

Oh My God 1021

Chapter 1021: The Big Fish in the Ground

Meng Chao felt that he should give these rat people a hand.

At least, he should help them raise their vigilance.

He lifted his cloak and took off his wide belt.

There were all kinds of bits and pieces hidden in his belt.

The medicine used to change the color of skin, hair, and pupils, a thin iron wire used to open doors and pick locks, a blade that was as thin as a cicada's wing and could silently cut open packages, and so on...

There were also dozens of badges from various big clans that represented various identities.

After pinning one of the badges on the inner side of his cloak, Meng Chao found another fragile branch and placed it under his heel. He stomped on it heavily.

The branch immediately released a cracking sound.

It was particularly clear in the fog.

"Who is it?"

The rat slave workers who were plotting a rebellion immediately cried out in shock and anger.

A few slave workers pounced on him.

Meng Chao pretended to be in a panic and turned to flee.

He heard a "whooshing" sound coming from above his head.

It came from the spade and iron rod that the slave workers had taken from the trolley to shovel coal. They wanted to smash his head.

Meng Chao shrieked and shrunk his neck. He seemed to have narrowly avoided the attacks of the slave workers.

Out of the blue, one of the rat slaves threw the shovel at his legs.

He threw the shovel while running at high speed. It was originally crooked, so it was impossible for it to hit him.

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat, but he deliberately moved half a meter away from the sharp edge of the shovel.

His left calf was hit instantly, causing him to stumble and fall to the ground.

The rat slave at the front roared and pounced on him, rolling into a ball with Meng Chao.

Knowing that he was in the business of killing people, the rat slave used all his strength to break Meng Chao's neck.

Meng Chao cooperated with his performance and pretended to struggle violently. Before the other rat slave workers caught up, he flipped the red-faced guy to the ground.

Seeing that Meng Chao was about to run away, the guy only had time to reach out and scratch at him.

Meng Chao pushed his chest forward, allowing the other party to grab onto his cloak.

Then, he took the opportunity to tear it down. With a "chraa" sound, the rag with badges fell into the rat slave's hands.

Meng Chao let out a strange cry. His speed suddenly increased, and he disappeared into the depths of the colorful smoke.

If he really wanted to escape or hide, even hundreds of clan warriors might not be able to catch him.

These rat slaves chased after him, and naturally missed.

They might also attract the attention of the other rat slaves and supervisors in the casting area, so they could only retreat resentfully.

When Half Face also limped to catch up, the Rat God's followers looked at each other, and their expressions became extremely grim.

"Half Face, look."

The rat slaves who had been fighting Meng Chao just now handed over the rag with badges.

Under the dim sunlight, they could barely see the patterns on the badges through the smoke. They could not help but gasp.

"The Redstone Clan!"

The Redstone Clan was a noble Minotaur family in Black-corner City, whose power was second only to the Blood Hoof Clan.

"Could the other party be a warrior of the Redstone Clan and has heard all our secrets?" The slave workers' faces were all pale.

"Don't panic. The situation isn't that bad."

Half Face said in a low voice, "If the other party is really a Minotaur warrior from the Redstone Clan, it's impossible for him to hide in a corner and eavesdrop on us. He would've mobilized a large group of people and captured us in one go.

"In my opinion, it should only be one of the Redstone Clan's domestic rats who overheard part of our conversation."

"That's troublesome too."

A rat slave worker, whose voice was sharp and anxious, said, "Now that he has run away, what if he runs back to the Redstone Clan and tells his master about the Rat God's arrival?"

"That's... That's not a big deal."

Half Face thought for a moment and said, "Our forgery factory belongs to the Ironhide Clan, which comprises of wild boar people. They are the sworn enemies of the Minotaurs.

"Let's not talk about how much the domestic rat overheard. Even if he tells his master everything, it will be very difficult for his master, who is a Minotaur warrior, to interfere with the affairs in the Ironhide Clan's forgery workshop.

"However, it's always good to be careful. It seems that we've been targeted. You guys, go back to work. I have to find Lord Emissary immediately and tell him what just happened. He will decide what to do next!"

As the sun rose, the clan warriors began to walk on the streets again, turning the entire Black-corner City into a wild battlefield.

At that time, it would be dangerous and suspicious for the rat people to be walking through the streets again.

Therefore, Half Face ignored his supervisor's suspicion. He took the rag with the badge and walked around the Thousand-corpse Pit, leaving the workshop in a hurry.

The discovery of the eavesdropper had made him much more cautious.

Half Face had learned to walk close to the wall. Every time he walked around a corner, he would stop and look around for a moment.

In an alley that could only accommodate two people, when he reached the end of the alley, he deliberately turned around to make sure that no one was tailing him before he continued walking forward.

Next, he entered the low-end market that specialized in serving rats.

When the market was about to close and in a chaotic state, he crawled around in the crowd. He even went into the vendors' tents that were as complicated as a maze. After a while, he disguised himself and came out again.

At this time, a new partial face mask had appeared on his face.

He did not know what was on his shoulder, but it was much wider than before.

Even his iconic crippled leg had become normal.

He walked steadily with large strides. If one did not look carefully, one would not be able to tell that he was a cripple.

The Rat God had probably taught him those anti-tracking techniques.

They were enough to shake off most of those stalkers from the Middle Ages.

However, it did not occur to Half Face that Meng Chao did not need to watch his every move.

He only needed to narrow his eyes and carefully sniff the unique scent on the rag.

The seemingly ordinary hooded cloak on his body had been repeatedly soaked and starched in the medicine that Meng Chao had concocted using an exclusive recipe.

The scent could only be sniffed by him alone, and it was done by injecting his spirit power into the mucous membrane of his nose. The scent lingered on the cloak.

As long as the other party was still holding the rag that was ripped off his clothes...

As long as the other party was still in Black-corner City...

He would not be able to escape his grasp.

After leaving the market, Half Face seemed to be completely relieved.

He stopped beating around the bush and quickened his pace to reach the slum where Meng Chao had been yesterday.

The familiar scene slightly startled Meng Chao.

The two “garbage bugs” that appeared to have crawled out from between the broken walls but actually had steady and powerful steps, emitted a faint murderous aura. That confirmed Meng Chao’s speculation.

The real “big fish” was hiding there.

On second thought, the place was indeed blessed with unique conditions.

First of all, its environment was complex, dilapidated, and smelly. Other than the two groups of warriors who had treated this place as a battlefield yesterday, very few clan warriors would pay attention to this place, let alone those high and mighty figures.

Secondly, the rat people were the lowliest of the advanced orcs, and the “garbage bugs” were the lowliest of the rat people. They took on the dirtiest and most dangerous jobs, hence they were filled with the strongest fury and rebellious spirit. With just a small spark, they could start a grassland fire.

Thirdly, the underground area was filled with sewage pipes. Many of the pipes led out of Black-corner City, which was why the garbage and dirt produced by the advanced orcs in the city could be continuously sent out of the city.

According to Meng Chao’s knowledge, the surrounding area of Black-corner City was densely planted with mandrake trees, which required the nourishment of garbage and filth.

No matter how much the mandrake trees were nourished, it was impossible for them to bear fruit again in ten to twenty years.

However, with sufficient nutrition, the mandrake trees could grow layers of bark and luxuriant branches as well as leaves.

The bark could satisfy the rat people’s hunger.

The branches and leaves could feed domestic animals, and domestic animals could feed totem beasts. In the end, the flesh of the totem beasts could satisfy the clan warriors' daily consumption and cultivation needs when they did not have the mandrake fruit.

Therefore, the garbage and filth in Black-corner City could be considered as a kind of strategic material. The mandrake forest outside the city had become increasingly lush and dense in the past few months.

If Meng Chao was the Rat God's emissary, he could easily pass through the dense mandrake trees, pass through the sewage pipe's exit, and sneak into Black-corner City without anyone noticing.

He was sure that was where the emissary was.

It was not easy to sneak in behind Half Face because the chaotic battle yesterday had destroyed most of the buildings.

Many of the rat slaves could only squeeze between the broken walls and randomly built tents.

There was no place to hide in the tattered tents. Naturally, there was no blind spot.

Meng Chao was not sure how many spies that the emissary had placed there.

Perhaps, everyone was a spy.

After circling the slum from a distance, Meng Chao took out an iron rod that he had stolen from the workshop.

The enemy's secret stronghold should not be on the ground.

The scale of the slum was not large. If the base was on the ground, a large number of rats that were surrounded by killing intent and did not look like garbage would come and go. It would be easy for the clan warriors to spot it.

Besides, the slum had almost been demolished yesterday. That part on the ground was almost useless. If the base had been on the ground, it should have been moved overnight.

"If I'm not wrong, the Rat God's emissary must be commanding the rat rebels in Black-corner City to work on some secret underground. It might be related to the 'miracle' mentioned by Half Face.

"It is precisely because their work underground is so important that the Rat God's emissary is reluctant to leave, no matter how hard they fight on the ground."

Meng Chao found another piece of evidence to support his speculation.

The large pit that he had deliberately destroyed yesterday had been carefully repaired by someone.

Although it could not be restored to what it was, a few cracks between the collapses had been completely blocked by someone at the end of the abandoned pipe.

Chapter 1022: The Deeper Part of the Underground City

"What's behind these cracks?"

Meng Chao thought for a moment. The reason why these sewage pipes were abandoned was that after hundreds or thousands of years of use, the sewage and groundwater had been leaking for a long time, resulting in a weak structure. Some of them had collapsed and blocked all the pipes.

However, other than the collapsed section of the pipes, the pipes farther down should still be intact.

The second collapse that he had created was very likely to unblock the blocked pipe.

At the very least, it would open up a few palm-sized cracks.

If that was the case, the secret hidden deep underground at the end of the pipe might be exposed.

Hence, the Rat God's emissary had asked someone to patch up the cracks.

Thinking of this, Meng Chao raised the iron rod and inserted it into the cracks that had just been patched between the broken walls.

The gaps were simply covered with mud. Even if they were hardened, they would not be very solid.

Moreover, Meng Chao had injected a stream of spirit energy into the iron rod, which caused the muscles of his arms to vibrate at a high frequency.

The driving iron rod was like an extremely long impact drill, which could be easily inserted into a depth of two to three meters.

Not only the iron rod, but half of Meng Chao's arms were also stuck in the gaps.

When the iron rod was pulled out, a hole appeared in the crack.

Meng Chao stuck his ear to the hole and injected his spirit energy into his eardrums and cochlea, holding his breath to collect every movement underground.

As he expected, he heard sounds.

Other than the sound of a lot of "garbage bugs" working hard in the depths of the sewage pipes, there was also an extremely subtle and regular vibration.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding...

"Is this... Is someone excavating underground?"

When Meng Chao was in Dragon City, he had gotten familiar with Lu Siya. He had learned a lot about underground operations from this senior prospector.

He immediately recognized that it was the sound of continuous drilling and digging.

"This is really strange. There's no need to dig so hard to clean up the sewage pipes, right?"

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and observed the collapsed ruins in front of him.

He had calculated the distribution of the broken walls and the angle at which they supported each other.

Then, he slowly dug out a hole that was not much bigger than a fist in the depths of the ruins.

His movements were gentle and careful. When he moved each rock, he was as careful as he was when he moved a flower bud carved out of crystal.

Every time he moved two or three rocks, he would have to stop and calculate again. Moreover, he would fill in new rocks around the hole to support the fragile structure above.

Even with peak Earth Realm combat ability and the peak Heaven Realm calculation ability, it still took him more than half an hour to open a two- or three-meter-long hole in the depths of the ruins.

