

Oh My God 1161

Chapter 1161: Never Make, but Always Mar

When the rebel rat army finally found the Great Horn Army's main forces after all the trouble they had gone through...

They could not help but burst into laughter, having survived the calamity. They ridiculed the stupidity of the clan warriors.

"How can there be such fools in the world? Do they really believe that we would be willing to become slaves again and attack our brothers and sisters just for a few mandrake fruits?"

"Moreover, they trust us unconditionally even before they send out the supervising army. They're going to launch a suicide attack on the Great Horn Army's well-defended position? How is that possible?!"

"The commander of those wolf rangers must be a fool, the most naïve fool in all of Orchid Lake.

"If the commander of the Wolf clan is so simple-minded, no wonder they were beaten to a pulp by the Great Horn Army time and time again!"

The troops in the Rat People's Liberation Army uttered the same thing one after another.

Everyone laughed until they cried.

Soon enough, however, they could not laugh anymore.

They realized that the days after meeting up with the Great Horn Army's main forces were completely different from what they had imagined.

They were still unable to escape the torture of hunger.

The Great Horn Army did not have any grain left either.

They did not seem to welcome these rebel soldiers who were filled with unrealistic dreams and empty bellies.

The food provided by the Wolf Clan's commander was calculated accurately. It was only enough for them to consume along the way. No matter how careful they were, there was not a single drop of food left.

After starving for a few days and nights, dissatisfaction and panic spread among the rebel rat army.

Some people began to complain that the Great Horn Army was like the clan warriors. They divided people into different classes and looked down on those in the rebel army who had risked their lives to get all the way there.

They were willing to go through fire and water for the Great Horn Army. They were willing to sacrifice their lives for the Great Horn Army. However, the Great Horn Army could not even guarantee that they could have two meals a day.

They gone through all kinds of obstacles and broken through all kinds of defense lines. Could it have been all down to luck that they did not die at the clan warriors' hands?

It was not easy to find a large army, but they had to starve to death before the Great Horn Army's gaze?

Was that not too ridiculous?

Some people licked their dry lips and recalled the meager rations provided by the wolf cavalry. They thought that although the wolf commander was stupid, he was generous to his subordinates. The treatment of the Wolf Clan's canon fodder was much better than that of the Great Horn Army's fighters.

Now that they thought about it, they did not know who was truly stupid, the kind-hearted wolf commander, or the smart-alecky wolf commander who had surrendered and rebelled but needed to starve to death.

Some people even began to question the Rat God's existence.

"When we were out of ammunition and food, at our most desperate moment, everyone knelt on the ground and prayed to the Rat God with the most pious attitude, praying that the Rat God would give us a chance to survive.

"In the end, the Rat God didn't respond to us. Instead, it was the Wolf Clan's rangers who saved our lives. They accepted our surrender and gave us enough food to live on.

"The Wolf Clan didn't punish any of us, but we betrayed the Wolf Clan again and defected to the Great Horn Army.

"We've seen everyone in the Great Horn Army praying to the Rat God again and again, begging him to give them food to fill their stomachs. However, the Rat God has not responded to them either!

"In that case, does the Rat God really exist? If he really does exist, and if he really does have legendary omnipotent divine power, why can't he even do such a simple and basic thing like fill the rat people's stomachs?

"Is it possible that the generous, merciful, powerful, and invincible Big-horned Rat God is not even as good as the wolf rangers?"

No one knew that such a heinous idea had come from the head of a deranged rat person in the beginning.

However, once the idea appeared, it spread among the rat population insanely fast like the plague.

The rat people who had just come from all directions to seek refuge in Picturesque Orchid Lake were not the only shaken ones.

The veterans had joined the Great Horn Army for a few months and built up a firm belief in the Big-horned Rat God in a series of bloody battles. Even they could not help but rub their deeply sunken bellies when they were hungry. It got to the point that their chests were pressed against their backs. They bared their teeth and questioned their fellow comrades who were also hungry.

The result was that aside from the first-line troops, who could barely guarantee their rations, the rest of the Great Horn Army's soldiers were also hungry.

The morale of the Great Horn Army's second and third-line troops, which were deployed at the flanks and rear, had plummeted. They were on the verge of collapsing.

From the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory fragments, Meng Chao had read that the Great Horn Army's priests had led military judges into the second and third-line troops. They had secretly investigated and uncovered many people who had misled the public and shaken the army's moral.

These people were considered to be extremely disloyal to the Big-horned Rat God. They were spies sent by the five great clans to the Great Horn Army, and they received the harshest punishment.

However, even if they killed their way through, it would not be able to stop the rumors from spreading like wildfire throughout the Great Horn Army. It looked like they were about to spread to Hundred Blade City, to the first-tier elite troops in the White Bone Battalion.

No. Meng Chao, who had memories of his previous life, knew very well that it was not a rumor.

It was a fact that was about to happen.

Regardless of whether they could take down Hundred Blade City or not, the Great Horn Army would not be able to solve the problem of food shortage.

In the end, they would lose their fighting strength due to hunger.

If they were still able to move, they would form a system to surrender to the clan warriors, mainly the Wolf Clan that surrounded them.

Who had talked about the reputation of the Wolf Clan commander, who had released a large number of the Liberation Army troops, calling him "stupid and generous"? Had it spread throughout the entire Great Horn Army with the arrival of the rat people's Liberation Army?

"This guy's calculations... are really good!"

Meng Chao smelled a conspiracy.

The Wolf Clan commander who had released a large number of the rat people's Liberation Army without any screening, without sending any military supervision, was definitely not "the most naïve fool in all of Picturesque Orchid."

He was probably "the most dangerous schemer in all of Picturesque Orchid."

On the surface, his "generosity and kindness" did not seem to be of any benefit. Not only had he allowed a large number of enemies to go, but he had also attached a lot of military rations to them. He even gave himself the reputation of being "extremely stupid." He was even suspected of "aiding, supporting, and collaborating with the enemy."

However, thinking about it carefully, the Great Horn Army was facing the same exact problem as the five clans.

Everyone had an abundance of soldiers. They were in dire need of rations, weapons, high-level warriors, and a space that could accommodate thousands of soldiers as well as horses!

In any war of any era, the more abundant the soldiers, the better.

In other words, they had to undergo rigorous training and be allocated with sufficient strategic resources. It was so that they could turn lumps of burden that had combat strength equal to zero or even negative numbers into a “force” that could withstand battle.

Since ancient times, those who were qualified to say “the more the merrier” were rare existences.

Unfortunately, such a famous general did not exist in the Great Horn Army.

Instead, in just a few months, the Great Horn Army, which had expanded tens or even hundreds of times in size, had become overly bloated, and it was panting due to its own weight. There was really no need for more confused rebel armies that had come to “lend a hand.”

The “thousand-mile assistance” from the rat people’s rebel army did not manage to increase the Great Horn Army’s overall combat strength. Instead, it presented a new test to the already weak logistical supplies. It might even become the last straw that broke the camel’s back.

Furthermore, the Great Horn Army was fighting deep into the heart of the Gold Clan.

Facing the wolves, tigers, and leopards, the most important thing was to obtain enough space for them to move around. Only then would they be able to fully display their advantage in choosing a battlefield.

However, as more and more of the rebel rat troops arrived, the Great Horn Army’s space gradually became congested and even sealed.

The rat people’s rebel army that was filled with passion and resistance, had been let through by the clan warriors on their own accord along the way and chased into the Gold Clan’s territory.

They had never fought a real tough battle before.

When they were in a desperate situation, their fighting strength and will were quite suspicious.

They were completely different from the elite soldiers of the White Bone Battalion.

If such a ragtag group surrounded the White Bone Battalion, only two kinds of situations would occur once things got critical.

For one, the Gold Clan’s heavy armored battle group would suddenly launch a destructive attack on these ragtag groups from the periphery in a crushing manner.

The motley crew would definitely collapse in an instant, forming a panic-stricken, wailing, and howling tide. They would continuously flee toward the Great Horn Army’s main forces, which they thought was safest. It was where the White Bone Battalion was located too.

At that time, the Gold Clan’s heavily armored battle group would not even need to make a move, and the White Bone battalion would be crushed by the collapsing deserters.

If not that, the White Bone Battalion would smell danger and want to break out of the encirclement ahead of time.

Despite that, they would be surrounded by a motley crew that formed an iron wall. There would be nowhere for them to run. Even if they managed to escape, there would be obvious traces left behind.

Throughout the history of war, many elite troops had gone through hundreds of battles. They would be put together at the last minute, and although they seemed to have the advantage in numbers, their combat strength was actually a mess.

Hence, there was a reason why soldiers were more important than men.

The Ancient Dream Saintess and the Great Horn Army's generals might understand that.

However, the flag that they raised was to save the rat people of Picturesque Orchid Lake. How could they reject the rebel army that had come from thousands of miles away?

If they rejected a rebel army today, the entire Great Horn Army would collapse before the sun rose tomorrow.

"This Wolf Clan commander is scheming something," Meng Chao thought to himself.

"He's aware that the Great Horn Army cannot reject any of the rat people from the rebel army. Even if the situation on the battlefield right now shows that the rebel army has become a burden that can't accomplish anything, the Ancient Dream Saintess can only brace herself to accept them and solve their food problem.

"Therefore, the commander of the Wolf Clan has given the Great Horn Army great burden so that it would be crushed by its own crazy weight."

Chapter 1162: Jackal Style

Not to mention, the arrival of these mobs had dealt an irreversible blow to the Great Horn Army's morale.

Meng Chao, who had personally forged his identity and infiltrated the Great Horn Army, knew very well that the Great Horn Army did not have the ability to correctly identify every single member in the rat people's volunteer army.

The rat people originally came from different clans, different towns, and different settlements. They had different occupations, characteristics, and experiences.

Some people were bold private hunters, while some people were just miners and foundry workers.

Although they could not stand their persecution anymore and had risen up to resist, their family members had remained in their hometown.

Others were at odds with their masters and were wanted by several families.

There were even some rat people who were not as righteous and glorious as they said. Instead, they were thieves and criminals who tried to use the rat people's rebellion to wash away their past crimes in the tide of the times.

As a result, many used false identities when they joined the Great Horn Army.

After a long journey and a series of fierce battles, most of their comrades had died or fallen behind. The comrades around them had also changed from batch to batch, and no one could confirm or deny their identity at all.

