion of digestive juices. After he had digested and absorbed all of them...

The originally young and tender rat peasant youth underwent a transformation almost every day.

Even when he slept at night, he could hear the "crackling" sounds of his own bones growing, just like bamboo shoots sprouting after a rain.

Leaf now were more than half a head taller than when Meng Chao had first met him. His shoulders had increased by the width of a palm, and his chest had increased by the thickness of three fingers. Muscles as firm as steel also filled the space between his new bones. It gave him a sense of power, and he was eager to give it a try. He was like a beast with shiny fur.

What had changed even more was his expression and temperament.

When he had just arrived in Black-corner City, he possessed fear, as well as unease, and he was filled with confusion.

Now, he was filled with confidence, even overconfidence.

It was as if he had completely seen where his journey would lead to. Moreover, he firmly believed that he would definitely make it through this journey and win the final victory.

Meng Chao was stunned by his question for a long time. He gestured for him to go to a corner to rest and replenish some secret medicine and high-energy food.

After looking around and making sure that no one could hear their conversation, Meng Chao said, "The Big-horned Rat... seems to be a rat hero from a long time ago?"

"No, the Big-horned Rat God is not just a simple ancient hero. He is also the ancestral spirit of all the rat people!"

Leaf trusted Meng Chao very much. He was like a child who had just gotten a new toy. He could not help but want to present the treasure to the adults. He danced and talked about the legend of the Rat God.

Naturally, it was the same story that Meng Chao had heard in his previous life.

The rat hero named, Rat Rat had become a member of the ancestral spirit because he had fought bravely in the ancient war and was unafraid of death. He had protected all the rat people for thousands of years.

When the rat people used their forbearance, hard work, blood, and even life to redeem the sins their ancestors had committed thousands of years ago, it meant that their blood was no longer dirty. Instead, it was as glorious and holy as all the warriors of the clan. It was the crystallization of the purest courage.

At this time, the incarnation of the Big-horned Rat God would come to the human world and lead all the rat people to establish their own clan and seize the throne of the War Chief for the first time in thousands of years. The rat people would then rule the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Leaf talked so much.

Seeing that his face was red, his eyes were shining, and his saliva was flying to the point that he was about to foam at the mouth, Meng Chao once again handed over the cold water mixed with honey to let the youth calm down. Then, he carefully reminded, "The Rat God... is really interesting... unbelievable... Is this true?"

"Of course it's true, Reaper. Of course it's true!"

Leaf waved his fists and gritted his teeth with the unique sharpness of a young man. "This world is unfair. Reaper, don't you realize that this world is very unfair?"

"We, the rat people live in our own villages and don't provoke anyone. We are so far away from Black-corner City!"

"Why are the clan warriors, who are so high and mighty, able to rush into our village and burn, kill, and plunder us? Why are we tied up like pigs and brought to Black-corner City to be their servants and slaves?"

"Our relatives have been killed by them, and our homes have been destroyed by them. But we still have to listen to them obediently. We will either fight with the other rat people in the arena or die of heat and exhaustion in the workshop where weapons are forged. We will accidentally fall into the furnace and burn to death!"

"I admit that it was quite enjoyable when I waved my saber in the arena and chopped down other rat subjects!"

"However, after I got out of the arena and calmed down, I thought about it carefully. It was not other rat subjects who destroyed my home. Why should I fight them to the death while the clan elders who committed all kinds of crimes, such as burning, killing, and plundering, can sit high in the audience and watch the rat subjects kill each other and beat each other until their heads are bleeding, while they laugh out loud?"

“I was even thinking that, when I was rolling around in the pool of blood with the other rats, the Minotaur warrior who killed my brother was sitting in the audience and watching my ‘performance’ with a smile!

“When I thought of that, it was as if a fire had been stuffed into my chest. I was so angry that my entire chest was about to explode!”

Meng Chao nodded.

He was very happy about the rat youth’s awareness.

If Leaf was the kind of person who was obsessed with power and the thrill of killing and had forgotten the purpose of battle and the meaning of killing.

No matter how talented he was, Meng Chao would not have wasted half a second on him.

“You’re right. Reaper, the so-called high and mighty clan elders, are just a bunch of buzzing flies. No, they are not flies. They are mosquitoes. They are humongous mosquitoes that can suck the blood of the rat nation dry!”

Leaf saw the encouraging look in Meng Chao’s eyes. He clenched his fists and continued, “Why are the clan warriors able to step onto the most glorious battlefield in a glorious manner and the rat people are either being squeezed to death in the workshops and mines, or being used as cannon fodder to consume the enemy’s magic and arrows? “Even if we win the war, most of us will either die in obscurity, or continue to be squeezed to death by the warriors of the clans!

“When will these d*mn days come to an end?

“The clan master told us that it was because of the dirty blood flowing in our bodies. Our ancestors committed all kinds of mistakes and even crimes, mainly because of the sin of cowardice. They were deserters from the previous Battles of Glory in the past thousands of years. It was because of their cowardice that the entire battle line collapsed and led to the failure of the entire war. It was because of that that the extremely valiant and brave warriors of Turan were never able to conquer the land of Holy Light.

“Therefore, we have to atone for our ancestors’ actions.

“But I suspect that they are all lies.

“Because I have observed them carefully and asked Spider and the rest of them, as well as the rats and handymen who have lived in Black-corner City for more than twenty years.

“They told me that the rat population in the countryside and in Black-corner City is more than ten times or even dozens of times more than that of the clan elders!

“This is not right, Reaper. Think about it. The elders said that our ancestors became rat people because they were deserters, but the number of rat people is more than ten times that of the clan warriors. Doesn’t that mean that nine out of ten warriors in the Grand Turan Army would become deserters?”

This time, even Meng Chao was surprised by the rat youth’s sharp intuition and clear thinking. He could not help but exclaim, “Congratulations, Leaf, you’ve discovered a blind spot!”

“This is all thanks to you, Reaper.”

The rat youth’s face turned red for a moment, then he wagged his tail and proudly said, “It was you who taught me how to count with tools other than my fingers, how to calculate the simplest addition and multiplication, how to think about those problems that no one in our village has ever thought about.

“You know, I didn’t know the significance of thinking about these messy problems at first. In the village, all I thought about was how to pick the most mandrake fruits in the shortest time possible, or how to climb the highest mandrake tree and pick the most beautiful golden fruits.

“When I arrived in Black-corner City and the Blood Skull Arena, all I could think about was how to become stronger, kill all my enemies, avenge my mother and brother, and also find Anjia.

“The mandrake fruit is delicious.

“Becoming stronger is also very important.