Meng Chao looked at the results of his labor with satisfaction. He took a deep breath, and the bones all over his body contracted with a weak crackling sound.

His body instantly shrank, and he crawled into the hole that was not much bigger than his fist.

His arms had shrunk to his chest. From his pelvis to the tip of his feet, they were all stretched straight. The major muscles all over his body could not exert any force. He could only rely on the tiniest muscle fibers to drive himself into the hole after he had injected spirit energy into it. His hair, which was both firm and soft, vibrated at an extremely high frequency, and he was sent into the hole with the strength of the waves.

It took him five minutes to crawl into the hole that was only two to three meters long.

Meng Chao recovered his body and panted heavily.

What he inhaled, however, was the stench that had condensed into a solid body.

Even though Meng Chao had spirit energy to protect his body...

He still could not help but want to cough and vomit.

The d*mn place was a hundred times dirtier than Dragon City's underground sewage system and the Giant Sandworms' nests.

Even he could not stand it. He really did not know how those rat children, who had never trained their spirit energy and did not even have a mask as a shield, survived there for a year and a half as "garbage bugs" before they died in silence.

Alright, regardless of whether Dragon City's civilization in his previous life was good or bad, at the very least, there was nothing to regret over when it came to the Turan civilization's destruction. In other words, it was simply intolerable that such a "civilization" did not perish

Meng Chao thought to himself, "It's a pity that the Holy Light faction's destruction of the Turan civilization was not a good thing. Moreover, it was clearly the sins of the high and mighty clan elders, yet thousands of Dragon City's innocent citizens were buried along with them. In the end, even the purer ones in Dragon City were dragged into the abyss!

"In this world, no one can be an isolated island. If you want to save every innocent citizen of Dragon City, it seems that you have to save every innocent rat citizen first!"

He blinked his eyes, and his pupils kept dilating in the darkness, adjusting to the best visual mode.

At the same time, a lump of mud was sent to the exit of the hole with a metal rod, and the hole was barely blocked. In a short while, it should not be discoverable by the careless rat citizens.

Then, like a giant lizard born in a swamp, he used his hands and feet to sneak silently along the rusty pipe walls of the sewage pipe.

He went around a corner that had collapsed.

Then, a faint light appeared in front of him.

Since the underground was filled with flammable and explosive methane gas and poisonous gas, plus the advanced orcs lacked the technology to make electric lighting equipment, the “garbage bugs” carried crumpled paper lanterns with them. They were filled with luminous insects similar to fireflies, which made the lanterns crackle.

With the help of the dim light emitted by the insects, Meng Chao saw dozens of skinny children, who looked like ghosts. They simply covered their mouths and noses with strips of cloth dipped in water. They were using simple tools made from the branches of the mandrake tree and the bones of wild beasts to dig as well as dredge with all their might.

Most of them were under ten years old.

Even if they looked slightly mature, they were still severely malnourished by Dragon City’s standards. Their heads were big, and their bodies were small, like a skeleton version of a big-headed doll.

Their limbs were so slender that they were completely out of proportion to the simple tools. Every time they swung a hammer or shovel, they felt as if they were being carried away by inertia. It made people worry whether they would fall into the smelly garbage and sleep forever.

The sight was even more appalling than Leprosy Village in the depths of the Lair. It caused the corners of Meng Chao’s eyes to twitch slightly, especially when he found that two children were wearing a small and exquisite colored snail on their necks.

However, the color was so polluted that it was no longer very visible. The flames that suddenly erupted from the depths of his eyes could not be quenched for a long time.

But he did not act impulsively.

His experience of the fierce battle in Dragon City and the continuous awakening of the memory fragments of his previous life had made him grow into a Ghost Assassin who was ten times better now than in his previous life.

He knew how to lie low in silence and patiently look for opportunities. It was fine if he did not make a move, but if he did, he had to cut his throat.

“These rat children are doing the most common dredging and cleaning work. Even if the clan warriors can endure the stench and come here, they won’t find anything unusual. They aren’t the targets I’m looking for.”

Meng Chao pressed his ear against the wall of the pipe and listened for a while. He found that the sound and vibration of the excavation came from deeper underground.

It seemed that he had not reached his destination.

This was the shallow surface.

The scale of the sewage pipes was huge. Not only was the diameter more than three to five meters, it was enough to accommodate Minotaur warriors or wild boar warriors.

Moreover, it was connected in all directions and complicated. It was like an underground maze, spreading to every area of Black-corner City.

Not all the pipes needed to be cleaned. Many places were dark and void of working “garbage bugs.”

Even in places where “garbage bugs” gathered, they would often be dizzy from the stench of the poisonous gas. They were tortured to death by the heavy work. Their eyes were only focus on a very narrow space in front of them. They did not have the mood to pay attention to it, and it was impossible to see a shadow as thin as a cicada’s wings move quickly in the darkness.

Meng Chao easily bypassed several groups of “garbage bugs.”

He gradually dived into the ground to a depth of thirty to fifty meters.

The pipes there became narrower, while the air became more polluted. After a long time of stealth, he could finally see the flickering fireflies.

Logically speaking, it didn’t seem like there was a large group of people working on the soil.

However, Meng Chao once again caught the unique aura on his cloak.

That meant Half Face or someone else had delivered the torn cloth from his cloak to this place.

Meng Chao thought for a moment and used a metal rod to drill three vertical holes on the wet and soft ground.

Then, he scooped up a few handfuls of sewage waste from the corner of the pipe and poured it into the hole until it was level with the ground.

He lay on the ground and carefully observed the speed at which the liquid level was falling and the bubbles that were coming out from the depths of the hole.

It was a technique that Lu Siya had taught him to determine whether there was an underground hole below.

If this was the lowest level of the underground space, there would be tight and even layers of rock below.

Then the speed at which the liquid level was falling should be relatively slow. The speed at which the liquid level was falling at the three holes at different locations should be about the same, so there would not be too many bubbles coming out.

If the rate of the liquid level descending was relatively fast, and the rate of the liquid level descending in the three holes was uneven, and a large number of bubbles were gushing out. It meant that there might still be a huge space below.

If the rate of the liquid level descending was extremely fast, and there were no fatal rock layers around, then there might be underground buildings made of reinforced concrete or even metal.

“As expected, this is not the deepest part of the underground.

“Below these sewage pipes, there is an even larger and more complicated underground space system.

“This is something predictable.

“You should know that even the underground of dragon city is hundreds of meters deep, with layers of underground space.

“Some places are military facilities built in the Earth era to prevent the World War III.

“Some places were honeycomb underground cities that extended out of the ancient ruins after transmigrating to the Other World.

“Dragon City, on the other hand, only had a history of a thousand years. It was only in the last two or three hundred years that a large-scale modern city was built.

“The peak period of the Turan civilization’s prosperity was thousands of years ago, or even tens of thousands of years ago.

“Tens of thousands of years ago, the Turan ancestors, who were able to refine the mandrake trees and totem beasts, created super armor such as totem armors and built an underground area? What kind of facilities did they have? I’m really looking forward to it!”

Chapter 1023: The Rat Men Also Had Strong Experts

After confirming that the underground part of Black-corner City was probably a hundred times larger and more complicated than the underground part, Meng Chao became really excited.

He sniffed the special scent that the cloak gave off after soaking in the secret medicine. In the pitch-black darkness, he advanced nimbly like a bat, undisturbed.

Every time he reached a fork, he only needed to take a few deep breaths. According to the density of the scent, he could always find the right path.

Gradually, after drilling through a few collapsed tunnels with difficulty, the walls of the surrounding tunnels became dry, spacious, and firm.

The walls of the pipes buried in the shallow surface were like bricks or clay. After years of neglect, the rainwater seeped in and naturally became a mess of mud.

The walls of the pipes deeper underground used a large amount of materials like reinforced concrete or even all metal. After thousands of years of erosion, apart from a few pieces of rust growing out, they were still extremely firm.

Every time he passed through a section of the tunnel, Meng Chao would construct a three-dimensional model of an even larger underground pipeline system in his mind.

Judging from the diameter of the tunnel and the materials on the walls, the purpose of the tunnel was certainly not to drain the sewage.

Meng Chao also found facilities that looked like railway tracks in the mud deep inside a section of the tunnel.

It was just like Dragon City's underground railway line.

After injecting a stream of spirit energy into the "railway," Meng Chao sensed a rather intense spiritual and magnetic reaction.

From this, it could be seen that the "railway" there was even more advanced than that in Dragon City, adopting anti-gravity technology similar to magnetic levitation!

Fortunately, Meng Chao had already seen the automatic equipment similar to an elevator in the Blood Skull Arena.

Moreover, from the totem armor's operating system, he could see how advanced the Turan civilization was in the past.

Otherwise, he would not have believed that the ancestors of the advanced orcs had also taken the subway to work!

Of course, given that this place was already a hundred meters underground, normal civilian underground transportation facilities would not be built so deep.

Only military facilities, in order to guard against destructive attacks such as underground bombs and nuclear weapons, would be built a hundred meters underground and connected with small military trains.

There was a similar military transportation system under Dragon City.

Back then, after transmigrating, the people of Dragon City dug out many earth-era weapons along the underground military track.

These weapons, which were originally prepared for the Third World War, helped all the people of Dragon city arm themselves to the teeth and survive the most difficult period of the Beast Tide.

Could it be that the underground of Black-corner city was the same?

Meng Chao suddenly stopped moving.

His breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature had all been restrained to the limit, and he was like the shadow of a lizard, lurking in the darkness.

Fireflies were shining in front of him, and the sounds of digging and drilling became denser.

Occasionally, one could hear the sound of a faint and dull explosion.

However, on the way to the place where the sounds were denser, there were two rat subjects with sharp eyes, who were carrying battle sabers at their waists and scanning back and forth.

They were completely different from the rat subjects that Meng Chao had seen before.

It was not just because they were strong and stocky, full of scars, and full of killing intent.

In terms of strength and killing intent, there were many rat subjects in the Blood Skull Arena, who had the bloodline of wild boars and barbarian elephants. They were also very tall and strong, and they looked very fierce.

However, ordinary rat subjects would never be as aggressive as they were.

This was the unique aura of a predator. It could never be condensed without ten or eight years of hunting and devouring.

Most of the rat subjects and warriors did not look too different from each other.

For a moment, Meng Chao could not tell where they came from.

After pondering for a moment, Meng Chao closed his eyes.

His senses, other than his vision, had been expanded to the limit along with his spirit power, which allowed him to scan everything that could be used in the vicinity of the tunnel.

He did not even spare a single insect in the corner of the wall.

Soon, Meng Chao found a group of big and fat rat people.

Thanks to the ten times population that had flooded into Black-corner City in the blink of an eye, the amount of garbage that had been discharged underground in the past few months had also increased tenfold.

Ten times the amount of garbage had attracted and bred ten times more rats.

These rats grew in the depths of the underground near the crystal ore vein and were nourished by the spirit energy that leaked out day and night. They grew fat and strong, their hair was as hard as steel needles, and their front teeth were as sharp as guillotines, their red eyes were filled with ferocity, and they were far more ruthless than ordinary beasts. They could be considered small-sized monsters that were not afraid of humans and orcs at all. They even dared to climb onto a tall and mighty barbarian elephant warriors. They were the most difficult to deal with as they crawled between the wrinkles on the barbarian elephant man's body.

Meng Chao gently dug out a rock that was not much bigger than a grain of rice from a crack in the wall.

He bent his finger and flicked it towards the group of rats at the corner of the wall.

