

Oh My God 1181

Chapter 1181: Zombie Rat God

Hearing this, the Ancient Dream Saintess suddenly woke up.

The confusion and fear on her face were all replaced by anger and determination.

Her temperament instantly matured to that of someone at the age of 20 to 30.

She shrieked, and a white bone armor covered in spikes appeared around her body. It crushed the nightmare tentacles that were entangling her.

'I have to think of a way to escape from this nightmare.'

Meng Chao had a lot of experience from escaping Peach Blossom Town.

He knew that such illusions that interfered with the brainwaves and stimulated the brain cells were bound to exist in the depths of the brain.

In particular, he had judged that Kanus' scheme wasn't complete yet.

He had only sensed the communication between him and the ancient Dream Saintess and realized that the ancient Dream Saintess was likely to awaken and break out of his control.

That was why he had acted in a hurry and detonated the bomb in advance.

Then, there must be a flaw in his plan.

This nightmare was definitely not invulnerable.

Perhaps the range of the nightmare was not as large as it seemed, and it was not enough to trap him and the ancient Dream Saintess' two unyielding subconsciousnesses.

As long as they swam toward the edge of the torrential sea of blood, they would discover that the so-called sea of blood was just a small morass!

With this thought in mind, the depths of Meng Chao's subconsciousness blossomed with the light of a peerless divine weapon that could destroy everything in its path.

The light infected the ancient Dream Saintess and made her more courageous.

However, just as the two of them had the thought of escaping from their nightmare, the big-horned rat god was one step ahead of them and had an unexpected change.

He began to expand and rot at a speed visible to the naked eye.

It was as if the entire process of a corpse soaked in water, from the moment it died to the moment it gradually developed the 'Giant View', and then being gnawed by fish, shrimp, and maggots, was compressed into a few minutes, however, not even half of the details were left out. They were clearly presented in front of the two of them.

No, it was not just 'presented'.

Instead, all the details were transformed into surging information streams and crazily poured into their subconscious.

Under the flickering flames of their consciousness, the big-horned rat god, which was as strong as a god and a demon, soon turned into a zombie-like monster.

It was swollen to the point that it was crystal clear and filled with pus. Its bulging skin, which looked like a tumor, exploded one after another.

The mucus was emitting a disgusting stench. It turned into a poisonous mist that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws, enveloping the big-horned rat god.

Under the poisonous mist, the big-horned Rat God's rotten flesh and bones were exposed.

Between the flesh and bones, there were countless snakes, earthworms, and maggots that Meng Chao didn't want to figure out. They were all wriggling desperately.

Even Meng Chao used to fight in the zombie tide in Dragon City.

Seeing such a huge 'zombie rat god' that almost covered half of the sky...

He still felt a chill down his spine, unable to look straight at it.

Even when he was tightly welded to the central nervous system, his spiritual index remained unchanged no matter how terrifying the scene was in the past.

It had instantly plummeted, causing him to step into the boundary of Qi deviation.

Then, he looked at the Gu Meng Saintess beside him. Her eyes were four pupils, staring straight at the deformed and rotting zombie rat god. Her face was as pale as paper, and the corners of her mouth kept trembling.

She looked like she couldn't believe it. She was heartbroken and had a mental breakdown.

"Oh no, the Saintess of ancient Dream's faith is going to collapse completely!"

Meng Chao's mind raced, and he instantly understood the intentions of "Hu Lang" kanus.

Before this, the big horn rat god had always been the only hope, salvation, and faith of the Saintess of ancient dream, all the Warriors of the Big Horn Legion, and even the millions of rat people living in Tulanze.

It could be said that most of the rat people warriors, including the ancient Dream Saintess, were able to clench their teeth and fight against the Clan Warriors who were ten times stronger than them until today, climbing out of mountains of corpses and seas of blood time and time again, then, they pounced on the sharpest claws and teeth of the wolves, tigers, and leopards, all because of the sentence, "The Rat God is watching us from the top of the Sacred Mountain."

Although Meng Chao did not believe that there really was a "Rat god" in the world.

He had to admit that the belief in the Rat God had indeed become the strongest support and motivation for many rat people to survive and fight.

Here came the problem.

If their belief was instantly destroyed, it would make them realize that the Rat God did not exist.

They would even be able to clearly see the ugliest, most unbearable, and weakest side of the Rat God in their terrifying nightmares.

What would these rat warriors become?

Meng Chao already knew the answer when he saw the ancient Dream Saintess's sorrowful expression.

One had to know that Meng Chao had repeatedly told the ancient Dream Saintess in their previous communication that the so-called "Rat god" didn't exist and was only a part of the conspiracy.

However, in the face of the faith that was directly implanted in the depths of her memory, the power of language was ultimately powerless.

The Gu Meng Saintess was only skeptical.

Her brain had enough time to build a buffer and slowly accept this fact.

However, there was a huge difference between "Faith doesn't exist" and "The god I believe in is actually a highly rotten zombie covered in maggots"!

The 'super-giant zombie' version of the Rat God in front of them was too direct, too violent, and too exciting!

Before this, the rat people worshiped the rat god in two main forms.

One of them was the image of an ancient warrior of the rat clan whose muscles were bulging and his blood was boiling.

At most, he would have three heads and six arms. He would be waving his sabers, Spears, swords, halberds, axes, hooks, and forks, which would make him more majestic.

The second one was the skeleton rat god that the elites of the white bone battalion worshiped.

Although he was a skeleton, because his flesh and blood had been completely peeled off, there were only a lot of bloodstains that looked like red jade between his bones. However, his body was emitting a texture that was made of metal and crystals, and there was no trace of evil, instead, he was filled with an indomitable will to fight to the death. Even if he fell into the abyss of death and suffered the erosion of ten thousand years, he would still have to crawl out of the Abyss and Gallop on the battlefield again, sweeping across the world.

Therefore, these two images could be accepted by all the rat people. They believed that this was their ancestral spirit, their God.

In front of them was a highly decomposed 'zombie rat god' that looked like a giant with maggots crawling all over its body.

It did not have the awe-inspiring majesty of the first image.

Nor did it have the unyielding willingness to die of the second image.

It was like fusing leeches, maggots, scorpions, Toads... all kinds of ugly images that could trigger negative emotions deep in the genes of carbon-based intelligent life together.

Even the demons in the abyss of eternal night could not worship such an ugly image. They believed that this was their demon god.

No wonder the ancient Dream Saintess wanted to cry but had no tears. She looked like she wanted to vomit but could not.

Even the ancient Dream Saintess, who had a strong will, was in such a terrible state when she faced the zombie rat god.

If the ordinary mouse warriors were in a desperate situation where they had run out of ammunition and food and were surrounded by the enemies, they would not see any hope at all.

Suddenly, they had such a nightmare where a god turned into a zombie.

They could still retain some of the combat ability that they had left.

Vaguely, Meng Chao felt that he had touched upon the past life. 'Hu Lang'Kanus had defeated the great horn army without bloodshed, quelled the chaos in the great horn army, and even recruited a large number of surrendered soldiers. His strength had suddenly expanded, the secret of having the ability to ascend to the highest throne of power in Tu Lanze!

In the nightmare, every change in the depths of one's heart would be reflected subconsciously.

The Zombie Rat God suddenly gave Meng Chao a deep look.

Countless Vipers shot out of his dark eye sockets, green phosphorescent flames.

He locked onto Meng Chao.

It seemed that he regarded Meng Chao as a more terrifying threat than the ancient Dream Saintess.

Then, a sea of blood surged, creating a huge wave.

The Zombie Rat God's hands, which were hidden under the sea of blood, stirred the huge wave and grabbed toward Meng Chao and the Gu Meng Saintess.

The two struggled with all their might.

However, they were still separated by the blood wave and drifted with the waves in different whirlpools.

They could vaguely see that under the whirlpool, in the Deep Sea, two enormous demonic palms were approaching the two of them.

"Saintess ancient dream, don't believe everything you see. No one knows better than you that this is just an illusory nightmare!"

Meng Chao knew that he couldn't compete with canus'spiritual energy by himself.

If he wanted to break out of the nightmare in the blood sea, he had to awaken the fighting spirit of the original owner of this brain, Saintess ancient dream!

“Don’t you understand? There is no rat God! “Whether it is the Rat God who is shining and majestic like a god who has descended and can save the rat population, or the deformed and ugly rotting corpse in front of us, none of them exist. They are just illusory illusions!”

Meng Chao made up his mind and put everything on the line. “However, the oppression and torture that the rat population has endured for thousands of years are real and real!

“The fury and the unbearable roars of the rat people were real!

“The glorious victories that the great horn army had achieved were real!

“The shrieks of the warriors who were high and mighty in the past were real to you, who had gathered into a torrential tide of rats!

“The trust and worship of the Rat Warriors, who had been marching forward and risking their lives for the sake of a better future for their descendants, were real!

“You did not rely on the blessings of the Rat God at all. You relied on your own efforts to break free from the shackles that had bound you for ten thousand years and defeat the unexcelled enemies. You stepped on the burning flames and the thorns that were covered in venom to carve out a bloody path in the mountains of corpses and seas of blood!

“Since you were able to walk here with your heads held high and your chests held high when the Rat God did not exist and killed the most powerful gold family in Tulanze, why couldn’t you have continued to march forward in a righteous and vigorous way with your own strength until you won the final victory with your own hands and Swords

Chapter 1182: Escape the Nightmare

It was unknown whether Meng Chao’s words were effective, or Kanus, the Jackal, had acted in a hurry and could not completely control the Ancient Dream Saintess’ entire brain like he had done in her previous life.

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ subconscious finally broke free from the momentary confusion and collapse.

The tentacles that surrounded her like a neural network and even the “balloon jellyfish” behind the tentacles began to burn, withering and falling off amidst the screeching sounds.

The white bone armor around the Ancient Dream Saintess became crystal clear again and was as hard as iron.

Her body grew larger and larger.

Although she was far from being able to fight against the Zombie Rat God, she was not so easy to be controlled by the latter.

The Ancient Dream Saintess turned her head and stared at Meng Chao.

Then, she raised her arm and slashed down ruthlessly.

An invisible giant blade whistled out from between her fingers and instantly split open the entire sea of blood.

