

Oh My God 1201

Chapter 1201: Having a Different Style

Even though the enemy had stopped attacking.

Meng Chao was not willing to go and check rashly.

He looked around and climbed up the highest mandrake tree nearby.

He poured his spirit energy into his retina and optic nerves to activate his super vision and looked into the distance.

He immediately saw everything that happened three to five hundred meters away.

Deep inside the forest, a round depression that looked like a crater had appeared.

In the circular area with a diameter of thirty to fifty meters and a slight depression, all the mandrake trees and weeds had been burnt to ashes by the pale flames. Not even half a piece of coke was left.

Even the ground had been burnt to a crystal-clear, glass-like texture that was as smooth as a mirror.

It was obvious how high the temperature was.

In the center of the glass-like "crater," the Origin Warrior who had just evolved into an electromagnetic gun was burnt into twisted debris.

It was as if even it could not withstand the high temperature that could erase all information. At the moment when the ball-shaped lightning was triggered to the maximum, it was hit by the backlash of the destructive force.

Whether it was the precisely-clenched gears, the densely packed pipelines, or the crystal brain-like core, they were all burned into piles of garbage. Moreover, at a speed visible to the naked eye, they became dim and fragile.

In a short while, it was like a sand sculpture that had been hollowed out, collapsing into a pile of uniform, fine, lifeless dust. One could no longer see the precise, domineering, and futuristic form just now.

If it weren't for the pungent smell of electric arcs decomposing the mandala tree in the air.

From the "meteorite crater" to Meng Chao's landing spot, three to five hundred meters long straight lines of fire were still burning fiercely.

Meng Chao almost suspected that he had been attacked by the enemy's spirit attack just now and had an illusion.

How could the Turan civilization, which had long degenerated to the age of the clan, possess such a terrifying weapon?

Meng Chao scanned the pile of dust again and again to confirm that there were no signs of life in the pile of dust.

Even the liquid metal-like substance that had originally condensed into fragments of the totem armor had lost all its activity.

Only then did he approach cautiously.

He picked up a handful of dust from the remains of the Origin Warrior and placed it on his fingertips to slowly rub it.

The dust was incomparably fine and fine. It kept falling from the gaps between Meng Chao's fingers. He could not catch it at all. It was as elusive as a flash of light and shadow.

Soon, with the breeze blowing in the forest, all the dust was gone.

All the evidence of the Origin Warrior's existence had disappeared.

Except for the scars left by the electric arcs on Meng Chao's body.

The pain of thousands of arrows piercing through the heart was deeply imprinted on the cerebral cortex.

Meng Chao closed his eyes and carefully recalled the entire process of the fierce battle.

He could not help but let out a long sigh of relief. The cold sweat that was locked under his skin all gushed out as the thirty-six thousand pores opened up.

It was close.

This Origin Warrior should not have evolved into the totem armor's "ultimate form."

Although it had evolved into a powerful electromagnetic cannon, it did not seem to have evolved a matching cooling system.

And its muddle-headed brain obviously did not have the ability to control such advanced black technology.

If it bombarded blindly and did not know the consequences of its control, it would blow itself up before it could break through Meng Chao's defense.

Speaking of which...

Was this really an electromagnetic cannon?

One should know that in Dragon City, which possessed Earth's 22nd century military technology and had successively excavated two ancient ruins, energy weapons such as electromagnetic cannons and laser cannons were all black technology that was still under development.

Even if some experimental items were created, they were still in the testing stage due to their large size, high energy consumption, and harsh usage conditions. It was unknown when they would be able to be truly used in actual combat.

The most powerful killing weapon in Dragon City was still the train cannon that was filled with a large amount of crystal explosives.

If one had to talk about the method of directly shooting energy to create a killing blow, then the only way was to use the spirit magnetic field of a superhuman to create a killing blow.

And this Origin Warrior was actually able to blast out a destructive energy that almost burned Meng Chao into ashes with such a small body.

This indicated that the energy compression, restraint and directional shooting technology contained in the totem armor had already developed to a very mature level.

Meng Chao racked his brains and only saw similar technology in one place, in the depths of the monster's main brain's memory, on the mottled images of the ancient war, on the Ancients' military building.

"Advanced orcs, ancient people, Earthlings... between us, what kind of complicated, twisted and bizarre, depraved relationship does it have?" Meng Chao muttered to himself, puzzled.

At the same time, a very awkward feeling rose in his heart.

Compared to the memories of his previous life, this Origin Warrior and its totem armor seemed to have become stronger.

So strong that it was somewhat inconceivable.

Meng Chao searched through the memory fragments of his previous life very seriously.

In his previous life's memories, even if the war between the other worlds was raging, the Chaos faction and the Holy Light faction were locked in a stalemate, the Turan civilization had invested hundreds and thousands of Origin Warriors on various fronts.

Meng Chao had never seen such a guy in front of him.

It was not a matter of power.

The most powerful warrior of the Turan civilization brandished his dazzling saber, unleashing devastating flames of war, clearing out a three to five hundred meter wide no man's land.

Of course, this was something that could be done.

However, the gears, pipes, and cores in the body of the Origins Warrior just now, as well as the layers of nested, stacked, and future-colored geometric appearance... They all gave people a feeling that they did not match the drawing style of the term "advanced orc."

If he had seen such a weird-looking Origin Warrior in his previous life...

He would not have forgotten it, would he?

It was also the reason why Meng Chao did not expect that the Origin Warrior would evolve into such a weird shape and fall into a passive state.

"It's so weird. If the Origin Warrior could transform into such a powerful form, why didn't the Turan civilization in my previous life release such a trump card on the battlefield?"

“The Origin Warrior’s real body is nothing more than a rat warrior with abundant combat experience,” Meng Chao mumbled to himself. “It is only a piece of totem armor that has been put together.

“If a legendary gladiator like 249, the Origin Warrior that has been sealed for hundreds of years, can become like this, won’t it take off?

“With the madness of the advanced orcs and the terrible situation of the war in the Other World in my previous life, they will certainly do anything to turn the tide of the battle. There is no reason not to do so.”

After thinking about it, Meng Chao could only believe that the Turan civilization in his previous life had indeed dropped such a sharp secret weapon on some battlefronts.

Unfortunately, they still could not stop the Holy Light faction. After receiving the blessing of the “angel of slaughter” that descended from the sky, they became invincible soldiers.

At that time, his level was too low.

He was just a pawn that charged into the battle.

If he wasn’t on a specific battle line, he naturally didn’t have the right to know such secrets.

These assassins were under Kanus’ direct command.

Of course, they were different from ordinary Origin Warriors.

This meant that Kanus had more top-secret information than Meng Chao had imagined.

Perhaps he knew about the soul-stirring battle between the Ancients and the mother during the ancient war.

Moreover, he had obtained part of the heritage of the ancients or the main body.

It was the same as Meng Chao who had explored two ancient ruins and read the information hidden in the depths of the monster mastermind.

This was the greatest reliance that he could rely on to rise miraculously!

“If I can piece together the ancient information that I have and the ancient information that ‘Jackal’ Kanus has like a jigsaw puzzle...”

Meng Chao’s eyes gleamed.

He seemed to have seen the hope of changing the future.

At this moment, rustling sounds came from the dense forest again.

A huge black shadow slowly appeared.

It was the warrior of origins that Meng Chao had swung to the foot of the mountain with a hammer.

It had finally climbed halfway up the mountain.

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows slightly.

His muscle fibers and nerve endings were still trembling slightly under the stimulation of the electric current.

Moreover, he was not sure if this Iron Armadillo would evolve into the ultimate form that carried a lot of black technology like the Metal Hedgehog from earlier.

He could not afford to provoke it.

He then slipped away.

Before the assassin completely revealed his hideous and terrifying figure, Meng Chao had already retreated a few steps and lightly jumped into the raging flames, disappearing without a trace.

The assassin did not chase after him.

Instead, he rolled to the mandrake tree where the Ancient Dream Saintess was curled up like a giant spinning top.

Unfortunately, there was no one there either.

The Ancient Dream Saintess had disappeared a long time ago.

All that was left was the broken ice crystals on the ground.. Under the scorching flames, they turned into hazy smoke and were torn into pieces by the assassin's angry roars.

## **Chapter 1202: The Rat People's End**

The longest night had finally passed.

However, peace and light were still far away. Perhaps, they would never come.

Within the entire garrison area of hundreds of miles, the chaos that had plunged the Great Horn Army into eternal d\*mnation was still continuing.

Moreover, it was like dozens of tornadoes fiercely colliding together, becoming more and more intense.

The rumors about the Ancient Dream Saintess' assassination, the burning of all the food in Black-corner City, and even the Rat God completely abandoned us were like a burning virus, it spread to the third-tier troops at the outermost perimeter of the great horn army's garrison area.

Due to the intense sunlight and high visibility, the soldiers of the third-tier troops could clearly see the huge columns of smoke rising in the direction of Black Horn City even though they were dozens of miles away.

Many high-level priests and basic commanders with extremely sharp senses, whose brain ports had long been activated by the ancient Dream Saintess, could also see the ugly and disgusting image of the Zombie Rat God.

They subconsciously acted as signal relay stations and amplifiers.

Using their brainwaves, they enhanced and magnified the image of the zombie rat god and projected it onto the visual nerves of the surrounding soldiers.

The last bit of morale of the rat soldiers, who had long run out of ammunition, crumbled in an instant and vanished into thin air.

Not to mention that many of the rat soldiers were originally equipped with totem armor fragments.

Following the collapse of their faith and mental breakdown, they were no longer able to control this killing machine that contained the extraordinary technology of the ancient times.

Along with the large number of liquid metal-like substances in their bodies proliferating, mutating, and spewing out.

They all turned into terrifying-looking origin warriors who were as crazy as demons.

Every tent of the Rat God turned into a whirlpool that led straight to the deepest part of Hell.

Looking from afar, blood flowed like a river within a hundred miles, turning it into Hell on Earth.

A few days ago, the rat tide that had attacked hundred blade city without fear of death and frightened the warriors of the clan finally revealed their true colors as a motley crew.

No one believed that they would be able to capture hundred blade city and Crimson Gold City one after another and gain the recognition of the five clans to establish the 'great horn clan' that belonged to the entire rat population.

However, no one knew what their next strategy was.

Was it to carry on the legacy of the ancient Dream Saintess and fight until the last soldier.