It hit the left eye of a large rat and brushed past its eyeball.

The strength was grasped perfectly. It caused its eyeball to feel a burst of pain without leaving any scars. Even if someone caught this large rat, they would not be able to find any trace of it.

The giant rat squeaked in pain, which immediately caused a riot among the rats.

Meng Chao deliberately picked the biggest and most ferocious-looking giant rat.

As expected, the giant rat, which was crazy due to the intense pain, began to jump around and bite the rats beside it.

Soon, the deep end of the tunnel was filled with squeaks and shrieks like boiling oil.

The attention of the two guards could not help but be attracted by the chaotic rats.

Just as they stepped forward to check, and their attention was focused on the rats on the ground, Meng Chao silently swept past them from the ceiling of the tunnel above their heads.

He used different methods to create a diversion and fish in troubled waters, breaking through three warning lines in a row.

At the next corner, he finally got what he wanted and saw the bustling work site.

Within the range of his vision, there were hundreds of strong rats.

From their strong bodies and skilled posture of wielding shovels and iron rods, they were not weak garbage worms, nor were they immature children. They were from quarries and mining caves, well-trained miners.

Hundreds of rat miners were digging and cleaning at the end of the collapsed tunnels.

Behind them, at the end of the tunnels that had been cleared, there were bronze doors carved with cuneiform characters.

“Judging from the structure, this place looks like a Turan civilization underground warehouse from a long time ago.

“Behind every bronze door is an independent warehouse.”

Meng Chao’s heart was pounding.

He noticed that the first bronze door on the left was not locked. Instead, it was half-opened, leaving a gap.

The faint and dull explosion sounded like thunder from the bottom of the sea. It was coming out from the gap.

Not long after, dense footsteps came from the depths of the bronze door.

Meng Chao hurriedly shrunk his body in the shadows like a black cat that had curled up into a ball of fur.

The shaft of the bronze gate made a difficult creaking sound and drew half an arc on the rusted track.

Five rat subjects in soft armor strode out.

Meng Chao’s pupils suddenly constricted.

He could smell the extremely dangerous aura of an outlaw from these people.

This was especially so for the leader, who was more than two meters tall and had the head of a rat, but was even stronger than a rhinoceros. He seemed a little out of place.

Judging from the tenseness of the hair all over his body, Meng Chao felt that he was at least a gang-level powerhouse, an existence on the same level as Ice Storm. Based on the standards of the Dragon City civilization, he was a Heaven Realm powerhouse!

“This is a rat man, with at least a large amount of rat man blood.

“How interesting. Rat men are obviously the most discriminated existence among advanced orcs. Even ordinary rat people keep a respectful distance from them, and they can only engage in menial jobs such as being sugar house servants.

“This rat man can cultivate to the heavenly-tier. It seems that he either has an ancient inheritance or relies on a powerful force!”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes, but his gaze was focused on the wall beside the bronze door. He only used the corner of his eye to slowly scan the rat man expert.

This was the usual observation method used by the Ghost Assassin because after reaching the Heaven Realm, one’s vitality magnetic field would become extremely sharp.

When someone was spying on them, it was very easy for them to sense it.

Using the corner of his eye to scan, he could ensure the privacy and safety of the observer.

The rat man expert raised a rusty ancient weapon that looked like a long-handled ax spear and a war hammer. There was some sound coming from his tail, and he let out a strange cry.

The rat miners stopped their work one after another and looked at him with both respect and worship.

The rat man expert grabbed the middle part of the long-handled ax. Then he wiped the ax head and end with his palms.

The rust on the parts that he had swiped was scattered like dust. The long-handled ax became as shiny as new, and the handle of the ax was even more shining with a string of dazzling cuneiform characters.

The scene greatly shocked the rat slave workers, and everyone held their breaths.

When the entire long-handled ax seemed to have been forged once again, emitting a crystal clear and fierce glow, the rat man expert’s tail suddenly straightened, and it emitted a “pa” sound like a whip.

Immediately after, he raised the battle ax high above his head. The muscles all over his body tensed up, almost tearing apart his armor as he swung it forward heavily.

An unbelievable thing happened.

Crystal-clear cuneiform characters whizzed out from the battle ax. They condensed into a semi-circular arc of light in front of the battle ax and flew over ten meters away before deeply embedding themselves into the wall that was as hard as iron.

With a boom, the wall that had been buried underground for tens of millions of years and was still standing, which was even sturdier than reinforced concrete, was suddenly hacked into a shocking crack that was emitting white smoke.

At the beginning, the crack was only about a meter long.

However, the crystal-clear light was still shining in the depths of the crack like raging flames.

With the sounds of rupture, the crack continued to spread and actually made its way to the entire wall, the ceiling, and the ground!

Chapter 1024: Advice From a Professional

This scene stunned all the rat miners.

After a few seconds of silence, there was a tsunami of exclamations, praise, and even worship.

“This is the divine weapon that the Rat God gave us!”

The rat man expert raised his long-handled ax that was shining with flames and roared in a strange tone that dragged out the end of his voice. “The glorious era that belongs to the rat people has arrived. The Rat God’s power is not only contained in this divine weapon, but also in the blood of every rat person. As long as you have enough faith in the Rat God, you can create an incredible miracle just like me!”

Deep underground, there was a cheer.

Meng Chao, who was hiding in a corner, was also amazed.

The long-handled ax with cuneiform characters carved on it was not just a simple cold weapon. It also possessed a powerful pure energy attack ability.

It could even use spirit ripples to interfere with the atomic sphere of matter energy, thereby changing the nature of things. Fundamentally, it could blast an indestructible object into powder and turn it into nothingness.

Rather than saying that the shocking crack in front of the rat expert had been hacked out by the ax, it was more appropriate to say that spirit energy had interfered with it. A large amount of solid materials like reinforced concrete were all turned into sand, while other semi-fluid and disintegrated from the inside.

‘The weapons of the ancient orcs are indeed domineering!’

‘They were similar to the spirit attack patterns of the Ancients that I saw through the monster mastermind...’

‘Or rather, they are the imitations and weakened versions of the Ancients’ technology.’

‘Therefore, the secret organization that belongs to the great Horned Rat God infiltrated Black-corner City for the purpose of excavating the ancient orc armory deep underground in Black-corner City.’

Meng Chao thought carefully and concluded that it was not that simple.

Although the long-handled ax spear looked very domineering, it was limited in its usage.

First of all, the long-handled ax spear was quite heavy. Even with his abilities, the muscles of the rat expert who had broken through to the Heaven Realm, were already bulging when he waved the ax vigorously.

Meng Chao doubted whether the ordinary rat soldiers could carry the divine weapon.

Even if they could barely carry it, and if they could swing it fast enough, they would be able to hit the enemy's vital points precisely before the enemy could react.

If it took a few seconds to gather strength before they could swing an ax, and if they were out of breath after three to five swings, it would be meaningless.

No matter how powerful the weapon was, it would be meaningless.

Secondly, based on the principle of conservation of mass and energy, it was impossible for any weapon to release unlimited destructive power.

If Meng Chao guessed correctly, the interior of the long-handled ax spear must be filled with or inlaid with high-purity crystals.

Otherwise, the rat-man champion would have activated the life magnetic field and charged the long-handled ax spear with his stored spirit energy.

The cuneiform characters carved on the handle of the ax could at best amplify the ripples of spirit energy and amplify the destructive power, but it was impossible to draw spirit energy from the void out of nothing.

This meant that the usage of the long-handled ax spear was rather limited.

Once the spirit energy was exhausted, it would become an ordinary heavy cold weapon.

The divine weapon that had unlimited durability, unlimited ammunition, unlimited spirit energy, and no usage conditions did not exist.

At the very least, Meng Chao did not find a similar divine weapon in the memory fragments of his previous life.

In his previous life, when the Turan civilization was on the verge of extinction, they did not equip themselves with a large number of divine weapons to turn the tables.

The more advanced the weapons were, the more complicated they would be. The more complicated the weapons were, the easier it would be for them to be damaged. After thousands of years of erosion, even if the rat militia found the armory of the ancient orcs, there would still be a big question mark as to how many intact weapons there were.

“Otherwise, why did the Rat Liberation Army only take out a long-handled ax spear?”

“It is possible that there are only one or two weapons that can be used normally behind the bronze gate. Thirty or fifty at most, a hundred or so!”

“A hundred or so cold weapons that can release spirit flames are not enough to decide the outcome of a war, let alone the fate of millions of people. At most, they can be used to boost morale.”

Meng Chao pondered that excavating the armory of the ancient orcs should not be the biggest goal of the rebel army of the rat people. It was just something that happened in passing.

Or rather, it was a necessary condition to achieve the real goal.

“Just now, the expert of the rat people said that the power of the Rat God was contained in the blood of all the rat people. As long as they believed in it sincerely enough, they would be able to create miracles like him.

“By the way, Half Face also mentioned the word ‘miracle’ to his companions.

“He also said that the miracle would shake the entire Black-corner City.

“From this, it can be seen that the secret organization that worships the Rat God is planning to make a big deal in Black-corner City with the weapons of the ancient orcs.

“And their real purpose... could it be that they are leading a large group of rat people to escape from Black-corner City?”

Meng Chao had just detected several tunnels that were more than five meters in diameter and were paved with ancient railway tracks, leading all the way to the dark depths.

Even though he was a hundred meters underground, he still maintained a clear sense of direction and could identify that these tunnels led all the way to the outside of the city.

In order to set off a huge storm that would sweep the entire area, the prerequisite was sufficient manpower, material resources, and soldiers.

At this moment, hundreds of thousands of clan warriors and tens of times more rats were gathered in Black-corner City.

Many of them were hard-working slaves and well-trained servants.

They were the human resources that the Rat Liberation Army needed the most.

If Meng Chao was the leader of the Rat Liberation Army, he would also think of ways to save these people from the clutches of evil before a real storm arose.

“Of course, the other possibility is that the rat people’s Liberation Army did want to cause trouble in Black-corner City, but their plan was accidentally exposed and suppressed.

“After all, Black-corner city in my previous life wasn’t the main battlefield of the Rat People’s rebellion.

“The place where the Rat People’s Liberation Army caused the most trouble was still in the territory of the Gold Clan.

“That’s why the Gold Clan sent out the Wolf Legion to suppress the Rat People’s Liberation Army.

“Watching the Rat People’s Liberation Army being suppressed is not in the interest of me and the civilization of Dragon City. Putting aside morality and conscience, at the very least, the bigger the Rat People’s Liberation Army is in Black-corner City, the easier it will be for me to take advantage of the situation and take all the secret medicines, armor, and treasures of the Blood Hoof Clan!

“It’s decided. I should help the Rat God!”

“Let’s not talk about turning Black-corner City upside down. At the very least, I have to help more rat people escape from this man-eating demon cave!”

As Meng Chao was thinking, he smelled a familiar smell.

A rat warrior hurriedly ran to the rat expert and whispered something into his ear. At the same time, he handed over a piece of cloth decorated with a badge.

The rat expert grabbed the piece of cloth from Meng Chao's cloak. His expression changed and he fell into deep thought.

"So, the rat expert wielding the long-handled ax spear is the emissary of the Rat God?"

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and quickly racked his brain. "How should I help them without leaving a Trace?"

He quietly left the underground and went back the way he came. Before he returned to the Blood Skull Arena, he had already thought of it.

In this matter of rebellion, the easterners of the ancient earth had extremely rich experience, and they even had the advantage of fusing with their bloodlines.

