

Oh My God 1111

Chapter 1111: Taking Over the Battlefield

The repeated “miracles” finally forged the false beliefs of the rat people into wills of steel, making them dare to withstand the flying internal organs and broken limbs of their companions. They launched a charge toward the clan warriors who were unafraid of death.

Blue veins were popping out of their skin, and their incomparably ferocious faces made them seem like the vengeful souls of countless people who had been bullied, oppressed, and massacred for thousands of years.

The morale of the centaur warriors was even lower than before.

Although such a shameful thing as being killed by the rat subjects had not happened yet...

Many of them were surrounded by the rat tide, and bloody wounds appeared on their bodies at a speed visible to the naked eye. It was a fact of despair.

In the end, Meng Chao and Ice Storm attacked four more “prey” in a row.

The crazy rat tide swarmed forward, tearing these guys into pieces, including their skin and bones.

It got to the point that the heads of the centaur warriors, who died with grievance, were kicked around by the rat people like rubber balls.

Only then did the remaining centaur warriors find an opportunity to activate their totem armor.

When the mysterious and complicated runes that had been engraved surged with tyrannical and unparalleled flames of war, the totem armor emitted the roars of fierce beasts. It was as if the armor had been forged by death himself, covering every inch of the centaur warriors’ strong flesh and blood. These pursuers who could not tell whether they were “hunters” or “prey” finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Their faces, which had yet to recover from the shock, once again revealed an incomparable viciousness and brutality.

Driven by their totem armor, they brandished long-handled war hammers and the two-handed great swords, turning into burning tornadoes with a speed and strength that had increased by several times.

The rat people who were close by were all sucked into it and torn into pieces by the storm.

The totem warriors used this method to vent their anger and fear to their heart’s content.

Following that, with their leader at the forefront, more than ten totem warriors finally carved out a bloody path and rushed out of the grass where the rats were gathered, gaining valuable breathing space a few hundred meters away.

The centaur warriors who were still stuck in the grass gradually regained their footing after activating their totem armor as well.

One had to admit that after equipping the ultimate single soldier equipment developed by the ancient Turan people with incredible military technology, the professional warriors put aside their arrogance and went all out.

It was definitely not something that the rat subjects, who had not received professional training, could withstand.

Not only were the swords and sabers in their hands wreathed in raging flames, but they were three to four arms longer than before. When they waved the weapons, they could almost cover a radius of ten meters. The centaurs chopped the rat people and even the weeds into pieces.

Just from the iron hoofs trampling on the ground, the shocking killing intent compressed the air and exploded with an overwhelming shock wave that crashed into the rat people's chests.

It was enough to crack their bone armor, dent their leather armor, and shake out mouthfuls of blood.

However, the totem warriors were not in a hurry to attack because, not far behind them, the leader's dozen or so companions had already started running for the second time.

Equipping and not equipping one's totem armor were two completely different situations when charging.

If the centaur warriors who had charged in the first round were like a flood that had broken through a dam...

Then, the totem warriors who were currently armed to the teeth with heavy armor and launching a crushing charge were like a super tsunami that was rarely seen in a hundred years, with violent waves more than ten meters high.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dozens of iron hoofs stomped on the grassland, and it sounded like thousands of horses galloping along with thunder exploding.

The furious fighting will of the rats seemed to have crashed into a wall of ice that covered the sky and the Earth, and they were discouraged.

At that moment, the effects of the divine medicine bestowed by the Rat God had passed its peak in the rat people's bodies.

The adrenaline burst brought by the stimulant also brought extremely serious side effects. It was burning their blood vessels and nerves like flowing magma, making them exhausted and suffering at the same time.

Some of the rat people's skin was as red as a cooked lobster. Steamy heat was released from every pore on their body, and their sweat vaporized before it could condense on their skin.

Some of the rat subjects were suffering from the pain of having their hearts pierced by thousands of arrows and their internal organs burned. They curled up on the ground again, foaming at the mouth and twitching all over.

Some of the rat subjects burned out all of their life potential in the extreme excitement of the killing. They closed their eyes and stopped breathing in the crazy laughter.

Even the rat subjects who had strong bodies and luckily survived the side effects of the divine medicine were not as excited as before. It was impossible for them to withstand the second wave of charge from the centaur warriors.

Now, it was up to Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

“A total of thirteen centaur warriors equipped with totem armor? How challenging!”

Meng Chao licked his lips, the corners of his mouth curling up impatiently.

It was different from the chaos in Black-corner City, where he would fish in troubled waters and take advantage of the situation.

On the sky-sinking grassland, there were not so many broken walls and underground tunnels that he could hide in and pass through.

The pursuers also worked together. There was no contradiction that he could use.

If he wanted to escape, he had to defeat this group of opponents who had been weakened to the extreme in a fierce battle where the brave would win!

Meng Chao activated his life magnetic field and pushed his perception to the limit.

He instantly took in all the information around the battlefield.

He noticed that most of the rat people, including the old bear skin and the round bone club, were exhausted and disoriented.

In addition, the centaur knight’s “rocket” had lit up part of the grass. Although the fire did not spread because the grass was very wet, it ignited thick smoke, further obscuring the rat people’s sight.

None of the rat subjects had yet to notice his presence.

“Then from now on, take over the entire battlefield!”

Meng Chao jumped up from the grass again.

This time, he unscrupulously released an incomparably violent killing intent.

The mud that was wrapped around the totem armor instantly splashed, shattered, and evaporated.

On the surface of the shiny black armor, there were circles of dark red ripples that continuously rippled and gradually became bright, as if it was tearing the earth apart and spewing out magma from the depths of the Earth’s crust.

Very soon, a large amount of liquid metal-like substances were extracted from the mysterious alternate dimension.

Meng Chao’s totem armor continued to widen and thicken. His two scythes that were as thin as cicada wings also transformed into war hammers that were mounted directly on the front end of his gauntlets.

The overall style of his armor changed from that of a black cheetah with wings to a fanged beast, a charging rhinoceros.

In the blink of an eye, his totem armor that had just been fully upgraded changed from the first form of the Grim Reaper's Scythes to the second form of the Demon Subduing War Hammers!

The two war hammers collided fiercely in front of his chest, creating sparks that could rival a thousand riders fearlessly. Meng Chao grinned and pounced on the centaur warrior that was closest to him.

Although this centaur warrior could not keep up with his leader's pace, pulling away and speeding up...

He had also activated his totem armor in time.

He was waving a millstone-sized war ax, raising a huge wave of blood and flesh.

Meng Chao had a hundred ways to deal with this huge ax.

He chose the simplest and most violent one.

Boom!

His war hammer struck the sharpest point of the ax blade opposite him without any deviation.

Sparks flew everywhere and a deafening explosion sounded.

The giant ax, which was more than half-a-palm thick, was shattered by Meng Chao.

The spirit energy around Meng Chao also flowed into the centaur warrior's body through the cracks on the surface of the ax and through its handle like a mudslide.

From the centaur warrior's arm to his shoulder blade and then to his chest, it was like thunder rumbling nonstop.

The explosion made him cough out blood, and the battle ax flew out of his hand.

Meng Chao took advantage of the situation and jumped up. Borrowing the force from the falling battle ax, he somersaulted and rode on the centaur warrior's back.

His weight was naturally not something that the rat people could compare to.

With a little strength from his gluteal muscles, the centaur warrior sensed the presence of a battle hammer that was covered in spikes, surrounded by electric arcs, and even burned red. It ruthlessly smashed into the middle of his spine.

Not to mention, his internal organs were about to be squeezed out by Meng Chao's two legs that were like iron pincers.

The fearful centaur warrior subconsciously jumped and struggled, trying to throw Meng Chao off his back.

However, while Meng Chao flew onto the horse, he had changed the form of his totem armor, turning the two war hammers that were connected to his arm armor into chains and sharp blades.

Crash!

Two chains engraved with dense cuneiform characters wrapped around the centaur warrior's neck from behind. After crossing each other, they circled once again.

Then, Meng Chao grabbed the chains tightly. Using his elbow as a fulcrum, he pressed against the centaur warrior's back and pulled hard.

The chains instantly embedded themselves into the centaur warrior's neck.

It was so tight that the cervical vertebrae made "ka ka" sounds.

The channel through which the oxygen entered his body was completely locked by Meng Chao's strange strength.

One had to know that a centaur had two body cavities and two internal circulation systems.

The consumption of oxygen reached a very shocking level.

The only channel through which the oxygen could enter was the upper body's trachea.

When this channel was completely locked by Meng Chao, the centaur warrior only struggled for a moment before his brain was deprived of oxygen. He saw stars and descended into darkness.

For a moment, he could no longer see anything.

In his panic, he could only try his best to charge forward, driven by his desire to survive.

However, the centaur warrior, who had been deprived of most of his senses, did not know that the spirit energy around Meng Chao's body was using the vibration of his vitality magnetic field to fully invade his two vertebrae.

The scaling of the chains interfered with his muscle twitching, causing him to change direction unknowingly. From a forty-five-degree angle, he crashed into the heavy armored cavalry that was launching the second round of charge.

From jumping up, riding, to completely controlling the opponent's route, it only took Meng Chao a few breaths.

In the span of these few breaths, the centaur leader had brought the other twelve heavily-armored cavalry troops and increased their speed to the limit.

Just as they were about to turn into raging waves and devour all the rat people, they never expected the first person to block their to actually be one of their own, who was jumping crazily!

Chapter 1112: Catching the Thief and the King

Boom!

Meng Chao rode on the centaur knight and crashed into the iron-armored knight from the right at a forty-five-degree angle.

It was like a locomotive colliding with a high-speed train.

Their speeds were pushed to the limit and magnified to the point of no return, turning into a shockwave that was visible to the naked eye.

That was because Meng Chao had initiated his attack from the opponent's flank, and he did not have to worry about injuring himself at all.

With the crazy stimulation of his spirit energy, he was able to release an extremely terrifying impact on the centaur warrior under him.

He actually knocked the first armored heavy rider flying into the air.

It triggered a chain reaction, which knocked, tripped, and blocked the charge of seven or eight centaur warriors.

The centaur warriors were instantly thrown into chaos as their bodies fell to the ground.

The seemingly unstoppable charge of heavy armor was seriously disrupted by Meng Chao just like that.

But it was far from the end.

To catch a gang of thieves, one had to first catch the leader. Meng Chao understood that even though his and Ice Storm's totem armor had been upgraded, it would still be a little strenuous to directly battle dozens of clan warriors, who were also wearing totem armor.

Not to mention, there was a large number of pursuers scattered across the entire sunken grassland.

Once Meng Chao observed the burning flames of battle there, he sensed an extremely unstable spirit energy storm.

Reinforcements could appear at any time and kill them.

Therefore, interrupting the second wave of the enemy's charge was not Meng Chao's ultimate goal.

The unlucky centaur warrior under him crashed into his companion, causing his muscles and bones to be broken and his flesh, as well as blood, to fly everywhere.

Meng Chao used his strong inertia to soar into the air like a huge bird and pounced on the centaur leader whom he had locked onto.

The centaur leader was also an expert who had survived hundreds of battles.

He had been stabbed from the side by one of his own people. However, he had only been slightly distracted for a second before he relied on his exquisite skills to leap over the threat. It was as if he was dancing on the edge of a blade.

While he was still flying in the air, the centaur leader was keenly aware that Meng Chao was his greatest threat.

He wisely let go of his long spear that was not conducive for close combat. He pulled out two machetes that were both offensive and defensive from his back, and a ball of snow-white blade light surged around his body.

