

Oh My God 1271

### **Chapter 1271: You Are My Trump Card**

He opened his fingers and inserted them deep into the crack like an iron hook. Meng Chao grabbed a fist-sized rock fragment.

He took note of the rock fragment's weight and shape, narrowed his eyes, and estimated the wind's speed and direction. Then, he stretched out his arm and let the rock fragment fall freely.

"What are you doing?" Ice Storm asked curiously.

"Testing..." Meng Chao said briefly.

Before he finished his words, the strong wind had already blown the gravel seven or eight meters to the left. It fell hundreds of meters and landed on the sea of clouds.

Logically, the gravel should have gone straight through the sea of clouds and continued to fall thousands of meters to the ground.

However, the moment the gravel touched the clouds, something strange happened.

The crushed rock seemed to touch an invisible barrier. It bounced up gently before being shattered into pieces!

Ice Storm widened her eyes.

Meng Chao's expression did not change. He grabbed another crushed rock of similar size from the shattered rock wall and did the same thing.

As expected, when the crushed rock fell above the clouds, they were crushed into powder by an invisible force.

It was as if a hundred invisible rock shredders were lying in ambush in the sea of clouds.

It was not hard to imagine that if Meng Chao had jumped down rashly without doing any tests, he would have most likely ended up like the debris.

Meng Chao grabbed the third piece of debris and thought for a moment. Then, he changed the direction and applied enough spirit energy to his arm, turning his muscle fibers into taut springs that threw the debris far away.

After drawing a long arc, the third piece of debris finally landed on the sea of clouds nearly two hundred meters away.

This time, the debris was not captured by the invisible rock crusher.

However, just as the debris was about to drill into the clouds, dozens of bolts of lightning suddenly darted out of the clouds. Like hungry vipers, they wrapped the debris tightly and turned it into a dazzling ball of lightning.

Even the rocks as hard as iron were torn apart by the powerful electric currents, scattering like fireworks.

If a body of flesh and blood was entangled and pierced by dozens of bolts of lightning, even if it was not electrocuted into coke, its vitality magnetic field would certainly be seriously disrupted, and it would no longer operate the power of the magnetic levitation. It was likely that the body would fall straight from thousands of meters above the ground and be smashed into a meat patty!

Ice Storm was right.

As expected, Thousand Blades Peak was surrounded by invisible air turbulence, and the depths of the turbulence contained extremely violent spirit traps.

The air was filled with killing intent. No wonder very few people, except for those who had fallen off the cliff, had thought of jumping directly onto Scarlet Peak from there.

If he had a choice, Meng Chao would not want to take such a suicidal path.

It was one thing to be bold, but it was another to seek his own death.

If it was true that only a mangled corpse could pass through the cloud, he would not gamble on luck that did not exist.

He could only turn back with Ice Storm, take a long detour, and wait until "Jackal" Kanus returned with a full load.

In the next moment, he very patiently broke and threw out over a hundred pieces of crushed stones. Stones of different sizes and shapes were thrown in various directions, angles, and speeds.

He roughly figured out the situation in the airspace within a few hundred meters around Thousand Blades Peak.

Basically, all the crushed stones "died" in an extremely tragic manner.

Most of the crushed stones were torn into pieces by the turbulence in the air.

Some of the crushed stones were surrounded by electric arcs and turned into spherical lightning bolts.

Others spontaneously ignited in the air in a weird manner. In the blink of an eye, they turned into a burning fireball and were even burnt into magma.

Of course, some of the crushed stones were frozen into a crystal-clear ice block by the cold wind of negative a hundred degrees Celsius that came from god-knows-where.

If all the broken stones ended up as "dead bodies," Meng Chao would have no choice but to follow Ice Storm's original path.

However, just when he threw out almost eighty pieces of broken stones, all of which turned into ashes and were somewhat disappointed, one of the broken stones finally pierced through the clouds!

It was because the broken stones were wrapped in his spirit energy.

When it pierced through the clouds, it naturally released a powerful shock wave that pushed the clouds away like a tidal wave.

It allowed him to see the blurry ground below the sea of clouds in a short moment.

He also saw that the rocks were still not blocked or attacked after they pierced through the sea of clouds. They continued falling to the ground in perfect condition.

“Found it!”

Meng Chao was immediately invigorated.

More than twenty pieces of rocks were thrown into the area one after another.

He had finally figured out the boundary of the “safe zone.”

Right below Thousand Blades Peak were extremely dangerous air turbulence and spirit energy whirlpools. The slightest carelessness would lead to one’s death.

However, on the southeast side of Thousand Blades Peak’s main peak, there was actually a safe passage with a diameter of about five to six meters. It was probably a result of the interference of the spirit energy whirlpools.

Inside the straight air passage, there was neither wind nor spirit energy interference. It was as calm and stable as the eye of a storm.

According to the information provided by Ice Storm, the space in the area would change again in less than half an hour.

At that time, a narrow space crack would appear below Thousand Blades Peak.

As long as Meng Chao could jump into the safe passage and the spatial crack at the right time, he would be able to reach Scarlet Peak in the shortest time!

Considering that the human soldier from three thousand years ago had struggled for a long time on Thousand Blades Peak before he fell off the cliff, he did not fall fast enough, which resulted in the space crack being closed. That was why he was squeezed into a meat patty.

As long as Meng Chao could make a prompt decision and sprint at full speed, the chances of him rushing over were very high!

“It’s enough. As long as it’s possible, even if it’s as small as a strand of hair, it’s enough!”

Meng Chao rubbed his fists, his fighting will soaring.

“Are you sure that you really want to do this?”

“Of course not!”

Ice Storm advised again, “Although we tested it with gravel and found that there is indeed a ‘safe passage’ here, the width of this passage is less than ten arms!

“Ten arms is more than enough to cover the ground, but this is the sky where the wind is blowing!

“No matter how precise your aim is, if you miss the distance of a hair when you jump down, you will probably miss the entrance of the safe passage by dozens or even hundreds of arms when you arrive!

“The so-called safe passage is not marked, nor is there any railing or wall. It is purely our estimation. There might be air turbulence and spirit swirls inside too. It is just that you were lucky that you did not touch the gravel just now, and you were unlucky that you happened to bump into it when you jumped down?”

“Besides, we can only ensure that the safe passage exists now. When the space ripples turn into raging waves and the space gap between Thousand Blades Peak and Scarlet Peak opens again, who knows whether or not the safe passage will still exist, and what the invisible air turbulence and spirit energy swirls in the surroundings will look like?”

“So, are you really not going to reconsider and take the safer route back, even if you are slightly behind ‘Jackal’ Kanus?”

“You should know that even if he really kills the Lion King, there is still the Tiger King, right? As long as we can find the Tiger King’s Violent Blade and expose the Wolf King’s conspiracy, he will still be finished.”

“No.”

Meng Chao shook his head firmly, “If the Lion King is already dead, how long can the Tiger King Live?”

“Perhaps, before we can find the entrance of the temple of Holy Mountain, the Tiger King, who was seriously injured after killing Lion King, will be killed by Jackal Kanus in the depths of the temple.”

“Moreover, we are holding the lion tooth pendant of Platinum Embrace in our hands. This thing can only win the Lion King’s trust, and it may not be able to make the Tiger King trust us all of a sudden.”

“Besides, haven’t we already analyzed it in the cave? For small players like us with limited chips, only the Lion King, the Tiger King, and the Wolf King can have room for us to move around.”

“Only by creating a situation where whoever we help will get the inheritance of the Holy Mountain and become the biggest winner can we maximize the value of the cards and chips in our hands. Only then can the Lion King, the Tiger King, and the Wolf King be patient and listen to us speak loudly!”

“Then...”

Ice Storm could not find any reason to convince Meng Chao.

To put it bluntly, entering the Holy Mountain to participate in the game between the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King was originally a bold gamble.

In any case, they had already gambled everything.

Why not gamble even more?

“Then what about her?”

Ice Storm pointed at the Ancient Dream Saintess behind Meng Chao.

The space and the spirit magnetic environment below were so complicated that even if Meng Chao jumped down alone, he would most likely be crushed into pieces, not to mention carrying a patient

whose brain was boiling hot and whose limbs were twitching. She was a patient who could release violent brain waves at any time.

“Take her with you.”

Meng Chao had thought about this problem long ago.

“With me?”

Ice Storm said, “Don’t you need me to walk this suicide passage with you?”

“Of course not. It’s enough for me to do such a crazy thing by myself.”

Meng Chao could not help but laugh. “Don’t put all your eggs in the same basket. This is the simplest principle.”

“But...” Ice Storm hesitated.

“There’s no need for ‘buts.’ Listen to me. I’m not just talking about passing through the spatial crack and reaching Scarlet Peak. I’m also talking about the game after encountering the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King. One person is more convenient than two people.”

Meng Chao said, “If the two of us meet the Lion King, Tiger King, or Wolf King together, and the other party doesn’t give us a chance to explain, then the two of us, together with Ancient Dream Saintess, will be completely annihilated.

“But now, you’ve clearly come close to the summit of the Holy Mountain with me, but you’ll mysteriously disappear from the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King’s sight. You are my trump card.

“Before they find out where you are hiding, what you know, and what kind of force you are from, whether you are an insignificant useless card or a ghost card with countless secrets, the other party, especially the Wolf King, probably won’t be willing to kill me..”

### **Chapter 1272: Airborne Terror!**

Looking at the current situation, splitting up into two groups was indeed the best choice.

Meng Chao took the suicide passage, while Ice Storm took a long detour, one to two days behind him.

In this one to two days, Meng Chao would leave a special mark that only the two of them understood along the way from Scarlet Peak to the summit of the Holy Mountain.

If it was possible to enter the Holy Mountain temple, he would leave the same mark inside it.

The two of them had already acted separately many times before, and they had a considerable degree of tacit understanding.

Moreover, in the worst case scenario, Meng Chao could still take the risk of access the “spiritual link” to use the Ancient Dream Saintess’s eyes and ears to observe the situation on Ice Storm’s side.

Of course, he also promised Ice Storm that he would not act rashly. When the space changed, he would cling to the mountain peak and carefully observe the airspace below to make sure that he could clearly see Scarlet Peak. Only then would he take the risk to jump down.

If it did not seem ideal to take the shortcut, he could only walk back with Ice Storm obediently.

Now that he had doubled down on it, there was no better option.

Ice Storm and Meng Chao discussed a series of secret symbols that could transmit complicated information. Then, Ice Storm tied the Ancient Dream Saintess to her back and gazed at Meng Chao deeply. She crawled back into the crevice not far away, which was protected by Holy Light magic.

Meng Chao was alone now. He waved the Skull Crushers on the highest point of Thousand Blades Peak and hacked away continuously. He carved dozens of footholds on the rock wall that was as smooth as a mirror. In doing so, once the spatial crevice appeared, he could move quickly, adjust his angle, and exert his strength to the maximum.

After everything was done, Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked far into the distance. He found that the sea of clouds' southwestern side was gradually being covered in layers of golden brilliance. It looked like a burning fireball was about to jump out of the "sea's surface."

In the depths of the Holy Mountain where space was distorted and spirit energy was chaotic, it was difficult to tell the time precisely.

Ice Storm had only told Meng Chao that, in the human soldier's dying memory, when the spirit energy of the flames in the southwest was condensed to a certain degree, the next change in space would begin. The space gap between Thousand Blades Peak and Scarlet Peak would also open.