Or was it to retreat strategically so that they could preserve their strength.

If they were retreating, where could they retreat to when they were surrounded and surrounded by enemies? Why did they have to persist?

In fact, many commanders and priests of the army had been instilled by the ancient Dream Saintess many times because their brains were particularly developed. At this moment, they were the first to go crazy.

The ordinary soldiers often only had splitting headaches and saw the phantom of the Zombie Rat God.

Thanks to their brains, they were not that flexible. They could not even understand what the zombie rat god, which was covered in Rot and looked like a giant, symbolized.

As for their commander and priest, they were already screaming as bright purple flames shot out from their seven orifices. Before the soldiers could react and splash water and sand on their heads, they had already burned their heads and brains.., completely.

All that was left were headless lumps that were still dancing under the whipping of the electric current.

Without a leader, they had run out of ammunition and food. Even if the ordinary mouse soldiers still had the strength of a bull and two tigers, they did not know which direction to take a step and raise their battle sabers.

At this moment.

There were wolves that were taller and more ferocious than centaurs, with stinky saliva flowing from their mouths and heavy armor of thorns draped over their bodies.

Behind them, there were also wolf cavalry that were armed to the teeth and did not leave a single gap on their bodies.

There were also battle blades that were embedded with wolf teeth like hacksaws.

From the forest at the edge of the battlefield, they appeared like ghosts.

No, they were not in a hurry to attack.

Firstly, the Great Horn Army was like a whirlpool in a swamp. If they charged forward rashly, they might sink deep into the mud and die along with these crazy people.

Second, there was still a small number of troops, including the white bone battalion elites, that had not completely collapsed.

If the wolf cavalry gave them too much pressure, it might actually stimulate the great horn army to restore order and regroup under the threat of death.

Hence, the wolf cavalry only cruised around the border of the Great Horn Army's garrison area, using half of their mocking and half of their cold eyes to look at these corpses.

Of course, they would not wait for nothing and waste their time.

In the forest behind the Wolf Cavalry soldiers, hundreds of curls of smoke rose up.

The smell of the mandala fruit being cooked and grilled in the smoke was like an invisible python that drilled into the Great Horn Army's barracks from all directions. It tightly wrapped around the intestines and souls of all the hungry soldiers.

Behind them was a bloody battlefield.

In front of them was a mouth-watering, stomach-twitching, soul-torturing food.

Many of the spiritual defense lines of the rat soldiers had already been riddled with holes and were on the verge of collapse the moment they heard that the ancient Dream Saintess had been assassinated and that the great horn rat god had abandoned them.

At this moment, the last string in the depths of the brain was completely broken.

Before rational thinking had made a correct and prudent judgment.

Their central nervous system had already given instructions to the nerve endings and muscle fibers, and their eyes were absent-minded. They opened their arms and stumbled toward the direction of the smoke and fragrance.

Of course, they knew that there were many wolf cavalry soldiers lurking in the depths of the dense forest.

But they could not endure such a torturous day for even half a moment.

Even if they were killed by the Wolf Cavalry on the way to the food.

At least, they died happily under the thick, juicy fragrance of the mandala fruit.

They did not have to endure the pain of slowly suffocating to death in a world where there was no hope at all.

To the surprise of these mouse people soldiers, the wolf cavalry did not kill them.

In fact, when they stumbled into the depths of the forest, the ghost-like wolf cavalry disappeared like a fog under the sun.

Only the fragrance of the mandala fruit became stronger and stronger, like a beautiful snake twisting and dancing, deeply charming them.

In the depths of the silent forest.

They forgot the chaos and fighting behind them.

Even the zombie rat gods that lingered in their retinas were gradually replaced by the illusions of the mandala fruits that were fried to golden crisps and smeared with a large amount of sour cream.

They unknowingly stepped into the depths of the forest.

But the road here was really rugged and difficult to walk on.

Not only were there all kinds of vines, thorns, and shrubs that grew crazily at a speed visible to the naked eye, blocking every small path.

There was also an unknown evil spirit that dug a large number of pits between the thorns and shrubs.

The pits were not deep.

There were no rusty blades, poisonous bamboo, or other vicious methods that could take a person's life.

However, clearing the thorns and shrubs and constantly falling and climbing out of the pits still squeezed out the last bit of strength of the rat soldiers.

If there was a mountain of knives and a sea of fire ahead, even the grain of hundred blade city would be burnt to ashes.

They would have collapsed on the ground, as if they were stuck in the soil by extremely sticky biological glue. They could not even move a single little toe.

However, there was an increasingly rich fragrance ahead.

In addition to frying and boiling the mandala fruit.

There seemed to be plump and delicious beast flesh. Using dozens of spices to smear and grill it, it could awaken the bestial instinct in the deepest part of the high orc genes.

These scents pierced through the souls of the rat soldiers like sharp arrows covered with barbs.

They kept pulling their souls toward the depths of the forest.

When they finally climbed out of the forest covered with thorny bushes and craters with their hands and feet.

Their formation had long been torn to pieces.

The saber that they had been holding tightly in their hands had been thrown into a sinkhole.

The front suddenly opened up, revealing an empty space in the forest.

The glaring sunlight outlined the image of a wolf's claw on the blood-stained battle flag.

Dozens of large pots were lined up in a row, and a large amount of food was being fried and boiled in them.

A large amount of fat, tender, soft, trembling, crystal-clear, rotten food.

The food was like a volcano erupting, spewing out a fragrance that could be seen by the naked eye.

The fragrance turned into air hammers and struck the faces of all the lucky people who had passed through the forest.

The Hammers made their world spin, and they saw stars. Their vision kept shrinking, and their eyes were firmly focused on the thick soup that was rolling up and down, and the mandala fruit that was almost melted into the soup.

They could not see that behind and on both sides of the big pot, there were large groups of heavily armed and murderous Wolf Cavalry!

Chapter 1203: The Hibernating Saintess

Everything that happened next was so logical.

When they finally came to the open space in the forest, the rat soldiers, who were deeply attracted to the mandrake fruit, had lost all their strength and courage.

Forget fighting to the death with the wolf cavalry, who were armed to the teeth, they could not even muster the will to kill themselves with their knives.

They were like loose marionettes, controlled by the strings formed from the condensation of the fragrance. They were muddle-headed and could not help but rush toward the steaming cauldron.

When they wolfed down their food, they fought with each other. Like a vicious dog pouncing on its food, they swept away all the cauldrons that were lined up in a row. They held their bellies and let out hot belches.

Was there a second option other than surrender?

After all, many of them had surrendered once.

It was needless to say whether or not they had no choice but to surrender the last time. They had even deliberately deceived the stupid wolf king.

Surrender was like a lie. There was only a difference between zero and ten thousand times.

Once they fell into the Abyss and were covered in mud, they would never be able to wash themselves clean.

In addition, many mouse warriors, who were originally house rats raised by 'Jackal'kanus, were also making noise in the crowd, they were saying something like, "Even the Rat God has abandoned us. We are already worthy of ourselves and everyone for being able to persevere to this point."

In the end, the wolf cavalry captured more than ten times the number of surrendered soldiers without any effort or even a drop of blood.

When the surrendered soldiers received the news that "Lord Kanus was magnanimous and did not blame the ordinary rat people for their crimes and even prepared a large amount of food to save our lives," The news was relayed back to the chaotic position of the Great Horn Legion.

The organized and large-scale surrender was unstoppable like a snowball that grew bigger and bigger in an avalanche.

On multiple fronts, the wolf cavalry soldiers did not even need to appear. They only shot a wolf claw flag that represented 'Jackal'kanus from afar with their powerful bows and crossbows.

It was enough to make hundreds and thousands of rat warriors, who had been through hundreds of battles and were covered in scars, put down their weapons. In a real battle, it was enough to drag countless wolf warriors into hell.

The only casualties of the rat warriors after surrendering were usually when the wolf cavalry distributed food. Either they were fighting for food, and the Rat Warriors fought until their heads were bleeding, or they were too impatient, they swallowed too much food in one go, and their bellies burst open.

Such an ugly scene made many of the rat soldiers who were still holding on completely despair. They let go of their weapons and closed their eyes, allowing their unpredictable fate to push them to a faraway place where they would never be able to recover.

Of course, the Great Horn Army had millions of soldiers, and even if one-tenth or even one-hundredth of them were strong-willed, they were unwilling to abandon the road that was built with mountains of corpses and seas of blood, all of them added up to a very considerable number.

Many of the frontline combat troops that attacked hundred blade city had gathered most of the army rations and war equipment reserves of the Great Horn Army. They were not forced into a desperate situation.

If the ancient Dream Saintess could give them a clear and clear order.

No matter what the order was.

Even if they broke out of the encirclement and marched toward Red Gold City, they would go in front of the strongest lion and tiger warriors of Turanze and display the final glory of the rat people warriors.

They would be elated and happy, without any hesitation.

The problem was that from midnight onwards, these first-line troops that were still loyal to the ancient Dream Saintess and maintained their last bit of military discipline and combat strength did not receive any orders from the ancient Dream Saintess.

Regardless of whether the messenger ran to the death of one wolf after another, or whether it was an urgent letter of military orders sent by 100,000 people.

The commander and the oracles received the revelation from the ancient Dream Saintess from the dream while they were in a trance.

There was nothing.

Every time the commander and the oracles placed a white jade statue of the Rat God and sat cross-legged in front of the statue, staring into the statue's eyes, they would enter a deep meditation state, when they tried to communicate with the ancient Dream Saintess in the dream.

Or, they would fall into the whirlpool of their thoughts in a trance and be drowned by the waves of brainwaves. The temperature of their brains would rise rapidly and they would be on the verge of spontaneous combustion. They might even really burn their brains.

Or, they would see the rotting and deformed zombie rat god that looked like a giant in the dream. It would constantly release desperate emotions to them.

Under the influence of these emotions, they either lost the ability to control their totem armors and became origin warriors.

Or, they lost their last bit of fighting spirit and led their troops to the edge of the battlefield like zombies, to surrender to 'Jackal'kanus.

The relatively smart commanders and military priests no longer dared to contact the ancient Dream Saintess rashly.

However, if they wanted to break out of the encirclement and continue the struggle of millions of rats, where would they go?

At the critical moment when the army was without a leader and was falling apart.

Meng Chao bypassed two surrendered barracks that had already surrendered and replaced them with Wolf Claw battle flags.