It was like a bright silver armor that covered the totem armor.

However, in the face of a monster like Meng Chao, these actions were all in vain.

“Whoosh! Whoosh!”

The two heavy chain blades forged from the blazing war hammers, the Skull Crushers, were like giant pythons that had opened their bloody mouths and spewed magma from the depths of their throats continuously. They bit at the centaur leaders’ two scimitars ferociously.

Before the light from the scimitars could pierce through the gaps in the centaur leader’s armor, the sharp whistling of the blades that were tearing through the air pierced the centaur leader’s ears first. It reached into his ear canal, which had helped to maintain his balance.

The centaur leader only felt a slight tingling pain in the depths of the ear canal, followed by the world spinning, and he almost lost his balance.

With that small distraction, his two scimitars were tightly entangled by Meng Chao’s chain blade.

Meng Chao also used the pull of the chain blade to quickly shorten the distance between them.

Before his opponent could react, he bent his knees and applied all the weight of his body, surging spirit energy, and unparalleled kinetic energy onto his knees.

Covered by the totem armor, his knees, which were as hard as iron, smashed heavily into his opponent’s chest armor like a railway gun!

Although both sides were equipped with totem armor, Meng Chao’s totem armor had already unlocked the extremely violent third form of the Skull Crushers.

Not only was the armor crisscrossed with hot magma flowing down, but two thick and hard collision horns protruded out of its two knee guards.

Complicated cuneiform characters were carved on the collision horns, which could trigger multiple functions, including armor-piercing, thrusting, and high-frequency oscillation.

In addition, Meng Chao took the initiative to attack from a high vantage point, and he caught the centaur warrior off guard.

Immediately, two shocking pits were blasted on the centaur leader’s chest plate.

With spirit energy as hot as magma, it surged crazily into the centaur warrior’s heavily compressed chest cavity from the broken chest plate.

The centaur leader only felt as if a volcano that had been dormant for thousands of years was erupting in his chest.

He wanted to let out a heart-wrenching scream.

Yet, his throat was blocked by balls of burning flesh and blood.

He had no choice but to forcefully swallow them back because he was afraid that once he could not hold it in, broken pieces of lungs and heart would spurt out of his mouth!

However, the ends of two chains that looked like giant pythons and sharp blades that protruded like fangs were more dangerous than having his sternum burst and his heart, as well lungs, invaded by spirit energy.

After all, centaurs had two chest cavities and two hearts.

Even if the heart in the upper half of his body exploded, the giant heart that was placed horizontally in the horse's body could still continue pumping blood to all parts of his body.

But there was only one cervical vertebra.

There was only one head supported by the cervical vertebra.

Meng Chao's two chain blades intersected, forming a huge pair of scissors. However, they were perfectly balanced, and they were held at the centaur leader's neck.

The centaur leader would never have thought that Meng Chao's skills in controlling the chain blades would be terrifying to such an unbelievable degree.

In just a split second, the two chain blades had pulled away from the entanglement with his scimitars. The chain wrapped around his neck, and the blade was positioned in the most advantageous position to exert force. A series of dazzling sparks were produced from the friction with his neck guard.

Thankfully, his totem armor was thicker than two fingers. It completely covered every inch of his skin, especially around the vital parts of his neck, where it was exceptionally thick.

If it were not for that, Meng Chao might have chopped his head cleanly off!

It was true that the surface of his totem armor was constantly overflowing with light, transferring more liquid metal-like substances to the neck guard and increasing the defense around his cervical vertebra, carotid artery, and trachea.

Despite that, he could still feel strands of murderous intent that were hotter and more violent than lava repeatedly ravaging his cervical vertebra.

The centaur leader growled.

His two scimitars stabbed, twisted, and pulled at Meng Chao's chains.

He tried to compete with Meng Chao's brute force, and both sides were trying their best in a game of tug of war. The chains and Meng Chao's arms were being forcefully pulled apart.

It was not because centaur leader believed that his brute force was stronger than Meng Chao's.

It was because if both sides tried their best to pull at each other, there would definitely be a short period of stalemate.

Even if his absolute strength was weaker than Meng Chao's, he would not be completely subdued by Meng Chao in the blink of an eye.

Next to him, the armored heavy cavalrymen, who had been knocked around by their companions, climbed up one after another.

If they were given a few moments to catch their breath, a dozen armored heavy cavalymen would be able to surround this ghostly enemy who seemed like a crazy devil!

Unexpectedly, just as the centaur leader went all out, Meng Chao suddenly let go and gave up on the chain blade.

The centaur leader had focused all his attention on his chest and neck. He was already prepared to have a tough fight with Meng Chao.

His power that was like a flood suddenly failed. It was so overwhelming that even his whole body staggered forward.

Meng Chao displayed an agility that was completely betrayed his heavy armor.

Like a kite that had been magnified a hundred times, he flipped onto the centaur leader's back.

Before he could sit still, his two elbows hit the centaur leader's spine like two war hammers.

The terrifying part of his totem armor was that it could be molded into a new form according to its owner's wishes at any time.

For example, Meng Chao's elbow guard now had the same high protruding collision angle on his knee guard.

The thunderous knee strike from earlier had already caused the centaur leader's sternum to crack and his chest to be severely compressed.

As a result, he could not breathe properly and the oxygen content in his blood dropped rapidly, greatly affecting his motor functions.

That prevented him from responding effectively to Meng Chao's sudden attack.

A few ear-piercing explosions could be heard. The armor on the centaur's back had also sunk deep into the ground, squeezing his spine until it was clearly deformed.

Meng Chao's attack was not over yet.

His elbows were like a recoilless cannon that fired consecutively. He moved along the centaur leader's spine and blasted out dozens of powerful elbow strikes from the top down.

Not only did it cause the centaur leader's back armor to be riddled with holes, it also compressed his spine until it bent nonstop.

The centaur leader finally could not help but spit out blood.

However, he did not have the time or courage to look at the sticky substance that he had spat out.

Meng Chao's series of attacks, which were reminiscent of piling stakes, completely demolished the centaur leader's fighting spirit.

Only a sliver of luck remained to maintain the centaur leader's spirit defense that was on the verge of collapse.

His enemy had no weapons in hand.

It would be impossible to kill him in a breath with bare hands.

But, he was wrong.

Meng Chao indeed did not have any weapons, while he did.

The leather quiver that hung diagonally from his waist was filled to the brim. It had been made by the craftsmen, witch doctors, and priests in the Centaur Clan. It was inlaid with crystals, engraved with runes, and blessed by the ancestral spirits, so the arrows were incomparably powerful.

Just then, Meng Chao pulled the quiver off his waist.

Without even looking at them, he casually took out four or five glittering arrows.

Originally, the arrows had to be activated by their owner in order to release the strongest and most stable qualities.

Meng Chao did not care at all, though. He just poured his most violent spirit energy into the quiver.

The offensive spirit magnetic field sealed in the arrows was immediately activated.

It made four or five arrows burn fiercely. Electric arcs surrounded them, and they let out shrill cries that tore through the air.

Before the arrows completely lost control and exploded into pieces, Meng Chao stabbed them deeply into the joints of the centaur leader's two vertebrae, one horizontal and one vertical.

That was also the most vulnerable point where the human body and horse body fused together.

The armor there had been shattered by Meng Chao's consecutive elbow strikes, and it was raised high up.

The centaur's broken bones were exposed, and his flesh was covered in blood.

Those four or five arrows met almost no resistance.

They were easily stuck in the joint between the two vertebrae.

Then, they released the most brutal destructive power.

Chapter 1113: Detonated Fear

The arrow that was supposed to release all its spirit power after flying hundreds of meters instantly blew up in its owner's spine.

Flames, electric arcs, clusters of ice crystals, and wind blades exploded.

Even though the centaur leader's bones had been tempered to the point that they were as hard as steel, they could not withstand the torrents of destruction that raged inside his body.

At this point, the totem armor that completely covered his body brought even greater damage to him instead.

When the destructive spirit energy exploded from his body and collided with the totem armor, he was unable to release it.

The energy could only return the way it came from and rammed into his chest and abdomen again, causing secondary damage.

From the outside, only his totem armor could be seen. Time and time again, it bulged from the inside, creating ugly bumps all over.

However, no one could see that his upper human body had exploded, burned, and frozen behind the armor!

Meng Chao still did not stop.

He was like a war machine driven by unlimited energy.

Only when the last cell of his target was completely destroyed would he stop his crushing blows.

He took out more arrows from the centaur leader's quiver.

He inserted them one by one along the two sides of the spine that belonged to the horse half.

If the prior bombardment on the centaur leader's upper body had been as rough as it could be, at this moment, Meng Chao was displaying the intricacies and precision of a top reaper to the fullest.

He waved the other party's arrows gently as if he was playing with a few feathers.

These "feathers" silently drilled into the sides of his opponent's spine through the cracks in his armor.

Right then, the centaur leader was still in a state where his throat was locked by the chain blade and his brain was severely deprived of oxygen.

His upper human body had been broken into several pieces by Meng Chao's elbow and the explosion of the arrows. It lost the function of supporting the body, and his nerves could no longer transmit electrical signals.

His brain had lost control of his lower warhorse body, and he had turned into a puppet without a soul. He was overwhelmed by the arrows that Meng Chao kept inserting into his body.

Meng Chao had made use of his experience in dissecting countless monsters.

He had figured out the centaur's physiological structure long ago.

His spirit energy flowed into both sides of the centaur's spine through the arrows and turned into biological electricity, stimulating the centaur's nerve endings repeatedly.

The centaur leader became his "mount" too. He galloped crazily and crashed into the heavily armored knights who had just gotten up and barely regained their balance.

"This is..."

All the heavily armored knights were dumbfounded when they saw their leader charging at them under the enemy's command.

The leader was known as the Shock Wave in his clan. His most famous battle record was of the time he accelerated to his maximum speed during a conflict between the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan. He had knocked away seven tiger warriors in one go.

How could such a vicious person be suppressed by the enemy and be treated as a “mount”?

All the centaur warriors could not believe their eyes.

However, they had to believe it when their leader crashed into them. Their tendons and bones were broken, while their brains and organs were simultaneously displaced. The pain was intense.

Receiving a double blow to their souls and flesh, the battle formation that had just been formed was once again broken apart.

Meanwhile, Meng Chao continued to sit on the leader’s back. His totem armor was surging with magma as if seven burning giant dragons were coiled around his body. The awe-inspiring mysterious warrior appeared even more unstoppable, and he turned into red-hot iron, deeply branding his image on the centaur warriors’ cerebral cortex.

It made their brains boil, and every brain cell let out a scream of extreme fear.

Just like that, Meng Chao went on a rampage and swept through everything, knocking over more than a dozen armored heavy cavalymen in one go.

The centaur leader could no longer take the abuse. His four lower limbs buckled at the same time, and he fell to the ground with a loud thud.

Meng Chao was already prepared. He leaped into the air and landed steadily in front of the centaur leader.

At first glance, it looked like the centaur leader was kneeling and prostrating himself before him.

Unfortunately, Meng Chao was not his god.

At best, he could only be his death god.

As he made a light hooking gesture with his finger, two giant python-like chains were raised high. They darted back like lightning and wrapped around Meng Chao’s arms again.

He exerted force into his arms and tightened the chains. The two heavy chain blades, which had been forged by the Skull Crushers, locked the centaur leader’s head in place, with one blade in front and one behind.

“Die!” Meng Chao shouted. The chain blades emitted a scarlet light, and the centaur leader’s head was blown up into the air by a gorgeous blood column.