In such circumstances, it was easy for Wolf commanders to mix a few grains of sand with the rebel rat army, which was destined to surrender and rebel.

One should know that although the rat people's rebellion had engulfed the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake, the deeply rooted military nobles always kept some loyal domestic rats.

The relationship between these domestic rats and their masters could be traced back to a thousand years ago.

They enjoyed treatment that far exceeded that of ordinary rat people. Their wives and children were also very likely to fall into the hands of their masters. It was impossible for them to have any thoughts of betrayal. Hence, they were the best spies.

They allowed these spies to infiltrate the rat people's rebel army and find the Great Horn Army's main forces. On the one hand, they could pry into the truth and gather intelligence. On the other hand, they would spread rumors such as, "The Wolf Clan Master is kind-hearted and willing to accept all who surrender" and "The Big-horned Rat God doesn't exist at all. Otherwise, why would he watch us believers who are absolutely loyal to him starve to death?"

The light rumors were like viruses that corroded people's hearts. They were even more terrifying than the heavy-armored legions that were armed to the teeth.

"The rat rebel army that arrived one after another has already been implanted with 'viruses' by the enemy and turned into powerful 'bombs' in their ignorance.

"It's possible that the Great Horn Army in my previous life was blown to pieces by these rabble from the inside!

"There are not many commanders in Picturesque Orchid who can come up with such a scheme. In my memory..."

The warriors of Picturesque Orchid, who were used to solving problems with swords, claws, and muscles, usually did not bother with such a complicated scheme.

The Gold Clan's wolves, tigers, and leopards preferred to run freely on the battlefield and enjoy the pleasure of cutting the rat people's throats.

To launch such a scheme against mere rat people was simply a humiliation in the eyes of the proud jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards.

In Meng Chao's memories of his previous life, there was only one supreme champion in the Turan civilization who did not mind launching the most thorough and terrifying scheme against even the weakest opponent.

And that was...

"Jackal" Kanus, who had ascended to the Turan civilization's highest throne and launched a war between worlds on the coming tomorrow.

"That's right. Such a scheme is indeed 'Jackal' Kanus' style.

"Has the ambitious mastermind finally lost the ability to resist and has jumped out of the dark corner to take action personally?"

"Yeah, with his secret support, the Great Horn Army has grown crazily to the extent that it is now on the verge of success. It is time to reap the fruits of victory.

"Perhaps, the wolf rangers who are wantonly moving around the area that's controlled by the Great Horn Army and using the wolf pack tactic to hunt down the supply line crazily are personally led by Kanus, the Jackal.

"Think about it. When the experienced and unruly leaders of the Wolf Clan return in defeat on the battlefield and the heavy troops under their command are all killed by the Great Horn Army, they will be defeated.

"However, 'Jackal' Kanus has personally led the Wolf Clan's second-line troops and won a series of victories.

"While the result of each attack might have only burned a few wagons of supplies, which would be insignificant at normal times...

"But to the Wolf Clan, whose morale had plummeted on the battlefield, victory was victory. It was what they needed the most at the moment.

"In comparison, Kanus, the Jackal's, prestige in the entire Wolf Clan has naturally increased day by day to an unprecedented level.

"Even if he takes the opportunity to weaken the military authority of the Wolf Clan's leaders, reorganize their defeated troops, and slowly seize the military authority into his own hands, he probably wouldn't encounter too much resistance within the clan.

"Next, all he needs is an indisputable victory, a decisive victory that will completely suppress the chaos in the Great Horn Army. Then, 'Jackal' Kanus will become a hero who will turn the tide and defend the Wolf Clan's glory. He will win the respect and loyalty of all the Wolf Clan's brave warriors. From a mere puppet, he will become a real Wolf King!"

Meng Chao felt that he had seen through "Jackal" Kanus' scheme.

However, he could not tell the Ancient Dream Saintess about it.

It was very strange. The Ancient Dream Saintess had received a large amount of information and realized that the Great Horn Army was facing a lack of military supplies, rumors were spreading, and the morale of the army was unstable.

However, she hid the information in the depths of her brain as if she was ignoring it.

If Meng Chao was not thinking about how the Great Horn Army would be wiped out, he would be very sensitive to the food issue and the existence of “Jackal” Kanus.

It was also very difficult to scan and retrieve such information from the thousands of shining memory cells.

“What exactly is stuffed in the depths of the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain?” Meng Chao muttered to himself as his consciousness continued to search the core of the Ancient Dream Saintess’ memory.

He wanted to find the memory of how the Ancient Dream Saintess went from an ordinary rat girl to being the “Big-horned Rat God’s spokesperson in Picturesque Orchid Lake.”

He wanted to find clues on the mastermind.

However, it was very difficult to search for and extract specific memory fragments from a completely unfamiliar brain.

Even though Meng Chao had a lot of experience in reading memory fragments, it was difficult to clear his head at once.

It was as if he had walked into a time tunnel.

Light and shadow interweaved before his eyes as he kept recalling the things that were most deeply remembered in the Ancient Dream Saintess’ short life.

In the sea of glittering memories, the first thing that rushed into Meng Chao’s eyes were mountains of corpses and seas of blood. Countless rat civilians were broken into pieces, and the scene of heavily injured soldiers wailing in barracks for the wounded was also playing out.

“These are... the victims of the Great Horn Army.

“I didn’t expect that the Ancient Dream Saintess could use her cold and ruthless tactics to treat the millions of rat civilians as pawns and send them to their deaths without hesitation.

“However, deep down she remembers the faces and even the names of every victim.

“So much blood, bones, internal organs, and brain matter. There are also screams, moans, and the sound of burning corpses, the sound of war hammers crushing bones, and the sound of brain matter squeezing out of the empty sockets of those who’ve lost their eyeballs. The sounds have been lingering in her mind all this time. She’s still able to remain sober and rational without going crazy and becoming a monster. It’s... unbelievable!”

Meng Chao did not want to stay in the memory of the massacre for too long.

He followed the timeline and continued to trace the origin, searching for the truth behind the Great Horn Army’s creation by the Ancient Dream Saintess.



However, when it came to the intersection between the Gold Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan, the underground base hidden in the depths of the valley, and how the Ancient Dream Saintess had recruited warriors to form an army in the first place, where did the rations and armaments needed for the army come from... this series of memories were all shrouded in a milky white fog. Hence, it was impossible to see the details clearly.

It was as if the Ancient Dream Saintess herself, or someone else, had sealed a part of her memories.

Meng Chao did not dare to stir his brain waves, strengthen his spirit power, and forcefully break the seal.

Regardless of the consequences, if he acted recklessly, he might be discovered by the Ancient Dream Saintess or even the mastermind at the next second.

By then, it would be hard to imagine what would happen to his partial subconscious mind that was still deep in the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

Meng Chao could only suppress his curiosity and swim toward the Great Horn Army's memory data before the Ancient Dream Saintess created it.

He stopped in front of a sparkling "balloon jellyfish."

Inside the memory cells that were like crystal balls, there was an overwhelming snowstorm.

In the snowstorm, hundreds of thousands of Mount Wolves were howling mournfully.

Chapter 1163: Crossing the River of Memory

Even the Mount Wolves were trembling like frightened rabbits in the face of the violent snowstorm.

They tried their best to get close to each other and huddled into mountains of flesh, using the group's body temperature to resist the harsh nature.

However, in the middle of the wolves, there were some small human figures with sparse hair that were shivering.

They were naturally the Ancient Dream Saintess and the rat slaves who were in charge of taking care of the wolves.

Meng Chao had heard the veterans of the Great Horn Army talk about the Ancient Dream Saintess' background.

He knew that before she received enlightenment from the Big-horned Rat God, she had been a slave in a Wolf Clan's settlement, and she had been in charge of taking care of the Wolf Clan's most important asset, the Mount Wolves.

It was not an easy task.

The Mount Wolves were savage and untamed. They were completely different from warhorses.

Anyone besides their master who dared to approach them would easily become a delicacy in their stomach.

Just like Monster Mountain Range, Picturesque Orchid Lake was affected by the underground spirit vein. It was also a place where extreme weather occurred frequently.

Once the Mount Wolves were stimulated by extreme weather in the wilderness, they would go berserk. It would be even harder for their keepers to escape. They would be torn into pieces and die without a burial place.

It was a shocking and life-threatening test.

That had been the Ancient Dream Saintess' daily life before she turned sixteen years old.

Meng Chao originally thought that the life of Dragon City's teenagers who lived during the Monster War was already precarious and extremely miserable.

Compared with the Ancient Dream Saintess, he realized that Dragon City's teenagers were simply flowers in a greenhouse. He had no idea how happy and stable their lives were before this.

Following the Ancient Dream Saintess' river of memories, he continued to move toward the source.

Meng Chao found more memories that had left the deepest impression on the Ancient Dream Saintess when she was still with her parents.

In one of the pictures, the Ancient Dream Saintess, who seemed to be less than ten years old, was carefully climbing a cliff with a rope tied around her waist. The rope did not seem to be reliable, and she was in the middle of a mandrake branch that had grown out diagonally.

There was a bottomless abyss under her feet.

The howling wind was like the roar of a hungry dragon.

Every branch around her, including her bones and nerves, trembled amidst the roar and made cracking sounds.

There was a big, round, and fragrant golden fruit covered in gorgeous patterns in front of her.

She stood on her tiptoes as her left hand clutched a branch and her right hand reached out with all its might. She had already touched the surface of the golden fruit, which had uneven natural patterns.

However, the golden fruit was too big. It was one round bigger than her head and three times the size of her tender palm. It was impossible for her to grasp it with one hand.

In order to successfully pick the golden fruit, she could only release her left hand and pull with both hands.

The degree of danger was obvious.

"Throw it over here!"

Behind her, someone fiercely shouted, "Throw the golden fruit over here!"

Even though it was buried down in her memory, the voice was still like a poisonous blade with saw teeth and barbs,. It made one feel nauseous and creepy.

The Ancient Dream Saintess took a deep breath and gently hooked the tip of her foot around the branch. She slowly released her left hand and extended it toward the golden fruit.

Then, she used all her strength and successfully plucked the golden fruit from the branch.

“Ah ha!”

The shouts behind her became more and more excited. “Well done. Run back here quickly and throw it with all your strength!”