A white bridge rose up from the depths of the Sea of blood. It extended from under the ancient Dream Saintess' palm all the way to Meng Chao's feet and then to the horizon at the end of the Sea of blood.

If one looked carefully, this bridge was actually formed by tens of thousands of skeleton rats!

Even though they had lost all their flesh and blood.

These skeleton rats still gritted their teeth and tightly bound each other's bones. They were like bridges that could support the entire sky, but also like battle sabers that could split the entire land.

The ancient Dream Saintess seemed to have used this method to show Meng Chao that he was right.

Even if the big horn rat god did not exist.

The hatred and anger of tens of thousands of rat people were real and extremely powerful.

Now, she was going to use this power to tear apart this nightmare and send Meng Chao out!

Boom! Crack!

Sensing the ancient Dream Saintess' intention, the zombie rat god put on a shocked and angry expression. His rotten facial features kept squirming, making him look even more hideous.

Deep in the Sea of blood, deep-water bombs kept exploding, creating hundreds of meters long blood pillars.

The pillars of blood were broken into pieces in midair, as if they had turned into wet, sticky tentacles that were covered with octopus suckers and were sweeping toward Meng Chao.

Pushed by the white bone bridge under his feet, Meng Chao was as fast as lightning. Although he had narrowly avoided the tentacles, he was gradually moving further and further away from the ancient Dream Saintess.

"Hold on. Believe in your own strength. Believe in the strength of millions of rats. Believe... In Our Strength!"

Meng Chao knew that "Hu Lang"kanus must have done a lot of things to the brain of the ancient Dream Saintess in the past few years.

His subconscious stayed in the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain, so he was definitely no match for "Hu Lang"kanus who suddenly attacked.

Therefore, he made up his mind and made escaping from this nightmare his first goal.

However, it wasn't easy to achieve such a goal.

That was because the zombie rat god's overwhelming demonic palm had emerged from the surging sea of blood and clawed at Meng Chao.

In the nightmare, each finger of the zombie rat god was at least hundreds of meters long. It could not be measured by normal logic in the real world.

When it blocked Meng Chao, it was as if the entire land at the bottom of the sea suddenly rose up and turned into an iron wall that was parallel to the sea and reached the sky.

When such an iron wall collapsed toward Meng Chao, there was no way for him to avoid it.

Meng Chao's subconscious was about to be firmly grasped in the palm of the zombie rat god.

Suddenly, Meng Chao had a splitting headache. Something exploded in the depths of his brain, turning into two burning sharp blades that shot out from the depths of his eyes. It actually poked two transparent holes in the palm of the Zombie Rat God!

It was... The Kindling!

Meng Chao stared at the depths of his brain with both surprise and joy.

That cluster of heavenly flames that had revived and brightened again!

Ever since the battle on the peak of the god of fog mountain with Lu Siya, who had turned into a forest banshee after being corroded by the mother's fragments, he had been forced to jump off a cliff and escape along the raging Tiger River.

The mysterious kindling that Meng Chao had brought back from the apocalyptic flames to his high school days had been in a dormant state.

No matter how he summoned it, he could not activate it, nor could he accumulate, calculate, and exchange contribution points to increase his ability.

Meng Chao estimated that this was because the operation of the flame seed required a large amount of life potential.

At that time, he was in a situation where he had yet to recover from his serious injuries and was on the verge of death.

If the flame seed continued to operate at an extremely high intensity, not only would it not be able to increase his combat strength, but it might even suck him to death.

That was why the Tinder had been in hibernation and had been making long-term plans.

At this moment, his strength had long recovered and even broken through the peak of the Monster War period.

Then, he encountered "Jackal"kanus who tried to use the zombie rat god in his nightmare to invade his brain.

Finally, he triggered the Tinder's self-defense mechanism and activated it!

[the Tinder is leveling up. Leveling up progress: 1% ... 3% ... 7% ...]

The Strange Flame turned into a line of dancing dragons and phoenixes. The shining small words kept flashing in Meng Chao's vision, making him feel refreshed. He was so happy that he wanted to cry.

Although he was unable to mobilize the power of the Tinder for the time being.

Meng Chao had already mustered 120,000% of his courage. He was confident that he could deal with “Hu Lang” Kanus and the powerful experts from the other world in the memory fragments of his previous life.

With his mind racing, he opened his arms in the direction of the Zombie Rat God.

His arms were like cannon barrels, while the ‘cannonballs’ were condensed from the apocalyptic flames that could destroy the world.

“Have a taste of the apocalypse that you created!”

Meng Chao mumbled to himself.

Then, he aimed at the forehead of the zombie rat god and ‘fired’.

If what was hiding behind the zombie rat god was really the will of ‘Jackal’ kanus...

Then, Meng Chao believed that the current ‘Jackal’ kanus must have experienced the burning of his nerves and cells by the flames of the Apocalypse, not even a single strand of his gene chain was left behind.

Meng Chao believed that even kanus, who was known as the ‘Doomsday Wolf’ in the future, might not be able to withstand the pain of the real Apocalypse and the destruction of everything.

Not to mention that the scheme had not succeeded yet. Kanus, who was still hiding his claws and teeth, was far from reaching the peak of the ‘Jackal’ realm.

As expected, when the doomsday flames reached the glabella of the zombie rat god.

The seemingly majestic and terrifying demon God could not resist at all. His rotting and swollen head was instantly pierced through by the flames.

The brain matter that had already turned into black gel inside was also creaking and turning into charcoal under the burning flames.

The surging blood sea suddenly became unreal.

It was difficult to describe Meng Chao’s feeling at this moment.

It was as if he was in a three-dimensional, boundless, and incomparably violent sea of blood. No matter which direction he swam in, he would be swept back to the center of the blood sea by the surging waves.

At this moment, the surging blood sea had gradually changed from a three-dimensional to a two-dimensional. It had changed from a three-dimensional maze to a mottled picture scroll.

He was like a bug trapped in the picture scroll.

Although he couldn’t find a way out of the picture scroll.

He could gnaw a wormhole on the picture scroll and escape from the picture scroll from above or below.

That was exactly what Meng Chao did.

The bridge of bones that the ancient Dream Saintess had built for him, the flames of the apocalypse deep in his memories from his previous life, and his will to fight in the future — the three intersected like an indestructible drill, he dug out a way to escape from the nightmare. It was as if a black vortex had suddenly appeared in the surging sea of blood.

Then, Meng Chao's subconscious was sucked into the vortex and quickly fell into a weightless state. He lost his sense of time and space.

He did not know how long he had fallen in the darkness.

The intense dizziness made him jump up from the hospital bed and retch loudly.

He vomited until his face was red and his neck was thick. The corners of his eyes were filled with bean-sized tears. His entire body was in pain as though it was being pricked by Needles. There was also the sound of his heart beating like a war drum. Only then did Meng Chao realize that he had gotten rid of the layers of nightmares, he had returned to the real world, inside his own body.

Meng Chao was still worried.

He first searched his entire body to ensure that all of his whiskers and tails were intact. Every limb and every organ maintained vigorous vitality. The spiritual veins in his body were unobstructed, without any obstruction or loopholes.

Then, he closed his eyes and carefully recalled everything that had happened to him from the time he was babbling to the time when he was still a student, to the time when he was brilliant at the end of the Monster War, and what happened after he drifted to Tulanze, he made sure that his memory was not missing, and it did not seem to be mixed with anything strange — for example, when he was young, he had met the big-horned rat god, and it was the big-horned rat God who had given him the Tinder.

Only then did he let out a sigh of relief.

He confirmed that his body of flesh and blood had not suffered any backlash from his subconscious.

His brain had not been polluted by the mysterious power.

At least, not yet..

Chapter 1183: The Upgraded Version of the Fear Bomb!

"I wonder if the Ancient Dream Saintess can also escape 'Jackal' Kanus' spiritual invasion. Since the cunning wolf king has activated it in advance, there is no reason for him to give up halfway. I wonder how many other interlocking tricks he has prepared that can destroy the entire Great Horn Army in one fell swoop?"

As Meng Chao thought about it, his senses gradually became clear.

Very soon, he smelled the strong smell of blood and burning fat. He also heard the strange cries of ghosts and wolves.

“What’s going on?”

Meng Chao was shocked.

The wounded barracks that he was in had soldiers who fought valiantly under hundred blade city every day. The heavily wounded soldiers who were covered in wounds were sent over. The air was filled with the strong smell of blood, so it was not surprising.

However, the smell of burning oil was clearly the smell of fire. The flesh and blood of countless people had all been turned into fuel!

The wounded soldiers’ camp was naturally in the center of the Great Horn Army’s layers of defenses. Where did the raging flames that devoured flesh and blood come from?

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked around.

What he saw made the blood all over his body almost freeze.

Although his soul had already returned to his body.

He found that he had just jumped from one nightmare to another that was more real.

On the hospital bed next to him, there were hundreds of warriors who had broken limbs and intestines.

Although they could not stand the pain and could not stand the treatment, they would moan and even howl.

Most of the time, they would fall into a deep sleep after taking a secret drug that contained hypnosis and being comforted by the priests.

Even when they were half asleep, they were still listless and weak.

At this moment, these severely injured people who should not be able to live much longer sat up from their sickbeds.

On their pale faces, small red dots that were as red as blood burst out, exuding an abnormal excitement.

Their pupils contracted and expanded at an extremely high frequency.

The high-speed twitching of their eyes and the nervous twitching of their heads showed that their brains were operating at an overload.

Their broken chests were more like bellows that were rising and falling at a high speed. They were panting and almost howling through their throats.

Many warriors’ chests had been cut into pieces by the guards of the Wolf Clan. The wounds so deep that their bones could be seen were so deep that their lungs had almost exploded.

All by the secret medicine carefully smeared, plus bandages tightly wound, just so that the whole chest will not burst open.

At this moment, because of their exaggerated breathing, and the beating of their hearts like war drums, the wound on their chest, which had barely begun to heal, burst open again, causing layers of wound bandages, all drenched in red blood.

“EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE!”

“Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya!”

“Chichi-chichi-chichi-chichi-chichi!”

The faces of the seriously wounded were grotesque, as if they could not feel the pain of the broken wounds all over their bodies.

The gasps and howls from the broken chest gradually turned into cries that no one could understand.