As expected, when Meng Chao looked away, the howling of the fierce wind had intensified, going from deafening to earth-shattering.

Deep in the sea of clouds, the dense fog was surging like a raging wave hundreds of meters high. It was still "growing" at a speed visible to the naked eye, gradually covering half of the gray sky.

Meng Chao blinked his eyes quickly.

His eyeballs still felt sore and painful, like a hundred red-hot steel needles and a hundred cold ice needles were stabbing his eyes at the same time.

His facial muscles were constantly twitching due to the strong wind, and his mouth was pulled back like plasticine, revealing his back teeth. The nerves in his teeth were also twitching due to the cold wind blowing thousands of meters in the air.

Even the indestructible Thousand Blades Peak was trembling like a clothes-drying pole in from the impact of the seemingly divine wind.

Not to mention, his hands and feet, which were clinging to the rock wall, were enduring the tremendous tearing force. As a result, his knuckles and ankles were cracking.

It was no wonder that the poor human soldier from three thousand years ago had been blown down from Thousand Blades Peak and smashed into pieces despite the help of climbing tools and Holy Light magic.

The entire planet's wild magnetic field seemed to gather at this point and explode. As expected, it was not something that a human could resist.

Meng Chao could not resist for long either.

He summoned his totem armor to protect his physical body, which was covered in goosebumps. Meanwhile, he widened his eyes and observed the depths of the surging sea of clouds.

Soon, he saw a magnificent and unbelievable scene.

Since a large portion of the sea of clouds had been swept up by the spatial ripples and turned into raging waves, a narrow window actually appeared right below Thousand Blades Peak.

There was no trace of clouds inside the window. It was so pure that it looked like a telescope made of sapphire.

Through the “telescope,” he could indeed see Scarlet Mountain’s diamond-shaped ridge and the blood-red waterfall!

“It has appeared. A spatial crack!”

Meng Chao had renewed hope.

The good news was, the spatial crack overlapped with the “safe zone” that he had checked out earlier, where there were no air turbulence and spirit energy vortexes.

As long as one paid attention to the speed and angle of the spatial crack, it was likely that the spatial crack would be able to pass through to its destination completely.

The bad news was, the wind at a height of three thousand meters was getting stronger and stronger. Due to the rich spirit energy, the fierce wind was mixed with ice particles of all sizes. The speed was not much slower than a bullet, and it made crackling sounds as it hit his body. Not only did it cause his blood to almost freeze, even his spirit magnetic field was greatly disturbed.

The environment was so harsh that Meng Chao could not feel his fingers and toes even after he leaned against the rock wall for three to five seconds to observe.

He could not guarantee that he would be able to fly at the predetermined angle, speed, and trajectory after he jumped down.

However, the opportunity was fleeting.

The spatial crack would close at any time.

The human soldier from three thousand years ago had clung to the rock wall for too long. When he fell down, he had crashed into the space barrier and turned into a meat patty.

When the ice particles condensed from spirit energy hit Meng Chao’s body like bullets and froze his blood vessels and spirit meridians, the apocalyptic flames that would destroy Dragon City in the future gushed out naturally from his mind, thawing his blood vessels and spirit meridians. They set his blood and vitality magnetic field on fire.

Meng Chao took a deep breath.

Ignoring the pain, which was comparable to having two icicles inserted his nose, he quickly crawled two steps forward on the rock wall like a gecko, finding the best angle and posture to exert force.

Then, he exerted strength into his waist, hips, and four limbs at the same time. The tidal force continued to blast at the rock wall, creating a crater-like dent with a diameter of more than ten meters. With the help of the powerful reaction force from the rock wall, he was no different from a cannonball loaded with several hundred kilograms of high explosives. He shot toward an unpredictable vortex from thousands of meters high in the air!

As expected, it was one thing to lean on the rock wall and calculate the flight trajectory in his head.

It was another thing to maintain a stable and precise flight trajectory when the wind was howling, spirit energy was roaring, and even the space itself was being shattered and reassembled.

Meng Chao felt himself exerting every hair on his body.

His brain cells were “killed” or injured in the calculation of his flight trajectory, which he adjusted hundreds of times every second.

Even though his totem armor had covered every inch of his skin tightly, he still felt like a ragged beggar, shivering in the snowstorm.

When he had kicked himself off the rock wall, countless pieces of gravel had fallen with him.

They had been blown into the space within a thousand meters by the strong wind.

Most of the rocks had crashed into the air turbulence and the spirit swirl.

Fire, ice, and ball-shaped lightning were now popping up around him, as though colorful fireworks had been set off.

Meng Chao was terrified by the scene.

However, it also helped him to figure out the range of the air turbulence and the spirit swirl around him.

Meng Chao gritted his teeth, and streams of biological electric currents shot out from his central nervous system. Enhanced by spirit power, he “grabbed” onto his muscle fibers that were like wild horses that had escaped from their reins and controlled his flying posture with great difficulty. He adjusted his speed and angle slightly, trying his best to get as far away from the airspace, where the rocks were crushed, burned, and frozen, as possible.

The most thrilling time, a fist-sized rock fragment exploded silently less than half a meter to Meng Chao’s left, and then turned into a purple spark.

Even though he was separated by the thick totem armor, Meng Chao could still feel the burning pain on his skin. It was clear that it was definitely not an ordinary flame, but a strange one that contained spirit energy.

That meant there was a spirit energy vortex on his left side that had not been discovered earlier. There was no indication of how big and deep it was!

Meng Chao broke out in cold sweat due to the shock.

He hurriedly curled his limbs into a ball to prevent his fingers or toes from accidentally being sucked into the spirit energy vortex, which would then burn his entire body into ashes.

However, his speed and angle would inevitably change in response. Then, he would deviate from the flight path that he had initially calculated.

It was thanks to Meng Chao's cultivation that he was able to control every single hair on his body precisely.

Of course, he could also control every single hair on his body with great accuracy.

In an emergency, he could use the hair on his body to expel steam that was formed by the evaporation of his body's fluid, and the angle could be adjusted subtly.

The entire process seemed to take an entire hour to Meng Chao, whose nerves were extremely tense and brain was overloaded.

In reality, it had only taken him a dozen seconds.

After more than ten seconds, the deafening roars, the wind that pierced through his bones, and the "fireworks" that were lighting up around him all disappeared.

He had seemingly fallen into a zigzagging tunnel, or into an extremely sticky swamp. He appeared to be floating in the boundless sea of stars. His eyeballs were spinning fast, and he could not catch a clear picture at all. He tried to look down at his toes, only to find that his entire body had been stretched to hundreds of kilometers long. His head and shoulders had already drilled into Scarlet Peak, but his toes were still on Thousand Blades Peak!

In Dragon City's Ruins No.1, Meng Chao had traveled via the short-distance transmigration device on the planet's surface hundreds of times. He knew what it was like to travel through space slits.

He resisted the dizziness of the spinning world and the urge to vomit out all his internal organs. He tried his best to stabilize his breathing, heartbeat, and vitality magnetic field as he counted silently in his mind.

Once he counted from "zero" to "seven," another wave of nausea assaulted him. It was as if the entire world was compressing toward the center, pressing the tip of his foot hundreds of kilometers away back into his pelvis. It pressed into his abdomen, chest, and even his skull. In the end, it compressed his entire body into a piece of paper as thin as a cicada's wing. It was a two-dimensional plane with no thickness at all!

If he had been a transmigrator who rarely used the short-distance transmigration device on the planet's surface to travel between different coordinates in three-dimensional space at will, it would have been impossible for him to pass through.

The immense dizziness caused by the transmigration alone, which was ten times more intense than a concussion, was enough to cause one to lose consciousness, fall freely, and be smashed into a meat patty!

Chapter 1273: Plans That Can't Keep Up With Changes

However, Meng Chao woke up in an instant. Gritting his teeth, he activated his vitality magnetic field and channeled his spirit energy into his skull, forming a layer that was like an air cushion to protect his soft brain from being hit by the hard skull. He firmly grasped his consciousness and fate in his hands.

He discovered that he had already passed through to Scarlet Peak.

The sea of clouds that had been under his feet just a moment ago was now churning above his head.

The spatial crack in the middle of the sea of clouds was closing up at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The outline of Thousand Blades Peak was instantly swallowed by the surging sea of clouds.

Thank goodness!

Meng Chao let out a slight sigh of relief.

Fortunately, he had caught hold of the once-in-a-lifetime window period and crossed over in time.

If he had hesitated for another three to five seconds when he was up on the rock wall, he would have either been crushed into meat paste by the closing spatial crack or randomly teleported to another place.

But now was not the time to completely relax his nerves.

He was still falling rapidly from a height of thousands of meters.

His frozen limbs, blood vessels, and even nerves had not fully recovered.

Moreover, he did not want to release the power of magnetic levitation and anti-gravity so early.

With his current state, he could certainly levitate in the air and slowly descend.

However, don't forget, the Wolf King and Tiger King had already arrived at Scarlet Peak.

They were both battle group level powerhouses, comparable to Deity Realm superhumans of Dragon City. Their keen eyesight naturally far exceeded the physiological limits of a flesh and blood body.

If Meng Chao stayed in the air for one more second, it would increase his risk of being discovered by them.

Although the surrounding fog had not completely dispersed, the Wolf King and Tiger King should still be huddling together and hiding.

But Meng Chao did not want to take unnecessary risks.

Therefore, he simply kept his head down and feet above his body. His hands were tightly pressed against his legs, and his posture of minimizing the area of the wind breaking remained unchanged.

Like a ground-penetrating bomb, he fell straight from the sky to the ground.

In the blink of an eye, he fell a full kilometer.

It was not until he was three to five hundred meters away from the ground that he activated the magnetic levitation and anti-gravity force for the first time.

However, his vitality magnetic field only expanded for half a second. In order to slightly ease the lightning-fast momentum, he withdrew his force and continued to fall freely.

It was not until he was at most a hundred meters away from the ground that he activated his magnetic levitation and anti-gravity ability for the second time.

The distance was so short that it was not enough to reduce his falling speed to zero.

He still fell like a rock from a cliff, whizzing toward the ground.

It was not until he was about to land heavily that he circulated his Ripple Force and punched the ground twice.

By then, Meng Chao had already cultivated Ripple Force to the highest level.

With a thought, the muscles all over his body were like layers of waves, surging endlessly.

Power that was both firm and soft surged into the ground that was as hard as iron. Although two large crisscrossing spider web cracks were created on the ground, there was no sound whatsoever that could cause the surrounding wolves, tigers, and leopards to be alarmed.

Meng Chao also used his two fists to change the direction of the impact. From the ninety degree drop that had originally made him perpendicular to the ground, he became parallel to the ground and flew horizontally.

He flew for a full thirty to fifty meters.

He flew into a sparse forest and rolled on the soft weeds dozens of times.

Only then did he manage to reduce the huge impact from the three-thousand-meter fall through the spatial crack.

Even so, the surface of his totem armor had still been smoothed out.

The weeds that he rolled over had also turned into a dark patch, emitting white smoke. Due to the strong friction, they had been scraped past the ignition point, instantly burning into charcoal.

“Pheh...”

It was only at this moment that Meng Chao was able to breathe a long sigh of relief.

His mouth was only filled with a fishy sweetness, and the gaps between his teeth were filled with bloody foam.

His internal organs must have suffered quite a severe shock.

Nevertheless, weighing it against the time he had bought, the price was completely bearable.

