

Oh My God 1141

Chapter 1141: Saving Leaf

The scent of the powder came from the south of the jungle.

The problem was that the south of the jungle was also where the battle between the elites of the Wolf Clan and the White Bone Battalion warriors was the most intense.

Both sides were like zombies injected with heart-strengthening drugs, engaging in a fierce battle.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm were fully focused. Sometimes, they would crawl on the ground and slither in the mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

Sometimes, they smeared their faces and bodies with blood stains. Their eyes were tightly shut, disguising themselves as two corpses.

Sometimes, they curled their bodies to the limit and hid between the smoke and the flames.

Even so, it was inevitable that they would be discovered by the Wolf tribe elites who were bloodthirsty.

Fortunately, the battlefield was extremely chaotic. When the Wolf tribe elites roared and rushed over, they could take down their opponents with extremely concealed movements, so as not to attract the attention of more wolf tribe elites.

The scent of the tracking powder ahead was getting stronger and stronger.

Meng Chao even found a large patch of sparkling blood stained with the tracking powder on a thorny shrub.

It was unknown whether it was from leaf or the enemy that leaf had killed with his own hands. The blood splattered out and rubbed against the tracking powder on his body.

At this moment, Meng Chao and ice storm both heard a mournful howl of a wolf.

Sensing the spiritual magnetic field that was like a volcanic eruption, they set off huge waves of magma that spread in all directions.

When they looked up, the two of them saw an elite wolf dressed in crimson full-body armor that was as tall and mighty as a bearman standing up.

From the totem armor that covered every inch of his skin and was engraved with complicated and gorgeous runes, this guy should be an aristocrat among the wolf pack.

And from the more than ten elites of the Wolf clan around him who heard the Wolf Howl and moved closer to him without caring about anything else, it could be seen that he was a high-ranking officer in the Wolf Clan's reinforcement army.

And on the extremely gorgeous breastplate, there was a tall and protruding wolf head. It opened its bloody mouth and kept spitting out flames that were emitting a terrifying aura. It also showed that this wolf clan officer was a powerhouse who could fight against a hundred people by himself.

This could be proved by the corpses of the white bone battalion warriors lying around him.

However, more and more white bone battalion warriors rushed towards this wolf expert under the summon of the ancient Dream Saintess.

The one who rushed at the front was an extremely strong youth with a tender face.

“Wait, could this be...”

The familiar yet unfamiliar face caused Meng Chao to suck in a cold breath.

He said it was familiar because the youth’s brows and eyes were exactly the same as leaf’s.

He said it was unfamiliar because leaf’s face was filled with a ferocious and vicious killing intent.

This killing intent caused his eye sockets to explode, his nostrils to expand, the corners of his mouth to tilt, and his face to become as red as fire. It was as if he was wearing a steel mask with a temperature of several thousand degrees.

His body had also swelled to the point of almost deformity.

One had to know that the leaves of the past had slender hands and feet, and their figures were slender. They were like an elegant deer.

At this moment, his muscles were bulging, and his bones were protruding. His thick, python-like tendons were densely wrapped around his body. He was exactly the same as Meng Chao when he had activated the nine dragons divine seal.

No one knew better than Meng Chao how much burden and damage his body would be when he unleashed his full strength.

Even for a tough man like him, every time he used the nine dragons divine seal at full strength, he would feel weak and shaky for a long time.

Ye Zi was still a child. How could he withstand such ferocious strength?

Moreover —

Even under the stimulation of the secret technique, he was able to blast out a power that exceeded the limits of his life.

Leaf was definitely not the opponent of this wolf clan powerhouse in front of him.

The high probability of both sides colliding was nothing more than leaf using his young and precious life to leave an ugly burn mark on the opponent’s totem armor.

At most, he could only slightly pry open the gap of the armor and leave a non-fatal wound on the Wolf clan powerhouse, that was all!

Seeing that leaf was only seven steps away from the Wolf Clan’s expert.

The young man’s face was filled with a fervor for death. He had no idea what fear and retreat were.

The Wolf Clan's expert had already turned around and aimed the hungry wolf head on his chest armor at Leaf. He was about to spew out a new fire of destruction.

"This is bad!"

Meng Chao could no longer care about his disguise. His legs stomped heavily on the ground, causing the mud under his feet to churn like a huge wave.

Borrowing the force of his stomps, his body transformed into a black bolt of lightning. Before the flames of fear of the Wolf clan's experts could burn the leaf into ashes, he ruthlessly knocked the Fearless Rat youth out.

Whoosh!

Raging Flames swept past Meng Chao's head.

Even though he had spiritual energy to protect his body, a large tuft of his hair had still been burnt off. His head was burning hot, and the smell of charred flesh wafted over.

If it was Leaf, he would definitely be burnt to a crisp, leaving behind only a black skeleton.

Meng Chao did not even blink as he continued to charge forward. Very quickly, he charged out of the attack range of the Wolf clan's experts and grabbed Leaf, who had been knocked into a mess by him.

Behind the two of them, the Wolf Clan's experts roared in shock and anger.

It was Ice Storm who had taken over Meng Chao's attack and was entangled with the Wolf clan's experts, trying his best to buy Meng Chao time.

There were still several Wolf clan elites around.

However, they were all knocked down by the White Bone Battalion warriors who pounced on them like crazy demons.

The two sides were entangled in an incomparably brutal manner.

Meng Chao hugged Leaf and made a fish leap, rolling down a gentle slope in front of him.

At the end of the gentle slope was a small swamp.

However, because the White Bone Battalion had already planted explosives in the swamp and detonated the methane that had accumulated for hundreds of years, half of it was blown up, revealing the jagged rocks in the depths of the swamp.

A few strange rocks surrounded it, forming a visual blind spot.

In addition, this area had just experienced a huge explosion of methane. All the Wolf tribe elites and Rat tribe soldiers nearby, even if they were not blown to pieces, had been shaken until their internal organs were displaced, their brains were in a mess, and they fainted.

Meng Chao held onto Leaf's head and jumped down from the dried up swamp, stuffing the brat into the blind spot formed by the rocks.

The sounds of fighting above their heads gradually faded away.

It must have been the ice storm's trick to lure the wolf officers to another place.

In the land of Holy Light, being able to deal with the night watchmen for decades with his mother, who was a witch, Meng Chao naturally did not need to worry about the ice storm's combat ability in such a complicated and chaotic terrain like the jungle.

However, Leaf was really troublesome. She had just recovered from the dizziness caused by the collision and immediately returned to her ferocious posture. A ferocious beast-like howl came from the depths of her throat, he bit at Meng Chao's neck fiercely.

"Stop, Leaf, look clearly, it's me!"

Meng Chao crossed his arms and blocked Leaf's attack.

Although he didn't have a growth-type totem battle armor, nor did he activate the "Nine dragons divine seal", at first glance, both his arms and legs seemed to have shrunk by a round like the Crazy Leaf.

But under the subtle vibration of his muscle fibers, all of Leaf's wild gush of brute force was neutralized and neutralized.

Leaf seemed to be bound by invisible chains, unable to move even half a finger's distance.

However, the rat teenager's eyes were red, and his expression was both feverish and dull. His seven orifices and even the pores all over his body were still spurting out a strong, pungent killing intent.

He was so close to Meng Chao, but he seemed to not know him at all. His two rows of teeth were clattering against each other, and his extremely hideous expression seemed as if he was going to tear off a large piece of bloody flesh from Meng Chao's neck.

"Damn it!"

Meng Chao's brows were tightly knitted.

He could see that the rat youth had been burned to the point of not being able to recognize his family because he had consumed an extremely high concentration of stimulants and had crazily stimulated his brain and endocrine system.

In Dragon City, a similar phenomenon was known as "Qi deviation."

In Tu Lanze, this was the backlash of the totem power and was about to turn into the precursor of the Warrior of origins.

Meng Chao cursed in his heart.

His hands turned into two balls of gray fog that hissed and released electric arcs.

He first used the elbow of his left hand and the palm of his right hand to press down on Leaf's left and right trachea, causing him to be temporarily deprived of oxygen.

Leaf, who was on the verge of Qi deviation, had consumed several times more oxygen than usual because of the crazy burning of his cells.

The oxygen content in his blood dropped rapidly, and the rat teenager soon fell into a semi-unconscious state.

His arms, which were covered in veins, drooped weakly, so as not to interfere with Meng Chao's next move.

Then, Meng Chao flicked his fingertip lightly, and a snow-white blade as thin as a cicada's wing immediately whistled out, cutting a medium-sized wound on the rat teenager's neck artery.

Chi!

Boiling blood immediately spurting out.

When it hit the weird rock next to him, it actually emitted a 'Chi Chi' sound of corrosion and thick green smoke like strong acid.

Meng Chao's nostrils flapped.

He smelled the intense reaction of a large amount of impurities.

As expected.

He had guessed correctly.

Before the battle began, leaf had swallowed a large amount of strengthening drugs that were rich in trace elements and rare crystals.

As a result, his body was filled with incomparably violent spiritual energy.

However, the inexperienced youth was not like Meng Chao, who had returned from the Apocalypse and possessed the memories of two lifetimes. He had mastered many secret cultivation techniques and could perfectly absorb the spiritual energy that was pouring into his body, then, he slowly released it in a relatively stable and controllable manner.

The impurities that could not be digested and absorbed by leaf penetrated through his gastric mucosa and intestinal system and entered his blood. While they stimulated the abnormal expansion of his limbs, they also destroyed his spiritual defense line, they turned him into a flesh-and-blood machine that had lost its rationality and only knew how to kill.

As a large amount of scorching blood was released.

The bulging veins on leaf's body gradually calmed down.

The hostility on his face was somewhat alleviated.

It was only then that Meng Chao poked the muscles on leaf's neck with a skillful technique, causing them to contract and seal the carotid artery.

But it was not enough.

The indigestible impurities and overly violent spiritual energy not only corroded leaf's blood, but also invaded the internal organs of the rat teenager.

Leaf's heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys were like an out-of-control tank that was rumbling at an extremely high speed.

#### Chapter 1142: The Fanatical Youth

One could imagine that if Meng Chao had not appeared in time, even if Leaf had not been buried in the raging flames that the Wolf Clan officer spread earlier...

He would have died from spontaneous combustion within a short ten to twenty minutes due to the excessive temperature of his internal organs and brain.

With the exception of Meng Chao, there were absolutely no more than five people in the whole of Picturesque Orchid Lake and Dragon City who could save Leaf in such a critical situation.

Meng Chao's hands moved as if they were flying, sensing Leaf's temple all the way to the soles of his feet.

He had a preliminary understanding of the distribution of the spiritual veins in his body that were boiling like lava.

After pondering for a moment, Meng Chao gently broke off a black spike from the charred mandala tree next to him.

WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH!

The spike accurately pierced through the periphery of leaf's internal organs, where dozens of spiritual veins intersected.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Suddenly, streams of colorful steam hissed and leaked out of Leaf's body.