What was meant by a fish's belly storing books, what was meant by the wild fox's night howls, and what was meant by the Mo Dao stone man's one eye... These were all things that the Easterners' ancestors had left behind.

Thousands of years of rebellion and suppression had accumulated the lessons of blood and tears.

Along with the basic principles of the modern secret organization.

The slightest leak would be enough for the Mouse People's Liberation Army to study deeply and gain endless benefits.

Based on what he had seen, Meng Chao pointed out three problems for the Mouse People's Liberation Army.

The first was that the organization was too lax and did not have the slightest awareness of vigilance and anti-reconnaissance.

The most obvious problem was that the tentacles, which were scattered all over Black-corner City to mobilize the grassroots, could be directly connected to the command level, which was located in the depths of the nest and acted as the brain.

If that was the case, if a certain shrewd clan warrior caught a "tentacle," would they not be able to follow the clues and take down the entire organization that the Rat People's Liberation Army had set up in Black-corner City in one fell swoop?

Meng Chao suggested that the rat people's Liberation Army should set up a few levels between the "tentacles" and the "brain." Each member of each level should use a single line of communication. At most, they would know their upper and lower levels, with the identities of two to three people, even if they were caught, they would not cause fatal damage to the organization.

In addition, the regular transmission of news did not require two members to meet each other directly. It could be done through a dead mailbox.

The so-called dead mailbox was a place that had been selected by the people. At the same time, it was also a place where the members of the organization often had good reasons to go.

For example, markets, taverns, and casinos that specialized in dealing with the rat people, including the spectator stands of some of the lowest-level arenas, could set up dead letter boxes.

The advantage of using a dead letter box was that the person receiving the message didn't need to see the person who sent the message. They didn't even need to know who the person sending the message was. This undoubtedly greatly increased the safety factor.

The second problem was that Meng Chao felt that the rat militia setting up a cordon in the depths of the slums was too much of a joke.

If this ancient orc armory and the surrounding tunnels that led out of the city were really crucial to the rat militia's plan.

Then, the three or five layers of cordon that Meng Chao could easily infiltrate would be useless.

Although the careless warriors of the clan were unlikely to have the professional standards of a Ghost Assassin.

However, since they were in the business of killing people, they could not pin their hopes on the stupidity of the enemy.

Therefore, as the Rat God's emissary, Meng Chao introduced several ways to set up light and dark sentry posts.

There were also many ways to excavate the uninhabited warning lines and traps.

None of them were high-tech.

The simplest method was to tighten a few strands of hair on a route that was easily infiltrated by the enemy, hang a few bells on it, and put two or three small-scale animal traps in the back of the secret place.. This could possibly plug up a fatal loophole.

Chapter 1025: Oracle

In addition to the physical cordon, Meng Chao felt that the rat people's volunteer army should set up a psychological cordon.

He found that many of the rat people who had been bullied were filled with a deep-rooted hatred for the clan warriors, but they were not at all on guard against the rat people.

Under the psychological hint of being in the same boat and having a common enemy, even if they met by chance, it was easy for them to open their hearts and lungs.

That was not right.

Meng Chao felt that he had to remind the Rat God's emissary. In many cases, the eagle dogs raised by the clan warriors were more terrifying than the clan warriors themselves.

One should know that the rat people were also divided into wild rats and domestic rats.

The domestic rats, who had been servants for generations and had been taught from a young age to be loyal to their master, were needless to say.

Even if their homes were destroyed by the clan warriors and their family members were slaughtered, after a period of captivity and conditioning, it was possible for them to forget their hatred, destroy their humanity, and willingly act as accomplices for the “tiger.”

In order to win their master’s favor and get rid of their lowly status, these guys were willing to sell anyone’s life and soul in exchange for their master’s blood.

The countless protesters on the ancient earth did not die at the hands of the enemy directly. Instead, they were betrayed by traitors and died at the hands of their own people who they trusted without any reservations.

Therefore, if the Rat Liberation Army wanted to succeed, they had to be discriminating. They could not take in all the rotten fish and prawns, especially the domestic rats of the major families.

No matter how eloquent these guys were, they could not let them come into contact with the core secrets.

Of course, it was already too late to say these words now.

From the fact that the rat people’s Liberation Army did not cause too much of a commotion in Black-corner City in his previous life, the various large families that controlled Black-corner City might have already set their eyes on the secret organization of the rat people.

If they continued to defend passively, the Rat Liberation Army’s plan would still be nipped in the bud.

Meng Chao suggested that the Rat Liberation Army take the initiative to attack and use offense instead of defense.

The so-called attack was not like a moth darting into the flames and attacking the temples of the big clans.

Instead, they should set off a series of small-scale riots all over Black-corner City.

Be it the declaration that the Rat God had descended on the walls, or the mysterious and meaningless symbols on the corners of the walls.

They could even gather their forces and use the divine weapons that they had just excavated to find an opportunity to ambush the relatively weak clan warriors.

They could also poison the clan warriors’ diets and set fire to the warehouses prepared for the Blood Hoof Army.

These were all strategies that could be considered.

They did not seek success and destruction. They only wanted to expand their influence and gain the trust, expectations, and support of the rat people.

They could also mobilize the investigative forces of the major families to the greatest extent, which annoyed the warriors of the clans. Their nerves, which had been stretched to the limit, gradually became numb and dull.

This was a method that Meng Chao had learned from the monster civilization.

Before the monster civilization launched a major attack against the Dragon City civilization, they would always launch a series of small-scale destruction, which greatly consumed the manpower, material, and energy of the Abnormal Beast Research Department.

The Abnormal Beast Research Department knew that the destruction was just a feint from the monster civilization, but it could not ignore it.

Otherwise, the accumulation of small-scale destruction might trigger a qualitative change from a quantitative change, causing the Dragon City civilization to die from "excessive blood loss."

It was an open conspiracy.

It was also an advantage for the attackers.

It had once caused Meng Chao and all the investigators of the Abnormal Beast Research Department to suffer unspeakably.

The wheel of fortune had turned. Now, it was Meng Chao's turn to play the role of the "monster."

He believed that the emissary of the Rat God should no longer think that his organization and plans were absolutely confidential and waste such a precious advantage.

Right, he also suggested that the rat militia could leave traces in some of the sabotage operations and point the finger at the major clans that controlled Black-corner City.

If possible, it would be best to create the effect that the warriors of the families would disguise themselves as believers of the Rat God and eliminate their competitors.

The warriors of the families were not united. The conflict between the Ironhide Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan could be traced back thousands of years.

Compared with the rat people that they had never cared about, the boar men or Minotaurs of the opposing clans were a bigger threat.

Therefore, it did not matter even if the forged evidence was clumsy.

In many cases, whether people believed in something did not depend on how sufficient and credible the evidence was.

It depended on whether people were willing to believe it or not, and what kind of benefits they could obtain if they believed it.

The above suggestions were all routine operations.

For Meng Chao, who had the multiple identities of an abnormal beast investigator, a Ghost Assassin, and a spear and a shield, he could write dozens of suggestions without even thinking.

Compared with giving suggestions and how to phrase them, it was more of a headache for him to imitate the tone of the ancient orcs.

After all, Turan was not his native language. It was already very difficult for him to speak it fluently. How could he perfectly imitate the tone of the rat hero from thousands of years ago?

Meng Chao wrote a few drafts, but he was not satisfied. He became irritated and decided to give up on himself.

“Forget it, the ancient orcs are much more civilized than they are now. How could they speak in obscure classical Chinese? Maybe they speak more vernacular than the current Turan language!”

Meng Chao comforted himself.

He translated his meaning in vernacular.

In between the words, he added some cuneiform words that he had seen from the operating system of the totem armor.

Then, he etched these suggestions into a thin metal plate that had been peeled off from the wall in the depths of the tunnel under the slum.

After carefully decorating the metal plate, Meng Chao rolled it into a cylinder, ready to find an opportunity to stuff it into a place that the rat miners would definitely be able to dig out.

After the rat militia dug it out, would they believe that this was a “divine order” from the Big-horned Rat God and thus listen to Meng Chao’s words?

Meng Chao felt that if the Rat God’s messenger was not a fanatical lunatic and a barely qualified commander of the volunteer army, he would not believe such a ridiculous thing.

However, most of the rat people miners, slaves, servants, and “garbage bugs” would definitely be overjoyed and believe in it.

In the end, even if the Rat God’s emissary did not believe in any bullsh*t divine order.

He would still obediently do as Meng Chao said.

“As a friend of Dragon City, I can only help you so much,” Meng Chao muttered to himself.

Putting aside the freshly-made “Oracle of the Rat God,” he began to think about how he could obtain the greatest benefits in the ensuing chaos.

“Oh right, I also need a mask.”

Meng Chao thought to himself, “What does the so-called Rat God of the rat race look like?”

...

Leaf staggered across the finish line and finally could not help but vomit. Then, his legs went soft and he fell to the ground under the weight of hundreds of pounds of rock behind him. He almost knocked his front teeth out.

He only saw stars and the world was spinning. The leather rope tied to the wicker basket on his shoulder was deeply embedded in the gap between his shoulder blades. It was like two bone-scraping steel knives that were going to cut off his arms.

Leaf swore that he had never been so tired in his life.

He had run fifty laps around the training ground with a huge rock weighing hundreds of pounds on his back. Fifty laps!

Plus, this was only the easiest part of the daily compulsory lesson that the Reaper had set for him.

“Reaper, Reaper, are you a demon in the abyss of eternal night or an ascetic whose brain has been burned by the Holy Light?”

The rat peasant youth wailed in his heart. “Even the skeleton soldiers who never tire can’t bear such torment, can they?”

Looking at the fierce-looking “demon instructor” in front of him, Leaf could not help but miss the Reaper in the past.

It should be known that the Reaper in the beginning was not so abnormal.

Although the training plan tailored for Leaf had been indeed very hard, it was something that could be endured through gritted teeth.

In fact, the Reaper was most opposed to excessive training. He believed that simply increasing the amount of training was the most irresponsible behavior. Not only would it increase the risk of injuries and the accumulation of hidden injuries, but it would also result in dead muscles, on the battlefield. One could not fight when they were stiff.

However, in the past few days, the Reaper had taken an unknown secret medicine and formulated a training plan for Leaf that worked day and night. It was as if he would not stop until he was dead.

Of course, to be fair, the Reaper’s own training amount was ten times more than Leaf’s.

However, Leaf was just a juvenile rat who had not fully matured yet. How could he be compared to a monster like the Reaper?

The physical hardships were secondary.

After all, after every training, the Reaper would personally stretch his muscles and activate them, guiding the shining arrowheads in his body to flow rapidly between his veins and nerves in a very comfortable way.

Even if he had been crying for his mother in pain during the training just now and wanted to die directly, all the pain and fatigue would disappear without a trace after his spirit energy was activated.

How painful it would be a moment prior, and how refreshing it would be a moment later.

Therefore, Leaf could still grit his teeth and persevere.

However, what was most unacceptable to the rat teenager was that he did not have the time to come into contact with the news and events related to the Rat God after such high-intensity training all day!

One should know that according to Spider and the other rat militia, the situation in Black-corner City had been really turbulent these past few days. There were many good shows!

At the thought of the Rat God's arrival, in the depths of Picturesque Orchid Lake, a huge army formed entirely of rat civilians was gathering. It was possible that a large number of rat heroes had infiltrated Black-corner City, they were about to step on the noble heads of the clan elders.

Leaf felt as if a ball of fire had been stuffed into his chest. Even after this period of bitter cultivation, his chest was twice as thick as before. It could not withstand this ball of raging flames, which gushed out from his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears!

