

Oh My God 1301

Chapter 1301: The Premise of Cultivating the Market

The two of them could only put aside their differences and remove their distracting thoughts, not thinking about the complicated relationship between enemy and friend.

They focused all their attention on the yellow crystal fruit, allowing the purest spirit energy to slowly flow through their bodies, repairing their countless and densely packed wounds.

After an unknown amount of time, the two of them, who had collapsed on the ground, regained the ability to speak.

Then, Meng Chao heard the Wolf King's laughter.

"Jackal" Kanus seemed to be immersed in the joy of surviving a great disaster.

It was also like during the overload explosion just now, in order to drive the strongest form of the six kill Saber and the six kill armor, his brain was corroded by the totem power, revealing his true personality, which belonged to the appearance of the "Doomsday Wolf King."

It was more like he had confirmed certain things through the fierce battle with the Fusion Beast, and strengthened the conviction in the deepest part of his heart.

"I knew it. I knew I wouldn't die here, not in the mouth of this insect!

"I'm destined to change this world. No one can stop me, and no existence known as gods and Devils can stop me!

"You're not bad. I really didn't expect that you would save me at the most critical moment!

"Don't worry. You've made the most correct choice in your life. You have no idea what you've saved. I promise, believe me. You will never regret saving me from the Abyss Today!"

The Wolf King's wild laughter contained the arrogance of a villain who had achieved his goal, as well as the confidence that he was certain of victory. Everything was in his control, and there was an irresistible infectious power.

At this moment, he clearly had nothing and had not even fully recovered from his injuries. There were even white bones that were exposed in the air.

His aura, however, was like a war chief who had already obtained the inheritance of the Holy Mountain and ruled over Tu Lan Ze. It had swelled to the limit.

Even though Meng Chao knew the miserable ending of the Doomsday Wolf.

Facing this guy who had climbed to the top of the Holy Mountain and seemed to be evolving at a rapid pace every second, he had to admit that in the future of his previous life, this was a man who was infinitely close to success.

Seeing the Wolf King getting closer and closer to the "Complete body of the Doomsday Wolf," Meng Chao felt a lot of pressure.

He spat out a mouthful of blood-stained thick phlegm and muttered, "I'm starting to regret it."

"Why?"

After the bloody battle just now, although Meng Chao still maintained a high degree of vigilance against the Wolf King, the Wolf King seemed to be completely at ease with Meng Chao. He could be more relaxed and express his emotions and attitude without any scruples.

He asked straightforwardly, "I realized that you seem to have very strong vigilance and hostility towards me, but I really can't remember how I offended you — before today, I didn't know you, this mysterious and powerful abyssal seed. I also don't remember offending anyone who looked like you, with black hair and black eyes.

"That's right. We did fight a few rounds across the air and almost broke through each other's brain regions, but you should know very well that you were the one who took the initiative to provoke me and ruin my plan that I had worked so hard for ten years. I was only forced to counterattack.

"So, I should be the one who is on high alert against you, full of hostility and distrust.

"As you have seen, the fierce battle with the Fusion Beast just now was indeed a close call.

"If our cooperation had been a little less perfect, or if one of us had thought of something unnecessary at the critical moment, we might have been buried in the flames of the abyss.

"After that, whether we are faced with the traps in the temple of the sacred mountain or the siege of the Lion King and the Tiger King, the danger will be ten times more than that of the fusion beast.

"If we are still like this, holding back and being on guard against each other, we will all die!

"Therefore, don't you think that we should be honest and introduce ourselves to each other? At the very least, you should let me know what I have done to offend you, right?"

The Wolf King's words were reasonable.

Meng Chao was also very clear that he had to work closely with the Wolf King if he wanted to get the inheritance of the sacred mountain under the dueling of the Lion King and the Tiger King.

He had to work closely with the Wolf King. At the critical moment, he could not hesitate and waver.

Even if the two of them really fell out, it should be after obtaining the sacred mountain's inheritance.

However, he could not directly pour cold water on this man who was full of confidence, as if the entire world and even the future were in his hands, and tell the Wolf King that even if he obtained the sacred mountain's inheritance., he could not change the world and the future. It would only bring about an unprecedented crushing defeat and collapse, and even lead to the double destruction of the Tulan civilization and the Dragon City civilization!

Seeing that the guy had fallen into a hysterical confidence after escaping death, he knew that he would never believe such "Nonsense".

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and could only cut off the beginning and end, he said briefly, "I came from the blood-skull arena in black-corner city. I had many rat-folk friends there. No one despised

my black hair and black eyes. We trained together and fought side by side. We faced the furious attacks of the Gladiators together and saved each other's lives time and time again.

"Later, a series of explosions broke out in black-corner city. Everyone was shouting about the myth of 'the arrival of the Rat God'. Under the command of the battle flag of the Great Horn Army, they rose up against the professional warriors who had been training in killing since their mother's womb with the crudest weapons and the weak bodies of the rat-folk. They paved the way for the rise of the Great Horn Army with the corpses of thousands of rat-folk.

"Later, we retreated from black-corner City and fled to the edge of the bloody hoof clan through the sky-sinking prairies.

"Naturally, we were chased by countless soldiers along the way, and many of our rat brothers died in the most tragic way.

"After we escaped the Bloody Hoof Clan's evil hands and regrouped with the rat soldiers from all over the world, we marched into the territory of the Gold clan in a grand way. What awaited us was another Battle of death where blood flowed everywhere and corpses were strewn all over the ground.

"Gradually, the brothers that I knew in the Bloody Skull Arena all died in the never-ending flames of war that were getting more and more intense.

"The comrades that I made in the bloody battles have changed one after another.

"I don't even remember any of my brothers who could survive three days by my side.

"If it was just the cruelty of the war, it would have been fine. But for the Freedom and glory of the rat people, it was worth it no matter how great the sacrifice was.

"I believe that the rat people warriors who fell under the totem and Blade of the Warriors of the clan one after another also believed in the 'Rat God' from the bottom of their hearts. They believed that their sacrifice could change the world, at least a little bit.

"In the end, I accidentally discovered that the so-called 'Rat God' was just a cruel lie.

"The sacrifices of countless rat subjects were not for freedom and glory, but for the selfish interests of an ambitious man.

"The charging in the smoke and flames, the shouting before their death, and the rat subjects' warriors, who were covered in wounds, joined hands to support and encourage each other. They marched into the forest of swords and halberds of the warriors of the clan with their heads held high. The scenes that had been extremely tragic and tragic turned into a great joke.

"In this joke, the rat subjects who have paid the most and sacrificed the most will never have the chance to rise up.

"The only one who stands to benefit and miraculously rises up is you, the Wolf King who is manipulating everything behind the scenes!"

Meng Chao's reason was met with a long silence.

The Wolf King's expression was extremely weird. It was as if he was relieved of a heavy burden, but it was also as if he was greatly puzzled.

He frowned and thought for a long time before he confirmed, "So, there is no personal grudge between you and me that can not be resolved. All of your vigilance and hostility toward me only came from the fact that I used and stopped the rise of the rat people?"

"Is this reason not enough?" Meng Chao asked in return.

In fact, this was indeed one of the key factors that had to be seriously considered when choosing the leader of Tulanze.

Dragon city was a typical industrial civilization with limited local resources and a narrow market.

In order to develop at a high speed, they had to vigorously promote the export-oriented economy and look for a broader market and more abundant consumption power.

The problem was that no matter how many slaves there were, they could not provide effective consumption power.

If Tulanze maintained its current clan social form, with tens of millions or even more people, but the vast majority of them were rat people who had no freedom, dignity, or even personal safety to speak of, of course, they would not have a single penny of savings. They simply could not afford to consume the tobacco, liquor, or even the endless stream of industrial products produced on the assembly line from Dragon City.

Only the samurai lords standing at the top of the pyramid could enjoy the luxury goods from Dragon City.

Even if the samurai lords shook off their cheeks, opened their back teeth, ate all day long, drank all day long, and spent money like water, how many industrial products could they consume? How could they possibly pull the huge plate of dragon city..., get rid of the crisis of stagflation?

The market of Tulanze was very broad.

But the market needed to be nurtured.

The prerequisite for nurturing the market was that consumers must have the most basic personal freedom and private property.

Therefore, unswervingly supporting the rise of the rat people and supporting the rat people to fight for freedom and glory was not only illusory "Kindness" and "Justice", but also in the best interests of the Dragon City civilization.

When the Dragon City civilization and the Tulan civilization formed an alliance in the previous life, the war between the two worlds was already in full swing.

At that time, Dragon City suffered a great loss in the Monster War and was unable to develop the market economy that was as prosperous as it was today.

Therefore, the cooperation between the two sides was mainly limited to the military field.

Even the “Jackal”kanus at that time had an open mind and long-term vision that far surpassed that of the ordinary orcs.

He did not have the time to develop in-depth cooperation in the economic field with the Dragon City civilization, let alone completely change the laws of Turanze. He fell into a battle situation that was fraught with difficulties and ultimately suffered a crushing defeat.

Therefore, Meng Chao was uncertain about his attitude toward the ordinary rat people, whether he could give the rat people basic personal freedom and the right to dispose of private property.

From this guy’s series of moves against the Great Horn Army, he was definitely a ruthless person who treated everything as chess pieces.

However, he did not wipe out all the rat uprising army. Instead, he kept the great horn army intact.

Meng Chao did not know if the great horn army would end up worse if their opponent was the lion king or the Tiger King..

Chapter 1302: The Wolf King’s True Face

“Highly sufficient.”

The Wolf King continued to smile and slowly said, “For the rise of the rat people, I feel that this reason is highly sufficient.”

He had finally accumulated enough strength. First, he knelt on one knee and gritted his teeth. His knee almost made a deep pit in the ground. Then, he stood up with difficulty. Narrowing his eyes, he opened his arms and mouth as he faced the sky. He greedily absorbed the cold and fresh air tens of thousands of meters high in the sky and let out a silent roar.

Meng Chao also stood up shakily and looked at the Wolf King’s face suspiciously.

He did not know if it was an illusion, but he felt that the Wolf King’s face had become somewhat different from before.

During the fierce battle with the fusion beast, even though they had the protection of the helmet and mask, their faces and brains were still the main targets of the Fusion Beast. They could not help but be hit until their faces were bruised and swollen. Their skin was torn and their flesh was torn, even their teeth were broken and missing due to the fierce biting.

As a result, after withdrawing their totem battle armor, their heads swelled to twice their original size, and their facial features shifted so much that they could not even recognize their parents.

As the yellow crystal fruit turned into a trickle of spiritual energy, it slowly seeped into their capillaries, facial nerves, and broken bones, promoting their cells to divide and grow a hundred times faster, the bruises, swelling, and wounds on their faces were healing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Even the broken bones and broken dental pulp had grown a large number of bone cells, allowing them to quickly recover to their purest true colors.

During the process of rebirth, even many old wounds had been repaired.

Therefore, Meng Chao discovered to his surprise that the front teeth of 'Jackal'kanus grew longer and wider. They gradually protruded out of his mouth and even covered his lower lip like two shovels.

This was definitely not the structure of the teeth of the Wolf clan.

It was not even the structure of the teeth of any predator like wolves, tigers, and leopards.

Instead, it was a very typical characteristic of a rodent.

This was the teeth of the Rat clan!

"This is impossible..." Meng Chao was dumbfounded.

He had never expected that the master of the Wolf Clan, who was sometimes sinister and cunning, and sometimes brutal and brutal behind the scenes, the future Doomsday Demon Wolf, would actually have such a distinct characteristic of the rat clan.

