

Oh My God 1031

Chapter 1031: A Golden Hair

“What a terrifying wound!”

Casanova sucked in a breath of cold air.

The hair on the back of his neck stood up like steel needles.

He thought that the attack that caused the wound must have been silent at first. It was hidden in the stormy offensive, and Crocodile Head did not notice at all.

Perhaps the moment he was hit, Crocodile Head only felt a light bite in his armpit.

Then, his left chest along with his heart was completely smashed into mud.

But, wait a minute...

Casanova gestured, finding the whole thing odd. “How could the attacker attack Crocodile Head’s armpit?”

The armpit, eyes, lower body, and temples were all vital points.

However, the armpits were blocked by the arms and were by the side, so it was usually very difficult to hit them.

Unless, the opponent lured Crocodile Head in first to make a move, causing Crocodile Head to raise both his arms high and exposing the vital parts under his armpits. Then, the opponent used a lightning-fast attack to end the battle and Crocodile Head’s life.

However, Crocodile Head was not stupid.

Among the five great clans, the Shadow Clan was famous for stealth, assassination, and sneak attacks.

Crocodile Head’s father was originally a shadow warrior.

After inheriting a portion of the shadow bloodline, even when he was at his craziest, he was more cunning than most Minotaur warriors.

How did he manage to trick crocodile head? Or rather, how much price did he pay?

“Night Demon is injured.”

Black tooth answered Casavar’s confusion, “Based on our investigation of the scene and the autopsy of the corpse by the clan’s witch doctor, Night Demon first exposed the vital part of his neck, causing crocodile head to ruthlessly tear off a large piece of flesh from his neck, causing crocodile head to mistakenly think that he had the chance to kill the legendary Night Demon. Thus, in his excitement, he revealed a fatal flaw.”

“Neck...”

Kashava frowned deeply.

He had thought that he had seen many ruthless and vicious people.

Including himself, he was a ruthless person who would never frown.

However, Night Demon's ferocity had greatly exceeded his expectations.

Deliberately getting injured to lure the enemy to attack was not a very smart tactic.

However, it was extremely rare to be so decisive and ruthless to take a heavy blow on the neck in exchange for the enemy's weakness.

One had to know that the neck involved the cervical vertebrae, trachea, and major arteries. The slightest carelessness would cause the entire head to be torn off by the crocodile head.

Was night demon that confident that he could accurately control every single detail of the moment of life and death? could he still kill the crocodile head even with the blood spurting out from his neck?

Speaking of which, this also meant..

"Is night demon heavily injured?"

Kashava pondered, "Are we going to capture a person with a serious injury on his neck or shoulder now?"

"Not necessarily. From the series of attacks that the night demon carried out, this is a person who is very meticulous in his calculations. A person who can predict our actions and thoughts in advance, a spirit that is floating around us. He will not leave such an obvious flaw."

Black teeth said, "I always have a very strange feeling. Compared to his meticulous plan and sharp combat ability, the most terrifying thing about this night demon is his recovery and growth speed.

"That's right, he is growing.

"In the past seven days, the series of attacks were not just to disrupt black-corner city, take revenge on the Blood Hoof Clan, seize the totem battle armor, or incite the resistance of the treants.

"He was conducting a special training, using the warriors of the clan in black-corner city as targets to hone his combat strength."

"What!"

Casa FA was shocked, and a wave of anger immediately rushed to the top of his head.

Using the noble Blood Hoof Warriors as targets?

It was truly unforgivable!

"Seven days ago, when Night Demon made his first move, it was very obvious that his totem battle armor only had two characteristics, 'shock' and 'sprint'. At least, he only displayed these two characteristics. Moreover, the offensive power of the totem battle armor was not too strong. On average, it would take three to five moves to defeat a battle team level warrior."

Black teeth said, "However, based on the traces on the crocodile head's corpse, when he killed the crocodile head, Night Demon had used at least twelve totem battle skills, involving seven different characteristics.

"And ordinary battle team level warriors, even if they wore a full set of totem battle armor, would no longer be a match for Night Demon.

"Do you know what this means, casa fa?"

CASA FA's eyes widened.

In just seven short days, the characteristics of the totem armor had increased from two to at least seven?

Casa fa naturally knew what this meant.

But, how was it possible?

"You're saying, Lord Black Tooth, you're saying that in just seven short days, Night Demon continuously devoured the totem armor that he snatched, digesting and absorbing all the 'Totem Power' Inside?"

Kashava was in disbelief. "Is he crazy? He has devoured so many combat skills and specialties in just seven days. Isn't he afraid that he will be controlled by the totem power and become a warrior of origin?"

"As it turns out, the night demon is not crazy."

Blacktooth said without batting an eyelid, "You must admit that the beauty of this world is that there are always unexpected monsters that can break all experiences, conventions, and limits.

"Just like before me, no one would have thought that someone could forcefully interrupt the process of turning into a warrior of origins, allowing more than half of his body to remain normal and rational.

"So, I don't think that night demon is seriously injured.

"On the contrary, after fighting with the crocodile head and accumulating more experience, and after plundering the crocodile head's totem armor, I believe that night demon has become even more powerful and terrifying."

"..."

Kasavar did not expect that the most terrifying priest in the family would have such a high evaluation of Night Demon.

Before this, although Kasavar also knew that night demon was a rather troublesome existence.

But it was only a problem.

It was not a real threat.

Kasavar could not help but have a complicated feeling in his heart.

Was it shock, anger, and a hint of... jealousy?

He knew that black teeth had called him here to praise the night demon in such a way. It was not necessarily a provocation to stimulate his fighting spirit.

But he was very willing to be fooled and fight with the Damn Night Demon!

“Lord Black Teeth –”

Kashava thought for a moment and said, “Since you think that the Night Demon’s recovery ability is different from ordinary people, and the serious injury on his neck is likely to heal quickly, then how should we catch him?”

Casanova knew that black teeth would never make a wild guess.

If there were no clues, he would not waste his time here.

As expected, a deep laugh came from under black teeth’s hood.

“The Night Demon’s methods are indeed very brilliant. In the era of prosperity, it’s rare to meet such an interesting guy.”

Black teeth said calmly, “However, after attacking dozens of warriors of the clan, he still left some clues and exposed his identity.”

“Did Lord Black Teeth discover anything?”

Casa was surprised and happy.

Black teeth directly opened his palm.

In his palm, there were two transparent crystal pieces that were as thin as cicada wings.

These were the products of the glorious old era.

They were the crystallization of the wisdom of the sacred ancestral spirit and were known as “Glass Slides”.

Because they were extremely fragile, they were hundreds of times rarer than weapons made of metal.

Only the blood hoof family, a thousand-year-old noble family, and the most respected priest could have a few of them.

Even as the master of the Blood Skull Arena, casa fa often saw rare treasures from all over Tu Lan Ze from the hands of foreign gladiators.

Seeing such a thin and transparent crystal sheet, he subconsciously swallowed his saliva.

He narrowed his eyes, held his breath, and carefully looked at the slide.

Between the two crystal pieces that were as thin as cicadas’ wings, there was a light golden hair that was slightly red at the end.

This hair was extremely thin. It should not be hair, but the hair on the body.

If it was not held by the black teeth with the crystal piece and scattered on the ground, it would definitely be ignored.

“This is...”

Casavar knew that this hair must be very particular.

He wanted to get more information from black tooth.

“This was found in the fingernail of the crocodile head. There are a few traces of blood on it. We can be sure that this is not the hair of the crocodile head itself.”

Black tooth said calmly, as if he was deliberately testing Casavar.

Casavar thought quickly and immediately thought, “This is the hair of the Night Demon!”

“That’s right.”

Black teeth smiled. “In order to attract the crocodile head to attack him and expose his underarm, Night Demon did not hesitate to take a heavy blow to his neck.

“Although his control over his own flesh and blood has reached an exquisite level and he can accurately control his injuries without touching his blood vessels, trachea, and cervical vertebrae, it is impossible for him to control every single hair on his body.

“Although the crocodile head is dead, he has made a great contribution before this. He managed to grab this precious hair from the Night Demon’s neck.

“Kashava, your blood skull arena is filled with talented people. There are gladiators from the five great clans. Can you identify which clan this hair belongs to?”

Kashava knew that the real test had come.

He held the extremely precious crystal sheet in both hands.

Then, he adjusted more than ten oil lamps, which were fueled by the fat of the totem beasts, to the brightest.

From different angles, he carefully observed the golden hair inside the crystal sheet.

After obtaining Black Tooth’s consent, he used the movements of a feather to open the crystal sheet and sniff the scent of the golden hair.

After pondering for a long time, he came to a conclusion in great shock.

“This is actually a lion-man’s hair!”

Black tooth laughed and took the crystal piece from Casava’s hand again.

While he was mumbling, complicated patterns were slowly flowing on his palm, which was shining brilliantly. Soon, they interweaved into a three-dimensional rune array and lifted the crystal piece up.

The golden hair flowed into the crystal piece together with the specks of light.

An extremely thin spiritual energy was spreading out of the golden hair, stirring the air above the crystal piece and making a roar that sounded like a roaring lion or tiger.

Chapter 1032: Forced to Be a Lion Man

Although the Blood Hoof Clan was dominated by Minotaurs, boar men, elephant men, as well as centaurs, and it had controlled Picturesque Orchid Lake as the strongest clan for thousands of years...

The lion men and gnolls from the Gold Clan were not uncommon in Black-corner City.

They were either losers in the clan wars, who had been exiled, and traveled around Picturesque Orchid Lake, trying to rise again, or they were the captives of the clan wars, starting from humble gladiators and rising again step by step.

There were several lion warriors in the Blood Skull Arena.

As for the mixed-blood lion warriors and Minotaurs, there were countless of them.

The five families were not segregated by reproduction. They were originally the same race, but they were given different divine powers by their ancestors, which was why they showed different characteristics.

In fact, even Casanova could not guarantee that his ancestors were all pure Minotaur. There was not even a drop of lion man or tigerman's blood in their bodies.

Perhaps, the descendants of him and a pure-bred Minotaur warrior would grow sharp fangs and a few strands of golden hair. Such a situation was described in the ancient language of the ancestral spirits as a "genetic mutation." It was a very normal phenomenon.

However, in theory, it should be the rat people's Night Demon, but the lion man's hair fell from his body. Such a "coincidence" could not help but make Casanova's imagination run wild.

He did not think that the Night Demon would be a lion man born and bred in Black-corner City, or a Blood Hoof warrior with the bloodline of a lion and tiger.

But...

"The Red-gold City is playing tricks behind the scenes?"

Casanova's eyes suddenly became sharp as he muttered, "I was wondering why the Big-horned Rat God's arrival is getting more and more popular this time. It's more serious than the rat people's riots before the glorious era.

"So it turns out that the Gold Clan is fanning the flames behind the scenes, and they've even directly sent out elite lion-man warriors to pretend to be some night demon emissary to play tricks in order to arouse the rebellious hearts of the rat citizens in Black-corner City. At the same time, they can also sow discord within the Blood Hoof Clan and the relationships between the various great clans, causing us to fall into internal strife and be unable to display our strongest strength in the Tournament of the Five Clans!

“These wolves, tigers, and leopards of the Gold Clan are truly too despicable. The competition between the five clans originated from an ancient tradition from 10,000 years ago. The Glorious Warriors of the five clans took out all of their abilities and competed openly. The winner led the loser, and the loser obeyed the winner. Only then could they condense the entire Turan army into an unstoppable torrent and completely drown the land of Holy Light!

“The Gold Clan is clearly the most powerful clan in the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake for thousands of years. In the past five clan wars, they used their unquestionable strength to conquer the hearts of all the glorious warriors, including our Blood Hoof Clan.