Chapter 1026: After the Old World's Destruction

However, the Reaper had forcefully extinguished the fire in his heart.

"During this period of time, you are not allowed to go anywhere. You are to stay in the servant camp and cultivate until the Game of the Brave ends and the Blood Hoof Army completes its assembly!"

The Reaper was uncharacteristically stern as he spoke to the rat youth.

"But, why?"

Leaf really did not understand, "Reaper, you are also a rat, and you are so powerful. In the past, you have always looked down on the warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan. Why are you not interested in the arrival of the Big-horned Rat God at all this time?"

"Don't you want to get rid of the d*mned clan warriors? Don't tell me that you want to be the lackey of the Blood Hoof Clan for the rest of your life and not fight for your clan and ancestral spirit

"I've explained this logic to you many times."

The Reaper replied to the rat teenager, "Firstly, the fate of the rat people rebelling against injustice and the belief in the Rat God are two completely different things.

"Secondly, even if you believe in the Rat God, how do you know that the Rat God's emissary will come to Black-corner City and save all the rat people?"

"Thirdly, even if the emissary of the Rat God really comes to black-corner city and is willing and able to save a large number of rat people, he will have to pay a terrible price. Many people will die in the face of the crazy counterattacks of the big families, won't they?"

"Don't get me wrong. I don't doubt your spirit of sacrifice. However, waving your skinny limbs and dragging your weak body, you will rush to the totem armor of the clan warriors like moths to a flame. Such a sacrifice is meaningless.

"If you believe in the existence of the Rat God and are eager to change the fate of yourself and all the rat people, then you should work hard to cultivate and become stronger. Only then can you play a vital role in the cause of all the rat people in the near future!"

In order to strengthen his opinion, the Reaper also told Leaf a story.

“A long, long time ago, there was an extremely powerful and prosperous empire. Well, it was even more brilliant than the empire that ruled the land of Holy Light now.

“It was a pity that even the empire that was as brilliant as the stars in the sky would gradually decline and perish one day.

“When the Empire was in its twilight, the empire that used to be brilliant was already riddled with problems that could not be reversed.

“The eunuchs in the palace and the brothers of the Empress fought against each other. They supported and killed the young emperors who were still babbling. Natural disasters and man-made disasters occurred everywhere. Some places were plagued by floods, and some places were plagued by droughts year after year. Almost all the places were plagued by plagues.

“However, the tyrannical soldiers were more terrifying than floods, droughts, and plagues. The common people were suffering unspeakably.

“Although the people at the bottom of the Imperium did not have the title of ‘rat people’, in fact, they were living a life worse than rats and ants.

“Of course, unless they were skeleton soldiers who were never tired and had no consciousness, no living human being could live like rats for a long time.

“The bottom-class citizens of the Imperium, under the leadership of the deities they believe in, rose up against the decaying imperium in an attempt to fight their way out of the natural disasters and man-made disasters.

“They dyed the cloth strips yellow and wore them on their foreheads as a symbol of their common enemy. They shouted, ‘The black night sky has collapsed, and the Golden Dawn will come’. Like surging tides, they rushed toward the rulers who used to be high and mighty.

“They really broke the foundation of the Empire’s rule, causing this once invincible and huge empire to collapse and be completely destroyed not long after.”

Leaf was entranced by the words.

The young rat farmer who grew up in a remote village and was not well-informed had never heard of such a powerful and glorious empire in the world. There was also such a group of... Fearless and incomparably glorious heroes.

“The black night sky has collapsed. The Golden Dawn will definitely come!”

What an inspiring slogan, and how suitable it was for the rat peasants to shout at the top of their lungs from the depths of their throat, which was hotter than a furnace!

“What happened after that?”

Leaf was fascinated by the ‘Yellow Turban’ who were ‘rats and ants’ but could destroy an empire. She could not help but ask, “Did they find a way to survive?”

“Unfortunately, no.”

The reaper sighed and said, “It is one thing to destroy the Old World, but it is another to build a new world. The latter is at least ten times more difficult than the former.

“Although the yellow scarves destroyed the foundation of the Old Empire, the counterattack of the old forces also suppressed them. The Old Empire, which had been torn apart, obviously could not be turned into a peaceful new world in an instant. Countless experts, nobles, warlords, ambitious people, and executioners were feasting on the corpses of the Old Empire like a group of hungry ghouls.

“After the corpse-eating dogs had slightly filled their stomachs and recovered some of their strength, they immediately began to fight and kill each other, trying to swallow each other down.

“This kind of battle lasted for almost a hundred years, and the corpse-eating dog that was lucky enough to win did not gain much. The hundred years of war severely damaged its body, so much so that it could not resist the invasion of foreign enemies.

“When the barbarians marched in from all directions of the Old Empire, the people who had suffered from the hundred years of war didn’t know that they would continue to suffer the darkest and bloodiest torture for hundreds of years! “What if they used to live like rats, but in the hundreds of years after that, when the jackals ruled, the demons danced, and the hell tortured them, they couldn’t even be rats if they wanted to!”

“This...”

Leaf keenly sensed that the reaper was not making up a story to deceive him.

Judging from the Reaper’s sighing expression and sorrowful eyes, such a brilliant and glorious empire had once fallen into resistance, causing his subjects to suffer hundreds of years of torture.

However, after pondering for a long time, the rat teenager felt that something was not right.

Since the Reaper had said that the ancient empire was in its final moments and was plagued by natural disasters and man-made disasters, it was not because of the resistance of the ‘yellow scarves’ that caused the empire to fall apart and fall into hell!

“Reaper, do you mean that the arrival of the big-horned rat god might have caused the death of everyone? In order to avoid the destruction of Tulanze, should all the rat people be obedient and allow themselves to be slaughtered like pigs and sheep?” Leaf said unwillingly.

These days, he had learned many profound new words from the reaper.

Now, he was using these new words on the reaper.

“Of course I don’t mean that. No matter what the consequences are, the rat people have the absolute right to resist all bullying and enslavement. Even if it really leads to the destruction of Turanze, all the rat people will die together with the Clan Warriors. I think many of the rat people are willing, right?”

The Reaper said patiently, “Speaking of which, ‘Perish Together’ is only a last resort under the worst case scenario. As long as there is a glimmer of hope, most of the rat people can survive and live better than before. We have to work tirelessly in this direction, right?”

Leaf thought for a moment, she admitted that what the Reaper said made sense. "Of course. If we can see Hope, no one wants to die. After I take revenge on the broken-horned bull-headed warrior, I still want to find Anjia and... return to the ruins of the mid-mountain village with her to rebuild our home

"Then, the believers of the Rat God can't be satisfied with being the second 'Yellow Turban'."

The Reaper said, "Especially you, Yezi. You are gifted and have consumed so much of my efforts. I really don't want to see you become a small soldier wrapped in a yellow turban. You shouted and rushed toward the officers and soldiers, only to be beheaded by an ambitious warlord. I have invested so much time, energy, and resources in you, not to let you squander them like this."

The rat youth was somewhat convinced by the Reaper.

"Then what should I do now?" He asked humbly.

"Continue to train crazily!"

The reaper said matter-of-factly, "Always remember that no matter what you want to do, strength comes first.

"When you are weak, be it the warriors of the clan or the Rat God, anyone can treat you as an insignificant chess piece. No matter how hard you struggle on the blood-stained chessboard, you can not escape the fate of being controlled by others.

"And when you became stronger than everyone else, even if, I mean even if, the legend of the Rat God wasn't true and there was no such thing as the Rat God, you could still use your own hands to create a true rat god that was worshipped by countless people!

"Do you understand?"

The Reaper's words were a little profound to the rat youth.

However, after two months of interaction, leaf firmly believed that the reaper would never lie to him.

In the next few days, leaf did not care about what happened outside the Blood Skull Arena. Instead, he obediently stayed in the training camp, sweating profusely. He used his crazy training to vomit his guts out to fight against his restless curiosity.

Until today —

Today, the Reaper was not around.

In fact, the Reaper always appeared and disappeared mysteriously.

Lord Ice Storm opened a small room for him next to his ace training ground.

He had been hiding in there all day mysteriously, fiddling with something.

Sometimes, leaf thought that he was not here. When he wanted to be lazy, he would appear behind leaf like a ghost and knock on his head heavily.

But today, Leaf wasn't afraid of the Reaper knocking on his head.

Because the rat youth's progress was faster than the Reaper had expected, he gradually adapted to the high-intensity training. He actually completed the Reaper's program half an hour earlier.

Now, he could finally swagger out of the training camp and listen to the latest news about black-corner city and the Rat God!

Chapter 1027: Mark of Shame

Leaf arrived at the eastern wing of the Blood Skull Arena, which housed a large bathhouse for the rat militia.

Contrary to what the Holy Light humans conjured up, the advanced orcs actually loved cleanliness.

Under certain conditions, the clan warriors would bathe every day. They would apply ointment that emitted a strange fragrance on their entire bodies to cover up their strong bestial auras.

They believed that while cleaning the filth, they could also purify their souls. A warrior who was elegant and radiant would be able to show his ancestral spirit's glory.

If they poured the secret medicine with the ancient formula into boiling hot water, or if they poured it into a steam bath through pressurized and spraying pipes, the spirit energy contained in the secret medicine would be able to quickly penetrate into their bodies. Soaking one's soul was the best way to recover quickly after crazy training and fighting.

Leaf belonged to Ice Storm, who was one of the Blood Skull Arena's four trump cards. Therefore, he also had the privilege of taking a bath.

Those who were qualified to enter the bathhouse were either the servants of the four trump cards or the supervisors of the servants who had served the Blood Skull Arena for seven to eight years, or even more than ten years. They were the most well-informed and could be called the news center of the arena.

"Leaf!"

As expected, the moment the rat youth stepped into the bathhouse, he heard a friendly shout before he could find any familiar faces in the steaming white mist.

The old hunter, Spider, who also belonged to a servant battle team, pulled him into a pond with rippling green waves.

Those who were soaking in the pond were all members of Ice Storm's battle team.

Moreover, they were the first batch of members that Meng Chao had handpicked.

After experiencing several rounds of fierce battles, they had formed a deep friendship with each other. Furthermore, the inconceivable combat techniques that Meng Chao had imparted to them made them feel that they were different from others. The degree of unity within their small circle was much stronger than in the other servant battle teams.

As the youngest member of the team with the strongest combat strength, Leaf naturally received special treatment.

The world of advanced orcs was like that. Regardless of size, the strong were respected. The bigger the fist, the more popular the person.

“Leaf, the Reaper has finally found a conscience. Is he willing to let you go?”

Everyone smiled and greeted the rat youth.

“Who said that?”

Leaf held his head high and puffed out his chest. He proudly said, “I was the one who finished today’s training ahead of schedule!”

“Is that so?”

All the rat soldiers, including Spider, clicked their tongues.

They had witnessed Meng Chao’s modification for Leaf before, and they were all shocked by the exaggerated amount of training and the terrifying training content.

Many people had been envious of Leaf’s rapid progress. They thought that if they could get Meng Chao’s guidance, they might improve faster than Leaf.

It was not until Meng Chao kindly invited them to take an experience class that they all backed out. They realized that there were differences between people’s physiques. They could not generalize. If they were to train like Leaf, they would have become bones long ago. If they were to use them to create skeleton soldiers, they would be too thin and weak.

“What a monster!” Everyone sighed.

No one knew whether they were talking about Leaf, who had completed the training mission, or Meng Chao, who had figured out such a twisted training mission.