He was a hybrid of the Wolf clan and the Rat Clan!

Meng Chao's brain was in a mess.

One had to know that although the Tulan warriors did not reject hybrids, the phenomenon of intermarriage or borrowing children between the five great clans was endless. As long as one was strong enough, they could pass the coming of age ceremony, even if one carried seventeen or eighteen kinds of messy bloodlines, had the tusks of wild boars, the sharp claws of fierce tigers, the wings of falcons, and the leather armor of crocodiles, they could all enter the clan and obtain the recognition of the clans and the blessings of the ancestral spirits.

However, there was only one bloodline exception.

That was the bloodline of the Rat clan.

Legend had it that thousands of years ago, there was once a rat soldier who fled on the battlefield, causing the entire battle line to collapse and the entire battle to be utterly defeated.

From then on, the ancestral spirits, who were furious and furious, cast the most severe curse on the Rat clan.

The blood of the Rat clan was considered to be the most cowardly, dirty, and lowly bloodline.

Any warrior of Tulan who had a drop of the blood of the Rat clan flowing in his body would have the characteristics of the Rat clan.

They would be classified as rat people forever. No matter how hard they struggled, they would never be recognized by any clan. They would never be allowed to engrave any totem on their body.

This was the famous 'one drop of blood law' in the Tulan civilization.

As long as one drop of blood came from the rat race, they would be a rat race for the rest of their lives. They would be the rat people of the rat race, the slaves of the slaves!

Even though Meng Chao felt that the so-called “A few thousand years ago, there was a rat warrior who fled in fear, resulting in a crushing defeat in the war and the curse of the ancestral spirit” was pure nonsense.

The real reason was probably due to the terrifying reproductive ability of the rat race. They were able to conceive earlier than the other orcs, and their pregnancy cycle was shorter than the other orcs, on average, they could conceive quadruplets or even quintuplets every time they gave birth. Their recovery speed after giving birth was also far faster than the other orcs. They were simply a perfect reproduction machine.

In the prosperous era, Turanze already had an almost endless amount of food.

Other than eating and reproduction, the orcs had nothing else to do.

If they didn't impose restrictions on the rat race, the rat race would be able to produce an overwhelming army in just a dozen to twenty years. They would occupy the entire Turanze, seriously threatening the interests of the other clans.

Therefore, the major clans regarded the rat clan, whose combat ability was not very strong, as a flood and a fierce beast, and strictly defended and suppressed them.

As a result, even the rat subjects, whose bloodline was very thin and whose features could not be seen at all, were reduced to the bottom of the Tulan civilization and would never be able to rise again.

They did not expect that, under such a harsh ‘one drop of blood law’, a fish would still slip through the net.

And it was an extremely brutal piranha.

The future King Tulan is actually a rat citizen — no, a rat clan?

Since he is a rat citizen of the Rat clan, why did he use the Great Horn Legion to murder the ancient Dream Saintess and personally bury the great horn riot that he stirred up?

What exactly happened that made this extremely lowly rat clan become a corpse-eating dog, a jackal, and finally a doomsday wolf?

A series of question marks appeared in Meng Chao's eyes.

“Jackal” kanus extended his tongue, which was full of barbs and belonged to the Wolf clan, and licked his front teeth, which belonged to the Rat clan, as if he was enjoying it.

Then, without any warning, he raised his fist and smashed it fiercely at his front teeth.

With a cracking sound, his front teeth, which had very distinct characteristics of a rodent, were all broken and fell into his palm.

He admired the broken teeth lying quietly in his palm while sucking on the blood and pulp that flowed out of the broken teeth.

It should have been a bone-piercing pain, but it did not leave a mark on his face.

It was as if he had repeated the same action thousands of times.

He had smashed his cursed front teeth down thousands of times.

“According to the plot of the war epic, should I say something like ‘you’ve discovered the biggest secret, so I have no choice but to kill you to silence you’?”

The Wolf King admired it for a long time before he finally clenched his fists reluctantly. A stream of totem power gushed out of his palm and ground his front teeth into powder before they were burnt into green smoke and ashes.

He looked at Meng Chao calmly and said casually, “However, on second thought, it doesn’t seem to be necessary.

“If our cooperation goes smoothly, we will indeed find the deepest part of the temple of the sacred mountain, the most ancient ancestral spirit, and the greatest legacy. We will also successfully kill the Lion King and the Tiger King.

“Then, we will be the tyrants of Tulan without a doubt.

“I believe that when I step on the corpse of the Horn of destruction and the head of the violent blade and walk out of the sacred mountain, those fellows who are crawling on the ground and shivering will not have the courage to raise their heads and look at my face carefully to discover my secret.

“On the other hand, if we fail and die miserably in the traps of the temple of the sacred mountain, or if we are torn into pieces by Lion King and Tiger King, no matter what bloodline we have, it will be meaningless. The sins of the Rat clan won’t allow me to die again, will it?”

Meng Chao nodded.

He could not help but confirm again, “You... are really a rat clan?”

The Wolf King could not help but laugh.

“Is being a rat clan some kind of honor that is worth me pretending to be?”

The wolf king asked back, “Or do you think that I would deliberately change the shape of my teeth at the top of the sacred mountain, so close to the ancestral spirit temple, to Sully the honor of the Wolf Clan?”

Meng Chao was silent.

Although psionic power is at its peak, it can change the shape of flesh and bones and fine-tune the size of bones at will.

But in a fraction of a second, it’s almost impossible to force the sharp fangs of a wolf into the shape of rodents.

Meng Chao is to see the wolf king like a shovel-like incisors, a little long out.

He didn’t think that the Wolf King had long been prepared to play such a clumsy trick. The great shame of being a rat clan was something that no warrior of the clan who paid attention to honor could bear, even an “Atypical orc” like the wolf king was no exception.

To put it bluntly, on the summit of the Sacred Mountain, the fake rat clan had aroused the anger of the ancestral spirits. It wasn't wrong to kill such a shameless guy with an explosion.

The two of them barely regained the ability to move.

They staggered and continued to advance into the depths of the fossil forest.

On the way, the Wolf King told his story.

According to him, this was a secret that could never be told to any of the Tulan people.

However, since Meng Chao had already seen the growth process of his front teeth, and he was temporarily unable and unwilling to kill Meng Chao, it was better to tell the truth in exchange for a deeper level of trust.

In fact, it was not a new and strange story.

It was nothing more than a rat clan youth who had been tortured since he was born. From the age of three to five, he had been forced by the master of the Wolf clan to crawl into the dark underground.

It was just like the "Garbage bugs" that Meng Chao had met in black-corner city when the Rat clan youths from Cai Luo village were cleaning the sewer pipes.

However, the Wolf King's job was a hundred times more dangerous than the "Garbage bugs".

After all, the dangers faced by the garbage bugs were only the pipes that could collapse at any time, the poison and gas in the depths of the pipes, and the rarely-occurring methane explosion.

Other than the dangers faced by the Wolf King, there were also fatal traps, hidden traps, the angel of slaughter that seemed to be paralyzed but could wake up at any time, and the ones that could make people lose their minds and fall into madness at any moment, the distorted totem power.

That's right, the Wolf King had been forced to become a grave robber since he was three or five years old, before his bones had even hardened.

The Lost Temple; the ancient battlefield ruins that were filled with killing machines and totem armor fragments; the powerful totem beast lair that had devoured the lives of countless warriors and left behind countless ancient weapons... were all his targets..

Chapter 1303: The Youth in the Depths of the Ancient Tomb

From then on, he had almost never seen the sun.

The mechanisms that contained magma and venom in the depths of the lost temple were his toys.

The roars of totem beasts and the screams of tomb raiders, as well as the sound of bones being ground into powder by fangs, were the only music.

The fog that lingered over the ruins of the ancient battlefield all day long was impacted by totem power. It turned into mist in the form of various ferocious beasts, which was the most common sight he saw.

As a weak little thief, his task was to act as cannon fodder and a human minesweeper, charging at the front of the entire tomb raiding team. He was responsible for exploring the most dangerous mechanisms and the narrowest secret passage.

Many secret passages were not much bigger than a fist. Even a three or five-year-old mouse child had to soak his bones in a special secret medicine to soften them before he could barely get in.

However, when faced with the winding and winding secret passageways, there was still a high chance that the mouse child would be stuck and suffocate to death inside.

Fortunately for “Jackal”kanus, he was only a small thief at the beginning. His master was only the weakest member of the Wolf Clan. There were few people and his strength was weak, even when he explored deep underground, he could not get any famous temples or ancient battlefield ruins recorded in the war epic.

He could only explore those places that had been explored dozens of times by his predecessors. Almost every piece of rust had been scraped clean. He tried to lick some scraps from the gaps of his predecessors’ fingers.

For his master, such an exploration naturally did not bring him many benefits.

But for the little thief at the front, because a large number of traps had been triggered by his predecessors, the danger level was greatly reduced.

Along with a little bit of luck, “Jackal”kanus grew to ten years old in the depths of the shattered ancient tomb.

Unfortunately, because few mouse children could live for five years in the depths of temples, ancient tombs, nests, and ancient battlefield ruins like him, he was considered to be an experienced and mascot-like existence, he became a hot commodity and finally became a trophy in a fight between tomb raiders and fell into the hands of another, more powerful master.

Now, what he was going to face was no longer a place that had been explored many times by his predecessors, where there was no profit or danger.

Instead, it was an unknown place that no one had explored for thousands of years.

However, no matter what kind of temple or ancient tomb they explored, it was the same.

The little thief would eventually die.

He would either die in the mechanism of this ancient tomb or at the hands of the evil energy puppet remains in the ancient battlefield.

He would either die today or tomorrow.

Originally, the future Doomsday Wolf thought that he was already used to such a life. Facing the cruel fate, he chose to sit and wait for death and close his eyes.

But now, as he gradually grew up, he suddenly realized that every time he closed his eyes, there would always be a scene of two groups of tomb robbers fighting each other and the new master killing the old master.

Until today, he could not forget the old master in the dark and narrow depths of the tomb path. Before he could even take out the totem armor, the sharp blade pierced through his heart and the extremely sharp edge of the shovel., more than half of his neck was broken, and even his cervical vertebra was broken into two pieces. Fresh blood gushed out crazily.

At that time, he rushed in front of the old master.

He heard an ear-piercing “Kacha” sound coming from behind him. When he turned his head to look, he saw the old master’s head with his own eyes. It was almost bent 180 degrees, hanging on his shoulders. In an extremely strange posture, his eyes were wide open in a daze., he was staring at him.

It must be known that ‘Jackal’Kanus had been working for the old master since he was three years old.

He had seen the old master crack countless mechanisms that seemed to be extremely sophisticated to children.

He had also seen the old master wearing totem armor and fighting against the most ferocious totem beasts for 300 rounds.

He had even seen the old master whip those rat children who were unwilling to yield and hide their gains with a whip that was full of thorns and bone spikes. One of his companions had been whipped to death by the old master, when he died, all the bones in his body were shattered, and his entire body was as soft as a puddle of mud. No matter how careful he was, he could not lift up his companions.

Moreover, his old master had told them many stories.

He had told them about the cowardice and sins of the rat race, about how it was natural for warriors to rule Turanze, and about their current adventures and sacrifices, which were washing away the shame in the depths of their bloodline.

“Jackal”kanus had always believed in these stories.

He was convinced that the rat race was born to be enslaved.

He was convinced that pain was atonement, a part of life, or even the whole of life.