“However, after hearing the Rat God’s story and using the method you taught me to think, I vaguely realized that my enemy was not the single broken-horned Minotaur warrior. It wasn’t even the Blood Hoof Clan that sent out the broken-horned Minotaur warrior. It was... It was something even more powerful, much larger, and inexplicable.”

Chapter 1016: The Emissary Who Lost His Memory?

If it were not for the fact that there were still many rat soldiers around...

Meng Chao almost wanted to clap and cheer loudly for Leaf.

“Then, what do you think is the problem?” He looked at the rat boy with interest.

“The problem is that we don’t have our own clan.”

With a serious face, Leaf said, “Although we have been paying a large number of mandrake fruits to the Blood Hoof Clan, they have also adopted the Blood Bestowing Ceremony to absorb the best of us into the various big clans.

“I still feel that we are not members of the Blood Hoof Clan, and I don’t want to be a member of the Blood Hoof Clan at all. I don’t want to be one of the murderers who killed my mother and brother!

“It’s because the rat people don’t have their own clans that they are bullied everywhere they go. I heard from the rat people who were captured from far, far away that the rat people are the same in the Gold Clan, Thunder Clan, Shadow Clan, and Divine Wood Clan. They are deceived, enslaved, and oppressed until they die!

“Reaper, the Tournament of the Five Clans is about to begin. Do you know what this means?”

Meng Chao shook his head. “What does it mean?”

“It means that many rat people are going to die meaninglessly!”

Leaf sternly said, “The Tournament of the Five Clans is said to be a soul-stirring bloody battle between the five clans in order to fight for the supreme throne of the War Chief. In fact, those high and mighty

elders of the clans would not use their full strength to fight head-on and cause both sides to suffer heavy losses!

"I heard that in the past Tournament of the Five Clans, the clan elders would command their rat servants to take the lead. Who won or lost was secondary. The most important thing was to use an extremely large scale battle drill to accumulate battle experience and fame for the clan elders who hadn't fought for decades. It was so that they would become famous generals who had experienced hundreds of battles before charging into the land of Holy Light.

"The lords of the clans will become more and more powerful in the Tournament of the Five Clans.

"Countless rat people will die miserably in the wilderness of Picturesque Orchid Lake. Their blood and corpses will slowly soak the seeds of the mandrake fruits!

"I don't want to die in vain as a servant.

"I don't want to kill the rat people who have no grudges against me, who don't know me, and who are in the same boat as me.

"If I really have to fight, I only want to fight for our own rat clan.

"I feel that only a battle like that can be considered magnificent!

"Reaper, why do you have such a strange expression? You don't seem excited at all. I thought that you would be as excited as me when you heard about the Rat God. Don't tell me that you don't support my fight for the rat people's own clan?"

"Of course I support all the rat people fighting for themselves..."

Meng Chao said, "As long as the Rat God is real, and it's as magical and powerful as you said. At the same time, it's truly protecting all the rat people wholeheartedly as well."

"What do you mean?"

Leaf did not catch the hidden meaning behind Meng Chao's words. "Of course the Rat God is real. He was a rat hero a long time ago. After thousands of years of hibernation, he has returned to the depths of Picturesque Orchid Lake. I heard that he even has a very powerful army!"

"Is that so?"

Meng Chao asked, "Who did you hear this from?"

"It's what everyone is saying."

Leaf said, "Over the past few days, word has spread among the rat servants in the Blood Skull Arena. Don't tell me you don't believe it, Reaper?"

"I really want to believe it."

Meng Chao said, "But from your description and what I've learned, the story about the Big-horned Rat God is too magnificent.

“You know, when something sounds too magnificent, it won’t appear to be true. Instead, it sounds like a distant dream, a lie with ulterior motives, and a miracle that will never happen

“That’s right, it’s a miracle!”

Leaf was excited again. “When I heard about the Rat God’s legend, I didn’t dare to believe it either, because it sounded too much like a miracle!

“Reaper, do you know why I thought about it later and confirmed my belief that the Rat God has arrived?”

Meng Chao frowned. “I don’t know. Why?”

“Because of you!”

Leaf slapped his thigh and said, “Don’t you realize that you are a miracle? Before you, I had never seen such a heavily-injured person who would still be alive and well after soaking in the sewage for so many days.

“I had never seen anyone who could control their flesh and bones to such an exquisite degree as you. You only adjusted the posture of my strength, but you were able to raise the power of my chop by so much!

“I never thought that such an incredible tactic existed in the world. Thirty weak rats who had been training for only a few days were able to defeat thirty well-trained rats, whose bodies were several times larger than ours, unscathed!

“I’m afraid that you don’t even know it yourself. Reaper, you are already a miracle in our eyes!

“Since a miracle has already appeared before our eyes, what reason do we have to doubt that an even bigger miracle is about to be born?

“In fact, I wonder, are you really not the Rat God’s emissary, Lord Reaper?”

“Huh?”

“I heard that the Rat God has sent a large number of emissaries throughout the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake to lead all the rat people to stand up and fight.”

Leaf said, “Regardless of your strength or your attitude toward the clan warriors, you feel like the Rat God’s emissary!”

“I’m not, I’m not. Don’t spout nonsense.”

Meng Chao flatly denied it. “I have nothing to do with the so-called Rat God!”

“Really?”

Leaf was a little disappointed. After thinking about it, he became excited again. He blinked his sparkling eyes and said, “Reaper, is it possible that you’re the Big-horned Rat God’s emissary, but you just don’t know it?”

Meng Chao pointed at the tip of his nose and said, "Even I don't know that I'm actually the Big-horned Rat God's Emissary?"

"That's right. Have you forgotten? You lost your memory!"

Leaf said, "When you were thrown into the depths of the dungeon, you were covered in wounds, and your breathing was weak. You couldn't even speak clearly. You didn't know a lot of common knowledge. At that time, I was worried about your condition. Didn't you say that you were fine and that you just lost your memory?"

"Could you actually be the Rat God's emissary? You came to Black-corner City on a special mission, but you met with some dangers on the way. For example, you were seriously injured by bad guys from the five big clans, and then you drifted along the Turan River. After that, you were unintentionally picked up and sent to the Blood Skull Arena?"

"That's right, it must be so. If that's the case, everything can be explained, including your unparalleled strength, your mysterious skills, and your disdain, as well as hostility, toward the high and mighty clan elders!"

The rat youth was convinced by his rigorous logic.

He was so happy that a huge snot bubble came out of his nose.

Meng Chao was unable to refute. He was stunned for a long time before he said, "You... Have you heard too many of those messy heroic epics?"

"What else could it be?"

Leaf spoke with some grievance. "If you're not the Rat God's emissary, what other identity do you hold that can perfectly explain everything about the Reaper?"