Meng Chao licked the gaps between his teeth with the tip of his tongue and swallowed the traces of fresh blood back into his stomach.

He ignored the pain from the bone fractures in his limbs and crawled up.

First, he held his breath and checked the situation around him. After confirming that there were no other living creatures that posed a threat to him, he climbed up a mountain that he had locked onto in mid-air at full speed.

The mountain was not high and not as smooth as Thousand Blades Peak either. Instead, it was full of weeds and vines.

Meng Chao climbed to the top of the mountain in no time. He crawled on the ground and gently pushed aside the weeds in front of him. Then he looked down at the entire situation on Scarlet Peak.

He first found the iconic scarlet waterfall.

With the scarlet waterfall as the coordinate axis, he could draw a map with the information given by Ice Storm. Next, he could match it with the scenery before him, as well as everything he had seen in Kanus' vision through the Ancient Dream Saintess that day.

To his left, between the hill and the scarlet waterfall, there was a dark red swamp.

According to Ice Storm, this place had also been one of the main battlefields where the Holy Mountain battle had been the most brutal three thousand years ago.

It was obvious from the dense remains of evil energy puppets and inactivated totem armors that were trapped in the red swamp.

The number of killing machines that were left there was ten times more than what Meng Chao had seen in the valley earlier. It was simply a large-scale "puppet graveyard."

The complexity of its size and structure was also much greater than the ancient battlefield ruins that Meng Chao had previously seen.

Even though it was riddled with holes, rust, and covered in a thick carpet of fungi, the mysterious and complicated structures described the Holy Light and totem power in a way that was completely different from the technology on Earth.

Considering the fact that there were remains of so many evil energy puppets and totem armors, they might not have lost their combat ability completely.

They were likely in a hibernation state and were slowly recovering. Any unusual movement would wake them up and unleash destructive power that had accumulated for three thousand years.

Even a bold person like Meng Chao secretly broke out in cold sweat and restricted his breathing and heartbeat to the maximum.

On Meng Chao's right, there was a relatively flat col between the diamond-shaped ridge on Scarlet Peak, which looked like the back of a flood dragon.

The col was covered in dense forests both inside and outside. Perhaps because the terrain was relatively low and the rainwater that was rich in spirit energy and nutrients flowed into the col to nourish the trees, the dense forests grew exceptionally luxuriant and wild. Towering trees that were dozens of

meters tall were everywhere. Together with the red streams that were formed when the scarlet waterfall flowed to the ground, it gave the impression of a primeval forest.

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and stared at the top of the primeval forest.

He did not know whether it was an illusion or not, but he seemed to see several burning flames of blood.

He was akin to a hungry beast that was hiding in the darkness while resisting the urge to show its fangs and claws.

According to Ice Storm, this mountain pass was the only way from Scarlet Peak to the Holy Mountain's peak.

If the Wolf King and Tiger King really wanted to kill the Lion King, they could only choose to ambush him there.

Otherwise, with the Lion King's powerful strength as the Gold Clan chief, Horn of Destruction, he would definitely be able to detect the Wolf King and Tiger King in the plains or wilderness.

Also, Meng Chao had peered into Kanus' vision before this through the Ancient Dream Saintess. At that time, the cunning Wolf King's vision had shown him to be in the middle of this forest.

"The Wolf King and Tiger King must be hiding in the depths of the forest, waiting for the Lion King's arrival.

"Even in his dreams, the Lion King wouldn't believe that someone could beat him to it and ambush him first. There's a high chance that he'll fall into the trap.

"The future of my previous life also proved that the Lion King and Tiger King did not leave the Holy Mountain alive. It seemed that both of them were injured, but the Wolf King took advantage of them.

"Ice Storm told me that the normal entrance to Scarlet Peak should be in the southeast, under a floating mountain range that looks like a furnace. Ah, I've found it.

"So, as long as I can reach the bottom of this floating mountain range in time, stop the Lion King's exploration team, show Platinum Embrace's lion tooth pendant, gain the Lion King's trust, or at least arouse his suspicion, I can change the future!

"Wait a minute. That's..."

Just as Meng Chao made up his mind, a few small black spots crawled into his sight at the edge of the forest, causing his pupils to shrink to the maximum.

Meng Chao rubbed his eyes hard until tears the size of beans formed. Using his tears as binoculars and the crazy stimulation of his retina, cone cells, and optic nerves, he was able to barely make out what was going on. A team of furious lion warriors had entered the forest!

"Not good!

"We're still half a step too late!

“The Lion King and his exploration team have entered the forest. They’re about to step into the Wolf King and Tiger King’s encirclement!”

Meng Chao was both angry and anxious. His two rows of teeth seemed to be stuffed with gravel, and he was gnashing his teeth so hard that they were cracking.

But now was not the time to be frustrated.

‘I have to remain calm. The battle in the jungle hasn’t begun yet. There must be a way to warn the Lion King.

‘What do I do?’

‘Try and stand in front of the Lion King?’

Meng Chao immediately rejected the idea.

He had fallen at the edge of Scarlet Peak, a long way from the forest.

Even with the force of spirit power at maximum speed, it would only take three to five minutes or less to get there.

However, the wolf and tiger would discover them.

If nothing else, the sound barrier he created at supersonic speed was not something he could hide.

What if the wolf or the tiger tried to kill him, presenting an unexpected distraction?

He did not think that he could survive a full-force blow from the Doomsday Wolf or Violent Blade.

Besides, he was not familiar with the situation in the forest at all. If he were to go up to the Lion King like a headless fly, it would be suicidal. He might end up in the Wolf King and Tiger King’s encirclement instead!

Was he going to remind the Lion King with the loudest voice by stimulating his lungs, throat, vocal cords, and mouth with his spirit energy right there?

It might be possible to change the time and place.

However, this was Scarlet Peak. The dark-red waterfall was crashing into the deep pool brutally, and it was already producing deafening roars. Moreover, the sky there was covered by a sea of surging clouds, and furious winds roared nonstop.

Being hounded by these two loud sounds, Meng Chao was not confident that he could project his voice into the forest precisely and into Lion King’s ears at such a distance!

Chapter 1274: Overstepping the Mark

In an instant, Meng Chao ascertained that he would never be able to stop the ambush from happening.

The key reason being the person who had organized the ambush was “Jackal” Kanus.

Since he was going to be the Doomsday Wolf in the near future, Meng Chao believed that he had already considered every detail of the ambush clearly, including any changes that would occur during the implementation process. He had already formulated the corresponding countermeasures in advance.

Although his appearance was not within Meng Chao's expectations, even if he could not make any earth-shattering movements, he definitely had a way to prevent Meng Chao's interference and threaten his own life.

Meng Chao suspected that if he made any sound or leaked any spirit energy ripples, "Jackal" Kanus would definitely launch an attack before the Lion King and Tiger King, forcing them to suffer heavy losses!

"What should I do?"

"It seems that the plan of having the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King standing on the same side and maintaining the balance of power while I take advantage of the situation is not going to work.

"Then, I can only think of a way to introduce new variables. The bigger the variables, the better. The more chaotic the water is, the better.

"The more chaotic the water, the more I can hide my presence. The bigger the variables, the more I can weaken the strength of the three kings. The three parties will feel that they are caught off guard, which will enhance my ability to play the game and my right to speak!"

Time was of the essence, and Meng Chao did not have enough of it to carefully analyze every detail.

His eyes paused for a moment in the scarlet swamp at the foot of the mountain. Gritting his teeth, he flew toward the puppet graveyard.

The scale of the ancient battlefield ruins was enormous. There were probably hundreds of remains that had fallen into the swamp, and it was only the tip of the iceberg. Who knew how many war machines that had been haunted by resentment for three thousand years were still sleeping in the depths of the swamp?

However, Meng Chao could no longer care too much about that.

It all came down to the same thing. They were all people who had seen the end of the world. No matter how bad it was, how bad could it be?

On the way, he had activated the heavy armor form of his totem armor. Between the gaps of the armor, the contours of his muscles and joints were surrounded by patterns that were formed by magma. Black and red colors were interlaced as if a demon had crawled out of a volcano.

The two heavy sabers, the Skull Crushers, were spitting out endless flames, as well as roaring, like tigers and dragons. Even their chains rattled as they were dragged out, and they emitted a shocking killing intent.

Just like that, Meng Chao jumped into the middle of the swamp with a murderous aura. He looked around at the statue-like remains of the puppets and took a deep breath. He raised the two sabers, and

the chains danced in the air, creating a huge ring of fire. The blades brushed past the surface of several dozen evil energy puppets at high speed.

The burning blades rubbed against their rusty metal surface, producing dazzling sparks. Then, driven by spirit energy, they spread out like an overwhelming shock wave, covering the entire swamp in an instant.

Meng Chao was not a Turan orc, and the evil energy puppets' friend-or-foe identification system was not interested in his blood.

However, he was wearing a totem armor that held several thousand years of history and equipped with the Turan civilization's automatic combat system. It had also recorded a large amount of combat data.

His spirit energy was amplified by the totem armor. The form and vibration mode of his spirit magnetic field was completely different from usual. It had pretty much become totem power.

He swept his saber across, and his totem power danced like a golden snake in the wind as if it had stabbed a hornet's nest. It was also like a stone that had stirred up a thousand waves.

The war machines were known as the Holy Light Messengers by the Holy Light human, evil energy puppets by the Turan orcs, and the Angels of Slaughter by the people of Dragon City. They all woke up from their long hibernation and energy-gathering state.

The crystals in their body that looked like eyeballs and brains shone brilliantly again.

Meanwhile, their metal limbs that were embedded with sharp blades and thorns emitted cracking sounds. Cleansed by the Holy Light, the rust, moss, and fungus blankets that had been attached to their bodies were washed away.

Their gears, bearings, and transmission shafts, which had been stagnant for three thousand years, began to operate again, spurting out sparks and igniting the flammable gas in the swamp. The surface of the war machines, which had been rusty a moment ago, was now covered in flames. After putting on the burning battle robes one by one, the war machines looked awe-inspiring like returning gods of war.

Their tubes, which had been blocked for three thousand years, were also blown away by the high-temperature and high-pressure spirit energy. Colorful streams of air were spurting out of the honeycomb-like cooling nets on both sides of the cooling system, making a "woo-woo" sound. It was as if a thousand Angels of Slaughter were blowing the horns of battle in the clouds at the same time.

A lot of war machines driven by Holy Light were standing up straight in the swamp, their limbs taut. They resembled spiders, scorpions, and octopuses that had been cast in metal, embedded with crystals, and magnified hundreds of times.

Bubbles were still popping up in the depths of the swamp. The mud seemed to be boiling, and huge mud bulges were popping up from time to time. It was obvious that some big guy was lurking in the depths of the swamp, he could not wait to break out of the ground.

Even Meng Chao, who was prepared to die at any moment, could not help but feel his scalp go numb when he saw the scene.

It was true that he did want to use his totem power to awaken a large batch of evil energy puppets, charge into the battle between the Wolf King, Tiger King, and Lion King, then destroy all their plans. After that, he would have to slowly think of a way to fish in troubled waters and clean up the mess.

However, the number of evil energy puppet remains that were sleeping in the depths of the swamp, as well as their level and degree of completeness, had greatly exceeded his expectations.

Although the Lion King, Tiger King and Wolf King were powerful, their exploration and hunting were all secret operations that were not visible in the light. The elite troops that both sides brought were not too many, they might not be able to deal with so many awakened evil energy puppets.