He also passed three groups of wolf cavalry with valiant expressions. They shuttled back and forth between the surrendered barracks, searching for the unyielding and resisting Wolf Cavalry.

They arrived at the outer region controlled by the Great Horn Legion, an unremarkable mountain col.

This place was quite a distance away from hundred blade city, Red Gold City, and the main roads of the Gold clan. It was not a strategic location for the army to attack.

There were countless crevices and caves hidden in the mountain Col. at first glance, they looked the same, and no one knew which crevice was the one behind it. Furthermore, the caves and caves were interconnected, and there were many hidden rivers in the depths of the caves, they led directly to the surrounding mountains and rivers.

If one wanted to search all the caves.

A hundred thousand soldiers might not be enough even if they spent a year and a half.

Meng Chao had never been to this area.

Of course, he had never gone deep into any caves.

However, he was in the depths of the caves that were zigzagging and branching. He was familiar with the path and advanced quickly.

It was not only because there was a faint scent of tracking drugs floating in the air.

It was also because he "Saw" the footprints.

The footprints left by the ice storm.

Every three to five meters, the ice storm deliberately left a footprint on the ground that was three to five degrees lower than the surrounding temperature.

It was impossible to observe it with the naked eye.

Only people who were very familiar with the ice storm and had awakened their extraordinary vision and could sense the subtle difference in temperature on the surface of objects could "See" the faint blue "Road signs".

Until the third fork in the road.

Meng Chao suddenly stopped.

He spread his arms and hugged the back of his head. First, he slowly turned three times clockwise, then one and a half times counterclockwise.

This was the joint action that he had agreed to with the ice storm.

If someone else had come here pretending to be him, it would have been impossible for them to do such a thing.

He felt two icicle-like eyes scanning up and down every pore of his body.

It was the gaze of the ice storm.

He believed that the ice storm was already well prepared in the depths of the cave.

If it wasn't him, what would greet him would be a barrage of icicles.

The sound of “Kacha Kacha” came from the depths of the cave.

It was as if the ice storm had removed the intersecting icicles.

Meng Chao let out a slight sigh of relief and then stepped into the depths of the cave.

This cave seemed to have been nourished by the underground spiritual vein.

The rocks emitted a sparkling and translucent, magnificent luster.

It was as if clusters of deep blue ice flowers had grown out of the ground.

The ice storm sat cross-legged in front of a huge ice flower.

And in the depths of this ice flower, it was faintly discernible, as if a human-shaped matter was sealed.

It was the ancient Dream Saintess.

“Is She Alright?”

Meng Chao took a closer look, but under the cover of the ice, he couldn’t see the ancient Dream Saintess’ appearance clearly. He could only sense her weak life magnetic field, which was like a candle flame. She could be torn into pieces by the storm of death at any time.

“She’s fine for now, but the situation is very unstable. Her internal organs are showing signs of bleeding and exhaustion. Her brain is more like a pot of boiling mandala soup. She could burn her entire head into a pile of charcoal at any time.”

“I don’t know how long it will take for you to shake off the assassin and break out of the encirclement,” ice storm explained. “So, we can only freeze her first to prevent her injuries from spreading and worsening.”

The reason was that the volume of the liquid would expand when it was frozen.

If the temperature was lowered slowly, the frozen cells would explode due to the expansion of their volume. Even if the temperature was raised again, it would be impossible for them to regain their vitality.

However, for an expert like the ice storm who was good at manipulating ice, if the temperature was lowered to tens of degrees below zero, or even hundreds of degrees below zero, the cells would freeze before they could expand, thus maintaining the internal vitality of the cells, it was a sure thing.

The current ancient Dream Saintess was equivalent to entering a special hibernation state, temporarily preserving her last hope.

Chapter 1204: Holy Fool

“The Great Horn Army has already collapsed.”

Meng Chao said, “Judging from the current trend, in less than three to five days, ‘Jackal’ Kanus will be able to swallow all the Great Horn Army soldiers who’ve surrendered and form a new order.

“When that happens, this area will become his territory.

“And when he realizes that the Ancient Dream Saintess might not be dead yet, he will definitely mobilize all his forces and form an iron wall in an attempt to stop and kill us.

“We have to escape the area controlled by ‘Jackal’ Kanus before the chaos ends!”

As Meng Chao spoke, two flames ignited in his hands.

It was just like how Ice Storm instantly froze the Ancient Dream Saintess so as not to cause her cells to expand and explode.

If one wanted to thaw, one had to instantly raise his body temperature to the normal thirty-six to thirty-eight degrees.

One degree more or one degree less could affect the cell activity and even the safety of his life.

Of course, that was not a problem for Meng Chao.

The flames in his palms were like two streams of lava spewing out of his body. They turned into fiery dragons that bared their fangs and brandished their claws. Then they coiled around the ice crystals that sealed the Ancient Dream Saintess.

However, Ice Storm was hesitant to speak.

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows and asked, “Is there a problem?”

“No problem,” Ice Storm said.

“However, you better be mentally prepared. Don’t be shocked by the Ancient Dream Saintess’ appearance. She’s... very special.”

Meng Chao frowned slightly.

Of course, he knew that the Ancient Dream Saintess was very special.

Otherwise, she would not have been selected by “Jackal” Kanus from the millions of rat people and turned into a puppet that could easily sneak into other people’s dreams. Then, trained to be the Great Horn Army’s commander.

He did not understand what Ice Storm meant.

Nevertheless, his movements were not slow. With a flick of his fingers, the two fire dragons split into twenty fire snakes and disappeared into the ice crystals.

Following some subtle cracking sounds, the ice crystals melted completely in half a second and turned into thick steam. It was as if an extremely dense fog had risen in the depths of the cave.

However, despite Ice Storm’s reminder, when the fog dissipated and the Ancient Dream Saintess’ true face appeared in front of Meng Chao without any disguise, he was still greatly surprised by her incredible appearance.

At that moment, the Ancient Dream Saintess and Meng Chao were completely different from each other in the wounded soldiers' camp and in their dreams.

In the wounded soldiers' camp, she had been like an amiable girl next door, full of sympathy for all the wounded soldiers. The thoughtfulness she had shown in changing the dressing for the wounded soldiers was so touching that he had been speechless. He wanted nothing more than to protect her innocent, simple, and kind expression.

In the dream realm, the girl next door, who possessed four pupils, had seemed so sacred and inviolable when she played the bone flute and commanded thousands of skeleton rats. Her whole body had been filled with a powerful aura of invincibility, like a commander who had received the blessing of God.

Whether it was as the girl next door or the supreme commander, the Ancient Dream Saintess always had an indescribable charm.

While she was not considered a peerless beauty who could bring down countries and cities, if the clan warriors with the strongest malice saw the Ancient Dream Saintess with their own eyes, it was impossible to associate her with the word "ugly" at the very least.

However, the Ancient Dream Saintess that Meng Chao was seeing with his own eyes was not only ugly, she was deformed.

If Ice Storm had not been watching her the entire time and the clothes the Saintess had worn last night, Meng Chao would not have been able to recognize her.

She was the key person whom he had risked his life to save last night.

At first glance, she looked like a shaved monkey, but her head was deformed and swollen. It was seven or eight times the size of an ordinary monkey's head.

Her body was extremely thin and weak, and her limbs were withered like sticks. They were out of proportion to her head, making people faintly worried for her. Such a slender cervical vertebra actually had to support such a huge head. Would her cervical vertebra break with a crack if a gust of wind blew while she walked?

No, using the word "monkey" to describe her was too insulting and inaccurate.

The Ancient Dream Saintess' hair was very sparse, and the wrinkles on her face were relatively shallow. Her facial features were compressed to the lower half of her face.

The upper half of her face was a smooth, round skull that had a translucent texture.

Her high protruding skull meant that she could accommodate two or even three times the size of a normal person's brain.

Perhaps when the Ancient Dream Saintess saw a normal person's skull, it was the same as when a normal person saw the flat and sunken skull of an ape. She would think that the latter was filled with stupidity.

Even with such a large brain, the Ancient Dream Saintess was still not satisfied.

She had forced her skull to continuously expand, forming huge bumps that looked like fists.

Many of the bumps on the skull, which should have been as hard as iron, had eroded and been rubbed until they were as thin as a cicada's wings.

With the help of the dim light from the flame, one could almost see her brain matter that was pulsating as fast as a beating heart.

In a way...

Rather than saying that the Ancient Dream Saintess was like a hairless monkey, it was more like Meng Chao had once seen her in Dragon City's Earth Club.

The people of Earth had imagined her at the end of the 20th century. She had a big head, a small body, and a pair of big round eyes. She was an alien with bottomless eyes.

Right now, the eyes of this "alien" were tightly shut, and her almost non-existent eyebrows, were tightly locked. She kept trembling, revealing an expression of extreme pain.

As the ice crystals melted, her brain heated up again. In just a few seconds, the average temperature of her brain cells, which were vibrating at a super high speed, surpassed forty-five degrees.

Ice Storm could only unleash a layer of frost with the wave of her hand. It covered the Ancient Dream Saintess' huge head with ice crystals that were as fine as sand, cooling her down repeatedly.

"How could this be?"

Meng Chao observed it again and again, but he still found it unbelievable.

He thought of the high-level priestesses who had been implanted with the Fear Bomb by "Jackal" Kanus. They had become deformed and gone crazy. "Could 'Jackal' Kanus be behind this?" he could not help but mutter.

"I don't think so."

Ice Storm said, "You can touch her bones. It seems that she was born with this appearance."

Meng Chao frowned and carefully searched the Ancient Dream Saintess' deformed head.

Indeed, he did not find any cracks or signs of bone proliferation.

Biological cells could release all kinds of incredible power after being filled with spirit power, which could regenerate people's severed fingers, make them deform and expand, and even unlock the characteristics of an ancient vicious beast with three heads and six arms, a monster that was half-human and half-beast.

During this process, it was common for bones to be shattered and reassembled.

Just like Meng Chao himself, when he circulated the Divine Nine Dragon Seals and unleashed the Demon Subduing Pole, his entire arm would expand three to five times, turning into a peerless weapon that was cast with copper and iron.

When that happened, not only the flesh and blood cells would mutate but also the bone cells.

Based on the standards of medicine in Earth's twenty-first century, he had long lost count of the number of times he had suffered comminuted fractures. Even peeing standing up was a miracle in medicine, not to mention going to heaven and earth in an extremely intense battle.

