

Oh My God 1081

Chapter 1081: The Blood Hoofs' Return

The next half a day, Meng Chao and Ice Storm followed the same pattern and went to the locations of more than a dozen famous temples in Black-corner City.

They were all near the temples and caught the hooded capes who used the rat people's uprising army to attract the firepower of the clan warriors and sneakily invaded the temples.

They also used all kinds of methods to disrupt their actions and at the same time remind the clan warriors who were separated by a wall to notice the existence of these guys.

They could either throw a burning boulder in the direction of the temple, just like in the Broken Rock clan.

Or they could let the ice storm condense the ice fog and summon the cold wind to smash down a hailstorm on the hooded capes' heads.

Or they could ambush the warriors of the Clan in the dark and lure them to the vicinity of the temple and collide with the hooded capes.

Under the lead of the two, the elite teams formed by hooded capes and the furious clan warriors were caught off guard, and in an instant, the most tragic hand-to-hand combat broke out.

The rebel army, which was made up of the ignorant rat slaves, was given time to breathe and calm down. Under the guidance of a voice from somewhere in the depths of the crowd, they headed toward the escape route to the north.

The rebel army, including women and children, was no longer like headless flies injected with stimulants, ramming into the iron walls of the Clan Warriors, which were filled with spikes and swords.

Instead, they gradually evacuated to the underground through dozens of tunnel entrances in black-corner city and escaped out of the city along the sewage pipes built thousands of years ago.

Meng Chao let out a slight sigh of relief.

For the time being, there was only so much he could do.

He hoped that the rat people, including leaf, could successfully escape from black-corner city and the territory of the Blood Hoof clan. Moreover, they would no longer be cannon fodder for the ambitious!

After sending away these rat people, Meng Chao still had his own things to do.

That was to collect more ancient weapons, armors and secret medicines.

Whether it was him or ice storm's totem armor, after being strengthened and upgraded by the temple's blue light, the storage space had been greatly improved.

The supreme treasures in the blood skull temple had only filled half of the storage space.

If they continued to challenge the higher level temples, they would not have the manpower, strength, and time.

However, if the hooded cloaks brought a large number of ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines from the temple to the ground, they would not mind being the Oriole quietly admiring the mantis catching the cicada.

Meng Chao was not in a hurry to make a move.

At the moment, the hooded cloaks still had the slight advantage.

The Clan Warriors left in black-corner city were all old, weak, and disabled.

Otherwise, they would not have joined the battle group and gone to the bloody hoof battle group outside the city to show their valor to the ancestral spirits. They were not even qualified to receive blessings.

Moreover, they had consumed too much energy and spiritual energy by the fearless rebel army of the rat people.

Even the ordinary rat people who grew up in the mountains and picked mandala fruits for a living were usually stronger than the ordinary citizens of Dragon City.

The ordinary citizens of Dragon City also had the physical fitness comparable to the Olympic champions of the Earth era.

Hundreds of extra-large “Olympic champions” rushed forward crazily while waving heavy stone axes and bone sticks. They could always leave a few crisscrossed wounds on the exhausted warriors of the clan, some of them even bit off a few pieces of flesh before they died.

For the mission this time, the hooded capes had carefully prepared and practiced.

In order to make up for their lack of combat ability, before they excavated the temple, they had also found the armory left by the ancient Tulan in the depths of black-corner city, from which they had obtained a large number of spiritual weapons.

They were the battle axes that Meng Chao had seen when he had snuck underground. The materials were crystal clear, and the sharp blades were glittering. The sharpness of the battle axes could be whistled out and shatter the targets silently by changing the molecular structure of the targets.

Inside the hooded cloak, many people were holding such “Shattered battle axes”.

There were also battle hammers, Swords, and daggers that were equipped with the same technology.

These weapons caught the clan warriors by surprise. They paid the price of having their tendons broken and bones broken, their intestines pierced, and their blood instantly shattered into a bloody mist.

However, the rage of their temples and even their ancestral spirits being desecrated seemed to have turned into magma and poured into the almost dry blood vessels of the Clan Warriors. It made them squeeze out the last bit of their strength even though they had lost too much blood, it was also the most violent power.

Even if they were to die, they would still press their tall, iron-tower-like bodies heavily onto the hooded cloaks’ bodies to delay the other party’s footsteps.

Under such persistent pestering, the hooded cloaks had indeed plundered many temples.

However, their plan to leave Black-corner city without anyone noticing with a large number of ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines was completely foiled.

Both sides were still anxious.

There was no need for Meng Chao and ice storm to add fuel to the fire.

They were still waiting patiently.

Waiting for a better opportunity.

Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The deafening sound of iron hooves could be heard from outside of black-corner city.

The most elite vanguard of the dozens of bloody hooves had finally arrived at the city gates!

“The bloody hooves army has returned to the city!”

Meng Chao’s spirits were roused, and he and the ice storm turned their heads at the same time to look in the direction of the city gates.

Even if they couldn’t see the figures of the elite warriors, just by looking at their soaring killing intent and the flames and smoke, one could tell just how furious they were during their most glorious days, how furious were the warriors who had suffered the greatest humiliation, and how terrifying their anger was!

If Meng Chao hadn’t intervened.

The Chiefs, priests, and generals of the Bloodhoof clan would probably still be in the dark.

They thought that what they were facing was just a simple rat riot.

If that was the case, they would probably regroup outside the city and slowly push forward. They would quell the riot one area at a time and restore order. They would also use the blood and internal organs of tens of thousands of rat people to lubricate their iron hooves., they would cool down their anger.

They would disrupt the organization, disperse their forces, and throw the troops that lacked communication and organizational skills into the city that was still burning and exploding. They would also be shrouded in thick smoke, and their vision would be extremely blurry, they would have to engage in street battles with the Fearless Fanatics?

Even the most reckless orc general would not give such an extremely stupid order.

This was also the plan of ‘using the rat tide to plunder all the temples in black-corner City’. It seemed to be a whimsical and even insane plan, but after thinking about it carefully, it actually had a little bit of feasibility.

Unfortunately, this little bit of feasibility was completely blocked by Meng Chao.

“Temple! Temple!”

When the vanguard of the Bloody Hoof Army returned to black-corner City and was about to open the formation and slowly advance.

A few warriors of the clan, covered in wounds and covered in blood, had already stumbled out of the city.

They were the guards of the big families guarding the mansions and protecting the temple.

Many of them were familiar with the elite warriors of the leading force. Even if they could not recognize their battered faces, they could recognize the familiar voice.

“Someone has invaded the temple!”

They shouted at the top of their lungs, causing the expressions of many elite warriors to change drastically.

“Which temple?”

Immediately, some elite warriors stepped forward to help the temple guards who had run out of the city.

They did not care about checking the injuries of the temple guards. They grabbed their broken breastplates and shouted, “Which temple has been invaded?”

“All the temples!”

The temple guards took a deep breath and screamed in a voice that could tear their lungs, “All the temples in black-corner City!”

This piece of news was like a bolt from the blue, and all the powerful elite warriors were stunned.

A moment later, someone flew into a rage and stomped on the ground with his iron hooves, creating deep pits and crisscrossing cracks.

There were also people who knelt on the ground and prayed to the ancestral spirit in fear and trepidation, begging the ancestral spirit to forgive these unworthy descendants for not protecting the temple properly.

There were even people who beat their chests and stomped their feet, grimacing in pain. The blood in their eyes almost turned into streaks of red lightning and shot out. They swore to the ancestral spirit the most vicious oath, that they would definitely find out the despicable and shameless intruders of the temple., they would tear off their heads and build a tower, squeeze out their blood, and flow down the tower to wash away the humiliation suffered by the ancestral spirit.

Now, even the most resourceful commander could not stop these furious and shouting elite warriors from rushing into black-corner city in a chaotic manner and fighting a battle without any plan or command, an unprepared street battle.

Moreover, even the most resourceful commander had his own family and temple. He had also suffered unbearable humiliation and could not wait to teleport into his own temple to stop the intruders., to retrieve the divine weapon that was worshipped by his family and attached to the ancestral spirit.

Just like that, over a thousand elite warriors activated their totem battle armors and stomped hard with their feet. Like a human bomb, they drew a vicious parabola in the flames and thick smoke and crashed into black-corner city amidst the mournful sound of rushing wind.

Originally, their target should have been the rebel army of the rat people who were still stuck in black-corner city.

It was not an exaggeration to say that many of them had the ability to wield heavy battle sabers that were more than ten meters long. With just one charge, they could massacre the entire street.

However, right now, they were so anxious that they did not care about the ordinary rat people who were wandering in front of them.

The ordinary rat people were just bugs.

The bugs could be trampled to death at any time.

But if the despicable temple raiders took the armor and weapons that their ancestors had used and escaped, how would they have the face to seize the supreme glory?

Thinking of this, the blood of the elite warriors was about to freeze and evaporate.

They jumped quickly between the burning ruins, pushing their speed to the limit, trying to rush back to their temples as soon as possible.

However, the continuous explosion of the biogas had severely damaged the topography of black horn city, making the city in front of them completely different from what they remembered.

The flames and thick smoke had greatly interfered with their vision, causing them to plunge into a chaotic maze.

Chapter 1082: Adding to the Chaos

Fortunately, the characteristics of the Blood Hoof Clan's elite warriors were relatively obvious.

With the exception of a few foreign warriors, most of the clan warriors who were born and bred in the Blood Hoof territory, no matter how mixed their blood was, all had strong characteristics of the even-hoofed type beasts.

Including their totem battle armors, they also had distinct family inheritances, engraved with shining runes and totems.

As for the hooded capes that sneaked into Black-corner City, once their disguises were torn apart, their appearances were all different.

Like Lions and tigers, like wolves, like lizards and vultures, the mixed blood was even more obvious.

Coupled with their guilty temperament, it was very easy to distinguish them from the blood hoof warriors who were full of anger.

Therefore, on the streets that were filled with smoke, in the burning ruins, and near the temples, as long as the Blood Hoof Warriors met these guys who had strong characteristics of outsiders and ran away when they saw them., a bloody battle would immediately break out.

No matter how harsh the training that these “Envoys of the Rat God” received in the past was, they were not as strict as the warriors of the clan that had been passed down for thousands of years. They were still in their mother’s womb, so they used all kinds of secret medicines and the flesh of Totem Beasts to build their foundation.

They were just thieves who stole and dug graves. Once they were in close combat with the regular army, how could they be a match for the latter?

In just half an hour, countless hooded capes were splattered with blood and even dismembered into thousands of pieces, becoming the victims of the blood hooded warriors’ endless fury.

Soon, the hooded capes that were blocked in the temples were all wiped out.

However, the blood hooded warriors who were still angry soon realized that the real trouble had just begun.

They were still one step too late.

Many hooded cloaks had already looted more than half of the temples in black-corner city. Before they surrounded the temple, they had already escaped and were running around in the streets.

At this moment, black-corner city had already been completely destroyed by the continuous explosion of the methane.

The smoke and flames tore the Blood Hoof Warriors’ vision and communication into pieces.

As a result, every small team formed by the Blood Hoof warriors would be isolated and helpless once they charged into the flames and smoke and started searching among the ruins.

The hooded capes that escaped the temple were as slippery as mud eels that had been smeared with oil. It was as if they could even squeeze through the gaps as wide as a palm.

In addition, there were the newly armed rat people’s Liberation Army everywhere. They were shouting at the top of their lungs and running around like headless flies, adding fuel to the chaotic situation.

The Blood Hoof Warriors obviously did not put the rat militia in front of them.

