

Oh My God 1251

Chapter 1251: The Price of Being Reborn

That was true.

Whether it was the Horn of Destruction or Violent Blade, they were all unruly, headstrong, and ruthless people.

Having been used to being kings and tyrants in the clan era, were they willing to accept the goodwill from Dragon City unconditionally and use semi-automatic rifles, as well as rocket launchers, to replace their ancestral battle style, which had been passed down for ten thousand years?

Meng Chao was very uncertain.

In particular, Dragon City's goodwill could not be free!

Whether it was automatic rifles, rocket launchers, military radio stations, or even helping Tulanze build his own global network and military data link system, there was definitely a fee!

Of course, as interstellar friends from Earth, crossing billions of Stars for peace and development, and coming to this world with the initial intention of common prosperity, dragon city people might not be so vulgar as to accept real money and silver.

Not to mention money, the main thing was to make friends!

Then, as good friends, they should exchange what they have and what they don't have. Tulanze's right to build roads and exclusive rights to resources on both sides of the roads, Tulanze's right to develop and operate the ports, Tulanze's right to explore and exploit underground mineral deposits.., even fully exploiting Tulanze's market, as well as a series of post-war reconstruction rights and interests after the chaos faction invaded the land of Holy Light... signing seventy to eighty of them was absolutely not excessive, right?

Otherwise, it would be impossible for the Survival Committee to pass a bill to provide Turanze with modern weapons that could arm millions of high-level orcs!

Judging from the high-level orcs' fanatical respect for the ancestral spirits, it would be impossible for them to do so.

Meng Chao really didn't know how the high-level orcs would react if the people of Dragon City proposed to use Turanze's road-building rights and mining rights as trade conditions in exchange for the support of arms and communication equipment.

Would they be like the ancient people on earth who worshiped their "Ancestors" as if they were gods, treating the whistling trains as a blasphemy to their ancestors?

An image appeared in Meng Chao's mind:

An arms dealer from Dragon City was spitting and babbling on about the benefits of automatic rifles and rocket launchers to the "Horn of destruction" or the "Blade of fury".

The Lion King or Tiger King, who had been listening impatiently, suddenly put on the totem armor and kicked the arms dealer 70 to 80 miles away. At the same time, they assumed the posture of a bodybuilding champion, he shouted, "This is Tu Lan Ze!"

It was impossible.

Meng Chao had already discovered that for many high-level orcs, the purpose of the war was not to win at all.

It didn't matter whether they won or not.

Whether they fought or died miserably, whether or not they could leave behind a heroic legend, that was the most important thing.

Using firearms to 'Biubiubiubiubi' from thousands of meters away, it was as if they didn't use cold weapons or claws to dig out each other's intestines and put them around each other's necks. It was a happy and tragic experience.

From this point of view.

"Jackal"kanus, this "Atypical orc", did indeed have his advantages.

No matter how crazy he was in his previous life, or even how he forced Dragon City to join the chaos faction.

At least, he could see at a glance the advanced nature of Earth's technology and system. Until the last moment, he was doing his best to use the advantages of Earth's civilization to fill in the deficiencies of the Tulan civilization.

However, Meng Chao still believed that compared to the Lion King and the Tiger King, the Wolf King had a fatal flaw that could not be filled.

"The Wolf King has no prestige."

Meng Chao said to ice storm, "In the past 10,000 years, there has never been a wolf king commanding the Tulan Army. In the past 3,000 years, the position of war priest has been occupied by the lion and tiger clans in turn. At most, there is the Minotaur of the Blood Hoof clan.

"Everyone knows that the Wolf clan is just a vassal of the lion and tiger clans. The Wolf King is just a puppet. Even if he took the opportunity of the Lion and Tiger Kings suffering heavy losses and stole the inheritance of the sacred mountain temple, no one would be convinced by him."

Icestorm was stunned for a long time before he asked suspiciously, "Is... is this important?"

"It is."

Meng Chao said, "You just said that even if we can provide hundreds of thousands of crossbow bolts and hundreds of thousands of super carrier pigeons to Tu Lan Ze today, it doesn't mean that we can increase the organization and combat ability of the Tu Lan Army by ten times tomorrow.

"This involves the concept of war and the military system. It will take at least a year and a half to train, change, and adapt.

“During the process of changing the old and new war modes, there will definitely be some people who are not used to it, and some people will be eliminated. A large number of obstinate people who are good at old weapons and old modes will raise objections. They will even use the most intense method to defend their vested interests. Perhaps, there will be bloodshed, and there will be a lot of bloodshed.”

Meng Chao had never been a weaponist.

He did not believe that if he gave a medieval tin-can knight an automatic rifle today, he would become a skilled rifleman tomorrow. Moreover, he would be as skilled as thousands of other riflemen, they would form an infantry regiment that was at the mid-20th century level.

Even on Earth, where there was no supernatural power.

Hot weapons would replace cold weapons, tanks would replace armored cavalry, aircraft carriers would replace battleships, and any new type of weapons and derived new tactics would replace old weapons and old tactics. It would be a long-term, repetitive process, it was a spiraling process.

In the process of replacing the old with the new, they did not recognize the superiority of the new weapons and tactics, or admit it in their hearts, but because they sat on the side of the old weapons and tactics, they stubbornly resisted and refused to repent, they were everywhere.

Not to mention, this was a world with extraordinary power.

One had to know that even in Dragon City, there were many people who believed that “Wars were won solely by extraordinary people. Ordinary soldiers with automatic rifles only needed to clean up the battlefield.”.

In Tulanze, there must be more people who insisted on this view.

It must be more difficult to comprehensively reform Tulanze’s war philosophy and military system.

If the Lion King or Tiger King became the war priest.

Because they were in line with tradition, had authority, and had strong tribes as their base.

Then, as long as the people of Dragon City could persuade the lion king or the Tiger King, at most, they would have the heads and brains of the Lion and tiger tribes.

The matter could be smoothly pushed forward.

Even if the Lion King or the tiger king really used the mining rights of Tulanze to make a deal with the people of Dragon City, the major clans would definitely make a fuss for a while, but it would be very difficult to get a result.

After all, they had ruled Tulanze for thousands of years and had never brought the Tulan civilization into a ditch.

This was prestige!

However, if it was “Jackal”kanus who risked the world’s heresy and stole the highest authority..

“In our words, the ‘legitimacy’ and ‘foundation’ of the Wolf King’s rule over Turan ze are seriously inadequate.”

Meng Chao said to icestorm, “Even if “Jackal”kanus can really obtain the inheritance of the Holy Mountain and skillfully guide the Horn of destruction and the blade of tyrant to mutually injure each other, causing the Liger and tiger clans to be unable to elect a suitable leader for the time being, causing a momentary power vacuum to appear in the Gold clan.

“If he wants to become a war priest, he must continue to make use of the conflict between the gold clan and the Blood Hoof clan, and make use of the Liger and tiger clans’ mentality of not wanting the Tauren to ascend to the throne, to deceive the support of the Liger and tiger clans.

“But this support is definitely temporary and unwilling.

“Including the Blood Hoof and the other four great clans, they must have half-believed and half-doubted the rise of the Wolf King, and they’re even waiting for the Wolf King to make a fool of himself before replacing him.

“In this way, even if he becomes a war priest, ‘Jackal’Kanus can only compromise with the wolves, tigers, leopards, and wild boars to satisfy their demands as much as possible.

“Before resolving the issue of legitimacy and fundamentals, it’s impossible for him to carry out a drastic change to the social structure and military system of Tulanze.”

Ice storm seemed to understand but not understand.

She vaguely felt that what Meng Chao said made sense.

But she still did not understand. “Then... So What?”

“So What? Don’t you understand?”

Meng Chao raised his voice, “What is the biggest demand of the chiefs and Generals of Tulanze right now? It is that the resources of Tulanze are about to be exhausted! There are too many mouths to feed! The economic system is about to collapse! Famine is about to arrive!

“Therefore, they need to immediately wage war against the Holy Light Temple. They need to move thousands of hungry mouths and their insatiable stomachs to the land of Holy Light. They need to use the resources of the enemy to resolve the conflict between their exploding population and the lack of food!

“Also, it has been fifty years since Turan ZE has fought an all-out war.

“Without war, there will be no military merits. Without military merits, there will be no glory. Without glory, how will those ambitious young people rise to power? How will they become stronger?

“At first, everyone thought that the Battle of Glory was about to break out. As long as the five races competed and a new war chief was chosen, they would be able to march toward the land of Holy Light in a grand and carefree manner. Everyone was hungry and could not wait to sharpen their knives!

“Under such circumstances, even if many people knew that the Lion King and Tiger King were killed by the Wolf King, it didn’t matter. Even if it didn’t matter to the Lion Man and tiger man — as long as the Wolf King could immediately lead everyone into the land of Holy Light!

“But we’ve already analyzed it. With Tu Lanze’s current military level and war potential, it’s impossible to defeat the Holy Light Camp.

“If we want to win the unprecedented Battle of Glory, we will have to spend a year and a half to resist the pain of change, suppress the old forces that are against the change, and even sign a series of agreements with our allies to transfer our rights and interests under the name of ‘selling our ancestors’. All in all, we must let Turanze survive the change of being skinned alive and reborn. Only then will we have real hope!

“Here comes the question. Based on the legitimacy and fundamentals of ‘Jackal’kanus, does he have the ability to call upon all the high-level orcs to tighten their belts and train hard for the next year and a half?

“Can he convince the wolves, tigers, leopards, boars, bulls, snakes, and crocodiles of the five clans to hand over the mines and veins within the clans to be developed by the black-haired, black-eyed foreign tribes like me?

“Can he convince a centaur Legion that has been wearing iron armor for thousands of years and is good at riding, shooting, and charging to be fully equipped with new weapons and spend a lot of time and energy to forget the battle tactics that have been practiced for thousands of years and adapt to the new tactical system with difficulty? Is it possible that they will not be able to adapt at all and will be eliminated by the tide of iron and steel in the end

Chapter 1252: The Risk of a Tiger Seeking Its Skin

Ice Storm fell into deep thought.

Meng Chao’s words seemed to open the door to a new world for her.

Behind the door, there were countless questions that she had never thought of before.

Fortunately, with the Land of Holy Light and Picturesque Orchid Lake, both her survival and escape experiences were much broader and more adaptable than that of pure orc warriors and mages.

After careful consideration, she could not help but agree with Meng Chao’s judgment.

“It makes sense. After all, the Wolf King’s foundation is not as strong as the Lion King and the Tiger King’s. Even if he’s lucky enough to become a war priest, his control over the Lion Clan, Tiger Clan, and even the five great clans would not be as strong as the war priests in the past—at least, not in the beginning.”

Ice Storm thoughtfully said, “In order to secure the war priest’s throne, the Wolf King has to be braver, more radical, and tougher than the Lion and Tiger Kings. He needs to be able to satisfy the common wishes of all the Turan orcs.

“In other words, even if the Wolf King is willing to cooperate with you and your people, his own wishes won’t matter because he would be invested in the Turan orcs’ fury and desire. He has no other choice!”

“That’s right, that’s it!”

Meng Chao was happy that he could find a partner with such a clear mind in Picturesque Orchid.

In his opinion, “Jackal” Kanus was actually quite similar to the war-mongering maniac who launched World War II during the Earth era.

The reason why such maniacs could go from a nobody to a leader of the masses in just a few years was thanks to factors such as their abilities, charm, and efforts.

More importantly, they clearly saw the tide of the times, climbed to the top of the storm, and became the embodiment of the people’s desires, anger, and hatred.

Then, once they stole the highest position, they would continue to be driven by the tide of the era and exhaust themselves to satisfy the unquenchable desires of the masses, which would constantly grow. There was no other way besides that.

Therefore, if there was a twenty to thirty percent chance on the Lion King and Tiger King’s side, they could help the Turan civilization’s rumbling war machine to put on the brakes for the time being.