The rain of blood fell on Meng Chao’s head like a waterfall. His battle flames burned it and turned it into a blood mist that puffed nonstop. It further accentuated his strength and terror.

Meng Chao retracted his chain blade and flicked away the remaining blood stains on it. He did not even look at the bloody corpses anymore.

His sharp eyes were like crescent sabers that swept across the throats of every heavily armored knight.

All the centaur warriors, whom he stared at, felt a chill run down their spines.

The Bomb of Fear that had been implanted deep in their brains was detonated immediately.

That's right, this was Meng Chao's trump card.

His mental attack was far from over.

As the name implied, the Bomb of Fear had to be detonated using fear.

When the two sides first clashed, Meng Chao's sudden burst of killing intent could managed to shock the centaur warriors, but it was far from scaring the other party to the point where their mental defenses collapsed.

Even if he could implant the information about the Rat God into the centaur warriors' brains, it would be impossible for him to destroy their brains extensively.

But now, it was another time.

In the blink of an eye, he had subdued and seemingly killed the centaur leader.

All the surviving centaur warriors felt the earth-shattering shock.

The terrifying brainwaves interfered with each other, infected each other, and escalated. Finally, they broke through the critical point of collapse.

When Meng Chao once again pushed his brainwaves to the limit and created a brand new illusion. But the difficulty of blasting the illusion into the centaur warriors' brain region was reduced by more than ten times.

The centaur warriors once again saw the Big-horned Rat God.

This time, it was no longer a shining golden shadow standing on the clouds.

Instead, it was standing above their heads with a bloodthirsty saber pointed at the center of their brows.

They saw every pattern on the ferocious horns atop the Rat God's head.

They also saw the corner of the Rat God's mouth with his skull mask curled up into an extremely cruel smile.

They even saw the Rat God waving his saber and mercilessly splitting open his heavenly façade.

From the edge of the saber came the raging fury of countless rat people over the past tens of millions of years, burning all their brains that had been splattered into nothingness.

Combined with the deep memories of the chaos in Black-corner City yesterday, they felt as if the entire city had been turned upside down.

"The Rat God truly exists. We are making an enemy out of an incomparably powerful, tyrannical, and angry ancestral spirit." The knowledge was like a flood or a ferocious beast, instantly breaking through their mental defenses.

No one knew who was the first to let out a hysterical scream.

The headless centaur warriors turned around one after another, desperately running away.

Once the “invincible” lie was torn to shreds, the centaur warriors who had personally buried their pride and glory were no different from the fleeing rat people.

Looking at their fleeing figures, Meng Chao finally let out a long sigh under the totem battle armor filled with killing intent.

“These idiots...”

He sneered.

The centaur leader was definitely not as weak as he appeared on the surface.

In order to create the illusion of being “overwhelmed,” Meng Chao even threw out the Skull Crushers that he had just obtained as bait.

In an instant, he activated his life magnetic field to its limit, causing a severe backlash to his brain and organs.

Just as the centaur leader felt that his internal organs were on fire, Meng Chao was also suffering from a heart-wrenching pain.

If the remaining centaur warriors could gather their “bravery” and “glory,” they would still be able to group together and charge at Meng Chao without a leader.

Meng Chao, who had been arrogant just a moment ago, would probably have no choice but to run away with his tail between his legs.

Unfortunately, there were no ifs on the battlefield where the winner was the king and the loser was the enemy.

The fleeing centaur warriors were all scared out of their wits. They were all in a state of panic.

They could not organize their retreat formation at all. They had lost their awareness of covering each other. They did not even have time to observe their allies’ positions.

That gave Meng Chao and Ice Storm the golden opportunity to break them one by one.

Before Meng Chao recovered from the negative effects of the backlash of his spirit energy, Ice Storm had already transformed into a silver bolt of lightning and pounced forward like a wolf or a tiger.

Her Platinum Ripper rose and fell like a rabbit in the grass, continuously pouncing on the centaur warriors who were at the very back.

No matter how large and majestic the centaur warriors’ bodies were, once they were dragged into the depths of the grass by the platinum-forged cheetah.

Soon, there would be bursts of blood like fireworks, followed by a few messy and short screams.

Then, all sounds would be cut off.

Such an attack made the centaur warriors running at the front even more afraid.

And the fear continued to spread, like a mental bomb being detonated repeatedly, completely eliminating the last possibility of them regrouping.

As the intensity of the brainwave concussion continued to increase, the brains of many centaur warriors underwent organic mutations. In return, they lost the management of their sense of balance and direction.

They were disoriented and panicked. They darted around in the bushes like headless flies.

A few unlucky fellows actually circled back to the area where Meng Chao was.

What greeted them was Meng Chao, who had gotten rid of the backlash from his spirit energy, and he regained control of his vitality magnetic field with a smile on his face.

As for the Skull Crushers in his hands that seemed to be hungry...

This time, the two newly-made heavy chain blades finally got their wish.

They had become veritable Skull Crushers.

Just like that, like two giant scythes in the hands of the god of death, Meng Chao and Ice Storm gradually shrank the range of their sweep from the left and right wings. They reaped the lives of the centaur warriors as if they were cutting grass.

When the two death blades came together, there were only a few centaur warriors in front of them who were still running away.

Chapter 1114: Important Information

With the battle situation developing to this point, Meng Chao and Ice Storm were not in a hurry to kill all their pursuers.

In fact, the centaur warriors, who had their hearts torn apart and their spiritual defenses completely collapsed, were able to find more companions in a daze and spread their fear like a virus.

It was more beneficial for the rat people to break out of the encirclement than directly destroy their flesh and blood.

Besides, Meng Chao also hoped to reveal an important piece of information to the powerhouses who controlled the Blood Hoof Clan through the mouths of these pursuers.

Therefore, they slowed down and calmly searched for a suitable "mouth" in the trembling grass.

Soon, they found their target.

...

Spark never imagined that a regular hunting trip would turn into a nightmarish massacre.

This young, handsome, tall centaur warrior had just completed his coming of age ceremony not long ago.

It was the first time he had ever followed his elder brother and the warrior, whom the tribe worshipped the most, to carry out a mission.

When he first stepped onto the empty grassland, the eager young man was still muttering that the mission was not satisfactory—even if he killed all the rat people, what was there to brag about?

For a warrior like him who could step on four dazzling Sparks with his four iron hoofs, he should be facing the tiger warriors from the Gold Clan, as well as the mages and night watchers from the land of Holy Light directly.

As expected, the few battles yesterday had simply been a game of cat and mouse. There had been no challenging duels, and even a novice like him could not muster up the slightest fighting spirit.

Even if he had skinned and pulled out the tendons of the rat subjects, who had surrendered at night, and forced them to dance on the red-hot sabers and swords while they were still alive, they would still be alive.

Such an ingenious performance could not have extinguished Spark's dejection.

If only time could be reversed...

Now, Spark really wanted to stay in that boring and peaceful yesterday forever instead of the ridiculous present!

His elder brother was dead, and his leader was dead.

All of them had died in the most painful way at the hands of that demon covered in lava!

There had been twenty to thirty heavily armored cavalymen in totem armors. Even if they had encountered a battle team formed by hundreds of clan warriors, they could have still relied on force of impact alone to crush their enemy with brute force.

However, they had been instantly torn into pieces by the raging flames spurted out by the demon.

When the demon shot a lightning-like gaze at him from afar, Spark, who should have been a newborn calf that was not afraid of tigers, only felt all the blood and courage in his body being sucked dry. He actually did not have the courage to look at the other party, not even for a second!

The phantom image of the Big-horned Rat God that kept appearing before Spark's eyes was even more terrifying.

Sparkle had long heard about the Rat God's existence.

Like all the noble, glorious, and proud clan warriors, he had no interest in the self-comforting jokes of the dirty rats.

While Black-corner City had been turned upside down by the rat subjects, he had not seen the city's miserable state with his own eyes.

It was because Spark and his clansmen had gathered in the Blood Hoof temple, which was dozens of miles away from Black-corner City, for a practical battle. They had not witnessed Black-corner City's desolation with their own eyes.

They were later ordered to make a long journey across the savannah to intercept the fugitives.

Therefore, Spark did not know how miserably Black-corner City had been ravaged by "the Rat God's ultimate power."

It had been impossible to feel any fear...

Until this moment.

When this ancestral spirit, whose head was covered in monstrous horns and whose face was covered with a skull mask, clearly appeared before Spark without a doubt and gave him a grim smile...

There was no response no matter how much he asked his ancestors for help. He could not banish the Rat God from his vision either.

Ridiculous, fantastic distracting thoughts finally emerged deep in Spark's mind.

Perhaps even the lowly rat people had their own ancestors?

Of course...

No matter how lowly, dirty, or cowardly they were...

The rat people were still members of the Turan warriors.

In the Battle of Glory, they could more or less display a certain amount of combat strength.

When more than ten million years of hatred, anger, and pain converged into mountains and rivers, the rat people's ancestral spirits awakened from the mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

What was so strange about that?

"We are fighting against a group of true warriors who have the blessings of the ancestral spirits!"

This understanding made Spark's soul scatter.

His mind was blank. He could not activate his totem power in the slightest, let alone find the courage to fight the magma demon who was waving his burning chain blades.

On the other hand, endless fear seemed to inject his four lower limbs with surging power, which dragged his extremely stiff upper body as he ran. He ran like crazy, like he was running for his life.

Spark ran across several kilometers in one breath.

When blood spurted out of his nose, his upper and lower chest felt it had been torn apart by explosive barrels filled with dwarfs. Every stream of blood and flesh around his body was twitching like a bolt of lightning.

Only then did he slow down slightly, because his brain was burning and his eyeballs were filled with blood.

The grassland, which was originally verdant, was now scarlet in Spark's eyes.

It was as if the corpses of the rat people whom they had slaughtered last night and the rat people whom the clan warriors had slaughtered in the past tens of millions of years had been buried in the depths of the grassland. In the present, they turned into a source of boiling blood after being compressed and fermented, so scorching blood was spurting out of the ground nonstop.

Sparkle could not tell whether it was hell in a nightmare or a nightmare in hell.

There were no more compatriots around him.

Just then, a shrill scream came from far behind him.

Spark recognized it as Bloody Wings' voice.

This warrior, who was second only to the clan leader, liked to carry two heavy sabers that were longer than four arms on his back.

Whenever he charged at high speed, it was as if he was spreading his wings of death. He could reap hundreds of lives in one breath.

Spark did not expect that even such a warrior would not be a match for the demon who was possessed by the Rat God.

Spark swallowed a mouthful of saliva that was filled with the smell of blood with difficulty.

He twisted his extremely stiff neck inch by inch, wanting to see where the demon had chased him to.

Following that, his pupils suddenly contracted into two needle tips.

The surroundings of the needle tips were all wrapped in raging flames.

A burning spear that was surging with spirit energy suddenly descended from the sky. It emitted an extremely shrill shriek and pierced through his chest, which had yet to be completely covered by his totem armor, nailing him to the ground!

Spark was literally covered by blossoming flowers of fire.

He screamed and struggled in the flames, but because the spear had pierced through his chest and deep into the ground, he was unable to escape the range of the raging flames no matter what.

Even though his totem armor had melted into a liquid metal substance again and flowed continuously to extinguish the flames and repair the tissues of his body...

When the fiery spirit energy invaded his body and burned his lungs and heart, the blood that spurting out of his seven orifices all turned into magma.

Ta! Ta! Ta!

Spark heard the demon's footsteps.