Therefore, Meng Chao's bones were covered in cracks of all sizes. They were as fine as spider webs.

There were also traces of slightly protruding bone hyperplasia.

He was breathing spirit energy in and out every day, guiding his vitality magnetic field to resonate with the entire planet's magnetic field in the Other World, using heavenly and earthly treasures to cleanse his marrow and meridians, as well as constantly repairing his own bones.

Despite all that, it was still impossible to erase all the traces of the bones that had been broken and regenerated.

However, with Meng Chao's exquisite sense as a veteran reaper, no matter how he groped, he was unable to find a crack around the Ancient Dream Saintess' skull.

That was impossible.

The Ancient Dream Saintess whom he had seen last night, no, before dawn today, had not been like this.

If "Jackal" Kanus' long-range mind control could turn a young girl into such a miserable state overnight, it was impossible not to leave traces in her body.

In other words, this was the Ancient Dream Saintess' original appearance.

"Who would have thought that the Great Horn Army's leader was actually a 'holy fool?'" Ice Storm said in disbelief.

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat. He found the term somewhat familiar.

However, after carefully searching through the memory fragments of his previous life, he only found a blur.

He asked, "What is a holy fool?"

"A holy fool is a special existence unique to the land of Holy Light. Well, now it seems that it's not that unique."

Ice Storm said, "In the land of Holy Light, such people often appeared. On the surface, they looked like sloppy, crazy, and even dumb idiots who had low intelligence. They were ridiculed, bullied, and humiliated by the people.

"These idiots, who couldn't even solve the simplest arithmetic problem and didn't even know how to hold a sword. One day, after being illuminated by the Holy Light humans, they were able to hear the voices of the gods, the Holy Light's source, from beyond the sky.

"With the blessings of the gods, they stimulated wisdom and power that humans could never grasp.

"They were either prophets who prophesied and stopped a catastrophe, or...

"They were ordered to become commanders in an epic battle to resist the invasion of orcs, or...

“They taught the world about the latest technology and spirit contained in the Holy Light, or...

“They controlled the angel of slaughter that fell from the sky and sent the wrath of the gods to the battlefield when they needed it the most.

“In short, once a holy fool is illuminated by the Holy Light, he can awaken all kinds of incredible abilities and become the spokesperson of the gods in this world. He will be respected and obeyed by all the devout believers in the land of Holy Light as a ‘savior’ or something like that.”

“Hmm, if that’s the case, the role played by the Ancient Dream Saintess in Picturesque Orchid Lake and the role played by the human fools in the land of Holy Light are quite similar.

“However, according to the Holy Light priests, only the land of Holy Light that is eternally illuminated by Holy Light can produce such a divine miracle as the holy fool.”

“As expected, even that is a lie...”

### **Chapter 1205: The Big-Headed Monster Baby**

After Ice Storm’s reminder, Meng Chao remembered that Dragon City actually had a similar existence.

Back when Dragon City traveled from Earth to the Other World and struggled through the chaos of the first few years, the survival instincts of a civilization had prompted the citizens to despair in the face of floods, earthquakes, viruses, lack of supplies, and the invasion of zombies. Nevertheless, they still gathered themselves, persevered, and nurtured a brand new hope.

However, when the new generation of Earthlings, who had been completely nurtured in the Other World, went through ten months of pregnancy and were born, the odds of congenital anomalies and stillbirths were ten times higher than they had been during the Earth era.

Among the many congenital anomalies, the most common one was a huge head that came with an elongated skull. It was quite similar to the Big-headed Monster Baby, an urban legend from Earth.

Experts and scholars speculated that it was very likely the Other World’s soil contained trace elements that were extremely rare on Earth.

In addition, the spirit energy of heaven and earth was constantly moistening the human body’s internal organs and limbs.

The gene chain that induced human embryos was evolving and mutating at a hundred times the speed.

That was why it could mutate into such a pitiful and terrifying appearance.

In a sense, these large-headed monster babies were nature’s “experimental subjects.”

It was nature that pressed the acceleration switch and kept testing what exactly they needed to become in order for the Earthlings who had originally lived in a “psionic-free environment” to adapt to the new life in the Other World’s “high-psionic environment.”

One could imagine that even if most of the experimental subjects did not die before they were squeezed out of the birth canal, they would usually die quickly within three to five days after birth.

It would be due to asphyxiation, muscle weakness, malnutrition, and other reasons.

However, the few big-headed monster babies who were lucky enough not to die would often awaken 10% of their unique and unrivaled strength while they lacked 90% of self-care and survival abilities.

Strictly speaking, Battle God Lei Zongchao was not the earliest superhuman in Dragon City.

These big-headed monster babies were.

Meng Chao had once studied the experiment notes.

He knew that some big-headed monster babies had been born not long ago, and their bodies could inexplicably burn with raging flames.

Their entire bodies would be covered in flames, and even the surrounding floors and walls would be set on fire. However, their delicate and fragile skin would be unharmed, and they could even smile purely and innocently in the body of a raging flame demon.

There were also some big-headed monster babies who could manipulate metal as they wished.

Their arms and legs were clearly thinner than an adult's fingers, and their bones were as fragile as glass.

However, they could bend steel beams that were buried deep in broken walls and play with buildings, which were dozens of meters tall, like building blocks.

Some big-headed monster babies were also born with the ability to create and release electricity.

In some survivor camps that lacked water and electricity, the existence of these big-headed monster babies were the reason that household appliances of the Earth era were kept open. They barely maintained the operation of civilization.

Of course, there were also other big-headed monster babies who had the same ability as the Ancient Dream Saintess to control brain waves and sense telepathically.

Meng Chao closed his eyes.

Dozens of the Blood Alliance's research reports appeared before his eyes.

After the Blood Alliance rose to power, occupied the ancient ruins, and controlled most of Dragon City's resources, the insane upper echelons of the alliance forced innocent citizens to explore the ancient ruins.

Aside from that, they captured all the deformed babies born in the Other World, especially the big-headed monster babies, back to their nests. They tried to discover the secrets of human evolution and mutation, awakening extraordinary powers from them.

At that time, Battle God Lei Zongchao had also been the Blood Alliance's cannon fodder and experimental subject.

He had interacted with some deformed babies during those inhumane experiments.

Following the Blood Alliance's destruction, he saved many deformed babies and also received a lot of relevant research records as well as experiment materials. After the Survival Committee was established and Dragon City restored order, he handed them over to the relevant departments of the ancient ruins research center.

Meng Chao could be considered a partial true disciple of Battle God Lei Zongchao.

He had also been a gold medal tester in the ancient ruins research center for more than half a year.

Naturally, he had many opportunities to come into contact with the relevant research reports.

According to the personal experience of the Blood Alliance's researchers, it was said that when the Big-headed Monster Babies with telepathic abilities stared at them deeply, they would have a very strange feeling. "Their brains were all scooped away by the eyes of the experimental subjects."

Also, the researchers would carry out extremely painful experiments on the Big-headed Monster Babies during the day. Once it was late at night and the researchers had fallen asleep, they would turn into the big-headed monster babies in their nightmares. They would be tied tightly to a metal operating table, enduring the pain of thousands of cuts and suffering a fate worse than death.

It was definitely not an ordinary nightmare.

The researchers would wake up screaming in a cold sweat, and their nerve endings would still be twitching crazily.

The pain was like a burning brand, engraved in their flesh and blood.

No matter how hard they scratched, or how much painkilling medicine they injected, they could not get rid of it.

Moreover, it was not just one, but all the researchers would have the same nightmare of turning into a big-headed monster baby!

After that happened countless times, the researchers, who had fallen into madness and were on the verge of collapse, finally discovered that the Big-headed Monster Babies not only had telepathic abilities, but they could even weave their own feelings into a dream. Then, they could project it into someone else's brain.

When one of the researchers could not take it anymore and had a mental breakdown in his nightmare, he died from the pain.

No matter how brutal and stupid the higher-ups of the Blood Alliance were, they could not find enough cruel and foolish researchers to continue their experiments on the big-headed monster babies.

Despite that, the research continued in all kinds of strange and unconventional ways.

The higher-ups of the Blood Alliance believed that the big-headed monster baby represented the direction of human evolution—at least, the direction of human evolution after humans crossed over to the Other World.

In a research report that almost resembled a dream, the higher-ups of the Blood Alliance made an optimistic prediction with the unique imagination of an evil villain.

If a big-headed baby's ability was developed to the extreme, perhaps humans would be able to completely abandon the Earth era and move on from their apish "squeaking" and screams, which used airflow to vibrate the small muscles in the throat and a specific audio frequency to transmit information. It was such an ancient, inefficient, cumbersome, and highly error-prone method of information exchange.

Instead, they could directly transmit thoughts, ideas, feelings, and desires into the minds of others through telepathy.

It was just like the runes that the people of Dragon City had discovered in the depths of the ancient ruins.

It seemed to be a mixture of Chinese characters and cuneiform characters that had been clearly engraved on a plane. Upon careful study, one would be able to find dozens of overlapping layers and nested information. It was like a three-dimensional labyrinth... No, it was a three-dimensional library with astonishing reserves.

"Profound meaning" could not be more appropriate to describe the ancient runes.

It was obvious that such ancient runes could not be transmitted by the "airflow vibrating small muscles" method.

Only by telepathic sensing and direct brain wave transmission could one instantly exchange such an enormous amount of information in the rune database.

Of course, such an ability was destined to be monopolized by very few people.

The original plan of the Blood Alliance's leader had been to find a way to drain all of the big-headed monster baby's extraordinary powers and condense them into his own body.

Then, he could appear before all the citizens of Dragon City or in their dreams as he pleased, displaying unprecedented power and becoming a god-like existence in the world.

At that time, it would be impossible for anyone to resist the Blood Alliance's rule.

Those who dared to resist would have a taste of being trapped in a nightmare forever, unable to extricate themselves.

Unfortunately, the rise of the nine major gangs and Battle God Lei Zongchao's counterattack shattered the ambition of the Blood Alliance's leader.

It also made his evil plan to "drain the big-headed monster baby's telepathic ability and turn into a god in the world" perish in the dust of history together with the dozens of other evil plans excavated from the depths of the ancient ruins.

After the Blood Alliance was destroyed, all the Big-headed monster babies were rescued and returned to their parents' arms.