It made him look like a boiler that had been in disrepair for a long time and had air leaking from all sides.

Listening to the ear-piercing sound, Meng Chao's tightly knitted brows still did not loosen.

His ten fingers stabbed rapidly between leaf's chest and abdomen. The ripple-like power constantly passed through his flesh and blood, massaging his internal organs.

The process of spiritual energy leaking out crazily was to ensure that the young man's undeveloped heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys would not be hurt.

After an unknown amount of time.

Leaf groaned.

He coughed a few times and coughed out a pool of glittering mucus.

Only then did the hostile aura around his body slightly dissipate.

His deformed and swollen limbs gradually shrank back to their original state at a speed visible to the naked eye, like inflatable rods that had opened a valve.

Meng Chao closed his index and middle fingers and touched the youth's forehead.

He realized that although his forehead was still boiling hot, it was no longer as hot as before, so hot that it was about to melt steel.

He then extended his two fingers above the youth's lips.

He sensed that the youth's breathing was gradually stabilizing, and the breath he exhaled from his body was also decreasing in temperature.

Only then did Meng Chao let out a long sigh of relief.

Finally, he had been saved!

— the seemingly ordinary stab, only Meng Chao knew the dangers involved.

Just now, Leaf's internal organs had been filled up by the overly violent spiritual energy. It was like a quivering, almost transparent balloon that had been filled with water.

If one wanted to poke a small hole in such a 'balloon' and squeeze out all the moisture inside, they would not be able to hurt the balloon in the slightest, much less allow the balloon to explode.

It was simply too difficult to ascend to the heavens!

Even if the university professors who were familiar with the distribution of the human body's 108 main veins and 1024 branches, as well as the intersection point of each spiritual vein, did not have the keen sense of touch and exquisite techniques cultivated from harvesting over 10,000 monsters., it would be impossible for them to complete such a marvelous operation.

Not to mention that although advanced orcs and Earthlings had roughly the same physiological structure and were close relatives of the same genetic mother, on the Long Road of evolution, the two sides gradually walked further and further apart. The intersecting structure of the spiritual veins., there was a very subtle difference.

If it weren't for the fact that deep in the dungeon of the Blood Skull Arena, Meng Chao had spent a great deal of effort to refine the leaves in order to obtain a qualified guide and familiarize himself with the distribution structure of his spiritual veins.

He was afraid that there was nothing he could do to reverse the situation.

"You Brat, when we parted, I clearly told you that you must act according to the circumstances and be smarter. Why are you fighting so fiercely?"

"Do you really expect that there's a sacred mountain floating outside the atmosphere with a horned rat god sitting cross-legged on it? When you sacrifice yourself, will he really pull you out of the atmosphere to enjoy endless feasts and battles?"

Looking at the pale face of the rat teenager who had lost too much blood, Meng Chao didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Leaf slowly woke up.

At this moment, he was still very weak due to his physical exhaustion and excessive blood loss.

His deformed body expanded and tore through his flesh. Even his bones were filled with fine cracks. His four limbs, which had just been restored to their original state, were more like four torches covered in grease. They burned wildly, causing him to feel a bone-piercing pain.

However, no matter how weak or painful it was, it was unable to stop the rat youth's determination to go to Hell and kill his way through hell to reach the peak of the sacred mountain for freedom and dignity.

He did not see his surroundings clearly. He did not even see who had saved him. Instead, he struggled like a fish in a muddy pond, using an extremely weak voice, he screamed hysterically, "Kill! Kill these jackals! For all the rat people! For the ancient Dream Saintess! For the big-horned rat God!"

Meng Chao's hair stood on end.

He quickly used his left hand to gently support the back of Leaf's head.

Spiritual energy gushed out from his palm and flowed into the depths of his brain, filling it with a force that stabilized his brain, lowered the temperature of his brain, and calmed the young man down so that he would not have another concussion.

His right hand was raised high, showing no mercy. Pa, PA, PA, PA. In one breath, he gave the young man more than twenty big slaps.

The slaps caused both sides of the leaf's cheeks to bulge up like a big purple eggplant. It was so tight that both of his eyes bulged out. His gaze was fixed on Meng Chao's face, staring at it for a long time.

"Reaper, Reaper!"

Only then did the rat youth wake up. Ignoring the pain on his face, he bared his teeth and revealed an ecstatic expression.

"He's finally awake!"

Meng Chao heaved a long sigh of relief and revealed a gratified smile.

"That's Great, Reaper. Even you have appeared here. This must be the arrangement of the great horn rat god. That's really great!"

Leaf's eyes lit up. He didn't look like a patient who had just shed a large amount of blood. He pounced on Meng Chao and grabbed Meng Chao's arm tightly, shaking it wildly, "Quick, Reaper, help us eliminate these detestable jackals. The ancient Dream Saintess said that whether the sixth clan can gain a firm foothold in Tulanze and whether the millions of rat people can obtain true freedom and dignity depends on this crucial battle!"

"..."

When leaf mentioned the words "The ancient Dream Saintess," her expression was one of infatuation and conviction.

Meng Chao felt bitter that the little guy that he had worked so hard to refine had been kidnapped by an outsider.

“Wake up, Ye Zi!”

Meng Chao controlled the Mouse Boy’s arms and said in a deep voice, “Do you still remember the rule of survival that I taught you in the underground black prison of the Blood Skull Arena? “Observe more, think more, and hide yourself carefully. Don’t put all your chips, including your own, on a player unless it’s absolutely necessary — because our goal is to become the smallest player and not the biggest chip!”

A very special spiritual energy was coiled around Meng Chao’s throat.

It allowed his vocal cords to emit a high-frequency vibration similar to ultrasonic waves at a frequency far beyond that of an ordinary person.

The sound produced in this way could not only vibrate the eardrums and auditory nerves of the audience.

It could also reach directly to the cortex of the brain and even the depths of the soul of the audience.

The leaf lightly trembled.

His eyes were clearer than before.

It was as if the chains in his mind were pierced through by Meng Chao’s words.

However, the broken chains were quickly reconnected.

His expression became stubborn and even fanatical once again.

“Reaper, I will remember every word you told me. However, please believe me. The ancient Dream Saintess is definitely right. This battle is the key to the rise of the sixth clan and the salvation of the rat population. You must help us!”

The ratfolk youth was so anxious that he was about to cry.

Meng Chao’s heart moved.

“You’ve met the ancient Dream Saintess?”

Meng Chao said, “How do you know? She must be right. Don’t forget, back in black-corner city, we had analyzed that the big horn rat god might not exist. There must be a deeper level of weirdness hidden behind the Big Horn Army!”

“I don’t know if the Rat God really exists, but the ancient Dream Saintess has indeed obtained the Rat God’s power. You Can’t imagine how amazing she is. It’s unbelievable!”

Leaf said anxiously, “I have indeed seen the ancient Dream Saintess. To be more precise, it was the ancient Dream Saintess who saved us. If it weren’t for the ancient Dream Saintess, we would have all died in black-horn City!”

“What?”

Meng Chao was surprised. "You mean 'we'..."

"Me, Spider, and the 29 rat civil servants that you rescued from the black prison of the blood-skull arena."

After Ye Zi's explanation.

Meng Chao then learned about the story that happened to Ye Zi and the other rat civil servants on the day that the biogas explosion turned black-corner city upside down.

Although they had fought their way out of the chaotic bloody-skull arena under Meng Chao's encouragement that day.

They had tried to gather toward the rat militia and escape to the area where the underground passage was hidden.

However, their luck was really bad, and they were intercepted by the few organized bloody-hoof warrior squads that were left in the city.

More than half of the rat militia soldiers that had rushed out of the bloody-skull arena were instantly intercepted and killed.

Only Ye Zi's army of servant soldiers, who had been personally modified by Meng Chao, displayed an extremely tenacious style and fierce fighting strength. After paying the price of seven servant soldiers dying in the netherworld.., they had actually killed a blood hoof warrior who was completely exhausted and covered in injuries.

Of course, at this moment, all the survivors, including Ye Zi, had also become spent.

Facing the Blood Hoof Warriors who were furious, the only way left was to die.

At this moment, two rat nation powerhouses who were wearing scarlet cloaks with the picture of a skeleton rat on them descended from the sky.

Until today, leaf had never forgotten the scene of them stepping on the Blood Hoof Warriors'swords and blade ridges and dancing lightly.

It was even more indescribable. When they danced and casually took off the Blood Hoof Warriors'heads, they brought a shock deep in their hearts that was not stingy with the methane explosion!

### **Chapter 1143: The Dream of the Mad Dash**

It was not until a long time later that Leaf learned that they were the real emissaries of the Rat God sent by the Ancient Dream Saintess.

It was said that the Ancient Dream Saintess could share her five senses with the emissaries through a secret technique given to her by the Rat God. She could clearly see and hear everything that happened in Black-corner City from hundreds of miles away. She could also directly give orders to the emissaries via telepathy.

Moreover, the Ancient Dream Saintess could straight away "descend" into the emissaries' bodies through an incredible method. She could manipulate their bodies and display the exquisite art of killing.

It was precisely because leaf's small team of servants had displayed amazing potential in the fierce battle against the Blood Hoof Warriors that the ancient Dream Saintess accidentally discovered it through the eyes of the Messengers.

The Saintess of ancient dream was deeply interested in Leaf's tactical knowledge, which originated from Dragon City and was completely different from that of the Tulan civilization.

Therefore, she 'descended' to Leaf's side and saved his life and the lives of most of the members of the small team of servants.

"I see. The Saintess of ancient dream has been lurking in black-corner city in this way, but no one has discovered her existence. Even if the blood hoof warriors captured a few temple thieves and Rat God's messengers, as long as the Saintess of ancient Dream's will can get rid of these bodies in time, she will be able to come and go freely, and she will be invincible!"

Meng Chao came to a sudden realization.

Why was the Great Horn Army so familiar with the situation in Black Horn City? After the continuous explosion of the biogas, it was much better than the poor performance of the Bloody Hoof Battle Group to be able to allocate all the resources available at hand so efficiently.

It turned out that it was because the "Supreme Commander" was personally on the front line to command.

As for the secret method that leaf mentioned, which could share perception and remote control even though they were hundreds of miles apart, Meng Chao believed that it also existed.

The reason was that the 'Monster Civilization', the first mortal enemy that the Dragon City civilization faced, was using similar technologies to maintain the operation of the entire civilization.

The 'Monster Brain', which was hibernating in the depths of the hidden fog domain and in the nest of the sinkhole, was able to control the monster tide hundreds of miles away without leaving the house.

Of course, the telepathic remote sensing and transmission technology that the ancient Dream Saintess had mastered should be a level higher than the main brain of the monster.

It was because she was not controlling a muddle-headed monster.

Instead, she was controlling a carbon-based intelligent life form with logical thinking and independent will.

If the person under her control were to waver or even resist, the soul that the ancient Dream Saintess had 'descended' into would probably be met with misfortune, too.