He was convinced that the rat race tomb raiders were absolutely not qualified to use the ancient weapons and armor excavated from the temples and ancient tombs. Even if they accidentally touched it, it would trigger the ancestral spirits’wrath, so much so that they would cast a curse, in the next exploration, he would let the rat burglars die tragically in the most horrible way in the traps.

He believed that his master, a pure-blooded wolf, was a god-like existence with the blessing of the ancestral spirits. He was invincible and Immortal, and it was not something that weak and lowly rats like them could resist.

But now, when his master died tragically in front of him, 'Jackal'kanus suddenly realized that his master was spitting blood, twitching all over his body, and incontinence. He looked no different from when the rat people died tragically.

The blood that his master spilled on his face was also as stinky and warm as the blood of the rat race. It contained a sense of panic and incredible fear.

When his master collapsed on the ground and the light in his eyes gradually dimmed, no ancestral spirits came out to bless and protect him.

Even at the last moment of his life, his master was still twitching and reaching out to him, as if he was asking for help from him, a small rat child.

This scene seemed to have been imprinted in his mind by lightning. As he shattered the Old World, he could not help but start thinking.

Thinking about a brand new world and a brand new path.

Fortunately, in the silent, murderous depths of the ancient tomb, as the vanguard, he had time to think alone and calmly.

Thinking about why, the rats were naturally discriminated against and enslaved.

Thinking about why, his appearance was almost the same as the Wolf clan. It was just that he had a pair of front teeth that belonged to the rodents. The fate of himself and the Wolf Clan.., had such a huge difference — the Wolf clan was like an eagle soaring in the sky, but he was like a maggot curled up in the abyss.

Thinking about why, his strength had clearly been constantly increasing after he had escaped death time and time again. The power that he cultivated in secret was even stronger than many Wolf clan tomb raiders.., but he still did not have the right to touch any sacred weapon that contained totem power. Every time he explored, he had to charge forward, carry out the most dangerous mission, and dismantle the most sophisticated mechanism.

But when he divided the spoils of war, he did not have a share at all. Even if he looked at the spoils of war a little more, it was possible that the new master would be even more ruthless than the old master.

They were wondering why their companions, who were also rats, fell one after another under the sharp blades of the traps, secret tunnels, secret chambers, Totem Beasts, and the remains of the evil energy puppets. However, their faces were still numb. When death came.., they were even somewhat relieved.

They were wondering... if the blood of the new owner was as stinky as the blood of the old owner and all the rats. When the neck of the new owner was cut off by the sharp shovel, would he also spit out blood like the old owner, his limbs were twitching, and his urine and feces were flowing out?

In this kind of thinking, 'Jackal'kanus gradually grew up.

The characteristics of the rat race on his body gradually faded, and the characteristics of the wolf race became more and more obvious.

Once, when he was exploring the ancient tomb, he accidentally broke two of his front teeth.

Just as he was bleeding and covering his mouth, the other rats around him were shocked. They looked at him with envy.

At that moment, "Jackal"kanus realized how similar he was to the real Wolf clan.

After all, his mother, his mother's mother, and his mother's mother... They were all female slaves of the Wolf clan.

They were the same as the majority of the rats that were raised in captivity by the clan and not in the wild.

"Jackal"Kanus didn't know who his father was, his father's father, and his father's father.

It was very likely that he was a member of the pure-blooded Wolf Clan.

But no one would admit this.

No matter how crazy the beastly nature was in the dark, during the day, slaves were slaves, and nobles were nobles.

A drop of blood law.

As long as a drop of the filthy blood belonging to the Rat clan flowed in his body, he would forever be a member of the Rat clan.

"Why?"

In the depths of the lost temple, the young "Jackal"kanus covered his bleeding mouth and asked his extremely long and narrow shadow under the illumination of the spiritual flame.

From that moment on, a tiny seed sprouted in the heart of the rat youth with a missing incisor.

The seed at that time could not be called 'ambition'yet.

He just wanted to live on and live a life that even an ordinary Tulan had the right and should have.

What happened later was both coincidental and inevitable.

When the Tomb Raider team that 'Jackal'Kanus was in was exploring the lost temple deep underground, they unintentionally released a power that they should not have released, destroying half of the temple and the narrow passage that led to the ground.

Half of the tomb raiders were crushed by the shockwave and the falling rocks. They died a horrible death.

The other half of the tomb raiders were seriously injured and lost most of their supplies and tools. They were buried alive in the narrow, humid, and sweltering underground space.

Resources were limited and the space was sealed. The god of death was hovering above the survivors'heads. It would open its bloody mouth and reveal its fangs of death at any time.

Under such circumstances, the evil of humanity and the beauty of bestiality bloomed like man-eating flowers.

The survivors were divided into two factions.

There were fewer of them, but the Wolf clan that originally controlled this group of tomb raiders.

There were more of them, but they had always been tools, muddleheaded, and never thought that they would not dare to resist at all.

Chapter 1304: From Hell to the Human World

Although the Wolf Clan's leader was usually extremely ferocious, he could decide the life and death of a rat burglar with a flick of his finger.

However, due to the impact from the explosion of the temple and the collapse of the rock layer, their tendons and bones were broken. Their internal organs were bleeding, and they were seriously injured.

The broken bones of several Wolf Clan leaders protruded from their muddy flesh. Through the shocking wounds, one could even see their trembling internal organs. They were extremely weak.

However, facing the wolf leaders who were on their last breaths, most of the rat thieves still did not dare to resist. Instead, they were under the control of their innate fear and allowed the wolf leaders to take whatever they wanted.

The wolf leaders effortlessly took all the food and water from the survivors' hands.

They also forced the hungry and wounded survivors to desperately dig a way to escape to the ground.

The harsh environment and the overloaded work caused the tomb robbers to fall.

After the wolf leaders ate all the food, they turned their attention to the tomb robbers.

At first, they only ate the flesh and blood of the dead bodies after the tomb robbers died of exhaustion.

But in order to recover their strength and heal their wounds, the wolf leaders urgently needed a lot of food. How could it be enough to just eat the dead?

Thus, their hungry eyes wrapped around the living person's throat.

It was unknown how long it would take for the escape route to be cleared.

One more living person meant one more portion of food would be consumed.

By turning the living rat burglars into food, their chances of survival would be more than doubled.

What was laughable was that the vast majority of rat burglars didn't know how to resist even when their master's fangs were pressed against their throat. They were even more docile than cows and sheep, as if their master's stomach.., it was the best destination for them.

When the rat burglars who were still alive saw their master finding all kinds of excuses to kill and devour their companions, their eyes were empty and expressionless. They were even calmer and more numb than a pig watching another pig being slaughtered, they were even calmer than a pig.

Only one rat burglar was staring at the hellish scene on Earth in fury.

In this man-eating survival game, "Jackal"kanus finally set foot on the road to reverse his fate.

He knew that he was alone and was not a match for the Wolf clan leaders.

Therefore, he used his deep understanding of the structure of the rocks and his impeccable digging skills to make a move on the escape route. He deliberately led his masters into the trap and created a new one, an even more fatal collapse.

The surviving Wolf clan leaders were once again severely injured.

The wounds that were already riddled with holes became even worse.

Many of the Wolf Clan's limbs were smashed into pieces, and they were bitten by the collapsed rocks.

The last bit of strength shot out like a fountain, accompanied by the stench of fresh blood.

"Jackal"kanus took the opportunity to pounce on one of his "Masters" and bite his throat.

The incredible scene deeply stimulated the surviving tomb raiders.

"Jackal"kanus's joyful and refreshing chewing sound echoed in their minds continuously.

They were stunned for a long time before they finally realized a very simple truth.

The high and mighty master, the clan warrior who had the blessing and protection of the ancestral spirits, would also die like a god.

They would also be bitten to death by the filthy, lowly, and weak rat people.

They could also become... food.

The most primitive and most brutal battle, which was carried out with fangs and sharp claws, immediately erupted deep underground.

Many times, fear was like a piece of paper as thin as a Cicada's wings.

When it was not poked, the shadow behind the paper that bared its fangs and brandished its claws was like an undefeatable monster.

Once it was poked, it would be discovered that the so-called monsters were not a big deal. They could also become prey.

In the most primitive fierce battle, all the Tomb Raiders except for 'Jackal'kanus were buried deep underground.

However, before they died, they tasted the blood of their 'masters' that was half smelly and half sweet.

After they died, they didn't fall into their masters' stomachs. Instead, they were able to be buried in the Earth.

After ten days, "Jackal"kanus successfully dug out a way to escape by himself and crawled back to the human world from Hell.

All the leaders of the Wolf clan and the tomb raiders of the rat race, together with the past of "Jackal"kanus, were buried in the depths of the earth and in the dust of history.

When he tumbled down the hillside and rolled into a stream, greedily sucking the water and seeing his unrecognizable appearance due to the explosion, killing, and being buried alive through the reflection of the stream.., a bold thought emerged in his heart.

Since everyone who knew his identity was already dead.

Why did he still carry the name of the Rat clan and live on?

Why couldn't he pretend to be a certain master, a certain Wolf Clan Tomb Raider, and start a brand new destiny?

Tomb Raider was a high-risk job, so it was normal for them to be separated by life and death.

Not only did they need to be careful when exploring the ancient tombs and temples.

After excavating the ancient weapons that contained totem power, regardless of whether they were used or traded, they had to put in 120,000% of their effort.

If they were slightly careless, they would either suffer the backlash of the power of totems and become completely unrecognizable, or they would be blackmailed by the person they were trading with and die an unnatural death.

Under such circumstances, grave robbers would think of ways to disguise themselves and change their names. They would not easily let anyone find out their background.

"Jackal"kanus had once served several grave robbers of the Wolf clan. Their origins were all very mysterious, and no one knew of their past.

Out of caution, he did not impersonate any of the grave robbers of the Wolf clan.

Instead, he combined the characteristics of seven or eight grave robbers of the Wolf clan and created a brand-new identity.

That was the original "Corpse-eating dog".

At the beginning, Kanus was still quite anxious about his impersonation.

He was afraid that others would see through his disguise and destroy his reputation, leaving him with no place to bury himself.

However, he soon realized that he was worrying too much.

Perhaps no one had expected that the lowest rat clan would be so crazy and audacious as to pretend to be a member of the golden clan.

Or perhaps, there was no essential difference between the Wolf clan and the Rat clan, between the noble clan and the slave clan, and between the Eagle clan and the Maggot clan.

With the name of 'corpse-eating dog', Kanus gradually rose to fame in the circle of grave robbers.

The Wolves, tigers, and leopards in the circle only cared about how many good things he could find from the lost temple and the ruined ancient tomb.

No one would pry open his lips and carefully observe the shape of his incisors, which were broken, sharpened, and embedded with sharp braces every day.

After all, sharpening the teeth and carving flowers on the surface of the teeth to decorate all kinds of gorgeous and sharp braces to show his valor was a very popular aesthetic culture among the Tulan Orcs.

The only thing that Kannus was dissatisfied with was his fake identity as a wolf, which was too low.

After all, in the territory of the Gold clan, the Lion clan and the Tiger clan were the only ones who could ride on the neck of the Wolf Clan and abuse them.

And in the Wolf Clan, as a 'corpse-eating dog', he didn't have any identity or status.

Be it the tribal chiefs of the Wolf clan's large settlements, the domineering military leaders, or the wolf kings in name.

Or the powerhouses of the Lion and tiger clans.

Anyone could step on him as they pleased. Anyone could cough lightly and send him into the most dangerous ancient tombs and temples, taking risks that were completely disproportionate to the benefits.