On the Wolf King’s side, there was hardly a chance.

Besides, Meng Chao was convinced. “‘Jackal’ Kanus is more eager to start the war as soon as possible than anyone else. He wishes that he could raise the war’s scale and intensity to the maximum on its first day.

“Why is that?” Ice Storm asked curiously.

She was just curious, not questioning him.

“Because the larger the scale of the war, the more intense it will be. Only then will he have a chance to sit on the War Chief’s throne and become the eternal king of Picturesque Orchid!”

Meng Chao said, “Have you forgotten what he did during the Great Horn Army’s siege?”

“Before the rat rebels’ siege, ‘Jackal’ Kanus was only the Wolf King in name. Everybody knew that he was just a puppet and that many unruly commanders in the Wolf Clan didn’t even look at him.

“But what about now?”

“Through a series of cunning and ruthless operations, most of the Wolf Clan commanders, who didn’t take him seriously, have either died or gotten injured. Even the surviving ones have ruined reputations because of the rat people. They can no longer pose any threat to ‘Jackal’ Kanus.

“Meanwhile, with a series of performances that turned the tide, our Wolf King established a rather glorious image in the hearts of all the Wolf Clan warriors. Moreover, I believe that his trusted aides have taken the opportunity to fill the gap in power left by the commanders who fled. Hence, they’ve firmly taken control of the entire Wolf Clan.

“Once ‘Jackal’ Kanus becomes the War Chief...

“He’ll definitely need a larger-scale war to establish his prestige and consolidate his rule. He’ll need to deal with the troublemakers whom he can’t use on the battlefield, where swords have no eyes. He’ll also need his trusted aides to take advantage of the situation and gradually take control of the entire Turan Army.

“With his patience, before he’s confident enough to deal with all his internal opponents and the troublemakers, he’ll certainly sweet-talk the unruly chiefs and commanders. He’ll make all kinds of promises that he’ll never be able to keep.

“Tell me, why would such a Wolf King, who’s ready to ‘disguise as a pig to eat the tiger,’ put on an aggressive stance and cooperate with the black-haired, black-eyed aliens? Why would he make such a drastic change in Picturesque Orchid at the risk of angering vested interest groups?”

As the saying went, “This time, it’s different.”

In his previous life, when the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization came into contact, “Jackal” Kanus had already firmly taken control of the military and Picturesque Orchid Lake’s political power. Through a series of dazzling victories, he had established a high prestige. All his opponents and troublemakers had also been eliminated by him repeatedly.

Therefore, the “Jackal” Kanus from that time was able to withstand the pressure and sign an alliance agreement with the Dragon City civilization. He had also attached great importance to the suggestions of Dragon City’s people in strategic and tactical issues.

However, the current “Jackal” Kanus was far from being so strong.

The immediate issue for him was to climb up and secure the position of war priest.

It was not about victory or defeat in the war between worlds.

Even if Meng Chao opened his heart to him, he would be keenly aware of the Dragon City civilization’s value.

He would also likely think, ‘Cooperation with Dragon City is imperative, but first, I have to take full control of Orchid Lake’s entire map!’

Unfortunately, by then, it would be too late!

It would not matter if Meng Chao told “Jackal” Kanus about this in person because he would never believe it.

With such an ambitious character, he would never believe it.

Thinking about that, Meng Chao sighed.

“Besides that, there’s another reason why I’m very unwilling to cooperate with the Wolf King—he’s too dangerous.”

Meng Chao continued. "As you know, the Wolf King made his fortune by clinging to the Lion King's thigh. Whether or not the Lion King treated him as a puppet, a chess piece, or a tool, at least the Lion King gave him his first bucket of gold and gave him the resources, as well as opportunity, to rise miraculously.

"But now, not only has the Wolf King repay the Lion King's kindness with enmity and tricking him into entering the Holy Mountain, but he has also taken the opportunity to instigate a conflict between the Lion and Tiger Clans. It's highly possible that he'll personally lead the tiger clan powerhouses to hunt down the lion king and must be exterminated.

"Do you think that such a person can really become a trustworthy and high-quality partner?"

That was the issue Meng Chao was most worried about.

After all, the manufactured products that Dragon City wanted to sell to Picturesque Orchid Lake were not only tobacco, spirits, carbonated drinks, and civil machinery, but also astronomical lethal weapons.

The anti-material sniper bullets, which were fused with super alloys, embedded with crystals, and made with special technology, could not only pierce a mage's brain but also obliterate a superhuman's heart.

The "Jackal" Kanus in his previous life had never betrayed his alliance with Dragon City's people until the end of his life.

However, who could guarantee that it was not because the soldiers of the Holy Light faction had arrived at the border and the Chaos faction could only huddle together for warmth?

Who could guarantee that the Turan civilization, which had obtained a large scale of Earth's thermal weapons ten years in advance, absorbed the advanced military concepts of Earth, and whose combat strength had increased tenfold, would not wipe out the Holy Light faction with ease under "Jackal" Kanus' leadership? Then, would they not burn the bridge after crossing the river and come back to deal with the Dragon City civilization?

No, not only could they not guarantee it, it was simply inevitable.

It was too crowded for a mere planet to have so many messy civilizations.

As long as a civilization had the corresponding ability, it would want to conquer all other civilizations and monopolize the entire Other World, right?

Therefore, the Dragon City civilization had to arm the Turan civilization and get the advanced orcs to act as meat shields in front of them. They had to constantly overpower the Holy Light faction to buy precious time for their own development.

However, they could not arm the Turan civilization too valiantly so that the balance of victory would not slip from one extreme to the other.

If they defeated the Holy Light Temple and turned the Turan civilization into a new big boss, it would be like raising a tiger as a threat and bringing about their own destruction.

It was as difficult as walking on a tightrope over a cliff to grasp such a delicate balance.

Meng Chao really did not want to fight with a peerless villain like Kanus, the Jackal while he walked on a tightrope.

Ice Storm suddenly understood.

If the first reason that Meng Chao had given was a little hard to understand, this one was too correct.

After seeing how the Wolf King treated his benefactor, the Lion King, who had cooperated with the Wolf King and even help him become stronger...

It just seemed like Kanus was grumpy that the Lion King was not dying fast enough.

In fact, Meng Chao had a third reason as well.

He felt that the Wolf King was too intelligent.

One should know that in Meng Chao's overall plan, he was prepared to slowly turn Picturesque Orchid Lake into Dragon City's industrial dumping market, resource and raw material gathering place, and recruitment point over a period of ten to twenty years.

In other words, the Turan civilization should become the Dragon City civilization's vassal.

Meanwhile, the Dragon City civilization should become the Chaos faction's leader.

Meng Chao believed that after Dragon City discovered Picturesque Orchid Lake, the members of the Survival Committee—whether it was the valiant warriors from the military who wanted to dominate the world, or the nine mega corporations, the business kings who only cared about profit—should also think the same.

The advanced orcs had unmatched brute force

Despite that, an advanced civilization that had entered the information age would never be able to resist the dimensionality reduction blow of a backward civilization that was still in the clan era and still degenerating.

The Dragon City civilization had many mysterious business contracts, complicated legal provisions, sugar-coated bullets that contained poison, and goods and consumption patterns that made the advanced orcs feel all kinds of convenience and pleasure. It was enough to turn the most valiant bestial man into a senior otaku who was paralyzed in the computer chair and waiting to die.

If it was a traditional orc leader like the Horn of Destruction or Violent Blade, they would definitely not be able to resist Dragon City's infiltration, temptation, and corruption.

In contrast, if it was an "atypical orc leader" like Kanus, the Jackal....

Chapter 1253: The Ultimate Form of Totem Armor

The closer Meng Chao got to "Jackal" Kanus, the more he felt that he was not an advanced orc but an Earthling with the skin of an orc.

His thinking pattern, his style of doing things, and his schemes and tricks gave Meng Chao both a familiar yet unfamiliar feeling.

If the Turan civilization was the same as it was in his previous life, with “Jackal” Kanus leading it, he would definitely be able to see through the Earthlings’ tricks. He would definitely not obediently become the Dragon City civilization’s vessel and would even try every possible means. He would find Dragon City’s flaws, and in turn, infiltrate, erode, and devour its civilization, right?

One should know that the Dragon City civilization was not a monolithic one.

The conflict between the homestead faction and the colonization faction, the conflict between the Red Dragon Army and the nine mega corporations, the conflict between the superhumans and the ordinary people, as well as the remnants of the monster civilization that had yet to be eradicated, the monsters hidden in the crowd and dressed in human skin, including Lu Siya, who had become a “wild banshee”...

With “Jackal” Kanus’ vision and methods, he would definitely be able to notice these conflicts and start round after round of gambling with Dragon City’s people, including Meng Chao.

In conclusion, compared with facing “Jackal” Kanus, Meng Chao would really rather face Horn of Destruction or Violent Blade, the orc powerhouses who mainly relied on their fists to speak.

Of course, this did not mean that he had to kill Kanus, the Jackal.

If possible, Meng Chao did not want to kill either the Wolf King, Tiger King, or Lion King. Plus, it would be very difficult to kill them.

“Don’t worry. I’m not arrogant enough to think that we can kill Jackal, Horn of Destruction, and Violent Blade.”

Meng Chao contemplated for a while and said, “I should explain my purpose this way. I have a treasure that I’ve never seen before. It’s expensive, but it’s definitely worth it. I want to sell it to either the Lion King, the Tiger King, or the Wolf King.

“However, since this treasure’s value and usage are far beyond the comprehension of ordinary orcs, I’m worried that the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King won’t believe me at all. They won’t even give me the chance to introduce the treasure to them.

“Once they obtain the Holy Mountain’s provision, it will be even harder for them to be interested in my treasure.

“Therefore, I need to appear in front of the three kings when they are in a stalemate.

“I believe that when they’re entangled with their opponents, they’ll certainly be more rational than usual and have more patience to listen to my introduction of the treasure named ‘civilization.’ If they’re willing to buy it in the end, they’ll certainly offer a higher price than usual.

“In fact, rather than watch the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King fight each other until there’s only one winner, I’m more inclined to find a way to resolve the conflict between them so that they can both survive and reach a delicate balance.

“Three customers who are willing to keep increasing the price and compete fiercely are always easier to deal with than one customer, aren’t they?”

“Therefore, to correct the original statement, if we are lucky enough, we might not be the troublemakers. On the contrary, we might save the Horn of Destruction and Violent Blade’s lives and gain the Lion King, as well as Tiger King’s friendship and trust.”

At this point, Meng Chao extended his hand toward Ice Storm.

“How does that sound?”

He said, “I have already explained my purpose and plan clearly. This gamble with my life as a bargaining chip and my future as a stake is worth a desperate gamble, right?”

Ice storm stared at Meng Chao deeply.

After more than ten breaths, she cautiously held Meng Chao’s extended hand tightly.

“Do you know that the totem battle armor we are equipped with is very likely to have an ‘Ultimate Form’?”

Ice Storm held Meng Chao’s hand tightly and suddenly said this.

“What do you mean?”

Meng Chao was slightly stunned.

“The totem battle armor passed down from Tu Lan Ze today, even if it’s a high-level battle armor with nine layers of totems, it can only reach the battle group level at most. That is to say, after the totem battle armor is passed down, it can only deal with an entire battle group at most.”

Ice storm explained, “Of course, an ordinary battle group usually has tens of thousands of brave warriors who are as fierce as wolves and tigers. To be able to deal with tens of thousands of opponents by themselves is already unbelievably strong.

“However, before the ‘Great Extinction Order era’, it was said that a power was hidden in the remains of the giant fireball deep inside the temple of the sacred mountain. It could unlock the ultimate form of the totem armor and raise the enhancement ability of the high-level totem armor from the ‘Legion Level’ to the ‘Army Level’, allowing the owner of the totem armor to fight hundreds of thousands or even millions of enemies!”

“Army Level?”