Perhaps, this was the reason why the ancient Dream Saintess had brainwashed all the rats so that everyone would have faith in the Rat God.

"What happened next?"

Meng Chao was deep in thought.

"Then, the Rat God's emissary led us through a tunnel and escaped from black-corner city."

According to leaf, they had followed a special tunnel under the lead of the Rat God's emissary.

They did not follow the main group to the large-scale teleportation array that Meng Chao had seen before.

Instead, they found a teleportation array that was two to three arms wide and could only accommodate one or two people standing at the same time in a facility that looked like the ruins of an abandoned underground temple.

Although this teleportation array was small in size, the teleportation distance was several times greater than the one that Meng Chao was riding on.

They were directly teleported to the surroundings of the spring that led to the sunken plains and the war drum forest.

Furthermore, they did not hesitate to dive into the war drum forest.

"Wait, so you and the Rat God's emissary left the war drum forest together?"

Meng Chao's expression was a little strange.

Leaf nodded obediently.

He told Meng Chao that in the depths of the war drum forest, there were several secret camps of the Great Horn Army. Many elite rat soldiers who had followed the ancient Dream Saintess for several years were there to welcome them.

Meanwhile, he had also undergone a series of tests in the secret camp, and he had fallen into countless strange dreams.

"Is there a skeleton rat god statue made of white jade? When your blood drips into it and you focus on it, you will see illusions, as if the statue is becoming bigger and bigger until it reaches the heavens?" Meng Chao asked.

"Reaper, how do you know?"

Leaf was slightly startled, and then she patted her forehead. "Yes, since you can appear here, you must have passed the entrance test of the White Bone Camp!"

"That's right, it's that statue."

"However, there are more than one similar statue. There are white jade, bronze, mithril, gold, and amethyst. There are a total of five statues. It is said that each statue contains a different dream, and it can bring more and more challenging tests to the examinees. Moreover, it will give more and more power to the warriors who pass the test."

Leaf said that the time he had spent in the war drum forest was much longer than the time Meng Chao and the others had spent in the hastily conducted entrance test.

For a few days, he had been immersed in bizarre and unbelievable dreams.

In some of the dreams, he was an ancient warrior whose muscles were bulging and his blood was boiling. He was armed to the teeth by the totem armor. In the fierce collisions between thousands of troops and horses, he had fought countless enemies in the most heroic and tragic manner, he died together with them.

In some of the dreams, he became a gladiator in the ancient arena. He had to face the totem beast with armor with his bare hands. Similarly, he had tasted it countless times. His internal organs were all emptied, his lonely spine was chewed by the totem beast carefully, giving out a strange taste.

In some of the dreams, he seemed to be in a temple full of traps, full of killing intent but containing infinite treasures. He had to do his best to stimulate his courage and wisdom to the limit and “Die” countless times, only then could he find a slim chance of survival in the complicated traps.

Such ‘training in a dream’ could extend the training time infinitely by crazily squeezing the potential of his brain cells. In just one night, he could force hundreds of thousands of hours of training into the depths of his brain.

Of course, the cost was also enormous.

Almost every time Leaf woke up, he found that at least half of his companions who had been sitting around the skeleton rat statue with him had disappeared.

And where they had disappeared, there were deep traces of dragging and even thick bloodstains that extended all the way into the depths of the forest.

Even if they could barely hold on, the companions sitting cross-legged were often bleeding from all seven orifices. They gritted their teeth, and their faces were filled with absentmindedness, fanaticism, and malevolence. They needed to rest for a long time before they could regain their temporary peace.

As for Yezi himself, he felt as if his brain was boiling with pain.

He wished that he could dig two holes in his temples with a chisel and release the high-pressure magma inside.

At the critical moment, Yezi recalled the methods that Meng Chao had taught him to control spiritual energy and slowly circulate the spiritual veins around his body.

Also, when he was a child, he had found a human-shaped mural with flashing arrowheads on his body in that unremarkable cave deep in the forest behind half mountain village with his brother.

It was strange.

Whether it was when he was young, he followed his brother to practice the flashing mural in the secret cave.

Or when he followed Meng Chao to practice the spiritual martial arts from Dragon City deep in the black prison of the Blood Skull Arena.

Leaf had always been muddle-headed and had only half-understood many of the key points.

Although he had gained the ability to expand and contract his hands and feet in a large area, which was as elastic and resilient as rubber, he was not afraid of the attack of ordinary weapons.

However, such a characteristic was not enough to save his life when he was facing a real expert.

However, under the stimulation of the killing dream and the intense pain in his brain,.

The rat teenager seemed to have suddenly opened his mind.

When surging spiritual energy rushed from his brain to the spiritual veins all over his body along with the excruciating pain, and then from the spiritual veins to the capillaries and nerve endings, he did not encounter any obstacles anymore.

It was as if the secret training methods from Dragon City, the ancient murals, and the secret training methods that the Rat God had given to all the rat people were perfectly integrated, promoting each other, the effect of double the effort and half the effort.

When the other rat soldiers could not stand it anymore and stopped in front of the bronze skeleton rats that were the most common among the white jade skeleton rats.

Leaf, on the other hand, was like a fish in water. He advanced rapidly and quickly adapted to the third level of dream cultivation that the bronze skeleton rats released.

Leaf, who stood out from the rest, once again attracted the attention of the ancient Dream Saintess after his fierce battle with the Blood Hoof Warriors in black-corner city.

From this, he also enjoyed a higher standard of treatment that was different from the others.

Not only could he obtain a richer high-energy food than the other rat soldiers, but when others were eating dried mandala fruits, he could enjoy the bloody flesh of the totem beasts, he was also able to enjoy the fragrant, sticky, honey-like secret medicine.

Moreover, the ancient Dream Saintess had personally descended into his dream!

Chapter 1144: Shared Dreams

“During those few days, I had many strange dreams.

“Other than the battlefield of slaughter and the exploration of the temple, the most common dreams were the secret cave at the back of my hometown, where I studied the mural with many shining arrows with my brother.

“However, there were three people in the dream, not just the two of us. The other one was the Ancient Dream Saintess.

“The strange thing was that I didn’t feel that it was strange an unfamiliar girl appeared in my brother’s secret cave.

“No, that wasn’t an ‘unfamiliar girl’ at all. In the dream, I seemed to naturally treat the ancient Dream Saintess as my elder sister. It was as if my mother had given birth to three children from the very beginning. Everything was so logical and flawless.

“I remember that the ancient Dream Saintess explored the mysteries of the mural with my brother and me in the dream.

“She was much smarter than my brother and I. Every time she threw out her views on the mural, it made my brother and I come to a sudden realization. It was as if the stopper on our forehead had been pulled out.

“Just like that, we cultivated together in the dream. There were many things that we couldn’t understand during the day, but in the dream, we were able to understand them at a single point. No matter how hard we practiced during the day, we were unable to master the battle techniques. In the dream, under the encouragement of the ancient Dream Saintess’s smile and hand-to-hand guidance, we quickly became familiar with them.

“In short, the dreams I had these past few days were more realistic and clear than any dreams I had before. It wasn’t until the next morning that I slowly woke up. After a long time, everything in the dream world was still vivid in my mind. Moreover, I didn’t forget what I had learned in the dream world, which was the ability to control the flashing arrows in my body and condense them into battle techniques.

“What’s even more bizarre is the relationship between me and the ancient Dream Saintess.

“Even though intellectually, I know that it was just a dream — mother only gave birth to me and my brother, which I’m very sure of.

“But emotionally, I couldn’t help but think of the ancient Dream Saintess as my biological sister.

“The feeling of knowing that my family hasn’t been destroyed and that I still have my only family in this world is great!

“From that moment on, I made up my mind that I would protect the ancient Dream Saintess no matter what price I had to pay. I saw my mother and brother’s tragic deaths with my own eyes, but I couldn’t do anything. Now that I have the power, I will never watch my only family fall into the abyss of Eternal Darkness Again

“Wait...”

When Meng Chao heard this, he saw that Leaf’s eyes were getting redder and redder. The fanaticism in the depths of her eyes had gradually replaced confusion and was about to take over her entire eye socket. He couldn’t help but frown, “You know that it was just a dream. In fact, it’s very likely that it was created by the ancient Dream Saintess. She can manipulate the dream at will, right?”

“So What?”

Leaf looked at Meng Chao and said, “Reaper, you’ve taught me many things. The truth of what you’ve taught me may not be what it looks like; the person who talks big may not be a true warrior; the solemn and magnificent ancestral spirit may not be a true God.

“However, the ancient Dream Saintess has indeed taught me many skills in the dream, giving me the ability to continue living in this world where the strong prey on the weak.

“And the smile that blossomed when she looked at my brother and me in the dream was also extremely real!

“Moreover, I’m not the only one who treats the ancient Dream Saintess as her biological sister. She also treats me as her biological brother!”

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

“What?”

He said, “Explain it more clearly.”

“After staying in the war drum forest for three to five days, the number of Blood Hoof Warriors in the forest suddenly increased, and it seemed like they were going to surround us.”

Leaf told Meng Chao that they had encountered a series of bloody battles in the depths of the war drum forest, and the Great Horn Army had suffered heavy losses.

That was probably the chain reaction caused by Meng Chao telling the news that the temple thieves had left the war drum forest in the sky-trapping plains.

In short, the Great Horn Army’s strategy of infiltrating the war drum forest was not as smooth as they had imagined.

However, the more intense the battle, the easier it was for a monster-level youth like leaf, who was gifted and had been modified by Meng Chao, to stand out.

During the intense battle, he constantly honed himself and honed the various skills he had learned from the dream world.

When countless veterans who had followed the ancient Dream Saintess for many years fell one after another, he quickly grew up and shone brilliantly.

When they raided war drum city and burned down the local granaries in the fierce battle, too many veterans were sacrificed, leading to a shortage of soldiers. Ye Zi was actually lucky enough to act as the temporary guard of Saintess ancient dream and see the Saintess herself!

“Saintess ancient dream was in war drum forest at that time?” Meng Chao’s pupils suddenly constricted.

“That’s right. Saintess ancient dream had been in war drum forest the whole time, controlling the actions of black-corner city from afar and then retreating.”

Ye Zi nodded and added as if he was defending Saintess ancient dream, “The war drum forest is also where the Blood Hoof clan’s troops are gathered. Saintess ancient Dream’s risk is no less than sneaking into black-corner City!”

“Yes.”

Meng Chao didn't comment. After pondering for a moment, he asked curiously, "What kind of person is Saintess ancient dream?"

"It's hard to describe."

Yezi frowned slightly. After pondering for a long time, a smile suddenly appeared on her face, "Normally, Saintess ancient dream looks like an ordinary, very approachable little girl. She should be one or two years older than me, but because she suffered too much when she was young, her face has become sallow and emaciated. No matter how hard I try, I can't make up for it. Rather than saying that she's my elder sister, it's more appropriate to say that she's more like my younger sister. No, she's the little sister that everyone wants to protect at all costs.