Combined with a strange expression, empty eyes, twisted to the limit of body language, so that these seriously injured, simply more than lost control of the origins of the samurai more terrible!

As for Meng Chao, who had sharp senses, he could see more things that ordinary rats could not.

The brains of the seriously injured soldiers were burning.

It was not “Burning” in the literal sense.

Instead, their brain cells were trembling crazily, releasing storm-like brainwaves.

From the storm, thick, colorful flames were spurting out, spreading like wildfire on the prairie and spreading to the entire wounded barracks.

Even Meng Chao, who had come into contact with their brainwaves, saw chaos.

In a trance, he seemed to see the highly decomposed ‘zombie rat god’ Again!

“Not good!”

Meng Chao’s face suddenly changed.

The brains of these seriously wounded soldiers had been hijacked.

The principle was similar to the ‘fear bomb’, a secret spiritual attack technique often used by the extraordinaires and exotic beasts of Dragon City.

By ‘detonating’ their brains and sacrificing every brain cell in exchange for extremely intense brainwaves, the brainwaves would advance layer by layer, triggering an avalanche-like chain reaction that would lead to hundreds of thousands of people, even the brains of thousands of people would resonate in the most terrifying way!

As I expected, ‘Jackal’Kanus had long taken control of the brains of all the rat folk warriors through dreams through the ability of the ancient Dream Saintess.

“At this moment, he suddenly attacked and ‘detonated’ the brains of the ancient Dream Saintess, causing the ancient Dream Saintess to release furious brainwaves. Then, he transmitted the new nightmares to the depths of the brains of every rat folk warrior through the layers of the priests.

“This nightmare does not need to be carefully constructed at all.

“As long as the majestic big-horned rat god in the nightmare suddenly becomes extremely weak and even ‘dies’, it will swell, rot, and turn into an ugly zombie.

“It will be enough to shatter the beliefs and hearts of most of the rat warriors, crushing their fighting will and combat ability!”

As he expected, when Meng Chao struggled to leave the tent, he found that not only the tent he was in, but the entire wounded battalion was in a state of panic, chaos, and chaos.

The thoughts and will of a human being were all affected by the body of flesh and blood.

If their blood was vigorous, their muscles were bulging, and they were full from drinking and eating, they would naturally feel refreshed. Their will was firm, and they wouldn’t be affected by demons.

These wounded soldiers had been suffering from dizziness and pain all day long, and many of them had lost part of their limbs. Even if their lives weren’t in danger, they often lost more than half of their fighting strength. To the high-level orcs who advocated fighting, it’s a fate worse than death.

Their mental defenses are so fragile, they’ve been pushed to the breaking point.

From the ancient dream of Saintess brain deep, “Zombie rat god”, naturally most easy to invade their brain, hijack the visual nerve, appear in front of them.

On the other hand, if Meng Chao was a seriously wounded man lying on a sickbed for a long time, suffering all day long and losing several limbs, he didn’t know whether he could recover or even go to war to kill the enemy.

What was worse was that the city that he had sacrificed his life to attack could not be conquered after a long time, and the news of running out of ammunition was spreading everywhere in the military camp. It was all thanks to the blessing of the Rat God and the advocacy of the ancient dream saintess that they could barely maintain their morale.

At that moment, he suddenly had a dream that the Rat God had turned into a rotting corpse.

No, it was not just his dream. All the comrades around him had dreamed and even clearly saw such a blasphemous scene.

Was it possible that his nerves would not collapse?

“This is bad!”

Meng Chao gritted his teeth and cursed silently.

Even in Dragon City, which was armed with modern weapons and ideology,.

The large-scale crowd that was bombarded by the ‘bomb of fear’ and whose spiritual index had skyrocketed and plummeted was the most troublesome problem.

Leaving aside all the factors that were unpredictable and bizarre, it was almost impossible to deal with them.

Even in the ancient battlefields on Earth without extraordinary strength, it was almost impossible to calm down the thousands of soldiers who had collapsed mentally and were in deep fear until they summoned their courage again.

It was exactly like the so-called 'Panic in the wind, panic in the grass, and panic in the Army'.

Meng Chao could only place his hopes on the nurses, doctors, and oracles in the wounded soldiers camp.

There was not much difference between the witch doctors and the priests these days. The witch doctors who had the ability to concoct secret medicines and treat the wounded soldiers often had a considerable amount of spiritual power and could resist a certain degree of spiritual attacks.

The wounded soldiers camp naturally had a large number of witch doctors.

Logically speaking, these witch doctors should not be sleeping soundly like the wounded soldiers. There were always some witch doctors who remained awake.

When they were awake, the witch doctors with strong mental strength would not be so easily eroded by nightmares.

Meng Chao was half right.

Other than the seriously injured soldiers who were in a state of madness, there were indeed a large number of sober witch doctors in the wounded soldiers camp.

Although when Meng Chao found them, the witch doctors' eyes were all red and their faces were pale. Cold Sweat kept oozing out of their foreheads. They looked as if a great disaster was about to befall them.

At least they were not as mentally broken as the seriously wounded. They began to dance crazily.

However, all the witch doctors were wearing their armor and blocking the entrance of the wounded soldiers' camp with trembling swords, spears, and halberds in a strange way.

Their terrified eyes were looking at the darkest horizon outside the wounded soldiers' camp before dawn.

No, the originally dark horizon had already been dyed scarlet by the raging flames.

Under the flickering red light, one could vaguely see groups of people baring their fangs and brandishing their claws. They were like a flood that had broken through a dam, pouncing towards the direction of the wounded soldiers' Camp!

Chapter 1184: Camp Whistle

Further away, several pillars of fire soared into the sky like raging red dragons.

Under the might of the red dragons, all the soldiers of the Great Horn Army were screaming hysterically, running around like headless flies. Their eyes were bloodshot, and they lost control of their minds as

they drew out their blood-stained weapons. They slashed viciously at their comrades, who had gone through life and death with them during the day.

Their screams turned into torrents that surged into Meng Chao's ears faster than the chaotic momentum, making his face as ugly as the witch doctors'.

"Ying Xiao!"

Meng Chao's scalp and palm turned numb.

Ying Xiao was a situation that no commander of the battlefield in the Middle Ages would want to encounter.

The cold-weapon army in the Middle Ages did not have scientific and effective management methods. They relied on whipping, torture, and even the threat of death to exercise high-pressure rule.

In the process of marching and fighting, the mental pressure that the soldiers endured was something that modern people could not imagine.

It could be said that no matter how simple and kind the people were, after experiencing the suffering of several middle age wars and crawling through mountains of corpses and seas of blood, even if they were lucky enough not to die, they would become demons in human skin.

Regardless of whether it was justice to rise up, this trend of turning humans into demons was irreversible.

The thousands of soldiers who were highly nervous and used to seeing corpses strewn all over the place gradually stopped taking human lives and even their own lives seriously.

It was like putting a powder keg on dry straw and then exposing it under the hot sun.

An explosion was inevitable.

It was only a matter of time.

Perhaps, it was just a fight between two soldiers who had a mental breakdown.

Perhaps, it was an unruly soldier who was dissatisfied with the officer who had severely punished him.

In fact, it was just a soldier who cried out 'enemy attack' in his nightmare.

In short, a tiny spark could ignite the entire volcano that was about to erupt. The entire Legion that looked like a tiger that was about to swallow a thousand miles was instantly thrown into turmoil, chaos, and even collapse, the attacks of hundreds of thousands or even millions of troops were all destroyed.

It was just like the records in ancient military books. Hundreds of warriors would often attack the enemy's 100 thousand troops at night, causing them to completely collapse.

In truth, if the 100 thousand troops were strong-willed and had strict laws, even if they stretched their necks and let hundreds of night raiders attack, how many heads would they be able to chop off?

Most of the dead and injured were just victims of panic and killing each other.

Of course, if the commander was a famous general that shook the world.

The soldiers were all well-trained elite soldiers.

They had an ample supply of grain and weapons, and even the lowest level soldiers would be rewarded every now and then.

Furthermore, the battle situation was beneficial to them. As long as they gritted their teeth, the enemy would be able to take them down in one go.

This would reduce the chances of the camp roaring or exploding to the minimum.

However, the Great Horn Legion did not have any of these conditions.

This was just a small rebel army.

However, it was filled with anger compared to a motley crew.

Even if the ancient Dream Saintess had once selected warriors with a certain command ability to train in secret in the underground base.

However, they lacked heritage and actual combat experience. The so-called secret training could only be done behind closed doors and on paper.

Even if the Great Horn Legion had advanced crazily in the past few months and won one victory after another.

However, the vast majority of the victories were won by the five great clans who were scheming against each other and giving way to the Rat People's Liberation Army.

Even if the generals of the Great Horn Legion were able to accumulate a certain amount of combat experience from the successive bloody battles.

However, they were still lacking in battle experience and could not deal with such a sudden disaster like the 'Battalion Whistle'.

There was no need to mention the soldiers themselves.

More than 90% of the soldiers of the great horn army came from slaves, miners, handymen, villagers, and private hunters in the mountains.

Even if there were a few slave soldiers who had received military training, they would at most participate in a battle of a hundred or so people. They had never experienced a battle where hundreds of thousands of people, or even millions of people, crowded together.

These rat people warriors, who were filled with anger, often had more enthusiasm than calmness. They were even blinded by a series of victories and only wanted to win quickly or die quickly.

However, they lacked the courage to deal with the enemy for a long time. Even in the most difficult environment, they had to persevere silently like Mars in the weeds.

The long-term failure of the Hundred Blade City had already made them extremely depressed.

The news that their military rations had been used up came from God knows where. It was more like an invisible noose around their necks. It was tightening inch by inch, suffocating them.

Under the relentless assault of the cruel war, the fire of faith that they had ignited for months had long been covered in a layer of haze.

The victory that was out of their reach was shaking like a candle in the wind.

If at such a delicate moment...

The rat militia who had surrendered to the Great Horn Legion in the name of 'turning over a new leaf and abandoning the dark to the light' were mixed with the 'house rats' that the Wolf clan had been raising for thousands of years.

The 'House rats' took advantage of the dead of night to Howl and say, 'The heavy armored legions of the Lion and tiger clans have arrived', 'our military rations have been completely eaten up'.., "The Blood Hoof Army has cut off our escape route" and other rumors to confuse the army.