In any case, even if they stood where they were and let the rat militia slash at them for a hundred times, they might not be able to break through their tightly sealed totem armor that did not expose half an inch of their skin.

The problem was that if they wanted to kill off the rat militia that blocked the entire street, they would have to waste a lot of time and lose their real target. Moreover, they would have to tear apart the

already broken organization and make it even more chaotic, they would not be able to effectively receive, communicate, and carry out orders from outside of black-corner city.

This was the reason why the ancient army would often attack the city without stopping for three days.

Under the backward communication conditions and organizational strength, it was impossible to stop the attack.

Although black-corner city was the home of many blood hoof warriors, they did not want to mess up this glorious city, especially their own residence.

However, the invasion of the temple and the lowly rat people who dared to resist the rule of the master warrior, this kind of incredible impact on their hearts and minds, made them extremely angry and completely destroyed their rationality.

Not to mention, there were many blood hoofed warriors from small and medium-sized towns in the region.

Even if black-corner city really turned upside down, what did it have to do with them?

Seeing that the situation had been turned into a pile of hot porridge, something new happened.

A small team of Blood Hoof Warriors from the local area blocked two panicked hooded capes at the end of a broken street.

The result of the fierce battle was that there were a few deep wounds on their bodies.

However, the two hooded capes were literally “Blown up” by them.

Not only did the totem armor crack, but two ancient sabers and a few fragrant secret medicines also popped out from the armor.

Naturally, these things were stolen by the hooded cloaks from a certain temple.

The Blood Hoof Warriors from the local area stared at the Sabers and secret medicines, their eyes gradually becoming fixated.

They all came from the edge of the Blood Hoof clan, an unremarkable third-rate clan.

The splendid temples in black-corner city had nothing to do with them.

In their hometown, the small and shabby temples, they had never worshiped such a fierce-looking saber. The smell of it was enough to make people restless.

Swallowing hard, the bloody hoof warriors looked around and found that none of the powerhouses from the major clans in black-corner city had seen it.

Naturally, they moved quickly and took the ‘trophies’ into their arms.

After all, they were the ones who had killed the damn enemies with their own hands.

According to the rules of the Tulan people, if the trophies that were dropped from the enemies did not belong to them, who else could they belong to?

Similar things gradually happened more and more frequently in the raging flames and thick smoke.

It was already an extremely difficult task to find the traces of the thieves in the burning city that was extremely chaotic and to beat up these despicable people alive.

No one could guarantee that the thieves that they stopped would definitely be the ones who stole their own temple.

Then, what should they do in the face of the divine weapons that were surrounded by all kinds of spiritual energy and glinting with cold light, as well as the secret medicines that contained the terrifying totem power that exploded from the hooded cloaks?

Should they obediently stay where they were and wait for their master's arrival to return them to their original owners?

How was that possible!

Many Blood Hoof Warriors already knew that their temple had been looted, and all the ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines had gone missing.

They were anxious to recover their losses, so how could they hand over the fat meat in their hands?

There were many such things, it was inevitable that they would encounter "A team of Blood Hoof warriors was looting the corpses of the temple thieves, and just as they were about to stuff the spoils into their own arms, they bumped into another team of Blood Hoof Warriors charging out of the smoke, and the latter was the original owner of these spoils." Such an awkward moment.

If there hadn't been the continuous explosion of methane.

If there hadn't been the arrival of the 'Big Horn Rat God' that had shattered the tribesmen's worldview.

If there hadn't been the theft of the temple, the Blood Hoof Warriors would have been so furious that they would have lost their minds.

If every battle team, Battle Gang, and battle group could still maintain a tight organization and a high degree of order.

As for the ownership of the spoils of war, it was not necessarily impossible to bring it to the chiefs and priests to discuss and resolve it.

Even if the verbal negotiation was not successful, it could still be settled by the Blood Hoof Warriors in front of the temple in a glorious battle.

No matter the outcome, it would not hurt the harmony.

Unfortunately, when they rushed into black-corner city and saw the scene as if the end of the world had arrived, all the Blood Hoof Warriors' nerves were either broken long ago or on the verge of breaking.

Many people saw that the ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines that were enshrined in their temples had fallen into the hands of others. They did not even have the time or care to distinguish whether the other party was a thief of the temple or a "Companion" who was ready to fish in troubled waters.

With a roar, the Blood Hoof Warriors chopped off all the claws that were reaching for their treasures. This was the most straightforward way for the blood hoof warriors to solve the problem.

The other situation was that the noble warriors who were born and bred in Black Horn City and came from big clans and sects.

They found that the third-rate warriors from the local areas were secretly looting the corpses of the temple thieves.

In fact, the spoils of war that were looted from the corpses might not be the weapons, armors, and temples of their ancestors that were enshrined in the temples of these noble warrior families.

However, under the cover of the flames and thick smoke, who would care about these things in this chaotic burning city that had lost its order?

The noble warriors from the noble families smiled and politely thanked the third-rate warriors from the local towns for their bravery and helped them recover the stolen goods from the temple of their families.

They held the vibrating battle axes or battle hammers in one hand and stretched out the other hand in front of the third-rate warriors, politely asking them to return the stolen goods to their owners.

Most of the time, the third-rate warriors from the local towns would obediently hand over the stolen goods after comparing the diameters of their thighs and the arms of the other party. They would receive gratitude and everyone would be happy.

As for the third-rate warriors who were obsessed and stubborn to the end.

The noble warriors from the noble families could only invite them. They were stubborn and stubborn.

Similar things were happening more and more. The Blood Hoof Warriors from the local towns were gradually enlightened.

They found the bodies of some of their comrades from the local towns among the ruins.

The fatal injuries suffered by the bodies did not seem to be the work of the temple thieves.

The temple thieves mostly used thin and short sharp weapons. The wounds they caused were usually cuts and stabs.

These corpses had been smashed to death by heavy weapons such as Mace, meteor hammer, and Giant Axe Hammer.

From the style of killing, it seemed to be the handiwork of the bloody hoofs.

Looking at the bloody corpses, the bloody hoofs from the local towns were silent for a long time.

They suddenly realized a problem that they should have realized a long time ago.

F * ck, the temple in Black Horn City had been robbed. What did it have to do with the Blood Hoof Warriors from the local towns?

Of course, they were brothers who were connected by blood. The ancestral spirits were inextricably linked. Logically, they should share honor and disgrace and unite as one.

However, high-level orcs had never been a race that liked to reason.

They had risked their lives in the flames and smoke, and they had only managed to get a tiny bit of benefits. However, it was very likely that the spoils of war would be snatched away by the great clans, and they might even lose their own lives.

No matter how strong their limbs were or how simple-minded the Blood Hoof Warriors were, they were unwilling to do such a loss-making business.

Chapter 1083: The Limits of a Traditional Army

As a result, many Blood Hoof warriors from the local towns either did not put in any effort, or they were more wary of Black-corner City warriors than the temple thieves.

Even if they found the temple thieves, they did not have the need to fight them to the death.

Some of the Blood Hoof warriors from the local towns secretly gathered together as well, mumbling about some unknown idea.

The Game of the Brave had just ended a day ago. Between the Minotaurs and wild boar people, between the barbarian elephant people and centaurs, between different families, between Black-corner City and the local towns... with limited resources, there were contradictions everywhere. How could it be so easy to be close and united?

Just when the situation was in chaos, something worse happened.

Whether it was the temple thieves or the blood hoof warriors, many people had come into contact with the weapons, armor, and secret medicines worshipped in the temple. They were carried by the powerful totem power and the fierce souls of the ancestral spirits, and lost their minds.., and turned into the origin warriors!

It must be known that these ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines were worshipped in the temple, and not used in actual combat.

It was because they were too overbearing, too dangerous, and too unstable. They were like crystal bombs that could explode at any time.

In order to perfectly control these ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines, other than being a suitable candidate with an extremely strong will, one also needed to go through many trials, receive the treatment of the Witch Doctor, and receive the blessing of the priest.

Otherwise, if one went mad and became a puppet of weapons and armors, or turned into a beast that only knew how to kill the moment he consumed the secret medicine, it was a high probability event.

When the temple thieves took out the ancient weapons, armor and secret medicine, they were very careful, using secret stabilizing potions and thick totem beast skins to separate them, they would never touch these extremely dangerous ancient weapons and armor.

Their original plan was to send these ancient weapons and armor that contained terrifying power out of black-corner city, then slowly activate them and try to control them.

However, when a few temple thieves were surrounded by ten times the number of Blood Hoofs Warriors, they were left with no way out.

Other than sprinkling their own blood on these ancient weapons and armors, drinking the secret medicine that was bubbling and crackling in one gulp, their lives bloomed like fireworks in an instant, what choice did they have other than to increase their combat strength by several times?

The same thing happened not only to the temple thieves.

It also happened to the third-rate warriors from the marginal families from many villages and towns.

One had to know that the ancient weapons and armors that contained powerful totem power.

Had an extremely mysterious and strange magnetic field.

It could attract the third-rate warriors from the remote villages.

Perhaps, these third-rate warriors had heard about the terror of the origins warriors in the past.

However, when they unintentionally obtained a 'divine artifact' or a bottle of secret medicine that was emitting faint fluorescence and wreathed in light like a whirlpool.

Their souls seemed to have been sucked away. Before they could react, they would grab the divine artifact, put on armor, and swallow the secret medicine. In the end, they would transform into half-flesh, half-machine, half-human, and half-ghost monsters!

The appearance of the origins warriors did not mean to add fuel to the fire.

Now, the battle in black-corner city was no longer as simple as the blood hoof warriors fighting against the temple thieves or the blood hoof warriors suppressing the rat people's uprising army.

The Blood Hoof Warriors fighting against the temple thieves.

The Blood Hoof Warriors from black-corner city fighting against the Blood Hoof Warriors from the local towns.

The Blood Hoof Warriors and the temple thieves who were still rational had to be wary of the distorted, crazy, half-human, half-metal origins warriors!

In addition, the fire was still spreading.

The communication and command of both sides were torn into pieces.

In the eyes of the blood hoof warriors who were nervous and mentally exhausted, behind the raging flames in front of their eyes, the hideous smiles of the temple thieves and the screams of the origins warriors seemed to be everywhere. All the living creatures that were still moving were enemies!

At this stage of the war, the chiefs and priests of the Blood Hoof clan, as well as the mastermind behind the arrival of the big-horned rat God, had completely lost control of the situation.

In this extremely chaotic war, where everyone was fighting against everyone, the number and scale were no longer the key to victory. From a certain point of view, they had become a burden.

The side with the least number of people but the clearest mind, and the side that no one knew of, was the real winner!

Meng Chao and icestorm held their breaths and restrained their heartbeats to the limit. They curled up in a triangular space formed by collapsed walls, broken pillars, and the ground, and watched a warrior of origins silently, walking past them.

Before the Genesis warrior transformed, he had suffered a fatal injury. There was a huge, transparent hole in his abdomen, and a large number of his organs had disappeared. Even the spine supporting his upper and lower body had been broken.

No matter how vigorous the high-level orcs' vitality was, after suffering such a serious injury, they should not have had the slightest chance to move.

However, a totem armor with thousands of years of history tightly wrapped around his incomplete body, deeply embedded in his flesh and blood. Part of the armor even turned into a support pillar similar to bones, the hole in his abdomen was barely filled up. There were also a large number of sharp needles poking out from the white flesh, making him look like an oversized steel hedgehog. It looked both comical and ferocious.

Even his eyeballs were replaced by two sharp cones that poked out from his eye sockets.

The sharp cones were covered with dense cuneiform characters that flickered with a dangerous red light. They scanned the surroundings like two fire snakes.