"It's true. I know that treating the founder and supreme commander of the Great Horn Army as a little sister is an absurd thing, but that was the feeling I had subconsciously when I first saw the ancient Dream Saintess.

"Many people were like me. When they saw the ancient Dream Saintess in her normal state, they couldn't connect her to the spokesperson of the great horn rat God walking in Tulanze.

"Even the ancient Dream Saintess herself didn't have any self-awareness of being the spokesperson of the Rat God in her normal state.

"I still remember the first time I saw her. She was like a real little girl, jumping up and down and walking towards me. She talked to me about the cave paintings in the dream. She even stood on her tiptoes and rubbed my head, calling me 'Little Brother'

"This..."

Meng Chao thought quickly and said, "The ancient Dream Saintess also had the same dream as you. Do you remember your relationship in the dream clearly?"

"Yes."

Leaf said, "Later, I learned that the Rat God gave the ancient dream saintess a very magical ability called 'shared dream'. The ancient Dream Saintess could enter many people's dreams at the same time and share everything, including emotions and skills, with everyone in the dream.

"After waking up, everyone, including the ancient Dream Saintess, could clearly remember everything and bring the emotions in the dreams to reality.

"That's why I said that everyone treated the ancient Dream Saintess as their own sister and longed to protect her at all costs. Under normal circumstances, the ancient Dream Saintess treated everyone as her family from the bottom of her heart

"This..."

Meng Chao's hair stood on end when he heard that. "But don't you think that something is wrong? The dream is obviously fake. It was manipulated or even created by the ancient Dream Saintess!"

"We all know that, but just like what I said just now, it's not important at all."

Leaf said indifferently, "Most of the rats who were able to join the Great Horn Army and survive until today were forced to lose their families by the Warriors of the clan. All of their family members died an unnatural death. Other than the flames of hatred that condensed into magma, there are no other normal emotions in their minds.

"Even if it is only the comfort in the dream that allows us to temporarily forget the painful past and 'believe' that we still have a family member living in this world, it is probably the best way to prevent our souls from being burnt to ashes by the flames of hatred.

"And Holy Maiden Gu Meng told me that she was very envious of us. Although it is very likely that none of our family members are in this world, at least we know who our family members are, remember the faces of our family members, and those wonderful days that we spent together with our family members.

"Unlike her, she seemed to be cursed by the heavens. When she was just born, everyone in her hometown died because of the plague. She didn't even remember the names and faces of her parents, let alone enjoy the warmth of family for even a moment.

"After that, she wandered around Tulanze and was passed around by the samurai masters as if they were goods. The friends that she knew were either scattered quickly or died under the cruel torture of the Samurai Masters.

"For the ancient Dream Saintess at that time, Tulanze was like a frozen abyss. No matter where she went, she couldn't feel the temperature of the human world at all. She could only use the ability that the rat God had given her to sneak into other people's dreams and become a 'family member in the Dream'. In such a way, she could enjoy temporary but illusory happiness.

"If true and eternal happiness is too extravagant for a 'lowly rat', what's wrong with a short and illusory happiness?"

"Those are the words of the ancient Dream Saintess.

"Many people in the great horn army, especially in the white bone battalion, have become family with the ancient Dream Saintess through the sharing of dreams.

"Saintess Gu Meng's image has been deeply imprinted in everyone's memories. She has become an inseparable part of our emotions, which is why we are able to bring this unbreakable relationship into reality.

"Rather than saying that we are an army, it is more appropriate to say that we are a close family. Therefore, when facing the enemies who want to slaughter our family and destroy our family, even though we know that the enemies are ten or even a hundred times stronger than us, we can still summon up our courage and fight to the last person without caring about our own safety

#### **Chapter 1145: The Possibility of Internal Strife**

A very strange feeling surfaced in Meng Chao's heart.

The Ancient Dream Saintess, whom Leaf described, and the cold-blooded, ruthless, and decisive person whom he had indirectly observed over the past few days to achieve his goal, the supreme commander

of the Great Horn Army, who could sacrifice millions or even tens of millions of lives without hesitation, did not seem like the same person at all.

With a thought, Meng Chao grasped the crux of Leaf's words.

"Wait, you said that the Ancient Dream Saintess in her normal state is like the girl next door who is easy to get along with. In other words, she also has an 'unusual state?'" Meng Chao asked.

"Of course, that is when the ancient Dream Saintess communicates with the great horn rat god and guides the great horn rat god's will and power into her body."

Leaf said seriously, "Reaper, you told me in Black-horn city that the big horn rat god was most likely a man-made idol. There was no such ancestral spirit.

"But I want to tell you that I've seen the ancient Dream Saintess transform into a human in an instant after receiving the power of the big horn rat god. She went from an ordinary mouse girl to a powerful female God of war.

"In just a moment, her temperament underwent a complete transformation.

"Her combat strength became even more terrifying than all the clan warriors I've seen. Even the powerful Wolf clan's Nighthawk, who was the commander of the Howling Legion, was killed by her blade.

"You must know that Saintess Gu Meng's true age is only one or two years older than me. Her parents died when she was young, and she led a wandering life. She didn't have the time or resources to cultivate. Under normal circumstances, she was completely powerless. She couldn't even defeat me.

"Even if she started cultivating in her mother's womb, she wouldn't have been able to kill a wolf clan expert so easily!

"If the Horned Rat God didn't really exist and used her body as a 'vessel' to descend to Tu Lanze, how would we explain such a strange thing?

Meng Chao wanted to say something, but he stopped himself and continued listening.

"The ancient Dream Saintess told us that the Horned Rat God often appeared in her dreams."

Leaf continued, "Just like how the ancient Dream Saintess appeared in our dreams and transmitted all kinds of skills and information to us, the Big Horn Rat God also used dreams to infuse her with a large amount of things that could help the sixth clan rise to power.

"Not only does it include totem martial skills, the skills to arrange troops and formations, the location of the Lost Temple, the method to open it, and even the scene of the future!"

"What?"

Meng Chao's pupils suddenly contracted to the limit.

He subconsciously cried out.

"In the dream... Do you see the future?"

He muttered.

It was unknown whether he was asking the rat youth or thinking about what had happened to him, but he could not help but mutter to himself.

“That’s right, with the help of the big horn rat god, the ancient Dream Saintess was able to predict the future in the dream, thus predicting the future and turning misfortune into luck!”

Leaf said, “I know. It sounds ridiculous. I didn’t believe it at first, but during the ambush of the Howling Legion, I saw with my own eyes that the ancient Dream Saintess changed her strategy seven times at the last minute. Every time she changed her strategy, she miraculously helped us. Either we narrowly avoided the enemy’s detection and encirclement, or we accidentally caught the enemy’s scouts and ambushers.

“It should be known that the Howling Legion had five possible routes to advance. No one was sure which route they would take.

“In order to disguise the ambush perfectly, we had to enter the battlefield three days in advance. At least from the day before, we had to stay in the mud and not move. Once the enemy saw the weakness, not only would all our efforts be wasted, but we might even be wiped out.

“At that time, everyone objected to this audacious ambush plan.

“Even if they really wanted to ambush her, everyone agreed that the ancient Dream Saintess shouldn’t have taken the risk personally.

“But she used the reason that ‘the big horn rat god gave her a revelation in her dream’ as an excuse. She took the lead and killed the Howling Legion by surprise. Even the commander of the Howling Legion, the Nighthawks, was personally killed by the ancient Dream Saintess.

“From then on, no one dared to doubt the future that the ancient Dream Saintess saw in her dream.

“And the ancient Dream Saintess’ prophecy was fulfilled time and time again. It helped us to kill our way from the border of the Gold clan to the Hundred Blade City, which is not far from the Crimson Gold City

“That’s right. We’ve really gone too far.”

Meng Chao could not help but ask, “Yezi, do you really think that the army of the rat subjects can conquer the most brilliant and sturdy heart of the entire Tu Lan Ze — the Crimson Gold City?”

“Yes.”

Flames of hope and trust burst out of the rat-peasant youth’s eyes as he said firmly., “The ancient Dream Saintess had already dreamed of that scene — the vast tide of rat-peasants, led by her, charged into Red Gold City and occupied the den of the wolves, tigers, and leopards, transforming it into the common home of millions of rat-peasants!”

Meng Chao thought of the dream that he had in his trance.

In the dream, there was a strange girl with four pupils. She was playing a strange flute and driving the endless tide of rats and skeletons to devour all the rats and leopards in the magnificent city.

However, this was just a trick that the priests of the great horn army used to interfere with the brain waves.

At the very least, in Meng Chao's memory fragments from his previous life, the Great Horn Army had not been able to conquer red gold city.

Hundred Blade City was the peak of their glory.

It was also the end of the magnificent journey.

It would not take long.

Perhaps, in ten days to half a month,.

The Great Horn Army would collapse at a speed that was a hundred times faster than the 'Miracle Rise'.

The tower that was made of sand would be swallowed by the giant waves and disappear without a trace in the river of time.

Even if the memories of his previous life were not mentioned.

Based on the information that Meng Chao had collected in the months that he had been in Tulan ZE, he could only analyze and deduce.

He could not deduce even half of the possibility that the Great Horn Legion could take down Crimson Gold City.

"Yezi, perhaps you do not understand, but an ambush and a siege are two completely different things!"

Meng Chao was patient as he tried to convince the hot-headed rat youth. "Even if you can defeat an elite legion of the Wolf clan with your faith, courage, numbers, and intelligence in an ambush, you will still be able to win.

"It doesn't mean that you can take down the Crimson Gold City, which is heavily guarded by the Lion clan and the Tiger clan in a very short period of time when you are seriously lacking in siege equipment and experience, and your logistics supplies are almost cut off. This is the city of Glory that even the Holy Light Army couldn't conquer in the past!

"As long as you don't take down the Crimson Gold City before you run out of ammunition and food, and successfully take over the granaries and armories of the Crimson Gold City from the lion men and the Tiger men who are desperate and crazy because of shame, you will be doomed.

"Then you will be finished. The Warriors of the clan won't even need to besiege you. The entire great horn army will starve to death!

"Is this possible? "Yezi, take a deep breath and clear your mind. Don't be disturbed by the damn dreams. Use the logical thinking ability I taught you. Think carefully. Is it possible for the great horn army to take down Red Gold City, which is guarded by the strongest lion-men and tiger-men of Turanze in an extremely short period of time?"

Yezi started to think seriously and obediently.

After thinking for a long time, a brilliant smile bloomed on the corner of the mouse-man youth's mouth.

"Under normal circumstances, it is indeed impossible."

He smiled, and his eyes were shining with a bright light, as if he was proud that he had a secret that Meng Chao did not know. "However, what if the lion-men and Tigermen have an internal conflict?"

"No Way!"

Meng Chao seemed to have heard a preposterous joke.

Since the "Age of extinction" more than 3,000 years ago.

The Lions and tigers have always been a stand-off but a good example of cooperation.

Though there was no shortage of Tauren and boar-men among them, who competed fiercely for the power of the clan.