It would be hilarious if the Chaos faction was too great and hundreds of demonic puppets were annihilated by the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King.

However, if one thought about it carefully, if the Wolf King, Tiger King, and Lion King were to die tragically in the Holy Mountain of Turan at the same time, the Gold Clan would definitely fall into chaos without a leader.

The Gold Clan and Blood Hoof Clan's strength would fluctuate, and the battle for the War Chief's throne would certainly last for a long time.

In that case, the Turan civilization might not be able to gather all the war resources in a short period of time and march northward to ignite the spark of war between worlds.

The Dragon City civilization would also have the opportunity to take advantage of the situation and use the Tournament of the Five Clans. They could exert sufficient influence between the five clans and slowly infiltrate, as well as control well-developed and simple-minded fellows. Then, they would become the leader of the Chaos faction and the manipulator of the war between worlds.

It might not necessarily be another way to survive, though.

"Forget it. I'll take it one step at a time. What's the point of thinking so much?"

"I should think about how to save my life first."

As Meng Chao's thoughts raced, he heard the totem armor's sharp alarm in his mind.

The totem armor's visual signal was also mixed with a large number of high-frequency flashing light spots. They were densely packed, like stars that exploded at the same time in the sky.

They were the remains of the evil energy puppets that had woken up. They locked onto him firmly and were about to fire a warning light.

Meng Chao was already prepared. More than half of the blood and spirit energy in his body surged into his legs, causing his veins to entwine and muscles on his legs to expand instantly.

His stomp, which had been infused with tremendous strength, stirred up raging waves in the swamp. As mud splashed everywhere, he shot hundreds of meters away like a bullet fired from a train.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

As he dashed out, dozens of colorful light beams formed a crisscrossing net and tore his afterimage into pieces.

Seven or eight light beams still came first and hit his back.

Fortunately, his totem armor had been absorbed, upgraded, and evolved many times. It had condensed a large amount of liquid metal material. It looked like a layer of heavy armor, but its defensive power was three times of that. It was as exaggerated as wearing seven or eight layers of armor.

A few light beams with slightly different angles were refracted along the curvature of his totem armor's surface.

Even the beams that pierced straight into his armor turned into spent arrows after penetrating about half a finger's depth.

The liquid metal-like substances that were rushing over from the surroundings filled the finger-sized hole seamlessly in the blink of an eye. It was impossible to tell that he had just been hit by Holy Light, which was even more destructive than armor-piercing bullets.

Meng Chao only felt a slight vibration coming from his back. Even his pain nerves were not disturbed.

Nonetheless, he knew that his totem armor was not invincible.

The key was energy.

Deflecting and resisting the Holy Light required a lot of spirit energy.

Repairing the damaged totem armor also required a lot of spirit energy.

The stormy Holy Light earlier had caused his totem armor to emit a sharp alarm. Before him were orange and scarlet colors that were rapidly dropping in values, however, the grass green that represented "sufficient spirit energy without any damage" was almost gone.

Once his spirit energy was exhausted, the liquid metal-like substance would cease its activity and enter a state of temporary hibernation. It would become no different from ordinary metals. It would even become as stiff and heavy as rocks and could no longer be retrieved back into its body.

Meng Chao still had to engage in a daring game with the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King.

He also had to go deep into the Holy Mountain temple to search for the remains of the giant fireball and explore the Turan civilization's most ancient mysteries.

Naturally, he did not want to waste precious spirit energy on the remains of the evil energy puppets.

Besides, while he was jumping up and down, dodging the Holy Light's bombardment in a sorry state, he observed the situation behind him and found that a fifty-meter-tall mud lump had materialized out of nowhere deep within the swamp!

"What is that thing?"

Meng Chao was dumbfounded.

Although the mud had yet to drip down and he could not see the huge creature's true face, he clearly knew that the combat strength of this d\*mn thing was not comparable to the remains of an ordinary evil energy puppet, which was as tall as a person.

Images of the war between worlds in Meng Chao's previous life unwittingly appeared in his mind.

Smoke filled the air. On the burning battlefield, behind the Holy Light faction battle line, there was a war machine that was three to five stories tall amid the summoning of countless mages and the chanting of Holy Light priests. It looked like a giant steel crab with mysterious and complicated magic runes around its body. The runes flashed one by one, and rays of light gathered above its head. Then, a beam of light that was as thick as a searchlight shot out from the top of its head.

Wherever the beam of light went, the Earthlings' tanks and armored vehicles were twisted, deformed, and melted like clay....

### **Chapter 1275: Angel of Strength**

"Angel of Strength!"

Meng Chao reflexively spat out a name that seemed particularly terrifying amid the flames of the apocalypse.

In his previous life, the Dragon City civilization had used the words from the Earth era to classify the Holy Light faction's ultimate weapons.

The magic puppet known as the Angel of Strength, specifically referred to a heavyweight opponent that was large in size, slow in attack, clumsy in movement, but extremely lethal.

To put it inappropriately, the Angel of Strength was like the Holy Light faction's railway gun.

Although it was not suited for hand-to-hand combat with bayonets, it was most suitable for destroying cities and strongholds.

In the depths of Meng Chao's brain, the Angel of Strength from his previous life had fired at full force, instantly burning dozens of Dragon City's tanks and armored vehicles into scrap metal.

It was thought that this colossal being was a Holy Light soldier from three thousand years ago. In order to blast open the gate of the Holy Mountain temple, the faction had to expend gargantuan resources to transport it in from the outside world.

No one knew the price that the mages and Holy Light priests at that time had to pay to allow the Angel of Strength to smoothly pass through the complex and changeable environment within the Holy Mountain.

However, what made Meng Chao's hair stand on end was not the Angel of Strength's conventional attack methods.

Meng Chao was well aware that the Angel of Strength was like a railway gun. In order to release destructive power that could destroy everything in its path, it would store a large amount of ammunition and high-energy materials inside. It was equivalent to a moving explosives warehouse.

After three thousand years of erosion, looking at the Angel of Strength's riddled appearance, no one knew how much its interior had been eroded and how much ammunition, as well as high-energy materials it had stored. What about the stability of these ammunition and high-energy materials?

The stability of high-energy materials in the Other World was a hundred times worse than on Earth.

During the initial period of Dragon City's transmigration, there had been quite a few explosions in the armory from the Earth. Every explosion had been an out-and-out disaster.

It was also the reason why many people later chose cold weapons and refused to rely on guns and ammunition.

If he was not careful, the bullets and high-energy materials from three thousand years ago would explode together. God knew what kind of crazy spirit waves would be triggered.

It was possible that the world-shaking spirit waves would trigger the already unstable space around to tear and distort in a way that even Ice Storm and 'Jackal' Kanus did not expect!

Meng Chao even knew that the Angels of Slaughter were likely to detonate all the crystals inside and outside of their bodies when they encountered enemies who were even stronger than them. Once they calculated that their chances of winning were slim, self-destruction would be the best way to destroy everything.

The remains of the puppets that were less than five meters tall were not even worth mentioning.

If the Angel of Strength, which was at least fifty meters tall, self-destructed, its power would not be much less than the explosion of a train full of cannonballs.

Even if Meng Chao was standing a hundred meters away and had a totem armor to defend himself, it was very likely that he would be crushed into powder!

Even someone as bold as him was shocked by the Angel of Strength's appearance, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

The Angel of Strength had not completely struggled out of the swamp, but it was already spreading spirit ripples that simulated the brain waves of carbon-based intelligent life.

Waves of spirit ripples rampaged through Meng Chao's brain, immediately causing him to hallucinate.

It was as if whatever standing behind him was not an enormous killing machine that was inlaid with crystals and engraved with magical runes, spewing violent flames.

Instead, it was the messenger of a deity with six pairs of wings, golden flames around its body, and muscles carved out of marble. It had a pair of eyebrows and vertical eyes, and it was riding on the clouds!

The illusion was clearer and more oppressive than the illusion of the Big-horned Rat God created by "Jackal" Kanus through the Ancient Dream Saintess.

Even if Meng Chao knew how spirit ripples mimicked brain waves, invaded the central nervous system, and interfered with the visual system, when he saw the “angel’s descent” moment, he could not help but have the impulse to worship it.

It had nothing to do with his strength of will.

The pure spirit ripples released by the Angel of Strength, attempted to fully invade and take over his nervous system. Like a dove falsely occupying a magpie’s nest, it occupied his central and spinal nerves, sending “worship” signals to his body.

The Holy Light Temple was capable of ruling over the most fertile central region of the Other World for ten thousand years. It was even capable of withstanding the torrent of steel from Earth in the future war between those in the Other World. Naturally, it had unfathomable strength.

If anyone other than Meng Chao had such a vivid and powerful illusion before their eyes, even if they realized that it was weird and were unwilling to worship it obediently, their muscles and joints would still be in a stalemate for a moment. The nerve signals from the inside and the outside would have to compete with each other.

In that case, there was a high chance that the smaller but faster Angel of Slaughter would have caught up.

Meng Chao was only a little stunned. The illusion before his eyes was like the moon reflected on the surface of a lake, being smashed into pieces by the rocks thrown into the lake.

He suddenly woke up.

He felt lucky deep down.

However, his footsteps were not slow. He rolled and crawled as he dodged the increasingly dense Holy Light, gradually increasing his distance from the Angel of Strength.

Fortunately, although the Angel of Strength had astonishing destructive power, due to its huge size, it had been severely injured in the fierce battle three thousand years ago. After three thousand years of hibernation and repair, it still had not recovered its full mobility.

It was like a huge crab waving its huge pincers, and it looked majestic.

Despite that, several crab legs used for movement had been torn off.

As a result, upon crawling out from the depths of the swamp, it had been circling the swamp, dragging circles of deep crawling marks. For the time being, it had not found a way to use its few remaining crab legs to advance straight.

However, Meng Chao had already seen many smaller evil energy puppet remains, scrambling to drill to the bottom of the Angel of Strength.

They were actually using the strength of an ant to lift a “salted fish,” working together to lift the Angel of Strength slightly.

That was not a good sign.

It meant that the Angel of Strength had not only found a way to move, but it could also control the movements of the surrounding Angels of Slaughter.

The Angels of Slaughter that had woken up from their long three-thousand-year sleep, had quickly set up a battle data network!

“At least, one thing is certain...”

Hearing the increasingly deafening and orderly roars of the Angels of Slaughter behind him, Meng Chao looked at the beams of light that represented destruction. They rubbed against the impurities in the air at a high speed, stirring up green, orange, red, and blue flames of various colors.

Meng Chao could only cover his head and run away while he mocked himself in his heart. ‘I’ve completely changed the future of Dragon City, the future of Picturesque Orchid Lake, and the future of the Other World.’

...

In the depths of the dense forest, “Jackal” Kanus watched the furious lion warriors gradually step into the ambush circle. His eyes, which were as deep as the sea, revealed the sharp glint of someone prepared to slay tigers and dragons.

However, he soon realized that his edge had been exposed. His victory-assured gaze quickly vanished, and he replaced it with just the right amount of hesitation and nervousness. He looked at the Tiger King, who was also lying in the soil not far away. The Tiger King, whose body was covered in a thin layer of weeds, glanced back at him.

Everyone thought that the Tiger King was an arrogant and reckless guy.

The title of “Violent Blade” easily gave people the impression that he was foolhardy.