The Ancient Dream Saintess nodded and raised the golden fruit high above her head.

Just as she was about to use her strength, an accident happened.

Perhaps she had moved too much, or perhaps the delicate branches at the top of the mandrake tree could not support her and the weight of the golden fruit for a long time.

With a crack, a few branches under her feet broke.

The Ancient Dream Saintess, who was holding the golden fruit with both hands, had nowhere to borrow her strength. She fell off the mandrake tree and descended into the abyss.

Fortunately, the thin rope around her waist saved her life.

She was suspended in the air, but she kept brushing against and hitting the uneven rock wall. She was covered in bruises.

However, the golden fruit left her hand and fell into the abyss, disappearing.

Meng Chao felt that the Ancient Dream Saintess did not feel any sense of relief about escaping death.

Her memory fragments were filled with fatigue that was even more intense than death.

On the cliff, her master had already begun to curse—she had squandered the trust that her master had placed in her by giving her the opportunity to pick such a precious golden fruit.

She had betrayed her master’s trust and wasted a precious resource that the ancestral spirit had given to the Turan people. It was very likely that she would anger the ancestral spirit and bring disaster to her master.

Once her master pulled her up, he would use the burning thorny whip to whip her fiercely to appease the ancestral spirit’s anger.

The Ancient Dream Saintess, who was not even ten years old, was indifferent to the approaching whip.

It was like she was struggling to survive among the hungry war wolves and their bloodstained claws, as well as teeth, in the near future.

That was just her daily life and the lives of all the rat people who had been bullied and harmed for several dozen million years.

At that moment when her life was hanging by a thread, the Ancient Dream Saintess did not care about the whip or death.

Even her bloody wounds that had been caused by the impact on the cliff did not take up too much space in her memory database.

She just narrowed her eyes and sniffed the finger that had just touched the golden fruit.

If only she had known that the golden fruit would fall into the abyss...

She should have taken a big bite and tasted the legendary golden fruit.

After that, there were few memories.

They were all scenes of the Ancient Dream Saintess wandering around Picturesque Orchid Lake, being bullied and enslaved.

She had picked golden fruits on the cliffs.

She had also been sold to a glorious city like Black-corner City and become a trash bug. She had been forced to hide in the dark and smelly underground sewage pipes, where she cleaned up the waste that the clan warriors constantly discharged.

She had also been caught by private hunters and taken to the deep mountains to act as bait to lure totem beasts out.

Before she was ten years old, the Ancient Dream Saintess had already engaged in more than a dozen dangerous and heavy jobs. She had tasted the world's coldness and warmth and experienced pain that even the teenagers in Dragon City might not be able to endure for ten lifetimes.

The only thing that gave her the strength to continue struggling in this dark abyss that was worse than death and continue living on was probably those fragmented dreams.

Deep in the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database, Meng Chao found many fragmented memories that obviously did not belong to her.

In some of the memory fragments, she had turned into a majestic clan warrior, who was crazily cultivating or enjoying a sumptuous banquet.

In some of the memory fragments, although she was still a rat person, she had a warm family. She could lie in her parents' arms and enjoy a short period of comfort.

There were also some bizarre memory fragments. They did not even seem like things that happened in this era. Instead, they seemed like fairy tales that happened in a fairyland a long, long time ago.

Meng Chao's mind raced, and he quickly reacted.

That was indeed not the Ancient Dream Saintess's own memory.

It was someone else's dream.

The Ancient Dream Saintess should have been born with the ability to "sneak into other people's dreams."

However, before the age of ten, her ability had not completely evolved.

She still could not implant beliefs into the depths of other people's minds through dreams.

She could only peek into other their lives through dreams.

It looked like she had used other people's rich and colorful lives to illuminate her own poor and painful life to obtain illusory warmth.

If that was the case, then there was a very reasonable explanation for how the Ancient Dream Saintess was chosen by the mastermind.

It was very likely that back when she served as a wolf slave and took care of Mount Wolves, she had habitually used her ability to sneak into the mastermind dreams, and the mastermind discovered her uniqueness.

As though the mastermind had discovered a treasure, he turned her into the Big-horned Rat God's spokesperson in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

The Ancient Dream Saintess' river of memories was about to reach its end.

Most of the "balloon jellyfish" floating there were dim and hazy. They were missing a lot of details and were even distorted beyond recognition.

They should be the early memories of the Ancient Dream Saintess before she was five or six years old.

It was said that the memory storage area in the human brain would only gradually develop after the age of four, allowing the individual to remember some things.

However, most of her memories lacked sound and images. It was just a feeling of uncertainty.

Meng Chao frowned slightly.

Until now, he still had not found any important evidence related to the mastermind behind the Ancient Dream Saintess.

Plus, the Ancient Dream Saintess' early memories lacked retrieval and analysis value.

He did not know how long he could remain hidden in the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database, but he had not been discovered by her and the mastermind.

He could not stop himself from burning with anxiety.

All of a sudden, Meng Chao noticed that deep in the Ancient Dream Saintess' river of memories, there was something flashing amid the countless dim "balloon jellyfishes."

#### **Chapter 1164: Memories That Are Hard to Distinguish Between Real and Fake**

"What is this?"

Meng Chao's consciousness curiously swam over.

He found that at the bottom of the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database, there was a huge and dazzling "balloon jellyfish."

Compared with the dim memory cells around it, the "balloon jellyfish" was much more powerful.

This memory was both clear and extensive. It could be described as being very detailed and unforgettable.

Moreover, a large number of tentacles grew out of the surface of the balloon jellyfish and connected with the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain. It continuously sent a large amount of information to her soul.

"How is this possible?"

"What's stored here should be the fragmented and blurry memories of the Ancient Dream Saintess before she was four or five years old."

"No one can still remember everything that happened before they're four or five years old once they're in their teens or twenties."

Meng Chao gathered his subconscious and observed carefully.

He found that the surface of this particular memory cell was covered in a layer of faint red light.

It was like a burning flame that was fueled by fresh blood.

There was a large amount of mysterious and complicated wrinkles that looked like runes rippling out on the flame.

"This... isn't the Ancient Dream Saintess' original memory!

"It's a fake memory that someone planted into her brain!"

Meng Chao's subconscious suddenly contracted.

He felt that he had found the key.

Without any hesitation, Meng Chao immediately released a hair-thin "thought tentacle" from his subconscious.

He let the thought tentacle gently pierce the imaginary memory.

It was a colorless world.

However, it was a vivid nightmare precisely outlined by two hundred and fifty-six levels of black and white.

Meng Chao, who was deep in the nightmare, heard hungry crows chattering first.

He saw groups of crows flapping their black wings and circling a village from above, eager to devour the corpses of some rat people.

The village that was enveloped by the crows had already become a dead area.

The corpses everywhere were of those who had been infected with the plague and had died miserably.

There were also all kinds of snakes, insects, rats, and ants, as well as fungi that had been moistened by spirit energy. Their cells were a hundred times more active than their counterparts on Earth. They had invaded the corpses, causing the limbs of the corpses to constantly twitch and their bellies to bulge. It was as if they were still dancing crazily after they died.

The people who were still alive were also tortured by pain and were beyond recognizable.

With their twisted limbs and bodies covered in pustules, they dug a huge pit at the entrance of the village like walking corpses and threw their dead loved ones into it one by one.

They knew very well that with their poor strength and the thickness of the soil, it was impossible for them to dig too deep into the pit and bury bodies.

After they died, it would not be long before the crows and hyenas dragged out everyone's bodies and devour them.

Despite all that, the numb people still dug and buried the deceased, as well as themselves, in vain, because in the face of cruel fate, there was nothing else they could do.

There was only one emaciated little girl in the whole village who had not been infected with the plague.

However, she felt a deep sense of confusion and fear in the face of her defaced home, the dead villagers, and the corpses of her relatives who were covered in insects and blankets.

It was as if an invisible plague had invaded her brain and infected her soul. She had just been born not long ago and had yet to see the world clearly.

The little girl could only hug a puppy doll made of the most delicate mandrake branches tightly and close her eyes with all her might.

She naively thought that as long as she closed her eyes long enough, when she opened them again, all the disasters would be over, the dead villagers and relatives would be resurrected, and everyone's life would be restored to its original state.

Unfortunately, when she opened her eyes again, an increasing number of villagers, who were living like zombies, were digging next to the grave pit and falling inside, turning into real corpses. On top of that, there were fewer and fewer living people around her. Things were not taking a turn for the better.

Finally, all the villagers except the little girl died of the plague.

Other than her sobs as she buried her face in the puppy doll and the bellies of corpses exploding due to the excessive expansion of gas, there was no other sound.

The little girl finally could not bear it.

Her faint sobs turned into a wail.

She jumped to the edge of the grave filled with the corpses of her relatives and villagers, took the tools they had used before they died, and dug desperately.

She did not know what the purpose of the work was.

It was just that the edge of the grave was a little closer to her relatives and friends.

However, those d\*mned crows were the best at bullying the weak.

When the adults were still alive, the crows only dared to hover in the air, never landing. They were afraid that the adults would use a catapult to smash out their brains.

After realizing that the little girl was the only one left in the village, the crows let out a mocking shriek and flapped their wings. They descended upon the pile of corpses, and they pecked at the corpses' flesh and blood right in front of the girl.

"Go away! Go away!"

The little girl waved a bone shovel made of twigs and bone pieces, trying to disperse the crows.

Her reckless action angered the flock of black birds.

Dozens of crows flew toward her and fiercely pecked at her delicate skin.

In addition, the manufacturing process of the bone shovel was crude, and the center of gravity was too close to the front, causing the little girl to lose her balance when she waved it forcefully. She actually slipped and fell into the grave pit that was filled with hundreds of corpses.

Corpses piled up like a mountain.

Crows danced wildly in the sky.

There were also wounds all over her body that had been pecked out by crows, and she was in excruciating pain.

All of these added unforgettable details to this memory.

"Leaf told me that a super plague once broke out in the Ancient Dream Saintess' hometown. Everyone, including her parents, died. She was the only one who survived and embarked on a difficult and dangerous road of fate."

Meng Chao thought, "It seems that this memory was left behind at that time. It's not complete fiction.

"However, even if a four-or five-year-old child really experienced the tragedy of her family being destroyed, it'd be impossible for her to remember it so clearly. Even the crow hovering above her head, which was hungry and vicious, is vividly depicted.