There were a few times when the gaze of the warrior of origins was about to reach the toes of Meng Chao and ice storm

However, he was ultimately attracted by the commotion between the walls. He howled and crashed into the already crumbling wall.

The three Blood Hoof Warriors were searching for the temple thieves.

The moment they saw the origins warriors, their muscles stiffened.

But faced with the origins warriors who were lunging at them like demons, the three blood hoof warriors had no chance to retreat. They could only brace themselves and fight with this killing machine that had lost its mind.

The two sides fought until the sky was dark and the Earth was dark. They gradually walked further and further away.

Meng Chao and icestorm let out a sigh of relief and crawled out from the depths of the ruins.

Although they were not afraid of the origin warriors or the three blood hoof warriors.

However, they did not want to tangle with these guys so that they would not leave too many traces.

“I really did not expect that the magnificent blood hoof army, such a majestic black-corner city, would become like this!”

Looking at the battlefield filled with smoke, raging flames, and shouts of killing, the ice storm sighed with heartfelt emotion.

Although she didn't have a good impression of the Blood Hoof clan.

After all, this was the place where she had lived for two years.

When the dozens of legions of the Blood Hoof clan gathered in an orderly square formation and marched toward the blood hoof temple outside the city with deafening footsteps, she was deeply impressed by the awe-inspiring scene, which was full of killing intent, also left a very deep impression on her.

She did not expect that the mastermind did not reveal his true face at all. Just by relying on the temple thieves, the rat people's uprising army, and the temple thieves, he had made the magnificent bloody hoof clan in such a sorry state.

Meng Chao had a deeper understanding of the chaos in front of black-corner city.

In a sense, the warriors of the Bloody Hoof clan were not defeated by the methane explosion, the Rat People's uprising army, and the temple thieves.

Their greatest enemy was none other than themselves.

The size of any traditional army had a limit.

This was because the size of the army was not only limited by population and logistics, but it was also closely related to organization, communication, and command. It even had a lot to do with the culture and education of the soldiers.

A feudal dynasty, even if it had hundreds of millions of people, would not be able to assemble a true million strong army in one go.

Due to the limitations of communication, organization, logistics, and command, even the most brilliant generals could not effectively command all or even most of the people in the army.

Before the entire civilization evolved into an industrial society or Information Society, one hundred thousand soldiers and hundreds of thousands of servants were the limit of the traditional army.

The Turan civilization was far from being feudal.

Their civilization level was between 'clan' and 'Nomad'.

It was already not bad to be able to effectively organize and command an army of tens of thousands of people, or at most hundreds of thousands of people.

However, due to their unique history, the Tulan civilization had the ability to rely on the blessings of the mandala fruit and the ancestral spirits to gather an army of over a million soldiers around black-corner city in one breath, it was beyond the limit of the entire civilization.

If they followed the steps and went through a series of practical combat drills, the army would slowly get used to each other.

They would also use slogans such as 'supreme glory' and 'the ancestral spirits are waiting for us on the sacred Mountain' to unify the will of the million-strong army.

In that case, the army could barely maintain the organization.

At the very least, it would be able to rush toward the land of holy light like a swarm of bees.

However, when the army was formed in a hurry, it encountered such a troublesome situation and was forced into an extremely chaotic street battle.

The Blood Hoof Army was destined to be crushed by their own weight.

Although to Meng Chao, the chaos of the Blood Hoof Army was not bad news.

However, he still frowned.

Meng Chao remembered clearly that the failure of the chaos faction in the Great War between worlds in his previous life had to do with the help of the so-called "True God" from the Holy Light faction.

But it also had a lot to do with the lack of organization and discipline of the chaos faction itself, or to put it another way, the level of civilization was too backward.

The Great War Between Worlds was bound to break out.

Moreover, Dragon City could only choose the chaos faction because of its geographical location and the need for social and economic operation.

Under such circumstances, how could Meng Chao be happy when he saw the main force of the chaos faction, the iron-blooded army of the high-level orcs, actually look like this?

Chapter 1084: Fisherman's Profit

"The defeat of the Turan civilization, or rather, the entire Chaos faction, is inevitable."

A touch of understanding emerged in Meng Chao's heart.

Before witnessing the Blood Hoof Army's actual combat performance, he still held a glimmer of hope in his heart.

He believed that Dragon City's crushing defeat and destruction in his previous life had simply been due to it being too late for him to get involved in the war between worlds.

At that time, the advanced orcs and the Holy Light humans had already slaughtered their way through the entire eastern front in a bloody mess.

As a result, the Dragon City civilization did not have any room to breathe and retreat. They could only walk one path to the end.

If they had a way to delay the outbreak of the war between worlds and move the main battlefield from the eastern front to the western front, they would be able to buy more time and opportunity for the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization to complete their battle preparations. In the end, he would turn defeat into victory and shatter the apocalypse.

Now, it seemed that it was not that simple.

In a final war that swept the entire world, the initial victory and defeat would certainly depend on who could take the initiative and catch the enemy off guard.

Besides, who could have better weapons and braver warriors?

However, in the final analysis, when the purpose of war changed from destruction to conquest, and from conquest to destruction again, the final factor that determined the final victory and defeat would be each other's overall national strength as well as civilization level.

Whoever could maximize the potential of war, mobilize 100% of resources, and throw them all into the war.

Whoever could fiercely pull the goddess of victory into their arms.

The advanced orcs were undoubtedly one of the fiercest warriors in the Other World.

Their totem armor was also not without sharpness.

A strong and unrivaled advanced orc warrior could often defeat a Holy Light warrior of the same level in a one-on-one fight.

However, the civilization level of the clan era meant that the advanced orcs would not be able to mobilize 100% of their war resources and potential.

They could only project 30% of their combat ability onto the enemy.

The remaining 70% of their combat ability would be annihilated in meaningless internal strife.

"Even if I can really kill 'Jackal' Kanus, I'll still choose a more rational commander for the Turan Army.

"Or, I can convince 'Jackal' Kanus to become a wiser and more rational War Chief than I was in my previous life.

"Then, I can change the main battlefield in the Other World and buy a few more years for the Turan civilization and the Dragon City civilization.

"It is also impossible to completely change the outcome of the war.

"Maybe we can fight more smoothly than we did in our previous life and capture more strategic locations of the Holy Light Camp.

“Perhaps, we will be able to last a few more years than in our previous life, and we might even see the hope of victory.

“But ultimately, when the so-called ‘true gods’ standing in the starry sky behind the Holy Light faction personally step into the battlefield, we will still be irreparably doomed to failure and destruction.

“The failure of the Chaos faction was not only due to the wrong choice of the timing and the battle line, or the inherent disadvantage of its geographical location, or backward weapons, armor, and training system.

“The key was the organization. It was the structural problem of the ancient civilization that was deteriorating and even collapsing.

“Therefore, it was far from enough to assassinate or change Kanus, the Jackal in order to completely reverse the defeat and avoid tragedy in the previous life.

“The Turan civilization has to usher in a new era before it can have a real future.

“At the very least, when the Dragon City civilization produces grenades, bazookas, and automatic rifles and sends them into the hands of the Turan warriors, the warriors should not be killing machines whose brains are only filled with ‘conquest’ and ‘destruction.’ They should be real warriors who have normal human emotions and know what they are fighting for!”

Meng Chao scratched his head.

He realized that the difficulty of the task he was facing was getting higher and higher.

Speaking of which, changing the future and shattering the apocalypse was an impossible task.

The difficulty coefficient was 9.9, which did not seem to be much different from the difficulty coefficient of 10.0.

In short, he had to do his best and try his best!

At this moment, the bloody battle between the three Blood Hoof Warriors and the temple thieves, who had transformed into Origin Warriors, was coming to an end.

With the temple thieves’ battle strength, it was not enough to cause too much trouble for the Blood Hoof warriors.

However, after burning all the blood, flesh, and even the soul in their bodies, as well as turning all their life force into the most violent battle strength, the result of transforming into an Origin Warrior was very different.

Although the three Blood Hoof warriors still chopped the temple thieves into pieces in the end, the crazy counterattacks from their enemies before dying left deep wounds on the bodies of the three Blood Hoof warriors. They were so deep that their bones could be seen. It was a shocking sight, and there were even transparent wounds on the front and back of their bodies.

When the temple thieves collapsed like a pile of mud...

No matter how much their distorted totem armors bared their fangs and brandished their claws, they were unable to piece together their owners' broken pieces of flesh and blood.

The three Blood Hoof warriors also collapsed, sitting on the ground and gasping for breath.

The battle axes that could weigh hundreds of pounds swung like windmills, but at this moment, they did not even have the strength to lift them up to cover their wounds.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm looked at each other.

The two silently approached the three Blood Hoof warriors from behind.

When the hair on the back of their necks stood up and goosebumps rose all over their bodies, they still could not detect their breathing, heartbeat, and footsteps.

Whoosh!

Before the three of them could turn their heads, the icy fog that Ice Storm swept up had already frozen them into three lumps of ice.

Before the three of them could take the initiative to break free from the invasion of ice, Meng Chao let out a low growl. His arms that were wrapped around the chains were like two burning war hammers that smashed down on their heads.

The three Blood Hoof warriors, who weighed more than a ton in total, flew back like kites with broken strings.

They did not even have time to groan before they crashed into the broken walls. Their tendons and bones were shattered, and they passed out.

Meng Chao and Ice storm did not chase after them.

The two of them walked toward the Origin Warrior's corpse at the same time.

On the corpse that was still twitching and squirming, the totem armor that contained terrifying power was cracked. The texture became sticky and soft, as if it was a liquid metal that had life.

Inside the liquid metal, there was a heavy saber that was full of fangs and serrated teeth. It looked extremely ferocious.

Even without its owner's grip, the fierce saber that was quietly lying in the liquid metal still released a sharp whistle and a visible murderous aura. Aside from Meng Chao and Ice Storm, the advanced orcs were also fatally attracted to it.

It looked like it was the culprit that had turned the temple thieves into Origin Warriors.

It was also the divine weapon that Meng Chao and Ice Storm were determined to get. After leaving the Blood Hoof Clan's territory, they could exchange it for a large number of cultivation resources.

The two of them looked at the blade with great interest, which contained countless fierce souls.

In Meng Chao's mind, the strange fire jumped and shone with a golden light.

In Ice Storm's brain, holy light filled every sulcus and nourished every brain cell.

It canceled out the effect that the ferocious blade tried to have on their brains.

Swoosh!

Meng Chao took out a totem beast skin that had been carefully tanned and engraved with gorgeous patterns.

It was flat on the ferocious blade that was overflowing with killing intent, and on the totem armor that had turned into liquid metal and was constantly squirming.

The fierce knife and fragments of the armor, which had originally bared their fangs and claws, suddenly calmed down.

It was as if the fierce beast that had been injected with a large amount of powerful anesthetic had fallen into a deep sleep.

These beast skins were the spoils of war that Meng Chao had obtained from the temple thieves.

They seemed to have the effect of suppressing totem power, just like the Holy Light shackles that Casanova had forced onto Ice Storm's body.

Ice Storm still felt that it was not safe, so she sprayed a layer of frost on the outside of the beast skin.

Only then did she put away the fierce saber and armor fragments.

"My storage space is almost full."

Ice Storm patted her breastplate in satisfaction and asked Meng Chao, "What about you?"

"I'm almost done." Meng Chao grinned.

This was not the first time the two had fought.

In fact, when the Blood Hoof warriors and the temple thieves were fighting and both sides were entangled with the Origin Warriors, Meng Chao and Ice Storm had taken advantage of the chaos.