Although his vision was still shrouded in flames and he could not see his surroundings clearly, the demon's heavy footsteps were like a war hammer embedded with spikes. It continuously hammered into his chest, causing his charred heart and lungs to suffer even more severe compression.

The increasingly intense, heart-wrenching pain was the dense aura of death that lingered around the demon's body.

Spark was extremely terrified.

His six limbs seemed to be tightly sealed by invisible shackles.

He could not even move his little finger, much less think of "fighting the demon to death and welcoming a glorious sacrifice."

The only thing Spark could do was lie there quietly, clenching his teeth and not making a single sound.

He disguised himself as a corpse whose heart had been stabbed and burned to a crisp.

The demon's footsteps stopped more than ten steps away from him.

"Good aim."

A bone-chilling voice rang out behind the demon that was flowing with lava.

That person was probably boasting about the spear that had fallen from the sky and almost hit Spark's heart.

Spark was slightly startled before he immediately reacted.

That's right, there should have been two attackers.

Other than the demon who was waving the chain blade and spewing lava...

There was also a fellow who was good at manipulating frost and creating icicles as well as ice blades. She was like a silver lightning bolt.

The demon laughed softly.

He did not care about the spear that had pierced Spark's chest at all.

"We should have killed enough, right?"

The demon spoke to his companion with a deep, mysterious, and strange accent. "There are still some foul fish and rotten prawns left. It's not worth our time. The most important thing is to withdraw from the grasslands as soon as possible and catch up to Sir and the others. Otherwise, if we continue to delay things here and attract more pursuers, we'll be in a bit of trouble."

"Sir?"

Spark endured the pain from his body being burned by the flames, but the pain made his mind exceptionally clear.

He deduced that from the tone of his voice, the demon seemed to be very respectful of this "Sir."

After all, the demon possessed the strength to defeat an entire heavily armored battle team.

What sort of terrifying existence was this “Sir” whom he respected?

Also, why did they have to withdraw from the plains to chase after the “Sir”?

Were all the fugitives not gathered on the empty grassland?

“It’s about time.”

At that moment, another enemy spoke in a bone-chilling voice. “This ambush is enough to incite the fury of the centaurs. In addition to the Minotaurs, wild boar people, and barbarian elephant people who are already beyond control... let these idiots come out in full force and slowly play cat and mouse with the rat people on the empty grassland. As for us...”

Her voice weakened.

No matter how much Spark perked up his ears, he could not hear the second half of her sentence.

Then, the two enemies simultaneously let out triumphant laughter with victory in their hands.

The demon’s footsteps sounded again.

The distance between them and Spark was getting increasingly close.

It was as if the demon was about to pull out the spear that was still burning in his chest.

It was also as if he was about to stomp on his head and completely finalize his death!

Chapter 1115: Busting Out

As the Grim Reaper drew closer and closer, Sparks’ charred heart almost exploded.

However, paralyzed in the flames, he could do nothing.

He could only watch as a blurry figure and the chain blade surrounded by endless killing intent continuously magnify in his field of vision.

Just when he thought that he was going to die for sure, a cry of surprise suddenly came from the bushes not far away.

Following that was the rustling of weeds and the sound of someone running wildly.

It sounded like there was another centaur warrior hiding nearby and holding his breath like Spark, trying to escape the demon’s blade.

However, he seemed to be more rash than Spark.

He thought that the demon’s killing intent was coming straight for him.

He was so scared that he took the initiative to expose himself and fled into the distance in a panic.

The two demons uttered “huh” at the same time.

Sparkle immediately sensed the pressure he was facing reduce greatly.

The tide of death was gradually receding.

Barely opening his eyes from the flames, he saw two bolts of lightning, one red and one white, dragging a winding afterimage and shooting into the distance at an extremely fast speed.

The grim reaper temporarily removed the huge scythe from Spark's neck.

The young centaur warrior could not help but moan and almost burst into tears of joy.

Judging from his appearance, he was still almost pierced through the heart by the spear and nailed to the ground.

Moreover, his body was still wrapped in raging flames. Every part of his body that was not covered by the totem armor was burned to the point that his flesh was split open. Even the white bones inside were burned into black charcoal.

No wonder his two enemies thought that he would die for sure and gave up on attacking him.

Spark was not willing to wait for his death.

The advanced orc's unparalleled vitality played an important role in that critical moment of life and death.

His totem armor also stimulated his endocrine system and released more adrenaline.

More importantly, the centaur had two sets of heart and lung systems.

Even though his heart in the upper part of his body had nearly been pierced through by a javelin, the heart and lung system in the lower half of his body could still pump blood to every corner of his being.

Most importantly, the centaur warrior named Spark was born with a strong affinity for fire.

Just as Ice Storm could not be frostbitten by the frost she condensed.

Spark's resistance to burning flames was also ten times that of an ordinary person.

Under his charred skin and flesh, his cell activity continued to be above the expected level.

In addition to his strong desire to survive, it helped him clench his teeth and pull out the spear that had been deeply embedded in his chest and the earth inch by inch.

"Phew..."

When the last inch of the spear had completely left his chest, Spark let out a sigh of relief.

It was not that there were no benefits to being burned by fire.

At the very least, his wounds were charred, and his blood vessels were barely sealed. He would not faint and die from bleeding.

The centaur warrior struggled to get up from the ground. He tried his best to lower his upper body and look around.

The vast and boundless grassland was like an unfathomable ocean.

The massacre that happened a moment ago was like a small wave that had disappeared into the depths of the ocean without a trace.

He did not see any more of his compatriots or the two enemies who were filled with murderous intent, as though they were gods and demons who had descended on their world.

He felt as if he was the only person in the vast world.

That was good.

Spark did not dare to stay for too long.

He determined his bearings through the rolling clouds in the sky and escaped toward the outer area of the sky-sinking grassland.

On the positive side, he now had a reason to escape openly. No, he had a reason to retreat.

There was no need for him to choose between the honor of a warrior and his precious life.

"I must tell the patriarch and the priest about the conversation between those two enemy attackers!"

Spark thought, "It sounds like the two of them are not stingy with the lives of the rat people. They are deliberately provoking us, hoping that we will continue to fight the rat people in the sky-trapping grassland. They are using the lives of countless rat people to delay us.

"That's right. Those two enemy warriors are so powerful. They must be clan warriors who have received harsh training since childhood.

"How can noble warriors be together with the lowly rat subjects sincerely?"

"They and the lord they are talking about must be using the rat subjects to achieve some unspeakable purpose!"

Spark's eyes glimmered.

He felt that he had benefited from a disaster and accidentally exposed a big secret.

He was definitely not afraid of death.

He was filled with a sacred sense of duty. He had to bring the big secret back to a warm, calm, and safe place!

When the young centaur warrior limped out of the battlefield like a stray dog whose leg had been broken, two heads silently popped out from the bushes behind him.

"Why didn't you tell this kid that the temple thieves were in War Drum Forest just now?"

"Why didn't you tell him?" Ice Storm asked. "Could these two ambiguous conversations really divert the attention of the Blood Hoof warriors from the sky-sinking grassland to the right direction?"

"If the words 'War Drum Forest' are mentioned, it will seem too deliberate. It will arouse the suspicion of the other party instead. It might even backfire.

“It’s not a coincidence,” Meng Chao said. “In any case, there are only two paths from the Blood Hoof Clan’s territory to the north: the sky-sinking grassland and War Drum Forest. It’s either one or the other.

“As long as this kid can relay our conversation to the higher-ups of the Blood Hoof Clan intact, and as long as there are a few strong people who are not so simple-minded among the powerhouses who control the Blood Hoof Clan, it won’t be difficult for them to come to the correct conclusion after a brief consideration.

“After all, we are not lying. The temple thieves indeed escaped through War Drum Forest. The large number of fugitives on the sky-sinking grassland are just bait. It’s impossible to carry out such a strategy without leaving traces.

“As long as the higher-ups of the Blood Hoof Clan can realize this in time, there should still be time to bring some trouble to the temple thieves.

“As you said, the pressure on the sky-sinking grassland will be greatly reduced. We and most of the fugitives will have a chance to break out of the encirclement.”

Ice Storm could not help but laugh. “As for the temple thieves who thought that they were invisible, I’m afraid that they still don’t know that from this moment on, they are the shining bait.

“The Rat God will bless them. Even if he can’t help them defeat the furious pursuers, he can at least help the souls of those who died bravely. He can help them grow shining wings, fly to the Holy Mountain, and enjoy the supreme glory so that they can get what they want!”

Meng Chao laughed and rubbed his hands impatiently. “Come on, let’s count how many good things we have captured in this battle!”

...

When the two of them turned back to look for Old Bearskin, Round Bone Club, and the others, the survivors were still confused.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm took a long time to convince them of the fact that their pursuers had fled in a panic.

Of course, the two of them did not reveal their identities.

Instead, they pushed all the credit to the mysterious Rat God’s emissary.

The fugitives firmly believed this.

After all, other than the Rat God, how could a fully armed totem warrior help them wipe out a heavily armored battle team?

The rat people were ecstatic once again. They rushed to face the sky and worshipped the non-existent Rat God.

Of course, the rat people also revered Meng Chao, who had suggested that everyone set up camp in the same place and fight their pursuers to the death. It was as if he was a psychic.

Every suggestion put forward by Meng Chao was implemented without any discount.

Meng allowed Old Bearskin and Round Bone Club to lead the still-moving fugitives, collecting the weapons, armor and military supplies scattered around the centaur warriors.

As far as the spoils of war, Meng Chao and Ice Storm had plundered them long ago.

After cleaning up the battlefield as fast as they could, they took a short rest and headed north again.

Though many of the fugitives were scarred and exhausted, the fact that they defeated a team of armored cavalry with the “Rat God’s blessing” still made them each a cluster of nerve endings. They were all excited to the extreme, and despite their fatigue and pain, they all flew a hundred and eight thousand miles.

They did not know if it was too heavy a blow to the head, or...

That young centaur warrior had really passed Meng Chao’s carefully woven message to the ears of the Blood Hoof clan elders, causing the latter to turn their attention to War Drum Forest.

In short, the fugitives did not encounter any large-scale pursuers for the next few days.

On the contrary, they had gathered many of their compatriots who had fallen behind.

Of course, many of them were separated during the long journey.

However, they had spread news of the Big-horned Rat God’s arrival and how he had led the fugitives to defeat the centaur warriors on the grassland. It had caused countless rat people to absorb a brand-new power in a moment of despair.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm also left without saying goodbye to Old Bearskin and Bone Club in the dark of night.

The main reason was that this team had experienced a battle where all the pursuers were annihilated, and their battle results were too brilliant.

When they met up with the main forces of the Great Horn Army, they would definitely enter the eyes of the higher-ups and even the masterminds behind the scenes.

Before the secrets about the Rat God and the Great Horn Army were completely cracked, Meng Chao and Ice Storm did not want to reveal their existence.

They still disguised themselves as different rat people and mingled with more than ten groups of fugitives, gathering stragglers and escorting these groups.

Although they did not encounter large-scale heavily armored pursuers again, the light cavalry group made up of seven or eight centaur warriors could still be encountered occasionally.

After deeply adapting to their brand new totem armor, the centaur warriors, who numbered less than double digits, were completely unable to pose a threat to Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

The two of them attacked and annihilated a team of light cavalry.

After cutting the throat of the last centaur warrior, they interrogated and obtained valuable information.

As expected, the centaur warriors' main forces had already withdrawn from the sky-sinking grassland two days ago.