“How come this time, before the five clan wars have even begun, the Gold Clan has already used such a despicable and shameless method. Does it still have the spirit of a Turan warrior?”

Casanova shook his head.

He was clearly a powerful wolf, a tiger, and a leopard.

Yet, he had to disguise himself as a lowly rat and act sneakily.

Such an unscrupulous method was something that even Casanova felt ashamed of for the ancestors of the Gold Clan.

As for the lion’s fur, was there any other explanation other than that the Gold Clan had sent a secret agent to infiltrate Black-corner City to fan the flames and sow discord, trying to weaken the strength of the Blood Hoof Clan before the Tournament of the Five Clans?

Casanova racked his brain, but he could not think of any other explanation.

Unless, the Night Demon not only possessed terrifying combat strength and growth ability, but he also had a meticulous mind that made people shudder in fear. After killing the crocodile’s head, he even inserted the softest and finest lion’s hair into the gap between his pinky fingers?

“How is that possible!”

Casanova could not help but laugh. He instantly dispelled this terrifying and absurd idea.

“Those fellows from the Gold Clan, I will definitely crush you all in the Tournament of the Five Clans!” Casanova gritted his teeth and smashed his fist.

“Anger can trigger the strongest power of a Turan warrior, but it is also very likely to turn this power into a flood.”

Black Tooth’s face was still calm as he calmly said, “When your body of flesh and blood is boiling like magma, your brain must always be as calm as ice.

“That’s right, Casanova. You’re truly worthy of being the Blood Hoof Clan’s greatest hope in this Battle of Honor. Your speculations are similar to the opinions of the clan elders. We all believe that the so-called descent of the great Horned Rat God is a ghost created by the Gold Clan. This Night Demon Emissary is even directly from Red-gold City, and he’s one of the best amongst the lion and tiger warriors. So, he possesses the ability to silently attack dozens of Blood Hoof warriors.

“But this is not a bad thing.

“Instead, it exposed the weakness of the Gold Clan.

“Imagine, if the Gold Clan was as powerful as before and could defeat the Blood Hoof Army on the most sacred battlefield in the vast Picturesque Orchid Lake, why would they resort to such despicable and shameless means that would bring shame to their ancestors?

“It seems that in the past ten years of prosperity, the Gold Clan didn’t have a large number of new and advanced experts like our Blood Hoof Clan. They knew that the title of War Chief this time is extremely likely to fall into the hands of our Blood Hoof Clan, so they took the risk and put everything on the line.

“However, the warriors of Turan will ultimately use their fists, claws, teeth, and Swords to decide the outcome of the battle.

“Such petty tricks, once seen through, will not be of any use at all. Instead, they will arouse the contempt and anger of all the Blood Hoof warriors and make all the lion-men the biggest joke of Turan.

“I’ve already informed the elders of the Ironhide Clan of the news.

“As long as they are not stupid enough, they will definitely realize that the messenger of the Rat God can only be a lion man from the Gold Clan. It is the only possibility that will be the most beneficial to us and the most detrimental to the Gold Clan.

“In that case, the quarrel between the Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan won’t last long. The Game of the Brave might end a few days earlier. If everything goes well, the Blood Hoof Army will march out in three days

“Don’t worry, Lord Black Tooth. My Blood Skull Legion will definitely be assembled in three days!”
Casanova said confidently.

The so-called arrival of the Big-horned Rat God seemed to have caused a storm in the city, but it didn’t cause much substantial damage to Black-corner City.

It was nothing more than a few clan warriors being poisoned, a few warehouses being on fire, and a few dozen clan warriors suffering great humiliation.

The humiliation was indeed extremely strong.

But that was all.

The reason why everyone was so anxious was that everyone treated the Night Demon as a rat citizen. It was unbelievable that a mere rat citizen could come and go freely in Black-corner City. Thousands of clan warriors could not do anything to him.

As a result, the morale of the clan warriors fell to the bottom, and the d*mned rat citizens were all restless.

However, if the Rat God’s emissary of the Big Horn race was actually a lion man powerhouse from the Gold Clan, then the situation would be completely different.

After all, the lion man had ruled over Orchid Lake for thousands of years.

Being defeated or even killed by the lion man was not something to be surprised or angry about.

The majestic Gold Clan didn't dare to compete with the Blood Hoof Clan on the battlefield, but they disguised themselves as rat people to attack and destroy. Once this news spread throughout the city, the morale of all the Blood Hoof warriors would soar to the peak.

And the rat people who had their dreams shattered would also recognize the reality and give up struggling.

In this way, it wasn't impossible to gather the entire Blood Hoof Army in three days.

Thinking about how the Gold Clan might not be as powerful as the legends said, Black Tooth felt that it was impossible.

The Blood Hoof Clan would be in charge of this unprecedented battle of glory.

He might even be able to build a merit that even the ancestors would look up to in the holy war.

As a result, the name, Casanova Bloodhoof was engraved in the blood-condensed epic, and it was sung by every empty skull on the ancient battlefield for thousands of years.

Casanova's eyeballs were as hot as burning charcoal balls.

Black Tooth was very satisfied with this rising star in the family, his fervent desire for victory.

He extended his left hand, which was half flesh and half metal, from under the black hooded cloak that was covered in red lines and completely merged with the totem armor. He patted Casanova's shoulder lightly.

"Go, young warrior. Go prove to everyone that your iron hooves have the ability to shock the entire area of Picturesque Orchid Lake and the land of Holy Light!"

...

Casanova was still overwhelmed with emotions as he left the temple in a daze. He was so inspired by the high priest that he could not help himself.

At this moment, he remembered that he should report to Black Tooth about the death of a guy under him called, Big Buck.

In fact, Big Buck's death happened more than half a month ago.

Moreover, there were already a few vassals of the Ironhide Clan who admitted that they had carried out a fair and successful "revenge" for the glory of the ancestral spirit.

However, Big Buck's body was only found in a collapsed tunnel yesterday.

Moreover, the entire tunnel was filled with flammable substances. The moment the tunnel collapsed, a huge fire was ignited, burning the body into a mess.

Fortunately, Big Buck's characteristics were very distinct.

His two horns, one was large and the other was small. In the entire Black-corner City, it was no longer so awkward.

Moreover, during the coming of age ceremony, Big Buck had been injured when hunting totem beasts. Although his flesh and blood had healed, there were still bite marks left on his leg bones from the totem beasts.

Therefore, Casanova was able to confirm the news of his death.

The problem was that Big Buck's charred body was covered with traces of torture.

The few wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town boasted that they had killed Big Buck, but they didn't mention this detail.

Moreover, the entire scene of torture and slaughter was arranged very closely.

It was so close that Casanova thought of the machines in the land of Holy Light that could operate with only light energy.

It didn't seem like the work of a wild boar warrior.

"If it wasn't those pigs from Red Creek Town, who did it? Why did they kill Big Buck and torture him before they did it?" Casanova was puzzled.

Chapter 1033: Ice Storm's Crisis

Casanova had a vague premonition.

The wild boars from Red Creek did not kill Big Buck.

It was the work of the Night Demon.

Although the collapsed tunnel and Big Buck's body was burned beyond recognition.

However, the scene of the killing, like the Night Demon attacks other clan warriors, was filled with a chilling smell.

Of course, this speculation could not solve a problem.

If the night demon really did it, his purpose was to humiliate the Blood Hoof Clan, and then to strike the morale of the entire Blood Hoof Clan.

Why did he hide Big Buck's body so secretly, and store so much fuel in the place where the body was hidden. Once it was exposed to the air, it would immediately burn everything?

Didn't this completely go against his goal of destroying the morale of the entire Blood Hoof Clan?

Casanova felt that if Big Buck was really a victim of the Night Demon...

Then, the Night Demon's goal of killing him must be different from the goal of attacking the warriors of other clans.

Perhaps, Big Buck was the person that the night demon really wanted to kill.

Following this clue, it was very likely to find out the true identity of the Night Demon.

Casanova originally wanted to discuss this matter with Black Tooth.

However, Black Tooth gave him an even more important task.

That was to use the Blood Skull Arena's connections to spread the news that "Night Demon is a lion man from Red-gold City. The Gold Clan is exceptionally weak in this glorious era and is very afraid of the Blood Hoof Clan." This news spread to every corner of Black-corner City.

The Blood Skull Arena could accommodate tens of thousands of spectators every day.

The fierce battles between gladiators were games that even the warriors of the clans who were not present were willing to bet on.

Therefore, the Blood Skull Arena maintained a very good relationship with all the taverns and casinos in Black-corner City.

The gamblers were allowed to place bets by the tables and the fast-running mice servants were allowed to pass the bets and messages back and forth.

Through this complicated network of connections, it was naturally the best way to spread the truth about the emissary of the Rat God.

This was the reason why Black Tooth, the high priest, summoned Casanova in his busy schedule.

This was the first time Casanova had carried out an order personally given by Black Tooth.

Naturally, he wanted to focus on nothing else and do his best.

If he thought about it carefully, if the emissary of the Rat God was really a lion man from Red-gold City.

There should not be any relationship between Big Buck and him.

Most likely, he had thought wrongly.

It was better not to use such a trivial matter to add trouble to Lord Black Tooth and increase the difficulty of his mission, right?

Big Buck was a b*stard. He did not like the female Minotaur warrior, female elephant warrior, female hippo warrior, and female wild boar warrior, but he liked the weak cat girl and rabbit girl. It was a disgrace to the Blood Hoof warriors.

In the end, not only did he lose his life, but he also made the Blood Skull Arena and Casanova become the laughingstock of the circle.

If this guy hadn't been killed by others in advance, even Casanova would have wanted to kill him and clean up the mess!

Thinking of this, Casanova quickly threw all the doubts about "Big Buck's death" to the back of his mind.

Time was of the essence. Apart from completing Lord Black Tooth's mission, he still had many things to do.

For example, solving Ice Storm's crisis.

Before the Blood Skull Battle Group set out, he had to completely tame this restless female leopard.

In the past, Casanova had always tolerated or even indulged Ice Storm in its own ways.

It was not because he had given up on the idea of conquering the snow leopard female warrior.

On the contrary, as he heard a lot of interesting news from afar, he was more and more confident in conquering the powerful but unruly Frost Queen.

However, he still needed a chance.

Or rather, an excuse.

After all, Ice Storm was a free gladiator and did not receive his blood. She was not a member of the Blood Hoof Clan either.

In theory, they were in a cooperative relationship of equal status. If they agreed, they would stay, if they did not agree, they would leave.

Even if Ice Storm left Blood Skull Arena and turned into the arms of the Ironhide Clan, he had no reason to stop them.

If he forcefully stopped them, people would laugh at him for being narrow-minded and lacking charisma and boldness. It was not enough for an outsider warrior to be willing to work for him.

One had to know that in the Blood Skull Battle Group that Casanova used to snatch the supreme glory, besides Ice Storm, there were dozens of powerful outsiders.

Casanova had to consider their thoughts.

Otherwise, it would be easy for them to fall apart.

This was the reason why Ice Storm did not accept his blood gift, but he still maintained the demeanor of a superior and did not attack the snow leopard female warrior.

But it was different now.

Now, the black-toothed high priest gave Casanova a very good reason to do anything to Ice Storm.

Casanova became excited.

It was as if he saw Ice Storm kneel in front of him and open her biggest secret, allowing him to take whatever he wanted.

...

In the next two days, under Casanova's full operation, the truth about the Big-horned Rat God spread throughout Black-corner city like wildfire and lightning, completely covering up the rumors in the past, it also covered the fear of the clan warriors toward the Night Demon.

Almost all the Clan Warriors believed the story that the Night Demon came from Red-gold City.