If the temple thieves or the Blood Hoof warriors had a huge difference in strength and one side had an obvious advantage, they would hide in the darkness and watch the battle quietly. They would never be greedy for any divine weapons that looked powerful.

Anyway, their storage space was limited, so they could not move all the treasures in Black-corner City. There was no need to be too greedy and expose themselves.

Only when the temple thieves and the Blood Hoof warriors were on par with each other, and both sides were injured, would they jump out to take advantage of the situation.

Both of them were experts in hiding and assassinating.

They were also part of the few people in Black-corner City who knew what was going on.

It was natural for them to gain a lot from the battles.

No matter how picky they were, if they were not the best products with thousands of years of history, they would not take them easily.

The storage space of the two totem armors was still full.

After they finished looting, they noticed that the temple thieves or Blood Hoof warriors nearby did not surround them.

Meng Chao knelt on one knee and poured a bottle of gray powder onto the corpse of a temple thief.

When the gray powder touched the temple thief's blood, it immediately soaked in and disappeared without a trace.

On the corpse, the originally pungent smell of blood suddenly rippled with a strange fragrance.

A moment later, the strange fragrance dissipated. Other than Meng Chao, no one could smell it.

This was the tracking powder that Meng Chao had meticulously concocted.

It had originally been used to track and lock onto Leaf and Ice Storm's coordinates.

However, when he was secretly observing just now, Meng Chao discovered that the temple thieves were very concerned about their companions' corpses.

If possible, they would always take away the corpses at all costs.

If they could not take them away, they would have to think of ways to destroy them.

He estimated that the temple thieves did not want the corpses to remain in Black-corner City and fall into the hands of the Blood Hoof Clan's witch doctors and priests. They would read the information hidden in the corpses to find out the origins of the temple thieves.

Therefore, as long as Meng Chao evenly scattered the tracking powder or smeared it on the bodies of the temple thieves.

It was very likely that the powder would contaminate the bodies of the temple thieves who were still alive and had successfully escaped from Black-corner City.

In the end, they would follow the clues and find the mastermind.

Even if some of the bodies that were contaminated with the tracking powder were not taken away by the temple thieves, it did not matter.

The Blood Hoof warriors would not have the time to clean up the enemy's corpses in a short period of time, anyway.

Even if they did, it was unlikely for them to get the corpses out of Black-corner City.

It would not cause too much disturbance to Meng Chao's tracking.

Chapter 1085: Enemies Have a Narrow Road

Even if they were too far away from each other, Meng Chao could not detect the scent of the tracking powder, so it did not matter much.

It was because the ingredients used to create the tracking powder were all natural ingredients that would naturally degrade after a period of time.

If one did not know the formula beforehand, no one would have discovered that the bodies of these temple thieves had been tampered with.

“Let’s go,” Meng Chao said to Ice Storm.

“It’s time to leave Black-corner city.”

“Wait.”

Icefall’s eyes were fixed on a spot not far away. A wisp of raging flame soared into the sky like a towering pillar. “That seems to be... Casavar’s aura!”

“Is that so?”

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows high.

A strong light blossomed in his eyes.

Thanks to Casa Fa’s care, he had soaked in the viscous, rotten, and bloody sewage of the underground black prison of the Blood Skull Arena for ten days and ten nights.

If he didn’t greet the master of the Blood Skull Arena before he left black-corner city, wouldn’t he look... too rude to the people of Dragon City?

..

Boom!

Casa FA roared. His right leg, which was covered in totem armor and layers of raging flames, turned into an indestructible giant axe just like his name.

First, he lifted it high above his head and folded it 180 degrees to his body.

Then, he smashed it down hard on the head and head of a fully armed thief of the temple who was holding a shield in his hand.

The Thief of the temple was thrown 20 to 30 meters away along with his shield and crashed into a broken wall. Before he could even scream, his breath was completely cut off.

The Gladiators from the Bloody Skull Legion immediately stepped forward and dug up the ruins to dig out the deformed body.

The armor covering the body could no longer maintain its fixed form and the stability of the storage space due to the heavy blow of spiritual energy.

With a burst of brilliance, four or five pieces of ancient weapons and armor, as well as the secret medicines with a strange fragrance, all exploded.

Kashava's eyes quickly swept over the spoils of war. He sniffed coldly, and the fury that seemed to be burning through his head finally calmed down a little bit.

Even so, there was still no smile on his face.

The killing intent that seemed to be real lingered around his body, too. Even the most favored gladiators under his command were scared out of their wits and did not dare to make eye contact with him.

It could not be helped. After all, the bloody skull temple was the biggest victim of the world-shaking temple robbery?

When the other temples were robbed, the bloody feet army was already on the way back.

The thieves of the temples were racing against time. It was impossible for them to plunder all the temples.

Several temples had not been robbed yet, or they were only halfway through when the thieves of the temples were stopped by the bloody feet warriors.

During the fierce battle between the two sides, there were always a few treasures left in the temples.

The Bloody Skull Temple, on the other hand, was the first temple to be plundered.

Moreover, it had been plundered by two groups of people successively.

Meng Chao and icestorm went down first.

The temple thieves went down again.

Not to mention the divine weapons that had a history of more than a thousand years and contained powerful killing intent and surging spiritual energy.

Even the bones of the original samurai, 249, left almost no trace for Casavar.

Hurried back to their own temple, but also with a glimmer of hope of the Casavar Blood Hoof, see the empty temple of blood skull, lungs are about to explode.

If the bloody skull is the reason for his rise to glory in the glorious era.

Then, the blood skull temple was the source of his strength.

Many Gladiators and Espers recruited from all sides were attracted by the ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines enshrined in the Blood Skull Temple. That was why they were willing to work for him.

How could an empty temple make these proud and unruly orc warriors continue to pledge their loyalty to him?

This was a matter of life and death.

Casavar didn't have time to be furious. He immediately led more than a dozen of his most trusted gladiators and began to chase after them.

Fortunately, Black Horn city was now in a mess. Many temple thieves and blood hoofed warriors were like headless flies, and some unlucky ones always bumped into their hands.

After killing three or five waves of temple thieves, they finally recovered more than a dozen stolen goods from their arms.

Although he didn't have a divine weapon like the blazing warhammer "Skull crusher" that was originally worshipped in the blood skull temple.

It was more or less a foundation, which slightly eased Kashava's anxiety.

Just as Kashava was thinking about where to find more temple thieves and recover the stolen items, he noticed that the muscles of his gladiators were somewhat stiff.

"What's going on?"

Kashava frowned slightly and asked with some displeasure.

"Ka, Lord Kashava, this corpse..."

A few subordinates who were cleaning up the corpses of the temple thieves and trying to peel out every single piece of totem armor said hesitantly, "There seems to be a problem."

Just now, the two sides were fighting in an environment filled with smoke, flames soaring to the sky, and explosions that were constantly collapsing and exploding.

The process of the fight was quick again.

They did not see each other's true colors clearly.

Only at this moment did the Gladiators realize that the appearance of this temple thief was very different from the previous temple thieves they had killed.

The previous temple thieves had the mixed characteristics of many clans, but each of them was very thin. At first glance, they looked like humans with rabbit ears, Wolf Teeth, cat claws, and dog tails.

This was a very typical appearance of the rat people.

Although the corpse in front of him had broken bones and tendons due to Kashava's attacks, it was still bloody.

However, through the fan-like ears, thick tusks, the protruding mouth, and the thick and hard mane all over its body, especially the ends of its legs, the strong characteristics of even hooves could still be seen at a glance, he was a pure-blooded wild boar warrior, a member of the Bloody Hoof Clan.

The battle emblem engraved on the armor and weapon fragments also proved this point.

He was not a thief of the temple.

He was a member of the Ironhide clan.

He was a noble of black horn city.

The Gladiators looked at each other and swallowed a few mouthfuls of saliva with difficulty. They looked at Casavar with some trepidation.

Kashava used the tip of his foot to pull the wild boar warrior's head that was as messy as mud.

Then, he wiped off the blood under his feet on the ruins beside him calmly.

“Do you think that this guy is a member of the iron sheet family and we killed the wrong person?” He gently touched his totem battle armor, “Lava’s fury”, making his visor appear almost transparent, he revealed a face full of smiles, but there was not the slightest hint of a smile in his eyes.

The Gladiators all shivered at the same time, none of them dared to say a word.

“Then, let me ask you, these things that dropped from his body, are they all divine weapons that the ancestors of the iron sheet family have used before?”

Kashava’s smile did not change, and he reminded his subordinates very patiently.

The Gladiators were slightly stunned as they came to a sudden realization.

Indeed, the spoils of war that they looted from this wild boar warrior were not all items of the Ironhide clan.

From the forging style, shape, and size, there were meteor hammers that the Barbarian Elephant Warrior loved to use, the tri-bow that the Centaur warrior loved to use, and even the hippopotamus warrior that was embedded in his teeth, steel teeth braces that increased bite force.

Because the size of the mouth and the shape of the teeth were different between the wild boar warriors and the Hippo Warriors, the last weapon was something that the Ironhide family would never have.

In other words, this unlucky wild boar warrior was not a good thing himself.

There were so many kinds of divine weapons, God knew where he got them from.

“A wild boar warrior’s totem armor actually stored a large number of divine weapons from different families and temples. If such a guy can’t be considered as a temple thief, who else can?”

Casa FA said coldly, “As for whether he is a member of the Iron Sheet Family? Of course! The enemy planned such a large-scale conspiracy and turned the entire black-corner city upside down. Without the help of the mole, how could it be possible?”

“Even if it looks like a mandala tree with luxuriant foliage, if you look carefully, you can still find a few worms on its trunk. Therefore, it is very normal and reasonable for one or two shameless and insane unfilial descendants of an honorable noble family like the iron sheet family to collude with the enemy and plot against the divine weapons in black-corner city, right?”

Kashava looked at his men with a smile.

His men looked at each other and nodded immediately.

“By the way, although the iron sheet family and our bloody hoof family have been involved in grudges for thousands of years, they are still the mainstay of the bloody hoof family. For the sake of the loyalty and unity of the entire family, I’m willing to protect the dignity of the iron sheet family as long as I can.”

As Kashava spoke, he suddenly raised a broken stone pillar that was as thick as a person’s arms and smashed it towards the body of the wild boar warrior.

The Wild Boar Warrior, who was already beyond recognition, was instantly smashed into a mess.

Kashava was still worried. He used the stone pillar to crush and grind it carefully.

It was not until the corpse, which was as messy as mud, could no longer be identified with the characteristics of the wild boar warrior and the style of the fatal wound that he clapped his hands in satisfaction. He then ordered his subordinates to draw the fire source and burn the corpse, the last piece of evidence was completely destroyed.

“Don’t worry, the Ironhide family will not pester us. Otherwise, they will have no choice but to explain to the centaurs, elephants, and Hippo Warriors why the Ironhide family’s Wild Boar Warriors have hidden the divine weapons enshrined in the temple of the latter.”

Casava comforted his men.

Then, his gaze gradually became sharp, and he squeezed out a cold order from between his teeth, “Keep searching. We must find all the temple thieves in black-corner city. Those bastards are obviously temple thieves. Even if they look like bloody hoof warriors, as long as they hide a large amount of stolen goods, we can’t let them go. They must be the spies of the temple thieves. Unless they hand over the stolen goods obediently, we have the responsibility to eliminate these damn pests for black-corner city and the Bloody Hoof Clan!”

“Understood!”

The men cheered up and said in unison.

“Lord Casa, two streets away, there seems to be a fierce battle!”

A gladiator who was looking from a high place suddenly shouted.