Now, there were only a few rookies who had yet to undergo the coming of age ceremony, as well as the white-haired, old, weak, and disabled who were covered in injuries, still roaming on the grassland.

The order given to them was not to "hunt" but to "expel" them.

It seemed that they only needed to exile the fleeing rat people out of the Blood Hoof Clan's territory.

Chapter 1116: Rift Valley Base

Meng Chao estimated that, compared with his previous life, there were at least hundreds of thousands of rat people who were doomed to die.

Although at the beginning, the panicked escapees were still lost in the depths of the vast grassland, like a plate of loose sand...

As long as the general direction was right and they gritted their teeth and headed north, they would always be able to meet up with more and more companions.

It did not matter even if they ran out of the mandrake fruit that they carried with them.

Compared to the clan warriors, the biggest advantage of the rat people was that they were not picky eaters.

Whether it was wild grass, tree roots, or vegetable seeds, they could temporarily feed the rat people until the day of victory.

Just like that, Meng Chao and Ice Storm mixed in with the wave of fleeing rat people. After walking north for three days and three nights, they finally saw a new transit camp that could accommodate up to ten thousand rat people temporarily.

The walls around the camp were tight.

The elite soldiers and generals guarding the camp also had a strong fighting spirit that was not inferior to the warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan.

With tens of thousands of rat people gathered there, even the regular battle groups in the Blood Hoof Clan would not be able to easily crush them.

Meng Chao finally had a good sleep.

He saw the Big-horned Rat God again in his dream.

In the previous dream, the majestic and murderous Rat God had become kind-looking this time, and his body was filled with a warm smile.

Amidst the flowers, applause, and bright sunshine, Meng Chao received the Rat God's approval and blessing.

In a trance, it was as if there was a voice congratulating him for finally passing the arduous trial and officially becoming a member of the Great Horn Army.

After waking up, Meng Chao heard countless excited cheers and excited cries around him.

He knew that all the rat people had the same dream.

This was naturally the doing of the priests of the Great Horn Army.

The Great Horn Army seemed to have gathered a large group of spirit experts who were good at sneaking into dreams and bewitching people.

Using the blessings in the dream, they firmly tied all the rat people to the Great Horn Army's chariot.

In the shortest amount of time, they had trained these mobs who could not see any hope into true warriors who dared to fight against their former masters.

It was worth mentioning that even the achievements of Meng Chao and Ice Storm had become propaganda materials for the Great Horn Army.

Through the mouths of old bear skin, round bone club, and the others, the Battle of wiping out the heavy armored cavalry had spread across the entire sunken grassland.

Every batch of rat people who arrived at the transit camp had heard a completely different but equally exaggerated version.

Some of the rat people swore that they were at the scene at that time and saw the big-horned rat god appear from the bloody clouds with their own eyes. They stretched out their hands and sent two heavenly soldiers and generals to the human world in a crushing manner, they cut the insufferably arrogant heavy armored cavalry into two halves and burned them into ashes.

Some rat people spat on the ground and said that when they saw the emissary of the Rat God, they could summon magma from the ground with a light cough. With a snap of their fingers, icebergs rose from the ground, those Majestic Centaur warriors were scared shitless by the emissary of the Rat God. They couldn't even stand up.

Some people even analyzed that it was because of the Rat God's deterrence that the pursuers didn't dare to be presumptuous.

Otherwise, with so many rat people scattered across the grassland, they were obviously the easiest target to attack. How could they have escaped to this place so smoothly?

The priests from the great horn army listened to the rat people's words with smiles on their faces. Naturally, they would not deny it. Instead, they went with the flow and calmly took all the credit on the head of the Rat God.

Following that, they led the rat people who were completely convinced to praise the Rat God once again.

Meng Chao did not have the intention to compete with the great horn rat god for the credit.

After all, based on the development of his previous life, even if the great horn rat god was majestic and unexcelled,

He was still a skeleton in a tomb that was about to be defeated and destroyed.

It was a pity that millions of rat people.

All the non-humans that they entrusted to them had to be buried with their false beliefs.

After resting for a day and a night in the transit camp, bandaging and treating their injuries, and replenishing their supplies, the rat people continued to set off.

Although everyone had received the recognition of the great horn rat god in their dreams and became glorious soldiers of the Great Horn Army.

However, their treatment did not seem to be much different from the past.

They still formed a 100-man team in a muddle-headed manner and did not have the time to train. They did not know the general of the army, nor did they know the general of the army. They only focused on walking forward.

Their weapons and equipment had not been upgraded. Many of them were still holding wooden sticks that were inlaid with the fangs of ferocious beasts.

Even the food was not entirely mandala fruit.

Instead, the mandala fruit was mixed with grass roots, leaves, and rapeseed. It was boiled and mixed at the same time. After it was mixed into a paste, it was wrapped in huge leaves and sent into their mouths with their eyes closed.

To be honest, this kind of food was much less delicious and nutritious than the delicacies cooked by the rat people in their own homes during the prosperous era.

However, the rat people who survived the disaster did not complain too much.

That was because the priests had already said that the difficulties were temporary.

As long as they could escape from the sunken grassland, they would definitely be able to replenish their best equipment in the camp in the north and enjoy the big fish and meat.

Such a belief encouraged the fugitives to continue moving forward.

Along the way, countless people fell behind.

However, there were also a small number of people who could follow the footsteps of the priests and officers.

Of all the fugitives, they were naturally the ones with the strongest physique and the toughest character. In a sense, they were also the ones with the best luck.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm were among them.

It had been ten days and ten nights since they stepped into the sunken grassland.

They finally drilled out of the boundless green sea and entered the border between the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan, which was filled with thousands of ravines.

Since the underground was filled with spirit veins and spirit energy was constantly seeping in, compared with Earth, the geological structure of the Other World and the regional climate were extremely unstable.

It was very likely that there was a mountain peak that reached into the clouds next to it. The mountain peak was shrouded in clouds and snow all year round.

At the foot of the mountain was an abyss that was filled with the howling of the cold wind. In the abyss, there were streams of magma that flowed freely and converged to form a burning river.

The great Rift Valley north of the sunken plains was such a barren land with barren mountains and rivers.

The terrain here was as if it was ruthlessly kneaded and trampled by the God who created this world. It became fragmented and unbearable to look at.

In the depths of the huge Rift Valley, it was like the veins of leaves, and it extended into the ground through countless small, meandering crevices.

As long as they could solve the problem of food, not to mention hundreds of thousands of people, even if a million soldiers wanted to hide here, it wouldn't be difficult.

Moreover, because the environment there was too harsh, it did not have much strategic value to the Blood Hoof Clan and Gold Clan.

The higher-ups and powerhouses on both sides rarely looked here.

No wonder the Great Horn Army could be nurtured there silently, setting off a storm that was about to engulf the entire image of Orchid Lake.

At this time, hundreds of troops had already arrived at Rift Valley. They followed the meandering crevices in Rift Valley and formed a thin and long red line.

As they gradually went deeper into the bottom of Rift Valley, the sky was gradually compressed by the cliffs on both sides, as if the earth was closing above their heads.

Meng Chao was very puzzled. Where were the priests and officers of the Great Horn Army taking the fugitives? The further they went, the more desolate it felt. No matter what, it didn't seem like a place that could support an army of a million.

However, after going deep into a cave and advancing about 70 to 80 meters underground, accompanied by a refreshing cold wind, Meng Chao's vision suddenly became clear.

It was an underground cave with an unimaginably vast space.

No, it was more like a magical world that was parallel to another world than a 'cave'.

Looking ahead, one could not see the walls or the roof of the cave. There was also no damp, stuffy, and rotten smell that ordinary caves could smell.

Moreover, it was unknown what kind of magical minerals were contained in the rocks that made up the cave. They naturally emitted faint fluorescence, bathing the cave in milky-white light all year round.

The light, which was like a hot spring, moistened the exhausted bodies of the rats, making everyone feel comfortable all over. The pain and weariness disappeared without a trace, making them feel indescribably refreshed.

“The concentration of spirit energy here is so high!

“It’s not inferior to the grotto-heaven paradise in the depths of Monster Mountain Range around Dragon City!

“Such strong spirit energy will certainly activate the extremely vigorous vitality!”

Meng Chao was secretly shocked.

As expected, they saw countless shining creatures that looked like moss, vines, and fungi in the corner of the cave.

All kinds of strange fungus umbrellas and flowers competed with each other, forming a bizarre underground ecosystem.

Many crops obviously had traces of artificial genetic modification, bearing large and full fruits. The strong fragrance stimulated the nose mucous membranes of the mouse people, making everyone’s index fingers move and their gastrointestinal tract squirm endlessly.

When the mandala flower bloomed, the mandala tree would no longer bear fruit for the next ten to twenty years.

These underground creatures became an extremely important source of food.

Apart from that, Meng Chao also found several giant tablets that were neither gold nor wood around the underground ecosystem. They had been eroded for tens of millions of years but remained undamaged. They were engraved with cuneiform characters.

The black giant monuments were carved with golden runes. Colorful, viscous light was flowing on their surfaces.

Meng Chao focused his spirit energy on his retina and his cone cells to activate his super vision. He discovered that the parts of the giant monuments that were exposed to the ground were only one-tenth of their total length.

Nine-tenths of their length was inserted deep into the ground, where the spirit energy was densest.

Meng Chao suddenly realized that the giant steles were like giant “straws.”

Digging deep into the ground where the spirit energy was densest and absorbing the spirit energy into the cave was the only way to create such a flourishing underground ecosystem.

It was obvious that such extraordinary technology was not the work of the Great Horn Army.

It was the creation of the ancient Turans, even more ancient beings, tens or even hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Chapter 1117: Suicidal Strategy

“Do you see this? This is the sacred land that the Big-horned Rat God gave to all the rat people!

“The power of the oldest and purest totem that originates from the pits of the underground can produce enough food for an army of a million!

“With this sacred land, our Great Horn Army will be invincible forever!” the priest wearing the rat skull mask shouted at the top of his voice.

The rat people who had just joined the Great Horn Army had never seen such a magnificent scene deep underground.

They all forgot to breathe, were dazzled, and were so excited that they couldn’t control themselves.

Only Meng Chao remained calm.

He could roughly guess the origin of the Great Horn Army.

It seemed that the ambitious person who had hidden behind the scenes and created the Big-horned Rat God had unintentionally found a vibrant underground cave at the border between the Gold Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan.

Perhaps this unimaginably large underground space is indeed a small world parallel to the other side.

Just as in the heart of the Dragon City, deep in Ruins No. 1, there was a terrifying amount of room for the entire Dragon City.

Perhaps the ambitious man used the techniques he had learned from excavating countless temples, derived from the ancient Turans, to activate an ecosystem that had been sealed for thousands of years in an underground cave.

That allowed him to occupy a position in the gap between the Gold Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan without anyone noticing. Thus, it became the capital he needed to topple the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Of course, based on what Meng Chao saw, just relying on this underground ecosystem was far from enough to support an army of a million.

Being able to support thirty to fifty thousand soldiers was the limit.

This point could be seen from the scale of the camps left behind by the Great Horn Army.

That’s right, they still did not see the Great Horn Army’s main forces, the “million-strong army.”

They only saw the empty camps and a few soldiers.

They also received more news from all directions.

Only then did they realize that over the past ten days and ten nights, the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake had undergone a drastic change.

Just as Meng Chao had expected, the Great Horn Army was like a dragon lurking in the abyss. If they did not move, it would be fine. But once they were activated, they would definitely set off a storm that would shake the heavens and earth.

