

Oh My God 911

Chapter 911: Totem Warrior

Leaf struggled to stand up.

However, his injuries were too severe. Just as he puffed up his chest, he felt the world spinning around him, and he stumbled backward.

Fortunately, he waved his hands wildly and caught hold of something hard.

It was the thigh bone of a totem beast, a polished black bone blade, and it had been inserted diagonally into Uncle "missing front teeth's" chest.

Leaf remembered that Uncle "missing front teeth" had great skill in playing the bagpipes.

He could carefully select the widest and softest leaves on the mandrake tree that were covered in golden fur, then slowly roll them into bagpipes.

After that, he would place the bagpipes of different lengths side by side and placed them by his mouth. When he narrowed his eyes, he could play countless beautiful sounds.

Although he was missing his front teeth and spoke with a mild lisp, he still looked a little comical.

However, the melodious bagpipes of the uncle with missing front teeth were more pleasing to girls than any words of love.

Even the bagpipe tune that Leaf played for Anjia on the night the mandrake flower bloomed was taught to him by the uncle with missing front teeth.

Now, however the uncle with missing front teeth was also dead...

Just like all the aged and weak rats.

The blood gushing out of Leaf's forehead kept pouring into his eyes.

He pulled out the bone blade with force.

The bone blade was huge and heavy.

When this totem beast was alive, it must have been a colossus that was more than ten arms tall.

Moreover, the bone blade had metal fillings, which made it look like it had sharp teeth, increasing its lethality.

The rat people were not qualified to use metal weapons.

According to the Turan people's tradition, metal weapons were condensed from the souls of their ancestors. It was the most sacred gift to the warriors of the clan who had glorious blood flowing in their veins.

The rat people who had the blood of unclean and cowardly traitors in their veins were not qualified to defile the Holy Metal with their dirty paws.

In the past, metals had been found near the village, whether it was raw ore rich in spirit energy or relics of ancient wars with complicated structures and divine power.

They had all been sent to the main city where the Blood Hoof Clan was situated—Black-corner City—just like the mandrake tax.

Furthermore, every piece of metal, especially the relics, had to be carefully wrapped with mandrake leaves. Any rat person who dared to touch it would have their eyes gouged out and their hands cut off by the elders of the clan.

Hence, before today, Leaf had never known that a weapon embedded with metal was such a heavy thing.

Although he was the same as his brother and his height far exceeded that of an ordinary rat person...

He was still underage and different from his muscular brother. He was more like a thin bamboo pole with long arms and legs.

After barely waving the bone blade twice, Leaf felt that he was seeing stars, and he was panting heavily.

His movements caught the attention of a Minotaur warrior.

The warrior turned his head and glanced at him indifferently.

Leaf's heart froze instantly.

It was a ferocious face.

With three iron rings on his body and a nose that spewed white steam, the Minotaur warrior's face was divided into two distinct parts.

The left half of his face looked like it had been gnawed by the most ferocious totem beast. It was densely covered in dozens of wounds.

His overlapping scars were like a nest of wriggling poisonous centipedes. The Minotaur's eye, which was the size of bronze bells, had been swallowed by the scars. There was only an iron eyepatch over his eye socket—it had been fixed directly onto the skull with rivets!

The huge horn on the left side of his forehead was also broken from the middle.

However, its owner did not use bones or metal to repair it. Instead, he had polished the broken stubble to make it even sharper, as though this broken horn had a great origin and symbolized supreme glory.

The right side of his face was relatively intact.

However, his right eye that contained infinite ferocity, coupled with the ferocious smile on his face, were more creepy than the scar and broken horn on the left side of his face.

Even so, none of this was the reason why Leaf's heart froze.

He recognized this face.

This Minotaur warrior was the one who threw the first torch dipped in mandrake resin at Leaf's hut!

Leaf's mind went blank.

The image of his mother holding mandrake stew with a smile appeared in his mind.