"There is."

Meng Chao quietly said, "Actually, I am an alien."

"What?"

The rat youth was dumbfounded.

"Forget it. I'm not going to talk nonsense with you. Believe it or not, I'm really not the Rat God's emissary. Speaking of which, such a commotion has been caused in just a few days, from the slums to the Blood Skull Arena. So many rat civilians believe that the Rat God has already descended. There must be a powerful organization behind it. There must also be a real 'Rat God emissary' in Black-corner City. We have to figure out their plan."

Meng Chao thought quickly and said, "Tell me, who exactly told you about the Rat God? When and where did it happen?"

From Leaf's point of view, Meng Chao was a member of the rat people.

He was even "the Rat God's emissary who had lost his memory."

Naturally, there was nothing to hide. After contemplating for a while, he told Meng Chao about all the people who had talked to him about the Rat God in the past few days.

The problem was that he mentioned too many names.

The list included almost all the thirty servant soldiers that Meng Chao had trained in the beginning.

Most of the 300 servant soldiers who had just been selected were among the names too.

Plus, there were the handymen who served these servant soldiers.

In fact, the news about the Rat God was like a virus, and it struck like lightning. Almost overnight, it had spread throughout the entire Blood Skull Arena. If any of the rat people did not say a few words such as, "Do you know about the Rat God?", they would be too embarrassed to greet other rat people.

According to Leaf, he heard that the servants of the various arenas were the last rat people in Black-corner City to discover the Rat God's arrival.

Before the news reached the arena, it had already spread through the foundry workshops, construction sites, mining caves, and underground sewage pipes filled with garbage.

Moreover, the rat slaves outside worshipped the Rat God a hundred times more fervently than the rat servants in the arena.

The reason was very simple.

No matter how hard the training of the rat servants in the arena was, no matter how dangerous the arena was, there was always a glimmer of hope.

As long as they had outstanding strength, followed a good master, and had good luck, they would have a chance to live forever. They would rise with their master and become the leader of the domestic rats under their master. They would even be given a drop of divine blood by their master and be able to get rid of their lowly status as rat people.

Even if only one out of a hundred rat soldiers could enjoy such luck...

A one percent chance was enough to make many rat soldiers satisfied with the current situation and extinguish their anger.

However, the rat people slaves outside did not even have a one percent chance.

Death was their only fate.

The Rat God's arrival was their only salvation.

Chapter 1017: It's Different This Time

The news of the arrival of the Rat God had spread so quickly and so widely that many warriors of the clans had heard about it.

However, the warriors who were busy gathering the army and participating in the five clans' War and the War of Glory did not take the news of the Rat God's arrival to heart.

After all, the tradition of the Turan warriors was to fight against the strong.

Who would care about these filthy rats with dirty bloodlines and the imagined savior?

After Meng Chao collected a lot of information from leaf, he also asked about the ice storm and if he knew anything about the big horn rat god.

“Of course.”

The snow leopard female warrior shrugged and said indifferently, “The war is about to start. The naturally timid rats are very nervous and pray to their imagined ancestors. What’s so strange about that?”

“Although I don’t believe that a long time ago, there really was a rat-man hero with big horns all over his body who was extremely brave, the rat people are willing to daydream, so let them do it.

“Right now, all the Clan Warriors are busy killing each other, devouring totem armors, and constantly upgrading and becoming stronger. who has the spare time to care about the rat people’s SH * t!”

“But –”

Meng Chao Thought for a moment and said, “Right now, many rat people in black horn city believe that the big horn rat god has already descended and has formed an army in the depths of Turanze — an army that belongs exclusively to the rat people.

“The warriors of the clans, as well as the bigwigs of the Bloody Hoof clan, aren’t you worried that this ‘rat army’ will have some effect on the future of Turanze?”

“Rat people, Army?”

Ice storm scoffed and sized up Meng Chao as if he was looking at the biggest fool in the world. “Reaper, the experience in the past month has made me believe that you’re smart enough. Why would you believe such ridiculous nonsense?”

“If it’s said that a certain village of rat people, which is located in the middle of nowhere, is unwilling to be forcefully recruited by the clan’s warriors, they rise up to resist and use the dangerous terrain to deal with the recruitment team.

“Or, if a certain talented rat was blessed by the ancestors through some fortuitous encounter and killed the warriors of the clan who had a deep hatred with him.

“Both of these scenarios were possible.

“But a rat army?”

“You must know that the armies of the five clans, no matter how small, have a total of one hundred thousand warriors.

“Do you know how many mandala fruits, secret medicines, armors, and weapons are required to maintain the combat ability of a hundred thousand warriors? Do you know how well-organized and well-commanded they are?”

“No matter how unbearable the rats are, how can they conjure such things out of thin air?”

“Therefore, the so-called ‘the arrival of the Rat God and the formation of the rat army’ are all nonsense. It is just a small disturbance before the poor rats embark on the journey of certain death.

“In the past glorious era, there were rumors of the arrival of the Rat God, but they didn’t cause much trouble each time. It’s not worth being nervous about.”

“Is that so?”

Meng Chao scratched his head and said, “So, the bigwigs of the Bloodhoof clan actually know about these rumors, but they just don’t want to pay attention to them?”

“They should know. It’s not a secret. The rat people are not very good at keeping secrets.”

Icestorm said indifferently, “In any case, when the Blood Hoof Army is assembled, all the servants, slaves, and slave laborers will be integrated into the army and moved far away from home, even to the land of Holy Light, where enemies are everywhere. And the big horn rat god that they have been longing for has not yet come to save them. They will naturally accept their fate.

“When the time comes, they will be disillusioned and will obediently serve their masters. They understand that if they want to change their fate, they can only fight bravely for their masters on the battlefield.

“It’s the same every time in the glorious era. Therefore, not only the Bloodhoof clan, but all the important figures of the five clans have nothing to worry about.”

“I see...”

Meng Chao nodded thoughtfully.

What ice storm said was not without reason.

A few rats who could not stand it anymore, relying on their anger to fight back, was one thing.

Forming an uprising army of more than 100,000 people was another thing.

Just like how ice storm now had 300 servants under her command in name.

But with her own strength, she could not afford to feed 300 servants, let alone increase the intensity of training.

A rat uprising army with more than 100,000 people?

Just thinking about it was ridiculous.

However, in Meng Chao’s memory fragments from his previous life, there was a large amount of information clearly engraved on the “Rat uprising”.

The rats who knew about the uprising were far more than 100,000, or even a million.

When the furious rats formed an overwhelming wave, the entire map of lanze would tremble under their uniform roars. Even the battle group level powerhouses who wore the totem battle armor that was more than 10,000 years old., could not help but change their expressions.