There was no need for any conclusive evidence or rigorous analysis. With just a little bit of guidance, the bull-headed horse-faced warriors would reveal an expression of “enlightenment.”

Just as Black Tooth had said, this was indeed the “truth” that all the Blood Hoof warriors were most willing to believe.

It was also the “truth” that could boost the morale of the Blood Hoof Army.

Inspired by this “truth,” the major families of black-corner City quickly recovered from the chaos.

They organized their units into battle gangs and legions.

Through the Game of the Brave, they established their command hierarchy and command relationship.

The reorganization of Casanova’s Blood Skull Arena was also going very smoothly. The final battle group was even larger than he had expected.

Speaking of which, it was partly due to the night demon.

Originally, many wandering soldiers from the local areas weren’t willing to rely on the major clans in Black-corner City.

Many unruly advanced orcs would rather face the problem of lack of resources and fight alone. They all wished to retain some freedom and independence.

The appearance of the Night Demon scared the wandering soldiers out of their wits.

After all, they didn’t have many powerful companions to protect them. It was impossible for them to be like the warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan. They surrounded them from all directions, making it impossible for the night demon to find an opportunity to attack them.

Therefore, they were most likely to be attacked by the Night Demon.

After a few wandering soldiers lost all their secret medicines and armors in a daze, but a “gift” from the night demon appeared on their foreheads, the remaining local warriors could only hide in the Blood Skull Arena and kneel on one knee, they swore loyalty to Casanova. Some of the best of them even accepted Casanova’s blood donation in exchange for the protection of the family by becoming a member of the Blood Hoof Clan.

In the end, other than the servants and cannon fodder, Casanova had recruited thousands of elite soldiers.

Most of the middle-level and lower-level warriors had their own totem armors.

The totem armors of the hundreds of elite warriors covered every corner of their bodies evenly. They were all magnificent full-body armors.

Other than the four trump cards, who had been famous for a long time, there were also five experts who had just joined the Blood Skull Legion. They had been dominating the area for a long time and had the ability to challenge the four trump cards.

In the entire Black-corner City, among the hundreds of legions, the strength of the Blood Skull Legion could be ranked in the first tier.

Casanova was naturally overjoyed that he had recruited so many experts before the expedition.

In order to announce the birth of the Blood Skull Battle Group and promote the unity between the four aces and the newly recruited five experts, it was also very reasonable to hold a grand banquet. No one was allowed to refuse.

Even if Ice Storm knew Casanova's character very well and knew that he had bad intentions toward him. It was impossible for him to refuse this banquet.

Otherwise, not only would he not give Casanova face.

They would also humiliate all the gladiators, as well as all the heroic spirits who had sacrificed themselves in the Blood Skull Arena for thousands of years.

Regarding escaping from Black-corner City, Ice Storm and Meng Chao were almost ready.

However, in the plan, they had to wait for the Blood Hoof Army to gather in the temple outside Black-corner City and start a large-scale battle drill before they had a chance to escape Casanova and the Blood Hoof powerhouses' sight, they had to escape without anyone knowing.

Before that, Ice Storm had to stabilize Casanova.

Therefore, she could only brace herself to go to the banquet.

The grandeur and extravagance of the banquet went without saying.

Casanova not only took out hundreds of barrels of mixed secret medicine, but as soon as she opened the lid, bubbles were popping up. The strange fragrance did not only "assail" the nose, but also hit the nose like a cast iron fist.

He also slaughtered dozens of totem beasts that had yet to be tamed and could not follow the Blood Skull Battle Group.

The freshest flesh of the totem beast was simply burnt a few times. When it was just served on the table, the fascia between the large pieces of flesh was still "Patter patter".

In the eyes of the old foodies of Picturesque Orchid Lake, this was a rare delicacy.

Besides the three aces of ice storm, there were also the five powerhouses who had just joined the Blood Skull Battle Group. They all swept up the clouds and gobbled up the food, using their bottomless pit-like appetite to show that their strength was even more astonishing than their appetite.

Although ice storm was usually as cold as ice, it was impossible to chew and swallow slowly in this kind of situation, and it was even more impossible to not drink at all.

Especially when the old enemy of the four trump cards, who had once been defeated by her in a one-on-one fight, and who had also defeated her in a group battle, "Brute Hammer," carried a wine barrel that was thicker than a mandala tree and challenged her., it was even more impossible for her to retreat.

According to the tradition of the high-level orcs, if both sides belonged to the same camp and were about to go out to fight a common opponent, when they could not fight each other, they would often use the method of competing in drinking capacity and eating capacity, instead of fighting with real weapons.

Refusing to compete in drinking was no different from running away in the arena.

Chapter 1034: In Jail

Whether it was out of pride as a Turan warrior or to dispel Casanova's doubts, Ice Storm could not refuse Brute Hammer's provocation.

When it came to drinking, regardless of whether it was on Earth or in the Other World, the rules were the same.

Once you accepted a toast from one person at a banquet, it was equivalent to accepting a toast from everyone at the banquet. No matter who raised a toast to you again, it was impossible to refuse.

When you cultivated to the level of Brute Hammer and Ice Storm, your body was filled with totem power. The efficiency of your stomach wriggling was tens or even hundreds of times that of an ordinary orc. There was no problem of not being able to eat or drink.

Moreover, Brute Hammer did not aim at Ice Storm. Instead, he raised his glass to the four aces of the Blood Skull Battle Group and the five experts at the same time. They were all unrestrained. They even held a large wine barrel that was as tall as a person. "Tons and tons." Like a brute elephant drawing water, he instantly finished a whole barrel of strong liquor. Steam shot out from his 36,000 pores, making the banquet as lively as a bathhouse.

The atmosphere was so heated that if Ice Storm did not drink three to five barrels, seven to eight barrels of strong liquor would seem too out of place.

After three rounds of drinking, Brute Hammer was the first to jump out and invite ice storm to join in the fun with a battle dance.

The battle dance was a unique tradition of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

It was a powerful battle technique that was used in battle. It was performed in a dance-like form and was extremely exaggerated.

It was usually used in sacrifices and banquets to please the ancestral spirits, to pay respect to distinguished guests who came from afar, or to bury the hatchet between two Turan warriors who had previously had conflicts, and to convey goodwill.

Brute Hammer and Ice Storm had fought many times in the arena, and there were also many frictions under the arena.

Now, the Blood Skull Battle Group had to work together and set off for the center of Picturesque Orchid Lake and even the land of Holy Light.

Before the expedition, Brute Hammer invited ice storm to use the battle dance method to resolve the previous conflicts.

This was very in line with the Turan tradition, and could not be rejected by Ice Storm.

In fact, Ice Storm was a very outstanding battle dancer.

Using battle dances to determine victory and defeat, and fighting with one's life in the arena were two completely different concepts.

The moves of the latter were particular about turning complexity into simplicity, simple and crude. It was best to strike out a fist silently, and it would erupt with destructive power that could destroy everything in its path.

The former, on the other hand, required that the dazzling, thrilling, and exciting moves be reduced to the lowest level of destructive power. It seemed to be aimed at the vital points of the opponent in a perilous situation, so that the bystanders and even the opponent themselves would think that it was without a doubt, but in reality.., they could not touch even half of the opponent's hair.

In an exciting and dangerous battle dance, anyone who accidentally left a wound as thick as a strand of hair on the opponent's body would be ridiculed by the bystanders. They would think that his move was too clumsy, he could not control his own strength at all.

If it was in a more serious sacrificial ceremony, such a clumsy battle dance would be considered to anger the ancestral spirit.

Naturally, Ice Storm, an agility-type warrior who walked the "quick-witted" path, was more capable of controlling every inch of her flesh and blood. She could perform a more elegant and gorgeous battle dance than Brute Hammer, a strength-type warrior who had the bloodline of a barbarian elephant and walked the "thick and black" path. She was even more capable of controlling every inch of her flesh and blood and performing a more elegant and gorgeous battle dance.

Therefore, it was even more impossible for her to reject Brute Hammer's invitation.

Otherwise, it would be the same as saying to Brute Hammer in front of all the experts of the Blood Skull battle group, "Your battle dance is really too clumsy. You are not worthy to perform the most elegant dance with me to the sacred ancestral spirits."

After suffering such humiliation, Brute Hammer could only turn against her and fight to the death. No one would stand on her side. She could forget about participating in the final master oath assembly and the actual combat drill and escaping Black-corner City.

Ice Storm could only brace herself and complete the battle dance.

Her dancing was out of control.

She was like an agile cheetah, a gorgeous butterfly, and more like a sharp bolt of lightning. On the stage made of dozens of empty wine barrels, she threw out dozens of illusory and real phantoms, she easily defeated Brute Hammer.

Not only did she win the applause and cheers of over a hundred experts, including Casanova, but she also won the respect of Brute Hammer.

It was naturally a good thing that she could resolve the conflict with Brute Hammer.

At least, during the actual combat practice, Brute Hammer would not stare at ice storm and find trouble with her.

However, in this way, when another expert invited ice storm to offer a battle dance to all the ancestral spirits sacrificed in the Blood Skull Arena, she could only grit her teeth and agree.

Just like that, Ice Storm danced a round of battle dance, drank a round of fine wine, and then, with the strength of the boiling wine, danced the next round of even more gorgeous and fierce battle dance.

The fine wine today seemed to be particularly mellow.

It was unknown what kind of precious secret medicine had been added to it, causing Ice Storm's every blood vessel and brain to feel as if they were melting and burning in hot magma.

But she did not feel pain.

Instead, she felt an indescribable pleasure.

It was as if she had completely melted her old self into a new world that was even more wonderful and vast.

In this new world that was spinning around her, she could throw away everything from the past.

Whether it was the inhuman torture she had endured as a child...

Or her mother's worrisome teachings...

Or his deep-rooted hatred for the man named "Father."

Or those days where he hid like a mouse, leaving an indelible mark on his soul.

And after coming to the Blood Skull Arena, he was on the edge of his seat every day. He carefully decorated himself, wrapped himself in a thick mask, and sealed and protected his truest self with the ice layer called Frost Queen, he had never dared to reveal a single bit of his secret to anyone.

All for the sake of being able to live a few ordinary days like a normal Turan.

He was still waking up from his nightmares in the middle of the night with cold sweat dripping down his face. He searched his entire body to make sure that his disguise had not dropped a single bit, but he still could not fall asleep again. He could only stare with his scarlet eyes, she waited for the dawn to arrive.

Ice Storm, who had been tormented by this feeling for two years, had long been suppressed to its limit.

She felt extremely refreshed when she thought about how she would be able to leave Black-corner City and go to Red-gold City to end her fate in two or three days.

She felt extremely refreshed.

Unknowingly, she had mixed the pain of the past two... no, 30 years with alcohol and vented it out through war dance.

If one were to say that in the beginning, it was just Brute Hammer and the other ace gladiators and battle group powerhouses who took turns to issue invitations and challenges to her.

In the end, she gradually let go of herself and fell into a frenzy. Ice Storm, who was controlled by the Enkephalin and dopamine stimulated by the secret medicine, became the one who took the initiative to attack and provoke.

It was just like in the arena.

She became the focus of everyone's attention and the star who was in the limelight. She felt that under her rapidly spinning toes, the empty wine barrel was filled with high explosives that the dwarves had meticulously refined.

The explosions caused her to fly higher and higher into the clouds.

Then, she fell from the clouds into the abyss.

She fell into the darkest and coldest corner of the abyss.

...

Ice Storm was startled awake by the ear-piercing sound of metal colliding and scraping.

The sound was like a rusty iron nail, fiercely piercing into her brain.

It instantly pulled her out of the chaos and restored her cheetah-like vigilance.

She immediately smelled danger.

This was not a banquet.

Nor was it her residence or any other place in the Blood Skull Arena that she was familiar with.