Meng Chao took a deep breath, but he felt a burning pain in his throat.

Extraordinaires were divided into “Earth level, heaven level, and God level.”.

Totem warriors were divided into “Battle team level, gang level, and battle group level.”.

In Dragon City, there had never been an existence that surpassed the god level.

Even the “Martial God” Lei Zongchao, who was at his peak, had not been able to break through the limit of the god level.

Similarly, in the past ten thousand years, there had never been a terrifying existence that could fight against the entire army alone.

“How is it possible for one person to fight against hundreds of thousands of people?” Meng Chao could not help but ask.

“I also think it’s impossible, but what we are seeing now is indeed not the true face of the totem armor. At least, that’s what mother’s notes say. The priests and mages of the Holy Light Shrine, on the surface, look down on the legend of the origin of the Tulan Beastmen and firmly deny the existence of the remains of the fireball. In fact, they are very fearful and even fearful. They have spent thousands of years trying to explore, research, stop and destroy the power hidden behind the totem armor.”

Ice Storm said, “According to the research data that the Wizards stole from the Holy Light Temple, the holy light priests believe that once the ‘Ultimate Form’ of the totem armor is unlocked, the totem armor will be able to break through the limitations of the human body and change from the shape of the body-hugging armor to an even larger form.”

“An even larger form? What is that?”

Meng Chao found it hard to imagine.

In his previous life, the Tulan civilization did not seem to have any Beastman powerhouses who had unlocked the ‘ultimate form of totem armor’.

Not even ‘Jackal’kanus.

“I don’t know. Maybe after the ultimate form is unlocked, the totem armor will expand infinitely until it grows into a giant that can stand up to the heavens and the Earth.”

Ice storm said, “After all, the mysterious material that is condensed into the totem armor can be enlarged and shrunk in the first place. It can be released and hidden at will.”

That was true.

Meng Chao knew that the ‘liquid metal-like material’ that was formed into the totem armor was not actually metal, and it was not necessarily the material that should exist in the three-dimensional world.

Otherwise, how could it be explained that the armor that was extremely dense and theoretically weighed at least hundreds of kilograms could instantly turn into something like Mercury and disappear into his body.

And no matter what method he used, he could not find its existence in his body?

Since it could be unfolded into an indestructible heavy armor from its zero-mass, zero-density, and zero-energy state at any time, Meng Chao was not surprised.

In that case, it did not seem inconceivable that it could be unfolded into a larger, sturdier, and more precise state.

Meng Chao further thought that, until now, he had only seen the ultimate single-soldier equipment of the Tulan civilization.

Although the totem armor was very powerful and not bad.

But as an advanced civilization that had once crossed the Sea of stars, there was no reason that it only had single-soldier equipment and did not have weapons of mass destruction, right?

Things like tanks, airplanes, warships, and even interstellar warships should have existed in Tulan ze a long time ago.

It was really strange. Why did the 'Jackal'kanus in her previous life not seem to be able to find the relevant inheritance in the temple of the sacred mountain?

Right. Because of the ice storm in her previous life, she had died in the bloody skull arena. The key clues that she had hidden about the temple of the sacred mountain didn't have a chance to fall into the hands of the 'Jackal'kanus!

Thinking of this, Meng Chao's eyes lit up.

His eyes were like flames that had been added with an accelerant. They instantly brightened by several levels.

"I don't know whether the so-called 'Ultimate Form' is real or fake."

"I don't know." ice storm said, "But I believe that there is definitely some kind of power in the depths of the sacred mountain temple that can make our totem armors continue to level up significantly while ensuring safety and stability."

"You said that you would support me to return to the land of Holy Light and unify the Wizard organization. That's too far away."

"For now, as long as you can help me find the depths of the sacred mountain temple and continue to level up our totem armors, I'll help you make the deal you want with Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King. How about it?"

Meng Chao knew that since ice storm said so.

She must have more clues than she imagined.

Once they succeeded.

It was very likely that they would open up a future that was completely different from their previous life.

"Deal!"

Meng Chao was resolute and decisive. Without hesitation, he grinned.

Ice Storm also smiled.

She was no longer as lost as before.

In the depths of his seemingly frozen eyes, a blazing flame that could light up the future emerged.

"Oh right, what should she do?"

Ice Storm curled up in a corner of the cave, still in a half-asleep and half-awake state. The ancient dream saintess twitched and trembled from time to time as she pouted her lips.

“Well...”

Meng Chao came to the depths of the cave and squatted down. He used the back of his hand to test the boiling temperature on the ancient dream Saintess’ forehead. He looked at the deformed brain that was out of proportion to her body and fell into deep thought..

Chapter 1254: Scenes in the Depths of the Holy Mountain

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain was still out of control.

It was like a violent volcano that was constantly spewing lava to the outside world, releasing brain waves that could be seen by the naked eye.

She seemed to have become a “nightmare generator.”

When Meng Chao approached her brain, his eyes stung slightly. Once again, he saw scenes of destruction and devastation.

The Great Horn soldiers were killing each other, the Zombie Rat God laughed and roared, and there was also a lonely little girl. After all her family members died from the plague, she was drifting in this cruel world.

No, that was not all.

Meng Chao saw the surrendered great horn army under the surveillance of the Wolf Cavalry soldiers, being organized in an orderly manner.

He saw the wolf shaman doctors feeding the rat soldiers bowls of steaming, suspicious-colored secret medicine. As they convulsed in pain, their veins bulged, their muscles became stronger, and their canine teeth were exposed like those of the Wolf Clan, their eyes were bloodthirsty like that of the Wolf clan.

He saw the wolf cavalry soldiers rearm the rat soldiers with ancient weapons that seemed to have been dug out from the depths of the earth behind the bronze gates.

This was not a nightmare.

It was something that was happening somewhere nearby.

As the saying went, “If you survive a disaster, you will have good fortune.”.

As the ancient Dream Saintess escaped from death, her ability was greatly enhanced.

In the past, she could only sneak into other people’s dreams.

But now, she seemed to be able to randomly sneak into other people’s brains at the cost of burning her own brain — as long as the other party had established a spiritual connection with her in the dream in the past.

At that moment, Meng Chao suddenly felt that his right hand was soaked in lava.

When he looked down, he realized that the ancient Dream Saintess had unknowingly grabbed his palm with her skinny fingers.

She was trembling at a high speed, and her pupils were almost invisible. Her eyes, which were as mysterious as a swamp, were also locked onto Meng Chao's eyes.

This gave Meng Chao a very strange feeling.

The ancient Dream Saintess was not unconscious.

In other words, even though she was unconscious, she was still fighting against the unstoppable fate in her own way.

Meng Chao took a deep breath and changed from kneeling to sitting cross-legged.

He helped the ancient Dream Saintess up and sat cross-legged in front of him with her back against the cave wall.

Then, he guided his psionic power into his brain. Through the high-speed operation of psionic power around the brain vessels and nerves like an electromagnetic coil, he slightly adjusted the frequency of his brain waves, trying to capture the frequency of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain waves, thus, he entered the ancient Dream Saintess' dream.

He had a vague feeling.

The ancient Dream Saintess wanted to say something to him.

She wanted him to see something.

Because the two of them were so close.

Their foreheads were almost close together. They could hear the sound of blood boiling in each other's brain vessels under the enhancement of spiritual power.

Moreover, Meng Chao had established a spiritual connection with the ancient Dream Saintess many times. There was a fixed communication frequency between their brain regions.

Therefore, Meng Chao quickly entered the ancient Dream Saintess' Dreamland with ease.

He once again arrived at the "Multi-screen cinema surrounded by dense fog."

However, this time, a large number of images and sounds that he had observed from the perspective of the ordinary soldiers of the great horn army whistled past Meng Chao and disappeared.

It was obvious that these ordinary soldiers were not the focus that the ancient Dream Saintess wanted Meng Chao to pay attention to.

There was only one scene that was getting bigger and clearer. It was as if Meng Chao's surroundings had turned into a real world.

"This is..."

Every nerve endings around Meng Chao's body had reflexively contracted to their limits.

His muscles jumped up like a saber being unsheathed. He was instinctively prepared for battle.

He thought that he had returned to the depths of the hidden fog domain.

It was a primitive jungle that was as boundless as a raging sea.

It was also colorful and strange. It was completely different from the usual ecological environment of Earth and other worlds. It was a strange place where plants and bacteria lived.

The Sun could not be seen, but it was emitting a strange light. It was like a crystal dome that covered the airtight sky.

The fog was also filled with baring fangs and brandishing claws. It swallowed the sight of the intruders, making it impossible for them to see the boundaries of their surroundings.

However, this place was even stranger than the hidden fog domain.

That was because Meng Chao saw that there were actually no less than a hundred mountains of various sizes floating in the dense fog.

From the number of plants growing on the top, the smallest mountain had a diameter of about ten to twenty meters. Rather than calling it a mountain range, it was more like a huge rock.

However, on the largest mountain range, there were densely packed towering trees as thick as a hug. There were also several multicolored waterfalls crisscrossing. There were even dozens of mountain peaks that rose and fell continuously, casting shadows onto the ground, the entire mountain range seemed to be dozens of kilometers in circumference. It was as if the entire mountain range had risen into the sky like an archaic vicious beast that had awoken from a long slumber of hundreds of millions of years, occupying half of the sky.

These large and small floating mountains were like collapsing cliffs that crushed down.

Together with the rumbling of the waterfalls, it brought an incomparable sense of oppression.

Even Meng Chao knew that he was only spying on someone's vision through the ancient Dream Saintess.

He could not help but feel dizzy and had difficulty breathing.

His mind raced, and he immediately guessed where this place was.

Sacred Tulan Mountain, the place where the huge fireball that crossed the Sea of stars had fallen!

The environment here was so strange. It should be because when the Tulan civilization had transmigrated here, they had stirred up spatial folds and disrupted the law of gravity. The aftermath of the spatial chaos had not completely subsided until today, right?

No wonder it was difficult for the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago or the high-level orcs from the recent three thousand years to pass through this three-dimensional maze and find the real treasure.

That was because the space in such a place was extremely unstable. Small-scale spatial cracks could appear and disappear at any time. They could change the entire environment at any time, randomly sending people to other places, or even directly into rocks!

At this moment, the scene in front of Meng Chao started to shake.

It seemed that the owner of these “Eyes” was turning his head and looking around.

Meng Chao’s line of sight also came closer from the distant floating mountain range and returned to the jungle in front of him.

At this moment, he discovered that the seemingly boundless primitive jungle was littered with huge mechanical remains.

The design style of these giant machines was completely different from that of the machines on Earth.

It was more like the combination of the crystal weapons driven by the ancients and the steam machines piled with gears, pipes, and bearings on the ancient battlefield that Meng Chao had once seen through the remnant memory cells of the ‘mother’.

Precise, gorgeous, sacred, and solemn.

It was like the will of a God and a devil had been poured into the intricate steam machines through the soul crystals.

However, that was a long time ago.

These huge mechanical remains seemed to have slept for thousands of years in the sacred mountain of Tulan.

After thousands of years of wind, rain, and erosion of spiritual energy, they had long become one with the unpredictable primitive jungle.

Many of the huge mechanical remains were swallowed by the swamp and humus, leaving only the tip of the iceberg exposed in the air.

Many of the giant mechanical remains were covered in a thick layer of mushroom carpet. They even gradually grew together with the plants that were dancing crazily.

Many of the broken mechanical remains, whether they were made of crystal or metal, had been completely peeled off. They looked like fossils that had been smashed by lightning, exuding a lifeless grayish-white color.

It was no wonder that Meng Chao did not notice their existence in the beginning.

No, that was not right!

Not all the giant mechanical debris had been ‘completely dead’.

Some of the giant mechanical debris was still ‘alive’!

On the right side of the ‘eyes’, the forest was burning furiously. Hundreds of towering trees that could not even be hugged by three or five people were falling to the ground. The spiritual waves that were like

raging waves were still not subsiding, instead, they were emitting radiation that could be seen with the naked eye.