Chapter 1086: Cat-and-Mouse Game

When Casanova rushed into the battlefield two streets away with seven or eight gladiators, the temple thief in the hooded cloak had already been forced into a mess by the three Blood Hoof warriors.

However, this was not necessarily because the temple thief was not strong enough.

The main reason was that this guy was too greedy. He had too many stolen goods in his hands. Even the storage space of the totem armor could not fit him. He could only tie it to his body and stretch his hooded cloak until it was sharp and bulging.

Occasionally, when the hood of the cloak was torn by the blade of the Blood Hoof Warriors, and a part of the cloak was lifted up, one could still see the colorful light shining inside.

One could not help but imagine how many good things this guy had stolen from the temples.

This was probably the biggest motivation for the three blood hoof warriors to persevere and capture the temple thieves.

Casa Fa’s eyes lit up.

He quickly looked at the battle emblems on the three Blood Hoof Warriors’ battle robes and armor.

He found that they were all from local villages and small families.

He sneered and shouted, "Get out of the way! This guy stole the Blood Hoof family's treasure! Let us deal with him!"

The three Blood Hoof Warriors' muscles stiffened. They turned around and saw seven or eight gladiators with evil intentions. Casa Fa, who was surrounded by murderous aura and was hacking at them like a battle axe, could not help but complain.

Although the cooked duck had disappeared without a trace, the situation was stronger than the person. In the end, they did not dare to argue with the strongest person of the Blood Hoof family.

Moreover, they had originally only pulled out their swords to help. Logically speaking, they did not have the right to take any of the stolen goods into their arms.

Kashava's infamous name had long been spread throughout the entire blood hoof army along with his totem battle armor, "Lava's fury".

They did not want to be beheaded by this bloody hoof upstart, who was known for his tyrannical ways, and die in vain.

With this thought in mind, the three Bloody Hoof Warriors looked at each other and wisely chose to put away their weapons. Without saying a word, they left.

They left very cleanly, disappearing behind the flames and smoke in the blink of an eye. They did not even look at the bulging temple thieves under the hood anymore.

"You're quite tactful!"

Kashava nodded in satisfaction, leading a group of gladiators and closing in on the temple thieves with a ferocious look on his face.

Unexpectedly, the temple thieves, who had been forced into a dead end, had the spirit of a desperate dog jumping over a wall. They actually took the opportunity of the three blood hoof warriors surrounding him to leave the scene and jumped over a short wall, they fled desperately into the depths of the shattered city ruins.

"Chase!"

Kashava was not worried that the temple thief would escape.

In the fierce battle just now, he could clearly see that this guy's right leg had been cut by the three blood hoof warriors, and his left knee joint and ankle were also slightly twisted.

Looking at his limping posture, he definitely could not run far.

Sure enough, when they turned a corner, they saw the temple thief in front of them using both hands and feet to escape in a sorry state.

They turned another corner and were getting closer and closer to the thief.

When they turned the third corner, they seemed to be able to grab the thief's clothes.

Due to bad luck, a section of the high wall next to them was hit by a series of methane explosions. The foundation of the wall was fragile. At this time, it suddenly collapsed, separating the thief from Casa and the other pursuers, the rising dust greatly disturbed the pursuers' vision, which gave the temple thief half a breath of air.

"This guy runs fast. We'll split into three groups. You guys flank him from the two wings and go around to intercept him!"

Casanova paused for a moment and carefully recalled the light and runes he saw in the cloak opened by the temple thief just now. He was sure that this was a big fish.

He gritted his teeth and placed a heavy bet. "When we catch this guy, everyone can choose one of the things on his body!"

With a heavy reward, there would definitely be brave men.

The Gladiators who were loyal to Kashava were more like mad dogs who had been injected with heart-strengthening drugs. Crimson air gushed out of their nostrils, and white foam appeared at the corners of their mouths. They howled and sped up, they rushed into the smoke, flames, and dust that filled the sky.

However, this neighborhood had been severely damaged by the continuous explosion of the biogas.

There were crumbling ruins everywhere, as well as the crispy ruins of the floor.

In the next few warehouses, there were also many warehouses that provided fuel for the entire black-corner city. Inside were dried firewood and charcoal. When they burned fiercely, the flames soared into the sky like a red dragon, it was impossible to put them out.

In such a harsh environment, capturing a dying temple thief seemed to be more difficult than Kashava imagined.

There were a few times when he saw the figure of the other party wriggling between the flames and the smoke like a stray dog.

But when he shouted and jumped over the fire and the ruins, he missed every time.

He had to wonder if what he saw was a mirage or something.

Not only that, Kashava also found that he had lost contact with seven or eight of his men.

These guys should be on his flank.

But smoke was everywhere, and he couldn't see his fingers. Kashava and his men tried to restrain their aura, so as not to alert the enemy and let the temple thieves sense their presence.

Even if they were separated by a wall, it wouldn't be easy to contact them.

Originally, this problem was very easy to solve.

As long as they released a firework or jumped high into the air, they would be able to easily identify their location and contact their companions.

However, on one hand, they didn't want to alert the enemy. More importantly, Kashava didn't want anyone to know that he was catching a big fish.

After all, he could crush a lone wild boar warrior or a third-rate warrior from a marginal family of a local town by relying on the power of the Bloody Hoof clan.

However, if a powerhouse of the same level as the iron sheet clan met him on a narrow path, it would be difficult for him.

He wouldn't be able to take all the treasures of the big fish for himself so easily.

Therefore, Casavar would rather spend more effort to ensure that the big fish would be intact and fall into his bloody mouth.

His efforts were not in vain.

Just as he circled the area seven or eight times and came up with nothing, he was so anxious that he wanted to blast the entire ruin into pieces with his battle axe.

Suddenly, he heard faint breathing and heartbeat coming from under a collapsed wall.

There was also the sound of blood dripping to the ground.

Kashava raised his eyebrows.

The battle axe swept across, raising a hurricane that overturned the low wall.

As expected, the thief of the temple who had been searching for a long time was curled up like a mouse whose leg had been broken.

"No wonder we couldn't find him even after searching for a few rounds."

Kashava heaved a long sigh of relief and couldn't help but laugh, "Rats are rats, they know how to hide!"

Seeing that his last trick had been exposed, the temple thief let out a miserable shriek like an old hen whose throat had been cut and blood drawn. He used both his hands and feet, rolling and crawling as he escaped into the depths of the ruins, making his final struggle.

This time, Kashava's killing intent was like the spider silk of a bird-catching spider, firmly clinging to the body of the temple thief. How could he escape again?

Kashava just didn't want to press too hard. He didn't want the thief to recklessly activate an ancient weapon or totem armor and be swallowed by the totem power contained in the divine weapon, turning into a warrior of origins.

Of course, it would be best if he could keep him alive and interrogate the information of the mastermind.

Thinking of this, Kashava stepped on the ground gently, causing three pieces of gravel to fly up.

With a gentle wave of his arm, three pieces of gravel immediately whistled out. One of them shot towards the thief's leg, while the other two shot towards the high walls on both sides of the road in front of the thief.

All three pieces of gravel hit the target accurately.

The thief staggered after being shot by Casavar, and his escape posture became even more awkward.

The two high walls in front of him, which had long been fragile, were blasted apart by Casavar's gravel. The collapsed bricks and pillars blocked the road firmly, turning it into a dead end.

The temple thief had nowhere to run. He could only brace himself and turn around, trembling as he faced Casavar's wrath.

Suddenly, he let out a hysterical scream and pounced on Casavar.

From the crooked path, the staggering posture, and the lack of killing intent.

Rather than saying that he was desperate, he wanted to pursue glory and a quick death.

Rather, he was completely torn apart by Kashava's killing intent. He just wanted to end this torture that was worse than death as soon as possible.

Kashava curled his lips.

He felt that the will of this temple thief had collapsed.

If he could capture him alive, he had a hundred ways to pry open this guy's mouth.

Thinking of this, Kashava pointed his axe at the heavily injured and bleeding left leg of the temple thief.

In his eyes, this was a boring battle.

Every factor was in his calculations.

He could even accurately deduce the 27 changes that the temple thief could make based on his move.

Even if the temple thief could unleash three to five times his fighting strength under the threat of death, he would not be able to escape from his grasp.

However —

Just as his battle axe flew across the sky, the strong wind that was stirred up tore apart the temple thief's overly wide hood, revealing the helmet that completely covered his face.

From the almost transparent mask, a gaze that was as sharp as an armor-piercing awl blossomed out.

However, it instantly pierced through Casavar's totem battle armor, chest, heart, and spine, as if it had pierced a transparent hole in his body from the front to the back, causing his confidence that he was certain of victory to flow through the hole on his back, in an instant, it was completely leaked out.

In an instant, the temperament of the temple thief had undergone a complete transformation. It was like a completely different person.

A moment ago, this guy was still a timid, wretched, and reckless mouse.

But now, he had become a dragon lurking in the abyss. No matter if it was a wild boar, a wild bull, a giant elephant, or a wolf, a tiger, or a leopard, they could all be swallowed in one gulp!

Boom!

Casavar's pupils did not even have the time to contract.

The Thief of the temple seemed to be seriously injured. His left leg, which had its joints shattered, exploded with a strange force that was like a siege hammer. It helped him increase his speed to the maximum. He dodged Casavar's axe and arrived beside Casavar!

Chapter 1087: The Deepest Part of the Trap!

Immediately after, the temple thief's body temperature rose abruptly as if hundreds of volcanoes had erupted in his body at the same time. The raging flames of war burned the hooded cloak that covered his entire body to ashes, revealing the totem armor below that was not inferior to Casanova's Lava's Fury.

The arm armor was as thick as a siege hammer.

Coupled with the support of the chain entanglement, it was even more ferocious like a siege cannon.

Casanova did not have time to take a deep breath before the "cannon" on the right side was aimed at his chest and "fired" fiercely.

Caught off guard, Casanova had no way to counterattack at all. He could only barely cross his arms to block in front of his chest.

Boom!

The temple thief's iron fist that was wrapped in the chain hit the point where Casanova's two arms crossed.

Casanova suddenly felt that there were dozens of crisscrossing cracks on every bone in his arms.

His opponent's strength was like magma that penetrated through every hole and seeped into his chest through the cracks.

It gathered in the depths of his chest and turned into a devil's palm that was thousands of degrees hot. It pinched his lungs hard and almost crushed his lungs.

Despite Casanova's extremely muscular body, which was supported by his totem armor, his feet were deeply rooted to the ground.

Under his opponent's fierce attack, he was also knocked back more than ten steps, smashing a wall that was more than half an arm thick into pieces. Following that, he spat out a mouthful of hot blood. Only then did he manage to stabilize his feet.

However, the burning, wounds, and pain of his flesh and blood were not the main factors that greatly shook Casanova's will.

What shocked Casanova the most was the totem armor on his opponent's body, which seemed to be flowing with magma and carved with a lot of runes from the Blood Hoof Clan. It was also emitting a familiar murderous aura.

The more Casanova looked at the totem armor, the more familiar it looked, especially when it came to the dripping lava.

It slowly flowed at the joints of the armor, like dark red lines, outlining the wearer's extremely robust muscles.

Such a design...

As well as the thick chains that wrapped around his arms, thousands of shining runes were engraved on them.

Could it be...

Casanova's mouth opened wider and wider, as he could not believe his eyes.

This... This guy was wearing a totem armor, and the chains that were wrapped around his arms... It was obvious that they came from the legendary weapons and armor of the Origin Warrior, 249. They were the Skull Crushers!

This guy in front of him had robbed his Blood Skull Temple and stolen his Skull Crushers!