It was an ice-cold dungeon.

Although the walls and the ground were relatively clean, there was an oil lamp lit on the wall every two or three arms' length, emitting a dim light and slightly dispelling the darkness in the depths of the underground.

The four big pipes at the top of the four corners also sprayed fresh air into the place, making it not as dirty and rotten as the usual dungeons.

However, the blood that had long turned black after seeping into the gaps between the black stone slabs still made Ice Storm squint.

Then, she discovered that a black metal ring had been put on her neck, her wrists, and her two ankles.

The inside of the metal ring was covered with dense spikes. If she moved her hands and feet a little more intensely, the spikes would pierce through her flesh.

On the outside of the metal ring, there were ancient runes engraved—they were not cuneiform characters of the Turan ancestors. Instead, they came from the land of Holy Light. They were curved and curved, and there were curving characters everywhere. They were like earthworm-like characters that had been dried in the sun.

The unusually familiar runes caused Ice Storm's pupils to contract abruptly.

She had roughly guessed what the hell this thing was.

Gritting her teeth, she used her right hand to pull the metal ring on her left wrist.

Since she could not exert force on both sides at the same time, the sharp thorns on the inner side of the metal ring pierced deeply into her flesh, almost touching her bones.

However, the metal ring was harder than steel, and it did not have the slightest deformation.

It was impossible to destroy this metal ring with the power of flesh and blood alone.

She growled and activated her totem power.

However, as the gorgeous tattoos on her body shone, the metal ring instantly turned from black to orange-red. From the sharp thorns that pierced into Ice Storm's flesh and blood, a few wisps of flames that were sharper than lightning shot out and pierced into her bone marrow.

Ice storm screamed in pain, and her totem power vanished into thin air. She could not even summon half of her totem armor.

She endured the pain and raised her left arm while trembling. A ring-shaped scorch mark was left on her left wrist. It was like a black, invisible shackle that imprisoned the half of her soul that originated from Picturesque Orchid Lake.

As expected, this was some kind of device that sealed totem power.

It should be the masterpiece of those mages and Dwarves from the land of Holy Light.

Although judging from the rough texture and the omission of runes, the quality of this device was not too high.

However, it was enough to temporarily restrict Ice Storm's ability.

At this moment, Ice Storm heard a heavy panting sound behind him.

When he turned around, he saw a totem beast that was over three arms long and had fangs as sharp as blades emerging from the darkness, staring straight at him.

This beast was like a combination of a wolf and a bear.

However, its head, shoulders, and waist were covered with a layer of thick bone plates that gave off a metallic luster.

It was as if it was wearing layers of armor.

"Tusk Growler!"

A name that could make even the most experienced hunter break out in cold sweat appeared in Ice Storm's mind.

Chapter 1035: Not a Spy? Then, What?

In the ancient times when the Turan ancestors created glory, in order to make their blood descendants forever powerful and filled with courage, the ancestral spirits activated supreme wisdom and poured

totem power into the monster's body. The fiercest monsters wandering in Picturesque Orchid Lake were all modified into totem beasts.

The biggest difference between monsters and ordinary beasts was that monsters often had the characteristics of many kinds of beasts. They also had the "characteristics" given by the ancestral spirits, which allowed them to activate all kinds of skills in battle.

The more terrifying thing about a totem beast was that its body contained a huge amount of totem power. It could overflow from its skin and form an exoskeleton that covered its entire body.

This exoskeleton that emitted a metallic luster was made from the same raw materials as totem armor.

In fact, the totem armor of most clan warriors was created by hunting totem beasts, harvesting their exoskeletons and controlling their cores.

Among the totem beasts, the Tusk Growler[1] was both brutal and cunning. It was quite difficult to deal with.

This beast had lightning-fast speed and hunting skills that were not inferior to that of the advanced orcs. It also had at least three characteristics that allowed it to launch attacks that could not be seen by the naked eye.

Countless clan warriors and totem hunters had been pierced through by its tusks that protruded out, much like those that belonged to saber-toothed tigers.

Judging from the size of the beast on the opposite side, as well as the range and thickness of the armor covering its body, it was a Tusk Growler that had entered its prime and reached the peak of its combat ability. If it were in the deep mountains and jungle, it would definitely be able to kill a team powerhouse easily!

There was still a hint of grogginess in Ice storm's brain.

However, it was immediately shocked into nothingness by the strong killing intent that the Tusk Growler emitted.

She looked past the Tusk Growler to the corner of the prison cell, where the iron fence was engraved with cuneiform characters.

Just now, it was this iron fence that was dragged by a chain that was as thick as an arm. It was slowly lifted up, and after that, the Tusk Growler, which had been deep in the tunnel behind the iron fence, was let in.

It was also the loud clang that came from the iron fence's heavy fall that woke Ice Storm up.

So, someone had deliberately sealed her totem power and locked her with a Tusk Growler?

Ice Storm's fangs were deeply embedded in her lips.

If she could awaken her totem armor and activate her totem combat skills, the Tusk Growler would be a delicious meal and a toy for her to play with before that.

However, when her totem power was completely sealed and she could only rely on the power of flesh and blood to fight, she ended up playing the role of “toy and food.”

Fortunately, the Tusk Growler was a very cautious and cunning totem beast.

Although it had locked onto Ice Storm, it was not in a hurry to attack. Instead, it slowly sniffed the air and observed its prey closely.

After all, Ice Storm’s body was still surrounded by the strong battle aura of defeating countless powerful opponents.

Her battle aura prevented the Tusk Growler from acting rashly. It only circled Ice Storm slowly.

The hungry fierce glint in its eyes became more and more intense.

Many thoughts flashed through Ice Storm’s mind. In an instant, she realized who the mastermind behind the trap was.

“Casanova, are you crazy?”

She cried out, partially shocked and partially angry. “What are you trying to do? You don’t have the right to treat me like this—I’m not a member of the Blood Hoof Clan, and I’m not your vassal! I’m a free gladiator. Even if I join the Blood Skull Battle Group, I’m still a mercenary!

“I’ve fulfilled all the obligations of a free gladiator and a mercenary. Plus, I’ve even completed more missions than I should have!

“In the past two years, I’ve gone all out in the arena. In the game of the brave, I’ve even helped you and the Blood Hoof Clan defeat countless competitors!

“Yet now, you’re treating me like this. Aren’t you afraid that you’ll be mocked by all the warriors in Black-corner City if word gets out? Aren’t you afraid of not convincing me with your charm and strength but using such a dirty trick to frame me, tarnishing the Blood Hoof Clan’s glory? Aren’t you a coward and a scoundrel?”

As she had expected, Casanova’s deep laughter came from the four ventilation tubes in the four corners of the dungeon as soon as she finished speaking.

“Don’t misunderstand me, Ice Storm. How can I be a scoundrel who wants to destroy you because I can’t have you?”

Casanova slowly said, “I’m very grateful for everything you’ve done for the Blood Skull Arena and me in the past two years.

“Although I hope to completely subdue you, fuse our bloodlines together, and fight side by side forever, I will not stop you if you insist on embarking on your own journey. I will only give you my sincere blessings.

“After all, like you said, as a free gladiator, your performance in the past two years has been brilliant and impeccable. If I were to attack you rashly, not only in Black-corner City, but the clan warriors in all of Picturesque Orchid Lake would despise my character.

“However, Ice Storm, you really shouldn’t have helped the Gold Clan by sneaking into Black-corner City, stirring up trouble, and even ambushing the Blood Hoof clan warriors in an attempt to stir up internal strife within the clan. Such despicable and shameless methods are really not the style of Turan warriors. Whoever does so would be giving up all their dignity and honor. Naturally, they can’t blame anyone else for using any means to deal with them, don’t you think so?”

“Wh-What?”

Ice Storm was dumbfounded. She was stunned for a while before she shouted, “I’m not a spy from Red-gold City! Isn’t it rumored that the Night Demon who attacked the Blood Hoof warriors is a lion man powerhouse from Red-gold City?”

“That’s right. The Night Demon himself should be a lion man powerhouse, but he must have an accomplice. Otherwise, how could he be so familiar with Black-corner City’s terrain and the distribution of every street and alley?”

Casanova calmly said, “For an expert like him to be able to kill dozens of Blood Hoof warriors without making a sound, he should be someone well-known even in the Gold Clan, where there are countless experts. It’d be impossible for him to leave Red-gold City for a long time and come to Black-corner City secretly.

“Therefore, he must have an accomplice who sneaked into Black-corner City a few years ago to carry out reconnaissance and various preparations. Once he arrived, the accomplice would act as his “guide.”

“Isn’t the accomplice you, Ice Storm?” Casanova asked curiously

“Casanova, I don’t know what you’re talking about at all!” Ice Storm replied indifferently

Icy Storm’s face instantly turned ghastly pale. As she observed the Tusk Growler’s actions, she tried her best to refute Casanova’s claims. “I’m not a spy from Red-gold City. I hate the Gold Clan more than you do, more than anyone in the Blood Hoof Clan!”

“I really want to believe you, Ice Storm.”

Casanova sighed and said, “However, if you’re not a spy, I really can’t understand why you’re not willing to accept my blood donation and join the Blood Hoof Clan.

“I’ve never mistreated you in any way. I’ve given you more preferential treatment than the other trump cards, and I’ve never interfered with your freedom. I’ve never asked about your past or asked you to carry out those difficult tasks.

“As the strongest of the Blood Hoof family, there have been many War Chiefs in the history of our Blood Hoof Clan. They’ve launched great wars that could make all the creatures in the land of Holy Light tremble in fear, leaving behind countless brilliant heroic epics.

“I think that joining such a clan will not bury your strength, right?”

“So, why? You just don’t want to?”

To be fair, Casanova’s doubts were reasonable.

If it had been a “normal” deserter of the Gold Clan, joining the strongest clan in the Blood Hoof family would be the best choice.

After all, even many of the elite soldiers, who had just joined the Blood Skull Legion, did not receive Casanova’s blood.

They had to fight valiantly on the battlefield, achieve meritorious deeds, and even suffer serious injuries. They had to use medals of valor to prove their strength. Only then would they be qualified to have the surname “Bloodhoof” attached to their names.

Yet, Ice Storm abandoned the glory that was yearned by countless people.

No wonder Casanova was so angry that he made such a move.

Despite that, Ice Storm’s reason could not be revealed to Casanova or anyone else.

“I’m not a spy.” She could only grit her teeth and insist.

“Well, actually, I also believe that you’re not a spy.”

Casanova agreed with her unconvincing rebuttal.

The supreme commander of the Blood Skull Battle Group changed the subject and meaningfully said, “The more interesting question is, if you’re not a spy of the Gold Clan, then who are you exactly?”

“To be more precise, the ace gladiator who has lurked in my arena for two years and performed almost perfectly is... what?”

His words made Ice Storm’s face change drastically.

Before she could explain herself again, an ear-piercing shriek came from the ventilation tubes in the four corners of the dungeon.

The Shriek was beyond the limits of human ears.

It even stimulated the aggressiveness of the Tusk Growler and tore its caution to shreds. The red glow in the depths of its eyes intensified. The tips of its tusks, which were as sharp as daggers, were wreathed in circles of red glow. Deep inside its throat, it was swallowing with an ominous sound.

Without waiting for the ice storm to speak again...

The Tusk Growler dashed toward her.

The ferocious totem beast bent its limbs and flicked them. The runes on its exoskeleton, which seemed to be natural patterns, flickered with dazzling brilliance. In an instant, it slashed toward the head of the ice storm like a saber that was as fast as lightning.

Ice Storm was unable to use her totem power.

And her body of flesh and blood was also numbed by more than ten barrels of strong alcohol.

The speed of her muscles contracting could not keep up with the speed of her brain giving orders.