It was a pity that the first generation of Earthlings born in the Other World had too many genetic defects buried deep in their cells. They had been tortured by the Blood Alliance for too long, and their extraordinary strength had been overdrawn. They were in a desperate situation where their multiple organs were failing.

At that time, the spirit energy training and life science research in Dragon City had just begun.

All kinds of resources were also extremely scarce.

The of medicine and life-threatening situations was an extremely cruel reality that everyone had to face.

Most of the big-headed monster babies did not live past ten years old.

The one with the longest life span did not live past puberty either.

The children who were born later seemed to gradually accept the influence of the Other World's environment, and the rate of deformities dropped significantly.

By the time Meng Chao was born, the rate of deformities of the new generation of babies in Dragon City had already dropped to three to five times that of the Earth era.

Considering that the Monster War was in full swing, many pregnant women had to carry rocket launchers on their shoulders and launch rockets that contained tiny amounts of crystals, risking serious pollution and radiation to blow up the monsters' heads. Then, they would personally use daggers to cut open the monsters' bellies, take out their bloody hearts, and casually roast them on the bonfire before wolfing them down to nourish their bodies.

The deformity rate could not be more normal.

Even if there were occasional deformities, they were usually at the level of a cleft lip and palate. There were very few big-headed monster babies.

The new generation of Dragon City's people became increasingly normal.

However, their extraordinary strength was also gradually hidden in their bloodlines.

They had to go through years of cultivation and the pouring of genetic medicine before they could be stable, controllable, and safely activated.

They were unlike a monster baby, who would be born with a congenital defect. He could burn his life at the cost of exceeding the limits of carbon-based life, as well as explode at will, but possess incredible ability..

### **Chapter 1206: Reality Distortion**

Those were all things from the past.

They had been sealed in bloodstained archives long ago.

Previously, Meng Chao had never connected the legends of the Ancient Dream Saintess and the big-headed monster babies.

It was not until now when he saw the Ancient Dream Saintess' unusual appearance that his heart stirred.

If there really was a myriad of connections between the humans of Earth and the advanced orcs...

For example, them being the offspring of both the Ancients and mother, or a biochemical weapon that was created using the genes and technology of both...

Then, among the advanced orcs, there would also be a large-headed baby monster with mysterious powers. Moreover, it would not be surprising for it to survive the puberty period by relying on its unparalleled physical qualities.

Meng Chao just could not figure it out. "In that case, this is the true face of the Ancient Dream Saintess. However, why has no one noticed her appearance? Even when I saw her in the wounded soldiers' camp, she did not seem like this, but a pretty girl next door."

"Well..."

Ice Storm pondered for a moment and said, "I told you before that my mother was a witch. You should know that witches and wizards are the same. They try to make strange potions through various experiments to activate the power hidden within the human body and the earth. It's so that puny humans can steal and use the power of the Holy Light without having to worship and obey the illusory Holy Light.

"It's a pity that it's a hundred times more difficult to escape and penetrate the omnipresent Holy Light than pierce through the sky above us and rush to the place where the stars intersect and shine.

"Over the past thousands of years, countless witches and wizards have taken risks and figured out several thousand unorthodox and even insane methods.

"Most of their methods can't bypass the restrictions of the Holy Light at all. They will only burn the lives of witches, wizards, and experimental subjects in an instant, turning everything in the range of the magic fire into the most delicate ashes.

"If the formula is successful by a fluke, it will allow the witches and warriors to copy and steal the Holy Light's high-level authority to extract and activate its magic. Even then, it will often make the caster pay a great price.

"The most common side effect is that during the process of concocting and using the mysterious formula, the caster will be exposed to too many toxic and corrosive potions, resulting in deformed limbs and faces. They won't resemble humans or ghosts.

"They'll look like they just crawled out of an acid pool, and it'll be absolutely impossible to swagger into a human town under the Holy Light. In order to accumulate Holy Light points, or at least not deduct Holy Light points, even if the townspeople are afraid of the witches and wizards' retaliation, all them will still rush to snitch on them.

"As soon as the witches and wizards enter the town, the night watchers, mages, Holy Light priests, bounty hunters, and glorious arbiters will surround the whole town.

“So, it’s ridiculous to say that the most important course to become an excellent witch or wizard is not to steal the power of Holy Light and transform it into various sorcery, but to make-up techniques that are ingenious and fake.

“Almost all witches and warriors—of course, those who have lived for more than five years, starting by stealing the power of the Holy Light—are masters at disguising themselves.

“When you uncover the layers of baggage on their bodies, you will see clamps, tweezers, brushes, oil parchment paper as thin as cicada’s wings, dozens of colorful powders and ointments, and mysterious pills for shapeshifting.

“With these things, even bald, muscular men with fierce faces on the wanted posters can disguise themselves as graceful young girls and walk past the night watchers and bounty hunters gracefully.

“However, Mother told me that their makeup techniques using drugs and tools are far from the highest level.

“No matter how delicate the props are, they will always leave traces behind, and they can’t stand the test of the burning of holy fire.

“No matter how delicate the powder and ointment are, they will still give off a faint aura.

“Experienced night watchers and bounty hunters often keep special breeds of hunting dogs. These dogs can smell them from a few streets away and bark crazily.

“Many witches and wizards who look perfect at first glance are exposed because of this. They are thrown into the holy fire, and they ‘dance’ in a frenzy until they die.

“The most brilliant witches and wizards don’t even bother to apply a fake beard or eyelashes on their faces. They won’t even use makeup to cover a pimple mark. No matter how hideous they look or how terrifying they’ve become thanks to decades of taboo experiments, they arrogantly step into magnificent and impregnable towns. They even calmly step into the temple, talk and laugh with the priests of Holy Light, only to leave in one piece!”

Meng Chao listened attentively.

As the Ghost Assassin of Dragon City in his previous life, he had to disguise and conceal himself as he infiltrated the Holy Light camp to carry out various missions.

Based on his vague memory, he had been discovered by the Holy Light faction’s beasts several times in his previous life. They possessed a keen sense of smell. Other times, he had nowhere to hide under the holy fire’s illumination and had no choice but to escape in a sorry state.

Ghost Assassins often formed teams of two or even three people, which usually included snipers whose eyes had evolved or had been implanted with microchips. They would also carry anti-magic bullets crafted from crystals and protect him from the highest vantage point.

If it had not been for them, he would have had to hand his life over to the night watchers and priests of the Holy Light several times.

He needed to admit that the Holy Light faction did indeed have a wealth of combat experience and technological accumulation in the detection of all kinds of monsters as well as demons.

Even the nano-scale bionic human skin masks that the Dragon City civilization had carefully made with Earth's technology might not be able to hide them from the night watchers. Their sense of smell was sharper than that of hunting dogs. On top of that, the Holy Light priests' eyes were like X-ray machines.

There was actually a small group of top witches and wizards who could swagger into the town shrouded in Holy Light without any disguise. Even those old dogs could not see it?

How did they do it?

"Hypnosis."

Ice Storm knew that time was of the essence, so she was not in the mood to keep him in suspense and went straight to the point. "Mother told me that the witches and wizards who steal top-notch Holy Light power often have incredible spirit strength. They don't need any spells, gestures, potions, props, and runes to help them. They just need to look at people casually. No, perhaps they don't even need to make eye contact. They can naturally manipulate the minds of others, and then affect the mouth, nose, ears, and ears of others, so that others can see, hear, smell, and touch things that don't exist.

"It's okay even if these witches and wizards are ugly and deformed monsters that can't even take human form.

"As long as they first come up with a holy, mighty, beautiful, charming, or ordinary image deep within their souls and spread this image into everyone's brains on sight, then the image that appears before everyone will be what they imagined.

"Such powerful spirit power is not something that can be grouped with the technique of 'hypnosis,' but rather... it's some kind of 'reality distortion' magic power!"

Meng Chao was shocked.

Ice Storm was saying that the Ancient Dream Saintess was like a top witch and wizard.

As long as she wanted to, she could make everyone around her "see" her in various ways.

Whether she was the pretty girl next door or the rebel army leader who was invincible and decisive in killing, or even the crazy fraud who was possessed by the ancestral spirit, her seamless change would definitely not arouse anyone's suspicion.

At first glance, it sounded amazing and unbelievable.

Thinking about it carefully, Meng Chao felt that there was at least a theoretical possibility.

There was an old saying, "Hearing is false, seeing is believing."

However, the saying had been completely overturned in the early 21st century on Earth.

At that time, the people of Earth had already mastered the perfect methods to deceive the eyes with all kinds of sound, photoelectric effects, and even digital technology.

In the end, whether it was sight, sound, smell, touch, or pain, they were all different stimulations of the brain cells via biological electricity, as well as different feedback from the central nervous system.

As long as they could hijack the brain nerves and brain cells, there was no visual, auditory, olfactory, tactile, and pain that could not be simulated.

When all the so-called “five senses” could be perfectly simulated, would there still be a clear and absolute distinction between “real” and “false”?

That was also the principle of “virtual reality” and a “mental attack.”

However, in the real world, instead of changing everything around them, they had to invade the brains of everyone in their field of vision and hijack their visual nerves, cone cells, as well as the brain blocks that were responsible for processing image signals. They had to implant special imaging data, but they could not leave any traces or arouse anyone’s suspicion.

It was indeed more difficult than creating an illusion out of thin air.

As the saying went, “It’s easier to draw a ghost than a person.”

An illusion created out of thin air, such as Peach Blossom Town, was a completely foreign world to the hypnotized.

As long as the problem of “how to get here” was solved, there would not be too many flaws in the details.

Conversely, in the real world, one had to “cut out” an image and replace it with a brand new look, and it had to be flawless. Even though Meng Chao was a spirit expert, he had not noticed it during his limited contact with the Ancient Dream Saintess

With the Ancient Dream Saintess’ ability, was it possible for her to reach the level of a top witch and wizard?

Meng Chao lowered his eyelids and trembled slightly.

It was possible.

Meng Chao did not believe his own speculation.

Instead, he believed in his vision of Kanus, the Jackal.

To be chosen by the future Doomsday Wolf and become a stepping stone for a miracle, the Ancient Dream Saintess was, of course, an invaluable gem.

Moreover, like all big-headed monster babies, she did not need to have all the abilities of a high-level witch and warrior.

She only needed to have extraordinary potential in the fields of “reality distortion” and “telepathy.”

Other problems could naturally be solved through “Jackal” Kanus’ remote command..

Chapter 1207: Dying Flash

That was not good news to Meng Chao.