Accompanied by a deafening explosion, a large number of giant mechanical debris fell down like fairies scattering flowers.

As soon as the burnt debris landed on the ground, the weeds and shrubs around them were scorched, and thick smoke was rising.

It was enough to prove that they had been blown into pieces by someone in a fierce battle that was thousands of degrees high.

Soon, dozens of metal statues that looked like fierce tigers and jackals jumped out from the raging flames.

These movable metal statues were still surrounded by flames and were covered with shocking wounds. If one looked closely at the wounds, one could even see the white periosteum and bloody internal organs.

However, they did not even tremble their little fingers.

They allowed the sticky substance that looked like mercury to slowly flow towards the wounds, repairing the damaged body and solidifying into a seamless armor.

As for the blood that flowed down along the totem patterns carved on the armor.

It had long been blown away and shattered by their killing intent, turning into a mist of blood that enveloped their surroundings, making them look even stronger and larger than their real bodies.

Meng Chao's heart trembled.

He could tell that these guys were all experts from the tiger and Wolf clans.

This was especially true for the Tiger clan experts who occupied the center of the field of vision. Each and every one of them was like a ferocious tiger standing on its hind legs. After magnifying their bodies by three to five times, they were also equipped with seven to eight layers of heavy armor.

Compared to these tiger clan experts, the team led by the tooth of corrosion that was chasing after the platinum embrace was as tame and cute as a group of kittens that were meowing. They were harmless to humans and animals.

However, compared to the last tiger giant that stepped out of the flames, these tiger experts that were surrounded by blood mist and filled with killing intent appeared gentle and even weak.

“So, so huge!”

Meng Chao had never thought that a pure-blooded tiger expert could actually grow to be even stronger than a brute elephant warrior.

His hands and feet were like four wild logs, and his body was more like a towering tree that had risen from the ground.

Even though layers upon layers of totem armor on his body were covered with dense and gorgeous runes, forming a series of mysterious and complicated totems that emitted a brilliant light that only supreme-grade battle armor could have.

However, with every step, the armor slightly changed shape. It still made people unable to help but worry.. Could This high-level totem battle armor block his muscles so that it would not explode recklessly?

Chapter 1255: The Key to Breaking the Game

What was more important than the tiger-headed giant and his totem armor was the spine that went from his left arm to his shoulder, then to his chest and waist, and all the way to his right arm.

It was like a skeleton flood dragon that controlled his body.

The spine that was as thick as a bowl and faintly emitting a metallic luster was densely embedded with a large number of crystal clear bone spikes, which emitted a chilling light.

As the tiger-headed man took a step forward, the spine of the skeleton flood dragon also seemed to be endowed with an incomparably powerful life force. It slowly swam around his body, swallowing and spitting light as it bared its fangs and brandished its claws.

The two ends of the spine, which extended all the way to the ends of his arms, even spewed out three to five meters long fierce flames, condensing into an indomitable blade light that could be seen with the naked eye.

Every time the tiger-headed giant took a step forward, the two blade lights would suddenly flash as if they were pouring oil on a fire.

The towering trees that were as thick as five people in the surrounding seemed to be unable to withstand the killing intent released by the tiger-headed giant. They let out cracking sounds, and their branches trembled as they shook off the thousands of shattered leaves.

This tiger-headed giant with an astonishing aura walked in front of the "Eye" as if there was no one else on the way.

When he raised his right arm, the vertebrae hovering on it started to move and gather together. The gaps between the joints disappeared without a trace and condensed into a giant blade that was as smooth as a mirror, it was a giant blade that was getting more and more aggressive.

The tiger-headed Hunk skimmed over the blade and hit eye's cheek with the blade.

"Not bad!"

The tiger-headed hunk grinned and said, "Kanus, you really are a good dog with a keen sense of smell!"

This sentence shocked Meng Chao, who was peeping through the ancient Dream Saintess' brain from afar.

He finally knew whose vision and hearing signal the ancient Dream Saintess had transmitted to him.

It was “Jackal”kanus!

The ancient Dream Saintess still maintained a spiritual connection with the Wolf King!

Thinking about it carefully, it wasn't strange.

When you stared at the Abyss, the Abyss was also staring at you.

When “Jackal”kanus released powerful brainwaves to remotely control the ancient Dream Saintess'brain, his brain port must have opened up to the ancient Dream Saintess on a certain level.

After all, the ancient Dream Saintess was created by him, and it was a perfect work.

It was the ‘Jackal’kanus who poured his heart and soul into nurturing her. Only then was she able to develop the innate talent of the ancient dream saintess, allowing her to leap from a lonely vagabond to the leader of the Great Horn Army.

The ancient Dream Saintess was like an incarnation of the psychological side of the ‘Jackal’kanus.

How could the spiritual connection between the two be severed so easily?

This was probably the reason why ‘Jackal’Kanus wanted to kill the ancient Dream Saintess when he launched his attack. He didn't want to leave behind such a ‘flaw’that could go straight to the depths of his brain.

Unfortunately, this ‘flaw’was saved by Meng Chao.

It was even a blessing in disguise, awakening an even more powerful power.

He could turn the tables and ‘counterattack’The Wolf King's brain, stealing his visual and auditory signals!

“If I can see and hear everything that ‘Jackal’kanus sees and hears at any time, then...”

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat.

But in the next second, he felt his vision go black and a piercing pain hit him.

It was as if someone had stabbed hundreds of burning steel needles into his eyeballs and ear canal. The pain was so painful that his consciousness could no longer stay in the ancient Dream Saintess'brain. He could only escape back to his brain in a sorry state.

“Phew...”

Meng Chao took a long breath and slowly opened his eyes.

He found that the ancient Dream Saintess'face had turned from red to extremely pale in an instant.

The rotation of her eyes and the trembling of her body had also increased by more than 100% .

Obviously, she was in an extremely painful state.

Meng Chao hurriedly rubbed her temples and injected two stable and gentle spiritual energies into her cerebral cortex.

At the same time, he gently pressed on her carotid artery to reduce the oxygen supply to her brain and reduce the activity of her brain cells. Finally, she fell into a semi-unconscious state, and her tensed nerves gradually relaxed.

I must have been discovered by 'Jackal'kanus.

The vigilance of this ghoulish dog is really high to the extreme.

If that's the case, he should be able to guess that not only is the ancient Dream Saintess not dead, but she also has the ability to spy on and even stop him.

"Presumably, this will greatly interfere with his plans, forcing him to divert extra attention to deal with us, right?"

"Then, the next moment is the time for a direct confrontation!"

Thinking of this, Meng Chao picked up the ancient Dream Saintess who had her eyes tightly shut.

"We must bring her along."

He said to the ice storm.

The snow leopard female warrior raised her eyebrows that were like ice blades.

"If we leave her alone, she will die."

Meng Chao explained, "The ancient Dream Saintess is the key witness to expose the conspiracy of the jackal kanus, or the hope of the rat people who are unwilling to give in and are still willing to persist in their dreams.

"Whether we want to convince the Lion King, the Horn of destruction, or occupy a more advantageous position in this game, we have to bring her with us.

"Don't worry. I believe that she won't become a burden. On the contrary, I have a vague feeling that the ancient Dream Saintess is the key to breaking our game!"

..

Half an hour ago.

In the depths of Tulan Sacred Mountain.

A hunting team composed mainly of tiger clan experts and Wolf Clan Warriors was deep in the forest that was shrouded in mist.

"Jackal"kanus, who was walking at the front, suddenly stopped in front of a triangular giant rock and let out a long sigh.

As an ambitious schemer, he looked a little too thin and delicate.

On his face, which did not have many bestial features, his hair was much thinner than that of an ordinary Wolf clan.

In his deep, sunken eye sockets, there was always a gloomy glow.

Coupled with his tightly furrowed brows, he seemed to be thinking about a question that had no answer at all.

Compared to the leader of the entire Wolf clan.

He was more like a poet.

He was also a crappy poet who was hard to find a good friend and was about to starve to death.

“What’s going on?”

The tiger-headed giant with his spine wrapped around his body rushed over with large strides. He used the shadow he created to block the sky to completely cover the head of “Jackal”kanus.

This tiger-headed hunk was the tiger king who had just won the battle between the Lion and tiger clans.

The spine that was circling around him was like a skeleton dragon. It was naturally the ‘violent blade’ that was refined from the bones of hundreds of clan leaders of the Tiger clan over the past 10,000 years!

At this moment, the Tiger King narrowed his eyes and slowly rubbed the serrated bone spikes on the fierce blade. He snorted coldly and said, “Could it be that you’ve led the wrong way?”

Although the Tiger King did not draw his saber, the Wolf King did.

The Wolf King still shivered deeply.

It was as if his throat had been bitten or even pierced by the fangs of the ‘Violent Blade’.

“No, no, I didn’t go wrong.”

He swallowed with difficulty, but the gloomy clouds between his brows were even denser, “Last time when we went deep into the sacred mountain to explore, we took this road. I still remember this rock with a very strange shape. Tiger King, please take a look. Here is the mark that I left with the secret medicine. As long as I burn it with flames, it will be visible.

“Lion King’s exploration team should have taken this path as well. Didn’t we collect a lot of footprints, hair, and relatively fresh feces along the way?”

“If, if everything goes smoothly, we might be able to catch up with Lion King’s exploration team tonight.

“But, but...”

He stuttered and his eyes flickered.

“Huh?”

The tiger-headed hunk grinned, revealing canine teeth that were sharper than the violent blade’s. He said with a half-smile, “Kanus, what are you worried about?”

“I’m worried that even if we can catch up to the Horn of destruction, I’m not his match. Our hunting team will be killed by him, and you will suffer his cruelest revenge, right?”

The Tiger King grinned hideously.

The violent blades around him emitted a series of creaking and clashing sounds that made one's hair stand on end.

It was as if the skeleton flood dragon, which contained hundreds of ferocious souls, was emitting a proud and cruel grin.

"No —"

"Hu Lang" kanus turned pale with fright and immediately broke out in cold sweat. He hurriedly explained while stammering, "Tiger King has the support of 'Berserk Blade', so he naturally far surpasses lion king. Otherwise, I wouldn't have told you the secret of the Sacred Mountain Temple. It's just to stand on the side of the stronger and the victor.

"However, I'm only worried about what's happening outside.

"You should know that although the conflict between the lion and tiger clans has come to an end, the chaos in Crimson Gold City is still far from subsiding. There's also the battle to encircle and annihilate the great horn legion. Who would have thought that the rat rebels were so powerful that they could beat the Wolf Warriors to the ground?

"However, at this moment, we have taken out a large number of elite soldiers and strong generals to enter the sacred mountain to hunt down the Lion King. What if, what if, during the time that we are not here, the situation outside becomes turbulent again? What should we do

"I can see that you, a corpse-eating dog, are both afraid of death and greedy. You Don't want to leave yourself among the bottles and jars of the Wolf Clan."

The Tiger King looked at the Wolf King with ridicule and contempt.

He opened his five fingers and used the power to crush his bones to give canus a heavy blow on the shoulder of the 'Jackal'.. At the same time, he embedded his tiger claws deep into canus' flesh, he dragged the wolf king to his front like a dead dog.

Chapter 1256: The Unpredictable World

"Make it clear. Since you've chosen to betray the Lion King, there is no way for you to retreat or turn back. The only way to survive is to kill the Lion King with me and then step over his corpse. Other than that, nothing else is important!"

The Tiger King stared at the Wolf King fiercely and emphasized each word. "If it's chaotic outside, then let them be. Whether it's those fellows in Red-gold City who won't settle down, or the four great clans that are poking their heads out at the Gold Clan's border, their ridiculous actions make them comparable to a flock of hens pouncing and pecking!