She tried her best to dodge to the left, but she still felt a sharp pain on her right shoulder. The sudden teeth roar tore a wound so deep that one could see the bones.

The white and flowery periosteum was exposed in the air. The sharp pain was like a needle piercing, reminding ice storm that death was so clear and close. If she was slightly careless, she would die here before facing her fate.

“Ca... Casanova, what do you want?”

The ice storm covered the bleeding wound on her shoulder and gritted her teeth, “If you want to kill me, then do it yourself. Why do you need to borrow the claws of the totem beast? Don’t you even have the courage to fight me fair and square?”

Chapter 1036: Ice Storm’s Second Form

“If you are just a female snow leopard warrior, of course, I’m willing to abide by the ancient tradition and compete with you fairly.”

Casanova’s deep laughter came from the ventilation tube again. “However, having the courage of the Turan does not mean that I am stupid. Before I figure out what you are, why do I have to take the risk?”

“You don’t have to pretend to be pitiful. I know that the Tusk Growler can’t do anything to you. Even if your totem power is sealed, you must have other cards up your sleeve, right?”

“Don’t try to suppress yourself anymore. Ice Storm, the disguise that you’ve been putting on for the past two years must have made you feel frustrated and miserable, right?”

“Then, unleash the fury and true power in your heart to your heart’s content!”

Amid Casanova’s laughter, the Tusk Growler charged forward once again.

This time, there were a few swirling patterns on its exoskeleton-like armor that shone with a dangerous glow.

As a result, the air around its body was compressed in an instant, emitting explosive creaking sounds. It turned into strands of wind blades that were as thin as cicada wings but incomparably sharp!

The wind blades revolved around the Tusk Growler’s head at high speed.

In an instant, it expanded its range of attack by three to five times.

Ice Storm clenched her teeth. Her legs were exerting force in a nearly broken posture, but she was still unable to perfectly dodge the totem beast’s attack.

The wind blades had cut open three deep wounds on her forehead and cheeks, enough to see her bones.

Fresh blood wetted her eyes, and like a meandering stream of blood tears, it flowed to the corners of her mouth that was constantly trembling.

She tried to activate her totem power again.

On her neck, wrist, and ankle, the metal rings engraved with Holy Light runes turned from black to silver white at the same time. They released beams of power comparable to lightning into her body, causing her entire body to twitch in pain.

The Tusk Growler took the opportunity to slam into her chest, sending her flying into the wall like a kite with a broken string. Her crash created a dull thud that made one's scalp go numb.

A crack formed like a spider's web on the wall that seemed to be incomparably hard.

Ice Storm spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. She knelt on one knee and panted heavily, unable to stand for a long time.

The Tusk Growler took the opportunity to open its bloody mouth and let out a deafening roar at her.

Since the totem beast had the word "Growler" in its name, it was naturally quite good at sound wave attacks.

In fact, the Tusk Growler's roar could not only tear its enemy's eardrums, it could even trigger high-frequency vibrations in its enemy's bones and internal organs. As a result, its enemies' bones would instantly become brittle, and their internal organs would be shattered while they were alive!

As the Tusk Growler roared, Ice Storm suddenly felt her bones all turn into glass.

Plus, her internal organs seemed to be squeezed by a pair of invisible strange hands, and they were about to spurt out from her mouth, nose, eyes, and ears.

The Tusk Growler had completely locked onto her. Without activating her totem power, it was impossible for her to rely on the power of her flesh and blood to escape the high-frequency vibration's offensive range.

She could see that the Tusk Growler's roar was getting louder and louder, the sound even turning into ripples that were visible to the naked eye. From the depths of its bloody mouth, circles of explosions completely engulfed Ice Storm like raging waves.

The clothes on Ice Storm's body were torn.

Her consciousness gradually blurred, and she fell into the endless abyss.

However, as the pride of the advanced orcs shattered and fell apart, another power hidden in the deepest part of her brain gradually emerged.

The Tusk Growler's roar filled the entire dungeon, and a strange noise could be heard.

It was the subconscious murmur of Ice Storm.

At first, it was extremely weak, like a dying struggle.

Soon, however, her seemingly weak murmur overshadowed the Tusk Growler's roar.

The mysterious and long syllables were completely different from the cadence of the Turan language.

Although Ice Storm did not understand what it meant, a layer of Holy Light still enveloped Ice Storm, who had been forced into a corner.

Circles of milky white light emerged from her body along with mysterious and complicated incantations.

Under the cover of the light, the fur that belonged to the female snow leopard warrior fell off at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Her skin, which was originally as white as frost, became as soft and delicate as jade.

There were also flashing runes on her arms, shoulders, chest, and even her face.

However, these runes were different from the cuneiform runes that the Turan ancestral spirit left on the totem armor to control them.

They also did not look like tattoos that contained totem power.

Instead, they looked very similar to the runes that curled up like earthworms on the device that was worn on Ice Storm's neck and limbs. They had been used to seal totem power from the land of Holy Light.

If there was any difference, it would be the appearance of the runes. The ones that appeared under Ice Storm's skin were more complex, three-dimensional, and mysterious. It was as if they were constantly changing and contained endless information.

When the incredible power shining to the extreme, Ice Storm's tail was even burned to ashes.

No, the tail, which often swished behind Ice Storm, was not a real organ that was connected to her flesh.

It was just an extremely clever disguise that was controlled by the contraction of muscles and the vibration of the tailbone.

As a female snow leopard warrior, Ice Storm did not have a tail at all!

Not only did she not have a tail, but when the light gradually faded, Ice Storm, which seemed to have been reborn, did not even have a single hair that belonged to an advanced orc.

Other than a pair of ears that still stood up, sharp fangs that protruded from her lips, thick pads on her palms, as well as feet, and sharp claws, there was not a single trace of Picturesque Orchid Lake on her body.

Her eyes, especially, were filled with light flames and seemed to be carved out of crystal. They constantly shone with the runes.

She was simply the symbol of the Holy Light land, an incomparably devout night watcher!

"Look, what we have here?"

Casanova's malicious exclamation came from the other end of the ventilation duct. "A hybrid who has tarnished the honor of an advanced orc and has the so-called 'blood of Holy Light' flowing in her body!

"No wonder you refused to join the Blood Hoof Clan no matter how I invited you.

"It turns out that it's not because you didn't want to, but because you didn't dare.

“After all, during the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, our blood must be completely fused together, and we will receive the blessing of the Blood Hoof Clan’s seven priests.

“When the high priest injects the totem power of the Blood Hoof Clan’s first generation ancestor, who originated from ten thousand years ago, into our blood, you will definitely have an intense reaction as half Holy Light human. Then, everyone will see through your identity. At that time, hehe, you will be torn into pieces by the furious Blood Hoof warriors!”

Ice Storm’s face turned deathly pale, and her heart sank to a bottomless pit.

Her intense desire to survive made her unable to deal with Casanova’s voice. Instead, she focused all her attention on the Tusk Growler in front of her.

She increased the speed of her chanting.

What came out of her mouth was no longer a language that could be understood by the human ear. Instead, it was a high-frequency vibration similar to the Tusk Growler’s sound wave attack.

As the holy runes around her body alternated and shone, a milky-white light ball quickly appeared between her palms.

When the Tusk Growler pounced on her again, she used all her strength to push the light ball fiercely toward the totem beast’s head.

Boom!

An unbelievable thing happened!

The light ball was completely different from the frost power that Ice Storm usually used.

It did not create any frost on the Tusk Growler’s body.

Instead, it quickly entered the Tusk Growler’s body through the gaps in its armor, as well as through its eye sockets, ear canals, and bloody mouth, which the armor could not cover.

The Tusk Growler froze in mid-air, being held up by a mysterious force.

Its sharp claws were only a finger’s distance away from Ice Storm’s eyeball.

However, it could not swing its claws, as though it was sealed in sticky time.

Meanwhile, the flow of time around Ice Storm’s palms had been adjusted to become several times faster.

It made her palms fly, and her fingers interlaced, drawing hundreds of dazzling runes in an instant.

Hundreds of shining runes interweaved and overlapped.

They formed a magic array that burned fiercely in the void.

When the magic array was broken into pieces, it turned into thousands of light spots and shot out like a goddess scattering flowers.

Countless crisscrossing and shining cracks appeared on the Tusk Growler's body, which was frozen in the air.

Dazzling rays of light shot out from the cracks.

It was like the light ball that had just entered its body exploded between its internal organs.

In the end, the Tusk Growler, whose exoskeleton was as hard as iron, exploded from the inside!

"Huff, huff, huff!"

Ice Storm gasped for breath.

The Tusk Growler's broken limbs fell to the ground.

Ice Storm did not have time to savor the joy of victory before she fell into the dizziness of overexertion and the despair of Casanova seeing through her secret weapon.

As expected, this time, Casanova let out a genuine exclamation from above the ventilation duct.

"Instant-cast magic? How is that possible?!"

Casanova could not believe his eyes. "As a citizen of the Holy Light, you have to follow the guidance of the Holy Light and complete the missions that the Holy Light sends down. You have to slowly accumulate my devotion to the true God and the favor of the true God. In the end, when the favor reaches a certain level, you can obtain the favor of the true God through a series of meditation, spells, and rune arrays. Then, you can use the power of the Holy Light in the form of magic and divine spells. That is common sense!

"Only the ascetics who are particularly devoted to the true God and have passed many tests, or the night watchmen and mages who have made great contributions to the land of Holy Light, can shorten or even bypass the tedious process of meditation, spells, and rune arrays to instantly activate the power of Holy Light.

"Ice Storm, as a hybrid of the Holy Light humans and the advanced orcs, it is impossible for you to be even the slightest bit devoted to the existences known as the true God, isn't it?"

"No, it is far from enough to be pious on an ordinary level. Unless you have been praying day and night since you were in your mother's womb and you have endured thousands of bloody nights in the team of the night watchmen, repelling countless waves of attacks from the abyssfolk, the Nether Empire, and the advanced orcs, how could you activate the power of the Holy Light so quickly?"

"And how can the power of Holy Light in you live in harmony with the power of totems and not conflict with each other?"

Chapter 1037: The Girl of Treasures

Ice Storm's fangs were deeply embedded in her lips.

The flowing blood was embedded with strands of light patterns that were as thin as hair.

Casanova's question was something she could not answer because she did not know why she had such a special constitution either.

Advanced orcs usually did not reject mixed-bloods.

Whether it was ogres, mountain giants, ice barbarians, or mixed-blood abyssfolk, it did not matter.

Many advanced orcs even traveled through the mountains and rivers to challenge the hill giants and trolls, as well as to seek a mate.

There was no other reason.

It was because the hill giants and trolls were big enough.

In the advanced orcs' aesthetics, the bigger they were, the more beautiful they would be.

Defeating a bigger opponent and conquering a bigger-sized orc of the opposite sex would, of course, show their valor.

As long as the vast majority of mixed-bloods had unparalleled strength, they would be recognized and favored by the clan. Through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, they would become pure Turan warriors.

If they were weak, they would be lowly rat people.

As for the rat people's bloodline, no one cared about it.

Only a mix with the Holy Light humans was absolutely forbidden.

That was because the advanced orcs' totem power and Holy Light humans' Holy Light power would often clash with each other, causing the mixed-bloods to choose only one power.

Even the one they chose would be constantly disturbed and eroded by the other power, making it extremely weak and unstable.

Basically, an advanced orc and Holy Light human hybrid was a ticking time bomb on the battlefield. No one knew what would happen when they activated their extraordinary power. They might explode and die, so it was not unusual for their teammates to be affected.

As early as tens of millions of years ago, because both sides were constantly attacking each other, hybrids were very common.