This was something kanus absolutely couldn't bear.

In the dark and damp underground, between the traps covered in blood and minced meat, kanus, who had stayed for more than ten years, could no longer bear being used, exploited, driven, ordered, enslaved, and could no longer bear being stepped on by anyone, he could no longer bear being stepped on by anyone.

He wanted to climb up, regardless of the means, regardless of the consequences. He wanted to step on the heads of all the wolves, tigers, and leopards, and climb to the place closest to the sky, until there was no longer any barrier between his lowly bloodline and the blazing sun, as long as there are no barriers.

Of course it's hard.

But in the collapse of the temple, as ghouls like killing and devouring, stepping on the "Masters" of the corpses, step by step up, and finally, from Hell to crawl back to the human experience.

The rat youth of the past, the "Corpse-eating dog" of the present, the "Jackal" of the future, the "Doomsday Wolf", do not feel that there is any place in this world that they can not climb up; There was anyone's head that he could not step on!

This was the story of the Wolf King.

It was a twisted, bizarre, and soul-stirring story.

Of course, Meng Chao would not believe 100% of what the Wolf King said.

After all, no one knew the “Doomsday Wolf” better than him.

Although the Rat clan youth in the story was full of sympathetic childhood experiences and difficulties of being forced to fight back.

The final desperate counterattack, the fabricated identity, and the miraculous counterattack were also amazing.

But Meng Chao didn’t believe that the truth would be so simple.

In the collapse of the fate-changing temple, everyone died, only the Wolf King survived alone.

And the dead couldn’t speak.

Who knew what happened in the pitch-dark underground, and who attacked who first?

Who knew how many corpses the Wolf King had eaten in order to survive? Apart from the corpses of the Wolf clan leaders, were there any other corpses of the tomb raiders?

Who even knew if the so-called ‘Temple collapse’ was really an accident or if the wolf king had deliberately gambled the lives of himself and his fellow rats in order to change his fate and started a dangerous game?

Also, the Wolf King had intentionally or unintentionally missed the most crucial part of the story.

That was the source of his power.

Where did he dig out his first bucket of gold?

Was it really so easy for a little thief who had been soaked in water to soften his bones and become cannon fodder to hone his unparalleled combat strength?

Even in the collapsed temple, all the Wolf clan leaders were seriously injured, which was why he was lucky enough to succeed.

After he fabricated the identity of a “Corpse-eating dog” and officially stepped into the circle of grave robbers, how could he stand on his feet so easily?

If it was someone else, they might have let down their guard because of wolf king’s “Open and honest, honest, and sincere feelings.”.

However, Meng Chao felt more and more that Wolf King had too many secrets that were worth digging into.

Chapter 1305: The Wolf King Who Endured Humiliation

“If that’s the case, then I’m even more unable to understand!”

Therefore, Meng Chao pretended to completely believe the Wolf King’s words and agitatedly said, “Since you’re also from the rat race, the lowest rat race among the rat people, you should be able to

understand the pain and anger of the rat people better than anyone else. You should be able to understand the rat people's impatience and desire to fight for freedom and glory. That's all the more reason why you should stand firmly on the rat people's side.

"Why are you deceiving your own kind and starting a Great Horn Rebellion that has no chance of winning? Why are you paving a path to ambition with the corpses of millions of rat people?"

"What you are doing is no different from the wolves and leopards that gnaw at the flesh of the Rat Clan's members.

"No. You are even more despicable than the real wolves, wolves, and leopards. You have betrayed the cause of the rat tribe by taking advantage of the trust of the Rat tribe members

"That is where you are wrong. Very wrong."

Faced with Meng Chao's reprimand, the Wolf King was not angry at all. On the contrary, he pretended that he was not understood at all and even endured the humiliation as he spoke in a deep voice, "I admit that I did hide a lot of the truth from the thousands of rat people on the issue of the 'riot of the great horn'.

"In fact, I have nothing to say even if you want to blame me for the tragic deaths of the thousands of rat people.

"But I can swear to the sky and the ancestors that I have never betrayed the cause of the rat people.

"On the contrary, everything I've done is for the cause of the rat people, for the establishment of the sixth clan that belongs to the rat people, and for the Freedom, glory, and rise of all the Rat People!"

Meng Chao snorted coldly.

He was waiting for Wolf King's explanation.

"Because I was born as a rat, no one knows better than me how stupid and weak the vast majority of the rat people are while they are extremely miserable and worthy of sympathy."

The Wolf King Sighed. "Back then, in the collapsed underground temple, the rat thieves could watch their companions being killed and gnawed on by their 'master', but they could not express any normal emotions or reactions.

"Even the pigs had to struggle desperately when they were about to be slaughtered. Even when their hands and feet were tied, they had to groan at the top of their lungs.

"But they don't know the slightest bit of anger and resistance.

"It's as if years of hard work and cruelty have smoothed out the gullies and emotions in their brains, making them worse than pigs, dogs, cows, and sheep. They are just machines that are indifferent and indifferent to their work.

"Do you think that there is a way to make these machines, which have lost their emotions, lack their will, and don't even have the motivation to survive, muster the courage and fighting spirit to fight against the 'master' who has enslaved them for ten thousand years?"

“Let’s say that your companions in the Bloody Skull Coliseum.

“You claim that they were deceived and exploited by me until they died an unnatural death.

“But think about it carefully. Even without me, without the serial explosions in black Horn City, and without the riot of the great horn, will the rat militia, slave soldiers, and slave workers in the Bloody Skull Coliseum and the entire Black Horn City not die?

“How is that possible!

“Without the riot of the great horn, there would still be the game of the brave.

“After the game of the brave is over, there would still be the five races fighting

“After the five clans decide on their war chiefs, there would still be the long-lasting Battle of Honor.

“In the endless battles, all the rat folk would be cannon fodder, the lowest level of cannon fodder. They would only be qualified to be threatened by the supervising team and charge at the forefront of the Tulan army to face the poison arrows of the elves, the cannons of the dwarves, and the fury of the sorcerers. How could they not die?”

Meng Chao was silent.

He was perhaps the person who was the least qualified to refute these words in this world.

Because no one knew better than him just how heavy the casualties of the Tulan civilization were in the war between worlds.

How could there be a complete egg under the destruction of the nest?

When the entire Tulan Swamp was ablaze with white flames, even the once tyrannical wolves, tigers, and leopards would be reduced to ashes. They would die without a burial place, not to mention the rat subjects!

“I’m alone. I Can’t stop the rats from sacrificing themselves.”

The wolf king said sincerely, “The only thing I can do is to make their deaths as worthwhile as possible.

“Originally, they were going to die in the game of the Bravehearts, the War of the five clans, and the Battle of Honor as low-level cannon fodder.

“Their meaningless deaths will not affect or change anything. Even if the Tulanites in the future wrote a war epic that was as vast as the ocean based on the Battle of Honor, not a single line of poetry would mention their names.

“But right now, the blood of millions of rat subjects has gathered together and forged a majestic, invincible ‘Rat God’!

“Even if the Rat God is fake, the courage and honor that the Rat God has inspired are extremely real and precious. With such courage and honor, the ‘death’ of the rat subjects can be called ‘sacrifice’!

“I don’t think that it is an unforgivable mistake to inspire real courage and glory with a fake idol!

“Yes. I must admit that I have shown the non-existent scenes to the rat subjects in the dream of the ancient Dream Saintess and tricked them into dying.

“What else can I do?”

“If I don’t use such a method, what else can I do to summon the courage of millions of rat subjects in the shortest time before the Battle of Glory begins?”

Meng Chao thought about it carefully.

He realized that although the wolf king had not evolved into the complete body of the Doomsday Wolf.

It already possessed the most important quality that a leader must possess.

That was shamelessness.

“As for me controlling the ancient Dream Saintess and gathering the rat uprising army that was scattered all over the place into the territory of the Gold clan, that’s not a problem at all.”

The Wolf King continued to justify his actions, “Yes, you can say that after such a gathering, the Great Horn Army expanded at a speed visible to the naked eye to the extent that it exceeded its own limits. From then on, it was stuck in a deep hole, stuck in a dilemma, exhausted, and finally utterly defeated.

“However, if we think about it from the other side, even if the rat militia didn’t gather together and were still scattered all over the place, would they have been able to escape the ending of defeat and destruction?”

“As I said before, no matter what we choose, we will die.

“Then, the only thing we can do is to die in a way that makes our deaths worthwhile.

“Since ancient times, the idea of the great horn army trying to accomplish everything in one battle was ridiculously childish.

“However, you can not deny that it was such a childish dream that gathered the thousands of rat militia warriors in the entire Tulanze and formed a rat militia that had never appeared in the past ten thousand years. It was even larger than any orc legion, and it was a tide of rats that could break through the city walls of a glorious city and make the warriors of the clan cowering in the City Shiver!

“In this unprecedented army, the rat subjects from all over the world can talk loudly and imagine the wonderful life after the establishment of the sixth clan to their heart’s content; the ‘garbage bugs’ and ‘Grave Robbers’ who were previously strangers can fight side by side and become close comrades who share life and death together; countless people have fallen in the bloody battles, but their spirits have been preserved and condensed into the common will of all the rat subjects!

“Don’t you think that such ‘common experiences, common dreams, and common will’ are the foundation and prerequisite for the creation of a brand-new clan?”

“Although the flag of the Great Horn Army has fallen to the ground.

“However, the legend of the Great Horn Army has not been extinguished, nor has the spirit of the rebel army of the rat people been worn out.

“The millions of rat people scattered all over Tulanze who seemed to have been tamed under the high-pressure rule of the five major clans still remember the achievements of the great horn army and the surging tide of the rat people that almost turned the whole of Tulanze upside down!

“Don’t you think that although the duration is short, the brilliance that blossomed out of it is incomparably dazzling and magnificent. Isn’t it more significant and far-reaching than the sloppiness of small skirmishes?”

When the Wolf King said this in one breath, his entire face was flushed red.

It was as if he had never been so sincere in revealing the entire plan to others. He was extremely excited.

“Do you know what the best part is?”

The Wolf King said with half pride and half pride, “The best part is that after completing all of this, after stirring up chaos in Turanze and planting the seeds of resistance and the courage to dream in the hearts of millions of rats, I actually managed to think of a way to save the lives of more than half of the rats in the Great Horn Army!

“Yes. The nominal great horn army has been completely annihilated.

“The cause of the rats will certainly be in a low period for a long time.

“But many veteran soldiers who dared to raise their sabers high to the warriors of the clan survived.

“Although they were reorganized and completely disrupted the organization, they were still under my command and had the right to continue fighting. They were still with their comrades who had been with them day and night and fought with them through thick and thin!

“The low tide on the surface is only a temporary hibernation. Today’s hibernation is only for the purpose of rising more rapidly tomorrow.. Believe me, the claws, teeth, and swords of the rat soldiers will only be sharpened more and more. When the time is right, the great horn army will certainly be reborn in a posture that is ten times stronger than yesterday!”

Chapter 1306: Time to Rise

Such an impassioned promise, coupled with the other party’s title of “Doomsday Wolf” in the near future, unwittingly made Meng Chao sneer.

“Then, when will the time be ripe?” Meng Chao asked.

“Very soon, when we can obtain decisive results in the Battle of Glory. That will be the moment when the rat people will truly rise!”

The Wolf King earnestly said, “Don’t think that I’m stalling for time and making excuses. The Great Horn Rebellion is just the prelude. Indeed, it hasn’t reached the time when the millions of rat people can shout the loudest battle cry at the same time. The scattered rat population hasn’t fully gathered yet.