“Don’t talk so much, Uncle Spider. Have you heard any news about the Rat God in the past two days?” Leaf could not wait to ask.

“I’ve been training day and night. I don’t even know what time it is today and what’s the situation in the city!”

“Of course there’s been news. The events in Black-corner City these past few days have been extremely exciting!”

At the mention of the Rat God, all the rat soldiers became spirited.

They lowered their voices slightly, not to keep it a secret, but to speak in a hushed tone. It seemed more mysterious and attractive.

“Did you know that the Rat God is really about to descend? A few days ago, in one night, the streets and alleys of Black-corner City were covered in runes representing the Rat God!” Spider said with delight.

“What?”

Leaf stood up from the water excitedly. "What do the runes of the Rat God look like?"

"They're huge spirals with three huge sharp horns growing on them. There's also a long tail trailing behind them, and the end of the tail is a triangle."

Spider said, "The big clans in Black-corner City have never had such badges. It's impossible for them to cover the entire city with such runes overnight. Everyone guessed that it was a sign of the Rat God's imminent arrival!"

"Really? Really?"

It was not that Leaf did not believe Spider. He was just frustrated that he had been pressed into the training camp by the Reaper and had missed the the Rat God's legendary runes with his own eyes. He was truly regretful.

"Of course it's true. Not only are the streets and alleys filled with broken buildings, but the pictures have even been drawn on the doorways of the big clans."

Spider continued. "Many people say that it is the mark made by the Rat God. The clans that have runes on their doors are the ones that have treated the rat people the most harshly in Black-corner City. When the Rat God descends, he will certainly summon raging flames and burn those clans into ashes to avenge the rat people who died in their hands!

"Nobody knows whether or not the runes of the Rat God truly represent revenge.

"However, the second day after the appearance of the Rat God's runes everywhere in the city, a few warehouses next to the casting area were ablaze. A hundred thousand arrow shafts that were used to make arrows were burnt to ashes. The centaur warriors, who are famous for their archery skills, were all heartbroken. This is the truth.

"Also, on the same day that the warehouses were set ablaze, the wine in the cellar of Dead Dwarf's Head Tavern was poisoned. Many clan warriors vomited after they drank the liquor there. The most serious ones even bled from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. It was a good thing that they did not lose their lives!"

"Is there really someone who would dare to set fire and poison?"

Leaf found it unbelievable.

It was one thing to believe in the Rat God...

After all, it was impossible for advanced orcs to prohibit the belief in the ancestral spirit.

Before the rat people were exiled, they were also one of the clan warriors. It was reasonable for a hero, who was willing to die, to emerge.

However, it was another thing to set fire and poison in the name of the Rat God.

That meant the Rat God's believers had started an all-out war against all the warriors of the five great clans!

For no reason, Leaf thought of the battle cry that the Reaper had mentioned to him.

“The black night sky has already collapsed, and the golden dawn will definitely come!”

The rat youth was nervous and excited. He almost wanted to pee in the pool.

“Why? Do you already find that unbelievable?”

Spider looked at Leaf’s expression and chuckled. He came closer and spoke mysteriously. “I don’t know.”
“If you knew that the Rat God’s emissary attacked dozens of clan warriors in Black-corner City, would you not jump up in shock?”

“What!”

Leaf really jumped up. He opened his eyes wide and stammered. “Uncle Spider, what-what did you say? How is that possible? Don’t lie to me. How is that possible?”

“Who knows how the Big-horned Rat God’s divine power punishes those evil clan warriors?”

Spider shrugged and said, “Anyway, when these guys were participating in the Game of the Brave, they were ambushed out of nowhere. Most of them didn’t even get a clear look of their attacker’s face before they fell into a coma. When they woke up, the food and secret medicine that they brought along with them were all taken. Even their totem armor was stripped of several crucial parts!”

“Wait...”

Suspicious, Leaf said, “Since these clan warriors were all participating in the Game of the Brave, wouldn’t it be normal for them to be ambushed and attacked by others? Uncle Spider, you also said that they didn’t clearly see the appearance of their attacker, so how can they be sure that the attacker is the Big-horned Rat God’s emissary?”

“Because...”

Spider paused for a moment, and a mysterious smile appeared on his face. It was as if he was going to describe a scene that would make every rat civilian with a heart take pleasure in others’ misfortune from the bottom of their hearts, “Not only were those poor clan warriors robbed, the Rat God’s rune was even carved on their foreheads with a sharp knife!”

“Huh?”

Leaf’s expression suddenly became very strange.

The young rat with a rich imagination pictured the scene.

A clan warrior, who was more than five arms tall and as strong as an iron wall, was lying in the depths of the alley, sprawled on the ground, foaming at the mouth.

When he finally woke up from the nightmare, he felt a slight pain on his forehead, and his eyes were dyed red with blood.

An advanced orc with thick skin would not care about superficial wounds.

However, when he staggered to the street, all the clan warriors who saw him were dumbfounded as if they had seen a Holy Light ascetic descending from the sky.

In each of their big eyes that were about to pop out of their sockets, there was a Rat God rune that was dripping with blood and baring its fangs.

It was the mark of revenge.

It was also the mark of shame.

Thinking of this, Leaf could not help but burst into laughter.

Advanced orcs valued honor the most, and they despised the rat people the most.

Now, however, the high-ranking clan warriors had a mark that symbolized the rat people on their foreheads.

It was even more unbearable than killing them with a knife.

“Dozens of clan warriors had the same rune carved on their foreheads?”

Leaf stifled his laughter, and his face turned red. “The warriors weren’t prepared at all?”

“Of course they were. After three or five clan warriors were attacked, most of the clan warriors prepared themselves. They even set up traps in an attempt to capture the audacious and insane attacker.”

“Unfortunately, the hundreds of clan warriors were chased away by the Rat God’s emissary, and they escaped,” Spider said animatedly.

“Not only did they fail to catch even a hair of the emissary, they also suffered a new humiliation. The three pursuers who were left alone were knocked out, stripped naked, and marked on the forehead by the emissary almost right in front of their eyes.

“After paying such a terrible price, the only thing they got was a glimpse of the emissary.”

Chapter 1028: The Legend of the Night Demon

Leaf was engrossed in the story.

Dozens of the emissary’s images appeared in his mind.

He could not help but ask, “Uncle Spider, What does this emissary look like?”

“Right, there are many horns on his head. He looks like a raging flame.”

Spider had not actually seen the emissary’s appearance with his own eyes.

It was nothing more than exaggerating the rumors of others and exaggerating them by ten times.

He gestured and said, “It is said that the Rat God’s emissary has a silver-colored head. There are more than ten pairs of long, big, and curved horns on his head.

“Even the strongest Minotaur warrior can’t grow such beautiful horns!”

Advanced orcs had great horn worship in their aesthetic tastes.

The bigger the horns on their heads, the more beautiful they were, or the more curled up the horns, the more powerful they were.

Legend had it that the great Horned Rat God had dozens of pairs of horns with different positions, but they were equally domineering. They were the product of their aesthetic taste.

No wonder the Big-horned Rat God's emissary had become a nightmare for countless clan warriors.

"Ever since the capture failed and they were humiliated by the emissary, the clan warriors have never touched the emissary's tail. On the contrary, the emissary had become enraged and attacked more frequently. Now, the emissary has marked numerous clan warriors on the forehead. Other than the dozens of known unlucky ones, there might be many others who are holding their bleeding foreheads and hiding at home, wanting to cry but having no tears!"

Spider suppressed his laughter and said, "The clan warriors liked to fight at night the most during the Game of the Brave.

"Since it's cooler at night, they were able to fight without being disturbed when they met their opponents.

"Ever since they started getting disturbed by the Rat God's emissary, many clan warriors have been too afraid to come out at night.

"They even gave this emissary a brand-new name, Night Demon!"

"Night Demon?"

Leaf was so excited that he could not control himself.

The powerful clan warriors did not dare to come out at night.

How powerful was this Night Demon emissary exactly?

"The Blood Hoof Clan and Ironhide Clan, which rule Black-corner City, can't do anything about this trouble that getting bigger?"

Leaf recalled the story that the Reaper had recently told him.

The Yellow Scarves, who could not stand it anymore, had risen up to resist, and the old empire had quickly suppressed them.

He was a little worried. "If they can't catch this emissary, will they attack the other rat residents in their fury? Uncle Spider, isn't it important for us to talk about the Big-horned Rat God and the Night Demon emissary openly?"

"Attack the ordinary rat subjects? That would be too embarrassing for the ancestral spirits of the warriors!"

Spider snorted. "Besides, the samurai lords didn't detain us not because they were merciful. Instead, they needed us to mine, forge iron, forge weapons, and march to war. Once the horn sounds, they will have to rush to the front like a swarm of bees to fill up the trenches filled with spikes.

“If they target us, who would do such a thing for them? Would they let the old warriors unclog the stinky underground pipes and fill the enemy’s trenches to block the enemy’s rain of arrows?”

“Besides, I’m not lying. The Rat God’s runes were indeed carved on the clan warriors’ foreheads!

“Since tens of millions of years ago, Picturesque Orchid Lake has always been the prey of the strong, and it has always respected martial arts! The rat people are rat people and the warriors are warriors because the former has had to endure the enslavement of the latter. The former has been weak and the latter has been powerful!

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“Now, the powerful warriors have been defeated by the weak rat people in an extremely humiliating way. So, who are the rat people? Who are the warriors? Plus, who is more qualified to rule over whom?”

Leaf nodded subconsciously.

The advanced orcs had indeed carried out the survival philosophy of “the weak are prey to the strong, and the strong are respected” to the extreme.

The clan warriors never showed mercy to the rats, but they did not show any mercy, sympathy, and tolerance to the weak among their own people either.

Even the military nobles with a long history, whose parents were extremely glorious battle group powerhouses, would turn around and run away if they could not pass the coming of age ceremony. If they were scared out of their wits on the battlefield, it would be a disgrace to their ancestral spirits.

A dignified warrior would still be sent to Hell in an instant and reduced to the lowest of the rat people.

It was not up to the rat people to mock these fellows. The warriors of other clans, or even their brothers and sisters, would criticize them until they were utterly disfigured and mock them until they were in a condition worse than death.

In fact, many military aristocrats who had a strong sense of honor would even initiate “sanctions” against these fellows who had tarnished the honor of their ancestral spirits. They would personally end their shameful lives and preserve their family’s reputation.

It was already a great humiliation to be defeated by the Rat God’s emissary.

They even had the Rat God’s runes carved on their foreheads. Their ancestors were so angry that they were about to be resurrected from Holy Mountain. They would roar and swoop down onto the human world.

If these warriors wanted to avenge themselves, there were only two ways.

One was to do everything possible to capture and defeat the Rat God’s emissary on the fairest battlefield possible.

If they could not find an enemy for the purpose of redeeming themselves after a long time, they would have to die.

Therefore, the clan warriors who were filled with fury and did not know who to vent it on were not in the mood to release their anger on the ordinary rat civilians.

If they did not take proper measures and came to find trouble with the ordinary rat civilians, they would be bullying the weak, making their mistakes worse and humiliating themselves.

“The strong should wield their blades against stronger ones”—no matter how badly the clan warriors performed in other aspects, they would carry everything out to the end, at least on the surface.

That was also the reason why many rat residents were discussing the news so quickly.

Even their masters, the clan warriors who had not encountered the Night Demon emissary, did not avoid talking about it and were gloating over it.

In short, according to Spider, the clan warriors in Black-corner City were clearly divided into two kinds of people, those who had encountered the Night Demon and those who had not encountered the Night Demon.