Along with the ancient Dream Saintess losing control of her brain, she kept releasing the nightmare images of the "Zombie rat god" to the outside world.

And these images spread to the heads of all the soldiers through the priests wearing antenna helmets.

The collapse of a million troops in one night was a completely predictable and extremely cruel ending.

Meng Chao Sighed.

Actually, the ancient Dream Saintess was bewitched by the 'Big Horn Rat God' and gathered all the main forces of the great horn army and threw them under hundred blade city in an attempt to fight against the strong and well-established golden clan, the Battle of a million strong army began.

The Countdown to the defeat and even destruction of the great horn army had begun.

Meng Chao had intervened too late, and he was alone. He really could not summon dozens of armored airships and hundreds of extraordinaires to help him turn the tide like he did in Dragon City.

He only hoped that he could do something to avoid the worst situation like in his previous life.

Even if he helped the Great Horn Army to keep a few kindling, he would also keep a few trump cards that he had in the game with "Jackal"kanus.

While they were deep in thought, the soldiers who had been stimulated by the camp whistle and had suffered a mental breakdown had already rushed to less than a kilometer away from the wounded barracks.

Meng Chao condensed his spiritual energy on his cochlea. He could even vaguely distinguish the few human words in their beast-like roars.

"Food!"

"Food!"

"There's food in the Wounded Barracks!"

It was obvious that the reason why the rebels had a clear target and headed straight for the wounded battalion was that there was more food stored here than in the second-tier troops deployed on the periphery.

At the same time, the wounded battalion was not a hundred-battle elite like the white bone battalion. It was a tough bone with sharp thorns. If the rebels wanted to snatch food from the Tiger's mouth, it was very likely that hundreds of transparent holes would be pierced into their mouths and even their heads.

On this night where order was broken, the casualty battalion, which had food but did not have strong combat strength, was simply a plump, juicy, soft, and boneless piece of meat.

Of course, Meng Chao could not deny that there was another more dangerous possibility.

That was that 'Jackal'kanus had locked onto his coordinates through the nightmare just now.

Through the spies planted within the Great Horn Legion, he had deliberately incited the rebels to attack the casualty battalion, trying to destroy him in his state of recovering from the dream.

This was not a place to stay.

It was better to find leaf and ice storm and think of a way to escape from the collapsing great horn army. Then, they could discuss their next move.

As Meng Chao thought about this, he suddenly felt a sharp pain at the back of his head.

He was shocked. When he looked back, he saw a high priest wearing a gray feather coat and a mask with a sharp mouth. He was staggering and looked extremely crazy.

Meng Chao recognized this high-ranking priest from the mask that looked like a bird's beak and was filled with disinfectant. He was the supervisor of the wounded military camp.

He had met this high-ranking priest a few days ago when they were changing medicine.

At that time, the feather coat on him was colorful, fragrant, and dazzling.

His temperament was calm and refined. He did not have the excitement of the other priests, but it made people feel trust and Reliance. They believed that even if they fell into the abyss of death., there was a high chance that he would be able to salvage them — and that was the truth.

How did this high-level priest who could bring back the dead become like this after just one night?

Chapter 1185: The Saintess Is Dead!

The colorful feather coat had become black and wrinkled, like the skin of an old beast.

The sticky substance dripped down from the feather coat, and it was hard to tell whether it was mud or blood.

His left hand and left foot were twisted strangely, as though the bones and tendons had been broken by a mysterious force, while his right hand and right foot were strained and stretched as if they were given independent life. He could not wait to break away from this body that was panting and trembling.

Just like those seriously injured people who had fallen into a nightmare and could not extricate themselves, the high priest's body was also emitting "Eee Eee Eee", a vague voice.

However, the voice did not come from his throat.

It came directly from his brain.

It was as if his brain had been hollowed out and stuffed with a noisy insect.

The Big Horn helmet, which was covered in antennas, was upside down on his head. It was more like a torch that had been dipped in grease. In a burning posture, it kept emitting crazy brainwaves in all directions.

A large amount of information containing fear, despair, shock, and defeatism was projected into everyone's heads in all directions.

Even Meng Chao felt that his forehead had been hit hard by a red-hot hammer.

In a trance, his vision blurred. The image of this high-ranking priest seemed to have turned into a rotting, swollen, giant-like "Big-horned rat god"!

Not only Meng Chao, but the fully-armed witch doctors also realized that something was wrong with this high-ranking priest.

They were also affected by the high-ranking priest's brainwaves. All kinds of bizarre and chaotic scenes appeared in front of their eyes.

Fortunately, they were all awake and could become witch doctors. They were used to seeing wounded soldiers with broken intestines, broken arms and legs, and even burned into charcoal and still moaning in pain. Their mental defenses were strong, they were ten times stronger than ordinary mouse warriors.

For the time being, their minds had not collapsed.

Or rather, they still did not understand what the image of the zombie rat god that suddenly flashed in their minds meant.

The witch doctors turned pale with fright as they pounced on the high-level priest.

The high-level priest, on the other hand, spun like a spinning top. His strength was several times stronger than usual, and he easily threw a few witch doctors more than ten to twenty meters away.

While he was struggling, the bird beak mask that was stuffed with secret medicine on his face fell off, revealing his crazy face.

All the witch doctors who saw his face clearly jumped up as if they were almost struck by lightning, and they gasped.

Even Meng Chao felt his scalp go numb and he clicked his tongue.

The High Priest's face was burning.

It was not just his brain waves that were erupting like a volcano.

His expression changed from dull to blank, then from blank to ferocious. He was about to break down and lose control like a high priest.

“Wait, something’s Not Right!”

Meng Chao thought quickly and reacted immediately. “I’ve only escaped from the ancient Dream Saintess’ dream for more than ten minutes. At least, the ancient Dream Saintess was still alive more than ten minutes ago.

“Even if ‘Jackal’Kanus did ambush people around the ancient Dream Saintess and even secretly implanted some kind of restriction into the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess’ brain — he would most likely do so.

“However, even the moment I escaped from the dream, the ancient Dream Saintess was already killed by ‘Jackal’kanus.

“In less than ten minutes, the wounded barracks and the headquarters of the ancient Dream Saintess were dozens of miles apart. How did the High Priest Know About It?

“No, the ancient Dream Saintess is not dead yet!

“The brain of the high-level priest was controlled by ‘Hu Lang’kanus a long time ago. He planted such a fatal message that could destroy everyone in the Great Horn Army and drive them out of Control!”

Deep inside Meng Chao’s brain, countless crystal balls that were emitting hazy light seemed to be floating in the air. Then, they exploded.

The light that was released gathered together and turned into a shining river of light.

He felt that he had solved the secret of the great horn army in his previous life, which had been destroyed in a swirl.

The unstoppable great horn army seemed to have gathered a million people and set off a world-shaking storm. It had the ability to directly confront the heavy troop of the Wolf clan and even attack the important military towns of the Gold clan.

However, such a superficial ability, except for the enemy’s deliberate indulgence, was largely dependent on Saintess ancient dream alone.

Saintess ancient dream was the only person in the entire great horn legion and even thousands of rat people who could directly communicate with the great horn rat god.

Saintess ancient dream was also the only person who had received the blessing of the great horn rat god and could partially “Predict” the future and see the enemy’s movements clearly, thereby securing victory.

The ancient Dream Saintess was still able to share the blessing of the Rat God with all the rat folk warriors so as to maintain the unity of the great horn army and the morale of the rat folk warriors.

The ancient Dream Saintess was even able to plead with the Rat God to descend into her body from the top of the sacred mountain at the critical moment of a bloody battle and instantly possess a hundred times the combat strength and become the “Incarnation of God” to kill the strongest enemy!

In short, in the words of all the rat warriors, the Saintess of ancient dream was the ‘spokesperson of the Rat God walking in Tulanze’.

She was the visible pillar of the entire great horn army.

If the pillar collapsed at the critical moment when the army was about to run out of ammunition and food to decide the fate of the Great Horn Army..

The Great Horn Army, whose life was hanging by a thread, would also collapse completely. It would be like a giant beast whose limbs had been crushed by its own body and whose brain and heart had been emptied. It would be muddle-headed and at the mercy of others.

“This is the plan of ‘Jackal’Kanus!

“First, we will make use of the ability of the ancient Dream Saintess to refine her into the incarnation of the Great Horn Rat God. Then, we will excavate the ancient temple through her and find the underground base. We will build the Great Horn Army and break the Old Order of Tu Lanze.

“Then, I’ll use the opportunity to encircle and annihilate the big horn army to gradually take over the military power of the Wolf clan and break away from the control of the lion and tiger clans.

“When the time is right, I’ll kill the ancient Dream Saintess and then kill or control the high-level priests of the Big Horn Army who were raised by the ancient Dream Saintess. Even the ancient Dream Saintess is under his direct remote control. These high-level priests will naturally be under his indirect remote control. It Won’t be difficult to control them.

“In the end, the Great Horn Army had no leader, no ammunition, no food, no faith, and no future. The scattered great horn army was naturally like a ripe mandala fruit that would fall into the pocket of ‘Jackal’kanus with a single breath!

“Of course, ‘Jackal’kanus would not slaughter the soldiers of the Great Horn Army wantonly. At the very least, he would not slaughter the elites of the white bone battalion.

“After the collapse of their faith, the Rat Nation warriors would all become muddle-headed zombies. As long as ‘Jackal’kanus could stir up their survival instincts and make them think that it was better to die than to live, they would only need a few sacks of food and pretend to win them over to show their magnanimity. Different from the other ‘nobles’, they would be able to turn these hundred-battle elites who once had their own will into his best fighters to seize the highest throne of power in Tulanze!

“When the elites of the Wolf clan and the remnants of the Great Horn Army join hands, as long as the Lions and tigers are really fighting among themselves and the jackals have a chance, the most unbelievable miracle in the history of Turanze will be played out

Chapter 1186: Save the Saintess!

The more Meng Chao analyzed, the more alarmed he became.

“Jackal” Kanus’ combination fists were considered extremely powerful and impenetrable.

Under his manipulation in the dark, the fate of the Great Horn Army had been determined from the moment it was formed.