Whether it was the advanced orcs or the Holy Light humans, both had the intention of assimilating the hybrids and using their own bloodlines to completely conquer the enemy's bloodlines.

However, as they meditated, cultivated, and fought, the incidents that went out of control kept happening and became increasingly serious. Gradually, the hybrids of advanced orcs and the Holy Light humans were thought to have been cursed by the true God, as well as the ancestral spirit at the same time. They were ominous and unclean existences who should not have been born in this world. As a result, they were met with the unanimous hostility from the two factions.

Until now, it was rare to see such a special hybrid.

Even if the advanced orcs and the Holy Light humans had given birth to a child for some reason, they would often think of a way to make the child die in the womb or drown when the child was born.

It was not considered cruelty.

It was the greatest mercy that parents could give to a child who was carrying a tragic fate.

The child could die painlessly without knowing anything about the cruelty of this world.

It was to prevent the child from becoming an enemy of the entire world when he or she grew up.

Ice Storm did not know why she was different from the other hybrids.

When she showed her advanced orc side, she was able to fully display the ancestral spirit power that originated from her father. Even totem armors as powerful as the Mithril Ripper approved of her control.

It should be known that when the other hybrids tried to install their totem armor, their armor would not always silently take form. The armor would remain in a liquid metal state and be unwilling to rush into the hybrid's body.

It would directly turn a hybrid into a deformed monster that blended flesh and metal, an Origin Warrior.

When Ice Storm suppressed the power from her father and raised the power of Holy Light from her mother to the extreme, she was akin to someone who had stood guard in the long night for decades. It was as if she had used the blood of countless demons and orcs, like a night watcher who watered her devotion to the true God. She did not need to meditate for too long or chant too many incantations to instantly activate powerful magic and even divine spells.

Casanova was right.

Obviously, she was not a devout believer of the true God.

She did not believe a single word about the power of Holy Light that would eventually purify the entire land.

She was not the only one who did not believe it. Her mother was a non-believer too.

The only relationship the mother and daughter had with the night watchers was probably when she was young, she had been hunted by the night watchers for ten years. She had been like a rat on the street, hiding and running all over the land of Holy Light.

Perhaps, only her father knew the answer.

She knew why an advanced orc and a witch who had been exiled, hunted, cursed, hated and feared by everyone could give birth to an evil child without any effort. They could use the purest power of Holy Light.

Therefore, Ice Storm had to find her father.

Before she was destroyed by this world, she had to figure out the truth and the meaning of her journey to this world.

If she wanted to find her father, she had to escape Black-corner City.

If she wanted to escape Black-corner City, she had to escape Casanova's evil hands first.

In an instant, the light in the eyes of the snow leopard warrior, or the Frost Queen, became extremely intense and condensed.

She thought of the things that the Reaper had taught her in the past month.

Ice Storm felt that the most important thing that this mysterious man with black hair and eyes had taught her was not the mysterious way of exerting strength, the extremely powerful saber techniques, or the ingenious tactics.

It was his way of thinking.

He was as calm as an icicle, as sharp as a razor, and at times, he was as secretive as a venomous snake hiding in the depths of a swamp.

The most important thing about his way of thinking was that no matter how dangerous the situation was, one should not give up easily.

One should always remain sharp, always maintain confidence, and always maintain the will to fight.

If you think that this is already the worst situation, then no matter what, things won't get any worse, right?

Sensing Ice Storm's subtle psychological changes, Casanova remained silent for a moment.

"Ice Storm, you're truly my treasure. You are a great miracle."

Casanova chuckled. "Let's see how long your miracle can last, then!"

The iron bars that were as thick as arms on one side of the dungeon slowly rose again with the sharp and ear-piercing sound of gears grinding together. They revealed the dark tunnel behind them.

A strong bloody smell came from the tunnel, and two pairs of red eyes that were like ghostly flames appeared.

Two ferocious figures with protruding teeth and metal exoskeletons slowly emerged from the darkness.

When they saw the corpse of their own kind that had been shattered by Ice Storm in the dungeon, the fierce light in their eyes grew more intense. However, their movements became more cautious. One on the left and one on the right, they circled Ice Storm continuously.

Ice Storm snorted coldly, no longer holding back her strength.

As her lips trembled slightly but at an extremely high speed, her silent incantation stirred up circles of light patterns that continuously revolved around her arms. In the end, they gathered into flames of light that she tightly clenched in her hand.

When the two Tusk Growlers leaped high at the same time, pouncing toward her chest and the back of her head, Ice Storm's arms shook. The flame of light that she clenched in her hand seemed to be

injected with a large amount of accelerant, and the milky-white flame suddenly shot up to the height of three or five arms, forming two curved light blades

The patterns on their surface and the serrated edges made them look like two crystal-clear, shiny wings that covered Ice Storm's chest and back.

The two Growlers collided with the shining wings.

It was as if they had collided with a burning iron wall.

"Chi chi, chi chi" sounds were immediately emitted from the contact surface.

On the exoskeleton that seemed to be made of metal, a large number of what seemed like black scorch marks were left behind.

The two Tusk Growlers screamed at the same time, and the wings of light shoved them back.

Ice Storm's eyes were shining in all directions. Under the cover of the wings of light, her body turned into a bolt of lightning, and she caught up to one of the Tusk Growlers.

Swoosh!

The wings of light turned into blades and easily cut into the joints of the Tusk Growler that was not covered by a metal exoskeleton.

With the swallowing and spitting of the flames, the blades of light pierced straight into the Tusk Growler's body. After cutting off all its joints, they turned into hundreds of beams of light and drilled out from every part of its body.

The Tusk Growler did not even have time to scream. It was like a puppet that had all its strings cut off. It fell to the ground and could not move.

At that moment, the other Tusk Growler roared behind Ice Storm.

As it roared, circles of air ripples expanded and exploded along with the sound waves. Even the entire dungeon shook along with it. It felt like in the next second, the four walls and the ten thousand tons of rocks on the ceiling would collapse with a loud bang.

Ice Storm narrowed her eyes and swung her arms. Then, her wings of light spun and actually split into hundreds of shiny feathers that were as thin as cicada wings.

Hundreds of shiny feathers dragged out gorgeous rays of light and shot toward the Tusk Growler like a storm.

Although most of the feathers were blocked by the Tusk Growler's metal exoskeleton and only a black mark that looked like it was burned by high temperature was left behind...

Since the Tusk Growler had opened its bloody mouth to launch a sound wave attack, a large number of feathers still shot directly into the depths of its throat and pierced through its upper jaw and into its brain.

The Tusk Growler's roar came to an abrupt end.

What spurted out from the depths of its throat was no longer a fatal sound wave, but a large mass of broken flesh.

Even its eyeballs were blinded by the feathery Holy Light, turning into two holes that spewed out red spring water.

The pitiful beast was in so much pain that it rolled on the ground.

Even the incomparably sturdy metallic exoskeleton on its body gradually disintegrated, turning into its liquid metal form. It was as though it was unwilling to live on this hopeless beast's body.

However, before Ice Storm came forward to use the light blade to give it a quick death...

It was smashed into pieces by a huge bone hammer that shone with a metallic luster.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the depths of the tunnel, a shock that was comparable to the bombardment of dwarf cannons was heard.

A huge totem beast squeezed into the dungeon.

It looked like a giant crocodile wearing heavy armor.

Its layers of armor were covered with terrifying spikes.

A hammer-shaped bone tumor protruded from both sides of its head.

The end of its tail, which was longer than five arms and more flexible than its tentacles, also had a bone hammer that was longer than one arm and looked like a meteor hammer.

It was this bone hammer that had smashed the Tusk Growler into meat paste just now.

"Ankylosaurus!"

Ice Storm gritted her teeth.

She did not think that there would be such a terrifying totem beast in the Blood Skull Arena!

Chapter 1038: Casanova's Ambition

Unlike the Tusk Growler, which only covered its vital parts with a metal exoskeleton, it was very easy to find the gaps between its armor. The body of the Ankylosaurus was covered with a uniform and tight metal shell, other than the air holes on its abdomen, which were used to dissipate heat, there were almost no flaws.

Plus, its abdomen was protected by the strange tail of a meteor hammer, so it was extremely difficult to find the angle of attack.

Moreover, the Ankylosaurus' body was extremely huge, almost taking up half of the ground.

When it shook its head and used the bone tumors on both sides of its head to restrict Ice Storm's dodging space, Ice Storm had no way to escape the lock of the strange tail.

Boom! Boom boom! Boom boom boom!

The hammer on the Ankylosaurus' tail brushed past Ice Storm's side a few times, and it smashed the hard iron-like ground, creating large, shocking craters.

The ice storm also tried to stimulate the power of holy light to the extreme, using the light blade to hack at the Ankylosaurus' shell.

However, no matter how the flames surged and how the armor screamed, it could not cut through. At most, it would leave a black scorch mark.

After several attacks, Ice Storm was forced into a dead corner.

Facing the unavoidable tail hammer, she could only turn the light blade into light wings again, overlapping in front of her to block the Ankylosaurus' strongest attack.

Boom!

A thunderous sound exploded between the bone hammer and the light wings.

Although she had barely blocked the attack of the Ankylosaurus, she had to pay the price with blood spurting out of her body, cracking her skin, and cracking sounds bursting out of the bones in her arms, shoulders, and sternum.

Even the dazzling light wings were dimming at a visible speed in the stalemate with the Ankylosaurus.

This indicated that the power of holy light in the snow leopard female warrior's body, which should not have existed in the first place, was about to be exhausted.

Blocked by the wings of light, the Ankylosaurus became extremely irritable. Its six limbs, which were as thick as giant pillars, were deeply embedded into the floor. At the same time, it burst out with astonishing strength.

Its huge body, which weighed several tons, was pressing down on Ice Storm's wings of light together with its tail hammer.

The light wings kept shrinking and dimming, as if there were countless cracks on the glass, which would shatter at any time.

Ice Storm took a deep breath and gambled everything.

She suddenly retracted her light wings.

The Ankylosaurus, which was trying its best to compete with her, suddenly lost its balance. It rushed forward and crashed into the corner of the wall.

Ice Storm gently tapped her head, and her whole body rose into the air and flashed behind the Ankylosaurus.

Although the Ankylosaurus could not see where she was, it was still able to sense her presence with its sharp senses thanks to the cells on its tail hammer that could sense the air flow.

The Ankylosaurus' hammer tail let out a piercing sound as it shot toward her with precision like a cannonball.

However, Ice Storm had already caught the Ankylosaurus' attack pattern.

Ice Storm rotated her body in the air for half a turn, leaping off the Ankylosaurus' head and legs and kicking herself off its hammer tail.

With the help of the rebounding force, she reached the bottom of the Ankylosaurus' tail, near its abdomen.

The light wings turned into light blades again, and the light blades condensed into two light cones that looked like large embroidery needles.

The light cones aimed at the heat-dissipating holes under the protection of the heavy armor and pierced in.

From the forehead to the cheeks, from the shoulders to the arms, and then to the ten fingers, countless mysterious and complicated runes appeared on the snow-white skin of the ice storm.

The runes spun and formed an incomparably gorgeous small-scale magic array. They overlapped and were pierced through by her arms.

Following the guidance of her ten fingers, they entered the light cone and were guided into the body of the Ankylosaurus.

The Ankylosaurus let out a mournful roar.

Its strange tail, which was originally as nimble as a tentacle, was stiff like a burnt tree branch.

Light shot out from both of its eyeballs.

It was the cone of light from the ice storm that pierced through this giant creature!

The armored dragon collapsed completely.

Ice Storm had also exhausted the power of the Holy Light.

Her body was filled with scratches and bite marks that were made by the Tusk Growler, as well as bruises from the impact of the Ankylosaurus.