Such a stereotype would make them forget that no matter how fierce a tiger looked, it was still a member of the feline family.

As long as there was a choice, felines would always prefer sneak attacks rather than fight head-on. They were better at it.

Violent Blade’s disguise showed that he was worthy of being the Tiger Clan’s chief.

Even with his eyesight and the fact that he knew the Tiger King and dozens of fierce tiger warriors were lying in ambush within a radius of hundreds of meters, everywhere “Jackal” Kanus looked was mottled green, yellow, and black. Aside from the trees, shrubs, weeds, vines, fungus blankets, and the snakes, insects, rats, and ants that perched on them, there was not a single sign of a big cat.

Even so, the Wolf King could clearly sense that the Tiger King’s eyes were fiercely fixed on him.

He was warning him. “Don’t panic. There’s no room for error. If anything goes wrong, I’ll Skin You Alive!”

“Jackal” Kanus pretended to be frightened and nodded his head lightly.

At the same time, he smiled silently in his heart.

Indeed, it was foolproof.

Ever since that strange dream, for today, for the future, he had meticulously planned for so many years, gambling everything that he and the Turan civilization had. How could he fail? How could he fail?!

The Lion King did not suspect anything.

It could be inferred from the Lion King's exploration team. Only the three to five people in the front and back were wearing totem armors.

One should know that although totem armors were the ultimate individual equipment of advanced orcs, possessing unpredictable and tyrannical power, breeding totem armors also consumed a large amount of resources.

That included the secret medicine extracted from totem beast bodies, the stamina and totem power consumed by the wearers, the mental stability of the wearers, and etc.

Totem armor was like a bloodthirsty demon blade, ready to see blood when unsheathed.

It was also like a man-eating beast, ready to eat its own master if it could not eat anyone else.

Even the great orc chieftains like the Horn of Destruction and Violent Blade, who had bodies cast in copper and iron, would not be able to stand wearing totem armors all day and night. Who told them that their totem armors were of a higher level than others? If a totem armor was more ferocious, was it also "hungrier"?

The Lion King never thought that there would be a hunting team ahead of him, waiting for him to walk right into their trap.

The depths of the Holy Mountain were filled with evil energy puppets, and they were sensitive to totem power. Under normal circumstances, if they could not equip their totem armors, they would choose to travel light.

Besides, the exploration team could not carry too many resources, yet the Lion King had to use a large amount of resources to explore the Holy Mountain temple.

They had fully armed themselves so early on, and they had not even touched the Holy Mountain temple's door. They were exhausted to death, so how could they meet the challenge of the Turan civilization's oldest ancestor?

Both sides possessed similar peak combat strength.

The number of ambushers was several times more than those being ambushed.

The ambushers had all equipped themselves with totem armors, but the ambushed were still ignorant.

The Horn of Destruction was left for Violent Blade to deal with.

"Jackal" Kanus closed his eyes and finally replayed and deduced the details of his plan. He really could not think of any other possible variables, except....

Chapter 1276: Evil Energy Contamination

Thinking of the suspected variable, Kanus' brain started to ache again.

The Great Horn Army's recruitment and reorganization were going smoothly.

Once the reorganization was completed, the Wolf Clan battle group that had lost its leader would obey his orders.

The number of troops in his hands was above that of the Lion Clan, Tiger Clan, Minotaurs, and Wild Boar Clan. He had the largest number of troops in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Of course, he was still lacking in high-end combat strength.

After all, Picturesque Orchid Lake was a land where the strong ruled, and he did not like to bully the weak with numbers.

However, this problem would be greatly alleviated if he cooperated with those guys from the Fang Mountains.

The only flaw was, the Ancient Dream Saintess had temporarily escaped his control.

Moreover, the Ancient Dream Saintess seemed to have benefited from this disaster. She possessed even greater spirit power, which could invade his brain.

However, it was not something that could not be remedied.

No one knew better than "Jackal" Kanus what a terrible price one had to pay for overloading one's brain and breaking through the limit of one's spirit power.

The Ancient Dream Saintess' brain was already malformed. The blood vessels in her brain were in a mess and extremely fragile.

If she continued to burn her brain at all costs, she might die from a brain explosion soon.

Even if she was lucky enough to survive, the situation was already set in stone. It was not something that she, a puppet, whom he had propped up himself, could turn the tide.

However, was the Ancient Dream Saintess really the one who had been spying on him in the dark?

Why did he sense a vaguely familiar yet unfamiliar presence, like... an old friend whom he had known for a long time?

A soft "kacha" sound came from ahead.

It was the sound of an angry lion warrior breaking a dead branch with his foot.

The angry lion warrior was a vanguard sent by the Lion King.

He was responsible for scouting the environment at the front of the exploration team.

He was less than ten arms away from the Wolf King's hiding spot.

If he took a few more steps forward, he would step on the Wolf King's head.

However, “Jackal” Kanus’ heartbeat and breathing did not change at all because of it.

Even his eyeballs did not move a single inch.

With a calm heart, he looked at the furious lion warrior who swung his saber around in the dense forest.

The wilted branches, vines, and weeds that had not been cut down for three thousand years immediately bit down on his saber.

“D\*mn it!” the furious lion warrior cursed in a low voice.

He was worried that the remains of the evil puppets might be sleeping in the depths of the dense forest, but he did not dare to release too much totem power to destroy them.

Moreover, along the way, they had passed through many dangerous areas that “Jackal” Kanus had already identified beforehand.

Although they had lost a few experts, including the Lion King’s son, and had all been swept up by the space storm, it was a natural disaster, not a war crime.

Apart from the space storm, they had not awakened half of the evil energy puppet remains, nor encountered any enemies.

Seeing that victory was right before them, the fierce lion warriors gradually lowered their guard.

The lion warrior pulled out his saber from between the branches and vines, spat on it, and searched in another direction.

Behind him, the exploration team of the Lion King, Horn of Destruction, had half a foot in the ambush circle.

“Jackal” Kanus’ eyes became calm and focused again, like icicles that were frozen inch by inch.

After taking a deep breath that was ten times slower than usual, he threw the mysterious spy to the back of his mind.

In the end, it was too late to think about that problem now.

The arrow was on the bow, and he had no choice but to shoot it.

He never had a choice since that inexplicably long mysterious night more than ten years ago.

Everything he had gained that night helped him get to where he was today. It helped him seize every opportunity and avoid every risk. It had helped him go from a homeless corpse-eating dog to a worthy leader of the Wolf Clan. It had helped him turn the once unattainable Lion King and Tiger King into preys in a trap.

Was it still possible for the seemingly unreachable throne of the War Chief to fall to another clan?

“No, it’s absolutely impossible!

“Besides me, no one else is qualified to be the War Chief!

“And no one else has a way to save Picturesque Orchid Lake!

“This is the mission that the ancestral spirit has given me!”

Perhaps, the moment that had been meticulously planned for more than ten years was about to arrive.

“Jackal” Kanus could sense his nerve endings trembling slightly.

However, he quickly controlled every nerve, every strand of muscle, and every strand of wolf hair in his body.

Furthermore, he sent hormones that he had crazily secreted into his brain, turning them into fuel for his brain to operate at an extremely high speed.

The last deduction was still fine.

One-third of the Lion King’s exploration team had already stepped into the ambush zone.

In order to avoid waking up the remnants of the evil energy puppets nearby, most of them did not have their totem armors or use their totem power to check the situation around them.

In other words, their vision, hearing, touch, and combat ability were all restricted to an extremely low level.

Although the Lion King and his capable subordinates could be armed to the teeth in the blink of an eye, the Tiger King was still able to defeat the Lion King in that time.

It was enough for the Tiger King to bring them the last pleasant surprise of their lives with his Violent Blade.

In order to achieve this, the Tiger King had learned about the specific personnel configuration of the Lion King’s exploration team from Kanus, and he had gone over it more than ten times.

He had also assigned an attack team for each of the Lion King’s subordinates and rehearsed the scenario multiple times to ensure that nothing went wrong.

Of course, the Tiger King never thought that a fatal trap would be hidden in the Wolf King’s intelligence report, which he had repeated more than ten times with his perfect acting skills.

The so-called “absolute safety amidst the sound of thunder” would definitely turn into “a mishap, where both sides suffered heavy losses.”

However, “Jackal” Kanus did not think that the Tiger King would suspect him.

After all, he was only the Lion King’s puppet.

It was normal for a puppet to not know its master’s Trump card.

Furthermore...

“After this battle, between the Lion King and the Tiger King, what will the living one look like?”

The corners of “Jackal” Kanus’ mouth curled into a smile that only he could see.

At that moment, half of Lion King’s exploration team had already stepped into the ambush circle.

The Lion King, Horn of Destruction, who was in the middle of the team, was only half a step away from the ambush circle.

This Gold Clan chief, who was burning like a ball of golden flames, was also not wearing his totem armor. He was neither interested nor suspicious of everything around him. He was just frowning. It was unknown whether he was still immersed in the pain of losing his son, or he was thinking about the test he would encounter after entering the Holy Mountain temple.

“Jackal” Kanus could already smell the blood that was about to be spilled.

He heard the screams, the sound of flesh tearing, and the sound of bones breaking that were about to reverberate in his skull.

Yet, right then...

The Lion King suddenly stopped.

Every hair on his body stood up like golden needles.

His entire body suddenly expanded, like a golden hedgehog that was magnified more than ten times.

“How...”

“Jackal” Kanus widened his eyes first.

Then, his pupils constricted to their limits.

He already knew why the Lion King would be on guard half a step before entering the ambush circle.

It was because he heard it too.

He heard the ear-piercing hissing sound of an evil energy puppet’s rusted limbs operating.

He heard the sound of towering trees burning and collapsing.

There was also a series of deafening explosions.

There were also weird sounds mixed in.

Then, “Jackal” Kanus saw that something that should not have appeared there in the dense forest on the left side of the encirclement, which he had meticulously designed for more than ten years.

Three evil energy puppet remains were shaking.

The three evil energy puppets were all crappy with dull crystals, whose magical runes had almost been worn down by the passage of time.

The intense movement earlier had caused their already incomplete limbs to bear more wear and tear. By the time they reached this place, they were crawling and staggering. Their parts were flying out, and they did not have much combat ability left.

The three evil energy puppets seemed to have realized the problem themselves.

Before their last few metal parts broke and collapsed, they simply sat in the dense forest and lay down.

However, the threat of the evil energy puppets did not diminish because of the loss of mobility.

Instead, it increased to the maximum because of a terrifying possibility.

“No...”

“Jackal” Kanus roared in his heart right then.

The originally dull and crack-filled crystals embedded in the three evil energy puppets were like fireworks that exploded all their energy in an instant, emitting an astonishing brilliance.

It was akin to a pale flood that instantly passed through the weeds, bushes, towering trees, snakes, insects, rats, and ants, as well as the wolves and tigers who were hiding perfectly in the dense forest.

‘Evil energy contamination!’

“Jackal” Kanus screamed internally.

It was another way that the Turan orcs described the Holy Light’s self destruction.

Whether it was Holy Light self-destruction or evil energy contamination, the tactic of destroying everything together was always the most troublesome one.

Fortunately, the three low-level evil energy puppets did not have much spirit energy stored in them to begin with.

Since the Angels of Strength were lurking in the same swamp, most of the spirit energy naturally generated in heaven and on earth had been absorbed by them. Therefore, the puppets had not accumulated much spirit energy in the past three thousand years.