Although the rat uprising army was finally suppressed by the five great clans.

But after ruling Turanze for tens of thousands of years, the high and Mighty Clan Lords would also pay an extremely tragic price for their brutality, stupidity, and arrogance.

The sacred royal authority would slip from the hands of the old aristocrats such as the lion men, Tigermen, and Tauren, and fall into the hands of the “Jackal”kanus who had miraculously risen up by suppressing the “Rat Rebellion.”.

And in order to consolidate his rule, kanus used crazy geniuses to start the ultimate war that swept across the entire foreign world.

It eventually led to the destruction of the Tulan civilization and the Dragon City civilization.

From this perspective, Meng Chao would never stand by and watch the “Rat Rebellion.”.

Because when the first rumor about the “Arrival of the big-horned rat god”spread in the smelly sewage pipes and the dark mines, when the rat slave workers, who were tortured by the Clan Warriors until they were on the verge of death., for the first time, he clenched his fists, and anger spewed out of his eyes. When he looked at the dark walls and the sky and issued a call to the big-horned rat god, the death knell had already sounded.

This death knell was not only for the warriors of the clan and the Tulan civilization.

It also determined the fate of the Dragon City civilization and even the entire Otherworld.

Meng Chao racked his brain but could not figure out where the rats had gathered the resources needed for the armed resistance.

One had to know that the rise of the Otherworld and the rise of the ancient Earth were two completely different concepts.

On the ancient Earth, the people at the bottom who had no way out were literally able to “Rise up”as long as they were able to “Cut wood into soldiers”.

After all, no matter how great the Emperor General’s boasting was, it was still two shoulders and one head. The difference in combat power between people could not be more than a hundred times. Even a famous general who had won a hundred battles was still a small bamboo spear, it was possible to stab him to death.

However, the other world was a world with extraordinary power.

The Emperor General, who controlled the vast majority of cultivation resources, and the Wizard Chiefs really had the ability to take on a thousand by themselves in the literal sense.

A motley crew that simply piled up would not pose a fatal threat to the ruler who had extraordinary power.

The reason why the “Rat riot” in his previous life could shake the ruling order of the Tulan civilization was definitely because of their trump cards and secrets.

Meng Chao could only think that the rumors about the arrival of the big horn rat god and the ice storm saying that there would always be a commotion at the beginning of the glorious era were absolutely different.

The biggest difference was that the prosperous era before the glorious era was too long.

One had to know that in the past, the prosperous era and the glorious era would cycle every seven to eight years, at most ten to twenty years.

In other words, the rat subjects would be recruited by the clan every seven to eight years, or at most ten to twenty years, and they would fight for the honor of the Warriors.

The Glorious War could strengthen the control of the warriors over the servants, and cultivate the loyalty of the servants to the warriors — or at least their respect for them.

It could also eliminate a large number of unruly and unruly rat subjects through war, and it could also stimulate the hatred of the rat subjects toward the Holy Light Camp. It could push all the injustice and even torture that the rat subjects had experienced onto the holy light camp.

At the same time, no matter how many rats died quietly on the battlefield as cannon fodder and slaves, there would always be lucky people who could stand out and become new clan warriors through the “Blood bestowing ceremony.”.

This gave hope to the other rats who were restless.

In the words of the dragon city civilization, the upward passage was always open.

The rats could not become warriors. It was their own problem.

Who asked you not to work hard and give you a chance to be useless?

However, the transmigration of Dragon City interfered with the magnetic field of the planet around the monster mountain range, causing a disturbance of the spiritual energy, resulting in the longest prosperous era in history.

With the astonishing reproductive ability of the rat people, a full half century of the prosperous era was enough to reproduce four to five generations, more than ten to twenty times the number of descendants.

For a new generation of rat population like leaf, not only had he never been recruited, he had never served under the Warriors, and he had never seen the terrifying power of the totem armor at full power, from this, he had developed an indelible fear and submission towards the Clan Warriors.

Even his father and grandfather had never been recruited.

The so-called “Glory” was just an illusory concept. The rat youth who were used to wandering in the mountains and fields had a desire for “Freedom” that was far stronger than the past tens of millions of years, all the rats were stronger.

This was probably the ideological basis for the “Rat riot” to erupt in this era of glory.

Of course, Meng Chao had never thought of, nor could he stop, the “Rat Riot.”.

In the confrontation between the rats and warriors, he, who had received a modern eastern education from a young age, naturally stood on the former’s side.

Whether it was against the “Jackal” Kanus, the king of Tulan who was about to rise, the “Doomsday Wolf” who had launched a war between worlds and ruined everything.

Or the ‘Masters of the Clan’ represented by Kashava bloodhoof.

Meng Chao didn’t have a good impression of them at all.

As long as he could save Dragon City, he would have enough strength and opportunity.

Meng Chao didn’t mind killing them all.

But he couldn’t just watch as the ‘Rebellion of the rat people’, following the trajectory of his previous life, suddenly erupted, spiraled, and destroyed. It benefited ‘Jackal’ Kanus and led to the ultimate destruction.

Chapter 1018: Follow the Vine

“If we want to succeed in the rat people’s struggle, we must at least reach a relatively fair agreement with the clan warriors and fight for more rights and interests for all the rat people. We can’t just make a mess like in our previous life and ultimately kill everyone, including all the rat people.”

Meng Chao thought to himself, “I have to think of a way to lead the ‘rat riot’ in a direction that is more beneficial to the rat people, and of course, more beneficial to Dragon City.”

Putting aside the natural justice of helping the strong and helping the weak aside.

Foster a new faction in the Tulan Civilization to contend with the old nobles and ambitious people, and then play the game of pulling one faction and playing the other faction.

This would also be more convenient for dragon city, the “Offshore balancing hand,” to infiltrate its influence into the Tulan civilization.

Moreover, the rat population accounted for more than 90% of the total population of the Tulan civilization and was the main component of the consumption market of the Tulan civilization.

If the Dragon City civilization wanted to dump industrial manufactured products in Tulan to maintain its own economic operation, it had to awaken the sense of rights and interests of all the rat population, turning them from “Slaves, servants, cannon fodder,” into consumers with sufficient purchasing power.

Just by relying on the high and mighty clan elders, they could at most spend some luxury goods. It was not enough to solve the work problems of tens of millions of dragon city citizens, nor was it possible to integrate the Tulan civilization into the large industrial and information-based economic system of the Dragon City Civilization., to completely solve the economic crisis of Dragon City.

The tens of millions of rat people who were willing to work hard and cry for food were the best customers in Meng Chao's mind.