The former was shocked and angry with lingering fear in their hearts.

The latter looked down on the former and scoffed, thinking that the former was too timid and cowardly. They were even afraid of a few rats who were just pretending to be ghosts. How could they still have the spirit of dignified warriors?

Leaf listened to the crowd talking about the magic of the Night Demon emissary.

Everyone had different versions, and each version was more exaggerated than the previous one.

In the last version, the Night Demon emissary could simply sneak into the temples of those thousand-year-old noble clans as if no one was there.

The more Spider and the servants talked, the more excited they became. They were all red-faced and overjoyed.

If it had been in the past, Leaf would have definitely joined in enthusiastically. He would have gotten great satisfaction from chasing after the legends with the servants.

However, the Reaper’s words seemed to open a brand new door in his mind, allowing him to stand at a higher angle and look at the distant future.

Leaf patiently listened as the servants described every detail, their spittle flying everywhere.

The more he listened, the more he felt that it was not right.

Some of the servants’ descriptions were too over the top.

According to them, the Night Demon could fool hundreds of clan warriors. That was not the Rat God’s emissary but the arrival of the Rat God himself.

Moreover, when he calmed down and thought about it, even if the Night Demon could really deal with hundreds of clan warriors, it would not be enough.

It would not be enough to help all the rat people in Black-corner City out of their predicament.

Plus, the rat people who were qualified to endure slavery in Black-corner City were considered the lucky ones among the tens of millions of rat people scattered across Orchid Lake's entire map.

At the very least, they could fill their stomachs and live on for the time being.

There were also countless old, weak, women, and children among the rat people who were wandering the barren land that had been plundered by the recruitment team like wandering ghosts.

Who could save them?

"What should we do next?" Leaf could not help but blurt out after thinking hard.

"What?"

He frowned and seemed to be deep in thought, which was not in sync with the crowd's joy.

The servants' eyes all turned to the young man whose temperament was completely different from that of the ordinary rat people under Meng Chao's control.

"Leaf, what are you worried about?" Spider asked.

"I'm not worried. I just don't know what will happen next."

Leaf said, "And what should we, the servants who are trapped in the Blood Skull Arena, do?"

The question caused all the servants to fall silent.

Indeed, it was a question that everyone had been struggling with.

Although the Big-horned Rat God's runes and the legend of the Night Demon emissary were fascinating and exciting, the mentality of worshipping the strong had also made them worship the Big-horned Rat God and his emissary from the bottom of their hearts.

That aside, the brains of these rat civilians were not fully developed, and there was no clear answer as to what their future path should be.

If it was in the foundry area, the quarry, and the underground sewage pipes, from coming to Black-corner City to becoming skeletons and dying, it would usually only take a year and a half. At most, it would take three to five years of slave labor. There was no need to struggle at all. As long as the Big-horned Rat God gave an oracle, they would be willing to sacrifice their lives without hesitation. They were not precious lives.

In the Blood Skull Arena, there were also many workers who were seriously wounded and whose limbs were missing.

In the upcoming Tournament of the Five Clans, they would certainly be used as cannon fodder and used to fill in the trenches.

These people were also very willing to fight for the Big-horned Rat God and die for their clan.

Despite that, servants such as Leaf and Spider were following one of the four trump cards in the Blood Skull Arena.

Based on tradition, when all the gladiators and servant soldiers in the Blood Skull Arena were organized into the Bloody Skull Legion, they would become Ice Storm's trusted soldiers and elites.

As long as they fought bravely and were lucky, they would not necessarily die, right?

Besides, would the Rat God really come?

Although they were all boasting and acting as if they were serious and the Rat God was their best friend...

These rat soldiers actually knew better than anyone else how much water was in their "true information."

They were just whistling at night to boost their courage.

Before the Blood Hoof Army gathered and attacked the Gold Clan, no one was sure whether the Rat God could really descend.

"Just wait and see!"

Spider could only say, "The Big-horned Rat God will definitely send more revelations and let his emissary show us the way forward!"

Chapter 1029: Casanova's Shock

"F*ck the Big-horned Rat God, f*ck the Night Demon Emissary, F*ck the descent and revelation. Are the pigs of the Ironhide Clan all idiots? They even believe such stupid nonsense!"

At the same time, in the Blood Hoof Clan's temple, the strongest person among the younger generation of the clan, the master of the Blood Skull Arena, the new highest commander of the Blood Skull Battle Group, Casanova Bloodhoof, looked at the seven mutilated corpses with a gloomy face.

They were all the corpses of the elite warriors from the Blood Hoof Clan.

Yesterday, they were all fierce and awe-inspiring, but today, they had become lumps of rotten meat with missing arms and legs.

One of the corpses even had the horn on its head cut off.

For the Minotaurs, this was a great humiliation that was even more unbearable than death.

However, this was not done by the emissary of the Rat God, who was known as the "Night Demon" and had recently caused a huge ruckus in black-corner city.

Instead, it was done by the leader of the wild boar people, the "Masterpiece" of the Ironhide clan.

"The Ironhide clan has really gone mad. Do they want to wage an all-out war against the Bloodhoof Clan?"

Casavar kept rubbing the bridge of his nose. He felt that the situation was a little tricky.

Although he has had all the city, "Sava" all defeated, forcing them to change their names, thus winning the name "Kaka kaka kaka kaka sava" feat.

But even he had a headache in the face of the boar-man, whose brain was smaller than a fist and whose temper was more violent than a powder keg.

“Damn ‘Night Devil Emissary’. It was a ‘game of bravery’, but this bastard made it into such a state. The entire Bloodhoof clan, hundreds of clans, and all the ancestral spirits of the settlements were insulted!”

Kasavar gnashed his teeth and muttered to himself, “Don’t let me catch you. Otherwise, I will make you taste a taste a hundred times more painful than death. I will skin you naked, tear your flesh, and turn you into a clean skeleton. Even if the skeleton is turned into a skeleton soldier by the lich, the skeleton soldier will still tremble in fear when it sees me!”

Casanova had reason to be depressed.

Originally, the game of the Bravehearts was a huge clan. Since the communication conditions were backward and the members of the clan weren’t familiar with each other, it allowed everyone to quickly get to know each other, arrange their seats, and find their vassals, generals, and allies, the best way to gather a battle team into a battle gang, a battle gang into a battle group, and a battle group into a legion.

Although there would be a lot of casualties in the previous games of the Bravehearts, the casualties weren’t the goal. The goal was to let the entire Bloody Hoof clan get familiar with and unite as soon as possible.

In a sense, the game of the Bravehearts was a large-scale, ritualistic ‘meeting of friends with martial arts’.

Of course, the high-level orcs and the holy light humans had a big difference in their understanding of the concepts of ‘martial arts’ and ‘friends’. A certain degree of casualty rate was completely acceptable and even encouraged.

However, there was a limit to everything.

Just like now, the wild boar warriors of the Ironhide clan had killed seven elites of the Bloody Hoof clan in just one day.

This was far beyond the standard of a ‘game’. It was not for the sake of unity and cohesion, but simply to vent their anger, demonstrate, and settle personal grudges.

The Ironhide clan said that someone from the Bloody Hoof clan did not follow the rules and did not care about morality. They even tarnished the common ancestral spirit of the Bloody Hoof clan.

They accused the bloody feet clan of having hired an expert to pretend to be the emissary of the Big Horn Rat God and secretly ambushed an elder of the iron sheet clan.

Not only did they strip the elder of his totem armor that was thousands of years old.

They also left an extremely humiliating mark on the elder’s forehead, which symbolized the stinky rat.

The proof was that the elder had ripped off the bloody feet clan’s battle emblem from the Elder’s body when he was resisting.

“Even if the torrential water of the Tulan River is poured out, it will still not be able to wash away the humiliation that the iron sheet clan has suffered!”

The wild boar warriors waved the battle emblem and said furiously, “The greatest humiliation that we have never suffered in the past thousand years can only be washed away with the last drop of the enemy’s blood!”

To be fair, Casava partially agreed with the iron sheet clan’s judgment.

The so-called “Night Demon”, the emissary of the Rat God who had been causing a lot of trouble recently, was not a rat citizen at all.

Instead, it was an elite warrior of the clan whose strength was unfathomable.

The reason was very simple.

How could a lowly rat citizen have such formidable strength and cause a storm in the city? The people were in a Panic!

Casava had long heard the rumor that the rat god was about to descend and save the entire rat population.

But he did not take it to heart.

He thought that the rat people were just cowards who had been inspired by the fear of death in the face of the upcoming glorious war.

Even if they were slaughtering pigs and sheep, the pigs and sheep would hum a few times before they died.

From the experience of the previous glorious wars, it was quite normal for 70 to 80 percent of the rat people to die.

So much so that there was a half-joking, half-serious, heroic saying among the clan warriors, “Before the last rat population dies, the Tulan people will never withdraw their troops!”

Realizing that they were doomed to die, there was nothing wrong for the rat population to be willing to daydream and even howl a few times.

Kashava felt that he was a very magnanimous master and would never care about the trivial matters of the rat population.

But this rumor was different from the disturbance that the rat people would have before the previous War of Glory.

This rumor was especially true.

Moreover, it rose from a pale and powerless language to a level of action.

Not only did a large number of strange and twisted runes appear overnight in black horn city, it was said that they represented the will of the Rat God.

There were also people who dared to poison the Honorable Samurai Lord's wine and set fire to the strategic resources that the Samurai Lord used to seize glory for the ancestral spirits.

They even attacked powerful warriors in the dark!

This could not be taken lightly.

Casava felt that this was definitely not the work of the rat people.

The rat people who lived in the remote areas had only been in the majestic and glorious black-corner city for a few days?

They probably could not even tell the east, west, south, and north of black-corner city clearly. How could they have meticulously planned such a targeted sabotage operation?

Moreover, when the elders and priests of the bloody hoof family tried to send the loyal "House rats" that had been raised by the family for thousands of years and dozens of generations to break into the saboteurs' inner circle.

These "House rats" all disappeared inexplicably.

Not even half of their tails were left behind.

If the "House Rats" weren't so bad at acting, they would have been seen through by the saboteurs right after they sneaked in.

It was because the other party had an extremely tight organization and had the guidance of an expert behind them.

Besides, so many elite warriors and even the elders of the iron sheet clan had been killed. How could the rats create such a ruckus?

Someone must have pretended to be the 'Night Devil Emissary' that did not exist in order to fan the flames and fish in troubled waters to achieve their unspeakable goal

Casanova hits his fist hard.

The thing is, it wasn't the bloody hoofs!

What reason does the blood hoof family have, want to fabricate a non-existence "night demon emissary"?

To ambush the Ironhide Family? Keep your "First Family" status?

You Got ta Be Kidding Me! Even the tin family in the era of prosperity, the overall strength of the rapid expansion, the emergence of a number of new generation of masters.

In the past ten palm years, the Bloody Hoof clan had also expanded continuously, and dozens of new experts like CASA FA had emerged.

They were absolutely unafraid of meeting any challenge in a fair and aboveboard way and defending the honor of the 'Clan Leader'!

“The idiots of the Iron Sheet clan, don’t they have any idea about the overall strength of their clan?” Casa fa muttered to himself

Casa fa mumbled to himself, “In the past year, whether it was in our blood skull arena or their iron arm arena, in the open competition between the two clans, we had more victories than losses.

“Even if we really wanted to find someone to impersonate the ‘Night Demon Emissary’ and ambush the elite warriors who were alone, the iron sheet clan would still be more suspicious, okay?”