"As long as we can get rid of the Horn of Destruction and firmly grasp the sacred mountain's inheritance in our hands, what else can this flock of hens do other than crawl under our feet?"

“On the other hand, if Lion King doesn’t die and even obtains the inheritance of the sacred mountain, even if we temporarily control the situation outside, how can we fight against him? At that time, it will be our turn to be the hens that are struggling on the brink of death!

“As for the army of the Wolf clan, Humph, what’s there to feel sorry for a bunch of trash that even the rat rebels can’t deal with? It’s best if all of them die so that we don’t waste the precious mandala fruit!

“Don’t worry. As long as you can help me kill the Horn of destruction and find the inheritance of the sacred mountain, I’ll definitely not forget your contributions. When the time comes, your strength will be ten times stronger than it is now. When you return to the Wolf Clan, you’ll be able to crush the rat rebels with just a finger and make those unruly commanders submit to you. Wouldn’t it be much better to be a wolf king in name than a puppet that’s at the mercy of others?”

“Yes, yes.”

“Jackal”kanus’ Adam’s apple bobbed as he hurriedly said.

The Tiger King laughed in satisfaction.

He pinched the Wolf King’s shoulder twice, causing him to grimace and almost kneel to the ground.

“As long as your information is accurate, we will definitely be able to hunt down the Lion King!”

The Tiger King said confidently, “Didn’t you say that for the sake of absolute secrecy, the Lion King didn’t want too many experts within the Lion clan to share the inheritance of the sacred mountain with him? Therefore, when entering the sacred mountain, he only brought a very small number of trusted aides. He didn’t even bring his own younger brother, platinum embrace, who was dug out from his mother’s womb?”

“I’m different. Everyone in the Gold clan knows that I, violent blade, have always been the most generous, and no matter what extraordinary treasures are hidden in the depths of the Holy Mountain, I’m willing to share them with the warriors of the Tiger clan.

“In terms of the number of warriors, our side is at least three to five times more than the Horn of destruction’s side.

“In addition to the Wolf Whelps under you, even if we’re unable to bite off a few pieces of flesh from that group of lions, at least they’ll be able to help us hold them back, right?”

“So, the Horn of destruction definitely won’t have a chance to leave the sacred mountain alive. Absolutely!”

The Tiger King’s optimism seemed to have infected the Wolf King.

The latter’s eyes also became firm. He nodded heavily and echoed, “Absolutely!”

“Then why don’t you hurry up and lead the way?”

The Tiger King’s expression changed, and he said in a deep voice, “If the Lion King finds the inheritance of the sacred mountain first, all of us will die, and you will definitely die the most miserable death!”

“Yes, yes, but we can’t leave yet.”

“Hu Lang,” kanus said as he pointed at the forest that was becoming more and more blurry. “The fog is getting thicker, and the surrounding environment will soon change!”

The Tiger King looked in the direction he pointed.

He found that the fog was like the seawater when the tide was rising, and it came very quickly.

In the blink of an eye, it had silently submerged the entire forest.

Even the towering trees that were dozens of arms tall, and even the mountain peaks that reached the clouds in the distance, were swallowed by the fog. They were like lighthouses and isolated islands that were constantly impacted by the raging waves.

“Everyone, come over here and grab each other’s shoulders and arms. The more densely the formation, the better. Hold on tight, don’t be captured by the fog, or else God knows where you will be thrown!”

The Tiger King’s expression changed as he roared at the top of his lungs.

The usually ferocious tigers and wolves could not display even the slightest bit of barbaric strength in the face of the raging fog.

They could only hug each other’s bodies like porcupines in a snowstorm, making the entire team’s foothold as small as possible.

According to what “Jackal” kanus had told them before entering the mountain.

They closed their eyes and buried their heads under each other’s shoulders.

They heard the earth shaking and the mountains shaking, and the deafening roar of the cracking ice.

They also felt waves of ferocious squalls whirling around them rapidly.

It was as if they were trying to tear off their armor from their flesh, their flesh from their bones, and their bones from their souls.

If not for everyone hugging each other tightly, they would have been like dozens of trees that had their roots deeply embedded into the ground.

They would definitely have gotten lost in the spatial upheaval.

Once they were swept away by the strong winds, they would either be transported to the clouds or directly transported into the rocks.

The earth-shattering spatial upheaval had lasted for an unknown period of time.

Just as the strongest tiger warrior felt his arms become numb and swollen, and his blood vessels were about to explode.

The whistling and shaking finally gradually weakened, and everything returned to calm.

The Tiger Wolves, who were still in shock, slowly raised their heads and carefully observed the environment after the fog dissipated.

They immediately discovered that the world had changed in all directions.

They were originally at the end of a forest, and the plants around them gradually became sparse. They were about to step out of the forest.

Right in front of them was a floating mountain range that was shrouded in clouds and a waterfall. There were also a large number of tangled roots and vines that hung all the way down from the floating mountain range, they hung all the way down to the ground like a ladder.

But now..

They did not know why, but they were already in the sky hundreds of arms high, halfway up a floating mountain!

The towering trees that blotted out the sky were replaced by strangely shaped rocks.

The winding paths in the forest had become a drawbridge made of vines and roots that grew horizontally, connecting several floating mountains.

There was also a blood-red waterfall that gave off the smell of sulfur that flowed down from the left side of their heads. After splashing water all over their faces, it poured down to the height of hundreds of arms, it merged into a large stream that had just formed on the ground.

Presumably, it would not be long before the large stream turned into a large river and completely changed the terrain of this area.

Even the king of Fierce Tigers, who held a peerless fierce saber in his hand, looked far into the unpredictable world. His expression was solemn and silent for a long time before he snorted heavily and wiped his face, he gritted his teeth and said, "Is this the reason why the sacred mountain has devoured the lives of countless warriors in the past ten thousand years?"

"Yes, the sacred mountain is really different from all the other sacred places of adventurers in Tulanze that contain mysterious powers."

"Jackal," kanus said, "The space here is very unstable. Drastic changes will happen every once in a while.

"The mountain peaks that were suspended in the air will sink into the ground. The originally flat and solid land will tear the Abyss apart. The ores that were originally hidden in the Abyss will fly into the sky and form a new suspended mountain range.

"It's like... It's like the broken pieces of ice that are floating above the whirlpool. Sometimes, they will condense into icebergs, and sometimes, they will shatter and sink into the depths of the whirlpool.

"If you can't figure out the laws of the changes in space, you will plunge into the sacred mountain rashly. It's like being trapped in a maze where there is no exit and even the entrance is blocked. You will only be trapped inside

"Thankfully –"

The Tiger King grinned hideously. "Three thousand years ago, when the army of Holy Light invaded the Holy Mountain of Tulan, all the changes in space were mapped out

“That’s right. May the ancestral spirits forgive us for our incompetence. However, the ones who understand us the most are often not ourselves but our enemies.”

“Jackal,” kanus said, “Three thousand years ago, the Holy Light Camp mobilized an army of a million soldiers and surrounded the holy mountain of Tulan. They even begged their gods to give them countless demonic puppets known as ‘Slaughtering Angels’ in an attempt to uproot the entire holy mountain in the simplest and most brutal way.

“Of course, the clowns and puppets could not shake the temple where the ancestral spirits of Tulan were sleeping.

“However, after leaving behind countless corpses and the remains of the puppets, they mapped out a total of nine spatial changes around the Holy Mountain. They also used the evil light energy to create a map that could change according to the spatial changes at any time

“It’s a pity that the map has fallen into the hands of the Lion King Now.”

The Tiger King rubbed his canine teeth in dissatisfaction, producing a series of sparks. He squinted at the wolf king and asked, “Did you really remember all nine spatial changes?”

“I did.”

In front of the mammoth-like Tiger King, the Wolf King curled up his waist, as docile as a dog whose leg had been broken, “In the past few years, I’ve led the excavation team and entered the sacred mountain several times. The lives of so many wolves and rats were not lost here for nothing.

“Besides, when I came last time, I left a mark.”

“Speaking of Marks –”

The tiger king said, “Aren’t you worried that the Lion King will erase all the marks you left after entering the sacred mountain so that no one will follow you?”

“Well, I left two kinds of marks at that time.”

The Wolf King said, “The first kind of Mark was smeared with the ointment that the Lion King gave me, so the Lion King would naturally find it. However, the second kind of Mark was smeared with my own urine and an ancient spice. It can continue to emit a smell for dozens of days. Moreover, only I can smell this smell.”

“I see.”

The Tiger King suddenly burst into laughter. “It turns out that you, a dog who seems to be loyal to the Horn of destruction, had the intention of betraying your master at that time!”

“No, that’s not it.”

The Wolf King’s face turned red as he defended himself helplessly, “I, I had no choice. I didn’t want to betray the Lion King at all. It’s just that, it’s just that he shouldn’t have trampled on my bottom line like this. What did he say... a ghoulish dog like me is not qualified to take even half a step into the sacred mountain temple!

"I — I worked so hard to help Lion King explore the ruins of the temple for more than ten years, but he didn't see my contribution at all!

"Besides, I know so many secrets about Lion King and the temple of the sacred mountain. I'm very worried that he won't let me go. The reason why he kept me alive for the time being is that he hasn't figured out all the secrets in the depths of the sacred mountain. Once he gets the inheritance of the Sacred Mountain, the first thing he will do when he returns to Crimson Gold City is to kill me to silence me.

"So, I, so —"

"Hahahaha, there's no need to explain. What's wrong with betraying your master? How can a great warrior of Tulan submit to the servitude of others for the rest of his life?"

Tiger King laughed, "Do you know why I've always disliked you in the past? Why have I always spoken ill of you? It's because I can't stand your subservient manner! "You are the leader of the Wolf clan after all. Even if you are a puppet, you should have the bearing of a wolf king!

"I didn't expect that you would have the guts to betray Lion King this time. Very good, very good. This is what a warrior of Tulan should be like!

"Don't worry. I Don't mind your betrayal of Lion King at all.. In the end, those who will fail because of the betrayal of their subordinates are just weaklings who are not worthy of sympathy. By the way, you are welcome to betray me whenever the time is ripe — as long as you are not afraid of being crushed to death by me, one bone at a Time!"

Chapter 1257: Stepping on the Space Node

"Jackal" Kanus' expression changed drastically. "I wouldn't dare. How could I..." he said with a bitter face

"Then you're too boring!"

The Tiger King's face darkened. He pushed the Wolf King with great force, causing the latter to stagger.

"Lead the way. Which way should we go next?"

"Good, good. This way, follow this vine that is full of stripes and looks like a silver-ringed snake. I remember this vine."

"Jackal" Kanus led the way, while the tigers and wolves dug into the jagged mountain rocks and tried their best to climb the slowly rotating floating mountain range.

The surrounding mountains became steeper and steeper, and the footholds became smaller and smaller. They were about to climb to the peak of the mountains that were surrounded by clouds. In front of them was a cliff that protruded out of the void. There was no other way except for the three-sided abyss.

"Because the space in the depths of the sacred mountain is constantly changing. Here, the concept of a road of life and a road of death is completely different from the outside world."

"Jackal," kanus hurriedly explained as he sensed the tiger king behind him gradually becoming more and more murderous, "Therefore, we should not be confused by the scenery in front of us. We should not

look for a path that can be seen with the naked eye. Such a path will often be interrupted by the change of space before we even walk halfway.

“What we are looking for are nodes that are similar to teleportation arrays.

“In the depths of the sacred mountain, there are hundreds of similar nodes.

“When the space changes, these nodes will match one by one. The spatial gaps between the nodes can instantly teleport us to the next correct path.

“This cliff is one of the nodes. Even with the map drawn by the Army of Holy Light, we have sacrificed dozens of explorers to find the precise location of the nodes.”

As he said this, “Jackal”kanus carefully sniffed.

He seemed to have smelled the scent of his urine and spices mixed together. He walked towards a rock that was entangled by vines on the edge of the cliff.