The Tusk Growler's roar was still echoing in her mind. It was like an invisible war hammer that continuously bombarded her soft brain.

She wanted to vomit.

However, she was not sure if what she vomited was her broken internal organs.

Therefore, she could only clench her teeth and endure the piercing pain. She staggered toward the tunnel where the dragon was released.

Then, she was bounced back to the center of the dungeon by an extremely hot and violent force. Her back hit the Ankylosaurus heavily.

Puff!

Ice Storm finally spat out the blood that came from her internal organs and the last bit of strength.

“Is this your limit?”

Casanova, who was wearing his totem armor, Lava’s Fury, which had thousands of years of history and had been blessed by countless fierce souls, appeared in front of Ice Storm with calm steps.

On the helmet and shoulder pads, three bull heads with blood-red eyes squeezed out an extremely hideous smile at the same time.

“I have to say, you have really exceeded my expectations time and time again. If I were really stupid enough to ‘compete fairly’ with you, I might really be defeated by your totem power and Holy Light power. They are two completely different but equally powerful forces contained in your body!”

Casanova raised his iron hooves that were as hard and heavy as war hammers high up and mercilessly stomped on Ice Storm’s chest. He enjoyed listening to Ice Storm’s ribs cracking under his own trampling. He smiled and said, “Fortunately, you are a vile spawn cursed by the true God and the ancestral spirit at the same time. For such a vile spawn, no one will pay attention to any rules, morality, or glory, right?”

Ice Storm groaned under Casanova’s iron hooves and spat out pink blood bubbles from her nasal cavity. She bit her lips hard and said with difficulty, “Kill, kill me.”

“Kill you?”

Casanova widened her eyes as if she had heard the biggest joke in the world.

“If you are just an ordinary vile spawn and the two powers in your body interfere with each other and become extremely weak and unstable, I will consider doing so.”

Casanova moved away the iron hooves that were stepping on Ice Storm’s chest and said with a smile, “However, you should be very clear about how valuable you are, right? Otherwise, you wouldn’t have disguised yourself so exquisitely and not revealed too much of a flaw for two whole years.

“Killing you just like that is too much of a waste of God’s gift.

“Believe it or not, I don’t want to kill you. I’m willing to let you live, and I won’t even tell anyone your secret.

“The condition is, tell me, how did you do it? How can you use the power of totems and the power of Holy Light at the same time but not be affected or even devoured by the violent conflict between the two powers?”

Ice Storm finally understood Casanova’s intention.

“You want to monopolize my power?”

The snow leopard warrior laughed in a half-mocking and half-sorrowful manner. Her laughter caused her to cough, and she coughed out a large amount of pink blood.

“Stop dreaming. You can’t monopolize this power.”

Ice Storm said, “Because, I don’t know what kind of monster I am. If I knew how to control this power, you wouldn’t be stepping on me. I would have already dug your heart out with my claws!”

Casanova didn’t fall for the snow leopard warrior’s deliberate provocation to anger him and give her a quick death.

The highest commander of the Blood Skull Battle Group pondered for a moment, he nodded and said, “I believe you’re telling the truth. You really shouldn’t know what happened to you. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have stayed in the Blood Skull Arena for two years and wasted your time.

“Then, maybe we can explore the source of your power together. You should know something about your parents, right?”

Ice Storm narrowed her eyes and gritted her teeth.

“Why? Do you really think that I don’t know anything about your identity?”

Casanova slowly said, “If I’m not wrong, you didn’t grow up in the Gold Clan or even in Picturesque Orchid Lake as I said. You came from the land of Holy Light, right?”

“The land of Holy Light?” Ice Storm widened his eyes in astonishment.

“I admit that your disguise was indeed very clever, including that vivid tail. Almost everyone was fooled, but a fake is a fake. You still revealed a flaw in the end.”

Casanova smiled and explained, “Do you remember when we were chatting last time, when we mentioned the residents of the land of Holy Light, you used a contemptuous title to call them ‘the barbarians of the north?’

“Yes, the land of Holy Light is indeed north of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

“But usually, the advanced orcs wouldn’t use the term ‘barbarian’ to refer to the Holy Light humans.

“We like to call the Holy Light humans ‘naked rats.’ They have no hair and are very ugly, and they are as timid as rats.

“As for the term ‘barbarian,’ it is more popular amongst those in the land of Holy Light when calling the ice barbarians in the north.

“Since the Holy Light humans had more contact with the ice barbarians, even the word ‘barbarian’ in the Turan language was borrowed from the language of Holy Light.

“At that time, such a word suddenly popped out of your mouth, which made me slightly stunned and suspicious.

“Later, I sent people to Red-gold City to inquire about the news. The five clans were about to fight each other. Both the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan had to send a large number of messengers, caravans, and spies to the opposing clan to gather information about their biggest rival.

“It was not too much trouble to ask them to find out the information about the Snow Leopard Clan.

“In the end, an interesting thing happened. The Snow Leopard Clan did not have a female warrior who defected like you.

“You should know that, judging from the amazing potential and combat ability you’ve displayed in the Blood Skull Arena over the past two years, if you were really a member of the Snow Leopard Clan, you would definitely not be a nobody. You should be a genius who has been valued by the clan since you were young. Your defection should have caused a storm in the city, and everyone should know about it.

“When this piece of information was sent back to me, I kept trying to figure out what was going on.

“It was only recently that I finally figured out that the blood flowing in your body is not the blood of the Snow Leopard Clan but the blood of a cheetah or even a black leopard.

“It’s just that the influence of the power of Holy Light caused your appearance to appear in a rare ‘white’ state.. You became as white as snow and crystal clear, just like a snow leopard.”

Chapter 1039: A Bolt From the Blue

Casanova’s words were like steel nails piercing through Ice Storm’s vital parts, pinning her to the ground and preventing her from moving.

Her stunned expression allowed Casanova to confirm his deduction, and a smile of victory appeared on his face as he continued. “The next thing is very simple. Since you grew up in the land of Holy Light, your mother should be a Holy Light human, not an advanced orc.

“Advanced orcs can’t bear children in the land of Holy Light.

“Then, we only need to go to the Cheetah Clan or the Black Panther Clan and find out if there was a warrior who sneaked into the land of Holy Light thirty years ago to take risks and carry out missions. It shouldn’t be difficult to find your father.

“Of course, this way, the implications will be too wide and the commotion will be too big. It is inevitable that others will notice my actions. If the higher-ups of the clan ask about it, it is unlikely that I will hide your existence. I will have to hand over you and your secrets. For the two of us, this is a ‘lose-lose’ situation.

“Therefore, I still hope that you can be smarter. Ice Storm, with your identity, it will be difficult for you to take even a single step in Picturesque Orchid Lake or the land of Holy Light. Other than me, who else can cooperate with you and save your life?

“Come on, tell me your secret. Let’s explore the power hidden behind this secret together. I promise that I won’t touch a single hair on your head. Maybe the two of us can work together and shine in the greatest era of Glory in history!”

Ice storm stared at Casanova.

“Bah!”

That was her answer.

Casanova frowned slightly and sighed softly, as if she did not understand why ice storm was so stubborn.

“Do you know, seeing that you are the most outstanding ace gladiator in the Blood Skull Arena and have earned so many resources and popularity for the past two years, I really don’t want to torture you with torture that is worse than death.”

Casanova squatted down and stretched out his totemic armor, which could turn into sharp blades, spikes, and serrated fingers at any time, gently touching Ice Storm’s trembling face.

He said regretfully, “If you are still so stubborn, I can only offer you to High Priest Black Tooth. I believe he will find a way to pry open your mouth.”

The name “High Priest Black Tooth” made Ice Storm’s eyes widen instantly.

Obviously, even she had heard of this monster that had interrupted the mutation process of the Warrior of origin and escaped from the abyss of death.

All kinds of legends about the black-toothed high priest kept appearing and changing in the depths of ice storm’s almost transparent eyeballs, causing her to tremble and spasm uncontrollably.

“It seems that you also know High Priest Black Tooth’s power.”

Casa laughed complacently, “Actually, I’m also not willing to share this great secret with others—for thousands of years, you’re the first vile spawn who can use both the power of totems and the power of holy light at the same time. You’re simply a priceless treasure. No one is willing to share such a treasure with others.

“However, if this treasure of yours is still not enlightened and doesn’t allow me to explore it, I can only use you to exchange for the contributions of my family and the appreciation of High Priest Black Tooth.

“Don’t be anxious. Calm down and think slowly.

“Tomorrow is the end of the Game of the Brave. The dozens of towns around Black-corner City and the hundreds of battle groups of the major clans are almost ready. At dawn the day after tomorrow, the Warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan will gather in the temple outside the city to hold a grand oath ceremony and a drill. Then, they will set off for battle.

“I hope you can think it through before then.

“Because once the army goes out, there will be too many people and too many eyes. I can not hide you in the tent all the time, so I can only offer you to the black-toothed high priest.

“I hope that when High Priest Black Tooth takes off his hood and cape, revealing his deformed and twisted half of his body that has been overly corroded by the totem power, you will not resent my cruelty, and you will not regret your stubbornness... and stupidity.”

Casanova lightly patted Ice Storm's cheek a few times.

He got up and walked out of the tunnel.

Just as he entered the darkness, he turned around again.

"Oh right, regarding your battle team, there's no need to worry."

Casanova said to Ice Storm, "I have to admit that you have created a very outstanding battle team, and I can't bear to use them as cannon fodder.

"I will assign them to the best and most loyal ace gladiators. I will let them fight for the bloody skull battle team in the upcoming battles and win more glory for me!"

...

"Lady Ice Storm is sick!"

"She is not sick. She is injured!"

"Lady Ice Storm's performance in the arena over the past two years has been too outstanding. However, while she has defeated countless strong enemies, she has also accumulated serious injuries in her body. It was only thanks to her perseverance and the blessing of the ancestral spirit that she was able to suppress the injuries.

"However, she was too impatient. In the Game of the Brave, she summoned totem armors one after another and engaged in battles that exceeded her limits. It was said that she had even taken away the armor fragments of many strong opponents and integrated them into her Mithril Ripper.

"As a result, she absorbed too much totem power at once and could not digest it at all. Then, she drank too much liquor that contained secret medicines at the banquet hosted by Lord Casanova, which caused her totem power to go out of control, and she almost turned into an Origin Warrior!

"Although she was saved by Lord Casanova with great difficulty, she still needs a long period of rest. She definitely won't be able to lead us!"

When dawn approached, this terrifying news spread like wildfire within Ice Storm's battle team.

Many of the servants were stunned. Even more of the servants did not dare to believe it and thought that someone was playing a cruel joke on them.

Lady Ice Storm was one of the four trump cards of the Blood Skull Arena.

Even in the newly established Bloody Skull Battle Group, she was a powerhouse whose strength was enough to rank in the top five.

How could she be sick or injured?

However, the rat servants who spread the rumors made it sound very serious.

Moreover, recently, Ice Storm had been crazily challenging the powerhouses and snatching the other party's armor fragments. Her Mithril Ripper was adding a brand-new characteristic almost every day, it was also a fact that she had become more gorgeous and fierce.

It was strange that she did not lose control during her crazy training.

In the end, a rat soldier who had been with Casanova for many years expressionlessly brought the order of the highest commander of the Blood Skull Legion, shattering the last bit of luck of the servants.

Everyone withered like empty pockets and hung their heads dejectedly.

Logically speaking, it was common for the rat militia to replace their master.

The casualty rate of the clan warriors was high due to hunting, adventuring, fighting, and war.

The servant soldiers that were trained with great difficulty did not necessarily have to die with their master.

Most of the time, their master did not treat the servant soldiers as confidants or brothers. They were merely tools and items that could be used at will and placed on the gambling table to be used as wagers.