"This isn't a memory at all.

"It's a carefully fabricated imagination mixed with real memories!"

At that moment, the little girl who fell into the grave in the dream screamed.

All the crows above her head gathered together and turned into a ferocious black dragon with wings that covered the sky and the earth. Its fangs were interlaced like swords and halberds.

The black dragon opened its bloody mouth and pounced on the little girl, as though it wanted to devour her and all the corpses of her family members.



At that critical moment, a red light flashed behind the little girl, and a scarlet flame shot out.

The scarlet flame was like a long sword condensed from fresh blood.

It directly pierced through the black dragon's bloody mouth.

It pierced deep into the black dragon's body through its throat.

It then stirred up hundreds and thousands of impenetrable sword rays.

It tore the black dragon into pieces and split it into hundreds of panicked crows.

These crows flapped their wings desperately, trying to run away like headless flies.

However, before they could fly into the sky, the long blood sword had already turned into scarlet flames again, catching up with and swallowing them. It turned all the crows into bright fireballs.

The fireballs that looked like flowers from heaven lit up the black and white world, smearing a strong color on the bleak world.

The little girl, who had survived the disaster, turned her head back inch by inch.

Seeing the mountain-like pile of corpses behind her, they also became colorful and dazzling.

Perhaps because of the plague, all the corpses had a thick layer of fungus blanket on their surface, and all the fungus blankets were given a colorful color.

Maybe since the corpses themselves were the little girl's most familiar relatives, friends, and neighbors, they were the only people she could trust and rely on in this world.

In short, the colorful mountain of corpses did not give the little girl any sense of fear.

Instead, it gave her a strong sense of security and reliance.

It was like a real, living mountain.

"Don't be afraid, my child."

A voice came from the mountain of corpses that was full of vitality.

It was a very warm female voice.

The moment one heard it, one would hear curling smoke from the kitchen, a warm stove, and the sweet smell of roasted mandrake fruits.

The little girl widened her eyes.

She realized that it was her mother's voice.

It was the voice of her mother who had long died in the plague. Her father had buried her with his own hands. Her corpse was covered in a blanket of bacteria, but it was like a layer of colorful gauze. She was still as beautiful as ever!

"Don't be afraid, my child!"

A second voice came from the mountain of corpses that was full of vitality.

It was a deep, firm, and tough male voice.

It made one think of hard sweat, hearty laughter, a big and broad back, and arms that were thicker than the trunk of a mandrake tree.

It was her father's voice.

It was the voice that held her tightly in his arms, holding her until she could not breathe, telling her that there was nothing to be afraid of. The plague would soon pass, and they would be able to survive.

He had spat at the sky and shouted crazily at the pile of corpses, encouraging all the survivors to fight the d\*mned plague to the death.

Yet, in the dead of night, he sobbed silently, biting on mandrake branches to suppress his grief and indignation.. On the day before his death, he had tried his best to speak with the voice of a smiling father!

Chapter 1165: The Method of Manipulating the Human Heart

The little girl could not help but open her mouth to stop the hot flow of tears from her eyes.

She opened her arms to welcome the thing that squirmed out of the corpse mountain, which was full of flowers and vitality.

Ka-cha, ka-cha, ka-cha.

The mountain of corpses squirmed continuously. The sound that came from it was creepy in reality, but it was pleasant to the ears in the dream. At least, it was a hundred times better than a crow's cry.

Layers upon layers of decaying corpses peeled off like blossoming buds, revealing the sparkling and translucent, radiant, majestic and warm...

Big-horned Rat God.

That's right, the skeleton that appeared before the little girl was formed from the bones of the girl's numerous family, friends, and neighbors. It was a skeleton statue of the Big-horned Rat God sitting cross-legged.

The skeleton, which looked like it had been carved out of seven-colored crystals, was covered with a large amount of fungus blankets.

The fungus blankets kept squirming and spewing out spores. They appeared similar to layers of colorful gauze.

They diluted the sharp bone spikes and horns on the skeleton, which brought about a prickly feeling.

It made the enormous statue look indescribably friendly in the little girl's eyes.

Even the two balls of dim light in its hollow eye sockets kept jumping.

It reminded the little girl of the everlasting fire on her stove.

Therefore, when the skeleton statue of the Rat God stretched out its bony arm toward the little girl's head, not only did the little girl not dodge, she took the initiative to welcome it.

After all, the skeleton's pale palm also contained the bones of her father and mother.

It was the last time she could feel the warmth of her parents.

"Don't be afraid, my child. Your suffering is about to pass."

The skeleton statue of the Rat God gently stroked the little girl's head and spoke to her in a rich voice that contained her mother and father's love. "All of the blood that the rat people have shed for thousands of years has condensed into a path to victory. Now, all we need is a pioneer to convey the Rat God's will to all the rat people and lead everyone on this path unswervingly. After passing the final test, we will be able to push open the door to victory and arrive at a beautiful tomorrow.

"Behind the door of victory, there will be no oppression, no suffering, no disease, and no hunger. All the mandrake trees will be able to bloom their most brilliant flowers and bear many fruits at the same time.

"The rat people will be able to roam in the ocean of flowers and fruits to their heart's content. They will be carefree and happy forever.

"At that time, all the dead will be resurrected, all regrets will be reconciled, all grudges will be avenged, and there will be no more power to make the rat people lower their noble heads!"

The little girl listened in a daze.

She was still too young to understand what the skeleton statue, which had emerged from the mountain of corpses, meant.

In her confusion, she only heard that there was still a chance for her parents to return to her side.

As long as that "beautiful tomorrow" came...

"However, victory will not come easily. If the rat subjects are unable, unwilling, and too afraid to fight for themselves, tomorrow will always be same tomorrow."

The skeleton statue continued. "The rat subjects are about to face their final test. Someone has to lead all the rat subjects on the path that is full of thorns and flames.

"Even if they are burned to a crisp, even if they are pierced with thousands of holes, even if their blood is drained, no matter how many sacrifices they make, they have to grit their teeth and walk on.

"That person is you, my child.

"You are the person I've chosen.

"You are the person destined to lead the entire rat population through suffering. You will walk toward victory and create a better tomorrow.

"You will be the commander of the Great Horn Army, the spokesperson of the Big-horned Rat God in Picturesque Orchid Lake!"

The little girl's face was filled with puzzlement.

The more she listened, the more she did not understand what the skeleton statue's thunderous voice meant.

The skeleton statue laughed.

The dark red light in its eyes had seemingly been added with an accelerant as it danced crazily.

"The current you, of course, will not understand the mission that you are shouldering," the skeleton statue said with a smile.

"It doesn't matter. You don't have to understand it yet. You just have to remember everything that you have seen. Then, in the future of suffering and twists and turns, every time you encounter obstacles that you feel that you can no longer overcome, you will remember your mission, remember my expectations for you, and remember the tomorrow that you are supposed to lead all the rat people to create!"

As he spoke, the skeleton statue gave birth to a huge, pale hand and gently lifted the little girl up.

Its hands were folded together, like a flower blooming from a white bone, as they wrapped around the little girl very gently.

Its arms stretched higher and higher, gradually lifting the little girl up into the clouds.

The black and white plague world below was gradually forgotten.

The dark clouds that had been suppressing the rat people for thousands of years were also torn into pieces by its sharp bones.

Above the dark clouds, the sunlight was brilliant, like a magnificent sea of light, constantly raising golden waves.

The little girl was dumbstruck as she looked at everything before her in a daze.

Every golden wave presented a magnificent and soul-stirring scene in front of her.

In one of the pictures, she saw herself a long time later curled up like a trash bug in the collapsed underground sewage pipe.

She and her companions were about to be crushed into meat pies by millions of tons of rocks and garbage.

However, the Big-horned Rat God's light enveloped her and her companions, miraculously preventing the collapse of the rocks and garbage. It helped her fight for a chance of survival.

In another scene, the little girl saw herself being chased by a hungry wolf in a snowstorm. She was about to become food in the wolf's stomach when the Big-horned Rat God descended from the sky and helped her chase the wolf away, saving her life.

In the third scene, she had grown into a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old girl, and a few of her companions had escaped the pursuit of clan warriors. However, they unintentionally stumbled into the

depths of a valley, and the path was winding. In the maze-like underground cave, they discovered an underground ecosystem and saw a bright new world.

They used the underground world as their base and continued to accept rat subjects who had suffered the same fate as them and had been forced into a corner by their master.

Their troop grew larger and larger. More and more rat subjects knelt before the skull statue of the Rat God and worshipped him with utmost devotion.

Finally, they made the banner for the Great Horn Army. The rat people were no longer sighing helplessly and moaning in pain, but roaring full of strength.

In the fourth picture, Black-corner City was even blown up by a series of explosions caused by methane!

That's right, it was Black-corner City!

The Blood Hoof Clan's flag on the tower was burning with four bloody hoof prints on it.

The furious Minotaurs, boar warriors, and elephant warriors... all appeared in the picture.

Even the streets that had been blown to pieces, the crumbling walls, and a few iconic buildings in Black-corner City that were still burning appeared.

It was exactly the same as Meng Chao's memory. It was as if the things that had happened in reality had been engraved into the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory!

The fifth and sixth images... were all scenes of the Great Horn Army charging forward, achieving one victory after another, and sweeping through the Gold Clan's southern territory.

The series of satisfying victories that had happened in reality had all appeared in this strange dream. It was as if some sort of "prophecy" had been projected into the depths of the Ancient Dream Saintess' soul.

It went on until the ninth image.

The event it depicted had not happened yet.

Based on the memory fragments from Meng Chao's previous life, it would never happen.

In the image, the Great Horn Army had broken through Hundred Blade City.

Meng Chao saw in the scene that the rat people, who had been charging crazily for ten days and ten nights, finally destroyed the city wall southwest of Hundred Blade City.

That also destroyed the defending army's fighting spirit.

The rat people then rushed into Hundred Blade City like a flood. Before the defending army could burn all their armories and granaries, they had already occupied the entire city.

They found a large amount of sharp weapons covered in beast grease and armor that was light and strong enough to arm three to five legions.

There were also mountains of mandrake fruit and totem beast flesh.

Not to mention, there was a secret treasury filled with undamaged secret medicines. The amount was so large that it could make all the warriors who had charged into Hundred Blade City jump in and take a bath.