He tore off a few vines and pushed open a crack on the rock. He extended his entire arm into it and carefully searched for a moment. He pulled out a bunch of dried wolf fur.

This was the mark he left behind when he went deep into the sacred mountain to explore.

The wolf king heaved a sigh of relief.

The Tiger King snorted and temporarily withdrew his intense killing intent.

They rested here for half an hour and consumed secret medicines to eliminate the fatigue from the pursuit and exploration while maintaining their best combat condition.

They once again carried out a targeted plan against the lion king’s “Horn of destruction” personnel configuration and perfected seven to eight sets of ambush and pursuit tactics.

At this time, the fog in the surroundings gradually thickened.

It was like after a rainstorm, the rapidly rising river instantly submerged the cliff where the Tigers and wolves were at, causing them to bend their backs and lower their heads, unable to see their own feet clearly.

This time, without waiting for the Tiger King to urge them, the Tigers and wolves hugged tightly together, resisting the flying sand and rocks in the surroundings, the earth shaking and mountains shaking, and the roars that seemed to tear the space apart.

When the thunder-like roar gradually weakened and the space stabilized again.

The Tigers and wolves were shocked to find that they had once again been transported to a completely unfamiliar environment.

Just a moment ago, they were still at the edge of the cliff that tore the clouds apart.

Now, they had returned to the thick and solid land.

The floating mountain range above their heads was like a rock embedded in the sky, giving people a feeling of being out of reach.

It was really hard to imagine that just a moment ago, they were still on a cliff in a certain floating mountain range.

Looking at the shapes and directions above them, which were completely different from the floating mountains just now, even a peerless fierce person like the violent blade couldn't help but secretly break out in cold sweat.

Fortunately.

Fortunately, they had a guide.

They were familiar with the mysteries in the depths of the sacred mountain.

If they did not understand the reason behind the ever-changing space in the depths of the sacred mountain, they would only focus on the path of survival that could be observed with the naked eye — for example, they would try to climb over the vine suspension bridge that was entangled between the two floating mountains, if they climbed over.

They would probably encounter a drastic change in space halfway through.

It was not that the distance between the two floating mountains was suddenly pulled apart, the vine suspension bridge broke, and the climber fell into a bottomless abyss; it was that the two floating mountains suddenly approached, violently colliding with each other, or even merging into one, naturally, the climber would be squeezed between the rocks, and his end would be even more tragic than the Mosquito in the amber.

Tiger King opened his mouth.

He had wanted to sigh. "The wisdom of the ancestral spirit is truly unfathomable. It can actually use 'space' as a city wall and a weapon to create such an ever-changing appearance!"

But on second thought, even if the Tulan ancestral spirit had built the sacred mountain temple in such an incredible place, it had almost been found and broken through by the Holy Light Army.

Even their unfilial descendants had to rely on the map drawn by the Sacred Light Army to restart the Sacred Mountain Temple.

Even if the Tiger King was the most typical Beastman who treated his fists as the truth and battle as the only solution.

The scene in front of him still made him faintly feel that the Tulan Beastman had lost a lot of things in the past ten thousand years.

They had lost a lot of power that was a hundred times stronger than his iron fists and battle sabers.

"Let's Go!"

A sense of powerlessness and fatigue suddenly surged out of the Tiger King's body.

He waved his claws fiercely, trying to tear apart these truths that he could not understand.

The Wolf King sensed the tiger king's violent emotions. It was like the Thunderclouds on a summer afternoon, becoming denser and denser at a speed visible to the naked eye.

He did not dare to speak. He walked at the front of the team with a few of his wolf warriors. They climbed and jumped between the rocks, trees, and streams. They sniffed carefully and searched for the secret marks they left behind with great effort, they also found traces left behind by the exploration team of the Lion King's Horn of destruction.

When they arrived at the bottom of an ancient tree that was as thick as a dozen people's embrace and had branches that blotted out the sky and covered the Sun, Kanus the Jackal stayed for an exceptionally long time.

Then he raised his arm and gestured to the Tiger King, who was hiding in the grass behind him.

"Swish!"

"Violent blade" and the fierce tiger warriors immediately tensed up and summoned their totem armors, turning themselves into metal statues that moved freely in battle formation from all directions, sneak up on the old tree.

Soon, they knew the reason why the Wolf King was so nervous.

It was a corpse.

A corpse that had just been buried under the ancient tree. It was buried in a hurry and the soil was still very soft and fresh.

But this corpse did not look good.

When he was still alive, he should have been a fierce lion warrior with golden hair.

Judging from his left arm and left leg, which were as thick as buckets, he was as strong as a leather bag filled with stones.

On his skin, the dense and gorgeous tattoos were also silently telling of his glorious achievements. As a symbol of glory, tattoos were not just any random cat or dog in tulanze, they were all qualified to be engraved.

There was a set of rules for the location of the tattoo, the pattern of the tattoo, and the paint used. If one stabbed randomly, he or she might get into trouble at any time, or even kill someone.

"It's him?"

Behind the violent blade, a fierce tiger warrior strode forward and knelt down on one knee. He carefully examined the tattoo on the left arm of the corpse. His eyes instantly turned red, and his expression was weird and absent-minded. He was stunned for a while, then, he turned around and said to the tiger king, "This is shattered steel tooth, the youngest son of the Horn of Destruction!"

"Is that so?"

The Tiger King grinned. "His head has been squashed. How Do You Know?"

"I know this tattoo."

The Fierce Tiger Warrior pointed at a tiger head tattoo that was pierced by a lion's tooth near the left shoulder of the corpse and said with a gloomy expression, "This is the 'badge' that shattered steel tooth left behind after killing my brother in the Iron Slag Arena half a year ago!"

The Tiger King immediately understood.

The Tulan people did indeed have such a tradition.

After a splendid and unrestrained battle, after killing a strong enemy, they would make a tattoo of the strong enemy's appearance and engrave it on their own body. In this battle, the parts that suffered the most serious injuries.

This was not an insult.

Instead, it was to express the highest respect to the powerful enemy, to show that the heroic spirit of the powerful enemy would be with him and continue to fight happily.

The appearance of the powerful enemy and the part of his body that was injured were unique.

It was naturally difficult to repeat such a tattoo. The relevant personnel could tell at a glance.

Even though the other party was the murderer who killed his own brother.

This fierce tiger warrior didn't have any interest in slaughtering the corpse.

This was because the corpse of the Lion King's son had already been ravaged enough.

Although the left half of his body was mostly intact.

However, his head and the entire right half of his body had been compressed by an incredible force into a meat patty that was less than the thickness of a finger.

The strange thing was that because the compression force was very uniform, his corpse could still maintain a blurry human figure.

However, this human form had been magnified several times. It was like a mandala fruit puree that had been put into a mold after being boiled.

The blade of Fury had seen and caused countless tragic injuries.

It was hard to imagine what kind of method would be used to turn an enraged lion warrior who had decent combat strength into such a state.

Perhaps, it would require an iron plate with a surface as smooth as a mirror, but its weight was equivalent to the stomp of hundreds of brute elephant warriors. No, it was an iron lump. Two such huge iron lumps would have to be squeezed into the middle.

"It's space."

“Jackal” kanus carefully observed the corpse and explained, “After the Lion King’s team arrived nearby, something went wrong. Perhaps they didn’t step on the rhythm of the change in space, or perhaps their formation of hugging each other wasn’t tight enough. In short, the ‘Broken Steel Tooth’ was flung out and fell into a spatial crack.

“Then, someone reacted quickly and grabbed his left foot, trying to pull him back. Look, there was a complete bruise on his left ankle. Even the inside of his ankle was cracked. It was clear that this person really wanted to save him.

“Unfortunately, this person was still half a step too late. The right half of ‘steel tooth’’s body had been squeezed into a meat patty. Even the totem warframe and the Witch Doctor’s Secret Medicine couldn’t save him.

“And because he was the son of the Horn of destruction, the exploration team had been delayed here for a long time in order to save him until he was completely dead.. They even wasted time digging a grave for him

Chapter 1258: The Angel of Slaughter in the Swamp

“So, we’re about to catch up to the Horn of Destruction?”

The Tiger King licked his fangs, eager to give it a try.

Being a top predator born from birth, he could judge the approximate time of death of the Lion King’s son based on the corpse’s degree of decomposition.

Judging from the stiffness of the flesh and the faint smell of the organs, the guy could not have been dead for more than half a day, and he would have been buried in the ground for less.

This meant that they were only half an hour away from the Lion King’s exploration team.

As long as they sped up, they would be able to get in front of the Lion King in minutes.

Besides, the Lion King was suffering from the pain of losing his son, so his mental state had to be very unstable.

This was the best chance to kill him!

“Jackal” Kanus looked troubled.

“Is there a problem?”

The Tiger King frowned, his prickly beard sticking up.

“Yes, there is a small problem.”

“Jackal” Kanus went around the ancient tree and pointed at the dense forest ahead. “There are two paths ahead. At the end of each path is a spatial node that can help us jump to the next correct path.

“If I’m not wrong, the Lion King should have taken the left path. Furthermore, he was teleported away during the last spatial change.”

“Then we’ll have to immediately chase after him.”

The Tiger King said, “Won’t we be able to catch up to the Lion King and grab his tail the next time there’s a spatial change?”

“It’s not that simple.”

“Jackal” Kanus braced himself and explained, “There are a total of nine types of spatial changes in the depths of the Holy Mountain. Once many nodes match with each other, there will be nine types of changes. After one cycle, they will be able to match again.

“In other words, if we take the left path and go to the spatial node where the Lion King stood earlier, we will only be transported to the wrong path after the next spatial change. As a result, we will be farther away from the Lion King.

“Unless, we are patient and we wait for the nine changes to appear once under this ancient tree—the space here is still very stable. Otherwise, this ancient tree would not grow so large and luxuriant.

“However, we will likely waste one to two days of time if we use this way...”

Those words caused the Tiger King’s face to darken.

His killing intent slowly squeezed the air around him, which made everyone, including “Jackal” Kanus, feel as if they were embedded in a rock. It was difficult to breathe.

“Then, what about this road on the right?” he coldly asked with an expressionless face.

Fortunately, the strange and bizarre scene around them seemed to help the Tiger King understand that this was not a place where all problems could be solved by relying on the incomparably violent brute force.

“The road on the right can lead to another spatial node, and after three more spatial changes, it will coincide with the Lion King’s route of advancement. In fact, this was the Holy Light Army’s main route three thousand years ago.”

“Jackal” Kanus hesitated for a moment. He glanced at the Tiger King’s face, which was surrounded by dark clouds. Once he noticed that his expression did not change much, he continued. “However, because of this, the path on the right became the Holy Light Army’s main battlefield three thousand years ago, where they fought fiercely against the Turan Holy Mountain’s guards.

“There are broken evil energy puppets everywhere in the ancient battlefield’s ruins. They might not have been completely destroyed by the Turan warriors from three thousand years ago. It is highly possible that they are in a dormant state. Moreover, they were collecting the totem power that seeped out from the depths of the Holy Mountain bit by bit in an extremely bizarre way and converting it into the evil energy known as the Holy Light.

“If we take a shortcut through the right, we have to pass through the ruins of the ancient battlefield and the remains of countless evil energy puppets. With so many of us, it will be troublesome if we wake these puppets up.

“You should know that the last time we ventured into the Holy Mountain, we explored the path on the right. In the end, we accidentally woke three evil energy puppets up. In the end, a total of seventeen experienced temple explorers died. Seventeen!”

The Tiger King nodded.

“Are you done?” He stared at Wolf King.

“Jackal” Kanus was at a loss for words for a moment.

“If you’re done, hurry up and lead the way. We’ll go through the right. We need to stop the Horn of Destruction and kill him before he finds the gate of the Holy Mountain temple!”

“But...”