He had originally thought that as long as he risked his life to rescue the Ancient Dream Saintess from the puppet assassin's blade and send her to a safe place, she could naturally use her ability to absorb a large number of the Great Horn Army's core elites who were unwilling to surrender to "Jackal" Kanus.

Under the premise of carrying light equipment, they would break through the southern encirclement, and she would return to the original base to continue resisting until reinforcements from Dragon City arrived.

Even if she was seriously injured and could not even move a finger, as long as she was still alive, she could at least play the role of a mascot and a living signboard perfectly. Then she could gather the people's hearts and boost their morale, right?

Who would have thought that the Ancient Dream Saintess would become like this?

Such a big-headed monster could no longer be the spiritual pillar of the collapsing rat warriors.

Even if Meng Chao told them the truth, they probably would not admit that such a strange large-headed monster was the Great Horn Army commander who had led them to countless victories.

'I must wake the Ancient Dream Saintess up and let her recover some of her abilities,' Meng Chao thought with a headache.

This was a little beyond the limits of his abilities.

He could use the method of restricting blood and oxygen input to force the Ancient Dream Saintess' mind to fall into a half-asleep state so that she would not be burned up by the raging brain waves.

He could also try to perform bloodletting to reduce the pressure in the Ancient Dream Saintess' head and the temperature in her brain.

However, no one could guarantee that these conventional treatments would be able to wake the Ancient Dream Saintess up completely and control her own fate as well as the Great Horn Army's.

Meng Chao could only brace himself and let Ice Storm create a slightly concave ice bed at the center of the cave.

After placing the Ancient Dream Saintess on the bed, he sat cross-legged next to her. He took a deep breath and the most delicate spirit threads silently exited his pores. They wound around his fingers like the softest feathers as he gently massaged the Ancient Dream Saintess' forehead and temples.

At first, Meng Chao did not want to try methods that were too intense, destructive, and irreversible.

Who knew that the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain would turn into an electrified electromagnet the moment Meng Chao's fingertips touched her head. It produced an inexplicable huge suction force and caused Meng Chao's ten fingers to stick to her head firmly.

Then, she opened her eyes abruptly.

What a pair of mysterious and deep eyes!

Due to her skull's deformity, the Ancient Dream Saintess' eyes occupied one-third of her entire head area.

It was as if a pair of demonic eyes were embedded in the skull of a mortal, bursting it open.

When she opened her eyes, her eyeballs, which were supposed to protrude out, were deeply sunken. It was as though they were wormholes that connected to another world.

No matter how strong and unbreakable Meng Chao's mental defense was, the moment the Ancient Dream Saintess opened her eyes, he was slightly shaken.

He could not help but look at the two "wormholes."

Meng Chao shivered deeply.

He was once again trapped in a dream that was both illusory and real...

No, it was not a dream, but reality.

In the real world, he could clearly "see" that information was shooting out of the Ancient Dream Saintess' bottomless eyes like fireworks and magma.

The flow of information rushed into Meng Chao's brain like a flood.

It dimmed his vision as if he had entered a movie theater shrouded in fog.

Countless shiny windows hung around him and slowly rotated around him.

The windows were filled with chaotic, crazy, terrifying, and bloody scenes.

In one of the scenes, Meng Chao saw numerous rat warriors fighting each other.

They were clearly wearing the same armor, and the chest of their armor was painted with the same battle emblem.

Perhaps the day before, they had fought side by side and blocked fatal knives, as well as spears, for each other using their own chest and blood.

However, in the present moment, they seemed to have gone mad. They were fighting each other, stabbing sharp blades stained with wolf blood and fur into each other's hearts.

In another scene, Meng Chao saw a half-human, half-metal Origin Warrior slaughtering others.

There were broken limbs all over the ground, and there were trembling rat warriors running around with their heads held in their hands.

Even the original individual who had witnessed the scene seemed to be one of them. As he ran crazily, the scene shook until it became nauseating.

Even so, he was still unable to escape the Origin Warrior's slaughter. The entire scene was first completely drowned out by the Origin Warrior's bloody mouth that had torn apart his jaws. Then, everything became blood-red before it turned into a squirming black color.

In the third scene, Meng Chao saw a small group of rat people surrendering to the wolf cavalry and submitting to the marching “frying pan.”<sup>1</sup>

At first, the faces of the rat warriors who surrendered still had traces of shame and indignation.

However, as they buried their entire faces deep into fragrant mandrake paste, they began to “snort” like pigs, eating until their bellies bulged high up. There were waves of grief from the depths of their throats, but their grief soon turned into a pleasant sighs.

Their ashamed and indignant expressions quickly changed into dullness and numbness, like blocks of seemingly hard cheese melting in boiling mandrake paste.

There were also dozens, hundreds, and thousands of pictures.

They had all been taken from different angles, covering the Great Horn Army’s collapse to its surrender, and from its surrender to its destruction.

The scenes were sometimes clear, sometimes blurry, sometimes shaky, sometimes still, and sometimes shadowy as if they were hidden behind a thick fog. Other times, they would rush to his eyes like screaming flames.

Meng Chao also heard countless rustling sounds akin to insects were rubbing their antennae and forelimbs.

“There’s no hope.”

“We’re completely finished.”

“We can’t win. We’ve never been able to win from the start.”

“The Rat God has abandoned us, and the Ancient Dream Saintess is dead. No one can lead us forward. This place will be our grave!”

“Liars, they’re all liars!”

“The mandrake paste is so delicious. I’ve never tasted such sweet and delicious mandrake paste before!”

“Everyone is dead, but I’m the only one alive. I just want to live. It doesn’t matter what I do, and it doesn’t matter who I surrender to. Even if I can only live for another day... No, even if I can only live until tonight, I just want to eat another serving of steaming mandrake paste!”

Hundreds of similar voices pierced through Meng Chao’s brain and into the depths of his heart like wisps of smoke.

All the voices and images were comparable to countless ripples that converged into an enormous vortex. Meng Chao was deeply immersed in it, and he did not know what to do.

In the deepest and darkest part of the vortex, Meng Chao seemed to see a tiny figure struggling like a drowning person. The figure extended an arm that looked like a stick of firewood.

It was... the Ancient Dream Saintess.

It was not the Ancient Dream Saintess who looked like a big-headed baby in reality.

It was the little girl who, when she was three or five years old, had suffered a plague in her home. Everyone, including her parents, had died. She was standing next to their huge grave, at a loss.

An extremely strange feeling rose in Meng Chao's heart.

His five senses had seemingly been distorted by a mysterious force completely.

The whirlpool formed by numerous lights, shadows, and sounds was huge enough to devour the entire world.

There should be a distance of a hundred and eight thousand kilometers between him and the Ancient Dream Saintess, who was at the center part of the whirlpool, which was also the deepest.

However, he could clearly see every delicate expression on the Ancient Dream Saintess' face.

Through her expressions, he could read the Ancient Dream Saintess' thoughts.

He could read her thoughts of incomparable pain, vexation, regret, despair, and unwillingness.

"Save me."

Meng Chao appeared to be standing next to a small swamp. He could only watch as the Ancient Dream Saintess' ankle was torn by swamp monsters and she was dragged into the endless darkness. Only half of her pale face and her skinny arms were still exposed. She reached out toward Meng Chao with all her strength and bitterly begged him, "Please, save me. Save the Great Horn Army..."

There was a shiver in the depths of Meng Chao's soul.

He suddenly realized what the pictures and sounds meant.

No, these things, they were not "filmed."

All of that was happening right then, in front of the several thousand Great Horn Army soldiers.

Although the Ancient Dream Saintess had fallen into a coma due to severe injury, her psychic powers had apparently become enhanced on some level.

Meng Chao did not know if it was the legendary phenomenon of one's life flashing before their eyes, or "Jackal" Kanus extreme pressure had stimulated the Ancient Dream Saintess' unprecedented potential.

In short, in such a hostile environment, her brain and the brain of thousands of rat warriors, were still connected in some mysterious way. So, she could share their vision, as well as perception, and see what happened on the battlefield!

### **Chapter 1208: Near-Death Breakthrough**

"How... How is this possible..." Meng Chao could not help but mutter to himself.

One should know that this was deep inside the winding mountain cave, at the edge of the area controlled by the Great Horn Army.

Rocks that were as hard as iron were all around them.

In the crevices of the rocks, there were also large amounts of tiny crystal elements that were highly radioactive and disturbing, enough to isolate most rays and ripples.

Even if Meng Chao expanded his vitality magnetic field to the maximum and activated his super vision to the extent that his eyeballs were about to explode, it would be impossible for his eyes to see through the entire mountain, as well as the flowers, and trees outside.

The Ancient Dream Saintess' telepathic ability could penetrate the winding caves and layers of mountains, covering hundreds of square kilometers?

Also, in the past, aside from using brain waves to distort her appearance, the Ancient Dream Saintess could only infiltrate the rat people's brains through their dreams and implant images from her imagination.

After all, the brain would be the most relaxed when one was in a deep sleep and dreaming. One's vigilance would be the lowest, and one's defense would be at his weakest.

However, the windows before them clearly showed the rat soldiers' main view while they were awake.

Many of the rat soldiers were in a state where they were killing each other or being chased by Origin Warriors. Their nerves were extremely tense and their brains were in a state of tension.

The Ancient Dream Saintess could actually allow her brain waves to penetrate deep into the brains of so many rat soldiers in that state. She could connect to their central nerves to read their visual, auditory, and even thought signals.

What a powerful ability!

It was simply above the Deity Realm experts of Dragon City and the Nine Supernatural Entities created by the monster's mastermind!

"No... This is possible..."

Meng Chao recalled that Lei Zongchao, the Battle God, had once told him the secret to becoming stronger.

It should be known that human strength was sometimes poor. The people of Dragon City who had transmigrated from Earth were still at the very rudimentary stage of their research on spirit energy cultivation, rune technology, and life sciences.

According to the conventional methods of study and research, it was already the limit for them to break through to the Heaven Realm after spending more than twenty years to progress step by step.

It could be said that any Deity Realm expert did not cultivate step by step. Instead, they relied on all kinds of fortuitous encounters that were born by chance.

These soul-stirring and unbelievable fortuitous encounters were ultimately the same condition: the threat of death.

“The Earthlings and the ancient species that once waged a world-destroying war in the Other World billions of years ago were originally inextricably linked.