The evil energy contamination was a little too much.

At the very least, it did not cause substantial damage to the fully-armed wolves and tigers beyond the sound, light, and electricity pollution.

The problem was, with the three self-detonated evil energy puppets as the center, the area within dozens of arms was swept by the shock wave. Dozens of towering trees were cut in half or even uprooted, while a large number of weeds and shrubs were burned to ashes. Even the thick and dense humus surged like waves.

As a result, the ambushers who had perfectly blended with the environment were all exposed in front of the Lion King!

Chapter 1277: By Millimeters

The ambushers and the ambushed looked at each other.

They were both dumbstruck.

The situation was so awkward that it was almost absurd.

Fortunately, the awkwardness did not last long.

The second wave of evil energy puppets crashed into the jungle.

Compared with the three demonic puppets that had just self-destructed, the second wave of Angels of Slaughter consisted of more numbers and higher levels.

It was obvious from their shiny shells and glittering magical rune arrays that had been cleansed by Holy Light.

The mysterious and complicated magical rune arrays had transformed spiritual energy into unparalleled kinetic energy.

Through the continuous enhancement of the tubes, gears, and bearings, the sharp blades that shook more than a thousand times per second and were surrounded by a mist of light were dragging out gorgeous flames of light and easily broke through the speed of sound, all the towering trees along the way were cut down like ripe wheat ears.

A fierce tiger warrior was right in front of the remains of the four evil energy puppets.

He was still immersed in the shock brought by the self-destruction of the holy light or the contamination of the evil energy, unable to extricate himself.

Not only was his brain still ramming back and forth in his skull at a high speed, he was so dizzy that he wanted to vomit out his internal organs.

Even the surface of his totem armor was rippled by the blast of the Holy Light. It was like the surface of the sea that was swept up by a strong wind that was frozen in an instant.

This caused his reaction to be half a beat slower.

He was surrounded by the remains of four evil energy puppets of a higher level.

The sharp blades that were surrounded by holy light pierced into the inactivated totem armor.

It was like a red-hot iron rod that had pierced deeply into an ice cube.

A sharp "Chi Chi" sound was suddenly heard by the ears of everyone present.

The surface of this fierce tiger warrior's totem armor was emitting a large amount of smoke.

There were bubbles that looked like boiling, but also like the pustules of a toad.

The Fierce Tiger warrior screamed miserably as if he had been struck by lightning.

The performance of the totem armor, which could be changed and repaired at will like liquid metal, was completely exhausted by the holy light.

It was as if he was wearing a set of ceramic armor that was filled with cracks and was extremely fragile.

More evil energy puppet remains passed this fierce tiger warrior and continued to leap into the depths of the forest.

Before the sharp blades were unsheathed, the crystals that were embedded in their bodies were shining brightly. They were like eyes and shot out a terrifying holy light, firmly locking onto the depths of the

forest. Their disguises were originally flawless., however, due to the sudden change, the Orc warriors subconsciously leaked their totem power.

Because both sides had different goals, Lion King's exploration team was already in the middle of the forest.

As for the Wolf King and Tiger King's hunting team, in order to prevent Lion King from turning around and escaping, they also arranged a large number of troops to ambush at the edge of the forest.

When a large number of demonic energy puppets flooded into the forest like a tide, the ambushers were the first to bear the brunt, becoming the first target of attack.

This gave the lion king time to react.

"Horn of Destruction!" The Horn of destruction roared furiously.

The furious Lion Warriors, who had been moving in a loose formation, seemed to have been hit by a whip. In the blink of an eye, with the Lion King as the center, they gathered together and formed a battle formation.

Accompanied by the cracking sounds of flesh and bones, the furious Lion Warriors' bodies expanded rapidly. Their relatively loose battle robes were torn open, and from the cracks in their battle robes., a large amount of liquid metal-like substances gushed out and instantly solidified into layers of armor that were as hard as iron.

At this moment, another roar that was on par with the Horn of destruction came from the depths of the forest.

The two roars that came almost at the same time saved everyone from their dazed state.

However, in the next moment, they all felt an even heavier pressure than suffocation.

It was as if a destructive storm was gushing out from the depths of the Earth, turning into a tide of destruction that pounced on the furious lion warriors who had yet to be fully armed.

It was the Tiger Tribe's chief, the violent blade!

This ferocious tiger tribe's most powerful expert had already been instigated by Canus the jackal to do great things to the fire and Lion tribe in Crimson Gold City.

Even some of Lion King's closest relatives had been killed by Canus.

He had no choice but to fight Lion King to the death.

No matter how crazy he looked on the surface, he was still very clear in his heart that compared to the horn of destruction, his maximum combat strength was still slightly inferior.

Otherwise, he would have been the one to ascend to the throne of the chief of the Golden clan that day, not the other party.

If he wanted to kill Lion King at the smallest price, and he still had room to continue exploring the Sacred Mountain Temple.

He could only take advantage of the fact that Lion King had yet to complete the reproduction equipment of his totem battle armor, and use the fierce knife in his hand that had gathered the bones of several hundred tiger clan powerhouses to chop off the opponent's head!

Even Tiger King could be considered a decisive person.

He did not care at all about how many evil energy puppet remains had been awakened.

All he cared about was the Lion King's head.

However, the Lion King hadn't stepped into the ambush yet.

The distance between the ambusher and the ambusher was just a little bit too far.

It was this little distance that made an enraged lion warrior who was loyal to the Lion King react in time and pounced on the Tiger King's charging route.

When the 'Violent Blade' swept out, the blade light that was like a whirlpool immediately split him into pieces like a dried leaf that was swept into a hurricane. Not only did he not have time to block, he couldn't even let out a scream.

Even half of the totem armor that he had just summoned from his body was torn into pieces.

His flesh and bones turned into powder and then followed the trajectory of the hurricane, splitting into long, thin lines of red and white that were completely absorbed by the blade of Fury.

After devouring the flesh and blood of a furious lion warrior, the blade of Fury was not satisfied. Instead, it seemed to have opened its appetite and emitted strands of intense, fire-like blood light.

Thousands of streams of blood-red light rose to the top of the Tiger King's head and turned into a ferocious tiger totem that had seventeen to eighteen heads and thirty to fifty claws. It looked deformed and ugly, but it was extremely ferocious.

At the same time, dozens of tiger howls of different heights and thicknesses, sharp, low, hoarse, or crazy, were transmitted from the inside of the ferocious tiger totem.

It was as if the fierce souls of hundreds of fierce tiger warriors were sealed in this fierce blade made of vertebrae. After tasting the sweetness of flesh and blood once again, they could not wait to let out a sinister smile.

The appearance of the Fierce Tiger Totem and the spiritual power produced by the overlapping of hundreds of tiger howls caused all the furious lion warriors to be caught off guard twice in a short instant.

However, the Tiger King did not have the time to pay attention to these insignificant shrimp soldiers and crab generals. The fierce saber danced crazily, and the fierce tiger totem pounced at the Lion King's real body with bared fangs and brandished claws.

Boom!

Under the support of the fierce tiger totem, the fierce Saber's speed and strength were pushed to the limit, and it ruthlessly smashed into the Lion King's chest.

At first glance, it was like a blood flame fierce tiger with seventeen or eighteen heads and dozens of claws that fell from the sky and slapped the Lion King to the ground with one claw.

However, the subtle touch from the fierce saber made the Tiger King's Heart Sink.

He knew that he did not break the Lion King's chest.

Instead, he hacked at the Lion King's totem armor.

He was still half a step too late!

Sure enough, in the next blink of an eye, from below the fierce tiger totem, there was a roar that was enough to shatter rocks and tear apart clouds.

The reason why Lion King had the title of "Horn of destruction".

Was inseparable from his loud voice and the technique of using sound waves to output totem power.

This angry roar was mixed with 120,000 points of shock, grief, and killing intent. It was several times more intense than the "Demonic energy pollution" just now.

Not only did it blow the fierce tiger totem that was suppressed above his head into pieces, it blew away the surrounding weeds and shrubs and burned them. Even the Tiger King felt that his head was buzzing, as if someone was beside his ear, a bolt of lightning was released.

The Tiger King gritted his teeth and was about to swing his saber again.

The second thunderous Lion Roar had already arrived.

If the first Lion Roar could be said to be the Lion King's instinctive defense in a hurry.

Then, using a short moment of shock, the Lion King had already broken free from his shock. He locked onto the Tiger King and launched an extremely fierce counterattack.

This lion roar was completely aimed at Tiger King.

The sound waves that had gathered together formed ripples that could be seen with the naked eye. They were like rings of death that were continuously aimed at tiger king at the speed of sound.

Tiger King had only raised half of the fierce blade in his hand.

The fierce tiger totem that had almost been blown away by the "Horn of destruction" did not condense into its most violent form either.

However, it could only chop down fiercely and shatter the deafening sound wave.

However, the sound wave had similar characteristics to the flood.

Unless one understood the specific frequency and carried out a hedge to cancel each other out.

Otherwise, it would be very difficult to disappear in a short instant.

Chapter 1278: Capture Them All in One Go?

The Tiger King was not afraid of the Lion King's sonic attack.

However, he did not know how much totem power the Lion King had mixed in with the sonic attack. He had cleverly aimed it where the Tiger King stood.

The dense forest was already covered in humus, so it was sticky and soft like mud.

After the high-frequency vibration of the sonic attack, it instantly turned into a swamp, causing the Tiger King's feet to sink slightly into it.

Even if his strength had reached the level of the Tiger Tribe's chieftain, under the circumstances where he could not step on solid ground and unleash his full strength, his offense would be greatly reduced.

The Tiger King keenly realized that his second round of attacks had once again failed.

He did not hesitate for a moment, nor did he plan to unleash another storm of meaningless attacks. Instead, he took three big steps back in one breath, slowly channeling his thunderous strength, and raised the "Violent blade" high up.

On the surface of the totem armor that was cast into the form of a tiger, strings of runes suddenly flashed. After continuous distortions and changes, they turned into ferocious tiger heads that opened their bloody mouths.

Under the urging of the Tiger Totem, the liquid-like metal substances that formed the totem armor surged from the Tiger King's arms to the "Blade of fury" like a flash flood, causing this peerless battle blade that was forged from the bones of countless tiger clan powerhouses., continuously Thicken and lengthen.

In the end, the totem armor and the peerless fierce blade merged into one.

Just like the Tiger King's original body had become a bloodthirsty and indestructible battle blade.

The speed of this battle blade falling seemed to be extremely slow.

So slow that the furious lion warriors that were flying over to protect the lion king could clearly see every vein on the blade that seemed to be bursting out and twisting tendons.

They could also see the blade breaking through the sound barrier and tearing the umbrella-shaped white mist, which was illuminated into a scarlet red by the fierce tiger totem.

They could even see pieces of the bones of the Tiger clan's powerhouses standing up one after another. Fierce souls were spurting out from under the bones, making the 'violent blade' even more ferocious and terrifying.

However, even if they could clearly see the entire process of the unparalleled fierce blade slashing down on their heads and heads.

Even though the neural network had been split into pieces in advance, it was unable to give even a single little finger an order to dodge or resist.

They could only look like clay figurines that were tightly bound by iron chains. They could only watch as the scarlet blade ray turned into a storm. In the middle of the storm, hundreds and thousands of

ferocious tigers pounced out and bit their limbs and throats, dragging them into the destructive killing formation, from the totem armor to the flesh and blood body to the soul and glory, they were all torn into pieces.