The rich spoils of war completely made up for the loss of attacking Hundred Blade City.

Not only did it solve the logistical problem that gave the Great Horn Army the biggest headache, but it also increased all of the rat people's morale and combat strength.

The Great Horn Army had finally reached the end of their journey.

They were ready to charge toward the door of victory.

Between their hardships of the past and the bright future, there was only one last obstacle...

Red-gold City.

Chapter 1166: Binding Memory and Soul

Next was the scene that Meng Chao, Leaf, and all of the Great Horn Army's soldiers had seen in their dreams.

A young girl with two pupils in each eye was playing a blood-stained bone flute, driving a tide of rat skeletons and rat people to engulf Red-gold City.

In the Ancient Dream Saintess' dream, there were all kinds of vivid details. They were obviously a hundred times more vivid than the details that she had projected into the dreams of the Great Horn Army's soldiers.

Meng Chao could see the veins on the temples and arms of thousands of rat warriors.

He could also see the surging heat waves above their heads when they were sprinting at full speed.

He could also see the panicked expressions of the wolves, tigers, and leopards that were stationed in Red-gold city when they were faced with the torrential tide of rat people.

Everything was revealed.

It was like a prophecy that was far ahead.

The rat tide would completely conquer Red-gold City.

New images kept appearing.

In the next golden image, the nobles from the five great clans lowered their arrogant heads under the Rat God's battle flag, and they acknowledged the existence of the sixth clan, the Great Horn Clan.

Following that, smaller but crystal clear mandrake fruits with a stronger fragrance than before grew from the mandrake flowers, completely solving the food crisis of the glorious era.

In one scene, Meng Chao even saw that the troops from the land of Holy Light were blocked by the Turan Alliance Army led by the Ancient Dream Saintess, with the Great Horn Army as the main force at the edge of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

The most pious, holiest, and therefore noblest humans who claimed to be enveloped by the power of Holy Light had no choice but to bow down to the advanced orcs after they were besieged and ran out of food. They signed the first alliance under the city to admit defeat since the era of the great extermination order three thousand years ago.

All the images were stored in the depths of the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database in the form of "prophecies."

They gave her endless confidence and guided her every move.

"It's really... too terrifying!"

Meng Chao's hair stood on end as he watched, and cold sweat flowed down his back.

As his thoughts raced, he completely outlined the conspiracy of the mastermind behind the scenes.

The mastermind had a secret method to tamper with memories.

Furthermore, he used this secret method to implant imaginary information into the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain through dreams.

That made the Ancient Dream Saintess mistakenly believe that she had encountered the arriving Big-horned Rat God when she was very young.

The Big-horned Rat God had also told her that she was the one-in-a-million "chosen one." She was entrusted with the sacred mission of leading all the rat people through the final test and creating a brand new future.

Unusual experiences of childhood would always profoundly shape a person's character, beliefs, and behavior.

If the Ancient Dream Saintess clearly remembered that when everyone, including her parents, died of the plague and the Rat God arrived when she was about to be completely torn apart by the hungry crows in her home that had turned into a grave, she would believe that he saved her. She would also be responsible for saving everyone.

From then on, she would not waver in the slightest about the Big-horned Rat God's existence and the rescue that was bound to come.

Moreover, Meng Chao suspected that the mastermind did not just plant false information deep into the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database.

Instead, he had infiltrated her brain multiple times to update her memory of the "Big-horned Rat God's arrival."

The mastermind had implanted every recent occurrence into the memory of the Ancient Dream Saintess' childhood.

When the Ancient Dream Saintess recalled it, she would think that she had seen the prophecy and received the revelation a long time ago, as the prophecies and revelations continue to be fulfilled.

The Ancient Dream Saintess naturally believed in the things that were about to happen, including breaking through Hundred Blade City and Red-gold City, gaining the recognition of the five great clans, and even commanding the Turan Alliance Army to resist the Holy Light human race and obtain the final victory. She believed it all without a doubt.

The reason why Meng Chao was able to conclude that the “prophecies” were the result of many updates was because the “prophecies” showed Black-corner City being blown up by a series of large methane explosions.

However, the reason why the Great Horn Army’s operation in Black-corner City had been so successful was because Meng Chao had secretly helped them.

If Meng Chao had not reminded the Rat God’s emissaries who had infiltrated Black-corner City how to set up defenses, carry out one-way communication, identify the spies who had infiltrated the organization, and exhaust the enemy’s energy and troops with a series of feints...

The Great Horn Army would not have possibly turned Black-corner City upside down.

In fact, in his previous life, Black-corner City did not suffer such a great destruction as it did in this life without Meng Chao’s help.

In other words, the “great explosion of Black-corner City” that had just occurred was history that had been tampered with by Meng Chao.

How could the Rat God have predicted Meng Chao’s rebirth and the series of unpredictable chain reactions that would follow ten years ago?

There was only one truth. The mastermind was still connecting to the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain through some method. Every once in a while, he would sneak into her brain and “update” the dream, adding more things that have already happened.

“The Ancient Dream Saintess probably has no idea.

“She only knows that she met the real Big-horned Rat God when she was young.

“Moreover, the ‘prophecies’ that the Big-horned Rat God showed her—no matter how absurd, how unbelievable, how they subverted her worldview—all turned into reality.

“Then, is there any need to doubt the ‘prophecies’ that haven’t turned into reality?

“No wonder the Ancient Dream Saintess led the entire Great Horn Army and blocked them below Hundred Blade City, losing all possibility of flexibility and falling into a dilemma where she ran out of ammunition and food.

“No wonder she still insisted on attacking the city repeatedly without knowing how many weapons and food there were in Hundred Blade City and whether or not they would be destroyed by the defending army.



“No wonder she and the generals of the Great Horn Army were not sensitive at all and did not consider breaking out of the siege when the supply lines around the Great Horn Army and the evacuation routes were gradually cut off by the Wolf Clan’s rangers.

“On the contrary, she was still daydreaming for no reason when the situation between the enemy and us was so obvious. She believed that the final victory would belong to the Great Horn Army...

“Because that was what the Big-horned Rat God had told them.

“The mastermind planted these d\*mnable ‘prophecies’ into the Ancient Dream Saintess’ memories first.

“Then, the Ancient Dream Saintess spread the ‘prophecies’ to the Great Horn Army’s senior generals and the White Bone Battalion’s elite warriors with her ability to create and interfere with dreams.

“In the end, everyone in the Great Horn Army is reduced to chess pieces on a bloody chessboard that is destined to be destroyed!” Meng Chao cursed secretly.

He had originally wanted to communicate with the Ancient Dream Saintess through conventional means and try to convince her that the Big-horned Rat God did not exist and that the Great Horn Army, which seemed to be advancing triumphantly, was on the brink of eternal d\*mnation. It was an extremely dangerous situation.

After seeing this dream and the prophecies in it, he realized that conventional methods would never convince the Ancient Dream Saintess.

A person’s personality, beliefs, and way of thinking were all determined by past memories.

It could even be said that a person was a collection of past memories.

Whoever could tamper with or even plant memories would be able to control the mind.

Since the Ancient Dream Saintess clearly remembered the series of prophecies that the Big-horned Rat God had told her, and 90% of the prophecies had been fulfilled in reality, one by one, Meng Chao had no opposing evidence.

So, how could he make the Ancient Dream Saintess believe that the remaining 10% of the prophecies would never be fulfilled and would instead become a fatal trap that would devour the entire Great Horn Army?

Unless...

“Unless, I can think of a way to destroy this false memory!” Meng Chao muttered to himself.

However, that was impossible, because the mastermind had not fabricated a completely nonexistent memory out of thin air.

Instead, he had tampered with the Ancient Dream Saintess’ deepest childhood memories.

At that time, the Ancient Dream Saintess had truly experienced the plague that took her entire village. Her parents and villagers had died one after another in front of her.

The plague had completely changed her fate.

That memory had merged with her soul and become one of the reasons why the Ancient Dream Saintess was who she was.

It was impossible for Meng Chao to wipe out that memory.

On a certain level, it was equivalent to wiping out part of the Saintess' soul.

"If I can't wipe it out..

"Can I add something to this fake memory?"

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Meng Chao's heart stirred as he suddenly thought of something.

Chapter 1167: The Real Future!

Add parts of the real "future" deep into the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain?

Under normal circumstances, Meng Chao would never be able to perform such a difficult operation.

After all, the Ancient Dream Saintess herself was also a spirit expert with extremely powerful spirit power. She was an expert who instilled willpower through dreams.

She would instantly sense any traces that others left in the depths of her brain.

But it was different now.

At this moment, Meng Chao and the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain regions were connected together in a mysterious way.

It could be said that the two of them were having the same dream.

Moreover, the Ancient Dream Saintess had taken the initiative to absorb a huge amount of information, including the immemorial symbols, from the depths of Meng Chao's dream.

The astronomical amount of information was like a raging wave that continuously attacked her spiritual defense line, taking up most of the space in her brain region and mental energy, making her spiritual defense line extremely weak, she didn't have the time to care about Meng Chao's actions.

Meng Chao only needed to mix some fragments of his past life's memories into the immemorial runes and let the ancient Dream Saintess absorb them on her own.

The only question was, after seeing the "Real future," would the ancient Dream Saintess change in the direction that Meng Chao hoped.

Would the mastermind discover Meng Chao's activities in the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain and think of ways to stop it, or even kill Meng Chao's subconscious in the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain?

Meng Chao didn't dwell on this question for too long.

He made up his mind.

No matter what, he had to take a gamble!

Because all the signs indicated that the destruction of the great horn army was right in front of him.

Along with the destruction of the great horn army was the rise of “Jackal”kanus.

When this ambitious Wolf King really held the highest power in Tulanze, he would definitely become a hundred times more difficult to deal with than he was today.

Meng Chao really lacked enough chips, confidence, and combat ability to convince the “Jackal”kanus, who was at his peak, not to act blindly.

Now was his only chance.

He had to turn the entire future around before “Jackal”kanus evolved into the true “King of Tulan”!

Meng Chao took a deep breath and began to quickly search through his memory database.

In his previous life, when the Dragon City civilization broke through the monster mountain range and allied with the Tulan civilization.

The “Great Horn Rebellion” had been pacified for a long time.