Therefore, he was determined to help these rat people who dared to be angry, dare to resist, dare to rise up, and wave their sabers at the most powerful people!

However, he could not help randomly, otherwise, he would only get more and more help.

First, Meng Chao had to go deep into the secret organizations of the rat people and find out what was going on with the so-called "Rat god" and the "Rat people riot."

But he did not want to expose his identity too early.

He did not want to attract the vigilance of old nobles like Casavar and bloodhoof, as well as ambitious people like "Jackal"kanus.

Meng Chao could only investigate in secret.

He found leaf, spider, and the thirty rat civil servants who were originally selected and prepared.

He also found a large number of veteran rat civil servants who had served in the bloody skull arena for more than seven or eight years.

He pretended to be very interested in the Rat God and rambled on. His main purpose was to ask these people where and from whom they first heard the news of the arrival of the Rat God.

Putting aside the legend of the Rat God that had been circulating for a long time, he did not mention it.

Specifically, the rumor that the Rat God had already arrived and formed an army in the depths of Turanze and was about to save all the rat people seemed to have spread like a virus in the blood skull arena four to five days ago.

Most of the rat people could not remember who was the first one to mysteriously mention the news.

However, the rat people vaguely remembered that a name called "Three hands" had been mentioned by them many times.

Meng Chao learned that "Three hands" was a rat handyman who had served in the Blood Skull Arena for more than twenty years.

In terms of the lifespan of the rat people and the danger factor of working in the arena, three hands was indeed one of the most senior rat handymen in the Blood Skull Arena.

He was well-informed and had a lot of unknown channels.

In fact, three hands was the 'house rat' of the Bloody Hoof clan.

For a period of time, he was the supervisor of all the rat workers.

However, his master lost his power and life in the internal strife of the bloody hoof clan.

He was not liked by his new master, so he found an excuse to hang him up and beat him for three days and three nights.

Although he was not beaten to death, the tendons on his hands were torn apart, so much so that his arms were shriveled up like the claws of a rat.

Originally, this guy was called five hands.

His feet were as agile as his hands, and his tail was more agile than his limbs. He was very agile when he worked, and he had a calculating ability that ordinary rats would never learn. He was very good at settling accounts.

After his hands were crippled, he naturally went from 'five hands' to 'Three Hands'.

Because he was good at calculation, although he could not become the supervisor of the rats' handymen, he could still do some purchasing work.

Of course, he was not going to the high-level market to purchase the flesh of totem beasts and golden fruits that were rich in spiritual energy. Instead, he was going to the low-level market to purchase a large amount of coarse food that could fill the stomachs of the rat soldiers and handymen.

There were many servants and handymen in the Blood Skull Arena.

The amount of food consumed every day was astronomical.

Therefore, the three hands had to go out every day. There were a lot of opportunities to contact people outside the blood skull arena.

The reason why Meng Chao had his eyes on him was not solely because of his occupation.

In this kind of job where he was constantly in contact with all sorts of people, he could naturally hear all kinds of rumors and slanders. If his mouth was a little bigger, it would not be surprising if he accidentally spread news about the big horn rat god.

The main reason why Meng Chao had his eyes on him was:

First, his three hands had been hung up by his new master for three days and three nights, and his extremely agile hands had been crippled. It was very likely that he harbored a grudge against his new master and had enough motivation to resist.

Second, after becoming an ordinary handyman from a handyman supervisor, his three hands had behaved obediently and cautiously. He wasn't a person who liked to make wild guesses and gossip. Recently, however, he had been acting out of the norm, naturally, it was very suspicious to find people to talk about the arrival of the Rat God.

Thirdly, and most importantly, the handymen who often came into contact with the three-handed handyman said that the two arms of the three-handed handyman, which had withered for a whole decade, had recently recovered little by little, like branches that had been burned by flames, after being moistened by the rain and dew, fresh green shoots grew again.

Although they were still much thinner than normal people's arms, they could wash clothes and even wring towels by themselves.

Because they were the marks left by their master's punishment.

Naturally, the three hands could not be treated in the medical room of the Bloody Skull Arena.

When others curiously asked him what was going on, he did not hide anything. He even excitedly said that he had received the blessing of the Rat God!

Based on these clues, Meng Chao judged that the three hands must have known something. They had even received some kind of mission from the secret organization of the Rat people, the emissary of the Rat God, who was hiding in black-corner city.

Therefore, the next day at the time of the fish, before dawn, when the sky was as gray as the belly of a dead fish, Meng Chao changed the color of his hair and eyes again. After putting on the hooded cloak, he followed behind the three hands and slipped out of the bloody skull arena.

The "Game of the brave" would last for half a month.

From day to night, there were bloodthirsty warriors fighting in the streets, taverns, and casinos.

Standing in the center market of black-corner City, which used to be the most prosperous but was now in ruins, one could hear the sound of walls collapsing and huge objects falling to the ground at any time, of course, there was also the sound of swords and claws colliding with each other and sparks flying everywhere.

Although it was known as the "All-weather, endless, and gorgeous duel", the large black-corner city still had to maintain the most basic operations.

Not to mention what the Samurai Lords ate and drank.

Not to mention the fact that they tore down the houses into ruins and left the streets in a mess, and whether they needed the rats, laborers, and slaves to clean up the mess.

Just take the hundreds of thousands of samurai lords' food, drinks, and excretions. without the "Garbage bugs" to dredge and transport them in time, it would not take more than two or three days, the samurai lords would only be able to "Seize the glory of the samurai" in the dirty, stinky, and yellow pools!

Therefore, the most zealous totem warriors would take a short break after the fierce battles every day and let the rats, slave laborers, and garbage bugs clean up the mess.

That was from "Time of the fish" to "Time of the chicken".

That was from three or four o'clock in the morning to eight or nine o'clock in the morning.

In these six hours, under the stimulation of the excessive secretion of dopamine and endorphins, the Clan Warriors had already gone through the whole day and the whole night. They were all sleeping soundly or soaking in secret medicines to heal their wounds.

The rat folk handymen, slave workers, and trash worms took the opportunity to come out and clean up the ruins and unclog the pipes in a race against time. They prepared everything that the warrior lords needed in the next round of battle.

As a result, before dawn, the streets on both sides were filled with rat folk.

Many of the ruins that the samurai lords had torn into a white field had simply become temporary markets to trade for supplies necessary for the survival of the rat folk and the Battle of the samurai.

The rebels of the clan era didn't have the slightest awareness of vigilance and confidentiality.

At least, in the eyes of Meng Chao, a ghost assassin who had received strict training in stealth, infiltration, and assassination, and who had also learned how to deal with intruders in the mutated Beast Investigation Bureau, the three-handed head., it was as if there was a shining arrow floating above his head. Even if his eyes were closed, he didn't have to worry about losing him.