While Black-corner City was being blown up by a series of large explosions caused by the biogas, the sky and earth turned upside down.

In the towns and settlements of the Gold Clan, the Dark Moon Clan, the Thunder Clan, and the Divine Wood Clan, countless rat people, who could not stand it any longer, were instigated by the Rat God's emissaries, and they set off the most furious tides.

It was true that in most places, the results were not satisfactory due to the lack of guidance from "destruction experts" like Meng Chao, and the local clan warriors even discovered their plot in advance and destroyed the entire organization. All the rat people who believed in the Big-horned Rat God were brutally suppressed.

Despite all that, the continuous riots still shook the ruling order of the clan warriors greatly.

While it shocked the high and mighty nobles, it also simultaneously caused many rat people who were still enslaved and exploited to open their eyes that had been sealed for ten thousand years.

They could clearly see that in front of them, other than the path of slavery that led to humiliating death, there was actually a path that was filled with thorns and flames that were burning fiercely, it was a shining and incomparably glorious journey.

The entire map of Orchid Lake was instantly thrown into chaos.

Every day, tens of thousands of rat people would rise up.

Even in the main cities of the various large clans, the elite battle groups of the clans gathered there could easily crush the rebels who did not even have any weapons.

However, because the vast majority of the clan warriors had gathered in their respective main cities, making a blood oath for the alliance and conducting actual combat drills...

The local towns of the five clans and the border villages that were not even considered towns were extremely empty.

The people stationed in the local towns were mostly the old, weak, and disabled of the various clans.

There would even be a situation where there were only a few clan warriors in the entire town, and they could only rely on tens of thousands of rat civil servants to guard the town.

Once these rat civil servants heard about what had happened in Black-corner City and the main city of their clans, or...

Perhaps they received the Rat God's inspiration and blessing in their dreams...

If they were unwilling to be slaves and cannon fodder for eternity, just a few clan warriors would not be enough to stop the wild tide that had gone out of control.

Of course, even if the rat people could temporarily occupy a town, it would be wishful thinking if they wanted to firmly defend their new home under the army of the clan.

The rat people knew this very well.

They knew that the source of their power was quantity.

“Once all the rat people of Picturesque Orchid Lake gather together and form a super army of unprecedented scale, with the Rat God’s blessing, no power can stop our existence!”

The Rat God’s emissaries shouted such slogans and commanded groups of rat people to flee from the important towns guarded by the major clans as well as rush toward the junction where the Blood Hoof Clan and Gold Clan borders met.

As for the Great Horn Army’s main forces, they had already set off and headed north toward the hinterland of the Gold Clan.

The Holy Mountain, which had the highest status in the hearts of all the Turan people, was there.

It was said that the Great Horn Army was going to fight to the death with the Gold Clan’s heavy cavalry at the foot of the Holy Mountain.

Through the glorious sacrifice, the ancestors of the Holy Mountain could see that the brave and fearless rat people were worthy to form the sixth clan.

From the fragmented and exaggerated information, Meng Chao, who had pieced together the evolution of the overall situation in the past ten days, could not help but applaud the Great Horn Army’s strategic choice.

“Do you really think that the Great Horn Army’s main forces should rush to the Gold Clan’s territory and seek their own death?”

“What?” Ice Storm was baffled. “Do the rabble think that conquering a few border towns with empty military forces and the strategic locations of the strongest clans, as well as the heavily-armed cities, are the same thing?”

“You should know that many of the Gold Clan’s strategic locations have not been conquered by the army from the land of Holy Light even in the era of the great extermination order three thousand years ago.

“That’s right. On the surface, it is absolutely a dead end to gather all military forces and charge into the Gold Clan’s territory. The safer choice seems to be to seize part of the territory and strategic resources from the Divine Wood Clan, which is the weakest and least aggressive of the five major clans.”

“But on second thought, it is obvious that the ‘safer’ strategy is suicidal,” Meng Chao said.

“In the past thousands of years, the main theme of the Turan civilization’s internal conflict has always been the Blood Hoof, Thunder, Dark Moon, and Divine Wood Clan, which are relatively weaker, fighting against the dominant Gold Clan.

“Blood Hoof and the other four major clans have long signed an alliance of attack and defense. It is impossible for them to leave one of their own in the lurch.

“Even if the Great Horn Army’s main forces can conquer the Divine Wood Clan’s territory and temporarily occupy a portion of it, what can they do?” Blood Hoof, Thunder, and Dark Moon will definitely hunt them down and pincer the elite troops in Divine Moon from both front and back, completely killing the Great Horn Army’s main forces.

“Even if the Great Horn Army’s main forces really have the Rat God’s protection and they can kill their way through the encirclement of the four great clans, don’t forget that the strongest and most terrifying Gold Clan is waiting ahead!

“Right now, the Great Horn Army’s choice is to send an unending stream of troops into the Gold Clan’s territory.

“Let’s put aside whether or not the crazy rat people can defeat the hungry wolves, tigers, and leopards.

“Think about it first. If you were the higher-ups of the four great clans like the Blood Hoof Clan, how would you view the change in the situation? Would you wholeheartedly help the Gold Clan and attack the Great Horn Army from the back?”

That question made Ice Storm fall back into deep thought.

“Now that I think about it, the reason why the Blood Hoof Clan’s pursuers changed their strategy from encirclement to expulsion was not only because of our piece of news.”

Meng Chao continued. “In fact, for the four great clans, including the Blood Hoof Clan, it was the best solution to drive all the rioting rat people in their respective territories to the Gold Clan’s territory.

“No matter how terrible the chaos caused by the rat people was on the surface, their individual combat abilities were weak, they lacked heavy weapons such as totem armors, they lacked of a foundation, and so on. They were a motley crew. No matter how jubilant they were right then, they would be destroyed sooner or later.

“The real competition for the five great clans are still each other.

“To be more precise, for the four great clans like the Blood Hoof Clan, it is the Gold Clan.

“When the Battle of Glory began, the Gold Clan was already in a dominant position.

“However, the main city of the Blood Hoof Clan, their most powerful challenger, suffered the most serious damage from the rat people. As a result, the Blood Hoof Clan’s vitality was greatly damaged, and they almost withdrew from the competition stage.

“Without the Blood Hoof clan as a powerful challenger, the Thunder, Dark Moon, and Divine Wood Clans will not be able to compete with the Gold Clan at all. Not to mention, the throne of the War Chief will still be held by the strongest warriors among the lion men or tigermen. Even the spoils of war and the distribution of battle merits in the Battle of Glory will greatly reduce the authority of the Blood Hoof Clan and the other three clans.

"I don't think that the chiefs, priests, and generals of those four clans are willing to see such a bleak future become a reality.

"Right now, if they still want to defeat the Gold Clan, there is only one way left for them—push the tiger to swallow the wolf. Let the rat people charge into the Gold Clan's territory and let the Great Horn Army wreak havoc before the eyes of the wolves and tigers.. It would be best if they could inflict heavy damage on the Gold Clan's heavy cavalry."

Chapter 1118: In a Frenzy

"The ragtag army of the Great Horn Army can seriously injure the seasoned wolves, tigers, and leopards of the Gold Clan?"

"Is it possible?" Ice Storm asked suspiciously

"Of course not. But even if the Great Horn Army can't seriously injure the Gold Clan, it can at least disrupt the preparation of the wolves, tigers, and leopards and delay them for a long time," Meng Chao said

"Due to the flood of rat people, the Blood Hoof Clan, Dark Moon Clan, Thunder Clan, and Divine Wood Clan are all in great trouble.

"It's not that their most elite troop groups have suffered heavy losses.

"But the supply, logistics, and cannon fodder troops that provide services to the troop groups are in big trouble.

"Some of the strategic resources, including the mandala fruits and the armor, had also fallen into the hands of the out-of-control rat subjects.

"They needed time to restore order in their respective territories.

"Otherwise, even if the rat subjects who had risen up were kept in their own territories and suppressed by the cruelest means, their heads would be rolling and their blood would be flowing like a river. However, if the Gold clan took advantage of this period of time to assemble their army easily and claim the throne of the highest authority in the Tulan civilization, what benefits would it bring to the chiefs of the Bloodhoof and other clans?

"Letting or even actively driving away the rats and bringing all the 'trouble' into the territory of the Gold clan, and letting the bloodthirsty and brutal wolves and tigers and leopards teach the audacious rats a lesson, wouldn't that be killing two birds with one stone?"

After pondering for a long time, ice storm could not help but admit that Meng Chao was right.

If she were the chiefs of the four clans, she would probably have made the same choice as them.

"For the Great Horn Army, if we march into the territory of the Gold clan, we won't have to worry about being attacked from both sides."

Meng Chao smiled. "The situation has been simplified to the point that we only need to march forward bravely and defeat the heavy troops of the Gold Clan."

“...”

Ice storm said, “In the end, it is still an impossible mission

“Yes. No matter how beautiful the picture of the future in front of the rat subjects looks, they are all deceived by lies. They jump from one chessboard to another. No matter how much blood they shed, their fate as chess pieces has never changed.”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and mumbled to himself, “Without the intervention of external forces, it is indeed... an impossible mission for the rat subjects to crush the lies and seize their freedom and dignity!”

“..

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In front of the furious, boundless battle formation that seemed to be made of countless ants, hundreds of war drums that had been snatched from the arenas of various towns were lined up.

When the Hundred War drums were drummed by the muscular men whose skin was shining and whose muscles were extremely well-developed at the same time, the crowd behind the war drums was packed with people, it seemed that they also had an imposing manner that allowed them to carry out their orders.

Everyone followed the drum beat and let out meaningless howls that were filled with anger and even bestiality.

Tens of thousands of gazes were like spears soaked in oil and ignited. They drew tens of thousands of burning arcs and shot toward the small city that stood alone in the wilderness not far away.

The city tower of the small city was constructed into the shape of a tiger’s head with its bloody mouth wide open.

On the Tiger’s head was a black war flag.

In the middle of the war flag was a scarlet tiger claw that seemed to be able to tear everything apart.

At this moment, the awe-inspiring Tiger Claw War flag was trembling under the roars of tens of thousands of rats, as if it would break the flagpole at any moment and float down.

In the battle formation of the rats, more than ten rat god Skeleton War flags were also raised.

The flags were all placed on the arrow towers that were dozens of arms high and dozens of wheels on the ground. They were covered in cow skin and bone armor and could be pushed forward slowly with the battle formation.

Together with the height of the flagpoles, the flags were thirty to fifty arms high, far larger than the tiger claw flags on the small cities.

The size of each flag was several times larger than that of the tiger claw flags, too. The soldiers at the edge of the battle formation and the defenders in the small cities could all see it clearly.

Moreover, the paint on the flag seemed to be mixed with a lot of crystal powder and special materials that were rich in spiritual energy from totem beasts.

The Rat God's skull that had been drawn was vivid and lifelike.

No matter where the wind blew the flag, the Rat God's unfathomable eyes seemed to be staring at the soldiers below.

Under the Rat God's war flag, besides the archers, there were also priests in the Arrow Tower.

The Rat God priests, who were wearing the big horn white skeleton mask and red and green clothes, were dancing crazily as if they were dancing in a strange rhythm to match the rhythm of the war drums.

When the drumbeats became more and more concentrated, their dancing also became more and more crazy.

The strange thing was that the two rat god priests on the different arrow towers, who were hundreds of arms apart, clearly could not communicate with each other or even see each other clearly, but their movements were exactly the same, completely in sync, it was as if they were different clones of a person.