He would never be able to drink his mother's stew...

Forever...

"Arghh!"

Leaf felt an endless amount of strength from God knew where. With a roar, he raised the bone blade high up and charged at the broken-horned Minotaur warrior.

The Minotaur warrior exhaled a ball of scornful steam from his nostrils.

He did not dodge or run away. He watched Leaf's clumsy attack with great interest.

It was as if he wanted to know whether this little b*stard, who had despicable blood flowing in his veins, would be able to successfully charge at him, or whether he would get carried away with the heavy bone blade and eventually trip up.

However, Leaf only took two steps before someone grabbed him by the waist and threw him far behind.

The bone blade, which was filled with sawteeth, was also snatched away.

It was his brother!

Leaf could not believe his eyes.

He remembered that his brother had clearly been besieged by two Blood Hoof warriors in the battle earlier. He had suffered at least dozens of slashes and fallen into a pool of blood and flames.

His brother was also the only villager in the entire village who could enjoy the "glory" of being besieged by Blood Hoof warriors.

His brother was covered in wounds, and his forehead was badly burnt.

In his wounds that bloomed like flowers, one could vaguely see bone.

Fortunately, his blood had already dried up, and his wounds had been cauterized by the flames. His flesh and blood had also contracted tightly as a result.

Now, the only thing that supported his brother's burly body, which was no less than that of the Blood Hoof warriors', was anger and hatred. He brandished the serrated bone blade and pounced on the broken-horned Minotaur warrior.

Driven by boiling anger and hatred like magma, his brother rushed up to the Minotaur warrior in two steps.

The Minotaur warrior remained indifferent and looked down on him.

He did not even bother to turn his body around completely.

It was as if it did not matter if the bone blade was in Leaf's hands or his crazy brother's hands.

But the Minotaur was wrong.

When his brother raised the bone blade to its limit, a crackling sound suddenly came from his body.

His elder brother's skin seemed to be dyed red by blood and flames. Then, it was torn apart.

Under the torn skin, muscles were expanding at a speed visible to the naked eye and shining with a metallic luster.

His elder brother, who had always been strong and lacked the appearance of a rat, suddenly became even larger than a Minotaur warrior. He was like a mad war elephant.

The speed of the bone blade's slashing also increased by three to five times in an instant. The whistling of the blade resembled the shrieks of all the villagers' ghosts.

...

Picturesque Orchid Lake was a place of glory.

Since ancient times, countless sacred and tragic wars had taken place between the mountains, the plains, and the swamps.

There were also countless war relics scattered under the cliffs and between the lofty mountains. Hundreds of tributaries from the Turan River, which bared their fangs and brandished their claws, had rushed into tens of thousands of blisters and the great swamps.

Leaf and his brother possessed a secret.

Exactly five years ago, they had discovered a cave in the depths of the children's "secret base." In the deepest part of the cave, there was a gap, and in the deepest part of the gap was another cave.

Piles of crisp bones filled the cave, and they were blown into ashes with a sneeze.

The cave walls were covered in drawings of humans and beasts. Each drawing depicted strange postures, and there were many earthworm-like arrowheads between their chest, abdomen, and limbs.

Was it not strange that there were at least hundreds, or even thousands, of murals left there?

Plus, their colors were still bright and beautiful as if they had just been painted.

The other children, like Tutu, had also seen the mural.

However, they did not react or were not interested.

Leaf and his brother were deeply attracted by the mysterious power contained in the mural.

Even after they returned home, they would lie on their hammocks made of mandrake leaves. When they fell into a deep sleep, they would dream of the mural coming "alive." One by one, shiny human and beast figures would dance and jump in front of their eyes.

Such a strange dream continued to appear for five whole years.

As a result, Leaf and his brother had obtained some different and mysterious... abilities.

Unfortunately, their abilities would not be effective at times. It was like an illusory, fragmented dream.