Countless rat people are still habitually enslaved by their 'master.' The five clans are still deeply rooted and powerful. The order that they have ruled over the world has lasted for thousands of years. It will not be completely shattered overnight.

"Right now, it's like the darkest moment before dawn.

"Even if I reveal my identity as a rat clan and devote all my strength and resources in such a dark moment to add fuel to the fire of the great horn rebellion, what's the point?"

"Although the Great Horn Army is advancing at full speed in the territory of the Gold clan, it's the result of the Lion clan and the Tiger clan fighting openly and secretly. They also want to take the opportunity to weaken the Wolf clan, which is why they're deliberately indulging themselves.

"If the Lion clan and the Tiger clan became serious, as long as they sent out one or two heavy armored legions, it would be enough to completely crush the Great Horn Army.

"Moreover, if the 'Great Horn Riot' continued, it would only seriously weaken Tu Lanze's strength. As a result, Tu Lanze's vitality would be greatly damaged before the Battle of Honor even began, and the fellows of the Holy Light Temple would benefit for nothing.

"I don't know how much you know about the rulers of the land of Holy Light.

"But I can assure you that if the Holy Light Temple governs Tu Lanze, the fate of the rat population will not be better than it is now. It will only be a hundred times worse!"

Meng Chao nodded.

It was true.

Under the illumination of the Holy Light, the entire TU Lanze and Dragon City were burnt into ashes.

If they had lost their lives, how could they talk about 'Fate'?

"However, the darkness before the dawn was destined to not last long!"

The wolf king said confidently, "As long as I can obtain the inheritance of the sacred mountain, become the chief of the war, and command the five clans, I will be able to think of ways to change the fate of the rat people.

"Of course, I can not force the chiefs, priests, and commanders of the five clans to improve the living conditions of the rat people.

"But I can certainly reorganize the Tulan army with the excuse of 'War Needs'. I can organize a large number of rat people warriors into independent battle teams, gangs, and legions. I can give them additional weapons, provisions, and technology, and send them to perform tasks that are more important than cannon fodder.

"Yes. The rat people warriors will still die.

"But they will never die in vain like the countless battles of glory in the past ten thousand years.

“They will grow rapidly in mountains of corpses and seas of blood. They will develop adept combat skills and deep friendship with their fellow rats, and they will have more opportunities to show their talents and shine.

“I will also secretly let the veteran soldiers of the former Great Horn Army infiltrate the newly-established rat army and continue to spread the voice of the ‘Great Horn Rat God’ in secret.

“At this time, the main forces of the five clans and the main forces of the holy light camp must have been killing each other, killing countless experts one after another.

“In order to win, both sides will do everything they can.

“The Elven assassins, Dwarven gunmen, night watchers, and sorcerers of the Holy Light Camp, the ascetics, and the priests of the Holy Light, will certainly be the chief, priests, and leaders of the five clans.

“The warriors of the clans will not keep their eyes on the tiny rat subjects.

“I believe that there will be a lot of opportunities for the rat subjects to expand, grow, and connect.

“If I am lucky enough, the Tulan Army will be able to achieve a few glorious victories at the beginning of the war. I believe that my prestige will be raised to the highest level.

“At that time, I’ll think of a way to make the cannon fodder troops of the rat population perform a few meritorious deeds. I’ll take the opportunity to strengthen the combat ability of the cannon fodder troops, promote the identity of the rat population commander, and replenish more resources for the war. Is it really a big problem?”

“In the end, when the main force of the Holy Light Camp and the main force of the orcs made up of the five major clans of Tulan suffer heavy losses, at the very least, the order of the rule of both sides will be broken and shaky. The ability of both sides to suppress each other internally will be weakened to the limit... Don’t you think that’s the best time for the rat population to truly rise?”

After this long speech, even though Meng Chao knew that there were many demagogues and that it was hard to tell the truth from the falsehood, he couldn’t help but nod his head slightly.

Logically speaking, he had to admit that Wolf King was right.

A war that affected the entire world, severely depleted the power of the ruling class, and destroyed the old order was indeed the best place to start an uprising and change.

The First World War that happened on Earth was the best example.

Although that war was a dog-eat-dog battle between the ruling class, there was no justice at all.

However, in the incomparably cruel war, countless young people who were originally scattered all over the world and had been oppressed and ravaged by the rulers, but had nowhere to seek redress and were unable to resist, were forced to gather together and join the ruler’s army, living Together Day and night, they cultivated combat skills and friendship, learned to control powerful killing tools one after another, and under the stimulation of death, they developed a ruthless and bold temperament.

In the end, the uprising of the soldiers at the bottom not only created the largest, strongest, and shining brand-new country on earth at that time.

In the other participating countries, it also triggered a chain reaction of changes.

It caused the world to change from the “Old order” to the “New Order”.

Of course, if Meng Chao believed that the Wolf King would spare no effort to promote the rise of the rat people after he took over the highest power because of his rhetoric, then his previous life would have been in vain.

“Jackal” Kanus was an ambitious and ambitious man.

The only idea worth fighting for his whole life was to trample the entire world under his feet.

It was not about the “Freedom, equality, dignity and glory of millions of rat people.”.

Whether it was the rat people, the Wolf clan, or the future people of Dragon City, in the eyes of this “Doomsday Demon Wolf,” they were nothing more than chess pieces, chips, and tools.

Speaking of which, Meng Chao believed that once the Wolf King took over, he would indeed raise the status and power of the rat people to a certain extent.

The reason was very simple, because the rat people were his foundation, the only power that he could use without worry.

Being a rat clan was, after all, his most fatal weakness that he could not change.

At the moment, no one doubted his origin, because he had always been hiding in the shadows of the Lion King and Tiger King, appearing as a puppet.

Who would be interested in knowing the ins and outs of a mere puppet?

However, once he obtained the inheritance of the sacred mountain, killed the Lion King and Tiger King, and returned to Crimson Gold City, he would be able to shock the five great clans.

At that time, he would definitely stand under the incomparably dazzling spotlight and receive countless doubtful gazes.

Who could guarantee that he would not even reveal a single flaw?

With this thought in mind, Meng Chao somewhat understood the reason why the “Jackal” Kanus from his previous life could not wait to start a war with the land of Holy Light.

Apart from the fact that Turanze didn’t have enough strategic resources, he had no choice but to attack.

The Wolf King’s foundation was too shallow, and he had a fatal weakness, which was also a very important factor.

He needed victory more than anyone else, and he needed to win one victory after another to consolidate his position and cover up his weakness.

However, with the character of the Doomsday Wolf, it was obviously impossible for him to sit still and wait for death. He placed all his hopes on the fact that he wouldn't be seen through, or perhaps, after he was seen through, he would be able to continue commanding the army due to his outstanding battle achievements. At the very least, he would be able to keep his life.

He would definitely prepare for the worst.

At that time, everyone from the five great clans would betray him.

Only the rat people wouldn't.

Not only would they not, but they would also be inspired by his unprecedented experience.

Not to mention the fact that he's a member of the Rat Pack.

The small Wolf Clan, wants to occupy the highest power throne, is a very difficult matter.

Even if he really can get the Holy Mountain inheritance, stepping on the lion and Tiger King's remains, temporarily intimidate all the strong five clans.

But it's one thing to be a war priest, it's another to be convinced by him, to be driven by him willingly, even to die for him.

Meng Chao believed that what "Jackal"kanus wanted to be was definitely not an empty title of a war priest, but an empty title given to him by the tribal chiefs and commanders below him.

It was the most powerful and prestigious position in the history of Turan ZE. A light cough could make all the tribal chiefs, priests, and commanders tremble. With just a casual glance.., he was the one who could make the most basic ORC soldiers' blood boil, and they would go through fire and water for him... the "Eternal King Turanze"!

In this case, a core force that was independent of the old forces of the five major clans and absolutely loyal to him was extremely important.

It wasn't enough to rely on the battle groups of the Wolf Clan.

Combat ability was one aspect.

More importantly, the Wolf clan was also a part of the "Old forces and the old order" in a certain sense.

The rat tribe wasn't qualified to become such a core force.

In other words, under the traditional military technology and war mode, the battle strength that the rat tribe could give out wasn't enough to make up for the price that the "Jackal"kanus had to pay in order to raise the status of the rat tribe.

Raising the status of the new forces would definitely attract the counterattack of the old forces.

High-level orcs weren't stupid.

If the rat people were really that useful, then they could fight and could be used as a foundation.

800 years ago, someone had thought of recruiting the rat people, giving them more freedom and dignity, and letting the rat people help them rise to power.

However —

An army of the rat people wielding swords and spears was indeed not enough to accomplish anything.

What if it was an army of the rat people with an automatic rifle in each person's hand, seven or eight grenades on each person's shoulder, and three or five people working together to equip a rocket launcher?

Chapter 1307: Earth Mentor from Dragon City

When Meng Chao thought of this, an idea flashed through his mind. He suddenly understood "Jackal" Kanus' psychology.

That's right, according to common sense, an ambitious person like that would not be so keen on "the rat people's work." He would treat the rat people as his foundation and gamble everything.

However, "Jackal" Kanus had come into contact with the people of Earth.

Even when he was very young, he had an Earth mentor from Dragon City.

Meng Chao said this because he found a very strong shadow of Dragon City martial arts in the Wolf King.

And Dragon City martial arts, which was completely different from the original fighting techniques of high-level orcs, had to be practiced from a young age in order to reach perfection.

Just like Meng Chao himself, although it was after the actual combat test of the college entrance examination that he rose up like cutting melons and cutting vegetables.

But since primary school, he had already accepted a very comprehensive martial arts training.

If one were to say that the Wolf King had a teacher from Earth since he was young.

And through the teacher, he learned about the prosperity of Earth's civilization, as well as the advanced military technology and efficient individual killing equipment on earth, combined with the huge number of rat people, how terrifying the power could be.

Then, the Wolf King had secretly formed and commanded the Great Horn Army from a dozen years ago, placing his chips on the rats. It was reasonable!

Wait, there was still a problem here.

That was, the current Wolf King still looked very young.

In fact, in Meng Chao's memory fragments from his previous life, "Hu Lang" Kanus had not reached the age of white hair until he was defeated and died.

If this was the case, then wasn't this guy less than 20 years old when he first laid out his plan, a young man full of vigor, or even a young man in his prime?

Meng Chao was slightly surprised.

An ORC youth in his teens already knew Earth's civilization like the back of his hand.

He even believed that Dragon City would definitely form an alliance with Turan ZE in a few years' time. They would also be able to create enough hot weapons, allowing the cannon fodder army formed by tens of millions of rats to achieve a qualitative leap in combat strength.

From there, they would be able to firmly control the entire Turan army through the cannon fodder army.

Such foresight, such temperament, and such methods, how could Meng Chao not be amazed?

Wait a minute, Meng Chao suddenly realized that he had overlooked a crucial role.

That was to teach the Wolf King Dragon City martial arts, enlighten the Wolf King Earth civilization, and help him secretly create and support the Great Horn Army. who was that "Mentor".

No matter what, this guy definitely existed.

Otherwise, could "Jackal"kanus have popped out from a crack in a rock?

A teenage rat clan youth could not only thrive in the circle of grave robbers who were full of murderous intent, he could also make a fortune among the vicious wolves, wolves, tigers, and leopards, and he could even find time to secretly create a wolf clan assassin troop.., he was also able to command a rebel army of the Rat Clan by remote control?

Such a result was even more dazzling than Meng Chao, who had been reborn.