However, there was nothing unusual about him in the first two markets.

That was because he had two much younger companions by his side. Even the questioning and bargaining were carried out by his companions. He hadn't interacted with anyone, nor had he left anything behind.

Until the third market.

This was an extremely large-scale meat market.

What was sold was not the flesh of totem beasts, but the flesh, bones, and water of ordinary beasts.

Speaking of which, other than planting the mandala tree, the Tulan civilization also had animal husbandry and breeding that far surpassed the clan era.

On one hand, the 'Ancestral Spirit' was left to them, which had been domesticated and even genetically modified, so it was very easy to raise poultry and livestock.

On the other hand, the food for poultry and domestic animals was also very easy to obtain. As long as the mandala tree bark and the mandala fruit shell were crushed, together with bone powder and water, the majority of poultry and domestic animals could be raised.

Of course, there was not the slightest bit of meat in the slaves' food tanks.

However, in order to ensure the combat strength of the servants, other than the mandala fruit puree that was mixed with honey and condensed milk, it was necessary to replenish meat every now and then.

The consumption of the blood skull arena was huge, so there were naturally vendors who were familiar with each other to specially supply the goods.

The vendor with a tuft of hair on his forehead across from them seemed to be an old friend of three hands. The two of them had their arms around each other's shoulders and were chatting happily, so there was nothing suspicious about them.

This included the fact that they connected their wide sleeves together according to the way the market was used. It was also common practice for them to extend their hands into their sleeves to haggle over the price.

However, Meng Chao, who had been staring at the three hands from afar, realized that when their hands reached into their sleeves at the same time and no one could see what they were doing, the

micro expressions of the three hands and the stall owner opposite them.., had become different from a moment ago.

It was three parts nervousness, three parts vigilance, and three parts excitement.

Chapter 1019: Hell Cast

“These two people passed something to each other.”

Meng Chao noticed that the shoulders and arms of the three hands were twitching slightly.

It was as if an object had slipped from the position where it was tied to the elbows to the wrists and then bounced into the hands of the ‘tuft of hair’ on the opposite side.

Perhaps the arms of the three hands had not fully recovered from the atrophy of more than ten years.

When he was sliding and ejecting, it was a little strenuous for him, and the range of his movements was slightly larger.

In the eyes of the warriors of the clan who did not have any experience in counterintelligence, it was naturally not a flaw. It was not even an oversight.

However, Meng Chao’s sharp eyes caught him.

“So, this butcher shop is the relay station for the information of the Rat People’s uprising army?”

Meng Chao looked around with great interest.

After three hands passed the message, he quickly left the market with his two companions.

Meng Chao was no longer interested in following him.

The reason was simple. Three hands was a native of black-corner city and had been here for more than twenty years. It was unlikely that the rat militia had set up an ambush so long ago. At most, he was just a small fish that had recently been developed.

As for the owner of the butcher shop, Meng Chao did not think that he was the person he was looking for in the end.

For someone like him, who had a good reason to stay in the market with all sorts of people and often played the “Hidden Universe” trick with others, it would be a waste if he did not use it as an intelligence relay station.

The thing that the three-handed man passed through his sleeve should not be for a pinch of fur.

This guy was only a second-in-command.

As expected, after staring at him for half an hour, Meng Chao locked onto his target again.

This was a tall limping mouse citizen.

The entire left side of his face extended all the way to his left shoulder, and it was covered with shocking scars.

It was as if some kind of fierce beast had savagely gnawed on the left side of his body.

Even his left leg was stiff like a burnt wooden stick, dragging behind him as he limped forward.

However, the right side of his body, which was intact, was stronger than most of the rat people.

Moreover, his muscles were evenly covered. As a ghost assassin, Meng Chao could tell at a glance that with such flesh and bones, not only could he use brute force, but he could also accurately find the crevices of the enemy's skull, he chopped his brain into pieces.

This rat person was once a warrior.

Even though he wore a wide cloak that covered most of his body and movements, it still could not hide the faintly discernible killing intent that leaked out from the cracks.

However, besides the killing intent, there was also the smell of heavy labor and exhaustion on his body.

His hair was curled up from the fire. His face and exposed hands were covered with a large number of burn marks. Even the thick hair of a high-level orc had been burnt clean.

It was like a big tree that had been burned and dried up, and could collapse at any time.

"A former warrior became a slave laborer who engaged in some kind of heavy and high-temperature work because he was injured and disabled?"

Meng Chao guessed secretly.

Of course, those who were qualified to leave the workplace and come to this market were definitely not ordinary slave laborers.

They might be the leader of the slave workers, just like how three hands used to be the supervisor of handymen in the Bloody Skull Arena.

This identity was probably a 'reward' for the scars on his body.

However, the anger on the lame mouse's face was still apparent.

Especially when he looked into the eyes of the owner of the butcher shop, 'a tuft of fur', and spat out his anger, he almost carved the word 'traitor' on his forehead.

The limping mouse and a tuft of fur also held their sleeves together and shook hands.

A tuft of fur from the shoulder to the elbow also had a very stealthy sliding and ejecting action. Something was ejected into the limping mouse's sleeve.

As a result, Meng Chao's next target became the limping mouse.

As a well-trained soldier, the limping mouse was much more vigilant than three hands.

When he passed a corner, he deliberately stopped and waited for a moment to see if anyone was chasing after him in a hurry.

But that was all.

In Meng Chao's eyes, this kind of anti-tracking method in the clan era was just a child's game.

Soon, he followed the limping mouse people to the smoky 'casting area'.

The entire black-corner city was like a large military camp. It was divided into more than ten different areas according to different functions.

The gladiator arena, casinos, taverns, and markets were all relatively centralized and easy to manage.

The so-called casting area was where Iron Sparks flew, molten steel flowed, and weapons casting workshops gathered.

To the rat people, unlike the Gladiator Arena, which still had a chance of survival, the casting area was an out-and-out hell on Earth.

There were hundreds and thousands of chimneys here, constantly spewing out choking smoke day and night.

In order to increase the sharpness and sturdiness of their weapons, the forgers were used to mixing large amounts of totem beast bone powder in their molten iron, as well as colorful ores that emitted faint fluorescent light that were rolled up from the depths of the Earth by the roots of the mandala.

The extremely strong radioactive substances contained within caused the thick smoke that was spewing out to emit a ghostly, eerie light. It was sucked into the bellies of the rat slave workers who never wore any protective masks. In less than a year or so., their throats and lungs would completely rot from the inside out.