Moreover, it was unknown what method this guy had used. In just half a day, he had perfectly digested and absorbed the Skull Crushers' totem power. He had perfectly subdued the Skull Crushers and maintained his sanity!

Casanova was both shocked and furious as he roared.

His totem armor, Lava's Fury, unleashed its full power. From the brownish-red color that was surging in the undercurrent just now, it turned into a sparkling, almost transparent bright red color.

Agitated by his vitality magnetic field, his totem power turned into extremely unstable fireballs that shot out from the surface of the armor. They swirled around his body crazily and spun rapidly.

At the end of the two-armed armor, lava kept gushing out before condensing into two shining battle axes.

The battle flames on the ax blades shot out three to five arms away. Forget touching it, even if one was slightly close to the battle ax, one could be burned into ashes along with the skin and bones!

The temple thief grinned. The surface of his armor also spewed out lava-like liquid metal substances at extremely high temperatures. Molded by spirit his magnetic field, they quickly condensed into two huge chain blades.

The two of them were like two volcanoes that were separated by a thin line, erupting almost at the same time.

The magma that spurted out converged into two surging tides along the steep cliff, carrying countless burning boulders and roaring toward each other.

At first glance, their totem armors were designed in the same way.

The “characteristics” that they activated were exactly the same.

It was as if the blood-related warriors of the same family were fighting each other.

However, the killing intent that soared into the sky between the two of them was so intense that even real volcanoes could feel it. It was possible that their hair would stand on end and the magma would freeze.

The two scorching forces were about to collide with each other.

In his fury, Casanova unleashed all of his totem power without caring about anything else. The febrile wind produced by the two fiery battle axes wiped out the entire street, sweeping up the countless broken walls in the ruins into the air. They exploded into burning powder, and the phenomenon was also known as a powder explosion caused by high-speed friction. It created an extremely terrifying momentum.

The temple thief had seemingly just obtained the Skull Crushers. Although he had perfectly subdued them, he had yet to fully grasp the legendary weapons and armor’s characteristics.

In addition, he was trying to display his burning power in front of Casanova, the expert who created and controlled magma. It was very likely that he was trying to show off.

However, in terms of momentum, he was completely suppressed by Casanova.

“You want to defeat me using fire and magma?”

Casanova sneered in his heart, and his face was full of malevolence. “You’re courting death!”

The two waves of magma finally collided.

The shockwave that was stirred up turned into a near-perfect ring of flames that kept expanding, turning everything within a hundred-arm radius into a surging sea of flames.

However, since Casanova was three years old, he had been cultivating beside the lava at the foot of the volcano.

Although the flames could burn his skin and flesh, they could also transform into an endless stream of power that seeped into his cells and stimulated the power that came from the ancestral spirit that was hidden in the deepest part of his flesh and blood.

“Ahhhhh!”

Casanova roared repeatedly, and his giant ax completely suppressed the chain blade.

Seeing that his opponent’s arms and legs were trembling again, he only needed to increase his strength a little bit more. Then, he would be able to send the chain blade flying, allowing the sharp edge of the giant ax to shine and wreak havoc between the gaps of his opponent’s cervical vertebrae.

Casanova went all out, and his field of vision kept shrinking.

The only things before him were the giant ax and the chain blade, his opponent's trembling arms, as well as the vital parts of his opponent's neck that were gradually exposed to his attack range.

He completely did not notice that an illusory ice fog, like a faintly discernible ghost, was approaching him from behind at a high speed.

Bang!

Finally, his opponent's chain blade was sent flying by him. His arms were also raised high, exposing a large undefended area from his neck to his chest.

Casanova was overjoyed. He was about to take advantage of the opportunity to split open his opponent's chest, or at least strike until his opponent's sternum was completely shattered.

Unexpectedly, the ice mist that had already drifted behind him instantly turned into dozens of bone-piercing, incomparably sharp icicles that stabbed fiercely at the back of his head, back, and lumbar vertebrae!

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang!

Dozens of icicles drew out dozens of sharp silver arcs of light and hit the target precisely.

Even though the icicles shattered the moment they touched the totem armor 'lava fury', they turned into ice mist again.

However, the sudden cooling of the ice mist still caused the performance parameters of his totem armor to drop drastically.

The totem power hidden in the ice mist appeared temporarily along his armor. Cracks, which could not be recognized by the naked eye, would repair themselves in a moment after the mist entered Casanova's body, freezing his spinal cord, blood vessels, and nerves.

Casanova was about to unleash an explosive attack like a flood of magma.

However, his entire spine seemed to be entangled by a giant frost dragon, and even the flesh and blood nearby were frozen like rocks.

Not to mention, the frost power condensed again in his spine, like a frozen iron caltrop. It rolled up and down, repeatedly stimulating the nerve endings in his entire spine, it made him truly taste the pain that made him wish he was dead.

It was not until this moment that a horrified Casanova realized a second enemy had been hiding in the darkness behind him.

It was an enemy who had the opposite totem power but was as dangerous as the temple thief!

Even though he was the dominator of the Blood Skull Arena, he had a fearsome reputation that made everyone in Black-corner City too afraid to call themselves "Giant Ax" anymore.

Faced with such a dangerous situation, he was scared out of his wits.

It was too late.

He had already fallen to the bottom of the trap and stepped firmly on the trap. It was too late for him to make any effective response.

The temple thief's chain blade had already been blown away by Casanova's battle ax.

However, as the chain trembled like a poisonous snake and made an ominous sound of collision, the chain blade flew back into the hands of the temple thief in an instant.

The temple thief had apparently been sent flying by Casanova, and he swung his arms over his head. Under those circumstances, he also took advantage of the situation and grabbed the opportunity to strike head-on with unrivaled ferocity!

"Kill!"

Although the Skull Crushers that had transformed into the form of a chain blade were not as large as they were when in the form of heavy war hammers, their current form was still extremely ferocious.

However, the shape of a flame ripple on the back of the blade, as well as overlapping blade teeth that looked like saw teeth and fangs in thick ink and heavy colors, added more sharpness and ferocity to it.

When the chain blade tore through the air, the sound of breaking wind was not only like the roar of a ferocious beast, but also like an incomparably clear battle cry.

These two blades landed firmly on Casanova's breastplate.

The breastplate of his totem armor, Lava's Fury, was actually forcefully slashed, and it exploded, shattering into more than ten pieces. The pieces scattered in all directions in the shape of a fairy flower.

Casanova completely lost control of himself and the battle situation.

He flew back like a kite with a broken string.

Don't forget, there was an extremely dangerous enemy behind him who could freely control the cold tide and create a hell of frost.

Casanova's body was covered in hundreds of cuts and wounds. Fresh blood spurted out, but before it could be evaporated by the flames, it immediately froze into dark red ice crystals, enveloping his body.

The ice crystals grew increasingly huge and thick, condensing into a huge block of ice, completely sealing Casanova inside.

At this time, two chain blades that were like fire dragons caught up once again.

They intertwined with each other, condensing into a spear that seemed to be able to pierce through the scorching sun. The spear penetrated the block of ice that sealed Casanova and shattered it.

Whether it was flesh, metal, or the mysterious material that formed the totem armor...

If one were to repeatedly switch between extreme high temperatures and extreme low temperatures...

Its rigidity, toughness, activity, and even the conductivity of spirit energy would be greatly reduced to, or even far beyond, the limit of fatigue.

Chapter 1088: A Windfall

The result was that the ice mass and the totem armor inside instantly exploded.

The damage value was magnified exponentially compared to normal circumstances.

It was worse than the destruction of a body of flesh and blood. Even worse, Casanova's totem armor, Lava's Fury, had also been strengthened by the blue light of the altar, hence it possessed an extremely large storage space.

Casanova did not trust anyone other than himself.

The ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines that he had looted along the way were all stored in his totem armor.

Following the explosion of the totem armor, the storage space became extremely unstable.

It was to prevent the ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines from being destroyed in an unknown dimension.

The operating system of Lava's Fury automatically extracted them and threw them out.

In an instant, Casanova's body was covered in a brilliant light, and dozens of crystal-clear treasures filled with killing intent exploded.

The loss of these items was even more painful than emptying his own internal organs.

"Ah!" Casanova screamed and fell heavily.

As if his limbs had been broken and his spine had been pulled out, he panted like an ox and collapsed to the ground.

Fortunately, the deafening noise finally aroused the vigilance of his subordinates who were close by.

Seven or eight murderous figures rushed over at lightning speed.

The two temple thieves looked at each other.

Between Casanova's life and the ancient weapons, armor, as well as secret medicines on the ground, they chose the latter without hesitation.

In front of Casanova, they swept up all the treasures from the ground.

Before the seven or eight elite gladiators arrived, they turned into a red and a white flash of lightning. With a few twists and turns, they disappeared into the pits of the flames, thick smoke, broken walls, and shattered city.

When their subordinates finally arrived, all they saw was Casanova's grim expression, his face ashen, his eyeballs exploding, and his blood almost bursting his throat.

"Ca... Lord Casanova, this is..."

The subordinates looked at each other in dismay. They stared at the broken pieces of armor on Casanova's body, as well as the soul-stirring traces of the battle that were left on the scene.

All of them shivered deeply. Who dared to ask further?

Casanova's pupils became still like a frozen ocean.

He leaned against the lower half of the wall and sat there in a daze for a long time. Only then did the frozen ocean in the depths of his eyes gradually thaw.

Countless streams of blood flowed out like lava from under the ice.

On his retina, there were still the last figures of the two temple thieves.

One of the temple thieves had seized and subdued the Skull Crushers and clashed head-on with him without being at a disadvantage at all. Although he did not know who this was...

The other temple thief was tall and slender. She was wrapped in silver armor, and she possessed the sharpness and ferocity of a cheetah. She could also condense cold waves and ice crystals at will.

Even if he was burned to ashes, Casanova would not be mistaken.

"Ice Storm..."

Casanova gritted his teeth and let out an angry, regretful roar.

Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that his greed and ambition would lead to such a tragic outcome!

Plus, it was impossible for him to tell his subordinates the truth.

Ice Storm's secret identity had immeasurable value.

The loss of the temple's supreme treasure was likely to shake the entire Blood Skull Legion's morale, making his subordinates doubt his ability and lose their loyalty to him.

Therefore, Casanova could only take a deep breath and endure the heart-wrenching pain in his chest and abdomen. Half of it was filled with frost, and the other half was raging flames. He gritted his teeth and stood up.

He wanted to cry but no tears came out. He squeezed out three words from between his teeth as if nothing had happened. "Go after him!"

Go after what? Go where?

No one knew.

Yet, no one dared to ask, for fear of becoming the victim of Casanova's raging flames.

His subordinates could only swallow their saliva with difficulty and follow Casanova from behind. Like a group of furious beasts, they chased after the two lightning bolts aimlessly.

Three minutes after they left...

The two bolts of lightning that were supposed to be shooting toward the east.

They actually drilled out from the west not far away from their previous foothold.

The lightning dissipated and revealed Meng Chao and Ice Storm's figures.

It turned out that they understood the principle of "darkness under the lamp" and had not run far at all.

They had pretended to run away, but in fact, they had taken a detour that was neither too big nor too small, returning to the "heartbreaking place" that Casanova did not want to face again for a short period of time.

The two of them gently touched the left and right sides of their helmets. The position of their temples made the masks appear crystal clear, and their expressions could be seen.

Ice Storm smiled slightly, while Meng Chao whistled.

Casanova Bloodhoof was indeed worthy of being one of the most incisive new experts that the Blood Hoof Clan had produced in the past twenty to thirty years.

In just half a day, he had snatched so many good things from the chaotic battlefield.