These furious Lion Warriors didn't even have the time to moan. They were like withered leaves in the storm, blown away without a trace.

After sucking their blood and fear, the power of the 'Violent Blade' soared to the highest level.

But at this time, the Lion King had already completed the reproduction equipment of the totem armor.

A lion that looked like it was made of gold rose up from the ground.

The spiritual flames above his head turned into tens of thousands of furious golden lions.

They roared at the same time, rolling sound waves that could topple mountains and overturn seas, destroying everything in their path.

After the sound waves, Lion King held two sabers that were respectively inlaid with nine gold rings and faced Tiger King's 'Blade of Fury'!

The collision between the two supreme powerhouses of the Gold clan was like two train cannons that were moving on the same railway track. After they flew at lightning speed to a distance that was sufficient for them to fight with bayonets, they fired a shot at the muzzle of the opponent's cannon.

A radius of 100 meters was enveloped by the light flames. The shock wave was like hundreds of thousands of dragons that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws. They rampaged through the vast forest without any scruples. The humus, soil, and rocks that were raised from the depths of the ground.., it was as if a huge wave that was dozens of meters high could be swept up.

Everyone present was enveloped by the shock wave.

It was like a lone boat that had lost its momentum in a huge wave. It could only follow the waves and grit its teeth to grasp the rhythm of the surging waves. Only then could it avoid being affected by the killing intent released by the Lion King and Tiger King.

Everyone was hallucinating.

It was as if there were hundreds and thousands of angry lions and tigers that were a hundred times more ferocious than in reality. In other words, monsters that looked like angry lions and tigers were burning in the dense forest, they were using their fangs, sharp claws, broken bones, and intestines that had been dug out of their bellies to entangle and tear at each other.

However, this was not the only problem that they had to worry about.

The 'Slaughtering Angels' from the land of Holy Light had originally relied on the blood of high-level orcs and the totem power they released to search and lock onto their targets.

Compared to the blood that was not easy to capture and identify.

The totem power was undoubtedly the best source of radiation.

Now, the Lion King and the Tiger King had instantly released such violent totem power, immediately attracting the attention of countless 'slaughtering angels' outside the dense forest.

The remains of the evil energy puppets that had been sleeping for three thousand years could no longer hold themselves back. The Crystals and magical runes on their bodies were shining brightly, driving their limbs, which were gradually fading away, into the forest, they rushed toward the Lion King and the Tiger King.

To be fair, most of the remains of the evil energy puppets were not high-level.

Without a large number of components and a slightly insufficient spiritual energy reserve, it was impossible for them to unleash 100% of their combat strength.

With the totem armor on, an ORC warrior was more than enough to deal with one evil energy puppet remains, or even three to five evil energy puppet remains.

The problem was that there were simply too many evil energy puppet remains.

After all, they came from the era of the strongest holy light camp three thousand years ago, the Holy Light Army that tried to finish it in one battle.

And Lion King and Tiger King were restricted in all aspects in order to keep it a secret. Whether it was the exploration team or the hunting team, added together, there were only about a hundred people.

The number of evil energy puppet remains awakened by Meng Chao exceeded three hundred.

This meant that the ambushers and the ambushers had to find a solution before they fought to the death. Otherwise, they would only perish together under the purification of the Holy Light.

Therefore, even though he had slashed out with an earth-shattering blade, it seemed to have overturned the entire ground within a hundred arms radius.

Tiger King's brain that was as hot as lava was clear-headed. He realized that he had lost the best chance to kill Lion King — perhaps forever.

The Lion King's strength was a little higher than his.

At this moment, he equipped the totem armor on top of his fangs.

Originally, he and the Wolf King had planned carefully. If the Lion King really sensed the existence of the ambush circle and put on the totem armor in advance, they would have an absolute advantage in numbers. No matter how tragic the price was, they had to achieve their goal, and they would certainly achieve their goal.

But now, the fierce tiger warriors under him and the Wolf warriors under the Wolf King were all entangled by the evil energy puppet's remains. It was already good enough that they could survive the continuous outbreak of the evil energy pollution.., how could they still have the strength to annihilate the team of the Lion King!

"How could this be?"

Even though he was ruthless to the extreme, the Tiger King, who never regretted doing anything, could not help but let out an extremely depressed roar in his heart. "Who exactly is it? Who exactly woke up so many evil energy puppet remains and lured them here!"

The same question also surfaced in the mind of Lion King's 'Horn of Destruction'.

Although he had narrowly avoided the Tiger King's most brutal three axes and had even put on his totem armor in time, he did not have any power that could threaten his life for the time being.

However, there was not a hint of relief on the Lion King's face.

It did not matter whether the Tiger King's surprise attack had succeeded or not.

The fact that the Tiger King had appeared in the depths of the Holy Mountain of Tulan meant that the crimson gold city must have undergone a drastic change.

In theory, only a few trusted aides such as "Platinum embrace" and "Hu Lang" knew that he had gone deep into the Holy Mountain.

After he had secretly left Crimson Gold City, the comparison between the strength of the Lion Race and the tiger race in the city had begun to tilt towards the latter.

Once he really excavated the inheritance of the Sacred Mountain Temple, the Tiger King's violent blade would never have the chance to touch the throne of the great chieftain of the Golden Clan, let alone become the war chieftain and rule over the past 10,000 years, the largest orc army!

At the thought of this, the Lion King's golden eyes instantly turned red.

He could vaguely guess what had happened in Crimson Gold City after he had entered deep into the Holy Mountain, and who had brought the Tiger King all the way to chase after him. They were actually able to arrive before him and set up an ambush.

This was truly a flawless trap.

If it wasn't for the evil energy puppet's remains that suddenly surged out from the edge of the dense forest, his head would have been trampled under the Tiger King's feet long ago, and the Fang that he was most proud of would also become a decoration hanging on the Tiger King's neck.

However..

"The number of evil energy puppet's remains that have been awakened is too many, isn't it? Kanus, you deranged corpse-eating hound, your appetite is really not small. From the looks of it, could it be that you want to capture me and the violent blade in one fell swoop?"

## **Chapter 1279: Chaos**

The Tiger King had wronged the Wolf King.

"Jackal" Kanus had considered the strategy of "awakening the remains of the evil energy puppets and capturing both the Lion King and the Tiger King" when he was planning the entire plan.

However, after some thought, he immediately gave up on the immature and very dangerous idea.

Mainly because, even he did not know how many evil energy puppet remains were buried in the depths of the Holy Mountain and how many of these remains had not been completely corroded, had not used up all their psionic power, and still had the ability to climb back up to become Angels of Slaughter.

In short, this method was too uncontrollable.

If he was slightly careless, it was very likely that his men would be dragged into it as well.

Moreover, once a large number of evil energy puppet remains appeared, it was very likely that the Lion King and the Tiger King would temporarily put aside their conflicts and jointly resist the enemies from the land of Holy Light.

For the Wolf King, this was a little self-defeating.

After all, his entire plan was built on the advantage of information gap.

In his plan, the Lion King and the Tiger King absolutely could not exchange too much information.

It was best to fall into a life-and-death battle as soon as they met, achieving the effect of mutual destruction or one death and one serious injury.

Once the two powerhouses of the Gold clan temporarily stopped fighting, it was very easy for them to outline their intentions in just a few words.

At that time, forget about whether or not the Lion King and the Tiger King would fight to the death.

Before they fought to the death, it would not be a big problem for them to join hands and crush him to death.

For example, right now, canus the jackal had keenly sensed that the earth-shattering battle between the Horn of destruction and the blade of Fury had only lasted for three rounds.

Then, faced with the remains of the evil energy puppets that kept jumping into the jungle, the two powerhouses wisely chose to distance themselves and gather their troops to form a battle formation. Instead, they aimed their spears at the slaughter angels that were surrounded by holy light, they did not aim at each other.

What was worse was that there were more than a dozen Gnoll warriors lying in ambush in the forest.

They were all elite soldiers created by 'Jackal'kanus after spending a lot of resources and secret techniques over the years.

They had the unparalleled combat strength of the current Tulan orcs that they had never seen before.

They were more than ten times stronger than ordinary Gnoll Warriors.

However, on the surface, they were merely the lackeys that followed behind the Liger warriors and were responsible for cleaning up the battlefield.

They had originally planned to tear off their disguises after Lion King and Tiger King were both injured.

But now, so many evil energy puppet remains had appeared.

“Jackal”kanus had sharp eyes. He saw that one of his trusted aides was already surrounded by three evil energy puppet remains.

If they displayed their true strength, it would naturally be easy for them to kill the evil energy puppet remains.

However, in such a case, it was far beyond the performance of the Wolf Warriors.

Once they were discovered by the Horn of destruction and the blade of fury, countless questions would naturally pop up in their minds. They would then understand the Wolf King’s ambition and the grand plan that had just revealed the tip of the iceberg.

Even the Doomsday Wolf in the future would be caught off guard by the sudden change and mess up the overall rhythm.

However, no matter how many evil energy puppet remains appeared.

Even if Lion King and Tiger King discovered his scheme.

This was still not the most fatal problem.

Canus the Jackal had a firm belief in his ambition and the cause that was bound to succeed.

He believed that even if the Lion King and Tiger King’s hard power far surpassed his own.

Even if they were forced to temporarily stop fighting under the pressure of the evil energy puppet’s remains and work together against the outside world, and discover his scheme.

He also had a way to get there first, obtain the sacred mountain’s inheritance, and then finish them off in one go.

The most fatal question now was, who exactly awakened so many evil energy puppet remains and lured them here?

The Wolf King did not believe in coincidences.

Such a large number of evil energy puppet remains could only come from the great swamp southwest of the Scarlet Mountain Peak.

They had long known that there were a large number of killing machines buried in the Great Swamp, so they did not dare to explore that area. They would rather take a long detour and take a Big Detour. It was absolutely impossible to trigger any of the evil energy puppet remains.

The timing was so exquisite.

It just so happened to be able to catch him.

Then, he thought of the feeling of being spied on from time to time in the depths of his brain.

There were several times when he almost caught the Spellchecker’s nerves.

The wolf king immediately realized that it was a “Spellchecker” related to the ancient Dream Saintess who had activated and attracted the evil energy puppet remains.

This person was still hiding nearby.

He was his biggest and most dangerous opponent!

Canus’ gaze instantly turned into an invisible sharp blade that pierced through the smoke and dust in the sky as well as the holy light that was constantly surging, searching for traces of the spy on the chaotic battlefield.

As a spy, Meng Chao also felt the pressure of life and death.

At first, he only wanted to lure the remains of the evil energy puppets into the forest before he successfully retreated.

But the problem was that the number of the evil energy puppets’ remains was beyond imagination.

Dozens of ‘angels of slaughter’ locked onto him. The endless holy light cut off the trees around him and burnt them into charcoal. Then, fire walls were burnt on his way forward, deep ravines were plowed out.

Even after he jumped into the dense forest, the ‘angels of slaughter’ were still chasing after him. On several occasions, the sharp blades surrounded by holy light almost tore through the armor on his back and pierced through his heart.

Meng Chao, who was jumping up and down in a panic, could only dive into the encirclement of the wolves, tigers, and leopards.

He tried to distract the ‘Angels of slaughter’ with the dumbfounded warriors of the Lion Clan, Tiger clan, and Wolf Clan.