However, the insidious Hell Wolf could not have predicted the unexpected factor of Meng Chao’s return from the apocalypse.

“Don’t panic. There’s still a chance to turn defeat into victory!

“In the end, ‘Jackal’kanus sensed the connection between me and the ancient Dream Saintess, so he had no choice but to take action in advance.

“His arrangements may not be perfect. There will always be some determined elites in the great horn army who will be able to retreat to the underground base in the south without being attacked by the ‘terror bombs’.

“As for the ancient Dream Saintess, she has been persuaded by me and has become suspicious and wary of the great horn rat god. She Won’t be so easily manipulated by canus.

“As long as the ancient Dream Saintess is rescued in time.

“It may not be impossible to turn the tide. At the very least, it will be a chance for canus to be stuck in his throat!”

Meng Chao thought quickly and instantly grasped the winning hand.

That was the life and death of the ancient Dream Saintess.

The ancient Dream Saintess was alive, which meant that the great horn army still existed.

There was still hope for the freedom and dignity of the millions of rats.

The Dragon City civilization could also obtain a strong and trustworthy ally within the Tulan civilization.

The death of the ancient Dream Saintess meant that the tide of the era was actually so strong. It was almost impossible to reverse the future and crush the Apocalypse.

“No, even something as ridiculous as an entire city crossing over to another world has already happened. In this vast sea of stars, there is nothing impossible!”

Meng Chao made up his mind and suddenly attacked.

A metal arrowhead that was as thin as a cicada’s wing whistled out from between his fingers. It was accompanied by specks of cold light as it accurately drilled into the high priest’s chest.

The High Priest’s wild dance came to an abrupt end.

His brain, which was constantly releasing fearful brain waves like a volcanic eruption, froze in an instant.

He fell on his back, motionless, and died.

As his brain self-ignited and his brain and facial features melted, the high priest was beyond redemption.

Staying in this cruel world for one more minute would only allow him to endure one more minute of pain. At the same time, he would turn this pain into fuel and corrode the brains of others, making them become as crazy as him, it was just a life worse than death.

The arrowhead that Meng Chao shot out gave him a quick death. It allowed him to be manipulated and his broken soul to find eternal peace.

It also prevented the destructive power of the 'bomb of fear' from spreading and upgrading.

As the arrowhead whistled out, Meng Chao lunged at the witch doctors who were surrounding the high-level priest like a ferocious tiger descending from the mountain.

He looked like a ghost, as if he had split into more than ten shadows and appeared behind the witch doctors at the same time.

Spiritual energy flowed from the edge of his palm, which was emitting a faint metallic glow as if it was wrapped in a layer of armor that was both hard and soft.

He gently touched the back of the witch doctors' necks. The force of vibration, which was hundreds of times per second, immediately flowed through their cervical vertebrae and into their skulls.

The soft brains of the witch doctors bounced back and forth on the hard inner walls of their skulls, causing them to fall into a state of concussion.

These rat folk witch doctors were originally like two knives that had been forced onto a duck. They were far from being a match for Meng Chao.

In addition to the news of the ancient Dream Saintess' death, the madness of the high-level priests, and the images of the zombie rat gods that kept appearing in their minds, they were at a loss. They were dumbstruck, unable to develop the will, courage, and strength to resist at all.

Before they could even groan, they were all hacked to the ground by Meng Chao One by one, foaming at the mouth and fainting.

Meng Chao did not kill them.

Instead, he saved their lives.

If these witch doctors were still awake all the time...

They would definitely be tortured by the news of the ancient Dream Saintess' death and the nightmare of the zombie rat god, causing them to have a mental breakdown and fall into madness.

There was also a high chance that, like this high priest, because his brain was overloaded, the mitochondria hidden in the depths of his brain cells were crazily releasing psionic power, breaking through the critical point of spontaneous combustion and turning into black torches.

Even if they were lucky enough to survive.

When those crazy and demonic soldiers charged into the wounded barracks, they were still doomed.

Meng Chao used his hand knife to knock them out. At the same time, he used his high-frequency psionic oscillation to make them suffer from a severe concussion.

It was equivalent to temporarily shutting down their brains.

Then, they would no longer be affected by the horror bombs and the nightmare images.

Then, he dragged them to a dark corner outside the wounded barracks.

He believed that the soldiers would not have much interest in these unknown people.

The rebels' interest was in food and medicine.

Meng Chao's nostrils kept shrinking. He sniffed carefully for a moment and followed the faint smell of food and medicine in the bloody and charred air to find the tent where the wounded soldiers stored their supplies.

He randomly gathered some firewood and used bandages and lit four bonfires next to the tent.

The four balls of raging flames clearly pointed to the location of the tent.

Before long, the fire would spread into the tent, possibly burning precious food and medicine.

Meng Chao calculated the time. Before that, the chaotic soldiers would definitely be able to charge into the wounded barracks.

Following the clear signs he left behind, they found the tent.

If they wanted to obtain the supplies in the tent, they had to put out the raging fire first.

After putting out the fire and obtaining a large amount of supplies, the mood of the chaotic soldiers should calm down a little. They would not go so far as to kill and injure the witch doctors and wounded soldiers, right?

For the time being, Meng Chao could only do this.

He hoped that more mouse warriors could survive the Chaos Tonight and persevere until the armored airships that covered Dragon City arrived at Tulanze!

Before the chaotic soldiers charged at the wounded barracks, Meng Chao had already quietly escaped.

When he came to the secluded depths of the forest, the plaster, bandages, and even the scabs covering his skin, which were used to cover people's eyes, all peeled off like golden cicadas.

This was the darkest moment before dawn.

The dark clouds that rolled like black dragons devoured all the light from the Red Moon and the stars.

However, with the help of the flames that rose and fell from all directions, they leaped into the air like ferocious beasts.

Meng Chao could still be vaguely seen that he had just grown up. Under his crystal clear skin was a layer of muscles that were as sharp as heavy armor.

Between his flesh and blood, the crisscrossing spiritual veins were like dormant flood dragons that were constantly breathing out spiritual energy of different colors.

At first glance, Meng Chao's life magnetic field seemed to be blossoming like a huge flower.

After months of intense battles and days of cultivation, the most important thing was that he had an extremely intense information exchange with the ancient Dream Saintess in the depths of the nightmare, which had triggered the 'flame seed' again.

Meng Chao's realm had reached another level, and he was now standing firmly in the 'six-star spiritual armor realm'!

He opened his palm and exerted his strength. Ivory threads of light surged out of his pores as if they were guided by an invisible spider. They darted between his palm and his fingers, weaving, overlapping, and condensing, they condensed into a translucent glove with an extremely delicate structure.

After a casual punch, the air was filled with the rumbling sound of a waterfall crashing into a deep pool.

It was a sign that the 'Rippling Force' had been exerted to the maximum that it could pierce through matter and hit a bull from afar.

Meng Chao's lips curled up as he laughed soundlessly.

It was truly the biggest and most timely piece of good news after he had drifted to Tu Lanze.

'spiritual suit' was a level that only master Luo Wu, the 'soul severing saber' whom he had looked up to in high school, could reach.

It was also the ultimate goal of ordinary extraordinary people who were worth sacrificing everything and fighting for their whole lives.

No, it was not just his fists.

Meng Chao felt that at this moment, with just a thought, he could compress the spiritual energy around his body under the surging and restraint of the life magnetic field and form a spiritual armor that was as solid as a glove.

Not to mention, he had also received the enhancement of the super technology developed by the ancient Tulan — Totem armor!

The combination of the psionic armor and the totem armor was not as simple as one plus one being greater than two.

Sensing the psionic energy in his body flowing like a great river, Meng Chao's confidence soared to an unprecedented level.

He had the urge to fight even if he encountered a god-tier powerhouse or a battle group-level powerhouse from Tulan Ze.

Of course, even if a real god-tier powerhouse descended, he was afraid that he would not be able to clean up the situation where the great horn army was on the verge of collapse.

Meng Chao did not want anyone to know his trump card before he rescued the ancient Dream Saintess and played his final game with canus the Jackal.

He took a deep breath and withdrew all his psionic power, light, and power into his body.

He returned to his ordinary and even slightly hunched appearance.

He narrowed his eyes and sniffed the air for a moment.

Then he shot like a silent arrow toward the flickering flame in the northwest.

Chapter 1187: Hundred Blade Fire

Based on the Great Horn Army's arrangement, the ones surrounding the injured camp should be some weaker second-line troops.

At this moment, the tents of these second-line troops were all set ablaze.

Along with the surging heat wave came earth-shattering cries.

The situation was even worse than Meng Chao had imagined.

The camp whistle was like a real tsunami. In just half an hour, the destructive power had spread to every camp within a radius of tens of miles.

It was chaotic, completely chaotic.

Every camp had fallen into a whirlpool that had gone out of control

Flames soared into the sky everywhere, ghostly shadows appeared everywhere, blades flashed and swords flashed. There were people baring their fangs and brandishing their claws everywhere like zombies. There were also people who seemed to have their brains and even their souls emptied as they stood in the darkness in a daze, they did not know where they should go with their legs that were filled with lead water and weighed a thousand pounds.

Meng Chao traveled at lightning speed.

He tried his best to choose a dark path that could not be seen by the flames.

He did not want to clash with the chaotic soldiers that had lost control.

He only pricked up his ears to gather useful information from the chaotic soldiers' hysterical shouts.

The situation was as he had expected.

The chaotic soldiers were all shouting about the news that had appeared out of nowhere.

Some said that the lion and tiger clans had already moved into the Wolf clan's territory, and the legendary warriors, whose fierce reputation resounded throughout the entire map, were about to launch a thunderous attack on the great horn army.

Others said that the bloodhoof, dark moon, lightning, and divine tree clans had already reached an agreement with the golden clan, and the four clans' Alliance army was coming from behind the Great Horn Army, they were going to join the golden clan's army and crush everyone in the Great Horn Army like two burning iron walls.

There were even people who said that the great horn rat god had failed in the ancestral spirits' "Battle of the gods" and had been deprived of all his power. He could no longer bless the rat people. Otherwise, how could he explain why he could not conquer hundred blade city after so long, and what about the rat people who had been starving for so many days?

That's right. In the legends of the Tulan civilization, the ancestral spirits were not united. The summit of the Sacred Mountain was a more cruel arena than the human world.