Many ancient weapons, armor fragments, and secret medicines that were eternally boiling were all secretly worshipped in the depths of the major temples. They had not seen the light of day for over a hundred years.

Thanks to Casanova, these supreme treasures had all fallen into Meng Chao and Ice Storm's hands.

With this windfall, Meng Chao and Ice Storm finally did not have to worry about the cultivation resources they needed on the way from Black-corner City to Red-gold City and the issue of addressing the situation once they arrived at Red-gold City.

These supreme treasures that the Blood Hoof Clan had treasured for over a thousand years were all priceless chips.

Now, the biggest issues were how to move all these ancient precious treasures out of Black-corner City, how to choose between them in order to leave behind the most valuable precious treasures, and how to deal with those that could not be taken away.

After thinking for a long time, the two felt that they should not be the Pixiu[1] that could only enter and not leave.

More or less, they should leave a few family heirlooms for the Blood Hoof Clan.

Of course, which one to leave, how to leave it, who to leave it to, this was a mystery.

Right now, there were dozens of elite warriors from different clans in Black-corner City. In addition to the temple thieves, they were all crazily searching for and snatching treasures that contained the terrifying totem power.

If Meng Chao and Ice Storm could thread the needle, it would be best if they came from seven or eight clans. It would be best if they came from the enemy clans, Black-corner City, and the local areas. The Blood Hoof warriors who had new and old grudges with each other were already gathered together. Then, they would add a few thieves from the temple.

Finally, they would place a few ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines where their eyes could reach.

What would happen next would be very exciting and chaotic.

The more chaotic the situation in Black-corner City was, the more advantageous it would be for the ordinary rat people and the two of them to escape.

Therefore, the matter was decided easily and happily.

However, there was another point that Ice Storm did not particularly understand.

“When we pincer attacked from the front and back just now, we clearly had the opportunity to kill Casanova. Why did you want me to preserve my strength and show mercy?”

Ice Storm frowned slightly and asked somewhat discontentedly, “You should know that in the Blood Skull Arena’s dungeon, Casanova did not show any mercy to me.

“If you hadn’t shown up in time, he would have disassembled every bone in my body and ground it into powder before burning it into ashes to discover my secret!

“Don’t tell me that you think that we can turn enemies into friends with such a guy?”

“Of course not.”

Meng Chao decisively dispelled Ice Storm’s doubts.

The way Casanova Bloodhoof treated him was secondary.

However, ever since Casanova’s recruitment team destroyed Bright Shell Village that had saved Meng Chao’s life, killed most of the villagers, and captured the remaining villagers, including the children, to be mercilessly exploited in Black-corner City...

Casanova had been a dead man.

In Meng Chao’s eyes, the current Casanova was just a walking corpse waiting for him to harvest at the most suitable time.

“I’m not against killing Casanova, but not now, and certainly not here.”

Meng Chao explained to Ice Storm, “Right now, we are the players with the least chips and the smallest cards on this card table.

“If a small player wants to have the last laugh, one of the prerequisites is that the more big players on the card table, the better.

“Only by taking advantage of the conflicts between the big players can the small players have a slim chance of survival.

“If there is only one big player versus one small player left on the poker table, then the chances of the latter winning the game will be infinitely close to zero.”

Ice Storm seemed to understand what Meng Chao meant.

She thought for a moment and then asked, "However, judging from Casanova's piercing gaze, he should have recognized me."

"Isn't that better?"

Meng Chao smiled and said, "Casanova recognized you, but he shouldn't have been able to guess how you escaped, let alone know your connection with the temple thieves, right?"

"Based on common sense, the temple thieves should have saved you when they attacked Blood Skull Temple..."

"Or, you were already in cahoots with the temple thieves and were the spy whom they planted in the Blood Skull Arena."

"Even if you weren't, after being rescued by the temple thieves, you have no other choice but to stand with these guys, right?"

Ice Storm was stunned for a moment, and she nodded slowly.

Indeed, no one had expected that a monster-level player like Meng Chao would descend from the sky and get involved in this complicated game.

If Ice Storm had been in Casanova's shoes, she would have thought that she, as a mixed-blood, had no choice but to fall into the hands of the temple thieves.

"Therefore, the new and old grudges, together with your secrets, have become the most powerful driving force for Casanova to be furious. He will never give up on hunting down the temple thieves."

Meng Chao said, "Casanova is backed by the entire Blood Hoof Clan. Their perseverance will definitely bring great trouble to the temple thieves and the ones who released them."

"In the next ten days to half a month, we will be traveling with the temple thieves."

"During this journey, the trouble of the temple thieves will be our chance."

Chapter 1089: Escape Route

The two of them had also deduced the exact method to escape.

Although the Blood Hoof Warriors were close to Black-corner City, they did not surround the entire city.

With Meng Chao and Ice Storm's strength, they could easily break out of the siege through the gaps that the Blood Hoof warriors could not defend in time.

However, in order to discover the truth about the Great Horn Rebellion, Meng Chao insisted on escaping with the ordinary rat people.

Ice Storm did not care about the lives of the ordinary rat people.

But she obviously cared about Meng Chao's attitude.

Moreover, she had followed her mother, who was a witch, since she was a child. She had been hiding from the night watchmen and bounty hunters all year round. She was familiar with how to hide, disguise, and change into a completely different person.

It just so happened that they had attacked dozens of temple thieves and Blood Hoof warriors consecutively.

Apart from ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines, the spoils of war also included a large amount of food, small props that were extremely practical, and strange raw materials.

Many temple thieves carried tools and materials that were originally used for disguise and modification.

Using these things, Ice Storm quickly dyed her iconic, crystal-clear skin into the rat people's common grayish-white color.

She also stained her back with a short and small tail that she could control with her tail vertebrae and butt muscles.

On top of that, she pasted a few tufts of hair around her overly distinct facial features, concealing her familiar face from many viewers.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, changed his hair color and the color of his eyes.

He also inlaid two overly thick fangs in his mouth, causing his lips to curl up high, destroying the balance between his facial features.

He vaguely remembered that in his previous life, the instructor of the Black Skull Training Camp had once said that there were two main ways to change one's appearance.

The best way was, of course, to be exquisitely carved and turned into a completely ordinary appearance.

If time was tight and materials were limited, and it was impossible to completely change one's appearance, then a very distinct characteristic would be created.

For example, large and small eyes, a rosacea nose, prominent ears, buckteeth, and a huge mole on the nose wing.

To attract the attention of others and make them ignore the other problems on the face.

This was a rather practical trick.

In addition, when one's strength reached the level of Meng Chao and Ice Storm, they had precise control over every muscle, every joint, every blood vessel, and every cell in the body.

He would slightly expand his muscles, twist his joints, and make his body rise or shrink by one round.

Then, through the filling and collapsing of his facial muscles, he would slightly adjust the position of his facial features.

These were all routine operations, as natural as eating and drinking.

After this disguise, he adjusted the rhythm of his breathing and heartbeat, and restrained his battle flames and killing intent to the limit.

The totem armor also turned into a liquid metal-like substance and disappeared without a trace.

At first glance, the two of them were no different from the ordinary rat people who could be seen everywhere in the chaotic Black-corner City.

After all, the rat people themselves were not a biological concept. They were the combination of the weak and losers who had been enslaved, oppressed, and deprived of all their dignity among all the advanced orcs.

The rats that had dozens or even hundreds of bloodlines mixed in their bodies were not strange at all.

Many of the rat subjects, spurred by the Rat God's arrival, resisted and tried to carve a bloody path with swords, war hammers, bone clubs, and stone axes.

The rat subjects who had survived the fierce battle with the Blood Hoof warriors also unwittingly triggered the potential hidden in the deepest part of their bloodlines during the bloody journey. Gradually, they were wreathed in flames of war and were full of killing intent.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm were not as eye-catching as these rat soldiers when they were trying to conceal themselves!

The two of them looked at each other and could not see any big flaws.

Then, they quietly moved toward the center of Black-corner City, where the flames were the most violent, the smoke was the thickest, and the area where the battle was the most chaotic.

On the way, they met several teams of Blood Hoof warriors who were searching with their red eyes.

They did not know whether these Blood Hoof warriors wanted to find the temple thieves with stolen goods in their arms, or if they had stolen goods in their arms, but their strength was slightly weaker than theirs. It would be best if they came from the Blood Hoof group of the enemy clan.

The two of them did not take the initiative to provoke these Blood Hoof warrior squads because they did not want to cause any trouble.

They only left some traces, such as the sounds of slightly heavier breathing, lightly stepping on burnt dead wood, or deliberately stimulating the ancient weapons in their arms to release extremely sharp totem power, to attract the attention of the Blood Hoof warrior squads.

They did so until four or five Blood Hoof warrior squads were successfully attracted to the same area.

Only then did the two leave behind a few fragments of ancient weapons or totem armor, and injected a few psionic powers into them, making them shine like fireflies in the night, and then quietly slipped out of this area.

Not long after, Meng Chao and Ice Storm heard intense fighting sounds and angry roars behind them.

It seemed that four or five Blood Hoof warrior squads from different clans were having a heated discussion about the ownership of the stolen goods.

Repeatedly using similar methods, Meng Chao and Ice Storm successfully diverted the attention of several dozen Blood Hoof warrior squads and passed through Black-corner City's central area to reach the northern side.

The chaotic situation there made the two of them frown slightly.

Meng Chao had originally determined that there were a lot of secret tunnels hidden underground in the north of the city that could lead to the exit far away from Black-corner City.

The mastermind behind the descent of the Rat God was planning to transport the young and strong rats out of these tunnels to form his own cannon fodder army.

It had also been the Great Horn Army that shocked the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake in his previous life.

Therefore, as long as he ran to the north of the city, it would not be difficult to find a way to escape.

However, he did not expect that his intervention would trigger a series of chain reactions.

Firstly, under his guidance, the emissaries of the Rat God had successfully closed the loopholes in the organization structure and the flaws in the implementation of the plan.

The continuous explosion of the biogas in this life was a hundred times larger and more intense than the riots in Black-corner City in his previous life.

It also aroused the anger of the Blood Hoof warriors a hundred times, and they threw more troops into the chaotic Black-corner City at all costs.

Secondly, many ordinary rat civilians acted as cannon fodder who wanted to stay in Black-corner City to die and attract the attention of the Blood Hoof warriors.

Only the sacrifice of a large number of cannon fodder could allow the temple thieves to escape Black-corner City.

However, with Meng Chao's reminder, a large number of ordinary rat civilians returned to their senses and stopped fighting the Blood Hoof warriors who were guarding the mansion, granary, and armory. Instead, they all rushed to the north of the city.

According to the propaganda spread by the Rat God's emissaries, they were there to save all the rat civilians in Black-corner City.

The rat subjects, who had been carefully selected by them and considered strong, naturally could not watch the other rat subjects wait for death in Black-corner City.

If they wanted to leave, they would leave, and if they wanted to stay, they would stay.

This was the most basic belief of the rat subjects, who had been aroused by the series of "miracles."

Although the escape routes under Black-corner City were mostly the underground transportation routes built by the ancient Turan thousands of years ago, the underground transportation routes were very spacious.

In order to transport large-scale weapons and facilities, the underground escape routes were built to be extremely spacious.

Under the leadership of the Rat God's emissary, after several months of digging day and night, all the collapsed and blocked nodes were reopened.

However, tens of thousands of rat people poured in from all directions. For a time, it exceeded the maximum capacity of the underground escape routes.

It blocked the entrance and exit of the passage firmly.

Without half a day's time, it would be difficult for all the rats to escape into the underground passage.