However, in this way, he could not help but expose his existence in front of some of the Tulan Beastmen.

Looking at the totem armor on his body that was completely different from that of the gold clan, which vaguely carried the scent of the Bloody Hoofs clan, the dumbfounded wolves, tigers, and leopards could not help but ask, “Which part of you are you from?”

Fortunately, the ‘Angel of Slaughter’ who came one after another attracted all the hatred and released it violently after increasing it by three to five times.

Holy Light and totems crisscrossed. Flesh, blood, and machinery flew everywhere. Explosions and gears gnawed at the bones one after another. The sound of bones cracking and gears cracking was incessant. It was a battle that had lasted for ten thousand years, in the depths of Tulan Sacred Mountain, which had been silent for three thousand years, the battle was restarted in the most tragic way.

There was no need for eye contact or verbal communication.

After realizing that the scale of the evil energy puppet's remains was beyond imagination, Lion King, Tiger King, and their furious Lion Warriors and fierce tiger warriors chose to face the outside world in unison.

First, they would deal with the demonic puppet's remains that were used like a tide, and then they would deal with the battle for the throne of Turanze.

Similarly, no one chose, and no one even thought of running away.

This was the sacred mountain, the Glorious Palace of all Turanzun's ancestral spirits, the land of eternal rest!

Their opponent was the demonic puppet's remains, an enemy that had been pestering them for ten thousand years, and the most terrifying ultimate weapon!

As the pride of a high-level orc, they would never allow them to retreat in such a place in front of such an opponent.

Moreover, they had nowhere to retreat to.

The space in the depths of the sacred mountain had been cut into countless fragments.

The seemingly flat land would soon reach the edge of the fragment space. It would be blocked or even swallowed by the mist that came out of nowhere.

And every once in a while, the mist would continue to gush out. It covered most of the space, and only a few "Isolated islands" could maintain stability. and these "Isolated islands" .., were often the 'entrances'that led to the next space.

They had nowhere to run.

As for the remains of the evil energy puppets, it was impossible for them to watch them hide on the 'isolated islands'where space was relatively stable and hug each other.

Then, they could only fight to the death.

Lion King and Tiger King were like two iron pincers of a giant crab. They stabbed at the places where the evil energy puppets were densest from different directions.

The Lion King waved his two curved sabers that were shaking with gold rings, emitting deafening explosions and blowing out circles of ripples in the air. All the evil energy puppets that were touched by the ripples seemed to have been blown away by a pair of invisible hands that were as fast as lightning, they were instantly dismantled into the most basic parts, and they were blown away like fairies scattering flowers.

The blade of fury of the Lion King was even more bloody. It turned into a bloody mist in the form of a ferocious tiger and covered the bodies of the evil energy puppets.

As long as the bodies of the devilish puppets were covered by the bloody mist, the newly-refreshed metal surface would show signs of corrosion and breakage at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The crystals that were still shining a moment ago seemed to have been drained of their energy by the bloody mist, and cracks that looked like spider webs appeared on them.

In fact, a few clusters of bloody mist even crawled into the bodies of the devilish puppets through the gaps.. After a series of cracking noises, some of the limbs of the devilish puppets were hijacked, the 'Slaughtering Angels' unleashed the ferocious flames of a mad tiger and crashed toward their companions.

Chapter 1280: Going All Out

However, there were simply too many evil energy puppet remains.

The Lion King and Tiger King's destruction could not cover the entire forest.

In places beyond their reach, there were still a large number of killing machines shrouded in light mist. They jumped into the forest like giant spiders and pounced on the lion warriors.

Moreover, neither the Lion King nor the Tiger King could leave their distractions and go all out.

After realizing that the other party was a real threat, they had no choice but to consider how they should fight against the other party after they killed all the evil energy puppet remains.

The more strength they retained, the more chances they had to survive.

After all, it was not just their own team that was facing the evil energy puppet remains. Wouldn't it be too foolish to go all out at this moment?

Such thoughts were gnawing at their fighting spirit like poisonous insects.

It made it so that the two experts of the Gold clan were unable to fully express themselves.

It was the same for the Furious Lion Warriors and the fierce tiger warriors under them.

After the former noticed that the fierce tiger warriors were lying in ambush in the dense forest, he was already covered in cold sweat.

Moreover, from the number of fierce tiger warriors and their positions, it was analyzed that if it were not for the sudden appearance of the remains of the evil energy puppet, his team would have been completely annihilated by the fierce tiger warriors.

Since the latter had a large number of warriors, the impact of the evil energy puppet's remains was even more severe. While they were complaining in their hearts, they could not help but worry that if the furious lion warriors, especially the Horn of destruction, managed to break out of their encirclement.., what kind of serious consequences would be triggered if they fled back to crimson gold city.

As a result, faced with the butcher's knife that was surrounded by holy light from the evil energy puppet's remains, both the furious Lion Warriors and the fierce tiger warriors could not help but be distracted.

Half of their eyes were fixed on the remains of the evil energy puppet in front of them, while the other half were staring at each other, who were very close to each other.

They were afraid that the other party would stab them in the back when they were in the middle of a fierce battle with the remains of the evil energy puppet.

Of course, the same group of people were also pondering whether they should stab the other party in the back while the other party was in the middle of a fierce battle with the remains of the evil energy puppet.

As for the Jackal warriors led by Kanus, there was no need to mention them.

As guilty as they were, they had no idea whether or not they should display their full strength in the face of the menacing evil energy puppet's remains. Once the Liger warriors discovered that their strength far exceeded the limits of the ordinary Wolf Clan., what kind of terrible development would the situation become.

In addition, this batch of evil energy puppet remains had been sleeping in the swamp for too long.

A large number of parts were rusted and incomplete.

Even after being purified by the holy light, they were still riddled with holes and extremely unstable.

Such an unstable state severely restricted their combat ability.

However, it made them like walking bombs that could self-destruct at any time.

Every time a demonic energy puppet's remains self-destructed, the area within dozens of arms would be covered by a huge ball of light.

Covered by a light that was bright enough to blind the eyes, even if the Liger warriors did not die, their totem armors would be heavily contaminated, losing the ability to change and self-repair as they wished, they would become as fragile as ceramics.

Thus, when the evil energy puppets fell or exploded one after another,.

The casualties of the Liger warriors and the Jackal warriors increased at an alarming rate.

More and more beastmen powerhouses lost their vitality in their totem armors, and after they cracked like porcelain, they could only use their flesh and blood to withstand the machinery that was shining with holy light. In the end, their flesh and blood flew everywhere, their bones shattered, they died together with their enemies.

However, their enemies did not only have numbers.

Boom!

Boom Boom!

Boom Boom Boom!

When a series of deafening booms came from the edge of the forest, countless towering trees that were dozens of meters tall fell down like weeds in a hurricane. The flames that soared into the sky turned

into a boiling light mist, when it almost filled half of the sky, Lion King, Tiger King, Wolf King, and all the Orc warriors realized that something was wrong.

Before they could react, a beam of light blade that was a hundred times brighter and thicker than all the Holy Light just now cut through the edge of the forest at lightning speed, hitting the skull of a fierce tiger warrior.

This fierce tiger warrior seemed to be entangled by a giant snake condensed from lightning, unable to move at all.

The armor on his body that was shining with the totem of the fierce tiger dimmed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

First, the totem was deprived of its colorful light.

Then, the metallic luster and crystal-clear texture on the surface of the armor also disappeared.

He was like a primitive man wearing a stone armor, and the stone armor that was getting rougher and rougher was quickly cut in the middle by the light blade.

Almost without the ability to fight back, the fierce tiger warrior was cut in half vertically from head to toe. However, the huge wound seemed to have been sealed by some mysterious force, and not a drop of blood or a piece of broken organ flowed out, it was like an anatomical drawing used in medicine or some kind of weird artwork.

Soon, the "Artist" who created this artwork made a grand entrance in front of everyone's horrified eyes.

A killing machine that was thirty to fifty meters tall.

A strength Angel.

Countless tubes engraved with magical runes were arranged like a complicated maze. Lethal psionic energy flowed endlessly in the depths of the tubes. Through the transformation and enhancement of the magical rune arrays, it transformed into unparalleled heat and kinetic energy., as well as the roar that tore the sky apart, it shot out from the beehive-like holes.

The giant crab-like figure was dragged by half of its body, which was thicker than a barbarian elephant warrior's, while the other half was carried by dozens of evil energy puppets. It looked like one was tall while the other was low, and it was staggering., but it had a kind of magic power that made one's scalp go numb.

Especially when the several lumps of crystals that looked like giant tumors embedded on the back of the giant crab emitted a magnificent light and enveloped the brains of all carbon-based intelligent life forms present.

Whether it was the lion-man, tigerman, or werewolf, solemn and solemn horns sounded in their ears, and illusions appeared in front of their eyes. It was as if they really saw an angel shining with golden light, holy and inviolable, and could only bow and worship.

Under the gaze of the Angel's holy wings and majestic eyes, the existences of these half-human and half-beast seemed so humble, so dirty, so evil, and so ridiculous.

“Everything in the world originates from the Holy Light, and will definitely return to the embrace of the Holy Light.”

Many orc warriors heard this low moan in their minds.

This low moan was like a secret anesthetic made by a witch doctor, instantly numbing their central nerves, causing them to be dumbstruck and unable to move.

Therefore, the strength angel waved its huge iron pincers and easily grabbed the second fierce tiger warrior. With a “Kacha” sound, the fierce tiger warrior was cut in half along with his totem armor, he was thrown high into the air.

This time, the strength Angel did not use its mysterious power to seal the wound.

The internal organs of the fierce tiger warrior danced in the air like bloody fireworks, sprinkling on the bodies of many lion-men, tiger-men, and werewolves. For the first time in their lives, they felt a deep fear in their bones.

In the dead silence of fear, the Horn of destruction and the blade of fury let out earth-shattering roars at the same time.

The Lion King and the Tiger King finally realized that if they did not put aside their past grudges and went all out, everyone present would be turned into corpses purified by the holy light in a moment.

The two experts of the gold clan used their roars to shatter the illusions and illusions created by the Strength Angel.

They shot at the strength angel like two angry cannonballs.

Countless evil energy puppet remains jumped up one after another, trying to intercept the Lion King and Tiger King.

However, they were used as stepping stones, crushing them in mid-air. Instead, they accelerated time and time again. After dodging the strength Angel’s holy light sweep and the pincer attack, they jumped onto the strength Angel’s back.

The crystal on the strength angel’s back shone brightly like a tumor.

One could clearly see that in the depths of the crystal, there were many mysterious and complicated magic arrays. As the light continued to expand, it instantly covered the strength Angel’s entire back.

The magic arrays turned into flames and frost. The Flames and frost turned into swords, Spears, and halberds. They stabbed fiercely at the Lion King and Tiger King, trapping them firmly in the sword and halberd forest.

However, the Lion King and Tiger King, who had abandoned their distracting thoughts, were the most terrifying existences in the entire Lan Ze. Naturally, they would not be obstructed by a mere magic array.

The Lion King’s Golden Ring Scimitars collided with each other. The sound waves immediately turned into raging waves that could be seen with the naked eye, blowing away the flames and frost.

The Tiger King's violent blade dragged a scarlet tail flame as it ruthlessly hacked at the strength Angel's outer shell.. Under the surge of the flames, the outer shell was hacked up high, tearing a three to five arm long hole, the precise mechanical structure inside was revealed.