Even the name of the ancient Dream Saintess was annihilated in the smoke and dust.

Therefore, Meng Chao did not witness the destruction of the Great Horn Army.

And he did not want to fabricate any history to deceive the ancient Dream Saintess. If he did so, what was the difference between him and the mastermind behind the scenes?

Fortunately, although the great horn army in his previous life was completely wiped out, it was obviously impossible to wipe out tens of thousands of rat civilians.

After the great horn rebellion subsided, a large number of well-trained elite rat civilian soldiers surrendered to canus and became the direct slave of the Wolf King.

In the bloody slaughterhouse where canus seized the highest power in Turanze and where Turanze and the land of Holy Light were in an all-out war, these rat civilian slave soldiers were shouldering heinous crimes, the rat slave soldiers, who could only fight to the death in exchange for a slim chance of survival, were the best cannon fodder troops.

Of course, for a cannon fodder troop, “The best” and “The worst casualties” were basically synonyms.

In his previous life, Meng Chao had witnessed the combat methods of these cannon fodder troops many times.

He had witnessed the scene of them launching suicide attacks against the burning meteorites and magma spewing out of the underground crevices while being bombarded by the dwarves, the elves’ poisonous arrows, and the mages’ chanting.

“They are a bunch of lunatics!”

The craziest iron-blooded generals of dragon city in their previous lives all commented on the rat slave soldiers of Turanze in this way.

The spiritual experts of dragon city even suspected that the priests of Turanze had mastered some kind of mysterious spiritual secret technique and could brainwash the rat slave soldiers on a large scale, turning them into machines that only knew how to kill, flesh and blood machines that were not afraid of pain, fatigue, and death.

In a sense, the spiritual experts' suspicions were correct.

After the Great Horn Army was destroyed and their faith completely collapsed, the rat slave soldiers were all disheartened and turned into muddle-headed walking corpses.

Perhaps, death was their best release.

That was why they dared to wave their rough stone axes and bone hammers without any protection and charge at the defense line guarded by the strongest people of the land of Holy Light, which even the armored forces of Dragon City did not dare to easily charge at.

Meng Chao believed that in the memory fragments of his previous life, the rat slave soldiers, driven by wolves, tigers, and leopards, crazily charged at the defensive line of Holy Light. Then, they were torn into pieces by the magic of Holy Light, and broken limbs flew everywhere, the fresh blood was burned into rolling blood mist by the flames, and thousands of soldiers were all killed in a short moment.

It was definitely not the "Beautiful tomorrow" that she wanted to see.

After the scene of a large number of rat slaves being wiped out was mixed into the archaic runes and sent into the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

Meng Chao chose a few other world wars to enter a strategic stalemate. A large number of rat slaves dug trenches and built fortresses at the junction of Tulanze and the land of Holy Light, they bore all kinds of heavy labor and inhumanly tormented memory fragments.

This was because the chaos faction held the aggressive strategic initiative in the beginning.

No one had expected that the Holy Light faction's counterattack would come so quickly and fiercely.

Therefore, the three-dimensional defense line around Tulanze had become particularly hasty and cruel.

The war ahead was not going well, which made the warriors of the five clans impatient and more and more violent.

They squeezed more and more of the slave labor of the rat people, almost using the flesh and bones of the rat people to create a bloody defensive line.

When the Holy Light Army changed from defense to attack and attacked in large numbers, it was the poor slave labor of the rat people who bore the brunt of the attack. They used simple production tools to welcome the shining swords and sabers surrounded by holy light.

Meng Chao hoped that these images could let the ancient dream saintess understand.

The "Great Horn Rebellion" could not change the fate of the rat people.

The slaves were still slaves.

The cannon fodder was still cannon fodder.

Next, Meng Chao chose some of the Holy Light Army to break through Tulan Ze. After that, he turned into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, a desolate memory fragment of Tulan's activities.

He remembered that at that time, the Tulanze civilization was doomed.

And the Dragon City civilization was still struggling on the brink of death.

These "Ghost assassins" were sent to the burning ruins of Tulanze.

The commander who tried to assassinate the Holy Light Army slowed down the attack of the Holy Light Camp to buy more time for the last struggle of the chaos camp.

However, the memory fragments that appeared in this period left the deepest impression on Meng Chao. It was not the mages, Night Watchers, Elf Assassins, or dwarven master craftsmen in the land of Holy Light.

It was those..

Gigantic machines that descended from the sky and were engraved with mysterious and complicated runes and decorated with shining ribbons of light. Their structures were extremely complicated, and a large number of crystal-clear "Cores" were embedded in them.

No, Meng Chao did not know whether he should call these things, which were a hundred times more terrifying than the apocalyptic beasts, "Machines".

Or he should call them the Holy Light Camp's way of calling them "The divine artifacts that the true God has given us. They are used to cleanse evil and destroy all unclean, unrighteous, and unbelieving Slaughter Angels."!

Meng Chao believed that the ancient Dream Saintess had never seen these things in her dreams.

The mastermind behind the manipulation of her dreams could never have foreseen the appearance of these things.

In his previous life, 'Jackal'kanus commanded the five armies of the chaos faction to attack the land of holy light from all directions. They charged straight into the land of holy light with unstoppable momentum.

It was the angel of slaughter that descended from the sky and interrupted the powerful attack of the chaos faction, completely turning the entire battle situation around.

Meng Chao hoped that the Angel of slaughter in the dream could calm the ancient Dream Saintess down a little.

At the very least, he could control his fanatical faith and calmly listen to his explanation.

If that wasn't enough..

Meng Chao gritted his teeth and transmitted an apocalyptic scene to the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain. The world was deathly pale, and all living beings, including the entire home, were burning.

The amount of information contained in this scene was too rich and terrifying.

In order to prevent the information from overloading, the entire brain of the ancient Dream Saintess was burned in an instant.

And in order to prevent the leaking of too much of the key information that contained the secrets of Dragon City.

Meng Chao deliberately blurred the memory fragments and deleted a large amount of information.

But the pain, despair, and sorrow at the arrival of the end of the world were transmitted to the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain without the slightest reduction.

"Open your eyes and look at this future carefully. Is this the future you want to create by sacrificing the lives of millions of rats?"

Meng Chao mumbled.

Chapter 1168: Serial Nightmares

A large number of memory fragments from Meng Chao's previous life mixed in with the ancient runes and flooded the depths of the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

At the bottom of the Ancient Dream Saintess' memory database, her childhood memories that were vaguely covered in a bloody glow and were so clear that they were unreal had also undergone astonishing changes.

In her original memories, the Ancient Dream Saintess' childhood "revelations" after the Big-horned Rat God's arrival only included the tens of thousands of rat people after the Great Horn Army won a great victory. It was like a fairytale ending.

Now, however, as the fairytale-like scenes unfolded in the ancient Dream Saintess' childhood memories, other scenes that were darker, crueler, and more real fell from the sky and smashed the "fairytale" into pieces.

The two completely different "Futures" appeared in front of the ancient Dream Saintess at the same time.

Her consciousness was in a state of childhood. She was at a loss and didn't know what to do.

Meng Chao could clearly sense that the ancient Dream Saintess' brain was trembling violently.

She seemed to be frightened by the cruel future that Meng Chao had presented. Every brain cell was trembling

Her brain was originally a calm brain.

However, at this moment, it was filled with raging waves and huge vortexes.

The brain waves that shot out from the depths of the brain region were beyond their limits. They were like bolts of lightning that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws.

Even in the depths of the dream, the holy and benevolent statue of the skeleton rat god that seemed to be supporting the entire world even though it was clearly skinny began to tremble violently.

Crisscrossing cracks appeared on the surface of the crystal-clear bones, as if it was a symbol of the ancient Dream Saintess' faith that was about to collapse.

"That's right. Quickly wake up from your damned superstitions and blind beliefs. Think about it. Think about it seriously. Think about all the contradictions and illogicalities in the lies that the Rat God told you. Suspect from the flaws and discover the truth from the suspicions!"

Meng Chao's heart was burning with anxiety.

His subconscious wished that he could grow two big hands and grab the shoulders of the ancient Dream Saintess in the dream. He shook her crazily, making her realize that the so-called 'memories' were not necessarily reliable.

The ancient Dream Saintess in the dream started to think.

The tender face of a four or five-year-old girl gradually became stiff, like a stiff mask.

Under the burning of the apocalyptic flames, the mask was torn into pieces, revealing the real face of the ancient Dream Saintess who had grown up.

The eyes with two pupils were like two bottomless black pools, gazing at the changes of the light and shadow above the dream, sucking the details of the two different futures into the depths of her heart, it was as if they were carefully comparing and discriminating, trying to find the line between truth and lies.

Meng Chao didn't even dare to release a wisp of restlessness in his brain.

He was afraid of disturbing the ancient Dream Saintess' thoughts.

Soon, the childishness on the ancient Dream Saintess' face faded away.

Her eyebrows were raised high, like two sharp blades unsheathed.

It was as if she had caught a flash of light above her brain.

Then, the ancient Dream Saintess made a move that shocked Meng Chao.

She turned her head slightly and stared in Meng Chao's direction without blinking!

Being stared at by the eyes of four black holes, Meng Chao suddenly felt that he was drenched in sweat.

It was even more terrifying than being locked on by the Doomsday Beasts during the Monster War.

This, this was impossible!

Theoretically speaking, the ancient Dream Saintess was still dreaming.

And this was mainly from his childhood memories, where the plague village was the main scene. Meng Chao did not exist in this very private dream.

Meng Chao's subconscious was above this dream.

It was like a player controlling and enjoying a computer game through a computer screen.

How could a character in the game discover his existence?

How could the ancient Dream Saintess, who was in the dream, penetrate the dream and lock onto his subconscious?

Meng Chao tried his best to control his brain, which was as dead and stiff as a zombie's, not releasing even the slightest bit of brain waves.

In case this was just a coincidence, or if the ancient Dream Saintess had just sensed something strange and used this method to trick him into revealing himself.

However, the ancient Dream Saintess's spiritual power and her ability to manipulate dreams were much stronger than Meng Chao had imagined.

She had really 'seen' through the dream and 'saw' Meng Chao's subconscious.

"Who are you?"

Her tone was half cold and half curious. "You actually broke into my dream and stuffed so many random things into my dream?"

"I –"

Meng Chao braced himself and was about to explain.