"Warriors of the Rat God, you have done it!"

When the priests' dancing reached the peak of madness, they twisted their joints and made movements that normal humans would never be able to do, turning themselves into strange-looking statues.

They seemed to have broken through some kind of restriction and become the medium of communication between heaven and earth and the gods.

A solemn, ethereal, and distant voice came from their chests.

"You have broken free from the shackles that have bound you for tens of millions of years. You have broken through the defense line that seems to have been set up by powerful enemies and is even sturdier than an iron wall. You have finally gathered together to form an invincible tide that swept through everything!"

"In the past seven days, this tide has rushed into the territory of the Gold clan and swept through dozens of towns that you were not qualified to look at in the past. It has chopped all the fellows who used to ride on your necks and act arrogantly into Mincemeat!"

"The facts have proven that you are worthy of the title of the 'Tulan Warriors'. The blood flowing in your body is hotter, purer, and more glorious than the so-called Lord Warrior!"

"Now, Burn your blood again and wave your sabers to charge toward a new target! Let the Fellows who humiliated you, enslaved you, and despised you taste the taste of anger and hatred!"

Because the priest and the war flag were both on the high arrow tower.

To the rats below the Arrow Tower, the voice seemed to be coming from the skull of the rat god that had been staring at them from the war flag.

The Rat God that had appeared in their dreams every night for the past ten days to half a month.

It had been deeply engraved on their cerebral cortex and turned into an indelible spiritual brand.

When they heard the name of the "Rat God," they couldn't help but breathe heavily. Their muscles tensed up, and adrenaline was secreted crazily. Their eyes were as red as fire, as if the blood all over their bodies was burning.

Although they were a motley crew that had been put together at the last minute.

There were also many people in the battle formation who had participated in more than a dozen battles, big and small.

They had even tasted the taste of stepping on the shattered corpses of the clan warriors with their iron hooves.

The taste made them tremble.

It was as if electric currents had instantly wrapped around every nerve endings.

Their roars instantly became louder by several levels.

At this moment, the war drums came to an abrupt stop.

In their place was a long horn.

With the sound of the horn, all the mouse people warriors suddenly quickened their steps. Like surging waves, they pounced on the nearby town.

Above the small town with the Tiger's claw flag, a layer of magnificent brilliance was glittering like a crystal shield that fell from the sky and blocked the space between the small town and the attackers.

When the rat tide crashed into the 'shield', the rat soldiers at the front all felt invisible pressure as if they were marching in an invisible swamp. Their movements immediately became sluggish, as a result, their speed was slowed down by several times.

On the tower that looked like a tiger's head, pale golden brilliance soared into the sky and blossomed like fireworks. They turned into majestic, enormous tigers that roared at the rats below like thunder.

Some of the rats were crushed by the 'shield' first, and then shocked by the roars of the Tigers. Their lungs were blown apart, their hearts stopped beating, and blood was flowing out of their orifices.

However, most of the rats, who had received the blessing of the Rat God, were still charging forward and hitting the crystal shields.

Not long after, with a sharp cracking sound, the giant shields were broken into pieces and disappeared without a trace.

The tide of rats seemed to have been blocked by a small reef for a moment. Soon, it resumed its momentum and continued charging forward.

There were still three trenches outside the small city.

When the rat tide arrived at the trenches, the city also shot out a rain of arrows that covered the sky and earth.

Although the Tigermen Warriors' archery skills were not as exquisite as the Centaur Warriors'.

However, the densely packed enemy formation still made it impossible for every arrow shot by them, which was surrounded by electric arcs and flames, to miss.

In fact, each arrow that whistled through the air could ruthlessly pierce through three to four rat subjects before violently exploding, tearing the surrounding seven to eight rat subjects into pieces.

The hundreds of rat subjects at the front didn't even have time to moan before their flesh and blood flew everywhere, turning into burning corpses.

The miserable scene didn't cause the morale of the rat subjects at the back to show any signs of being dispirited.

Instead, it stimulated their bloodlust and ruthlessness, causing them to scramble over the trenches and continue to approach the small city despite the bloody rain.

At this moment, the arrow tower that was waving more than a dozen rat god war flags also slowly rolled over the trenches that were filled with the corpses of the rat people and arrived at the edge of the small city.

The Arrow Tower also shot out a rain of arrows that swept through the city from above.

At this moment, the great horn army could be said to have changed weapons.

The riots in the territories of the four great clans, such as bloody hoof, not only brought them a large number of fearless soldiers, they also helped them obtain a large number of powerful weapons.

For example, the arrows that were inlaid with crystals, engraved with runes, smeared with secret medicine, and blessed by the priests.

Chapter 1119: The Mob's Victory

Although the arrows were in the hands of the civilian rat archers, it was impossible for them to display the strongest lethality in the hands of their original owners.

However, the absolute advantage in numbers still allowed them to effectively suppress the few defenders in the small city.

The black mass of civilian rat people swallowed three trenches in a row, and they were about to approach the city tower.

The gate that looked like a bloody mouth finally opened, and a group of fierce tiger warriors wearing totem armor pounced out.

Perhaps the fierce tiger warriors were not as big as the barbarian elephant warriors.

The murderous aura that soared into the sky condensed into thousands of totem patterns on their heads and backs, just like countless fierce tigers surrounding them, but it made them release a more dangerous sense of oppression than the barbarian elephant warriors.

The fierce tiger warriors charged into the tide of the rat population. Like a burning saber, they ruthlessly hacked into the frozen cheese.

With every wave of their claws, every tear, and every roar, several rat population would be torn into pieces by the fierce Tiger Warriors and die without a burial place.

No matter how fierce, crazy, and tyrannical the rat population was, they were still not a match for the fierce tiger warriors.

However, there were simply too many rat subjects.

Just like arrows that contained totem power, they were unable to scare the rat subjects.

The Fierce Tiger Warriors' close combat did not cause the rat subjects to flee in panic.

Instead, it stimulated their nerves, causing the fire of slaughter deep in their brains to fuel the fire and burn crazily.

"Glory!"

"Glory!"

"Glory!"

The rat subjects scrambled to shout the battle roars that only the warriors of the clan had the right to shout. They pounced on the fierce tiger warrior's fangs and sharp claws without any fear of death.

Even if their bodies were torn to pieces, and even their internal organs were spewing out from the huge wounds, they still had to use their limbs to hug the fierce tiger warrior tightly, slowing down the opponent's attacks and making the ancestral spirits hanging high above their heads.., seeing their unparalleled courage and pride.

Not far from the line of fire where flesh and blood flew everywhere, the Rat God priests on the Arrow Towers held out secret medicines that emitted a strange light and were steaming hot.

"This is the divine medicine given to us by the Rat God. It contains the power accumulated by the Rat God in his ten thousand years of sleep. Only a warrior who is extremely pious and has overcome all fear can bear it!"

The priests of the Rat God shouted at the top of their lungs, "Who can bear this power to fight for the Rat God and seize True Glory?"

"I can!"

"I can seize Glory!"

"I, I am the most devout warrior to the Rat God!"

"Let me do it. Give me the divine medicine, give it to me!"

Under the Arrow Tower, countless rat people stretched out their hands like hungry zombies, eager for the freshest brains and the divine medicine given to them by the priests.

Although they all knew that after taking the divine medicine, more or less, there would be all kinds of side effects.

At worst, they would be exhausted, lying on the bed for several days without being able to move.

At worst, they would die on the spot, their blood evaporating or even burning.

However, after taking the divine medicine, the feeling of being reborn, reborn from the fire, and having their combat strength increased tenfold instantly, enough to contend with the warriors of the clan, still attracted them like a bottomless whirlpool.

Moreover, according to the priests, after consuming the divine medicine, dying from exhaustion on the battlefield was the most sacred and glorious way to die.

When their flesh and blood burned fiercely, their brave and fearless souls would be able to soar straight up to the top of the Sacred Mountain and reach the embrace of the big horn rat god!

All the rat people treated the divine medicine as a shortcut to the sacred mountain.

Unfortunately, after the escape route ended and the Great Horn Army gradually took the initiative, not all the rat people could get the divine medicine.

In every battle, out of tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of rat people, only one to two out of ten warriors could get the divine medicine.

As a result, in order to fight for the divine medicine, there were often fights between people on the same side.

It was the same today.

When the priests threw the divine medicine down from the Arrow Tower, the rats immediately scrambled to snatch it.

Their bloodthirsty red eyes only had the divine medicine, and there was no existence of each other at all. Unknowingly, they fought until their heads were bleeding and their flesh was torn.

Finally, a small number of lucky people snatched the divine medicine. They held it with both hands and couldn't wait to swallow it.

“Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar!”

The crowd immediately let out maniacal roars.

The bodies of the lucky ones exploded with crackling sounds.

Their skin was being torn apart at a speed visible to the naked eye. Inside the bloody wounds, the deformed and swollen flesh was bulging. The moment it came into contact with the air, it became as hard as iron, like pieces of dark red granite.

This batch of divine medicine seemed to be several times more powerful than the divine medicine that the Great Horn Army officer had given to the fugitives when they had fled the territory of the Bloody Hoofs clan.

The lucky ones who had taken the divine medicine also became monsters that were several times more ferocious and vicious than they were in the past.

These monsters with their flesh torn open cried out in disorder. They waved their arms that were thicker than thighs and emitted a metallic luster, sending all the rat civilians blocking in front of them flying. They took three steps and two steps, jumping in front of the fierce tiger warriors.

Next, it was the battle between the monsters.

The fierce tiger warrior who was wearing totem armor was naturally not something that the rats who had taken a few divine pills could contend against.

However, facing these extremely strong vitality, even if they took out their hearts, they might not die in a short while. Even if they tore their bellies, they might be able to pull out their intestines and strangle the enemy's neck.

Even the fierce tiger warriors were a little frightened. Under the totem battle armor, Cold Sweat was seeping out.

Many rats who had taken the divine medicine felt that they had overused their lives. Their internal organs had turned into magma and were about to self-ignite or even self-destruct. They would often roar loudly and charge forward without caring about anything else, they hugged the fierce tiger warrior tightly.

Then, they turned into dazzling fireballs together with the enemy.

Not to mention that the number of these 'lunatics' far exceeded the fierce tiger warriors by ten times.

And these warriors who were stationed in the isolated city at the border and did not have the right to go to Red Gold City to make a blood oath as an alliance and join the Golden Army were all old, weak, and disabled with their own flaws.

Faced with the fierce attack of the rat subjects who were not afraid of death, they finally lost after desperately resisting for an entire moment.

When the last fierce tiger warrior left the city to face the enemy, he was buried by a mountain of rat corpses.

The Tiger Claw War flag that was flying high above the city tower finally descended slowly.

Seven or eight slanted columns of smoke were ignited in the city.

The city gate on the other side of the rat tide opened. The old, weak, women, and children of the nobles in the city fled in panic, carrying the war flag and the most precious treasures in the temple.

The rat tide advanced rapidly, crossing the city wall in an instant and engulfing the entire town.

Not long after, the war flags of the Great Horn Army were hung on the flagpoles that were originally hung with the Tiger Claw War Flags, as well as on seven or eight high points in the city.

"Long live the Rat God!"

“The Great Horn Army is invincible!”

“All the glory goes to the supreme great horn rat god!”

The rat subjects who had won the battle became even more fanatical.

Even though their chests had been pierced through, the heavily wounded soldiers who coughed up a mouthful of blood every time they coughed let out hysterical roars.