“There are no ‘buts.’ You’re a cowardly corpse-eating dog. When the Battle of Glory is at its most intense, the Turan Army will charge into the Land of Holy Light and encounter evil energy puppets that have just descended from the sky and are still intact. If you’re afraid of broken puppet remains from three thousand years ago, what would you do then? Would you be scared out of your wits? If that’s the case, you might as well just die here. Otherwise, you’ll lose face in the Land of Holy Light!”

The Tiger King’s saliva fell on the Wolf King’s face like red-hot steel nails.

The Wolf King’s Adam’s apple rolled up and down a few times. He didn’t dare to refute him any further. He shrank back and led the way dejectedly.

On both sides of the road leading to the left node, they gathered quite a number of lion fur and Lion Clan footprints.

There were also mandrake leaves that had been repeatedly soaked and roasted in spices as well as secret medicines. Some orc warriors loved to chew on these leaves to feel refreshed and calm their emotions. They had spat out the pulp after chewing on the leaves.

These clues all proved that the Wolf King was not lying.

It further strengthened the Tiger King’s determination to take the shortcut and chase after them.

However, when they passed through the node at the end of the right side and went through another spatial change, they arrived at a completely unfamiliar area. That was when they realized that a real thorny problem had just appeared.

It was a valley between two steep mountain walls.

Perhaps it was due to the unpredictable topography that often led waterfalls and streams into the valley, but the entire valley was blocked by mud. Between the mud were blisters and swamps. After three thousand years of fermentation, it emitted a pungent smell.

Looking around, the remains of the evil energy puppets were scattered everywhere in the swamp. It was as if they were made of metal and crystals. Gears had been used to replace joints, pipes had been used to replace tendons, and the strangely-shaped giant skeletons were sleeping quietly.

Many evil energy puppets had completely sunk into the swamp, only revealing the tip of their head or limbs.

However, no one could tell if they had been completely destroyed or how many lethal weapons were embedded in their bodies.

Around the evil energy puppets were the skeletons of more than ten times the number of Turan warriors.

Judging from the dim luster of most of the skeletons, they should be the brave and fearless victims of the fierce battle to defend the Holy Mountain temple three thousand years ago.

The orc skeletons, which were a hundred times more twisted and broken than the evil energy puppets, silently described the horror of the ultimate weapon that the Holy Light faction respected: the Angel of Slaughter.

Many of the Turan warriors had been reduced to ashes three thousand years ago, leaving only empty armor and distorted weapons. They had eroded and fused with the swamp over time.

There were only a few relatively fresh corpses in the ruins of the ancient battlefield, which had been sealed off for a long time.

The term “fresh” was also relative to the time scale of three thousand years.

In fact, these corpses were all broken and highly decomposed. Even before that, they had been burned into coke, shattering with just a touch.

They were all explorers who had previously followed Kanus when they ventured into the Holy Mountain.

Although their combat ability was not as good as the fierce tiger warriors behind Violent Blade, they were all experienced temple explorers who were best at digging three feet into the ground and adapting to the situation. They had followed Kanus the last time and had passed through numerous temple ruins. There were many traps, and they had narrowly escaped death.

Yet, it seemed that they never even made it halfway through the swamp valley before they were torn into pieces and burned to ashes by the awakened energy puppets.

The Tiger King’s face became hideous.

“Why are there so many evil energy puppets?”

He, who was known as Violent Blade, did not feel happy at all.

The evil energy puppets were the ultimate weapons of the two species, just like the Picturesque Orchid Lake’s Origin Warriors.

They were different from the Origin Warriors whom the furious warriors of Turan made, the secret medicines of witch doctors, and totem armors that were out of control.

The evil puppets were not something that the temple of Holy Light could make on its own.

At most, the temple of Holy Light could only make the bodies of the evil puppets. The dense tubes, the complicated gears, and the limbs that were embedded with sharp blades were enormous creatures.

As for the evil puppets' "brains," the glittering crystals had to rely on the prayers of the Holy Light priests before they could fall from the sky and be installed into the metal shell to transform into cold, dead objects. They had the ability to continue fighting until they were completely destroyed.

It was precisely because the birth of the evil energy puppets was challenging.

The Holy Light Temple had always been very cautious in the use of the evil energy puppets. In a normal-scale battle, they would usually not invest in more than a few dozen evil energy puppets. Moreover, if the evil energy puppets were destroyed, they had to drag the broken remains back, carry out maintenance and reorganization, and make the best use of their value.

The Tiger King did not expect that the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago would willingly leave so many evil energy puppet remains in this small hill.

As expected of the great extinction order era... It was the most powerful era of the Holy Light faction in the past ten thousand years!

"These evil energy puppets were left here on purpose to act as 'seals.'"

"Although the Holy Light Army three thousand years ago failed to find the remains of the Holy Mountain temple and the fireball, they had no choice but to retreat because they ran out of ammunition and food," Kanus explained gloomily.

"But, before they retreated, they left behind a large number of demonic energy puppets and blocked most of the correct roads leading to the Holy Mountain temple. Their purpose was obvious. It was to prevent the rediscovery of the Holy Mountain temple thousands of years after it was sealed. At the very least, they were trying to create more trouble for us.

"Since they were left behind on purpose, the internal structures of many evil energy puppets were not seriously damaged.. In addition, after three thousand years of collecting and converting evil energy, their combat ability might not be much weaker than newly assembled evil energy puppets that just descended from the sky."

Chapter 1259: Angler

The Tiger King gave the Wolf King a fierce glare.

"Put your totem armor away and do not release any totem power. If you encounter any danger, resist with your own flesh and blood!"

The Tiger King turned around and gave the fierce tiger warriors an order. "Also, be careful of the bones and weapons scattered in the swamp. This is the resting place of our ancestral spirits. With the totem power's protection, many things may not be as rotten here as they are in the outside world. Perhaps, there might be many broken bones and sharp thorns. Do not let them cut your skin and make your blood ooze out, not even a drop. Do you understand?"

The tiger and wolf warriors agreed in unison.

Those who were qualified to follow the Tiger King and the Wolf King into the Holy Mountain were all experienced warriors and the main forces of the upcoming Battle of Glory.

They had learned from the ancient war epic how to deal with the Holy Light faction's night watchers, mages, priests, dwarven cannons, and poisonous elven blades.

They also had a deep understanding of the evil energy puppet, the Angel of Slaughter's characteristics.

They knew that the dormant evil energy puppet would be awakened by the Turan orcs' totem power or blood, turning from a scrap of metal into an incomparably violent war machine that would fight to the death.

"Lead the way!"

The Tiger King nodded in satisfaction and stared at the Wolf King again.

"Jackal" Kanus opened his mouth but did not dare to argue further. He gestured to his jackal warriors and withdrew his totem battle armor. They checked each other's bodies to see if there were any small wounds created by the mountain rocks and thorns. They wanted to prevent blood from seeping out in the swamp and attracting a sudden attack from the evil energy puppets.

After the jackal warriors made sure they were unharmed, they took a deep breath and carefully stepped into the mud.

Due to his previous exploration, "Jackal" Kanus knew that the mud between the swamp and the valley was relatively shallow, and the path underground was relatively firm.

In addition, the jackal warriors and fierce tiger warriors were all tall and strong existences. Not to mention, their heights were generally more than four arms.

The mud was more or less above their knees, and at most it would reach their waists. In that sense, they did not have to worry about encountering a disaster.

However, the deeper they went into the valley, the more demonic puppet remains and Turan orc corpses were found stuck in the mud.

The limbs and weapons that were trying their best to reach out of the mud, were covered in rust and blankets of moss. Despite that, they were still as sharp as a bristle after being soaked in spirit energy for three thousand years.

The wolf warriors and tiger warriors had to pay full attention and observe every detail with their eyes wide open. They had to sense the danger that was hidden in the mud with their feet as well. Only then could they avoid being cut by the remains and bones.

In a short while, the twenty to thirty hunters were all trapped in the mud. They advanced with deep and shallow steps, gradually being surrounded by the remains of the evil energy puppets.

The rock walls on both sides of the valley seemed to become even steeper. Not only were they perpendicular to the ground, but they also closed in above their heads, looking as if they were about to devour the sky.

Even the ferocious wolves and leopards from the outside world were unable to howl in such a creepy and terrifying place due to the strange atmosphere.

In the narrow and long valley, one could only hear the sound of their heartbeats.

Suddenly, “Jackal” Kanus stopped in his tracks. His nose twitched, and he made sniffing sounds.

Then, he slowly extended his hands and pointed at the rock walls on both sides nervously.

The view of the sky above his head was already very narrow, leaving only a thread of light that was thinner than a strand of hair.

As such, the fierce tiger warriors initially did not realize what caught his attention.

It was not until a few hundred scarlet lights appeared on both sides of the rock walls and there was a hair-raising creak that the fierce tiger warriors realized they were not the only living things in the long, narrow valley.

The rock walls on either side of the valley crisscrossed, and they were covered in countless wet vines as well as growing moss.

There was also a large number of monsters hanging down from the vines. They were shaped like bats but were several times larger in size. They each had two pairs of wings and a long tail, which was twice the length of their bodies.

Their curled and flexible bodies were reminiscent of an elephant’s trunk and a frog’s tongue.

There was also a triangular barb at the end of their tail. Even in such a dark environment, it shone with a sharp glint.

“Angler!”

The fierce tiger warriors had unsightly expressions.

The giant bats that they called Anglers were low-level totem beasts.

That was because the triangular bone structure at the end of their tail contained a trace of liquid metal, similar to the mysterious material that condensed into totem armor.

When they swung their tails quickly, they could unleash power that was as destructive as swords.

Therefore, these giant bats liked to hide in the dark and hang their long tails down, like anglers lowering their hooks, waiting for their prey to fall into their trap.

That was how they got their name.

In the outside world, the Anglers were not that difficult to deal with.

After all, the liquid metal content in their bodies was too low. Other than the end of their tails, they had pretty fragile body structures. Even if the Anglers caught the orc warriors by the neck, the warriors could still blow up their internal organs with one punch.

Furthermore, as long as an orc warrior's totem armor was sturdy and tight enough, it would not even matter if he stood still and let an Angler poke at him with its tail. It would be impossible for the Angler to pierce his armor that was also made of liquid metal.

The Anglers in the outside world were also clear about their own capabilities.

Whenever they encountered an ultimate powerhouse like Violent Blade, who showed off his dominance, it would almost be impossible for them to attack first since he would be leading a large group of wolves, tigers, and leopards.

However, they had arrived in the depths of the Holy Mountain, where the demonic puppets surrounded the battlefield of slaughter.

Not only could they not wear totem armor and unleash their totem power, but they could not even bleed one drop.

For the careless orc warriors, the last one was particularly difficult to achieve.

The Anglers above their heads that had been born and bred in the depths of the Holy Mountain were larger and more ferocious than those in the outside world. Additionally, they had rarely suffered any attacks from the Turan orcs over the past three thousand years. Hence, they had long forgotten the terror of the orc warriors.

“Hu—”

By the time “Jackal” Kanus warned them, the hundreds of Anglers on both sides of the rock wall had already flapped their wings and emitted humming sounds that were similar to flying wild bees. However, they were a hundred times noisier. They turned into two black hurricanes and pounced on the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards below.

“Be careful, don't let their tails graze you!”

At that critical moment, the Tiger King Roared. He did not even need to circulate his totem power. He simply relied on his unparalleled physical power to pull up a rock that was even bigger than his head from the mud below his feet.

The Tiger King's eyes were wide open and filled with anger. His arms suddenly swelled up, and the veins on the back of his hands rose and fell like an angry flood dragon. With a few crisp “kacha kacha” sounds, the rock between his palms instantly shattered into over a hundred pieces.

The Tiger King threw the crushed rocks in his hands into the air with great ferocity.

The crushed rocks seemed to release a shrill screech and hit the huge bat swarm that was charging at them.

Immediately, dozens of the most violent charging Anglers were beaten into a bloody mist and meat paste.