The ancient Dream Saintess had already made her move.

Her impatient face seemed to have been compressed into the words 'reckless'.

If she had been familiar with Earth's culture and history, she might have even added some 'petty tricks that dare to sneak into my dream and show off in front of an expert'.

Meng Chao found that his subconscious was trapped.

Originally, his subconscious was like a shining water snake, flowing freely between his and the ancient Dream Saintess's brain regions along the flood of ancient runes.

Now, the flood had become a swamp, and the swamp had become rapidly solidified reinforced concrete.

His subconscious was like a bug embedded in amber, almost suffocated by the pressure.

He couldn't escape back to his brain at will.

Instead, he was trapped in the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess's brain.



Then, the memory cells of the ancient Dream Saintess and the dazzling 'balloon jellyfish' all crowded around him.

Countless synapses surged out of the surface of the 'balloon jellyfish'. The synapses entangled with each other and connected together, forming an impenetrable net.

Then, they sprayed a large number of images from the memories of the ancient Dream Saintess toward Meng Chao.

The images were like iron walls, forming a brand-new dream.

Of course, it was not a dream of victory under the blessing of the Rat God.

It was also not a dream of Ye Zi and Meng Chao cultivating secret arts and improving their combat ability under the careful guidance of the ancient Dream Saintess.

It wasn't even a dream of tens of thousands of horses galloping, fighting, and killing.

It was, no, a series of nightmares.

In a trance, Meng Chao seemed to have dozens of nightmares that were worse than death in a short moment.

In one of the nightmares, he became a "Garbage bug"—those who were thrown into the sewage pipes under the city at the age of three or five and had to be responsible for dredging the pipes and cleaning the garbage in the darkness for the rest of their lives, rat children, who often die before the age of 14 or 15, are often killed.

In his nightmares, he can clearly feel the stench of the corrosive sewage, which eats away at his skin like acid, while the snakes, insects, rats, and ants in the depths of the sewage devour his flesh and blood.

In another nightmare, he becomes an exhausted rat slave.

Because he had been helping his Master Forge Weapons Day and night, he had been squeezed into a skeleton that was still breathing.

One day, when he was out of energy, his legs became weak, and he fell into the burning coals.

Although his skinny body soon turned into white ashes under the burning of the coals.

But in the moment before his death, he did not feel much pain from the burning of his body. Instead, he felt indescribably happy — because compared to the pressure this body had been silently enduring, being burned by the flames..., it's the least amount of torture.

In the third dream, Meng Chao felt that he had become a slave worker who could not stand it anymore, smashed the production tools, got half a day's rest, but was caught by his master to make an example of others.

He was coated with a special kind of gum.

Then, like an empty pocket, as the master hung high to the top of the flagpole dozens of arms high, in the hot sun exposure.

In the noon sky, the flames poured down like a waterfall, pouring on his body, hardening and contracting the colloid. Like a piece of airtight leather, it wrapped every limb and even every muscle fiber around his body, he tried his best to squeeze in.

His internal organs, eyeballs, and brain matter were all squeezed out of his throat.

If the scorching sun continued to sear him, he would be able to die quickly.

However, just as the colloid pressed until his limbs were distorted and his bones were crushed, the sun set.

Thus, he, the slave rat worker who destroyed the tools of production, had to immerse himself in the pain that was worse than death. Under the watchful eyes of all the slave rat workers, he waited for the long night to pass, the Sun waiting for a new day, the kind death, rose again from the horizon!

### **Chapter 1169: Dreams Within Dreams**

Such dreams were nested layer by layer and appeared repeatedly.

No matter how hard Meng Chao struggled and tore through the layers of dreams, there would always be bigger, more complicated, and more terrifying dreams waiting for him ahead.

In the real world, it was very likely that only a short moment had passed.

The time in the dreams seemed to extend infinitely, allowing Meng Chao to spend more than a dozen or even dozens of different lives in the labyrinth of his thoughts.

These “lives” were either a part of the Ancient Dream Saintess’ personal experience or the miserable experiences of the rat soldiers that she had witnessed with her own eyes.

Or, she had snuck into the brain of the rat soldiers of the great horn army and extracted the most painful, most terrifying, and most desperate elements from their deepest dreams.

Therefore, it appeared particularly clear, deep, heartfelt, and touched the soul.

The most desperate dream of the tens of thousands of rat soldiers of the Great Horn Legion was like a black mountain that pressed down on Meng Chao’s subconscious.

It made him unable to move. He was in so much pain that he almost lost his self-consciousness.

This was the biggest difference between a ‘dream’ and an ‘illusion’.

During the War of the monsters, Meng Chao had fought several demon gods who were adept at mental attacks and illusions under the command of the main brain of the monsters.

One of the demon gods, the tree of wisdom, had created a large-scale illusion called “Peach Blossom Town.” It could be said to be a vast world that was unprecedented and hard to distinguish between real and fake.

Those who fell into the illusion might have been trapped in the illusion until they were completely brainwashed by the tree of wisdom if they were not resolute and sharp enough to see through the flaws instantly, or their real bodies would have turned into curled bones.

However, no matter how delicate and real the illusion was, the mental impact it brought on people would be even stronger.

Those who fell into the illusion would always remember their identity and never imagine themselves as a completely different existence.

Meng Chao, who had fallen into the 'Peach Blossom Town', always remembered that he was Meng Chao.

Even if he had been brainwashed by the Demon God 'tree of wisdom' and had joined the monster civilization, he was determined to use the monster civilization as the leader to facilitate the 'fusion of the monster civilization and the Dragon City Civilization'.

He had done so under Meng Chao's identity.

It was precisely because it was difficult for a person to forget his real identity in an illusion.

The creator of an illusion often had to imagine a suitable scene and find a convincing reason to act as a transition between reality and illusion so that it would not appear too abrupt and cause the people who had fallen into the illusion to be suspicious.

Once the people who had fallen into the illusion became suspicious.

It was not far from the collapse of the illusion.

The dream world was different.

When people were dreaming, they could completely, and often, they would become a completely different identity.

Men would become women, old people would become children, and even become pigs, dogs, cows, sheep, demons, ghosts, and all sorts of strange existences.

The usual way of doing things and logical thinking were completely useless in the dream world. In fact, it was the complete opposite.

A white-clothed angel who saved lives and helped the injured in reality could completely become a heinous murderer in the dream world.

A hero who was not afraid of death in reality could also completely become a coward who was afraid of death and selfish in the dream world.

Dreams didn't need any transitions, logic, and common sense. In a dream, all kinds of incredible things would happen. People who were deep in a dream would never have the slightest doubt.

Even if they really doubted and even realized that they were dreaming, the person in the dream wouldn't break free so easily. Instead, they would fall into 'dreams within dreams' and 'Dreams within dreams within dreams'.

At this moment, Meng Chao was in such a dangerous situation.

In fact, what he fell into was not a “Dream within a dream within a dream”.

Instead, it was a “Dream within a dream within a dream within a dream within a dream within a dream”.

Every time he realized that he was dreaming, he would struggle with all his might and shatter the dream.

A brand new dream would be accompanied by a torrent of information from the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess’ brain region. It would crazily rush into the depths of his brain region, causing him to lose himself once again, using a brand new identity — either he was a slave who accepted his master’s punishment., he would either be a private hunter who was gnawed by a totem beast, a slave who encountered an accident while doing heavy work, a servant who was ravaged by a totem warrior on the arena, or a slave who was infected by a plague., a walking corpse on the verge of death would start a brand-new, seemingly endless torture.

Such an “Infinite dream” would bombard the soul indiscriminately. It was far more powerful than the illusion of the demon god’s “Tree of wisdom” by ten times.

If it were anyone other than Meng Chao, their cerebral cortex would have burst into flames in an instant, burning their brain cells, memory banks, and self-consciousness to nothing. They would never be able to recall who they were, who was their original self before they experienced dozens of lives that were worse than death.

Even for a monster like Meng Chao, half of his soul came from the future. After being tempered by the flames of the Apocalypse and being nourished and enhanced by the ‘seed of Fire’, he was still engaged in a fierce battle with the nine demon gods and the main brain of the monster, he had built his spiritual defense line into an indestructible iron wall.

He was also lost and dazed time and time again. He felt as if he had fallen into a bottomless black swamp. Every time he struggled to the surface, he would only be able to catch his breath before he was dragged back to the deepest part of the swamp by the weird hands that stretched out from the Black Swamp, he was dragged back to the deepest part of the swamp.

Fortunately, after enduring the super high-intensity impact of the archaic runes, the mental strength of the ancient Dream Saintess was also weakened to the limit.

When Meng Chao was struggling desperately in her “Infinite dream” and bitterly enduring, he sighed at the strength of her mental strength.

The ancient Dream Saintess also didn’t expect that this guy who dared to barge into her dream and seek death would actually have such a strong subconscious and strong mental defense!

Finally, the ancient Dream Saintess’ dream began to collapse.

The characters in the dream gradually melted like wax statues near a fire source, becoming indistinct.

Meng Chao could faintly hear the moans of the wounded soldiers in the colorful sky filled with whirlpools. A strong and pungent smell of herbs that had nothing to do with the dream also surged into his nostrils.

These were the information that his flesh and blood body, which was lying in the wounded soldiers' camp, sensed in the real world.

The fact that this information could penetrate the dream meant that he was about to break free from the control of the ancient Dream Saintess and awaken from the endless nightmare!

Just as Meng Chao was overjoyed...

The ancient Dream Saintess let out a furious scream.

She created the final and most terrifying nightmare.

Her subconscious directly transformed into an indomitable valkyrie wearing a white bone armor. She appeared in front of Meng Chao.

Behind her, countless blood-stained skeleton rats were squirming in a sea of blood-colored rats!

The subconscious of a human in the deepest part of a dream was often the complete opposite of his usual disguise.

The more he suppressed himself in reality, the more he restrained himself according to the laws and morals in the general sense, putting on a harmless and even merciful appearance.

The deepest part of the subconscious often hid the crueler, angrier, and darker side.

Yezi once told Meng Chao that the ancient Dream Saintess was like an ordinary girl next door, naive and kind, approachable, and full of heartfelt understanding and sympathy for all the rat people.

Although she had suffered more than any rat people on her way of growing up, she was like a mandala flower blooming after a storm, trying her best to show the best and brightest side, to everyone.