Meng Chao did not believe that there was such a 'born-to-know' guy in the world!

Therefore, the tutor of the earth behind the Wolf King was the most important role.

The original young Wolf King could not have had too strong free will and almost demonic foresight. He was merely carrying out the orders of the tutor of the Earth.

"The Earth professor was the real mastermind behind the scenes.

"It can even be said that the earth professor was behind the Wolf King's eagerness to form an alliance with Dragon City and even dragged the Dragon City civilization into the war chariot of the chaos faction.

"However, why didn't I hear of such an earth professor in my previous life?

"How did this black-haired, black-eyed earth teacher end up in Tu Lanze's hands without being discovered by the other orcs?

"At that time, as a tomb raider, he explored the dark, narrow, and dangerous ancient tombs and temples day and night. There were many pairs of eyes watching the young wolf king at all times. How did he contact this Earth teacher and cultivate dragon city's martial arts in secret, quietly accumulating his first bucket of gold?"

These questions were really puzzling.

Fortunately, even if he couldn't find the answer for the time being, it didn't stop Meng Chao from coming to a preliminary conclusion about this "Jackal"kanus.

The future Doomsday Wolf was certainly not some kind man or woman, and it was even less likely to become the "Liberator of the millions of rat people" that he bragged about.

In his eyes, the so-called "Millions of rat people" were only the military revolution and the leap in combat power brought about by the Earth's thermal weapons, so they had extremely high value to be used.

But that was enough.

People were not afraid of being used by others.

They were afraid that they did not even have the value of being used.

The Wolf King was not a good person.

But what Meng Chao was looking for was not a good person, much less a saint. Instead, it was someone who could join forces and turn the future upside down, completely crushing the apocalypse.

The Wolf King in his previous life was infinitely close to this goal.

He was smart enough.

He was strong enough.

He also had the rare ability to be tactful, quick-witted, and good at communication and compromise from an ordinary orc leader.

Meng Chao even faintly felt that the wolf king, who probably had an earth teacher, although he kept saying things like "The inheritance of the ancestral spirit, the glory of Tulan."

But deep in his heart, he didn't necessarily believe in the existence of the ancestral spirit. At least, he didn't believe that the great ancestors of the Tulan people would exist in the strange and chaotic manner of the oracles.

If he was really a guy who believed in the ancestral spirit.

It was simply impossible for him to do such a crazy thing as impersonating the Wolf clan with his identity as a rat clan.

Of course, the crime of impersonating the Wolf Clan was nothing compared to the crime of "Fabricating a great ancestral spirit — the big horn rat god."

For such a bold and mercenary guy.

As long as it was beneficial to his ultimate goal, anyone could cooperate, any change could be implemented, and any conditions could be negotiated. Even if he was denounced as a "Traitor of Tulanze" by the old-fashioned old-fashioned people, he would never blink an eye, even if he was cursed by the old forces and cursed to be punished by the ancestor spirit, he would never blink an eye.

Such a character was very important.

If they wanted to avoid the arrival of the end of the world, the alliance between the Dragon City civilization and the Tulan civilization could not be limited to the military field like in their previous life.

Instead, they had to implement military, economic, cultural... and all-round, all-weather cooperation at the lowest level of society.

In such cooperation, the less developed Tulan civilization would have to undergo a complete transformation in order to keep up with the pace of the Dragon City civilization.

Such a transformation was not a small matter and a treat.

It was a decision to break the wrist of a strong warrior and to shave the bones to heal the wounds.

Meng Chao was not sure if the Lion King and the tiger king had such boldness.

What if the seemingly tyrannical "Horn of destruction" and "Violent Blade", after becoming war priests, had a shock and impact beyond their limits in the face of the colorful and Bizarre Dragon City civilization, when faced with the cooperation agreement that the people of Dragon City had thrown out was enough to change the world, they were afraid because of the unknown, couldn't withstand the pressure of the old forces, and didn't have the courage to make a decision, instead, they said nonsense like "The ancestors' law can not be abandoned" and so on.

What should they do?

They only had one chance.

Only when Turan ze completed the initial transformation and the Turan army was completely new, with a tacit understanding with the steel torrent of Dragon City, could they launch a lightning strike at the land of Holy Light and reverse the future and obtain the final victory.

If the Turan army could not wait to rush to the land of Holy Light before the two sides worked closely together, using the old military model to start a war between worlds, and using up precious war resources prematurely.., it would lock the course of the war firmly on the track of the previous life.

Then, even Meng Chao would not be able to reverse the situation.

"Jackal" kanus, who had an earth mentor, undoubtedly knew very well what the cooperation between the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization meant.

He also had enough courage and motivation to change the "Ancestor's method" that had been operating in Tulan for nearly ten thousand years!

Meng Chao was in contact with the Wolf King.

The more he could not find a reason to oppose him.

Yes, the Wolf King in his previous life had indeed failed.

But in the situation at that time, who could have succeeded?

Meng Chao Thought for a long time and could only stare at the wolf king and say, “Well, even if everything you said is true, you never thought of betraying the cause of the rat people. It’s just that in the ‘Darkness Before Dawn’, you had no choice but to hide your claws and teeth for the time being.

“Then, what about the ancient Dream Saintess?

“Why do you insist on killing her?

“If you really have the idea of rebuilding the Great Horn Army one day, shouldn’t you leave the spiritual leader, the ancient Dream Saintess, behind?

“I don’t believe that you don’t know how important the ancient Dream Saintess is in the hearts of the rat population warriors and how high her prestige is. How many people are immersed in the beautiful dreams that she has created, and how many are willing to die for her!

“Are you worried that you won’t be able to control the Saintess of ancient dream and that one day, she will compete with you for the leadership of the Great Horn Army and the Great Horn Clan?”

This was a question that Meng Chao had to figure out.

It was because it was related to the situation of Canus, the ‘Jackal’.

If the guy was afraid of the puppets that he had created, he would immediately burn the bridge after he had exploited the value of the Saintess of ancient dream and kill her to silence her.

No matter how big his situation was, it was still quite limited. At most, he was a guy who could share hardships, but could not share wealth.

Then, Meng Chao would have to adjust the corresponding cooperation strategy.

After all, the premise for the Doomsday Wolf in his previous life to carry out the alliance to the end was that everyone had to bear the powerful military pressure from the holy light camp at that time. This pair of brothers in distress did not have the ability to fall out with each other.

What if the situation reversed in this life and the chaos faction had a smooth ride and won a complete victory?

If after the complete defeat of the Holy Light faction, the various factions that belonged to the chaos faction would start a new battle due to reasons such as the uneven distribution of the spoils and the fact that there was no room for two Tigers on one mountain, Meng Chao was not very worried.

He was afraid that before the Holy Light faction was completely defeated, some ambitious people who thought they were smart would jump out impatiently and stab the plastic brothers in the back.

Meng Chao did not want to fall short because of this bullshit reason!

Chapter 1308: Death Sage

“It seems that the biggest misunderstanding between us is the Ancient Dream Saintess. What a pity. If we had known each other a few years earlier... no, just a few months, I would have had enough time to explain the truth to you. I believe that our two like-minded partners would not have had such an intense and tragic conflict.”

The Wolf King let out a long sigh and said with a wry smile, “Believe me, you were completely wrong about the Ancient Dream Saintess’ life and death. I didn’t want to kill her, and you shouldn’t have saved her at all.”

“What do you mean?”

Meng Chao frowned and said, “Don’t tell me you want to deny the assassination of the Ancient Dream Saintess?”

“No, of course I won’t deny this, but please believe me. I don’t have any malice or hostility toward Saintess ancient dream. On the contrary, from a certain point of view, Saintess ancient dream is my only... friend. I hope that she can live a happy life and become the person she wants to be!”

The Wolf King Sighed and muttered, “When I first met the Ancient Dream Saintess, she wasn’t the spiritual leader of the Great Horn Army. She was just an extremely ugly little girl who had fled her hometown due to the plague, wandered the world, and experienced all the hardships in the world.

“At that time, I wasn’t in a good situation either. I was just a grave robber who struggled to survive under the claws of those wolves, tigers, and leopards.

“The two of us were like all the helpless rats. Facing the cruel fate, we could only huddle together to keep warm and lick each other’s wounds.

“It was also at that time that I discovered that the ancient Dream Saintess had some potential that even she herself didn’t realize. That was, her dream was not only very realistic, but it could also affect others and drag them into her illusory and real dream.

“In the beginning, the Saintess of the ancient dream did not know how to use her dreams.

“She was just like all the little girls who suffered in reality. She weaved an incomparably beautiful world in her dreams, a tomorrow full of hope, and a vague image of a savior who was about to descend from the sky and bring her out of the Sea of suffering.

“Every time she was mocked, whipped, and tortured during the day, and curled up into a ball at night, gradually falling into a dream while shivering, her dreams were particularly vivid and intense.

“Only when she was constantly comforted in her dreams could the little girl, who had lost all her family and hope in the plague since she was a child, clench her teeth and live to this day, instead of dying and rotting silently like countless of her peers.

“However, I feel that such dreams are far from enough.

“As she grows older, the Saintess of ancient dream will inevitably face more laborious work and harsher torture. More and more wounds will appear on her body that are so deep that her bones can be seen. She will not be able to hide and heal with just a few sweet dreams.

“Moreover, sooner or later, her potential will be discovered by the wolves and tigers. By then, the high and mighty figures may split open her skull and suck her brains!

“Since her dream is so powerful, why not make the dream bigger in order to change the fate of herself and the millions of rats?

“Therefore, I began to interfere with the ancient Dream Saintess’ dream consciously.

“Through the dream, I tweaked her early memories and changed her personality imperceptibly.

“I also told her through the dream that the Rat God was about to descend and that the rats would be reborn and rise up miraculously.

“Of course, I didn’t forget to tell the ancient Dream Saintess through the dream that I had secretly excavated many lost temples and locations that were suitable to be the secret base of the Great Horn Army.”

Meng Chao nodded.

Wolf King’s words and the truth that he had learned through the ancient Dream Saintess’ brain could be mutually verified.

Regardless of the motive, Wolf King did not lie on this issue at least.

“Then, I don’t understand even more. Since you said that you and the ancient Dream Saintess had ‘huddled together to keep warm and lick each other’s wounds’, how could you be so cold-blooded and Merciless?”

Meng Chao Thought for a moment and said, “I know that you were anxious to make the great horn army fall into a ‘leaderless state’ so that you could take over the entire army without bloodshed after it completely collapsed.

“But with your relationship with the ancient Dream Saintess, there should be many ways to achieve this goal. Why did you choose the most extreme and worst way

“Because I want to fulfill her wish. I want her beautiful dream to have the most beautiful ending. I want the ancient Dream Saintess to become the real ancient Dream Saintess!”

The wolf king asked confidently with a clear conscience, “Reaper, you should have seen the true face of the ancient Dream Saintess, right? To be honest, do you think she is a true and qualified leader, even if she is just a spiritual leader?”

“This...”

Thinking of the ancient Dream Saintess’ “Big-headed Baby” appearance, Meng Chao hesitated.

It wasn’t that he judged people based on their appearance.

However, from a genetic point of view, there were often fatal flaws in her genes when she looked like the ancient Dream Saintess.

Her ability to transmit information through dreams was obtained by constantly burning her brain.

During the cooling period after activating her ability, her temperament, intelligence, and calculation ability might not be stronger than ordinary rats, let alone compete with the elites of the five great clans.

In fact, according to what Meng Chao learned through leaf.

The ancient Dream Saintess was indeed not in charge of specific military affairs when the Great Horn Army advanced.