But in the face of the third challenger, the Lions and tigers have always worked together to kill the challenger first, and then solve each other's problems.

They would rather take turns to be in charge than to have the authority to control the entire Lan Ze outside of the lion and tiger clans.

On Earth, there was an interesting phenomenon in the market competition.

The number one manufacturer with the highest market share competed fiercely with the strongest competitor with the second highest market share. In the end, the manufacturer with the third highest market share fell.

The phenomenon of "The boss and the second-highest competitor fought fiercely, but the third-highest competitor fell in the end" was suitable for the lion and tiger clans.

Meng Chao did not think that the lion and tiger clans, which had ruled Turanze for more than two thousand years in the past three thousand years, would lack the most basic wisdom. At the moment when the great horn army was charging forward, they were playing the game of internal strife.

Wasn't this courting death and handing over the highest authority in Tu Lanze?

However, wait —

Meng Chao's pupils suddenly constricted. He suddenly recalled that the great horn army had indeed disintegrated and vanished into thin air after the battle.

However, the momentum of the Lion clan and the Tiger Clan had also plummeted. The two heroes who had joined hands to suppress the entire TU Lanze in the past could not stop the rise of 'Hu Lang'Kanus!

"What exactly is going on?"

"Judging from the combat ability of the great horn army, it is impossible for them to take down Scarlet Gold City, let alone inflict heavy damage to the heavy troops of the Lion clan and the Tiger clan!"

“Then, what exactly happened after the destruction of the Great Horn Army in the previous life? Why did the Lion clan and the Tiger clan fall so low that the Wolf clan took the opportunity to rise?”

“After all, the Wolf Clan had just suffered a head-on blow from the Great Horn Army and had no choice but to swallow the bitter fruit of humiliation. Even if the ‘Jackal’ Kanus had the intention to eliminate his enemies and purge and reorganize the Wolf clan, the low morale of the Wolf clan was not something that could be restored overnight.

“Such a wolf clan would never be able to contend against the Lion clan and the Tiger clan at the same time.

“Therefore, how did the Lion clan and the Tiger clan decline in the previous life? is it really as ye Zi said, that the Lion clan and the Tiger clan would have internal conflicts at such a critical moment

### **Chapter 1146: Ways to Approach the Saintess**

A series of question marks appeared in Meng Chao’s heart.

Firstly, it was already unbelievable that the Lion and Tiger Clans would have the most intense internal strife when the Great Horn Army was at the city gates and the other four clans were eyeing them from behind.

Secondly, from the memories of his previous life, even if the Lion and Tiger Clans had internal strife, the biggest beneficiary would be “Jackal” Kanus.

The ambitious Corpse-eating Dog had grasped the fleeting opportunity to break free from the shackles of the puppets of the Lion and Tiger Clans and become a real Wolf King. Then, it seized the highest authority of the ‘War Priest’ and became the most terrifying ‘king of Tulan’ in the history of the Tulan Civilization!

However, Meng Chao could not figure out how he did it?

After all, the cards in the hands of ‘Jackal’ kanus were definitely not very good.

Even if he had a lot of connections with the Great Horn Army and was even the person who created and manipulated the ‘great horn rat god’ behind the scenes, he would not be able to convince the soldiers of the Great Horn Army.

However, the soldiers of the Great Horn Army were only fooled by him. They would never willingly follow his orders.

He had to gather the forces of the Wolf clan that had collapsed due to the series of terrible defeats in the shortest time possible, defeat the main force of the Great Horn Army in one fell swoop, successfully summon and digest all the surrendered soldiers, and finally, return to Crimson Gold City, launch a fatal attack on the Lion and tiger clans?

And all of this had to be done under the eyes of the Lion and tiger clans.

Even though Meng Chao knew that the rise of “Hu Lang” kanus was a foregone conclusion from the history of his previous life.

He was still amazed in his heart and broke out in a cold sweat for this “Corpse-eating dog” or “Doomsday Wolf” who was walking on a tightrope.

There was also a crucial question.

How did Yezi Know About This?

It was the ancient Dream Saintess.

But why would the ancient Dream Saintess tell such crucial information to the ordinary soldiers of the Great Horn Army?

Wasn't she afraid that the lion and tiger clans would hear about it and react?

“The Great Horn Army will attack Red Gold City while the lion and tiger clans are killing each other.” If such news was spread to Red Gold City, only a fool would continue to fight among themselves?

Meng Chao's skeptical expression made Leaf even more anxious.

“Reaper, believe me, it's true!”

The rat youth said anxiously, “The ancient Dream Saintess is very clear about the scene of the wolves, tigers, and leopards killing each other in Scarlet Gold City. It was not the first time she shared the scene in her dream with us. Even I saw it.

“This is the best opportunity that the Rat God has given us. Whether or not the rat people can seize their dignity and freedom will depend on this battle!”

Meng Chao looked at the pale but hopeful face of the rat youth. He was at a loss for words.

What should he tell Leaf? No, there was no dignity or freedom. There was only deception, slavery, and death, as always.

What should he tell Leaf? The ancient Dream Saintess that he worshipped, loved, and tried to protect at all costs, if it wasn't for the ambitious family, she would be the puppet of the ambitious family.

What should he tell Leaf? The Great Horn Army's journey was coming to an abrupt end. Hundred Blade City was the Great Horn Army's limit, and the rat people had already unleashed their full potential, however, in the face of an enemy ten times stronger, crueler, and meaner than them, their struggle was useless.

“No...”

Meng Chao shook his head hard.

He felt that he should do something to change the fate of the Great Horn Army and shake the course of history of Tu Lanze.

Perhaps, compared to the cruel and cunning wolves, tigers, and leopards, as well as the barbaric and violent blood hoof warriors,

The rat people, who were numerous but not very strong individually and urgently needed external support, were more suitable allies for the Dragon City Civilization?

Of course, if they wanted to fully cooperate with the Great Horn Army, they had to completely reform the Great Horn Army first.

At the very least, they had to figure out the background of this rat people's uprising army and find out the ambitious person hiding behind the great horn army, so that they could clearly see his heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys.

Meng Chao's original plan was to go straight for 'Hu Lang'kanus.

The ancient Dream Saintess was a skeleton in a tomb that was about to fall, and she wasn't in his target list.

However, after hearing leaf's description and gaining a richer and more three-dimensional understanding of the ancient Dream Saintess, Meng Chao suddenly felt that this 'spokesperson of the Great Horn Rat God in the human world' might not be as simple as a complete puppet.

If he could win her over and change the fate of her and all the great horned rat soldiers.

Perhaps, it could bring unexpected changes to the development of the situation?

Thinking of this, Meng Chao nodded in his heart.

He decided to take a risk and interact with the ancient Dream Saintess.

As for the method of contact..

Since Leaf's performance during this period of time was so dazzling, he could naturally openly interact with the ancient Dream Saintess through him.

Meng Chao was not afraid to let the ancient Dream Saintess know his true identity and the existence of Dragon City civilization.

For the Mouse People's Volunteer Army that had no way out and was surrounded by enemies on all sides.

A powerful ally that was close at hand and could provide millions of automatic rifles and millions of anti-monster grenades in an endless stream.

That was not called the "Gift of the big horn rat god".

It was simply the incarnation of the damn big horn rat god.

But Meng Chao believed that there was someone behind the ancient Dream Saintess.

The God who instilled power and information into her in the dream.

The guy who changed her from a poor orphan girl to the ancient Dream Saintess.

Whether or not this guy was Meng Chao's ultimate target, "Jackal"kanus.

Meng Chao didn't want to reveal all his trump cards too early.

Therefore, he didn't want his relationship with leaf to be exposed for the time being.

He did not want the guy hiding behind the ancient Dream Saintess to see through his trump cards through the secret cultivation method that he had taught leaf.

“Leaf, you said that the ancient Dream Saintess always led the troops. At least, she used the method of controlling the messenger of the Rat God to personally command the battle.

“In other words, as long as my performance in this battle is brave enough, there is a possibility that the ancient Dream Saintess will see it?”

Meng Chao pondered for a moment before asking leaf.

The rat youth nodded heavily and was overjoyed. “Of course, Saintess ancient dream represents the Rat God’s will and can clearly see the brilliant performance of every warrior. Reaper, are you willing to help us?”

“Of course I’m willing to help you, but we have to find the most suitable method and point of entry...”

Meng Chao continued to ask, “If my performance in this battle is dazzling enough, is it possible for me to meet Saintess Ancient Dream?”

“Yes. After every fierce battle, even if she is covered in wounds and exhausted, Saintess ancient dream will go to great lengths to comfort the wounded soldiers and reward the brave warriors. She will also share the dream realm with the experts whose performances are particularly eye-catching, and help the experts become stronger in the Dream!”

Leaf said, “Moreover, you are the reaper. Even the ice storm is obedient to you. I believe that as long as I tell the ancient Dream Saintess, she will definitely be willing to meet you!”

“No need. Listen, I can help you, but you have to promise me a few things.”

Meng Chao counted with his fingers and said, “First, stay here and have a good rest until the battle is over.”

“This —”

Leaf straightened his back subconsciously and tried to struggle to stand up to show that he still had some energy left.

However, he had lost too much blood after all, and he had exhausted too much of his life force in his berserk state. His legs went limp, and he collapsed again.

“Look. You have done everything you can to prove your bravery and loyalty.”

Meng Chao hurried to support him and said, “Flying moths to the fire is meaningless except for touching yourself. If you really want to fight for the dignity and freedom of millions of rats, you should live well until the next battle, the next battle, until the final victory.”

Ye Zi blushed and could only nod in agreement.

“Secondly, don’t tell anyone about our relationship, and don’t tell anyone that I’ve snuck into the White Bone Battalion.”

Meng Chao said, "I have my own ways to meet Saintess Gu Meng. If we meet in the white bone camp, please pretend that you don't know me."

Leaf nodded again. She thought for a moment, but her face was full of suspicion. "I understand, but why?"

"Well..."

Meng Chao said, "Of course I'm willing to trust you, Saintess Gu Meng, and most of the rat soldiers in the white bone camp.

"But can you guarantee that there are no spies sent by the wolves, tigers, and leopards in the camp?"

"You must know that as the battle became more and more intense, the rat folk warriors gradually unleashed their unparalleled combat ability. Their appearances also became fiercer and rougher. They were no different from the warriors of the clan.

"What if a 'house rat', who has been raised by a major clan for thousands of years and is loyal to it, sneaks into the camp to steal confidential information? Are you sure that you want such a spy to know our secret?"

Ye Zi suddenly understood and said with lingering fear, "The Reaper is more thoughtful!"

"Alright, you stay here and recuperate. I'll be right back!"

Meng Chao handed all the medicine that he had brought with him to Ye Zi.

He even helped him replenish the tracking powder that was about to run out.

Then, he climbed out of the Quagmire carefully and covered the quagmire with the fallen branches of the mandala tree to ensure that no one would discover the secret in the quagmire.

Then he took a deep breath and shot toward the most intense part of the battle.