The sharp and bloody crushed rocks did not slow down at all. They continuously pierced the Anglers' eye sockets and mouths, as well as tore their internal organs. Carrying a large amount of flesh and blood while shooting out of the Anglers' excretion holes, the rocks continued to search for their next target.

An Angler looked down from above, and the fierce flame of its sudden attack was instantly cut in half by the Tiger King.

The wolf warriors and fierce tiger warriors reacted by rolling on the ground. They covered their bodies with mud to reduce the possibility of their skin being exposed to the air and being bitten by the Angler.

With their agility, as long as they could dodge the Angler's first strange tail jab, it would be almost impossible for them to be torn open by such a low-level totem beast.

Ultimately, they grasped the end of the Angler's strange tail as fast as they could instead. They were two to three fingers away from the triangular barb, which was rich in liquid metal.

From that position, no matter how violently the Angler's barb shook, it was impossible for it to touch the orc warriors' fur.

After that, the orc warriors swung their arms and grabbed the Anglers' tails. Then they threw the beasts against the rocks on both sides of the valley. Usually, they only needed to throw them once or twice before the Anglers' internal organs would all shoot out of their mouths.

Following a series of crackling sounds, the hundreds of Anglers quickly turned into pieces of shriveled and cracked skin. Just like that, the orc warriors stomped on them until they sank into the depths of the swamp.

The remaining Anglers finally realized how terrifying the wolves, tigers, and leopards were. After letting out panicked cries, they turned around and flew toward the narrow sky with all their might.

The Tiger King was not interested in killing them all. Instead, he ordered his subordinates to immediately check each other's bodies to see if there were any hidden wounds on their skin.

Fortunately, "Jackal" Kanus had sensed the Anglers' presence ahead of time.

The wolves, tigers, and leopards, who had enough time to react, fought a clean battle. No one was ripped apart, and they did not even receive a wound that was no thicker than a strand of hair.

Meanwhile, the remains of the evil energy puppets around them were still in hibernation.

Aside from the orc warriors' breathing and heartbeats, as well as the flapping wings of the Anglers that were flying farther away, the valley was dead silent.

Even though the Anglers' blood was spreading in the swamp and attaching to the surface of the evil energy puppet remains, the weak low-level totem beasts were not the puppets' targets.

Those beasts were not worth the Holy Light that they had spent three thousand years to accumulate.

The Tiger King breathed a sigh of relief.

If they had been outside, they would have cut off one of the Anglers' tails and sent it back to the clan for the witch doctors to refine the liquid metal substance inside.

Once the witch doctors cast spells and received the ancestral spirits' blessings, the substance could be turned into raw materials to repair and strengthen their totem armors.

Currently, the Tiger King obviously did not have such an interest.

"Continue moving forward," he looked at the bottomless valley and ordered "Jackal" Kanus.

Chapter 1260: The Awakened Death Ray

Fortunately, although the vegetation in the depths of the Holy Mountain was very dense, there were no large-scale totem beasts that could threaten the orc powerhouses.

That was because the space inside the Holy Mountain was extremely unstable. Large-scale totem beasts that were more than a hundred arms long would often be torn into pieces by the spatial gaps.

Therefore, the indigenous species that had lived there for thousands of years were mostly small-scale totem beasts like snakes, insects, rats, and ants.

While they heard the movement at the center of the valley, these snakes, insects, rats, and ants also poked their heads out from the crevices and underground, carefully spying on the Tiger King's hunting team.

However, the orc warriors, as well as the torn Angler corpses scattered on the mud and rock walls, emitted a strong and pungent smell of blood. All of them served as a warning to the snakes, insects, rats, and ants. It was better to stay as far away from the ferocious wolves, tigers, and leopards as possible.

Therefore, the next part of the road that was hidden in the mud was a perilous one.

Although the mud was gradually getting deeper, most of the time, the hunters had to trudge through the mud that was waist-deep.

However, they did not wake up any of the evil energy puppet remains or encounter a second team of blind Anglers.

Just like that, after they trekked in the pits of the valley for more than half an hour, the valley gradually became wider.

The rocks on either side separated again, revealing a large chunk of gray sky.

The valley's bell-shaped exit was very close to them, and the mud had gradually become shallower. The remains of evil energy puppets embedded in the mud appeared sparse, and they were no longer as dense as they had been at the center of the valley.

"Jackal" Kanus told everyone that as long as they passed through the last part of the swamp, they could reach the relatively dry and safe forest. Then, they would be able to rest for a while.

After hearing this, the hunters who had to drag their feet out of the mud could finally relax a little.

Many people could not help but bend down and wipe away the mud that covered their feet.

At the same time, they massaged their twitching muscles to relieve the fatigue in their legs, which felt as if they were filled with molten iron.

At that moment, someone cried out in surprise.

When everyone turned back to look, they discovered that a fierce tiger warrior's calf was covered in round leeches.

The leeches were dark purple like rotting corpses. There were also disgusting gray stripes on the surface of their body. They used their incomparably sharp ring-shaped mouthparts to get a firm bite on the tiger warrior's calf.

It was probably because the leech's mouthparts had nerve-numbing bodily fluids. The hunters had focused all their attention on the evil energy puppet remains that they never noticed the leeches.

Only did everyone realize that it was not just the unlucky fierce tiger warrior's, but almost everyone's legs were densely covered in the ugly little demons.

Judging from their bulging and translucent bodies, the insatiable little demons had attached to them for a long time and sucked their blood.

Swoosh!

The first furious lion warrior to realize that his legs were covered in leeches quickly pulled out his dagger and subconsciously flicked his leg.

Picturesque Orchid Lake's leeches absorbed totem power and ate the corpses of warriors and fierce beasts. After a long period of evolution and mutation, they did not merely suck blood.

Many species of leeches could inject special anesthetics and digestive enzymes into their prey's body, slowly dissolving their prey's flesh into pus. Then, they would burrow in and feast. Making use of the provided nutrients, they would breed in their prey's body and reproduce.

Under the most exaggerated circumstances, even a mammoth beast that was more than one hundred arms long could be devoured by the leeches until it turned into an empty husk.

By the time the unfortunate giant beast fell to the ground and broke into pieces, forget its internal organs, not even a few bones would be left under the skin.

Only tens of thousands of wriggling leeches would pour out like a flood that had broken through a dam.

Even the brave orc warriors, who were not afraid of death and took pride in their tragic deaths, would shudder deeply when they thought of such a disgusting and dishonorable death.

Needless to say, the super leeches deep in the Holy Mountain were more ferocious and bizarre than those in the outside world. Had the Anglers not been bigger and more ferocious in there?

No wonder when they found that their legs were covered in leeches that were attracted by the Anglers' blood, their first reaction was to pick at them with a dagger.

It was to prevent the little demons from taking an inch and digging into their own flesh.

“No!”

The Tiger King and Wolf King were shocked by their subordinates' actions. They broke out in cold sweat, almost shouting at the same time.

However, it was too late.

The Tiger King had carefully selected his subordinates' weapons for this hunting operation. They were too sharp.

Every dagger that was used as a main tool was the best of the best.

Even before the tip of the blade touched the leech, the sharp edge of the blade had already gently cut a hole on the leech's back.

In their entire lives, the leeches had never encountered so many strong prey in the swamp and sucked such delicious blood.

Thanks to the crazy sucking, their bodies were filled with orc blood that was several times heavier than their own weight. They trembled and shone as they were about to burst like balloons filled with water.

The fierce tiger warrior's reaction was fast enough. He instantly realized that he had done something stupid and stopped moving.

Unfortunately, his blood still shot out like an arrow through the hair-sized cracks on the fat bug's back, which had been torn apart by his dagger's sharp edge.

The fierce tiger warriors on both sides hurriedly reached out to catch it.

They almost caught half of the blood arrow.

However, a few drops of blood that were almost invisible to the naked eye still leaked through the gaps between their claws. They gently dripped onto the calm mud without stirring up any ripples.

For a moment, everyone's heart stopped beating except for the Tiger King and Wolf King's.

The orc warriors channeled their blood into their eyeballs and ears, pushing their vision and hearing to the limit. They nervously searched for any sign of movement amongst the evil energy puppet remains around them.

The scattered energy puppets seemed to still be in a deep sleep.

A few drops of blood that fell into the swamp quickly dispersed and disappeared without a trace.

That made the orc warriors feel a little lucky.

Optimistically speaking, it was probably because the drops of blood that fell into the swamp were too small and too few. They were just a few insignificant threads of blood.

Plus, the evil energy puppet remains had been in a deep sleep for too long. Their mysterious and complicated gears and pipes had long rusted and gotten blocked. As such the Angels of Slaughter's abilities to sense their enemies had been greatly weakened or even exhausted.

Yet, just as their hearts started beating again...

Everyone heard strange beeps coming from all directions.

No, not from all directions.

The beeps seemed to come directly from the core of their brain regions. Then, the sound struck the inside of their skulls back and forth, causing them to have a splitting headache. It was almost impossible for them to gather their will to battle, and they could not recall any combat skills that had already fused into their bloodlines. It was supposed to be a conditioned reflex.

They did not even have the time to be shocked.

Seven or eight glittering spots of light that were constantly moving suddenly appeared on the fierce tiger warrior, who had cut the leech and squeezed out his blood.

If one observed carefully, one would find that each spot came from a weak beam of light.

The source of the light was the remains of the evil energy puppets scattered around!

Shua!

Before anyone had the time to move, the Tiger King had already unleashed the Violent Blade that was attached to his body and refined from the toughest bone of the past Tiger Clan leader.

The unparalleled saber looked like a skeletal dragon, and the gaps between every joint was stretched to the limit. It had transformed from an indestructible heavy saber to a long whip that was neither light nor heavy, accurately wrapping around the fierce tiger warrior's waist.

The Tiger King suddenly tugged on it, and the fierce tiger warrior soared into the air and flew toward the forest outside the swamp.

The seven or eight beams of light that were fixed on him suddenly became a hundred times brighter, forming a crisscrossing net that covered his head.

Even though the Tiger King's timely tug had helped the fierce tiger warrior avoid the fatal attacks aimed at his glabella, temples, heart, and abdominal cavity, the crazy death ray still effortlessly swept through the tiger warrior's limbs.

While he was still flailing around in the air, his arms and legs that were not protected by his totem armor were chopped off simultaneously.

The huge wound was as smooth as a mirror, and his broken blood vessels were instantly sealed by the death ray's cauterization. Not even a drop of extra blood flowed out.

It was as if the tiger warrior had been born with a bare body.

His limbs that had spread out were repeatedly cut by the death ray, turning into pieces that were no bigger than a fist.

Bang!

The fierce tiger warrior crashed heavily into a big tree outside the swamp.

For the time being, the pain from his wounds could not be transmitted to his brain through his curled up nerves.

Nevertheless, the fear of losing his arms and legs, and the thought of never being able to fight again, still made the tiger warrior scream hysterically.

It was just that at this point, no one cared about what the tiger warrior felt like.

Everyone's senses were firmly locked on the gurgling and bubbling that was coming from the mud. It was as if the mud was boiling. One after another, the killing machines rose from the ground.

The remains of the evil energy puppets that surrounded the wolves, tigers, and leopards were waking up.

The crystals embedded in their gears and tubes emitted a dazzling brilliance again.

The illumination resembled flames that were flowing everywhere. Soon, it covered the remains of the evil energy puppets, burned away the moss, rust, and dirt that had been covering them for thousands of years, and revealed a brand-new metallic luster. The patterns of magic arrays that were as fine as silk were also visible.

The gears spun and the pipes trembled. The power that originated from the depths of the Holy Crystal was transferred to the end of the tightly-structured killing machines through a series of complicated transformations and enhancements.

These evil energy puppet remains were like blossoming buds. They extended their limbs, blades, swords, and halberds that were rippling with Holy Light easily. Many could also gather Holy Light and shoot it out in a certain direction, forming a hollow light track of death..