At this moment, the Blood Hoof warriors also followed.

Although most of the Blood Hoof warriors went to catch the temple thieves who were carrying stolen goods...

Not many people were willing to come and gnaw on the bones of the ordinary rat people.

When they met the ordinary rats in twos and threes who had lost their way, unless the other party happened to block the way, the high and mighty elders of the clan would not be bothered to waste time on them.

However, there were simply too many rat civilians gathered in the north of the city.

There were so many that even a blind person could hear that there was something strange about this place.

A few Blood Hoof warrior squads that were dedicated to their duties finally noticed the unusual movement there. They changed their direction and charged toward the crowd.

The rat civilians that were clustered around the narrow streets were too dense.

With a charge from the Blood Hoof warriors, they could trample a bloody path that was as messy as mud in the crowd.

Every time they swung their war hammers and battle axes, they could easily send seven to eight or even a dozen rat subjects flying.

This greatly satisfied the Blood Hoof warriors' desire to kill, and they fully experienced the pleasure of being able to take on a thousand enemies by themselves.

Under the stimulation of this pleasure, they continuously strengthened and upgraded their killing.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm observed that in a short period of time, hundreds of rat subjects had died tragically under the Blood Hoof warriors' charge.

There were even more rat civilians who were either dead or injured because their formation had been shaken and their organization was in chaos.

However, between the broken walls, there was too little space for them to roam freely.

As for the Blood Hoof Army, they did not have enough troops to send to the north of the city.

Along with the flames and thick smoke blocking out the battlefield, orders from outside could not be sent into the city. The Blood Hoof experts within the city were all fighting on their own.

For the time being, the Blood Hoof warriors had not completely penetrated the rat rebel army.

The rat rebel army was not completely helpless.

During the half-day fierce battle, many of the rats had activated the killing techniques that were hidden in the deepest part of their bloodlines. They also understood the principle of “enough ants may bite an elephant to death.”

With the Rat God’s emissaries lurking among them, even if they did not intend to take all the rat people away, they could only grit their teeth when everyone was mixed together. Forced to share life and death with each other, they had to go all out.

The Blood Hoof warriors who had been stimulated by the desire to kill and had unknowingly infiltrated too deep into the rat army were soon ambushed from all directions without any fear of death.

They were also ambushed by the Rat God’s emissaries.

Chapter 1090: You Can’t Catch a Wolf Without Losing a Child

In order to support hundreds of thousands of rat people, they could all escape Black-corner City.

There was naturally more than one Rat God emissary who had sneaked into Black-corner City.

Other than the temple thieves who were good at hiding and cracking mechanisms...

There were also a large number of Rat God emissaries, elite warriors who were good at fighting to the death.

Compared with the Blood Hoof warriors, they were still slightly inferior.

However, the mobility of the Blood Hoof warriors was being held down by hundreds of fearless rat people’s volunteer army, and their explosive power had also been exhausted.

The sneak attack of a few Rat God emissaries still had a chance to easily take the lives of the Blood Hoof warriors.

When seven or eight Blood Hoof warriors seemed to be running around and killing in all directions, they were quietly swallowed by the rat tide.

The remaining Blood Hoof warriors finally came back to their senses and realized that there were still extremely dangerous assassins lurking within the seemingly weak rat tide.

They could only change their strategy and slow down the pace of their attacks. They tried to peel off the rat tide from the outside like they were peeling onions.

With that, the speed of their advance was naturally greatly slowed down.

All in all, the two sides were temporarily at a stalemate in the north of the city.

As the Blood Hoof warriors had limited numbers and did not have enough desire to attack, they could not break through the tide of the rebel army and destroy them.

However, because of their constant harassment, the rebel army was in an extremely chaotic state.

Many in the rebel army could summon the courage to charge at the Blood Hoof warriors without fear of death.

However, the road to escape was right in front of them. The instinctive desire to survive made them fight to be the first to rush forward.

No matter what command the Rat God's emissaries issued, they were unable to restore the order of the escaping troops.

Such a stalemate was naturally disadvantageous to the escaping troops.

That was because the main force of the Blood Hoof Army was continuously advancing toward Black-corner City.

Every half an hour, a Blood Hoof Battle Group would arrive at the foot of Black-corner City and send more troops into the city.

As for the fire and chaos in Black-corner City, they could not continue indefinitely.

When the flames that engulfed the entire city were extinguished and most of the regions were cleaned up as well as controlled, the Blood Hoof Battle Group could communicate effectively with each other. Then the orders from outside the city could reach the elite warriors on the front lines unimpeded.

That would be the death of the rat rebel army that was still stuck in Black-corner City.

"If this continues, things won't work out."

Meng Chao observed for a moment and came to a conclusion. "The rat rebel army is retreating too slowly. At this rate, at least one-third of the rat rebel army will remain in Black-corner City, waiting to suffer the wrath of the Blood Hoof warriors."

"There's nothing we can do."

Ice Storm said, "Their opponents are the Blood Hoof warriors, who are extremely ferocious. Even if the enemy is afraid of the Rat God's emissaries and does not dare to charge into the depths of the rat tide, the harassment from the periphery alone is enough to make the rat volunteer army suffer.

"In such a situation, forget two-thirds of them, even half of them would be lucky enough to escape.

"Therefore, we must think of a way to reduce the pressure on the rat people's Liberation Army in the periphery."

Meng Chao thought quickly and asked Ice Storm, "How many extra ancient weapons, armor scraps, and secret medicines do you have on you?"

"Not many. I lost them all just now."

Ice Storm paused for a moment and could not help but say, "Never in my wildest dreams did I expect to hear the word 'extra' in front of ancient weapons, armor scraps, and secret medicines."

"Then, we'll extract some more from the totem armor's storage space."

Seeing the heartache on Ice Storm's face, Meng Chao could only say, "Don't worry. You don't have to take advantage of the situation if it's not what you want. Besides, we don't even know if these guys are alive enough to take these ancient treasures away from us!"

The two of them sneaked up to the Blood Hoof warriors in front of them. One of them was neither too far nor too close.

Then, they took out a few spoils of war from their totem armors.

These spoils of war, which had been worshipped in the temples for at least three to five hundred years, were all divine weapons filled with murderous intent.

Even though the totem power was temporarily sealed, it still trembled slightly and faintly let out a tiger's Roar and a dragon's roar.

It was as if it couldn't wait to release its most violent power and drink the blood and life of the enemy.

When Meng Chao and the Ice Storm injected several streams of spirit energy into the weapons, unlocking the seals and activating the brutal souls, the weapons shot out beams of light that were invisible to the naked eye. However, they could be clearly sensed by the totem warriors. They were as clear and dazzling as fireflies that had been struck by lightning in the dark night.

Unsurprisingly, the raging flames of the weapons were immediately sensed by the Blood Hoof warriors who were suppressing the rat rebel army right in front of them.

The Blood Hoof warriors were immediately aroused.

"Such intense killing intent!"

"Yes, it's the aura of the godly weapons!"

"Such surging totem power can only be sensed by the fragments of Thousand-year Armor!"

Looking at each other in bewilderment, every Blood Hoof warrior saw greed and wavering emotions in each other's eyes.

These Blood Hoof warriors did not come from the major clans in Black-corner City.

The powerhouses of the major clans were hunting down the temple thieves, trying to take back or steal the ancient treasures.

Only the third-rate warriors from the vassal clans had received a vague order, "Suppress the rat rebellion and restore order in Black-corner City."

But they were not fools.

They soon figured out where the powerhouses from the noble families who had entered the city with them had gone and what they had gotten.

Compared to the powerhouses from the noble families who had seized a large number of ancient treasures, not only had they made up for all their losses, but they had also made a small fortune.

It was obviously a laborious and unrewarding task to suppress the crazy and fearless rat volunteer army.

The rebel army of the rat people was like a stone in a toilet. It was smelly and hard. If one was not careful, they might even knock off a few of their teeth.

Even if they killed thousands of rat people in one go, the spoils of war they would receive would be nothing more than mandrake fruits soaked in fresh blood, poorly made bone maces and stone hammers, and something that the Blood Hoof warriors did not even care about: so-called “armor” that was made of tree bark and bone chips.

As for the military exploits that the Blood Hoof warriors valued the most—suppressing the rat population—what kind of military exploit could that be?

In the future, when they boasted about their martial arts in the taverns and casinos, they would not be able to use the example of suppressing the rat population to prove their valor, would they?

Not to mention, the rat population that had gone mad really seemed to be possessed by demons. It was quite tricky.

More than a dozen Blood Hoof warriors had disappeared into the chaotic and noisy rat tide.

Like all Turan warriors, the Blood Hoof warriors were not afraid of death.

However, it was one thing to die by the hands of the Gold Clan’s powerhouses or the land of Holy Light’s mages.

It was another thing to die by the hands of the lowly rat subjects.

The former was a glorious sacrifice.

The latter was a curse that was even scarier than death!

No one could bear the humiliation of having their soul fly up the sacred mountain with the other sacrifices after their death, only to be discovered by the ancestral spirits on the sacred mountain that they had actually died in the hands of the rats, and then kicked down from the clouds into the abyss.

Since there was no benefit in actively attacking, it might instead bring about the humiliation of eternal damnation.

No matter how strong their limbs were and how cruel their temperament was, the Blood Hoof warriors would quickly calm down and settle the score.

They did not want to continue fighting with the rat militia.

Instead, they wanted to join in the pursuit of the temple thieves and retrieve the stolen treasure.

However, the two sides had already come into contact. It was even more shameful for the criminals to run away without fighting against the rat militia. It was not something they, who did not have a background, could bear.

Therefore, they had always been doing their duty and advancing slowly and steadily.

At this moment, they were so close to each other that they were emitting the aura of an ancient supreme treasure. It was like the last straw that broke the camel's back.

"With a great enemy in front of us, we naturally can't leave the north of the city. However, the aura of an ancient supreme treasure is emanating from nearby. If we go over to check it out, it can't be considered a violation of military orders, right?"

"Of course not. It is very likely that we will find the temple thieves by following the aura of the ancient treasure. Is it more important for the ordinary rat citizens or temple thieves?"

"The ordinary rat citizens are all blocked here. It's impossible for them to break out of the siege in such a short time. However, the temple thieves are few in number and mysterious. If we let them slip away and take a lot of the treasures in Black-corner City, none of us will be able to bear the responsibility!"

The extremely good reason instantly raised all the courage and fighting spirit in the Blood Hoof warriors.

It made them turn their spearheads without hesitation and pounce towards the direction where the ancient treasure was emitting totem power.

Following that, a farce that had happened dozens of times in Black-corner City was repeated again.

When this Blood Hoof warrior squad pounced on the place where the ancient treasure was emitting totem power, they happened to bump into another squad that came looking for them with murderous intent.

It was a squad that had been born and bred in Black-corner City.

But there were only three of them.

The two sides met on a narrow path. They stared at each other, and the atmosphere was a little awkward for a moment.

Perhaps, if they were given more time to evaluate each other's strength, they could come to a friendly agreement, such as "Two for one, five for five."

However, just when they were caught off guard and their nerves were stretched to the limit, and they were even on edge, the walls on both sides of the street that they were in, which had been hit by the explosion and scorched by the flames, suddenly collapsed.

For a moment, gravel flew everywhere and dust covered everyone's sight.

In the chaos, the sharp whistling of blades could be heard.

Someone screamed, and blood blossomed in the dust.

"They've made their move!"

No one knew who had shouted those words, which sounded like a curse.

It made the two groups of Blood Hoof warriors pull out their weapons as if they were possessed, and they pounced on each other when they were supposed to fight side by side.