Only in the eternal battle on the summit of the sacred mountain, the powerful ancestral spirits who kept winning could breed the most powerful clan in the human world.

On the other hand, the setbacks and defeats in the human world also meant that the ancestral spirits that they worshiped were getting weaker and weaker — this was a logic that was hard to refute.

Meng Chao dared to use his head to guarantee that these demagogic rumors were all from those who had surrendered to the Wolf Rangers and were later released by the "Jackal" kanus, who was "So magnanimous that it was close to stupid." They had rejoined the rat militia of the Great Horn Legion.

However, the rumors had spread like a virus.

There was no point in dwelling on the source.

In truth, what worried Meng Chao the most was not the soldiers who were jumping up and down, acting menacingly, and still had the strength to spread the rumors.

Instead, they could be seen everywhere in the camps along the way. They were leaning against fences or curled up in corners, twitching crazily, foaming at the mouth, and their expressions were either ferocious or dull. They were stuck in a nightmare, they were guys that were shooting out terrifying brain waves like a volcano eruption.

Meng Chao guessed that these guys' brains had received the Brainwave Information transmitted by the ancient Dream Saintess through the dreams.

The ancient Dream Saintess had implanted the belief that the big horn rats were majestic and the Big Horn Army was invincible into the depths of their hearts in one beautiful dream after another.

At this moment, replacing the unbreakable belief with the fear that the Bighorn Rat God had fallen and the Bighorn Army was doomed wasn't technically difficult.

Before long, these people who were being tortured by the zombie rat god in their nightmares.

Their brains would turn into powerful bombs of fear.

This would allow the rat warriors who were awake to taste the taste of their faith collapsing and falling into the abyss.

Meng Chao quickened his pace and followed the increasingly strong smell of tracking powder in the turbid air, sneaking toward the next camp.

This camp stood next to a sparse forest of mandala trees.

Meng Chao found a thread of torn fibers from the battle robes on the branches of the three mandala trees in the forest.

At first glance, it was just the traces left by the soldiers accidentally scraping the trees when the army passed by.

However, Meng Chao recognized the pungent smell on the fibers as the communication symbol that he and Ice Storm had agreed on a long time ago.

Ice Storm was in the camp next to them.

Meng Chao opened his mouth and pressed his right index and middle fingers against his Adam's apple. Spiritual energy seeped into his flesh and stimulated his vocal cords, which vibrated at a high frequency and emitted ultrasonic waves that ordinary people could not hear.

The forest seemed to be completely silent.

The snakes, insects, rats, and ants that were particularly sensitive to high-frequency sound waves, however, fled their nests one after another, emitting rustling sounds.

About five minutes later.

The outline of a tall woman gradually appeared at the periphery of the forest.

At this time, Meng Chao had already hidden behind a rock covered with a carpet of fungi. He restrained his breathing, heartbeat, and even his body temperature to their limits.

It was not until the other party curled his fingers and flicked out a cluster of ice mist that turned a blossoming datura flower into a crystal-clear ice flower.

Meng Chao flicked his fingers and shot out a cluster of magma that he had gotten from the 'Skull Crusher'.

The magma swallowed the ice flower. Two streams of spiritual energy surged, neutralized, and annihilated, turning into a cluster of faint steam.

They confirmed the other party's identity in such a way.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm heaved a sigh of relief at the same time before they showed up.

"What happened?"

The two of them asked at the same time.

Feeling that it was inappropriate, they gestured to the other party with a 'please' gesture.

"Jackal'Kanus is ready to pull back the net."

Meng Chao said concisely, "The wolf rangers have cut off the logistics supply line of the Great Horn Legion. They have already driven their prey to the point where they have run out of ammunition and food. In addition to the fact that the hundred blade city has not been conquered for a long time, the morale of the soldiers is low, and everybody is panicking.

"At this moment, as long as we can kill the ancient Dream Saintess and shatter the confidence of the rat soldiers, the great horn army will be left without a leader and fall apart.

"Originally, the headquarters where the ancient Dream Saintess was was located in the center of the entire army. It will not be easy to execute the decapitation tactic.

"Such a large-scale battalion whistle gave the 'Jackal'kanus the best opportunity.

"I bet that if nothing goes wrong, the ancient Dream Saintess will never be able to see the sun rise this morning.

"I just don't understand. There are at least a hundred camps in a radius of dozens of miles. Why is the camp whistle so powerful and so wide? Why does it seem like the entire great horn army is going crazy?"

Ice storm nodded, indicating that she understood the current situation.

Then, she said, "I know that. Just now, a huge fire suddenly ignited in hundred blade city. The fire dragon spiraled all the way into the clouds, constantly emitting crackling sounds. There was also the fragrance of the mandala fruit being roasted until it was burnt. Everyone in the great horn army stationed around hundred blade city saw, heard, and smelled it."

"The fire in Hundred Blade City?"

Meng Chao's face changed.

He hurried to the highest mandala tree nearby and stood on the treetop, gazing into the distance in the direction of hundred blade city.

As he expected, he saw that the soaring flames were burning the dark clouds red. The fire was even more intense than the chaotic camps around him.

At the same time, his nose, which had been soaked in spiritual energy, also detected a faint fragrance and a slightly pungent smell from the smell of sweat, Blood, Mud, and grass.

The former was the smell of burning mandala fruits.

The latter was the smell of burning secret medicines.

The wind tonight was not blowing from Hundred Blade City to Meng Chao's camp.

The fact that the smell could spread so far meant that there must be a lot of mandala fruits and secret medicines burning in hundred blade city.

"The garrisons of the Wolf clan in hundred blade city are burning the granaries and armories!"

Meng Chao instantly understood that this was a plan to burn both the jade and the stone.

One had to know that the entire strategy of the Great Horn Army was based on taking down hundred blade city and taking the granaries and armories.

In the previous bloody battles, even if the vanguard of the Great Horn Army climbed up the city wall of Hundred Blade City and took the war flag of the Wolf Clan.

The defending army in the city did not burn the granaries and armories.

This added to the groundless belief of all the officers and soldiers of the great horn army — out of the pride of the Warriors of the clan, the defending army of the Wolf clan would never admit that there was even the slightest possibility of hundred blade city being breached.

Therefore, they would never burn all the granaries and armories in the city in advance.

That was equivalent to admitting defeat in advance. It was a sign of weakness and humiliation.

Then, as long as the Great Horn Legion could charge into hundred blade city at lightning speed,

They would definitely be able to intercept all the grain before the defenders started the fire!

Chapter 1188: Race Against Time

To be fair, one could not say that all of the Great Horn Army's soldiers were daydreaming.

After all, Hundred Blade City was an important place in Picturesque Orchid that had thousands of years of history. No one could bear the responsibility of handing the glorious city over to the rat people.

Furthermore, Hundred Blade City had a large amount of military rations. Not only did they need to provide for the Wolf Clan's daily consumption, but they also needed to prepare for the entire Gold Clan to get through years of battle between the five clans and even the War of Glory.

If all the military rations were burnt, how would the wolves and leopards of the golden clan fill their stomachs and advance toward the land of Holy Light?

Therefore, unless it was absolutely necessary, the Wolf clan would never burn the military rations. This was more of a test of the commander's determination than a brave warrior cutting his wrists.

The problem was that if the strategy of besieging hundred blade city itself was part of the Conspiracy of 'Jackal'kanus.

The grain storage in hundred blade city wasn't as much as the great horn army had predicted.

Most of the military grain had been secretly transported out of the city by kanus the jackal and stored in some corner or underground cave?

No matter what, this decision of betting that the enemy wouldn't dare to cut their wrists was tantamount to sending the noose that was strangling their throats into the hands of the enemy. It was an act of suicide.

As expected, the Wolf tribe soldiers in hundred blade city started to burn the granaries and armories in the city during the break between the two attacks of the great horn army.

Perhaps the resources in the granaries and armories weren't as much as they appeared to be.

However, it was enough to make all the soldiers of the Great Horn Army panic.

Of course, they wanted to take advantage of the situation and attack the city. They wanted to enter hundred blade city and put out the fire before all the food was burned.

However, a night attack was a test of the soldiers' quality and their coordination.

In the pitch-black night, forcefully attacking a city that had a high wall and deep pits. This was something that no one on Earth or in the history of Cold Weapons Wars had ever heard of.

The ravenous rat people warriors could only tear their eyes apart and widen their eyes. They could only watch as the mandala fruit in the city turned into clouds of fragrant smoke that was so thick that it was about to drip oil, rising into the sky, it gave them a soul-sucking temptation.

Only at this moment did people gradually come back to their senses and began to reflect on whether this strategy of "Finishing everything in one battle" was too frivolous and reckless.

Unfortunately, it was too late to regret!

As a rebel army that had been put together and relied solely on their courage, from the moment they occupied the surroundings of hundred blade city and completely lost their mobility, they were destined to welcome such a blazing flame., a turning point that burned all hope!

"The Great Horn Legion is hopeless. Without food, even if the gods and devils descend, they would not be able to gather the scattered troops back together."

Like Meng Chao, the ice storm was extremely clear-headed. "What should we do now?"

"Go rescue the ancient Dream Saintess!"

Meng Chao made a prompt decision. "As long as we rescue the ancient Dream Saintess, even if the great horn army is wiped out, we still have a chance to make a comeback!"

Since ancient times, the reason why the uprising army was so troublesome to the rulers was not because of its combat ability, how well-organized it was, or how large the army was.

It was because it was very similar to wildfire, fungi, and viruses. It was extremely difficult to completely destroy it.

Even if on the surface it stopped fighting, surrendered, or even lost its entire army.

As long as the leader and core members could escape alive.

They would have a chance to rise up again at any minute, regroup, and create an even more boisterous scene than before.

After all, "Jackal"kanus could destroy the great horn army.

But it was impossible to destroy the millions of rats that the great horn army represented, and the hatred and anger that they had accumulated for tens of thousands of years.

As long as this hatred and anger was still there.

As long as the ancient Dream Saintess was still alive.

As long as the group of armored airships from Dragon City could quickly open up the air route from the monster mountain range to the hinterland of tulanze, and transport a few short-distance planetary surface warping devices over.

Even if the great horn army only had one small spark left.