Chapter 1147: Great Horn Mystery

At that moment, the forest had already become a burning slaughterhouse.

As time passed, more and more rat soldiers who belonged to the Great Horn Army poured into the forest from all directions, gradually surrounding the forest until it was impenetrable.

They might not have been elites like Leaf...

There were even a large number of cannon fodder who did not belong to the White Bone Battalion mixed in...

However, as long as there were enough of them, even cannon fodder could form an indestructible city wall to block, or at least slow down the Wolf Clan's reinforcements.

Realizing that they had fallen into a trap, the Wolf tribe reinforcements also gave up on breaking out of the encirclement.

Being beaten to a pulp by the rat tribe, fleeing like rats, was no different from being killed by the rat tribe.

The Wolf tribe reinforcements chose to stick close to each other at all costs, trying to form an all-conquering death squad to find the command center of the Rat tribe and use the decapitation tactic to turn the tide.

However, within the surging rat tribe, there was no eye-catching command center.

The fanatical rat tribe did not seem to need command, only fighting on their own.

Naturally, this was impossible.

When armies clashed, it was definitely not a brawl. What was important was to follow orders and follow the law.

Furthermore, the individual qualities of the rat subjects were much weaker than the elites of the Wolf clan.

Without a strong command center and a pile of loose sand, it was impossible to complete the complicated mission of surrounding, dividing, and annihilating the elites of the Wolf clan.

Even Meng Chao was puzzled when he saw this.

The mouse warriors who appeared before him were all screaming crazily like crazy demons.

Flames were spurting out of many people's eyes, ears, and ears. No matter how one looked at it, they did not look like they were carrying out orders in an orderly manner.

They were simply venting their hatred and anger without caring about anything else.

While they killed their enemies, they also burned their own lives. Finally, they turned into raging flames and ended the disorderly battle with wild laughter.

However, the seemingly chaotic assault actually crushed the wolf tribe's elite suicide squad that they had gathered with great difficulty.

And when a loophole appeared on a certain battle line, there would quickly be people who would recklessly fill it up.

The entire set of tactical coordination appeared calm and precise, completely opposite to the appearance of the mouse people warriors.

Even if the Red Dragon Army released their armored airships and obtained the air control and battlefield communication ability, establishing a global tactical chain system that covered the entire battlefield, they would at most be able to carry out their tactics to such an extent.

In the absence of modern military communication equipment, and their individual accomplishments were not satisfactory, how did the commander of the white bone battalion achieve "Perfect Command"?

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat. He suddenly sensed a very special spiritual wave in the air.

He narrowed his eyes at first and then simply closed them.

Instead, he expanded his life magnetic field to the maximum and soaked all his visual organs in abundant spiritual energy, allowing his vision to transcend the limitations of matter and see every ripple in the void.

Soon, Meng Chao 'saw' something unusual.

He discovered that, in the seemingly chaotic tide of rats, a node that was particularly dense in spiritual waves would appear every certain distance, as if it was receiving and transmitting the spiritual waves continuously.

Each node could cover a hundred square steps. The nodes would rarely overlap, ensuring that the smallest node could cover the entire battlefield.

Meng Chao opened his eyes and crawled on the ground like a squashed gecko. He crawled toward the nearest node.

When he was 20 to 30 steps away from the node, Meng Chao hid behind a bush that had been burnt black. He carefully looked in the direction of the node.

He saw a high priest of the Great Horn Army dancing wildly under the escort of hundreds of mouse warriors.

Meng Chao had met several high priestesses of the great horn army.

Most of them were wearing gorgeous feathered clothes and helmets that imitated the image of the Mouse God. Their metal skulls were covered with the helmets of the Great Horn Army. They also used masks with pointed mouths and monkey cheeks to hide their true appearances.

The high priestess in front of him had replaced the feathered clothes with armor covered with metal feathers.

The helmet and mask that completely covered the entire head seemed to have been cast seamlessly and even merged with his head.

Dozens of large horns shot out in all directions like a solidified explosion.

There was also a metal hose that had been cast into the shape of a skeleton. It was dragged from the back of the head all the way to the back of the back of the head. It sank deep into the back of the armor, as if it was connected to the spine of the high priestess.

The overall design had the antique flavor of the era of cold weapons.

It also had the characteristics of the ultra-limited battles in the information age.

More importantly, Meng Chao discovered that the endless spiritual waves were emitted and retrieved from the horn tip on the high priest's helmet!

"This is..."

Meng Chao's eyes followed the horn on the high priest's helmet to the sky, and then to somewhere outside the forest.

He seemed to see that spiritual energy ripples interweaved, forming a colorful and complicated spiritual net that covered the entire battlefield.

In the spiritual net, as the frequency of the spiritual magnetic waves changed, a lot of information fell from the sky. It was first poured into the high priest's brain, processed, and then transmitted to the brains of every rat warrior.

He thought of the test he had undergone when he joined the white bone battalion.

The white jade statue whose bones could be opened to form an antenna.

Meng Chao suddenly realized something.

It turns out that the helmets worn by the priests of the Great Horn Legion are not filled with 'great horn', but powerful antennas

Through these 'antennas', every high priest was equivalent to a mobile signal base station on the battlefield.

Far away from the jungle, the highest commander at the rear of the battle formation could use these 'antennas' to share views and real-time battle situations with the basic commanders.

He could also give orders in time for the basic commanders to adjust and adapt.

No wonder the Great Horn Army, which had only been established a few years ago and didn't have much actual combat experience, could fight back and forth with the Wolf Clan Battle Group, which had hundreds and thousands of years of history.

It was because they had an efficient communication and command system that surpassed the times!

This discovery made Meng Chao's imagination run wild.

He thought of the "Great horn rat god" itself.

After all, the legend of the Great Horn Rat God had been passed down among the millions of rat people in Tulanze for thousands of years.

However, in the thousands of years, no rat people knew why their ancestors had such an image of having "Horns on their heads".

Although many high-level orcs had "Great horn worship", they felt that the bigger, thicker, and longer the horns on their heads, the more awe-inspiring they were.

However, the original mouse people had the characteristics of rodents, so they should not have horns on their heads.

They grew dozens of horns in one breath, and they even extended from the top of their heads all the way to their backs and spines.

This was too exaggerated.

Combined with the scene in front of him, Meng Chao guessed that the original form of the so-called big-horned rat God should be a real soldier that existed in the history of Turan ZE.

Of course, it was not a rat-man warrior who fought to the death with cold weapons in hand.

It was an era when the Turan civilization was still brilliant and held superb black technology. A high-level commander who wore a helmet with extremely powerful data interaction abilities and acted as a global information processing center.

The so-called 'Big Horn' was the antenna on the helmet.

It was possible that the antenna was directly connected to his brain cells and spinal cord through the helmet and armor!

Perhaps, the ambitious man hiding behind the Big Horn Legion.

He had unintentionally excavated the remains and secrets of the ancient commander from an ancient ruin.

That was how the 'arrival of the big horn rat god' and the 'rise of the Big Horn Legion' came about!

Now that they had found the real culprit, things would be much easier.

Meng Chao believed that these high-level priests and the messenger of the Rat God would share their vision with the ancient Dream Saintess through special helmets that were covered with antennas.

As long as he could perform well enough in front of the high-level priests, he would be able to attract the attention of the ancient Dream Saintess.

Of course, the key was to be just right.

If he summoned the totem armor and killed dozens of elites of the Wolf clan in one breath...

His performance would be eye-catching enough.

It would definitely arouse the interest of the ancient Dream Saintess.

However, the guy hiding behind the ancient Dream Saintess would probably lock onto him at the first moment.

"I can't equip the totem armor.

"I can't use any martial skills and characteristics that are obviously beyond the level of the rats.

"However, I have to make people's eyes light up. In the smoky and chaotic battlefield, I will leave a deep impression on them.

"How should I do it..."

Chapter 1148: The Warrior Who Stood Against Lava

Meng Chao's mind raced as he carefully observed the high-ranking priest once again, simulating the spiritual and magnetic fluctuations of his brain waves.

He discovered that a large amount of spiritual and magnetic fluctuations were like a tide with a very clear direction, continuously surging forward.

Not far from the high-ranking priest, at the center of the vortex of slaughter, was the wolf officer whose breastplate had been cast into the shape of a wolf's head that could also spew lava.

The wolf officer unleashed the lava, forming a wall of burning fire to block the rat warriors' attacks.

At the same time, he let out a rhythmic wolf howl, as if he was giving some kind of rhythmic order, summoning the wolf elites around him to come closer to him.

More than ten wolf elites gathered around him.

Their swords and claws intersected with each other, forming an impenetrable battle net.

More elites of the Wolf clan rushed to them, trying to expand the scale of the battle network.

Once the battle network was formed.

It would become a malignant tumor growing in the middle of the rat tide.

It could trigger a large number of unpredictable chain reactions.

Seeing this, the Rat warriors fearlessly pounced on the wall of fire.

They turned their burning corpses into stepping stones so that their successors could step on their own corpses and break into the battle formation, disrupting the gathering of the elites of the Wolf clan.

Even Meng Chao himself had the vague idea of killing this wolf clan officer even if he had to die.

He was slightly stunned. He realized that the high priest must have sent a very secret order to the depths of the brains of the Rat clan warriors who were in a berserk state through a helmet filled with antennas.

He wanted them to stop the gathering of the Wolf clan at all costs.

As long as he could slow down the actions of the Wolf tribe officers.

He would definitely be seen by the ancient Dream Saintess.

Thinking of this, Meng Chao did not hesitate anymore.

He changed his direction, and the Gecko swam towards the wolf tribe officers.

He was not like the other rat tribe warriors who roared crazily like a crazy demon.

With the cover of mud, flames, dead trees, and corpses, his speed was not slow at all. He reached the edge of the wall of fire very quickly.

Taking out a thick saber from among the broken corpses, Meng Chao took a deep breath and jumped into the wall of fire with four or five mouse warriors at the same time!

With the density of his spiritual energy, as long as he stimulated the spiritual energy out of his pores and formed a thin protective layer on the surface of his body, he would not be afraid of being burned by the flames that were hundreds of degrees high.

But he still deliberately let the flames touch his hair and set a series of blisters on his body.

This is to prepare for a meeting with the ancient Dream Saintess in the near future.

Although Meng Chao is good at hiding and camouflage, can be concocted a variety of drugs, the perfect change of their skin color, hair color and eye color.

But he wasn't sure how sharp the ancient Dream Saintess's sense of smell and insight was, or whether she could see through his disguise at a glance.

Or perhaps, the white bone battalion did not have any mysterious rituals that would stir up an incomparably violent spiritual magnetic field during the process, destroying his perfect disguise.

If everything went smoothly, but at the critical moment, he revealed the strange characteristics of his black hair and black eyes, then it was possible that all his efforts would be in vain.

He might as well burn all his black hair and dye.

He also added some shocking-looking shallow burns on his body that did not affect his combat ability.