Her irreplaceable role was mainly reflected in three aspects.

First, her unparalleled affinity.

Second, she communicated with the Rat God through dreams and transmitted the rat god's "Oracle" into the brains of every rat warrior, strengthening their faith and morale.

Third, she could predict the future and see the enemy ahead of time.

As for the specific military matters, they were handled by the generals under her.

These generals were mostly the leader of the rat militia in the arena or the cannon fodder unit commander of a clan battle group. Naturally, they had rich combat experience.

However, the ability to communicate with the Rat God came from canus' remote control.

The so-called ability to predict the enemy's situation was also canus the jackal intentionally going easy on the Big Horn Army by leaking information about the Wolf clan's leaders who were unwilling to obey him.

In other words, without the support of the Wolf King, it was difficult for the ancient Dream Saintess to become a qualified leader, even if she was just a spiritual leader.

"It seems that you already know the answer."

The wolf king sighed, "From the beginning to the end, the ancient Dream Saintess was just an ignorant little girl who followed the tide. She was pushed by me to reach today step by step and climb to a height that shouldn't belong to her.

"But, what's next?"

"Next, I Can't push anymore.

"Think about it. If what appears in front of the Great Horn Army is not the Wolf Clan Battle Group commanded by me, but the Lion clan army commanded by the Horn of destruction or the tiger clan army commanded by the violent blade, would the ancient Dream Saintess' performance still be so free and easy, as if she was blessed by the ancestors?"

"It's impossible. Before the great horn army was completely annihilated, it had fought a series of magnificent battles. It was the result of a series of coincidences and meticulous operations. Even I wouldn't be able to replicate it.

“If Saintess Gu Meng doesn’t die, what kind of performance will she perform in such a situation? What kind of impression will she leave on the mouse warriors? Where will she lead the fate of the Great Horn Army?”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and pondered.

“No matter how beautiful a dream is, it will always be poked open one day. Rather than waiting for the dream to turn into a nightmare and be poked open by someone else, it is better to poke it open when the dream is at its peak. That way, the deepest and most beautiful memories will be left behind.”

The Wolf King said, “The great horn riot has already attracted the attention of all the ultimate experts in the Lan Ze. It is impossible for me to hide behind the ancient Dream Saintess and command her from afar. With her real ability, it won’t be long before her true form is revealed under the gaze of the ultimate experts.

“At that time, all the rat folk warriors will be shocked and furious to discover that the spiritual leader they believe in is just a deformed, ugly baby monster. It turns out that the spokesperson of the Rat God doesn’t have the ability to communicate with the ancestors at all. The so-called foresight is nothing but a joke!

“Do you think that it will be more beneficial for the cause of the great horn army and the rat folk if all the rat folk warriors discover such an unbearable truth?

“Do you even think that the ancient Dream Saintess herself would be willing to live until then and die as a clown and continue to be the target of ridicule after her death if she knew the cause and effect?

“However, if the ancient Dream Saintess dies under hundred blades city according to my plan, after a series of glorious victories, when the ‘rat subjects’ cause reaches its first peak, and not because of her lack of combat ability but because of her despicable assassination, everything will be different!

“No one would have seen the ancient Dream Saintess’ deformed and ugly appearance.

“The impression she left on everyone would always be that of the Valkyrie, who was innocent, kind, brilliant, and predictable. She was able to communicate with the Rat God and was as close as a family to all the rat people’s warriors.

“No matter how furious the high and mighty wolves and leopards were, they would never be able to find any flaws in the ancient Dream Saintess. In fact, they would lose their chance to defeat the ancient Dream Saintess in a fair and square battle. The ancient Dream Saintess would become an immortal legend — a mere rat folk girl who had never received any Orthodox military training but had defeated noble and powerful clan warriors one after another. Even the Lion King and the Tiger King did not dare to fight her head-on. They could only send assassins to assassinate her in the most shameless and cowardly way.

“Can you imagine how inspiring such a legend will be for the morale of the rat people and how heavy a blow it will be for the pride of the Warriors of the Clan?

“Finally, the ancient Dream Saintess herself does not have to face the painful truth. She will never know that she is just an ordinary girl who does not have any outstanding organizing and commanding ability.

She is not the lucky one or the savior chosen by the Rat God. She is just a puppet that is controlled by a remote control.

“She will live her life happily in the most beautiful dream. After she dies, she will continue to enjoy the worship and worship of countless rats!

“Therefore, you really shouldn’t have saved her.

“Because she is the Saintess of the ancient dream.

“It is impossible for a living person to become a saint.

“Only the dead are qualified to become a real Saintess

Chapter 1309: A Revolutionary

Meng Chao was dumbstruck when he heard this. He could not help but ask, “So you’re saying that you assassinated the Ancient Dream Saintess for her own good?”

“Yes.”

The Wolf King calmly said, “I believe that you’ve also noticed that the long-term and overuse of her ability has caused serious damage to her brain. She’s constantly in a state of severe brain edema. In addition to her congenital deformity, she won’t be able to live for long.

“Even if I do nothing and the wolves, tigers, and leopards don’t harm her, she will still die in extreme pain a few years later. Before she dies, her true form will be revealed, and her ugly nature will be exposed.

“Compared with that conclusion, I believe that ending her at the most exciting moment would be like a brilliant fireworks display. Her best image will always live in the hearts of all the rat people. That’s the best fate.

“It seems that—”

Meng Chao said, “You enjoy choosing the fate of others?”

“Not ‘choosing,’ but ‘changing.’”

The Wolf King said, “Can you watch a person or even a group of people embark on the road of destruction and gradually walk into the depths of the apocalyptic swamp? Can you remain unmoved and not go forward to persuade and stop them?

“Can you watch a person standing on the edge of a cliff, about to jump down, when only a white lie can make him change his mind? You wouldn’t tell such a small, white lie just because of some moral high ground?

“Don’t tell me that when you are faced with a dilemma where only one needs to be sacrificed to save thousands of people, and only ten thousand people need to be sacrificed to save thousands more

people, you will allow those thousands of people to die because you don't want to dirty your hands with blood?

"Believe me, no matter what terrible things you think I've done to the Ancient Dream Saintess and the rat warriors, if I hadn't taken action, their fates would be a hundred times worse!"

"Since you're so certain, why don't you tell Saintess Ancient Dream the truth?"

Meng Chao said, "I believe that for the rat nation's cause, for the Great Horn Army's rise, and for your so-called future, she would be willing to sacrifice everything, including herself."

"There's no need for that."

The Wolf King said, "If you tell the Ancient Dream Saintess the truth, firstly, it'll increase the risk.

"In the eyes of the priests who are proficient in witchcraft and secret arts, there are no secrets in the rat people's brains. If they capture the Ancient Dream Saintess and dig the truth from her brain and lock onto me, my life will be insignificant. However, the rat people's career and Picturesque Orchid Lake's future will be completely ruined.

"Secondly, it will increase uncertainty.

"You must know that not everyone is like me. I have an extremely deep understanding of the ancestral spirits' nature, and I'm able to create a non-existent ancestral spirit with a clear conscience.

"For the vast majority of the rat population, this ancestral spirit is the supreme God. 'Creating and worshipping a non-existent Rat God' is an unpardonable blasphemy just thinking about it.

"I'm not sure if the Ancient Dream Saintess will still be willing to cooperate with me once she knows the truth. She would have to spread the faith of the Rat God, recruit a large number of rat warriors, and become enemies with the five major clans.

"Even if she is willing to cooperate with me, such cooperation, which is full of worries and unwillingness, will certainly not be as effective as believing in the Rat God's existence from the bottom of her heart and believing that she is the savior, as well as spokesperson, chosen by the Rat God.

"The Ancient Dream Saintess' ability to spread information through dreams is closely related to the strength of her beliefs. If even she doesn't believe that the Rat God is real, how can the image of the Rat God in her dreams be so awe-inspiring and lifelike that everyone believes and worships him?"

"Thirdly, even if the Ancient Dream Saintess is willing to cooperate with me after she knows the truth and does it as well as she is doing now, I don't want her to be involved in this dirty swirl.

"Once she discovers the truth and cooperates with me, she would be deliberately deceiving millions of rats and inciting them to sacrifice themselves for a god that doesn't exist.

"In that case, she would never be an innocent, kind, and pure Saintess.

"Instead, she would be a shameless schemer, a ruthless executioner, an ambitious conspirator who climbs upon the corpses of millions of innocent people. She would be a deranged and inhumane demon.

"Just like... me.

“For the rat people’s rise and Picturesque Orchid Lake’s future, there must be an ambitious schemer, a ruthless executioner, and a devil who is enemies with the whole world. I am enough to fulfil that role.

“The Ancient Dream Saintess shouldn’t become a devil like me.

“She should always be like the first time I met her. Although she doesn’t look good, she is kind-hearted by nature. She’s willing to endure the pain of her brain exploding and share her beautiful dreams with all the people who are suffering, covered in wounds, in despair, and numb.

“She should be a bunch of flowers that are always white and flawless. She shouldn’t be tainted by any stains, or be immersed in real pain for a long time.

“That was originally the best arrangement that I, a sincere friend, made for her.

“In the end, you completely messed it up.

“Now, the Ancient Dream Saintess is still alive and knows the truth. She is deep in the disillusionment of her collapsed belief. She has no choice but to face the real world and real pain, as well as the double torture of her body and soul.

“But with her ability, she can’t change anything except making herself feel extremely guilty and miserable.

“Reaper, after learning that the gigantic evil energy puppet on Scarlet Peak self-detonated, why would I risk being discovered by the Lion King and Tiger King just to kill you?

“No. Sabotaging my plan and destroying the wolf assassin that I carefully put in place after years of planning was only the secondary reason.

“The real reason was that you thought you were the one who saved the Ancient Dream Saintess. Instead, you put her in agony that was worse than death!

“If I hadn’t repeatedly told myself that you knew nothing about the truth, that it was out of kindness, and that you might join hands with me to clean up the mess and change the future, you would have been dead long ago!”

By the time he uttered the last sentence, the Wolf King was already yelling while explaining.

Meng Chao stared at the Wolf King’s face and realized that this fellow was either the greatest liar in the world, or he had even deceived and hypnotized himself. He actually believed those words. He believed that he could see and alter the future, fate, and tomorrow.

‘That’s impossible.’

Meng Chao scoffed in his heart. ‘No one understands the future, fate, and tomorrow better than I do!’

He was faced with “Jackal” Kanus, who was obviously stuck in a logical loop of self-discovery and had a twisted but firm outlook on life, the world, and morality. Kanus was a big boss who could justify himself no matter what insane things he did, so Meng Chao naturally did not expect to convince the other party to accept the Earth civilization’s philosophy, morality, and laws with just a few words.

He only wanted to know something. "Alright, even if I stand on your side and everything you've done has its reasons and difficulties, how can I believe that you won't help me 'change my fate' at a critical moment, then claim it's for my own good?"

"Let me make it clear in advance that I don't have a habit of letting anyone help me change my fate. Regardless of whether it leads to a bottomless abyss, a poisonous pool, or flames of destruction that burns the entire world, I hope that my fate will be firmly in my hands!"

"Of course. You might not believe me if I tell you this, but even though it's our first time meeting today, I have a very strange feeling. It's as if we've known each other for a long time. We're friends who share the same ideals. We're the same type of people—people who like to firmly grasp their fate in their own hands. I admire your ability and respect your decision."