“Perhaps, we are their descendants; perhaps, we are their biochemical weapons; perhaps, we are their experimental subjects.

“No matter what we are, deep in every seemingly ordinary Earthling’s gene chain, there are inconceivable divine and demonic powers that come from the starry skies and the ancient era.

“It’s a pity that the passage of several billion years and the erosion of time has caused our divine and demonic powers to gradually wither until they are completely sealed.

“And in an environment like Earth, where there is no spirit power, our flesh and blood can’t support us to unleash the most terrifying power from the deepest part of our cells.

“Otherwise, I’m afraid that a short burst of half a second will turn every cell of our body into ashes.

“When we came to the Other World, or rather, ‘returned to the Other World,’ to the fertile land that was full of spirit energy...

“We finally had the conditions to reactivate the power of gods and demons, which had been stored away for billions of years.

“However, the evolution of living beings is not something that happens overnight. The power that withered slowly over billions of years should not fully recover until the end of the next billions of years.

“Unless, I use the threat of death to activate the desire for survival that’s hidden in the gene chain. It will stimulate this mysterious and powerful power and awaken it in advance.

“I don’t think that my talent is much greater than that of other superhumans.

“Compared with the thousands of others who have been sacrificed, I only have slightly more luck. Every time the Grim Reaper’s scythe ruthlessly sweeps over, I barely dodge it. Moreover, I used the threat of death to activate part of the power from my genes, the stars, and the ancient era.

“Meng Chao, in just a few years, you have been able to evolve from an ordinary high school student to an expert who’s qualified to peek into the secrets of the Divine Realm. Aside from cultivating madly, the bloody soul-stirring battles have been vital.

“Countless people fall in such bloody battles, but those who are lucky enough not to fall are always able to become stronger!

“Therefore, if you really want to enter the legendary Deity Realm before the age of thirty, you must forget all the conventional training methods and embark on the most dangerous journey. Go to the most intense battlefield, find the strongest enemy, and fight on the death god’s blade!”

That was the “way to enter the Deity Realm.” The former strongest person in Dragon City had taught him about it.

Meng Chao had not seen Battle God Lei Zongchao since.

Lei Zongchao had told Meng Chao that the most suitable time to cultivate was when he was on the verge of death.

He had seen numerous scenes that seemed to surge out from the deepest parts of his cells in his near-death state countless times. He had read the gene strands that were vibrating like the strings of a zither and played the sounds of nature. After he was resurrected from the dead, he would have a deeper understanding of the essence of life. Only then could he ascend to the Battle God's throne step by step.

If Meng Chao really wanted to become the new Battle God, or even an existence that surpassed the Battle God...

He had to find his "near-death moment" and gain enlightenment to hit a breakthrough in his near-death state.

The problem was that the "near-death moment" was something that could be encountered but not sought.

Meng Chao could not take the initiative to court death. He could not ask a chieftain or a powerhouse on the level of an orc priest to beat him to the point of his last breath so that he could enter his final moments to comprehend the profound principles of martial arts, could he?

Although he had been covered in wounds and had bled profusely several times as he seemed to be on the verge of death, that had been the result of his precise control over his breathing, heartbeat, organ movement, and blood flow.

In fact, after drifting to Picturesque Orchid Lake, Meng Chao had never let his injuries and the whole situation go out of his control.

It was a pity that he had not experienced what Lei Zongchao called the "near-death state."

However, the Ancient Dream Saintess in front of him was different.

She was in a very typical "near-death state"!

Meng Chao widened his eyes and gradually became excited.

The future seemed to be changing.

The Ancient Dream Saintess from his previous life would be killed instantly by "Jackal" Kanus, who had completed all his arrangements a few days later, by detonating the fear bomb within her brain and controlling the puppet assassin beside her. She would be completely destroyed from a spiritual and physical sense, leaving no hidden threats.

However, due to Meng Chao's sudden appearance, "Jackal" Kanus could only hastily detonate the fear bomb, which had long been implanted within the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

He did not have the time to completely wipe out the Ancient Dream Saintess' flesh and blood.

When he detonated the fear bomb...

The Ancient Dream Saintess' brain was still closely connected to Meng Chao's brain and in a state where massive amounts of data were interacting at high speed.

The result was that Meng Chao had taken away a small portion of the destructive power that the Ancient Dream Saintess should have borne alone.

Don't underestimate this small part.

It was very likely that it was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

That small destructive power was not able to completely destroy the Ancient Dream Saintess' spiritual defense line, extinguish her fire of hope, and crush her will to resist.

Instead, it allowed her to see through "Jackal" Kanus' scheme and the entire truth while she was on the verge of death.

In the midst of her grief and indignation, she did not hesitate to exhaust all of her life force and ignite an even more exuberant spirit flame. With that, she temporarily advanced to a brand-new and higher level of life!

If that was the case, it was still not too late.

They still had hope of coming back from the dead and fighting back.

He thought about it and wondered what they should do.

Right now, Meng Chao could receive the brain waves of countless rat soldiers, who had communicated with the Ancient Dream Saintess in their dream, within a radius of several hundred kilometers through the Saintess' brain. He could sense what they were seeing and hearing. He could even hear parts where their voices were the loudest.

Yet, it was useless.

Even without the Ancient Dream Saintess' telepathic ability, Meng Chao could imagine what was happening around Hundred Blade City with his toes.

Unfortunately, he could only watch it happen as he was unable to do anything.

'You guys, hold on a little longer. Let me think of something!'

Meng Chao was so anxious that he could not help but shout in his heart.

Suddenly, something extremely strange happened!

### **Chapter 1209: Brain Wave Broadcast**

At the same time that Meng Chao screamed in his heart, about one-tenth of the hundreds and thousands of images that surrounded him shook slightly.

It was as though a stone had been thrown into a pond, creating circular ripples.

Meng Chao could clearly sense that the owner of these images was blinking rapidly, and a confused voice emerged from the bottom of his heart.

"Who-Who is speaking?"

Meng Chao was stunned.

“You... can hear my voice?”

Although it was ridiculous, Meng Chao still probed.

The main view continued to tremble. It was sometimes clear and sometimes blurry, like a window full of raindrops.

“Who-Who is it?”

Meng Chao seemed to hear thousands of confused and surprised voices coming from all directions simultaneously.

The views were spinning desperately.

It was obvious that the owners of the point of views were spinning their heads rapidly. They were scouring their surroundings like frightened birds, trying to find the person they were talking to.

Yet, no matter how hard they tried, they could not find anything, because no one could have imagined that the voice come would directly from the depths of their brain.

To be more precise, it came from the sky, pierced through their skulls, and entered their central nervous system.

However, when Meng Chao tried to express something more complex and more clearly, he felt as if he had dived to the bottom of the sea tens of thousands of meters deep.

It was like trying to transmit sound waves through the pressure of several billion tons of seawater, which was enough to crush a main battle tank into a discus.

No matter how much he screamed, the sound waves that eventually reached the other side of the screen had become fragmented and indistinct. By then, his voice resembled flying insects flapping their wings and creating “buzzing” murmurs.

Presumably, those, from whom the views originated, could only hear “ee ooo weee.” There was no way to piece together anything useful from the noise.

“In other words, in other words...”

Anyway, Meng Chao was greatly encouraged.

Although he had not yet been able to communicate directly with thousands of rat soldiers, but he could roughly understand what was going on.

First, a near-death breakthrough for the Ancient Dream Saintess had dramatically improved telepathy—at least temporarily—at the expense of rapidly overdrawing her life.

Now, she could not only communicate with the rat warriors in her dreams, but she could also communicate with some of the rat warriors through the transmission of brain waves while they were awake. That allowed them to interact with visual, audio, and even mental data.

As for himself, he had the iron will forged by the flames of Armageddon. With the Kindling's blessing, he had also learned about the specialties of the Supernatural Entities, such as the Demonic Abyss Eye and Tree of Wisdom from his interactions with them.

In terms of mental strength, Meng Chao believed that he was no less powerful than some of the gods.

When his brain was connected to the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain domain, it was possible to use her telepathic ability to transmit his will to the rat soldiers dozens of miles away!

"Is this what you want me to do, Ancient Dream Saintess?"

Meng Chao stared at the little girl in the depths of the whirlpool and murmured, "Even though you're seriously injured and your brain is swollen to the point that it is about to explode, you are still willing to burn every single brain cell in your body to activate greater telepathic power.

"However, this is also your limit.

"Although you have used your enhanced telepathic abilities to connect to the brains of countless conscious rat soldiers, you can only receive the brain waves that are rippling out from their cerebrum. You are unable to convert what you see, hear, and think into surging data streams that are transmitted into their brains through brain waves.

"That's why you need my help.

"You need to make use of my brain, my brain waves, and my spirit energy to give orders to the thousands of rat soldiers and tell them that you're not dead yet and that the Great Horn Army hasn't lost hope.

"You want me to broadcast my brain waves to all the members of the Great Horn Army who haven't given up yet, right?"

Deep inside the vortex, the eyes of the struggling little girl with four pupils instantly lit up.

The communication of thoughts was not limited by language.

Even though she did not understand the words "brain wave" and "broadcast," she still understood what Meng Chao meant.

Through Meng Chao's incessant expression of thoughts, she instantly understood what he meant.

She nodded desperately and extended her arm to Meng Chao as much as she could.

Meng Chao extended his mental tentacles toward the center of the swirl too.

He did not know how much it would cost to order the brains of several thousand rat soldiers on the battlefield within a hundred miles. It was similar to "brain wave broadcasting" in a way.

Would it cause his brain to bleed and swell like that of the Ancient Dream Saintess?

It could even spontaneously combust and burn every single brain cell into dust.

He only knew that this was the only chance to reverse the future.

He had been reborn from the apocalypse and fought his way all the way here. He had saved the Ancient Dream Saintess and given her a chance to make a “near-death breakthrough.” There had to be a reason!

Finally...

Just as Meng Chao felt that his brain was about to combust...

The tips of their fingers lightly touched each other in the ocean of thoughts.

Boom!

Meng Chao heard another earth-shattering roar coming from the depths of his brain.

The scenes from the thousands of main views around him became clearer, more vivid, and more three-dimensional.

It was like a movie theater that had originally been shrouded in fog, but it was playing a two-dimensional version of an ordinary movie now.

It had become a three-dimensional virtual reality that was both illusory and real.

He was no longer sitting in the audience.