On the battle flag, there were rat-like skulls covered with deformed great horns. Under the blowing of the smoke, they sneered and listened to the roars that came one after another in silence.

..

This small city, which was once named “Tiger Claw” by the Gold Clan, was now covered with the footprints of the rat people. It had become a sea of celebration.

Countless rat people were waving the war flag and beating the war drums on the city tower. With the loudest noise, they welcomed the new life of the small city.

There were also many rat people dancing with the priests in the square in front of the temple in the center of the small city to thank the blessing of the big horn rat god.

There were also some rat people holding hammers, huge axes, shovels, and mops dipped in paint, trying to erase the marks left by the Tiger men on both sides of the streets and alleys. Then, they used the battle emblem of the Big Horn Rat God., to brand this city that had just been conquered with a thick and colorful mark.

There were also large groups of rat people, spitting everywhere, bragging about their great achievements in the fierce battle.

According to their words, each of these rat people had killed a fierce tiger warrior.

If their bragging was not discounted, the troops that were stationed in this city earlier were simply a full fierce tiger battle group, with over 10,000 fierce tiger warriors.

Of course, everyone was in high spirits and beaming with joy. The differences in details were not important.

What was important was that under the protection of the Rat God and the leadership of the Great Horn Army, they had achieved an unbelievable victory that they did not even dare to think about a month ago.

They were only a short distance away from true freedom and dignity.

Amidst the jubilant atmosphere, Meng Chao and Icestorm lay at the edge of the injured camp, their faces covered in blood and mud. They looked around coldly and did not fit in with the surrounding atmosphere.

Naturally, Meng Chao was not injured.

He just did not want to join these poor people who were about to die to celebrate the victory that was about to vanish into thin air.

Ever since they had rested for two days and one night in the deep part of the rift between the Bloody Hoof clan and the Gold clan, their team had passed through the meandering underground tunnel and appeared in the territory of the Gold clan.

Moreover, like a trickle of water flowing into a surging tide, they joined with dozens of other teams of 100 people into a seemingly endless army and took the initiative to attack the city of the Gold clan.

At first, Meng Chao thought that he had finally met the “Main force of the Great Horn Army” that the military officers and priests had been talking about.

Soon, he found out that the so-called main force was nothing more than a temporary assembly of the fugitives who had escaped from the territory of the Bloody Hoof clan two days before them and the rats who had escaped from the territories of the Thunder clan, the Divine Tree Clan, and the Dark Moon clan, it was just a large motley crew.

Other than the expansion of the army by dozens of times, the weapons, organization, command, and logistics were all extremely poor.

The only thing that was sufficient was the ‘blessing of the Rat God’ that would arrive in every dream as scheduled.

However, it was just a group of rabble who had almost nothing.

However, it caused a world-shaking storm at the edge of the territory of the most powerful Gold clan in Tulanze.

Chapter 1120: The Haze of Victory

It was not only because they were numerous.

It was also because they had the help of the local rat people from the Gold Clan.

After all, “rat people” was not a biological concept.

It was a collection of countless losers who had been eliminated in war, in trials, in fights, and in coming-of-age ceremonies.

From a biological point of view, there was not much difference in the appearance or genes of the rat people and the warriors who lived in the same town. It was very likely that they were inextricably related.

Apart from the amplification effect of the totem armor, there was no irreparable difference in the combat strength of the Warriors and rat people by relying on the tactics of the Sea of people.

Most of the rat people who belonged to the Gold clan also had the bloodlines of wolves, tigers and leopards, fangs and sharp claws, as well as a more ferocious temperament than the even-hoofed rat people.

The unruly and unruly them were even more unwilling to obey their master's discipline and were even more rebellious. There was a sharper and deeper conflict between them and the ruler of the Gold clan.

Therefore, in the past few thousand years, they had also been treated cruelly and even cruelly by their masters.

Thousands of years of blood debt had long been condensed into an active volcano that was on the verge of erupting.

The rise of the great horn army had completely ignited the hatred of the rat people who belonged to the Gold clan, which was even hotter than magma.

When the Great Horn Army's vanguard reached their own town, they rose up one after another and responded to the call of the great horn rat god. They cooperated from the inside and the outside and cooperated with their "True compatriots" to drive their master, who deserved to die, out of the city, they were even annihilated on the spot.

These rats, who also had sharp claws and teeth, were the most fearless soldiers on the battlefield. Other than the wounds all over their bodies and the twisted limbs that were smashed by shackles all day long, they were no different from their masters, they were also the cruelest Avengers after victory.

With their help, the great horn army swept through the southern territory of the Gold clan like a hot knife through butter.

In just ten days, Meng Chao had participated in four siege battles.

The four border towns all fell in one go.

The towns that used to have the battle flags of Lion Fang, Tiger Claw, Wolf Head, and leopard tail had now become the territory of the Rat God skeleton flag.

From the towns to the countryside, there was a sea of jubilant rats from all over Tu Lan Ze.

The rat tide that stretched for tens of miles could be seen everywhere. It made Meng Chao feel as if his arrival had set off a chain reaction that would change the future.

After all, the great horn army in his previous life had not achieved such a sensational result in black horn city.

It was also impossible to pull so many fugitives from the territory of the Blood Hoof clan to form such a huge army.

Although most of the people who formed this army were mobs.

However, as long as the number exceeded the critical point, not to mention the rat population, even real rats could become the overlords at the top of the food chain!

However, the steaming reward in front of Meng Chao instantly shattered his fantasy.

The so-called 'reward' was a portion of datura paste in a wooden bowl.

Although it was mixed with some sour cream and a few pieces of minced meat, at first smell, it had a very appetizing smell.

However, when Meng Chao inserted the wooden spoon vertically, the spoon immediately tilted to the side.

This meant that the bowl of paste had added a lot of water, so the consistency was limited.

Moreover, when Meng Chao stirred the bowl with the wooden spoon, what was stirred up was not minced meat, but chopped grass roots and vegetable seeds, which were mixed into a suspicious solid.

This bowl of batter was only slightly stronger than the military rations they usually ate during their daily marching.

It was really not qualified to serve as a qualified reward.

Meng Chao remembered that when they took down the first town in the territory of the Gold clan, the reward they received was not only five fried mandala fruits for each person, but also an extremely fragrant sour cream, there was also a palm-sized steak for each person.

By the time they conquered the second town, the steak was gone.

By the time they conquered the third town, the number of fried mandala fruits was reduced from five to three, and the sour cream was only a pitiful spoonful each.

This time, the priests danced even more crazily, and the officers smiled even more brightly. Everyone was cheering for the increasingly brilliant victory, looking forward to an increasingly better tomorrow. It seemed that it would not be long before.., they would be able to attack the city of red gold in one go.

However, the reward after the great victory had turned into a bowl of clear soup with little water.

This was enough to show that the future had not completely changed.

The Great Horn Army still had not solved the most fatal problem.

That was food.

To put it more bluntly, the great horn army had not achieved any true victory.

The cities and towns that they occupied in the southern territory of the Gold clan were all taken by the Gold clan and handed over to them.

Before they left, the warriors of the Gold clan had almost emptied every temple, Arsenal, and granary in the city.

Due to the lack of manpower, the mandala fruits that could not be moved were burnt to the ground.

Even if there were one or two towns occasionally, the rats in the cities would cooperate with each other and take control of the granaries first.

The mandala fruits in just a few granaries were a drop in the bucket for the millions of legions that were hungry for food.

As a result, the great horn army was gradually brought into a dilemma by its series of 'victories'. It was in an awkward and even dangerous situation.

Although they had 'conquered' a large area of territory, they were unable to obtain enough food.

However, there were still countless rats who had heard of the Great Horn Army's 'illustrious reputation'. Under the indulgence of their masters, they rushed over from all directions.

Since the great horn rat god claimed that he wanted to save the entire rat population.

He could not allow even one rat population to starve to death under the command of the Great Horn Army.

The rat civilians that swarmed over might not be able to increase the battle strength of the Great Horn Legion by much.

However, it made the already hard-pressed army grain consumption even worse.

On the other hand, after reaching millions or even millions, the Great Horn Legion, as an uprising army, completely lost the advantage of flexibility.

This was not the same as the time when they led hundreds of troops to break out of the sunken plains.

Even on modern Earth with the support of a strong logistics industry, perfect wireless communication, and over-the-horizon strike system.

There were only a handful of countries that had the ability to build and command a million-strong army.

Looking at the thousands of years of ancient war history on Earth, the number of ancient generals who could command a true 'million-strong army' could be counted on one hand.

It was obvious that the great horn army did not have such a talented commander.

The rat people, who were full of passion and desire to kill but lacked the basic qualities to follow orders, could not be considered outstanding. They were not even true warriors.

The rat people, who were dancing and singing for dozens of miles, looked like they were about to swallow a thousand miles.

But to any commander with a little common sense, they were a huge problem.

In short, the current great horn army was like a dinosaur that had expanded ten times its size in just ten days to half a month.

The poor brain and thin bones that were out of proportion to its size could not withstand the flesh and blood that was still getting heavier.

On the surface, this dinosaur occupied a large piece of territory.

If one observed carefully, one would find that the seemingly majestic dinosaur had been crushed by its own weight and was lying on the ground, panting!

If one wanted this dinosaur to stand up again...

One could only feed it more food.

In front of the Great Horn Army, all the mandala fruits in the golden territory had long been harvested and stored in the impregnable fortified cities that were heavily guarded by dragons and tigers.

To conquer these thousands of years ago, even the “Great Extinction Order” era, the land of Holy Light Iron Blood Army could not conquer the brilliant city.

The Bighorn Army will have to muster all its forces and make the most of its numerical superiority, hoping that quantitative change will lead to qualitative change.

However, the mobilization of all the rat population, concentrated in one place, will greatly increase their daily heat consumption, the logistics of supply lines, the unbearable pressure.

Moreover, gathering all the troops meant putting everything on the line.

If they were unable to take down the fortified city and waited until they ran out of ammunition and food, there was no need to wait for the ferocious wolves, tigers, and leopards in the city to rush out.

The starving rat people would probably have to fight amongst themselves and swallow each other up.

Then, could the great horn army, which had put everything on the line, defeat the real elite clan battle group made up of all the totem warriors?

Meng Chao, who had witnessed the real elite clan battle group in the memory fragments of his previous life, had a negative attitude towards this.

In the end, the hotheaded rat people’s uprising army had yet to fight against the real elite clan battle group.

In black-corner city, they had only taken advantage of the continuous explosion of biogas.

The clan warriors who had charged into black-corner city had focused more on the temple’s supreme treasure and not the rat people.

In the process of breaking out of the encirclement, they did not fight many tough battles. The so-called pursuers did not want to waste their precious time, energy, and resources on them. Instead, they wanted them to run to the territory of the Gold clan, they wanted them to cause more trouble.

When they came to the territory of the Gold clan, they were faced with the enemy camps that had almost become empty cities. The guards there were all the old, weak, and disabled people who had gray hair on their temples, lost their claws, and even lost their limbs.

If the Rat Uprising army was blinded by the so-called ‘Victory’ of harvesting the old, weak, and disabled, they would think that the warriors of the clan were just so-so.

Meng Chao could guarantee that they were close to their fated death.

Speaking of which...

Even the rat people were extremely clear-headed.

They maintained the highest level of vigilance against the enemy in front of them.

The commander of the Great Horn Legion was also a famous general.

Without outside help, no one could solve the fatal problem that the Great Horn Legion faced.

At this moment, the ocean of victory in front of Meng Chao was destined to turn into a blazing blood hell tomorrow!