This way, he could apply the burn ointment all over his body.

On one hand, he could hide his own characteristics. On the other hand, he could use the pungent smell of the burn ointment to hide some smells that he did not want others to smell.

Moreover, under the situation where his hair was burning, he stared at his head that was shining in all directions and crazily brandished his battle saber. With such a valiant image, it would be difficult for him not to be noticed by the ancient Dream Saintess, right?

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With this thought in mind, Meng Chao finally squeezed out a fierce expression like the other rat race warriors. He let out an ancient ferocious beast-like howl and swung his saber toward the wolf race elite closest to him behind the wall of fire.

Bang!

The saber and claws clashed, producing ear-splitting crisp sounds and shooting out dazzling sparks.

Meng Chao remembered his identity of being "Only slightly stronger than an ordinary rat race warrior". He spat out blood like a kite with a broken string and flew backward.

However, the Wolf Elite's arms were numb from Meng Chao's powerful slash. Turbid waves churned in his chest and abdomen. He was barely able to catch his breath, but the door was wide open, and he temporarily lost the ability to resist.

The two rat warriors following behind Meng Chao immediately pounced forward while howling. One on the left and the other on the right, blood-dripping sharp blades stabbed fiercely at the underside of the wolf elite's ribs.

The three of them hugged each other tightly and rolled around on the ground. In a short while, they had turned into bloody gourds. No one knew whose blood was gushing out like a fountain.

The Wall of fire was corroded by the pool of blood, and a hole was instantly opened.

More and more mouse warriors entered one after another, causing the scales of victory on the battlefield to gradually tilt to the side of the Great Horn Army.

Until the wolf officer unleashed his power once more, controlling the lava that spewed out of the wolf head to form a seven to eight arm long giant battle blade that swept through the army, turning more than ten mouse corpses into charcoal, all of them flew out.

Meng Chao spat out a mouthful of hot blood.

He seemed to be badly injured and could not get up from the ground for a long time.

In fact, he activated the life magnetic field and extended the range of his five senses to 100 arms.

He found that the high priest of the great horn army had disappeared.

It was like an ice cube melting in water, not even a ripple was left.

With a thought, Meng Chao jumped up again and picked up a huge steel shield that was left behind by some dead guy. It was embedded with a large number of spikes. He followed the second wave of Fearless Mouse Warriors and once again broke through the gap of the fire wall.

This time, he is wearing the totem armor of the werewolf officer himself!

Even with Meng Chao's close combat ability.

It is also impossible to withstand the totem armor and flaming blade of a wolf officer without any protection.

"Hoo!"

Seeing a new wave of lava, from the chest of the wolf officers out of the fierce, into a giant blade of destruction.

Meng Chao could only try his best to insert the tip of the giant shield deep into the ground and block the shield with his shoulders. The shield, his body, and his legs formed a solid triangle.

Boom

Another four or five rat warriors were blown away by the officer of the Wolf clan without any suspense.

While they were still in the air, their blood had evaporated, their skin was blackened, and thick green smoke was spurting out of their seven orifices.

Meng Chao was the only one who managed to resist the surging magma with his giant steel shield. He created a small safe zone behind the shield!

Of course, in the eyes of the bystanders, the price he had to pay was extremely tragic.

The giant steel shield was not insulated from the heat.

It had not been melted by the magma yet.

However, the temperature was getting higher and higher. It gradually turned into an almost transparent orange-red color, just like a lump of melted glass.

When Meng Chao touched the inner shoulder, arm, and palm of the giant shield, as well as his face, which was close to the inside of the giant shield so that he could exert his strength, a burning sound was produced.

Hearing the hair-raising burning sound and seeing such a shocking scene, the mouse warriors behind Meng Chao were all dumbfounded. They all raised their thumbs up in their hearts for the warrior who had fought against the magma head-on.

Even the Wolf tribe officer noticed Meng Chao's amazing feat.

With a cold snort, his body moved like lightning as he strode forward and stomped heavily on Meng Chao's shield.

The giant steel shield fell from Meng Chao's hand, and Meng Chao's blood spurted out violently for the second time. He fell to the ground like a puppet that had cut off all the strings.

However, neither the surrounding rat tribe warriors nor the wolf tribe officer had expected that Meng Chao, who had been severely injured, still had the last bit of strength left. He struggled to get up from the ground.

The wolf soldier felt deeply humiliated.

He could not care less about the life of a rat.

However, he could not tolerate a rat that had blocked two rounds of his attacks and continued to jump around in front of him.

The Wolf soldier Strode towards Meng Chao.

He slightly opened his arms, and an invisible spiritual magnetic force field immediately produced a powerful suction force. Two battle sabers filled with Sawteeth were sucked out from between the corpses on the ground.

The battle sabers intersected and collided with each other, creating waves of lava. The fire wall burned even more intensely, forcing back the surrounding rat race warriors.

The wolf race officer stared at Meng Chao's neck, and the corners of his mouth curled up into a confident and cruel smile.

The same smile also appeared on the corners of Meng Chao's mouth.

However, he wasn't staring at the wolf race officer's neck.

Instead, he was staring at the top of his head.

Just as the wolf officer strode toward Meng Chao and focused all his attention on him...

A shadow appeared above his head.

Two steel claws fell from the sky and grabbed his shoulders.

The high priest who had just disappeared behind Meng Chao appeared in the Sky Like a ghost and stood on top of the Wolf Officer's head!

Chapter 1149: The True Army

Different from the concept of "priestesses" on Earth, only the strongest, fiercest, and most brutal warriors in Picturesque Orchid Lake could be qualified for such glory.

Only a body made of steel and iron and an unyielding will could grit their teeth and endure the pain of being torn apart when the power of the ancestral spirit descended into their bodies. They would make themselves the best "vessel" for the ancestral spirit.

This high-ranking priest of the Great Horn Army was no less powerful than a Wolf Clan officer.

When he had mysteriously disappeared behind Meng Chao, Meng Chao had guessed that he would personally take care of the officer of the Wolf Clan.

As long as Meng Chao acted as fearless as possible and could divert the attention of the officer of the Wolf Clan and buy time for the high-ranking priest, it would be enough.

As expected!

This high priest should have the bloodline of the Lightning clan.

His feet were as sharp as an eagle's claws that were magnified several times.

The front and back claws pierced deeply into the shoulder of the wolf officer, but the shoulder blades were firmly locked, making it impossible for the wolf officer to raise his arms.

The two claws that grew horizontally like human thumbs were embedded into the neck of the wolf officer and were placed horizontally on the carotid artery.

The cruel smile on the wolf officer's face instantly froze.

Endless fear and despair exploded in his eyes.

From the depths of his throat came the roar of a trapped beast.

He tried to ignore the broken shoulder blades and swing his blade upward to cut off the high priest's legs.

However, the latter did not leave him any openings.

The muscles on his legs expanded, and the claws suddenly contracted. With a fierce twist and pull, the wolf officer's shoulder blades, cervical vertebrae, carotid artery, and part of his throat were instantly torn to pieces.

Then, with a shake of his arms, the metal wings embedded in the armor all stood up. The mysterious and complicated runes engraved on them also emitted a dazzling light and shot out powerful air currents, they actually condensed into two invisible giant wings, propelling his entire body into the air.

Naturally, the wolf race officer was also tightly grabbed by his cervical vertebra and hung up in the air like a rope.

Even with the valor of the officer of the Wolf Clan.

He had no leverage in the air and could only be butchered.

After a symbolic struggle, the high priest of the Great Horn Army twisted the head of the officer of the Wolf clan and his helmet off with a cracking sound.

The missing head landed heavily on the ground and smashed into the wall of fire.

Blood spurted out of the shocking wound and gradually extinguished the wall of fire.

The wolf elites behind the wall of fire were dumbfounded and dazed.

They had never expected that their trusted officer would not be a match for the mouse people.

It was as if the high priest of the Great Horn Army had not only torn apart the officer's neck.

It also included the will to resist of all the elites of the Wolf clan present.

The High Priestess held the head of the Wolf clan officer, who had died with his eyes wide open.

He gazed deeply in Meng Chao's direction and nodded slightly, as if praising Meng Chao's bravery and loyalty.

Then, he let out an ear-piercing screech and raised the head of the Wolf clan officer high in the air.

The helmet worn by the Wolf clan officer was particularly gorgeous.

Even if one could not see his face clearly, as long as one saw the wolf fang and wolf hair on the helmet, one would know that this was definitely the head of a Wolf Clan Noble.

Within a radius of several hundred arms, the Wolf clan elites who saw this head were all dumbfounded. They felt as if their worldview had collapsed and the entire world had been changed beyond recognition.

However, the mouse warriors were greatly encouraged. They became more and more convinced that the big horn rat god must be protecting and blessing them from above the clouds.

Even Meng Chao was secretly speechless.

The move that the high-level priest had used just now was fluid and unpredictable. Without decades of hard work, it was impossible for it to be refined to such perfection.

"Who are these high-level priests of the Big Horn Army?"

Meng Chao did not believe that they were rats who had only trained their martial skills for a few years.

Even if the ancient Dream Saintess could use mysterious methods to send her will into the bodies of these high-ranking oracles and display exquisite martial skills, the high-ranking oracles would not be able to resist her.

However, if their bodies could not keep up and did not form the corresponding muscle memory and conditioned reflexes, it would be impossible for them to unleash 100% of their power and kill the Wolf tribe officers in an instant.

In the white bone camp, there was far more than one such powerful high-ranking priest.

At the same time that the high-ranking priest in front of Meng Chao instantly killed the Wolf tribe officer.

In other directions of the jungle battlefield, the high-ranking officers and high-ranking priests of the Great Horn Army also attacked one after another. They attacked the basic commanders of the Wolf tribe reinforcements in a swift and fierce manner that exceeded the opponent's imagination, they completely paralyzed the organizational structure of the Wolf Clan's reinforcements.

With the battle progressing to this stage, there was no longer any suspense about victory or defeat.

Especially when tens of thousands of ragged-clothed soldiers holding stone hammers and dung pitchforks, their eyes shone with a fanatical light that was even more fanatical than the elites of the white bone battalion. The flood-like rat army came whistling over from the edge of the jungle, they drowned and devoured everything.

The reinforcements of the Wolf clan completely collapsed.

These proud and arrogant warriors of the clan were, after all, flesh and blood.

When the belief of "Under the protection of the ancestral spirit, invincible in battle" was shattered into pieces and trampled into the mud.

Their survival instinct as carbon-based intelligent beings surged in the depths of their brain, gradually suppressing the illusory sense of honor.

"The Big Horn Rat God is real!"

"Otherwise, how could we, pure-blooded warriors of the clan, be defeated by a group of rats?"

"No, we didn't lose to these rats, but to a newly awakened, hungry, true ancestral spirit!"

This thought became the last straw that crushed the camel.

Half an hour later, the battle ended.

The Great Horn Army once again obtained a glorious victory, and they wiped out the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe that were rushing to hundred blade city.