Instead... he entered the minds of several thousand rat people at the same time and observed the entire process of the Great Horn Army’s collapse from thousands of angles.

He even experienced plenty of feelings and emotions that were born from wounds, hunger, helplessness, fear, and despair at the same time.

It was an indescribable, weird experience that would not even appear in the most abyssal nightmare.

It was as if thousands of souls had been stuffed into his body, his brain, and every single one of his brain cells.

No wonder the big-headed monster babies needed such a big head.

Meng Chao bared his teeth while his imagination ran wild. If an ordinary person received so many sensory and emotional data at the same time, their brain would definitely spontaneously combust or even explode at the first moment.

However, before he could react and endure the intense pain of his brain exploding, he had already spoken to the thousands of rat warriors.

His consciousness was suddenly ejected.

From the virtual world where he experienced the same thing, he bounced back to the “cinema” shrouded in mist.

At the center of the vortex, the Ancient Dream Saintess revealed an even more pained expression. Her face became paler and paler. From her neck to her chin, she was swallowed by darkness. Only half of her face and half of her arm were left, and she was barely able to keep herself outside of the vortex.

“Is this not enough?”

Meng Chao contemplated with a splitting headache. “The Ancient Dream Saintess and I have personalities, as well as souls, that are independent of each other. Our spirit energy cannot be perfectly fused together to push her telepathic ability, but we can still broadcast our brain waves to thousands of rat warriors.

“After all, the area under the Great Horn Army’s control is too large. The rat warriors are too spread out, and most of the high-level priests are under Kanus’ control.

“The cunning Wolf King is also implanting the image of a zombie Rat God into the rat warriors’ minds through the high-level priests, destroying their will to resist.

“In such a situation, our brain wave broadcasting will certainly be seriously disrupted. It will be very difficult to transmit clear, effective, and operational commands to the brains of all the rat soldiers.

“Besides, even if we can speak in the minds of several thousand rat soldiers, how can we convince them that this is the will of the Ancient Dream Saintess and not the bewitchment of some evil god?

“It should be known that from last night until today, the entire Great Horn Army seemed to be immersed in a nightmare that they would never wake up from. The bloody illusions that the rat warriors saw and the extremely weird murmurs that they heard were too many. They were so many that they could not tell what was reality, what was fake, and who they should believe.

“Unless...

“We narrow the range of the brain wave broadcasting.

“No, no, no. We shouldn’t be doing the brain wave broadcasting at all. Instead, we should focus our limited spirit energy on a few rat warriors.. Only then can we resist the interference and achieve point-to-point wireless connection of the brain, as well as high-speed transmission of data!”

Chapter 1210: A Close Call

Meng Chao felt that it was possible to achieve this.

A telepathic transmission targeted at an individual was much clearer and more stable than a large-scale brainwave broadcast.

The only question was who should be chosen as the target of their telepathic transmission.

This person should play a crucial role in the Great Horn Army. It was enough to decide the actions and even the life and death of thousands of rat people elites.

If it was difficult to find such a person, he should at least target the strongest core unit of the Great Horn Army, the elite soldiers of the White Bone Battalion.

Through him, he could influence more elite soldiers of the White Bone Battalion.

On the other hand, the Ancient Dream Saintess was willing to sacrifice her life to stimulate every single cell in her brain to its limit. It would not last for long.

Meng Chao could feel her brain heating up again.

No matter how much frost Ice Storm condensed to cool it down, it would not be able to stop her brain from turning into lava bit by bit.

Perhaps in the next second, her brain would explode like fireworks.

He was destined to not have much time to convince an unknown White Bone Battalion elite.

He had to find someone who would listen to his every word and trust him absolutely.

Only then could he explain everything clearly in just a few words.

Did such a person exist?

Such a person..

Meng Chao's mind raced, and his eyes suddenly lit up.

"Ancient Dream Saintess, can you hear me? Such a large-scale brain wave broadcast is useless. We are too far away from the main force, and the interference from the outside is too severe. We are shouting at the top of our lungs here, piercing through the rock layers, and transmitting into the brains of the rat warriors dozens of miles away. All that's left is squeaking!

"Therefore, we must focus all of our spirit energy on the same target!

"The target must be an elite of the White Bone Battalion. After all, the battalion is the Great Horn Army's core. As long as the White Bone Battalion is intact... No, as long as half of the White Bone Battalion can be pulled out, even if one-third of the seasoned soldiers break out of the encirclement, the rat rebellion will not fail, and the Great Horn Army will not be destroyed!

"Furthermore, he must possess extraordinary strength and unfathomable potential. It would be best if he had learned how to control his own vitality magnetic field. Only then would he be able to withstand the barrage of brain waves. He might even turn himself into a relay station and a signal amplifier, directing our thoughts to the surrounding White Bone Battalion elites.

"I have a candidate, but I don't know whether he is dead or alive, where he is, or whether he is with the other elites of the White Bone Battalion. However, I can give it a try. I have to give it a try!

"His name is Leaf. Do you remember him, Ancient Dream Saintess?

"I know that there must be hundreds of rat soldiers in the Great Horn Army and even the White Bone Battalion named Leaf. It is the most common name, but he is different from the others. You have been in contact with him before, and you will never forget him.

"His flesh and bones are amazingly flexible and malleable. He can turn his hands and feet into rubber and springs, which can be extended and bent at will. His hands and feet can even be extended to three to five times their original length.

"It is said that the ability originated from a cave deep in the forest of his hometown. He once saw a mysterious mural in the cave with his brother.

“Do you have an impression, Ancient Dream Saintess? If you can accurately locate Leaf, there’s still hope for our future!”

The Ancient Dream Saintess was still struggling in the vortex of thoughts that had formed when “Jackal” Kanus detonated the fear bomb.

At this time, the black turbulence had already swallowed her neck, chin, and mouth, making her unable to make any sound or respond to Meng Chao’s question.

However, she still struggled to wave her arms and flick her fingers, as if she was performing complex and delicate operations on thousands of images in the void.

The countless images hanging above the fog began to rotate.

At first, the rotation speed was extremely slow, like a machine that was slowly starting up.

However, very soon, the afterimages of the images that were rapidly rotating and dragging out turned into shining bands of light.

The bands of light intertwined with each other, and they could no longer see the details of each main view.

Even thousands of different voices converged into a noisy “buzz buzz buzz buzz.”

The Ancient Dream Saintess was doing her best to squeeze out the last bit of power from her last brain cell and quickly search the vast database of brain waves.

She was searching for the brain wave characteristics of Leaf, whom Meng Chao had mentioned, so that they could achieve point-to-point spirit connection and transmission.

An unknown amount of time passed.

It took so long that the Ancient Dream Saintess’ fragmented soul was about to be completely devoured by the brain storm caused by the fear bomb.

The rotating speed of the intersecting light and shadow finally slowed down.

The glittering images became clear again.

Most of the images from the main view were hidden behind the fog.

The remaining dozens of images became larger and brighter, enough for Meng Chao to see every detail in the depths of the images.

In a few of the images, there were people who were completely unrelated.

They should be people from the White Bone Battalion with the same name as Leaf.

However, in one of the images in the corner, Meng Chao saw a pair of unusually familiar hands and ten slender fingers.

Those were Leaf’s hands!

As a veteran Reaper, Meng Chao paid much more attention to his hands than any other organs in his body.

When he was teaching Leaf the martial arts concepts from Dragon City, Meng Chao had repeatedly told the rat youth that only by cultivating his ten fingers to the point where they could be flexible could he precisely control all kinds weapons, including sabers, spears, swords, halberds, and short guns, crack all kinds of complicated mechanisms. Plus, if the enemy had firm control over his four limbs, he could escape in an incredible way.

Leaf listened to Meng Chao's words.

From that day on, he had been following the method taught by Meng Chao, bending and stretching his hands repeatedly with a strength that was close to crushing bones.

In addition, he had inherited the frescoes from his childhood in the mysterious cave.

His ten fingers were one-third longer than that of ordinary rats. His little finger was almost the same size as his ring finger. His fingers seemed thin and weak, but if you looked carefully, you could see bundles of tendons and muscles wrapped around the joints of his fingers, they were even more powerful than the Lightning clan's eagle claws.

Meng Chao could not have mistaken such a pair of hands with such distinctive features.

The more direct evidence was that just as the Ancient Dream Saintess located Leaf and zoomed in on his main view, Meng Chao clearly heard Leaf's distraught voice from deep within his brain.

"Reaper, where are you?!"

...

At that moment, Leaf was facing the greatest crisis in his life.

After going through so many battles, he had already become an elite warrior. However, it was as if he had returned to his hometown where the recruitment team massacred. However, all his strength had been drained, and he could only watch helplessly as his hometown was burned to the ground, when all his relatives and friends had been massacred.

In front of him was a White Bone Battalion war flag that was crooked and riddled with holes.

As if the flag had been soaked in too much blood, the heavy flag was too heavy for the flagpole to bear. The flag fell into the stinky soil with a creaking sound.

Leaf looked passed the war flag with his shivering eyes, and he observed the two groups of people who were confronting each other in front of him.

They were all tough men with fierce faces, strong backs, and muscular waists. Their bodies looked like they were made of steel and iron, and there were scars on their scars.

The thirty six thousand pores on their bodies were like boiling boilers, constantly shooting out murderous and murderous auras that could be seen with the naked eye.

Many people had already unsheathed their battle sabers that were stained with blood. Their saber lights were flickering like hungry dragons.

There were also people whose muscles were taut and weighed hundreds of pounds. Their battle hammers and battle axes, which were embedded with steel thorns and iron tumors, were jumping on their muscles that were like explosives.

Such a murderous team was like an evil spirit that had crawled out from the depths of Hell. Even the fully-armed wolf cavalymen would probably avoid them when they saw them and make a fuss about it.

However, at this moment, all the sharp blades that should have been aimed at the wolves, tigers, and leopards were all aimed at each other.

Many of the White Bone Battalion's old brothers had followed the Ancient Dream Saintess all the way to the north and risked their lives to fight until the dawn before the Great Horn Army's formation. However, they were now aiming their fierce swords and sabers at the comrades in front of them, whom they had fought side by side countless times.

These White Bone Battalion's elites, who had not been able to kill the Blood Hoof Clan's barbaric charge and the Gold Clan's claws and teeth, were now at daggers drawn. Every hair on their bodies was like a sharp blade unsheathed, and they seemed to be at odds with each other.. They were about to perish together with the other party.