In fact, there were indeed quite a few totem warriors of the Blood Hoof clan who had been attacked by the ‘Night Demon’.

Moreover, the battle emblem of the Iron Sheet clan was also found at the scene of the attack.

However, the bloody hoof clan was not so stupid as to assume that the battle emblem was made by the iron sheet clan.

“Don’t these pigs think about it? If we were really pretending to be the ‘Night Devil’, would it be necessary for us to carry the battle emblem of the clan with us and confess without fighting?”

Casa Fa didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Of course, he could more or less understand the actions of the iron sheet clan.

The elders and priests of the iron sheet clan might not really believe that the so-called ‘Night Devil Emissary’ was a disguise sent by the Bloody Hoof Clan.

However, not only were the elders attacked, but the extremely precious ‘thousand-year armor’ was also snatched away, and an extremely insulting symbol was carved on their forehead.

The Iron Sheet clan had lost all its face.

If they did not counterattack forcefully, they might not even be able to compete for the leadership of the clan with the Bloody Hoof clan.

They might not even be able to keep their position as the second most powerful family in a thousand years.

The other wild boar families, as well as the barbarian elephant people, Hippo people, and centaurs, would be happy to replace them at any time.

Therefore, the elders and priests of the iron sheet family knew that the attacker could not be a member of the Bloodhoof family, but they deliberately threw a badge of the bloodhoof family at the crime scene to sow discord between the two families.

However, they could only bite the bullet and attack the Bloody Hoof clan.

This was not real revenge.

Instead, they wanted to prove to the bloody hoof clan and the other powerful clans in the bloody hoof clan that the loss of an elder would never shake the strength and status of the iron sheet clan. Who Dared to underestimate the iron sheet clan, they would pay a terrible price!

“Damn Night Demon. He has completely grasped the mentality of the warriors of the family!”

CASA said with emotion, “The seemingly clumsy frame-up turned into a trap because the ancient family had no choice but to defend their honor!

“How could such a terrifying guy be a rat? He is definitely a very experienced elite warrior. That’s why he can grasp the mentality of the warriors of the family so well!”

Chapter 1030: Crocodile Head’s Death

Casanova was thinking hard about how to find this dangerous person who had sneaked into Black-corner City and disguised himself as the Rat God’s emissary. He would chop him into meat paste and bury him under the mandrake tree.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of a heavy cast iron crutch hitting the ground behind him.

Casanova felt a chill in his heart. He hurriedly turned around and bowed respectfully. “Lord Black Tooth!”

He could not help but be disrespectful.

Although the newcomer had an aged face and a hunchbacked figure, his body covered by a black hooded cloak seemed to be able to be blown down by a gust of wind. He even had to use a crutch that weighed hundreds of kilograms to barely maintain his balance.

However, this priest named Black Tooth was one of the top legends in the recent decades of the Blood Hoof Clan.

Black Tooth was not a priest twenty years ago.

He was the strongest warrior of the Blood Hoof Clan.

Even Casanova had grown up listening to the story of him killing the nine-headed flood dragon during the flood of the Turan River and in the most turbulent whirlpool of the rapids.

Black Tooth’s original intention of killing the nine-headed flood dragon was neither to eliminate the harm for the people nor to kill the dragon and eat its meat.

He had only heard that the nine-headed flood dragon could regenerate indefinitely. As long as one of its nine heads was kept, even if the other eight were all chopped off, it could grow a new head in an extremely short period of time, just like the tail of a gecko, it could grow a new head.

Black Tooth really wanted to know if this was true.

“If the nine-headed flood dragon can regenerate indefinitely, I will capture one and raise it in my family’s temple. This way, I can eat the freshest dragon’s brain every day,” Black Tooth explained his purpose.

In the end, he used the three days and three nights of torrential winds and torrential floods to prove that there was no such thing as “Infinite Regeneration” in the world.

He had only cut off the nine heads of the nine-headed flood dragon thirty to fifty times, and the latter collapsed to the ground and died of exhaustion.

“How boring. Not only does the speed of regeneration become slower and slower, the regenerated heads also become smaller and smaller, and the dragon breath they release becomes weaker and weaker. After killing it thirty to fifty times, the flames it spews won’t even burn my hair!”

After returning from the fierce battle, covered in blood, a scrawny dragon corpse and the black teeth of hundreds of dragon heads were dragged behind him as he spoke to the advanced orcs in Black-corner City.

This battle made Black Tooth famous.

In addition to his extraordinary appearance, as a Minotaur, apart from his mighty and majestic horns, he also had two black fangs that were sharper than the Liger warriors.

His terrifying battle record and his domineering appearance made the name Black Tooth spread all the way from Black-corner City to Red-gold City. Everybody in Turan knew of his fame.

Unfortunately, just like all the ultimate powerhouses of Turan who were trying to surpass their limits.

Black Tooth did not care about anything else and piled totem armor on himself.

In the layers of Thousand-year Armor and Ten-thousand-year Armor, hundreds of extremely ancient and powerful soul remnants were hidden.

They were the blessings of the ancestral spirits and the curses of the ancestral spirits.

While they brought powerful skills to the totem warriors, they also lured the totem warriors into the abyss of madness.

In the end, they lost themselves completely and became the puppets of the totem armors.

They were Origin Warriors. Their flesh and metal had completely blended together, making them neither human nor ghost.

Most of the remaining flesh and blood of the Origin Warriors could not support the excessive devouring of the totem armor.

If they were not sealed by the secret medicine in time, they would be completely devoured by the totem armor within a few days, at most three to five months, leaving only an empty skeleton.

Usually, this kind of change was a one-way street.

It was easy to change from an ordinary warrior to an Origin Warrior—as long as one gave up thinking and listened to the command of the totem armor, killing crazily would be enough.

However, almost none of the Origin Warriors could recover their mind and turn back into an ordinary warrior.

The reason why it was said to be “almost” was because Black Tooth was such a rare exception.

When he lost control of his mind, his flesh mutated, and was completely eroded by the totem power, he actually used his supreme will to forcefully interrupt the entire process.

In the end, only half of his body fused with the metal and turned into a deformed monster.

The other half of his body, including his entire head, still maintained the normal appearance of a high-level orc.

Dragging such a strange body, he persevered step by step back to the family's temple and poured it into the medicine vat filled with secret medicine.

The five high priests of the Blood Hoof Clan worked together and sealed the mutated half of Black Tooth's body, barely keeping his life and mind alive.

Although this loss of control caused him to lose most of his combat power on the physical level.

It allowed him to gain the ability to communicate deeply with the ancestral spirits and skillfully use multiple spiritual combat skills.

From then on, he became a priest from a warrior.

The sixth high priest of the Blood Hoof Clan.

He was also one of the most terrifying high priests in the entire family, no, the entire Black-corner City, no, the whole of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Even though most of Black Tooth's face was covered in the shadow under the hood.

Only a sharp fang that looked like it was made of black iron was exposed.

There was also another fang that was riddled with holes and filled with metal thorns.

However, Casanova still felt that the most terrifying priestess of the family had pierced through his chest and heart with just a casual gaze. This made him even more afraid to breathe.

"Come with me, Casanova. There are many foreign gladiators in your Blood Skull Arena. Perhaps, your understanding of them can help us."

Perhaps it was because Casanova, a rising star, had seen his own shadow when he was young, but Black Tooth's attitude was very gentle.

Of course, Black Tooth's "gentleness" was only the pressure that was close to suffocation. It was slightly restrained to the extent that it could make Casanova take a breath with difficulty.

Casanova did not dare ask any more questions. He followed the priest and arrived at a secret chamber on the right side of the temple.

The material used to build the secret chamber was blue and covered in frost. Even on a hot summer day, the temperature of the "ice crystals" would always be zero.

The entire secret chamber was wreathed in icy mist, and the coldness was intimidating.

The wall on the left side of the secret chamber was hung with all kinds of oddly-shaped knives that were made of metal and the bones of totem beasts.

On the right shelf, there were hundreds of colorful bottles of secret medicine that were emitting a strange fragrance through the cork.

In the middle was a stone platform engraved with a lot of cuneiform characters.

On the stone platform was a corpse that had been cut open and dismembered into eight pieces.

Casanova recognized the corpse from the head that was still intact.

“Crocodile Head, he’s dead too?”

Casanova frowned deeply.

Crocodile Head was also a famous expert among the younger generation of the Blood Hoof Clan.

He had just joined the Blood Hoof Clan not long ago.

His father was a crocodile warrior from the Dark Moon Clan.

He was exiled after being defeated in the clan battle and came to Black-corner City.

First, he made a name for himself in the gladiator arena, and then he got the blood from the Blood Hoof Clan. He abandoned everything in the past and embarked on a new journey.

He even received the favor of a particularly strong and attractive female Minotaur warrior from the Blood Hoof Clan.

Only then did he have Crocodile Head, a powerful existence that combined the fierce bloodlines of the crocodile man and the Minotaur.

They were both members of the younger generation of the clan.

Casanova had fought Crocodile Head many times.

Although there were more victories and fewer losses, he also admitted that Crocodile Head was a pretty good opponent.

It was worth using 70% of his strength to deal with him.

“Was it the Ironhide Clan?” Casanova asked carefully.

If the Ironhide Clan even killed Crocodile Head...

The conflict between the two clans would not be resolved so easily.

“No. The idiots of the Ironhide Clan have a limit no matter how stupid they are. They know who can be killed and who can not be killed.”

Black Tooth said, “It was Night Demon.”

“The Rat God’s emissary?”

Casanova was shocked again.

On one hand, he was surprised at how troublesome his target was. He could even kill an expert like Crocodile Head.

On the other hand, he was also puzzled. "Doesn't this guy usually leave people alive? Why did he kill Crocodile Head?"

Although he was called Night Demon by the Warriors of the clan who were both shocked and angry.

However, the emissaries of the big horn rat god rarely did such a thing.

Casanova did not think that this was mercy.

Leaving people alive and engraving a bloody and humiliating mark on their foreheads was even more cruel than killing these warriors with a knife.

"Maybe it's because Crocodile Head accidentally killed a few rat people."

Black Tooth calmly said, "You know Crocodile Head, when he goes crazy, he always doesn't care about anything. His totem combat skills have a large attack range. When his blood is boiling, he can turn a few blind rat civilians who don't know how to dodge into minced meat and bloody mist. What's so strange about that?"

"I'm afraid it's because of this that he provoked Night Demon and killed him."

"It's also possible, because Crocodile Head is too strong, there's no way to only injure it and not kill it. The other party can only go all out and kill it.

"No matter what, Crocodile Head's death has finally brought us something valuable, allowing us to sketch out the Night Demon's true face.

"Casanova, look here."

Black Tooth lifted the cast iron cane that weighed hundreds of kilograms as if he was lifting a tree branch that had been eaten by termites.

Under the arm of the body. Gently.

Casanova leaned over, squinting.

With his experience of witnessing and experiencing thousands of battles in the Blood Skull Arena.

It was easy to see.

Though Crocodile Head was covered with gaping, gaping wounds, many scars and even broken bones, through the internal organs, at first glance, terrible to see.

But with the advanced orc's extremely strong vitality.

These severe injuries with broken bones and tendons were not enough to kill Crocodile Head.

The only real fatal injury was the seemingly tiny wound under the left armpit.

The opening was extremely small. On the surface, it looked like it had been lightly poked by a sharp awl.

The deeper it went, the bigger the wound became. When it was close to the heart, it was as if someone had cast a spell and stuffed a mace into Crocodile Head's chest.. It even spun it over a hundred times.