The Wolf King smiled and said, "Let's make things clearer. I think the thing you're most worried about is working with me to excavate the Holy Mountain's inheritance. After that, I might burn the bridge after crossing the river and kill you in order to monopolize the ancestral spirits' inheritance, right?"

"Shouldn't I be worried?"

Meng Chao said, "If the Holy Mountain's inheritance can make an unknown person become the overlord of Picturesque Orchid Lake, I think anyone would be tempted. No one would be willing to share this inheritance with others, right?"

The Wolf King laughed.

He shook his head as he laughed.

There was a hint of mockery and sadness in his laughter.

"As expected, even you think that the enormous inheritance left behind by the oldest ancestor spirit can only help people become the overlord of Picturesque Orchid Lake."

The Wolf King sighed. "And I took great pains to sacrifice millions of my fellow rats, betray the Lion King, as well as Tiger King, and become enemies with the five great clans just to become Picturesque Orchid Lake's overlord?"

Meng Chao said, "Isn't that so?"

"Of course not. What's the use of just becoming Picturesque Orchid Lake's overlord? In the past ten thousand years, countless overlords have emerged in Picturesque Orchid Lake. They either possessed the power to destroy the world, or they could command millions of troops the same way they commanded their own fingers. If not they were either proficient in hundreds of battle techniques from hidden totems and could concoct countless secret medicines. These names have left behind glorious battle records and immortal legends in the war epics, and they're even more brilliant than the stars. However, has any one of them allowed the Turan people to truly gain a foothold in the Land of Holy Light, which is rich in resources, and completely defeat our enemies and shatter the sword of destruction hanging high above our heads? No, no, not a single one!"

Every blood vessel and nerve on the Wolf King's face bulged out, twitching violently like an electrified earthworm.

His eyes were filled with flames as if he had seen a horrifying scene that he could not bear to look back on.

The indescribable terror did not scare him but strengthened his conviction and stimulated the infinite power hidden in his cells instead.

“Jackal” Kanus resolutely uttered one word after another. “Ten thousand years have passed.. What Picturesque Orchid Lake needs now is no longer an overlord who has failed countless times and follows the old ways. They need a revolutionary, a revolutionary who can turn Picturesque Orchid Lake upside down, destroy everything, and be reborn from the ashes!”

Chapter 1310: The Ever-Degenerating World

“...A revolutionary?”

Meng Chao did not expect “Jackal” Kanus to think the same thing as him.

His mind raced as he pretended to be confused and tentatively asked, “Wolf King, do you think there’s... something wrong with the current Picturesque Orchid Lake?”

“Of course there’s wrong, and I don’t believe that you can’t see it.”

The Wolf King gave him a half-smile and an expression that said, “I saw through you a long time ago.” He pointed around and said, “If you want to know the problem with Picturesque Orchid Lake, you just need to open your eyes wide and look at the Holy Mountain around us, and you’ll understand.

“Reaper, let me ask you. Do you think that the Holy Mountain was naturally formed or artificially built?”

“About that...”

Meng Chao had thought about that question many times. There was no need for him to hide or lie, so he directly voiced out his guess. “I think that it’s both.

“The space around the Holy Mountain is fragmented. It must have been affected by Starfall City’s descent into this world.

“However, in the depths of the Holy Mountain, which was broken and unpredictable, there were a lot of space channels that could jump quickly and connect to each other point-to-point. It must have been the work of the ancient Turan people.

“The ancient Turan people who first came to this world used incredible technology to conquer the wrinkles, distortions, and gaps in the space. Only then could they survive the hard times, reproduce, and continue their civilization to this day

“That’s right. The technology that the ancient Turan used to conquer and transform the area around the Holy Mountain was truly marvelous and unbelievable.”

The Wolf King sighed. “Unfortunately, after thousands of years of reproduction and development, not only have we not carried our ancestors’ technology forward, we haven’t even inherited and continued it.

“Until now, not to mention mastering the technology that our ancestors used to stabilize space and transform the world, even understanding the principles of this technology and treating it as that rather than the wisdom of miracles, has been completely wiped out.

“There are also Red-gold City, Black-corner City, and the former Hundred Blade City.

“The glorious cities that have been standing on the land of Turan for almost ten thousand years were built and planned with a lot of technologies that the current Turan people have neither mastered nor understood.

“With technologies that were comparable to miracles, our ancestors were able to shape the towering trees as they wished, allowing trees that were as hard as iron to grow into the pillars of skyscrapers. They were also able to build air passageways between skyscrapers that could accommodate more than ten war elephants running side by side. There were also a lot of strange facilities. Even though they are intact to this day, we still don’t understand the purpose of these facilities.

“The population of Picturesque Orchid Lake today has to be thousands of times more than it was ten thousand years ago.

“However, even if all the labor forces of Picturesque Orchid Lake were deployed, it would be impossible to rebuild Red-gold City or Black-corner City in the same way.

“Hundred Blade City, which was barely rebuilt, is more than a hundred times weaker than it was in the beginning. Even the motley crew assembled by the rat people almost broke through it.

“In fact, we can’t even repair the city. Many skyscrapers that are hundreds of arms tall are slanted and about to collapse. The interconnected sewage pipes under many cities have been blocked for a long time, leading to the danger of flowing sewage and a series of explosions. Yet, we are helpless.

“There’s also military technology.

“Countless war epics that have been passed down to this day describe in detail the way our ancestors fought ten thousand years ago. Many of the scenes depicted in the poems are complicated and extremely difficult to understand. It’s as if our ancestors fought in a way that was a hundred times more advanced than ours. Their tactical cooperation, communication methods, and the creation of war machines were all beyond the imagination of today’s Turan people.

“Not to mention, just three thousand years ago, when they were fighting against the Holy Light Army on the summit of the Holy Mountain, the warriors of Turan were still able to drive such enormous totem armor through the gaps and folds of space, repelling the attacks of the gigantic evil energy puppets time and time again.

“Today, we have degenerated into barbarians who only know how to wave battle axes, hammers, and spiked clubs before charging at the enemy in a swarm while screaming crazily!

“Yes, degenerated!

“In the past ten thousand years, the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake has been slowly degenerating in every aspect.

“Perhaps there isn’t much of a problem between one or two cycles of the era of prosperity and era of glory, but after three or five cycles, people gradually get used to everything that is constantly degenerating, broken, and lost.

“But today, when we look at everything that the ancestral spirits created ten thousand years ago, the feeling of such a huge difference is simply hopeless to the extreme!”

The passionate insight made Meng Chao feel a little respect for “Jackal” Kanus.

He did not expect the ambitious Wolf King to have foreseen the fatal problem of Picturesque Orchid Lake’s existence so early.

From the logic hidden in his words and the people of Earth, “Jackal” Kanus was deeply influenced by that unknown Earth teacher.

The other party had not just taught him Dragon City martial arts.

He had taken great pains to guide the direction of the wolf dynasty’s civilization on Earth.

“If Picturesque Orchid Lake does not carry out a complete and earth-shaking transformation, if it does not find the cause of the degeneration and solve it, and if it does not re-embark on the path of evolution, even if we gather the largest army in the last ten thousand years, it will be impossible for us to obtain the final victory. Instead, we will be utterly defeated or even destroyed!”

Just as Meng Chao racked his brains over the identity of this Earth teacher, the Wolf King dropped another bombshell with certainty. He stared at Meng Chao with a sincere expression. “This is also the reason why I absolutely cannot let the Lion King and Tiger King obtain the inheritance of the Holy Mountain and become war priests.

“To be honest, I don’t have any personal grudges against the Lion King and Tiger King.

“The Lion King did me a favor. It was he who took me out of the tomb raiders’ circle and helped me reach a higher level. He also gave me the most important opportunities and resources.

“Although he only treated me as a puppet and received a generous reward from me, the deal between us was relatively fair and pleasant.

“Without the Lion King, I wouldn’t be where I am today.

“Although I haven’t interacted with the Tiger King many times, I know that he is a warrior who has a rough personality but is brave and good at fighting. He is the most typical, traditional, and standard Turan orc. He is a hero who is qualified to engrave the name ‘Violent Blade’ in a war epic and spread it for thousands of years.

“From my personal point of view, I don’t want to be their enemy at all, much less kill any of them with my own hands.

“If only they were a little smarter, more open-minded, and able to see that the Turan civilization was deteriorating and that it was impossible for them to win the Battle of Glory. If they took the responsibility of ‘change’ on their own, I would be willing to devote myself to them and assist them as their most loyal assistant or even lackey.

“It’s a pity because I’ve tested them countless times.

“Whether I was beating around the bush or pretending to talk nonsense while being drunk, I’ve pointed out to the problems that exist in Picturesque Orchid Lake to them.

“Not only did they turn a blind eye to it, they even became furious. They believed that I violated the sacred ancestral spirits and corrupted the Turan people’s ‘virtues.’ They almost bit my throat and ripped my head off several times!

“Hehe. Even the lion and tiger duo, who have the best chance of becoming war priests, are so pathetic. How could the stupider and more arrogant Minotaur and boar men understand that the Picturesque Orchid Lake today is in such a grave crisis?

“Even if those idiots obtained the Holy Mountain’s inheritance, it would be impossible for them to unlock the true power contained in the ancestral spirit’s inheritance with their nonexistent wisdom. They would only waste the best and perhaps the last chance.

“Since these seemingly superior and awe-inspiring ultimate powerhouses are all useless, I have no choice but to replace them!

“Obtaining the Holy Mountain’s inheritance is just a trivial goal. What I really want to find in the depths of the Holy Mountain temple is an answer—why did the Turan civilization degenerate from the unparalleled glory of crossing the sea of stars ten thousand years ago to the point where they are about to eat raw meat and drink blood today?

“After I find the answer and have enough power, I will carry out a radical reform in Picturesque Orchid Lake to restore the glory of our ancestral spirits from ten thousand years ago.

“Of course, my personal strength and Picturesque Orchid Lake’s internal strength will certainly not be enough to complete such an arduous mission.

“I need more good friends who share the same interests to help me.

“Believe me, the Turan people are extremely cruel to their enemies, but they are extremely generous and friendly to their allies. We value hatred that is as big as a grass seed more than a mountain, and we value friendship that is as small as a puddle more than an ocean.

“You are smarter than I thought. Reaper, a smart friend like you will definitely be able to discover and reap ample benefits from the drastic changes in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

“I am also happy to see good friends who have gone through life and death with me. With these benefits, I will become stronger, and we will be able to continue fighting side by side against the common enemy, the Holy Light faction.

“I know that even if I swear in the name of the ancestral spirits that I will never betray my friends, you will never believe me.

“But I have already told you my ideals and aspirations. Reaper, think about it. Before the changes in Picturesque Orchid Lake are completed, before the Holy Light faction is defeated by us, before the most fertile land in the world falls into our hands, how can I fight against a powerful, smart, and dangerous friend like you?”

Meng Chao knew that “Jackal” Kanus’ words were not only for his own ears.

They were also for the huge forces from Dragon City that he represented.

An extraordinary person like Meng Chao, who was infinitely close to the Deity Realm, could not have been a genius who had jumped out of a crack in a rock and learned everything by himself.

Each of his moves contained an astronomical amount of resources and the accumulated painstaking efforts of thousands of the smartest brains in Dragon City.

“Jackal” Kanus must have regarded him as an explorer sent by Dragon City to break through the fog.

If he was truly a pure explorer, he would not know the outcome of the Wolf King’s future defeat and destruction.

Seeing the Wolf King extend an olive branch with such sincerity and hearing him describe such a beautiful future with an Earthling’s logic, how could he not be moved and firmly believe it?