However, in this world, there was no saint who was perfect and always bright.

After losing her home and all her relatives, experiencing so much pain and seeing so much injustice, how could the ancient Dream Saintess still be like what she usually showed, was she an "Innocent, kind, and approachable girl next door"?

If she was really such a girl next door, it would be impossible for her to build the great horn army from scratch and stir up the great horn rebellion that shook the entire Lan Ze in just a few years.

It was just a disguise that she wanted the ordinary soldiers of the great horn army to see.

Even if it was not a 'deception', at least, it was not her true appearance.

At this moment, in the depths of the dream, her hair was disheveled, she was baring her fangs and brandishing her claws. She was incomparably hideous and ugly, like a hungry goddess of revenge. She was the real Saintess of the ancient dream who desired to devour all the wolves, tigers, and leopards alive!

Meng Chao really wanted to swallow a mouthful of saliva that did not exist in the dream to ease his nervousness and hair-raising feeling.

The good news was that he had finally broken through all the obstacles and disguises and met the most real Saintess of the ancient dream. He could have an honest meeting and a heart-to-heart exchange.

The bad news was that in the depths of Saintess of the ancient Dream's traumatized heart, there seemed to be a monster that was even more terrifying than the apocalyptic beast.

At this moment, this monster named "Subconscious" was deeply enraged by Meng Chao!

### **Chapter 1170: The "Good Future" and the "Bad Future"**

"Listen, listen to me. I am not your enemy, but a friend from afar. I have no ill intentions, but I want to save everyone, including the rat people, just like you, so that the incomparably beautiful tomorrow in your dream can really become a reality!"

Meng Chao sent a strong spirit fluctuation to the Ancient Dream Saintess' furious subconscious.

In response, the other party opened her bloody mouth and shot out a scarlet and pale storm at him. The storm was made up of densely-packed skeleton rats that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws!

The thousands of skeleton rats instantly drowned Meng Chao.

They were like piranhas that were crazily gnawing at his body.

Although people did not really die in the dream world.

Even the flesh and blood that had been devoured by the skeleton rats would grow back in the blink of an eye.

However, the pain of having his bone marrow sucked dry really stimulated Meng Chao's central nervous system and cerebral cortex. It made him feel as if someone had cut open the top of his head in reality, he poured a ladle of boiling oil into it.

Before Meng Chao could peel off all the rats that had swarmed over.

A strange hand that blotted out the sky and covered the earth slapped onto his head.

This nightmare world was completely dominated by the ancient Dream Saintess.

In the nightmare, she transformed into an indomitable god and devil. With just one hand, she tightly grabbed Meng Chao, who was entangled by the skeleton rats, and lifted him into the air.

Meng Chao was squeezed out of his soul by her.

He heard every bone in his body scream.

Hundreds and thousands of golden stars appeared in front of his eyes, and he felt as if his alveoli were bursting.

He couldn't help but open his mouth to breathe. The skeleton rats that were stained with blood followed the ancient Dream Saintess' arms, which were like bridges and pillars, and crawled in front of him, trying to get into his mouth.

Meng Chao felt that his soul fire was about to be extinguished.

He could only extract a clearer picture of the Apocalypse from the deepest part of the memory database.

He threw it at the ancient Dream Saintess.

The violent information flow turned into thousands of burning meteorites.

It was like a meteor shower falling from the sky, repeating the scene of the end of the world in the ancient Dream Saintess'dream.

This time, it was the ancient Dream Saintess'turn to scream in disbelief.

In the nightmare, her towering figure, which looked like a statue of a God and a devil, was riddled with holes by the meteor shower.

The tide of skeletons and rats that swept across the sky and the Earth were also turned into a boundless sea of fire under the burning flames.

Meng Chao finally broke free from the ancient Dream Saintess'control.

With the help of the apocalyptic flames, he began to fight for the control of this dream.

"How is this possible?"

The ancient Dream Saintess'towering body began to collapse.

This meant that she began to doubt her subconscious and the belief that had persisted until today.

She looked at the raging apocalyptic flames in the depths of the dream with an incredulous gaze and muttered, "Who exactly are you? Why did you sneak into My Dream? What kind of power is this? !"

"I've said it before. I'm a friend from afar. and strictly speaking, I didn't sneak into your dream. It was you who snuck into my dream!"

Meng Chao took a deep breath and tried his best to ensure that his brainwaves were calm enough to not stimulate the ancient Dream Saintess'subconscious again, "As for what you saw, the flames that can destroy everything, you can treat it as another possibility in the future, just like the 'prophecy'that lurks in the depths of your brain!"

"What!"

The four pupils of the ancient Dream Saintess constricted at the same time.

At the same time, they spurted out a sharp light.

This was the most important secret, the instinctive reaction of someone who had seen through it.

"I'm sorry. Maybe I shouldn't have probed into the secret hidden in the deepest part of your brain, but if you really care about the survival of the Great Horn Army, the lives of millions of rats, and the future of this world, you should control your anger a little and listen to my explanation. Since you can sense things for an infinite amount of time in the dream, at least give me a few seconds to explain!"

Meng Chao was afraid that the ancient Dream Saintess would attack him again, so he said quickly, “Do you want to know how I snuck into the deepest part of your brain and read those memories?”

“You have to know that you are the ancient Dream Saintess, a spiritual expert, a great dream maker and manipulator, and the spokesperson of the Big Horn Rat God in Tulanze. Your spiritual defense should be extremely strong. How can it be easily infiltrated by others as if no one was there?”

This question had indeed piqued the ancient Dream Saintess’ interest.

Although the flames of doomsday that were spewing out from Meng Chao’s subconscious gradually extinguished, the ancient Dream Saintess’ interest was piqued.

Some of the skeleton rats had escaped the ending of being turned into ashes.

However, the ancient Dream Saintess did not control these skeleton rats and attacked Meng Chao once again.

She stared at Meng Chao and started to think deeply in the dream.

“The answer is simple, because I’m not the first person to infiltrate the depths of your brain. Before me, someone had already infiltrated your brain. I don’t know how many times!”

Meng Chao unleashed his ultimate move, “Your brain is like a treasure vault that has been opened by someone. No matter how strong the walls on the surface of the treasure vault are, how thick the doors are, how tight the security is, or how precise and ingenious the lock-picking method is, as long as I can find the secret passage left behind by my predecessors, I can naturally whistle and put my hands in my pockets to easily enter the interior of the Treasure Vault!”

The ancient Dream Saintess shrieked again.

The white bone armor on her body grew dense spikes.

The exhausted Skeleton Rats became restless again. They bared their teeth at Meng Chao and let out bone-chilling shrieks.

This was a sign that the ancient Dream Saintess’ subconscious mind was very resistant to Meng Chao’s words and did not want to think about it.

Meng Chao knew very well how difficult it was to make a stubborn person realize the bleak reality.

Many times, the truth was like a sharp blade that would cut a person’s heart and make it bleed.

However, in order to awaken the ancient Dream Saintess, Meng Chao was still willing to take the risk and stake everything.

After all, he had no other choice!

“Do you know who that person is — The Rat God!”

Meng Chao took a deep breath and continued, “The Horned Rat God has appeared in your dreams countless times, giving you all kinds of ‘prophecies’ and ‘Revelations’, telling you the location of the Lost Temple and how to open it, helping you find an underground base that can support tens of thousands of



elite soldiers, teaching you how to strengthen your ability to manipulate dreams, and also teaching you the skills to fight on the battlefield and command troops. Am I right?"

The ancient Dream Saintess was slightly stunned.

She had received the 'divine revelation' countless times in her dreams.

This was something that the entire great horn army, including millions of rats, knew.

It was even something that she and the priests of the Great Horn Army had deliberately publicized.

She believed it without a doubt, and of course, she would not deny it.

"But, ancient Dream Saintess, have you ever thought that there is no great horn rat god that sneaks into the depths of your brain and instills all kinds of information into you? It is not an ancestral spirit or God, but a schemer with ulterior motives, a puppeteer who uses you and all the rats as Chess Pieces, and a devil who is about to destroy the Great Horn Army and you!" Meng Chao revealed his trump card.

The bone spikes all over Saintess Gu Meng's body grew longer and longer, turning into sharp blades that could cut hair.

The white bone helmet on her head seemed to have a strange life of its own. It kept growing and gradually covered both her eyes and ears like a giant egg made of white bone.

This symbolized that Saintess Gu Meng was sealing her soul. subconsciously, she could not accept Meng Chao's blasphemous words and was unwilling to have any doubts about her beliefs.

However, Meng Chao was not willing to give up halfway.

He gritted his teeth, he threw down the medicine. "Ancient Dream Saintess, I know that you can hear my voice, and I believe that you have not completely become a puppet that is at the mercy of others. For the future of the great horn army and the entire rat population, you are still willing to think and fight!

"If that is really the case, I hope that you can recall it carefully. In your childhood memories, when your hometown was attacked by the plague, everyone died except for you. When you were on the verge of death, you encountered the arrival of the great horn rat god. Then, the Great Horn Rat God gave you a lot of 'revelations' and showed you a lot of visions of the future, right?"

"Can you tell me what kind of future you saw when you were a child?"

This should be a very simple question.

It was so simple that Meng Chao and the ancient Dream Saintess both knew the answer.

However, the ancient Dream Saintess seemed to be trapped by an invisible net.

She was completely covered by the helmet and had no facial features. Her eggshell-like face was also filled with confusion and uncertainty.

Meng Chao laughed.

“Let me guess. You saw two completely different futures at the same time. In the ‘Good Future’, all the rat people were saved and built Turanze into an incomparably beautiful tomorrow. In the ‘Bad Future’, everyone, including the rat people, and even the entire world, were completely destroyed by the flames of the Apocalypse!

“Of course, this ‘Bad Future’ is a memory that I’ve just implanted into the depths of your brain. It’s a memory that doesn’t exist at all.

“Right now, I don’t have any proof that the ‘Bad Future’ will definitely happen. In fact, I don’t want it to become a reality more than anyone else.

“What I need you to seriously consider is that since I can implant a ‘bad future’ into the depths of your brain, you’ll mistakenly think that it’s a part of your childhood memory.

“How do you know that the ‘good future’ must be a ‘divine revelation’ that you received when you were a child, and not a fake memory that was implanted recently?”