When the last howl came to an abrupt end.

All the living, bloody, riddled, wounded, badly wounded, burned, exhausted, and struggling rat tribe warriors were so happy that they cried and howled at the sky.

When they saw the strange phenomenon in the sky, the joy of victory turned into the firmest and deepest belief.

“Look!”

It was unknown who was the first to point at the clouds in the sky.

It was dusk.

The setting sun that was as red as blood dyed the clouds into a red sea.

In the Red Sea, the wind was blowing and the clouds were relaxing, as if the waves were crashing on the shore. Countless clouds piled up and formed a huge, solemn, and holy statue.

The horn on top of his head was like a flame. He was wearing armor made of bones, and there was a blood-stained war flag on his back. He looked invincible, it was the ancestor spirit who had just woken up from his ten thousand years of sleep — The Rat God!

“The Rat God has appeared!”

“It is indeed the Rat God who has been protecting us in the sky!”

All the RAT soldiers knelt on the ground and worshipped the big-horned rat God in the clouds.

However, Meng Chao’s attention was not projected to the clouds. Instead, it spread out and watched the oracles who were wearing the ‘antenna helmets’ in the crowd with great interest.

In his eyes, the red clouds in the sky did not have any magical changes, much less the appearance of the big-horned rat God.

On the contrary, the helmets of the high-level priests were releasing extremely powerful spiritual and magnetic waves. They were like brain waves that were sizzling and drilling into the brains of the surrounding rat soldiers.

The brain waves of the rat soldiers were stimulated, triggering a chain reaction that was like an avalanche. A phenomenon similar to mass hysteria was created, causing everyone to see the same illusion.

Of course, Meng Chao did not despise the high-ranking priests just because they were playing tricks.

It was not easy to make tens of thousands of rat soldiers have the same illusion at the same time and bring their wills together.

Although the illusion was fake.

The combat ability that was brought about by it was real.

After experiencing such an ambush, Meng Chao’s doubts did not diminish. Instead, they grew more and more.

Originally, he thought that the great horn army was just a mob of rats who had been deceived, used, and put together in a desperate situation. They were not a real army at all, and their combat strength was quite suspicious.

But now, it seemed that at least the core of the Great Horn Army, the White Bone Battalion, was a strong army that was superior to the clan battle group in many aspects, and even had a battlefield communication ability that surpassed the standard of Dragon City.

And the high-ranking officers and high-ranking priests hidden behind the great horn helmet and mysterious mask.

Were not as simple as ordinary rat people. Instead, they were like professional warriors who had begun their harsh training as soon as they were born.

This was a real army.

Here came the problem.

Even if this army was not enough to conquer red gold city.

In the history of his previous life, how did it suddenly collapse and disappear without a Trace?

Chapter 1150: Dream of the Holy Mountain

Meng Chao believed that the answer should lie with the Ancient Dream Saintess.

However, before he met the Ancient Dream Saintess, he still had to go through the wounded soldiers' camp first.

In order to win this ambush, the White Bone Battalion had paid a very heavy price.

Almost all the White Bone Battalion warriors were covered in wounds, and many of them had lost one or even two limbs.

With the advanced orcs' strong vitality, coupled with the fact that the fanatical rat people had used secret medicines to overdraw their life potential for the next few decades, even if their skin was torn open and their bones were exposed, they would only need to be smeared with secret medicines and simply bandaged. Together with the blessing of the priests, they would be able to become lively again.

It was easy to imagine how badly the warriors, who were sent to the wounded barracks to recuperate, had been injured.

However, Meng Chao had to enter the wounded soldiers' camp.

Leaf had told him that the Ancient Dream Saintess attached the most importance to the warriors who would fight to the death. Not only would she give those wounded soldiers the best resources, but she would also visit the seriously-injured warriors in the wounded soldiers' camp after every battle. She would even talk to every seriously injured warrior to show that she valued them.

To Meng Chao, it was not too difficult to aggravate his injuries.

It was nothing more than controlling his breathing, heartbeat, and pulse. On top of that, he intentionally secreted a large amount of body fluid to show signs of organ failure and severe dehydration after severe burns.

The difficult part was whether those high priests with keen eyes would scan and analyze his body in depth.

If they invaded Meng Chao's body with spirit power to carefully sense his internal organs to cure him, they would definitely find that his cells were extremely active.

They would definitely discover that his cell activity was unbelievably strong. He was practically a totem beast in human skin.

Fortunately, after the battle, there were simply too many seriously-injured people.

Many warriors who had consumed secret medicines and fallen into madness had practically jumped into the mouths of the Wolf Clan's elites on their own accord. They had attempted to pierce through the enemy's throat with their hard and sharp bones.

Even if such fearless warriors could survive, the severity of their injuries would be unimaginable.

Facing the thousands of seriously injured warriors, the witch doctors and priests of the great horn army were also extremely busy. For the time being, they were unable to examine and treat every wounded person.

For burn patients like Meng Chao, they could only apply the ointment for burns on their bodies first and then soak in the secret medicine. Bandages that gave off a strange fragrance were wrapped around them to ensure that bacteria would not invade their bodies— according to the advanced orcs, it was an evil force.

Following which, they sent Meng Chao to the wounded barracks to recuperate.

That was exactly what Meng Chao wanted.

The Great Horn Army had cut down the forest and built a large-scale wounded barracks not far from the ambush battlefield.

Inside, they provided the high-energy food and powerful secret medicine that they had just seized from the Wolf Clan's reinforcements.

Unfortunately, Meng Chao, who was "severely burned," could not "rise from the dead" and devour the food.

He could only close his eyes and pretend to be asleep for a long time.

At the same time, he secretly activated his spirit magnetic field to stimulate his brain and expand his five senses to the maximum. He did not let go of the tiniest spirit energy ripples around him.

After "sleeping" for three days, he finally saw the Ancient Dream Saintess.

It was a new dawn.

Upon applying the secret medicine that had the effect of calming the mind and helping with sleep, all the seriously injured soldiers had fallen into a coma.

Even though they had lost a few limbs, the seriously injured soldiers, who had been wailing in pain during the day, were frowning and moaning at the moment.

Meanwhile, ripples were appearing in their brains at the same time.

Meng Chao immediately noticed that the brain waves with weird frequencies were spreading in the wounded soldiers' barracks.

It was like a pond that was being hit with heavy rain. At first, it was just a few raindrops, and they were like dragonflies skimming the water in a pond, releasing circles of faint ripples.

Soon, the ripples continued to spread, and the ripples collided crazily. The raindrops became denser and denser, causing the entire pond to boil.

Including Meng Chao, all the severely wounded soldiers had the same dream in the resonance of the brain waves.

In the trance-like dream, all of them sat cross-legged under a lofty mountain that reached into the clouds with a magnificent aura.

They were still covered in wounds, their limbs were broken, and even their intestines were pierced through.

However, the blood and body fluid that flowed out of their wounds had a pale golden texture, like some kind of melted metal that was shone faintly.

That caused their incomplete appearances to carry the aura of a martyr, making them appear very solemn and sacred.

Among the thousands of severely injured people, the girl with Polycoria, who had appeared in Meng Chao's dream, playing the clarinet, driving the group of skeleton rats, and drowning the glorious city, was floating high in the air.

She maintained a smile on her face as she played the clarinet.

This time, the sound of the clarinet was no longer strange and mournful. Instead, it was indescribably pleasant to the ear. It made people forget all their anger, hatred, annoyance, and pain, which urged them to let go of everything and gave them a feeling of eternal peace.

Accompanied by the melodious sound of the clarinet, wisps of golden light flowed out of the instrument.

It was like a golden ribbon, rippling in circles and gently wrapping around the heavily injured people who were sitting around the girl with Polycoria.

Meng Chao did not fall into a deep sleep like the other heavily injured people.

Even in the dream, he still kept a clear perception and the ability to control his own will.

In other words, to him, it was a "lucid dream."

He could clearly see that these people who were wrapped by the golden ribbons were among the most heavily injured. They were almost hopeless.

The spiked maces of the Wolf Clan's elite had gone through some of their helmets and flattened their heads, shattering their skulls. As a result, their skulls had caved in, and even their eyeballs had been squeezed out of their sockets.

Others either had half of their bodies sliced open by giant blades, or even had half of their heads cut off. Their internal organs and brain matter were exposed in the air.

Some were truly severely burned. Not a single piece of undamaged skin could be found on their entire bodies.

Others did not seem to have wounds that were too big on the surface, but due to the secret medicine's stimulation, their organs released too high a temperature, and they were cooked alive.

If Earthlings were to suffer such serious injuries...

They would die on the spot.

Even with the advanced orcs' powerful vitality, and the careful treatment from the witch doctors and priests, they could only delay the Grim Reaper's footsteps for a few more days. Besides, they would bring more unnecessary pain to them.

Yet, right then, there was not the slightest expression of pain on the faces of the seriously injured people, who were on the verge of death.

Many of them had already fallen asleep for several days and woke up from their dreams.

As the double-pupiled girl blew more and more shining threads into their bodies, their incomplete and miserable bodies seemed to assimilate with the golden threads of light.

They gradually became crystal clear and glittered with golden light.

It was as if they had gradually slowly rid of the mass of their flesh and blood and the restraints of gravity, turning into something that was purely condensed from energy. They were like hundreds of thousands of golden balloons as they flew up into the sky unsteadily.

They flew higher and higher, eventually flying to the side of the towering and majestic mountain under the clouds.

The heavily injured soldiers who were not entangled by the golden light were partially confused and partially envious as they looked at these people.

Suddenly, the crowd below began to stir because a breeze blew away the clouds that covered the mountainside, revealing the scene on the mountaintop.

At the peak of the majestic mountain, there was a lofty and resplendent palace.

Around the palace stood several hundred statues of warriors in armor.

Each of the statues was at least hundreds of arms tall, like a living ancestral spirit. They waved their invincible weapons and released thunderous roars.

However, compared with the sounds of clashing swords and the roars of the sky exploding like raging waves, the sounds made by these statues were nothing.

In a trance, all the seriously injured people started to hallucinate.

They seemed to see that all the Turan warriors from the ancient times to the present were gathered in the palace at the peak of the mountain. They drank heartily and wolfed down their food. After they had eaten their fill, they laughed manically and jumped into the arena. They were going to have a satisfying duel with the warriors who had sacrificed themselves in different eras but were equally brave.

Even if they were beaten to a pulp in the battle, even if their heads and organs were smashed into minced meat, it did not matter. They would soon be able to come back to life before the warriors' chorus. Then, they could continue the next round of drinking and fierce battles just like that. The cycle was endless.

All the seriously injured people felt their minds being drowned by a boiling wave.

Their minds went blank, and they were only shocked and touched.

"This is... the Holy Mountain!"

"It's the legendary Holy Mountain!"

"The Holy Mountain truly exists. Those among us who have made the most heroic sacrifices have all ascended to the peak of the Holy Mountain under the Rat God's leadership to enjoy an eternal feast and fierce battles!"