It could be revived at any minute.

“Do you know where the ancient Dream Saintess is?”

The ice storm raised its eyebrows high.

Although the ancient Dream Saintess did not deliberately hide her tracks.

As a big-headed soldier fighting on the front line, it was still an extremely difficult task to accurately lock onto the coordinates of the supreme commander.

Seeing Meng Chao’s seemingly absurd prediction, everything started to come true.

Ice Storm’s evaluation of Meng Chao was getting higher and higher, to the point where he listened to everything he said.

“I know, but we’re pressed for time. We need to race against time. Do you know where the White Bone Battalion cavalry is currently stationed?”

In the numerous clashes with the Wolf tribe’s heavy soldier group.

The white bone battalion of the Great Horn Legion had captured many Wolf clan mounts.

And through the dream of the ancient Dream Saintess — in fact, Meng Chao suspected that the ‘Jackal’Kanus had used the ancient Dream Saintess’brain as a ‘transit station’and directly taught her the driving skills, many warriors of the white bone battalion had grown into well-trained cavalymen in just a few days.

Near the camp where the ice storm was located, there was a troop of white bone battalion cavalry stationed there.

Naturally, the elites of the white bone battalion could not escape the impact of the camp whistle.

This was because they had a closer relationship with the ancient Dream Saintess. Almost everyone could directly or indirectly sense the brainwaves of the ancient Dream Saintess every night. In the illusory and real dreams.., they were taught by the ancient Dream Saintess and even the Rat God.

Therefore, when the beautiful dream turned into a nightmare, when the Majestic Rat God, who looked like a demon, turned into a swollen and rotting zombie rat god, which looked like a giant.

These elite soldiers of the white bone battalion were affected even more severely than the ordinary rat warriors.

Their tents were almost turned into madhouses.

Almost half of the elite soldiers who had been through hundreds of battles were holding their heads and curled up into a ball, twitching crazily.

The other half were like headless flies that had been electrified, dancing and jumping around.

Even the wolves that had been imprisoned beside the tents had been released by someone.

Perhaps these ferocious beasts that knew a little about human nature had also been affected by the chaotic brainwaves that were constantly surging and colliding in the air, causing them to Grimace in pain. Their eyes were bloodshot, revealing their ferocity.

From time to time, the centaurs would bend their backs and blow up the hair on their backs. They would lunge at the broken-down elites of the white bone battalion like sharp blades out of their sheaths.

Even though their chests were torn apart by the centaurs' claws and teeth, exposing the steaming hot organs, many of the elites of the white bone battalion did not respond at all. It was as if their fighting will and soul., had All dissipated with the death of the Rat God.

What was left here were just empty bodies.

Meng Chao and the ice storm had snatched two horseman wolves effortlessly without alerting anyone.

Although they had never received professional cavalry training before, they had never been trained in such a way.

However, at their level, as long as they released a few strands of killing intent, they would naturally be able to transform into human-shaped ferocious beasts and intimidate their mounts.

Sensing the spiritual energy that surged out from their bodies, it was enough to instantly freeze them into ice or burn them into charcoal.

The two warwolves that were originally fierce and had traces of blood on the corners of their mouths were instantly tamed like old dogs that had their teeth knocked out.

The two of them exerted their strength at the same time, relying on the subtle vibration of the muscle fibers all over their bodies and the feedback of strength from their groins.

They soon figured out the control skills of the WARWOLF.

They also used psionic energy to stimulate the WARWOLF's flesh and tendons, causing the two beasts to burst out with unprecedented speed. They turned into two arrows that left the bow and shot toward the headquarters of the ancient Dream Saintess that was deployed in the southwest stone forest.

Along the way, they encountered more than ten chaotic camps.

In order to pursue speed, they did not deliberately cover their tracks this time.

As a result, many crazy soldiers dared to go up and intercept them.

Meng Chao noticed that the soldiers' eyes were slanted, and their skin was red and hot. Many of them had deep depressions between their eyebrows, but their temples were high and bulging. The depressions and bulges were like trembling tumors.

Their life magnetic field was more like a bonfire with an accelerant added to the fierce wind. No one could predict whether the fire would continue to explode or be extinguished in the next second.

Meng Chao knew that the power of the "Bomb of Fear" was increasing.

More and more mouse warriors had been devoured by the nightmare of the zombie rat god. After their faith collapsed, they became deranged killing machines.

However, he didn't have time to tangle with these crazy soldiers.

He had to save the ancient Dream Saintess.

Only then could he cut off the source of the nightmare.

Meng Chao and the ice storm clamped onto the belly of the colt and used the intense pain to stimulate the last potential of the colt. They soared into the air and crossed over the heads of the soldiers in a gliding posture..

Chapter 1189: Chaos in the Stone Forest

After crossing a few waves of chaos, a burning camp appeared in front of them.

The chaotic soldiers had seemingly gone mad. They piled up dozens of tents and burned them down. They used raging flames to dispel the fear of the darkest time before dawn and also to keep themselves awake. They refused to fall into the zombie Rat God's nightmare.

Around the flames were densely packed human heads that were howling.

The road was blocked for a hundred meters. It was no longer a wolf that could leap over it.

It was time to show its true strength.

Meng Chao roared, and the energy around his body surged. It was like layers of bloody flames that gushed out of 36,000 pores.

Not only did it make the wolf under him let out a soul-stirring howl, but its body expanded once again and its speed increased to the limit. It was like a beast with flesh and blood had turned into a rumbling train that was speeding toward them.

The soldiers who were slapped in the face by the flames of blood felt as if they had been struck by lightning. Driven by their survival instincts, they could not help but retreat, tremble, sit down, or simply lie on the ground.

A path was suddenly split open in the middle of the chaotic swirl.

Meng Chao and the ice storm charged straight into the burning camp as if they were breaking through dried twigs.

The Ice Storm took the opportunity to spray out a hazy ice fog that covered the soldiers'scalding brains and cooled down their overworked brains.

Sizzling sounds were heard all around them. Thick steam was rising from the heads of the soldiers, turning the burning camp into a stuffy bathhouse.

It was hoped that such a cooling down would calm the soldiers down in time and save their lives!

Just like that, Meng Chao and the ice storm worked together seamlessly and soon broke through a camp.

Wherever the two of them went, almost all the camps were shaken and fell into chaos.

No one knew what the Great Horn Army would look like after daybreak.

Naturally, no one had the mood or ability to stop the ferocious Meng Chao and ice storm.

According to what Meng Chao saw before he followed the brainwaves and sneaked into the ancient Dream Saintess'brain.

They soon found the peculiar stone forest.

After being nourished by the underground spiritual veins for hundreds of millions of years and shaped by the magnetic fields of the planets in the other world, the stone forest in the other world was even more magnificent and magnificent than the karst landscape on Earth.

Hundreds of stone pillars were like dragons soaring into the sky from the underground abyss. However, the moment they stretched their bodies, bared their fangs and brandished their claws, and roared, they were petrified by the enemy's magic, they were frozen in the most powerful and ferocious moment of eternity.

It was especially so in the dark night when they rushed into the stone forest unprepared. It really felt like they had come to a 'foreign world outside the foreign world'.

The ancient Dream Saintess chose this stone forest as her base camp.

It was because there were enough stone pillars here, and they were tall enough.

As long as a special device was deployed at the top of the stone pillars, and a priest was arranged to meditate on them, each stone pillar could be turned into an antenna with an extremely high signal intensity.

It could receive the commands that she received from the Rat God, kanus the jackal.

It could also change these commands and transform them into the revelation of the Rat God. Through her dream-making ability, it could be spread to every great horn army camp within a hundred miles.

At this moment, these 'antennas'that were supposed to bring hope and strength.

It has become a source of terror and despair.

Even half a mile away, Meng Chao closed his eyes, can be located in the glabella behind the pineal gland sense, the entire stone forest is on a certain level "Burning."

Although there is no visible flame.

But there are plenty of psionic ripples that simulate ultra-high compression of brain waves, shooting skyward like volcanic eruptions through the device at the top of the stone forest and the brains of the priests sitting cross-legged inside.

The feedback received from the sky was ten times more intense and informative.

This confirmed Meng Chao's guess.

This was not only the headquarters of the Great Horn Army.

It was also an ancient and advanced 'Battlefield Information Exchange Base Station'.

At this moment, the entire base station had been hijacked by 'Jackal'kanus, who was hiding in the darkness, through the 'Nightmare Virus' that had long been implanted into the brains of the ancient Dream Saintess and many high-ranking priests.

In theory, the ones in charge of guarding the base camp should be the most elite warriors of the entire great horn army.

However, because they were the closest to the 'antenna' and were the most affected by the 'bomb of Fear', many people remained awake and vigilant at all times even though they had not slept the entire night, in a trance, they saw the entire process of the fall, expansion, decay, and decay of the great horn rat god.

Under the great stimulation, these experienced elites fell into chaos like the hastily assembled second-line troops.

This benefited Meng Chao and ice storm.

On the way to the stone forest, they did not encounter any guards or patrols.

In fact, because they had captured a large number of warwolves in the previous battles, the white bone battalion elites had almost completely turned into cavalry. Each soldier could even be equipped with two to three warwolves.

When the nightmare came, whether it was the rats or the wolves, they would all go crazy.

Inside the stone forest, it was also a terrible mess.

Not only did a large number of wolves break their shackles and escape from the cage, they wandered around the stone forest in groups. When they saw the rats' elites that were alone, they would rush forward and tear them apart.

There were also quite a number of rat population elites who could no longer control the totem battle armor in their bodies when their spiritual defense line collapsed and they had completely lost their rationality.

The liquid metal-like substances that had been quietly dormant in their bodies were now like a wild growth of mycelium and vines, gushing out from their seven orifices and even every pore.

However, they did not follow the form of the totem structure to form a mighty and indestructible armor.

Instead, after squeezing and swallowing their flesh and even bones, they distorted and expanded, turning into bizarre-shaped slaughter artworks.

These elite soldiers of the white bone battalion all turned into half-human and half-metal origin warriors.

Behind the constantly wriggling metal masks, they widened their empty eyes and searched all the living things around them.

Whether it was the warwolves, their former comrades, or even the high and mighty saintesses.