Most of the slave rats would not even wait for their throats and lungs to rot.

They would be scalded to death by the splashing molten iron.

They would be crushed to death by the collapsed weapons and raw materials.

Or they would die of exhaustion in front of the bellows and the iron felt in the endless hard work day after day.

Meng Chao walked through the mist in the casting area. He did not even need to pay much attention to cover his body.

Because this place contained spiritual energy, the dense fog that was filled with radioactivity was so dense that one could not even see one's fingers.

Every rat slave that crawled out of the fog was emaciated. Their eyes were dull, and their bodies were covered with burns, Burns, and bruises. Every pore was blocked by black powder, they were like wandering ghosts who had forgotten their names and did not even remember that they were still alive.

The limping rat people in front stopped in their tracks.

Meng Chao hurriedly moved to the side, behind a pile of coal that was as high as a hill.

He also smeared a handful of coal dust on his face.

The sound of whipping could be heard from the fog.

There were also a few faint screams.

There was also an incomparably sharp voice that was gnashing his teeth:

“Get Up, you lazy bastards. If you can’t take out five thousand battle sabers within half a month, I’ll tie all of you up to the front of the army and fill up the trenches!”

Meng Chao heard the breathing of the lame rat people, and his breathing became heavier.

He seemed to have heard the cracking of his knuckles as he clenched his fists.

The sharp voice seemed to have sensed the arrival of the lame rat people, but it did not care about his reaction, he still said arrogantly, “Half-face, you came back just in time. Hurry up and drag these lazy bastards to the thousand-corpse pit to be buried!”

It turned out that the lame rat people were called “Half-face”.

It suited the ugly scars on his left face.

Meng Chao could feel that half-face’s fists had been clenched into two warhammers that were as hard as iron.

However, he did not smash the owner of the sharp sound with his hammer.

He said gloomily, “They are not dead yet.”

“Swoosh! Smack!”

It was the sound of the whip, which was wrapped with thorns and vines, hitting one side of his face.

Even the limping rats, who were as strong as bulls, could not help but moan in pain.

“These lazy fellows are not as tough as you. After two whips, even their bones are exposed. What’s the point of keeping them? !”

The sharp voice shouted, “When you send them to the thousand corpse pit, they will be dead for sure!”

Facing the whipping sound of whipping.

Half of his face stopped defending himself.

In a moment, Meng Chao vaguely see, out of the fog a group of silent rat people.

Led by half-faces, they pushed carts that were used to haul coal.

The cart was covered with blood and flesh, but still wriggling slave labor.

Half of the face led the rats, hunched over their backs, gnashing their canines, into the depths of the casting area.

In the fog on both sides, the furnace heated the air to a temperature that could easily burn one’s throat. The molten iron emitted a faint phosphorescence, and there were tinkling sounds and panting sounds everywhere, there were also faint and painful groans.

It was as if they had stepped into hell one step at a time.

In the fog in front of them, the silhouettes of countless ferocious demons appeared.

They were the mandala trees that were tangled, growing recklessly, and blotting out the sky.

Different from the mandala trees that grew in the mountains, the mandala trees here were like smoke that was full of super-radioactive substances.

From the tree trunks to the branches to the flowers that opened like bloody mouths, they were all dark and gloomy, like dark skeletons.

About a hundred mandala trees were clustered together.

But around them was a swamp that was bubbling.

There were also a lot of broken bones that were riddled with holes floating in the swamp.

“One, two, three!”

Half of the face and his companions shouted in a low voice as they threw the corpse of a rat citizen into the swamp far away.

The swampy sounds that made one’s scalp tingle immediately came from the swamp.

The roots of the black mandala tree, like a snake in the swamp, instantly wrapped around the rat people, leaving only a few pieces of flesh, not a few drops of blood, dragged it into the eternal darkness.

All the rat people who died in the foundry were thrown into the swamp known as the pit of a thousand corpses, and left to be dealt with by these savage mutant mandala trees.

After the mutated mandala tree devoured a large number of rat residents’ corpses, it did not waste any of them. Its branches were tough and soft, and it was not afraid of being hacked by sabers or burned by flames. It also contained extremely ferocious corpse poison, it was a good material for making whips and chains with meteor hammers.

It was a perfect opportunity for the brave and fearless warriors to wield the weapons made from rat residents’ corpses and seize the supreme glory for the sacred ancestral spirits!

“Half face –”

After throwing the three corpses into the thousand corpse pit and letting the mandala root devour them, one of his companions said hesitantly, “The remaining two are not dead yet.”

Chapter 1020: A Miracle Is About to Happen!

Half Face was silent for a moment.

It was as if he had given a signal in the fog.

A few of his companions immediately spread out in all directions to check if there were any random people following them or hiding nearby.

Naturally, they could not find Meng Chao, who had perfectly blended into the darkness like a shadow. Plus, he had restrained his breathing, heartbeat, and even body temperature to the limits.

After checking around and making sure that no one was following or eavesdropping, Half Face finally said, "Since they are still alive, they must have received the Rat God's blessings. In that case, send them to their old place and hide them. Hopefully, the secret medicine that the Rat God has given us can save their lives."

A few of his companions nodded one after another.

One of them indignantly said, "Black Claw is really too much. In just the past three days, he has already whipped twelve rat subjects to death. Our lives as rat people are probably even lower than that of actual rats before him!

"One day, I will tie him to a mandrake tree and let him have a taste of it. His flesh and blood will be torn off by a prickly whip until his bones are completely exposed!"

"Such a day will come."

Half Face said, "Be patient, my friends. The day you are looking forward to is not far away. Before long, the Big-horned Rat God will perform a miracle in Black-corner City, and the demons who have bullied the rat people will receive the punishment they deserve!"

Hearing that, his companions were all excited.

"Half Face, have you brought good news?"

One of his companions eagerly asked, "How is the situation in the city?"

"Very good. Not only are most of the rat slaves in the casting area ready to welcome the Big-horned Rat God's arrival at any time, there are also casinos, markets, taverns, mines, markets, and farms for totem beasts. Almost all the rat people in the city are eagerly looking forward to the unbelievable miracle."

Half Face paused for a moment before he continued. "More than half of the rat soldiers in the arena have even fallen into the Rat God's arms. If a miracle really happens, they will definitely support us!"

"Is that so?"

One of his companions expressed his doubt. "However, I've heard that the lives of the servants are much more comfortable than those of slave workers like us. Moreover, as long as they serve their master and fight for their lives, they might be granted blood by their master and become a member of the Blood Hoof Clan.

"Can they really believe in the Rat God and support our righteous deeds?"

"Not all the servants have the hope of becoming clan warriors."