Before two gladiators fought each other in the arena, it was normal for one to bet three hundred servant soldiers while the other bet thirty.

Since that was the case, why should the servant soldiers waste too much emotion on their master?

Following someone wasn't eating, training, and death!

However, Ice Storm's servant soldiers were different.

To be more precise, Leaf's batch of servant soldiers that Meng Chao had personally selected were different from the other servant soldiers.

First of all, before they joined the ice storm battle team, they were all crooked and did not see any hope.

The only ending was that they would die and Rot silently in the darkest corner of the dungeon.

Although Meng Chao had saved and trained them, they were still alive.

However, without Ice Storm's acquiescence, this 'grotesque' battle team would not have taken shape so easily.

Moreover, because Ice Storm was not focused on the Blood Skull Arena or the Blood Skull Legion, it was very lenient to the servants. It was as if the servants were free to do whatever they wanted, which made the servants feel the freedom that they had not felt for a long time.

Compared to the gladiators who merely treated the servants as tools and chess pieces and forced the servants to train day and night, a large number of corpses that died of exhaustion or injuries were carried out of the training camp every day.

The following days for Ice Storm could be described as 'peaceful and peaceful'.

Of course, those who were usually relaxed would suffer on the battlefield and even pay with their lives.

This was the third benefit of following Ice Storm—the Frost Queen was one of the top five powerhouses in the Blood Skull Legion. Even in the entire Black-corner City, she was a well-known ruthless person.

Many times, before the servants could make a move, she had already taken the lead and ended the battle.

In addition to the team cooperation tactics taught by Meng Chao, the casualty rate of Ice Storm's battle team was far less than the other three ace battle teams in the Blood Skull Arena.

For a rat citizen who had lost his home, family, and hope, and only had his own life left, Ice Storm was simply the most perfect master that they could meet.

Unexpectedly, the most perfect master had been seriously injured and collapsed just before the most tragic war was about to begin.

What kind of master would they be assigned to next?

Would they still be able to maintain a complete team with at least the initial thirty people remaining in a team and receive training and command from the Reaper?

How would the new master treat them? Would he let them take the lead in the first battle and consume them all in a meaningless manner?

The life-threatening question left all the rat folk soldiers at a loss and at a loss.

Leaf was even more flustered.

The young rat boy, who was too young and therefore too naive, had been in a state of confusion and at a loss for the past few days.

The Big-horned Rat God that he worshipped and worshipped was actually a fake!

"There's no such thing as the Big-horned Rat God descending. It's just a trick played by a spy from Red-gold City!"

This shocking news was like a huge ax that was surrounded by lightning.. It hacked into Leaf's head and completely stunned the rat youth.

Chapter 1040: The Rat People's Wrath

In the beginning, Leaf and all the rat soldiers in the Blood Skull Arena were unwilling to believe this piece of news.

Yet, for some reason, this piece of news spread throughout Black-corner City overnight like a wildfire burning a mountain...

Just like how the news of the Big-horned Rat God's imminent arrival spread throughout the city.

Many people spoke about it vividly.

"The Gold Clan was too proud in the past prosperous era. They slept on their past achievements and didn't raise many brave warriors like their ancestors."

"The spies of the golden clan sneaked into black-corner city and were scared out of their wits when they saw the bravery of the Blood Hoof Warriors. When the news reached Red Thorn Village, the Fat Lion Men and Tiger men didn't dare to compete with the warriors of the Blood Hoof clan on the real

battlefield. They could only send more spies and try to use despicable and shameless tricks to disrupt the assembly and expedition of the Blood Hoof Army.”.

‘after the joint operation of the Bloody Hoof clan and the iron sheet clan, they captured a few spies from the Gold clan and made them admit their crimes. The evidence of the entire conspiracy is now irrefutable, and the truth is revealed!’

Although it was impossible for the rats to see the evidence.

However, there were indeed many rats who saw the bullhead warriors of the bloody hoof clan and the wild boar warriors of the iron sheet clan sitting on the most prosperous cross street in the center of black-corner City. It used to be the liveliest, in the Iron Horn Tavern that had been smashed into ruins, they were drinking wine among the ruins.

Looking at the way they put their arms around each other’s shoulders, called each other brothers, and danced together, it did not seem like they were competitors who had just fought to the death.

If they had not really caught the spy, how could they be so happy and drink to their heart’s content?

This incident gave the rat youth a severe blow.

One had to know that it was not easy for leaf to find “Faith”.

That’s right, he felt that the big horn rat god was his faith.

Leaf felt that people should have some kind of faith, and he could not possibly believe in the ancestor spirit of the Tauren who destroyed his home, right?

He did not expect that his faith, which he longed to devote his entire life to fighting for, was only a cruel joke and a clumsy conspiracy.

This dealt a heavy blow to the young man who did not know anything about the world. He did not know what else he could believe.

With a head full of grievance and confusion, Leaf went to find Meng Chao.

She wanted to get an answer from this mysterious black-haired rat citizen — was there a big-horned rat god in the world, and would the big-horned rat god come to save them?

“Well, I’ve told you before that there’s no need to be too fanatical about the belief in the Rat God. After all, any belief that is established in a minute can be destroyed by someone in a second.”

Meng Chao spread his hands.

Seeing leaf pouting and looking like she was about to cry, he hurriedly changed his way of speaking, “Let’s put it this way. If the Rat God really exists and is really willing to save all the ratfolk, then what? Are you going to do nothing but lie here obediently and wait for it to save you?”

“This... of course not.”

Leaf scratched her head and said, “Although I don’t know what I can do, no matter what, I Can’t lie here and do nothing and wait for the Rat God to save me!”

“Very good. Now You’re like a real warrior. It’s not a waste of all the resources and time that I’ve spent on you. Let’s say –”

Meng Chao guided him patiently, “Don’t look so sad. Remember, I’m just assuming. I’m assuming that the Bighorn Rat God really doesn’t exist. It’s just some forces with ulterior motives. They rely on the legends that have been passed down among the rat people for thousands of years and meticulously weave jokes and conspiracies. Then, what? Then, you’ll completely despair and lie flat on your back, completely at the mercy of fate. You Won’t want to avenge your mother, brother, and village, nor will you look for Anjia, your childhood friend?”

“Of course not!”

At the mention of his mother, brother, Banshan village, and Anjia...

Ye Zi’s eyes lit up with anger.

Then, his anger turned into a ray of light.

“Regardless of whether the rat god exists or not, whether it will descend, and whether it wants to save us, I will avenge my mother, brother, and everyone in the village. Then, I will save Anjia!”

The rat teenager clenched his fists. His canine teeth were deeply embedded in his lips, causing scalding blood to spurt out.

“Then it’s settled.”

Meng Chao slapped his thigh. “Since you have your own path to take no matter what, what does it matter whether the big-horned rat God exists or not? Is He a true savior or a cruel joke?”

Leaf pondered for a long time with his mouth agape.

The Reaper’s theory seemed to be impeccable.

But he always had a feeling that his worldview had been greatly impacted and shattered.

That was the Rat God, the sacred ancestral spirit that belonged to all the rat people!

Could it be that even the existence of the supreme and incomparably sacred ancestral spirit was not an important matter?

“Wait, I was almost bypassed by you. The Reaper is really too bad!”

Under Meng Chao’s modulation, the rat youth grew very quickly. He was not bewitched by Meng Chao’s word games. Instead, he asked straightforwardly.., “Reaper, you haven’t answered my question yet. Do you think that the Rat God really exists?”

“Well...”

Under the aggressive gaze of the rat teenager, Meng Chao became serious.

He thought for a long time and shook his head slowly. Then, he nodded and said, “I don’t know whether or not the entity known as the Rat God really exists. If it really does exist, what will it be.

“However, the Fury that has been gathering and reacting violently for thousands of years, after thousands of years of being bullied and oppressed, is a real, powerful thing.

“If you ask me, the Fury is the real power that you can rely on. As long as it is used properly, it might be able to change the fate of all the rat people, or even... the entire world!”

Leaf did not get the answer that she wanted from Meng Chao.

However, Meng Chao’s expression was indifferent, as if this was just a trivial matter that had infected the young ratfolk. It did not cause him to completely collapse like some of the ratfolk who treated the Rat God as their spiritual pillar, he became a walking corpse that was at the mercy of the Clan Warriors.

And the news that ice storm was injured and that the entire squad’s servant soldiers were about to be divided up by the other clan warriors was, in a sense, even more serious than the “Rat God is just a conspiracy”.

After all, the latter would not take their lives for a while.

The former could turn them into corpses filled with arrows tomorrow, and they would be stuffed into bottomless trenches.

Leaf hurried to find Meng Chao.

He wanted to know what his next step would be.

Was there a way to let all the rat militia of the ice storm battle team, at least the thirty rat militia that he had handpicked in the first place, live.

Thankfully, the ice storm was just recovering from his injuries.

At least that’s what Casanova said.

So, he couldn’t make a big fuss about sealing off and searching the ice storm’s residence.

Although leaf found a few of Casavar’s henchmen nearby.

But he did make it all the way to the House of the Reaper, next to the House of the Aces.

But after smashing the door for a long time, there was no response.

Logically speaking, should not ah, because the black horn city is carrying out the “Game of the Brave,” the reason, almost no rat people in the chaos, run out to die.

And the Reaper rarely went to the training camp or the bathhouse.

According to him, he stayed in the hut every day to meditate, heal, and rarely left.

Could it be that the reaper had met with misfortune like the ice storm?

Leaf went into the bull’s horn.

He took a few steps back and was about to break open the door when a familiar voice came from behind, “Leaf, what are you doing?”

“Reaper?” The rat youth was overjoyed.

When he turned around, he saw Meng Chao wearing a hood that was too wide.

Underneath the Hood was a bulge.

It was as if he had gained a few times in a few days, or as if he was hiding something under the hood.

Upon closer inspection, he looked very haggard. His messy hair was wet with sweat and stuck to his forehead, as if he had just completed a series of soul-stirring and complicated missions.

“Reaper, where did you go?” Leaf asked in surprise.

“Uh, to the toilet,” Meng Chao said.

“The toilet?”

Leaf asked suspiciously, “You went to the toilet dressed like that?”

“That’s right, because I’m afraid of being naked,” Meng Chao explained.

“Naked?”

Leaf said, “But why do I feel like you’re so tired, sweating all over, and panting?”

“Well, I’ve been eating too much meat recently, so I’m a little on fire, so I used a little more force.” Meng Chao said.

“Is that so?”

Ye Zi scratched her head and said, “Under your cloak, are you carrying something very heavy? Do You Need Me to help you move it in?”

“No need, I thank you!”

Meng Chao said, “To make a long story short, what exactly happened? Why did you come to my place instead of cultivating properly?”

“Oh, it’s like this. Have you heard? Lord ice storm seemed to have lost control of his totem power during Lord Casa Fa’s banquet and was seriously injured. Now, Lord Casa FA has sent him to recuperate, so he can’t command us anymore.”

Leaf said anxiously, “So, the entire ice storm squad is going to be split up and distributed to the other Gladiators!”

“I just heard.”

Meng Chao said calmly, “Moreover, I also heard that the thirty servants who were the first to follow Lord Ice Storm will be transferred to Lord Wildhammer’s command.”

“It’s actually Wildhammer?”

Leaf jumped up.

She did not think about how the Reaper had only gone to the toilet. How did he know such confidential information.

The rat teenager said with a sad face, "Then we are doomed!"

"Why?"

Meng Chao said indifferently, "Lord Man Hammer is also one of the four trump cards of the Bloody Skull Arena. After forming the Bloody Skull Battle Group, he has gained the trust of Lord Casa Fa. is he any different from Lord Ice Storm?"