In their brains, which had been devoured by the nightmare and refilled with liquid metal-like substances, there was no difference.

They were all prey that could be devoured and turned into fuel for them to continue killing.

“It’s the origins warriors...”

Meng Chao felt a great headache.

There were not many powerhouses in the Great Horn Army who had totem battle armors.

Many of the second-tier troops that were put together did not even have a single totem warrior.

Therefore, Meng Chao had not thought about how much damage the remote detonated “Bomb of fear” would cause.

No one knew better than him just how dangerous the so-called “Totem armor” was.

To put it bluntly, the combination of liquid metal technology, space folding technology, artificial intelligence technology, automatic cruise and even killing technology.., it was the ultimate single-unit black-tech combat system that could be called a humanoid carbon-based intelligent life form. It was far from what the Tulan people, who had degenerated to the age of the clan, could and should have mastered.

To have a high-level orc equipped with a totem armor.

It was equivalent to letting a seven or eight-year-old child master a fully-loaded automatic rifle with its safety turned on.

If this child had just had a nightmare, suffered a great shock, and was in a trance..

No, the totem armor was a hundred times more dangerous than a fully loaded automatic rifle.

From a certain point of view, Meng Chao felt that the totem armor was even more dangerous than nuclear weapons.

Even if nuclear weapons could destroy the entire world.

But it had no thoughts and no free will. It was just an honest device under the absolute control of a nuclear button.

As for the totem armor, even if it did not have any 'thoughts' in the true sense of the word.

At the very least, it possessed an extremely strong, almost untamable killing intent that was implanted by the ancient Tulan people tens of millions of years ago.

Even under normal circumstances, it would not be easy for the clan warriors who had received strict training since childhood to control the totem armor in their bodies.

That was why they needed to vent the desire to kill that was stirred up by the totem armor from the depths of their hearts through the Gladiator Arena, the game of the brave and the real war from time to time.

Only by doing so could they maintain a weak spiritual defense line and not fall into the abyss of killing completely.

And the remnants of the Rat People's elite totem armor were all obtained through abnormal channels.

As their battle strength surged forward, their blood vessels were filled with raging flames, and their nerves were filled with the electricity of hatred. They did not have the time, patience, or channels to learn how to control the totem armor.

Thus, when the ancient Dream Saintess' brain was in chaos, she released a mysterious command from the darkness.

These rat people elites, who were already on the verge of losing control, instantly fell into the demonic path.

Chapter 1190: Gu Raising War

Fortunately, it was unknown whether it was because the "Jackal" Kanus had attacked in a hurry and had not made sufficient preparations, or...

Perhaps Meng Chao had used the flames of the apocalypse to greatly destroy the cunning Wolf King's carefully constructed nightmare.

There was still a large number of White Bone Battalion elites who were in a clear and organized state.

The Ancient Dream Saintess did not seem to have died, and she was still able to issue orders in an orderly manner—at least, that seemed to be the case for the time being.

Meng Chao saw a large number of white bone battalion elites who were still conscious retreat into the depths of the stone forest.

The camp, the ordnance, and the sacks filled with sand and stones that were used to fill the trenches and build the low walls were piled randomly between the stone pillars, forming a precarious line of defense.

Such a line of defense naturally could not block the origins warriors.

But it could block their line of sight.

It would make their field of vision only have each other's existence.

The ice storm had once told Chao Meng about the attack characteristics of the Genesis warriors.

Although the Genesis warriors seemed to have lost their rationality and were as mad as demons, they would kill anyone they saw.

However, there was a certain pattern to their attack sequence.

Under the condition of sufficient spiritual energy, when there were multiple enemies within the attack range of the Genesis warriors, they would often choose the strongest enemy to attack.

If the warrior of origins had been fighting for a long time, the flesh under the liquid metal armor was almost exhausted, and there were multiple enemies within the attack range.

Then, they would start from the weakest target.

Moreover, after killing the other party, they would also devour and use the other party's flesh to make up for the Warrior of origins' flesh, which had long been corroded by the liquid metal armor and was riddled with holes.

There was also the most important point.

When there was another origin warrior in the field of vision of the origin warrior, and they both found each other.

They would often treat each other as their number one enemy and kill each other until one of them died.

Therefore, in the past, when high-level orcs used such forbidden weapons on the battlefield, they would usually only release one origin warrior from several miles away, and after releasing it, they would retreat from the area in an emergency, they would allow the origin warriors to launch the most brutal and indiscriminate attacks.

Otherwise, what Meng Chao and ice storm saw would happen.

Dozens of origin warriors, who were covered in blood and totem armor fragments were still wriggling and rolling on their scalding bodies, soon found each other after tearing apart hundreds of wolf and Rat Warriors.

Their eyes suddenly shot out a killing and devouring light that was ten times brighter than before. A sharp whistle that sounded like swords clashing was shot out from the depths of their throats as they pounced on each other.

The sharp blades made of liquid metal extended out from the tips of their limbs. In addition to the deformed carapace that covered their vital parts, they looked like giant mantises and poisonous scorpions.

Even if their hearts were pierced by another origin warrior, there was not a trace of pain or fear on their faces. They were so calm that it made one's hair stand on end. There was not a trace of normal people, no.., they were living carbon-based intelligent life forms.

It was as if their organs, cells, and genes had already lost their organic life when they were swallowed by the out-of-control totem warframe. They had become part of the entire killing system.

Such a killing system was astonishingly efficient.

The horrible self-slaughter did not last long, and the number of origin warriors fell from double digits to single digits.

Dozens of origin warriors were turned into a pile of broken flesh, and not even much blood flowed out — their blood had long been sucked dry by the mysterious liquid substance that formed the armor.

However, this did not make Meng Chao and ice storm, who were hiding in the dark, feel at ease. Their breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature had all been restrained to the limit. They tried to bypass the origin warriors, but Meng Chao and ice storm did not even dare to take a deep breath.

That was because every time a origin warrior fell, he would die. Even the incomplete body would spontaneously combust due to the extreme release of the cell function, causing the mitochondria to go out of control, after burning every dried up cell completely.

The totem armor fragments that were originally attached to his body or embedded in his body.

Would be burned and melted into shiny liquid metal under the burning of the raging flames. As if they had life or spirituality, they quickly rushed towards the victor.

They often wrapped one of the victor's limbs in a very gentle manner.

Then, seven or eight or ten or twenty liquid metal tentacles were molded from the body and stabbed into the winner's body brutally.

Finally, all the liquid metal flowed into the flesh and bones of the winner along with these tentacles.

Or, they simply turned into the flesh and bones of the winner.

Throughout the process, the face of the winner — if he still had a face and was not swallowed by the liquid metal, there would not be the slightest pain or discomfort.

On the contrary, there was an indescribable enjoyment and joy.

Just like a seriously injured warrior who had just been injected with an extremely high concentration of adrenaline and cardiac stimulant.

And after being replenished with a large amount of liquid metal-like substances.

The totem battle armors on their bodies would often become more gorgeous and ferocious.

It should be known that the mouse people warriors did not have thousands of years of inheritance like the Clan Warriors.

Their totem battle armors were often stolen from the temples and plundered on the battlefield.

Even if they managed to snatch a few totem battle armor fragments, it would still be difficult for a hundred battle warrior to gather the airtight full-body armor from the top of his head to the tip of his toes.

Therefore, before this bloody battle that involved killing each other happened, even the totem battle armors that the white bone battalion elites wore were relatively simple and crude.

But now, when dozens of origin warriors fell one after another, leaving only a single-digit number of winners.

Not only did they gather the full-body armors that covered their entire bodies but could not be pierced by a needle.

Many of them were also wearing two or even three layers of heavy armor. They were also like mandala trees, with a large number of shining forks extending from their limbs. Looking from afar.., they were like a black iron fortress that was filled with knives, spears, swords, halberds, axes, axes, hooks, and forks.

The killing intent that surrounded them was constantly increasing as they killed, almost condensing into clouds that could be seen with the naked eye. Above their heads, it transformed into the image of a fierce beast baring its fangs and brandishing its claws, its stomach rumbling with hunger.

This scene was like a life and death battle that happened in the Blood Skull Arena, the game of the Brave in black-corner city, the upcoming five races' competition, and his own personal experience, meng Chao once again thought of a word.

Raising Gu.

As Meng Chao's understanding of the Tulan civilization grew deeper, he felt that this world, which was rich in mandala fruits and seemed to be full of vitality and strong troops, was a huge insect valley.

All high-level beastmen were Gu worms that were imprisoned in the insect valley.

Relying on the mandala fruits that did not require high technology and natural conditions, the number of Gu worms exploded to the limit again and again, exploding to a degree that the natural environment could not bear.

In order to survive, the Gu worms could only kill each other again and again, devouring each other, natural selection, the strong preying on the weak, in the past tens of millions of years, they were trapped in the cruel cycle of death, unable to extricate themselves.

The rat people were the losers and eliminated in this survival game or the "Gu Raising War."

Those wolves, tigers, leopards, wild boars and bulls were not the true victors, they were only the Gu worms that luckily broke out of the encirclement and were temporarily stronger.

But it was useless.

As long as the mandrake tree was still deeply rooted in the land of Picturesque Orchid Lake, it would continue to bear fruitful fruits.

Fruits that were rich in nutrition and spiritual energy would continuously give birth to new Gu worms and new challengers, allowing this survival game to continue in an increasingly cruel manner.

The only victor was the totem battle armor.

Over the past ten million years, countless orc warriors had used the most heroic, Valiant, most generous, and cruelest method to shed blood on the battlefield, their corpses turning into soil and being devoured by the insects.

Their totem warframes were not destroyed, nor could they be destroyed.

Instead, they turned back into mysterious liquid metal-like substances and attached themselves to the stronger victor, engaging in an even more intense battle.

While its master was continuously dying.

The totem warframe with artificial intelligence was meticulously and faithfully recording its master's battle scenes. It stored an astronomical amount of battle information, analyzed, refined, and continuously improved its battle techniques, becoming stronger and stronger.

In a word.

Using high-level beastmen, it was like an internal competition to raise a Gu.

Totem armor had been continuously upgraded over the past ten thousand years.

Or, to use a more precise term — over the past ten thousand years, totem armor had been using the flesh and blood of high-level beastmen, constantly evolving!