Half Face explained to his companions, "Although the civil rat servants in the arena eat much better than us slave workers, their casualty rate is much higher than ours due to the harsh training and battles.

"Let's not talk about the dead. Even if they are lucky enough to survive the arena, they will likely be swiped by the clan warriors' sabers or swords and become crippled.

“Such cripples can usually be servants. However, in the glorious era, when the entire Blood Hoof Clan is about to march out, they can only join the ranks of the slave soldiers. They won’t escape the fate of being cannon fodder.

“A hundred servant soldiers experienced dozens of bloody battles, but only one of them survived and became a clan warrior. Yet, that’s already a great fortune.

“For the other ninety-nine servant soldiers, they are doomed to die. Compared with dying for their master and the Blood Hoof Clan, isn’t it much more glorious to die for the rat people’s own clan?”

“Half Face has a point.”

Another slightly older voice said, “The biggest question now is whether or not the Rat God can perform a sufficiently shocking miracle.

“As long as the great Rat God can shake the entire Black-corner City, from the quarry to the arena, from the casino to the tavern, from the black-corner city to the Red-gold City, the millions of rat people in Picturesque Orchid Lake will definitely join us and form the Great Horn Legion that will make the armies of the five clans tremble in fear

“But how long do we have to wait?”

The young and impatient voice that said that he was going to whip the supervisor, Black Claw, into a skeleton said, “When will the miracle arrive? You must know that the game of the brave will not last long. When the game is over, it will mean that the big families have decided on their seats. They will form the Blood Hoof army.

“At that time, most of the rat people will join the army as slave soldiers, slave soldiers, and slave laborers, under the clan warriors’ direct command.

“When that time comes, it will not be so easy to resist anymore

“Don’t be impatient. My friend, the Rat God has his own plans.”

Half Face slightly raised his voice. “Ever since we bear the notoriety of humiliation, we rat people have silently endured for 10,000 years. The suffering of 10,000 years has converged into magma that can burn everything. All the rat people can feel the heat of the magma. Don’t tell me that you can’t even endure the last few days?

“In the past ten years of prosperity, the number of rat people has increased by more than ten times compared to the peak of thousands of years ago. This is the greatest strength that the Rat God has gradually awakened and bestowed upon us.

“Right now, the glorious era that belongs to the rat people has begun. The miracle is quietly brewing on the dark clouds that fill the sky. In a few more days, the thunder that represents judgment will descend on those who insult us, exploit us, bully us, and kill us.

“What you need to do is to continue praying wholeheartedly in the last few days. Make sure that when the miracle does come, you have enough courage to throw angry fists and sharp sabers at the Minotaurs, wild boars, barbarian elephants, and Centaurs.”

“Of course.

“With the Rat God’s blessing, we are not afraid of the Minotaurs and wild boars.

“They have their ancestral spirits, we have our ancestral spirits. The Big-horned Rat God is the most powerful ancestral spirit!”

With Half Face’s encouragement, the rat slaves were all excited.

However, they seemed to be overly excited. Relying on the stinky Thousand-corpse Pit, there were not many warriors from the clan who would appear. Their voices became louder and louder, and they almost waved their fists, they were shouting slogans like, “Long live the Big-horned Rat God, Long live the sixth clan,” and so on.

Meng Chao’s face was full of black lines as he listened from the side.

He could understand the rat people who had suffered a lot and were eager to control their own destinies.

However, they could be so brazen. They needed to realize that they were rebelling. The enemy could have their heads!

Of course, for those who resisted in the clan era, especially those who were driven by fanatical beliefs, they could only gather together. Those who had the courage to rise up, they were expected to be like the members of a secret organization in the modern war environment. The system was strict, and they were well-trained, as well as always full of vigilance and confidentiality. That was too much to ask for.

In any case, Meng Chao remembered that most of the ancient rebels on Earth were similar to the rat people in front of him. They were extremely audacious and did whatever they wanted. Before the government noticed them, they would often make a ruckus and spread it to the whole world.

In a word, they were courting death.

“No wonder the rat rebellion in my previous life was destroyed by ‘Jackal’ Kanus!”

Meng Chao mumbled to himself, “It was a well-informed organization with a plan full of loopholes.”

When the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization had contacted each other in his previous life, the latter was already in the hands of “Jackal” Kanus.

For a Ghost Assassin like Meng Chao who was in charge of the operation, there were only a few lines of information about the rat rebellion.

He did not know the Rat God’s true face or whether the “miracle” that was about to shake the entire Black-corner City had arrived.

But the probability was probably not there?

At least, it did not achieve the expected effect of the resistance.

He did not receive the response of all the rat people in the entire map.

Otherwise, the rat rebellion would not have been so easily suppressed by Kanus’ Wolf Legion.

Meng Chao felt that he should give the rebels a small push.

He would remind them not to be so high-profile and not to overturn an old world. It was not that easy.

It was not only because of the simple sense of justice that helped the weak.

It was also because Meng Chao suddenly thought that if the rat population's rebellion could last longer than in his previous life, it might change the direction of the war in the Other World.

If the scale of the rat rebellion could be several times larger than in his previous life, and it could last for more than a year and a half, did it mean that the Turan civilization would not be able to easily complete the integration of their internal forces and start a war against the entire Holy Light faction.

Meng Chao pondered, when the Holy Light faction received the news that the Turan civilization was in a civil war and could not take care of itself, would they shift their strategic focus from the eastern front to the western front, from the advanced orcs to the Ancient Tomb Marquis and the abyssfolk?

"On the surface, the internal strife might significantly weaken the overall strength of the Turan civilization.

"However, it might win a precious buffer period for the Turan civilization and the Dragon City civilization hiding behind the Turan civilization, and make the western front the main battlefield of the war between worlds. Meanwhile, the seemingly peaceful eastern front was full of opportunities to fish in troubled waters and take advantage of the situation.

"As for the possibility of the Holy Light faction taking advantage of the internal strife of the Turan civilization to strike first and invade on a large scale..

"It shouldn't exist, right?

"Because all the mandrake trees have bloomed and not even half of their fruits have grown. Other than a large group of furious and hungry advanced orcs, the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake doesn't have many resources that can be used efficiently with the technology of the Middle Ages.

"Fighting and trading are the same thing. There must be profits to be made, unless it is like the war between worlds in my previous life, where both sides fought with real fire and ended up in a war of national extermination. Then a large number of elite advanced orcs, together with the steel torrent of the dragon city civilization, were completely annihilated in the land of Holy Light, leaving the rear defensive line extremely empty.

"Otherwise, no one can bear to plunge into the Picturesque Orchid Lake and into the bloody mouths of countless advanced orcs, right?"