Earlier, no matter how much his brother beat his chest and roared, he had been unable to awaken his ability.

Right now, his brother was using his ability to a level that Leaf had never seen before. It was extremely powerful!

“Ahhhhh!”

His brother let out a crazy battle cry.

Leaf clenched his fists tightly. His mouth was dry, and his tongue was parched. He was filled with anticipation for his brother, whom he trusted so much, to create another miracle.

Even the fierce-looking Minotaur warrior widened his single eye slightly. “The Steel Body technique?” he said in surprise.

Crack!

The bone blade hacked into the Minotaur warrior’s left shoulder. The two-finger-deep wound hit the Minotaur warrior’s bone, creating an explosive sound of clashing swords.

However, that was all.

The Minotaur warrior did not dodge or run. It was neither appropriate nor proper. He took his brother’s blade head-on.

Despite that, his brother risked his entire life. It was like lightning and thunder. Leaf’s heart surged with excitement when he saw the blade. Unexpectedly, even the opponent’s shoulder blade did not shatter.

His brother gritted his teeth and gripped the bone blade tightly. Every muscle on his arms swelled to the point of exploding, trying to pierce the bone blade deeper.

However, the Minotaur warrior only tightened his shoulder muscles, completely locking the bone blade and his brother’s strength.

Only then did he slowly turn around.

His expression changed from that of disdain to seriousness.

“Even though you’re executing it all wrong...”

The Minotaur warrior spoke to his brother in a low voice unique to the Blood Hoof Clan, “I still salute you for your courage. You’ve used battle to wash away the shame of your ancestors. May the sacred ancestral spirit grant you strength and help you seize greater glory!”

After he said this, the tattoo on the Minotaur warrior’s body began to shine.

It was like a mural from the dreams that Leaf and his brother had. It possessed a strange vitality as it danced wildly.

There was also a sticky substance that looked like a bronze solution being secreted from the pores under the tattoo.

It quickly condensed into an even bigger, stronger, and more ferocious beast-shaped armor outside the Minotaur's body.

If the Minotaur warrior's body had originally been a combination of a bull's head and a human-shaped body...

Armed with the mysterious armor, he was now like a bronze rhinoceros standing on its hind legs.

"Totem warrior!"

Leaf widened his eyes and shouted crazily in his heart, 'This... This is the legendary totem warrior!'

Chapter 912: Blood Bestowing Ceremony

The Minotaur warrior that had been blessed by the totem power was emitting a dazzling bronze metallic luster from head to toe.

However, the armor that was draped around his body in a ferocious form seemed to possess the vitality of a living creature. It was moving slowly in an extremely strange rhythm, emitting an aura that was ten times more brutal than that of a totem beast.

Even Leaf's elder brother, who would never be defeated and retreat, began to tremble from the heart when he faced the totem warrior.

His elder brother pulled out his blade forcefully, wanting to pull to attack from a different angle.

However, the bone blade his opponent's muscles and armor clamped onto it tightly.

This totem armor that was slowly squirming seemed to have a unique life and a strong appetite. It actually swallowed the bone blade in the older brother's hand inch by inch.

In the end, even the hilt was "eaten" by it.

If his brother had not let go in time, perhaps even two of his arms would have been eaten by the totem armor!

His brother, who had lost his weapon, seemed to have lost all his strength and courage.

In front of the gap between mortals and gods, his brother was in complete despair.

Fear was like a transparent steel nail that pierced through his brother's skull and all the way to the soles of his feet. It nailed him firmly in front of the Minotaur warrior, totally preventing him from moving.

The Turan warrior slowly raised his right hand and split open four fingers that were thicker than leaf's arm.

"Pa!"

He performed a downward slap.

Without using any moves, it was the simplest and most violent slap, like an adult teaching a child a lesson.

Large pools of blood sprayed out from his brother's face and chest.

Hundreds of wounds that had just been scabbed burst out again.

The astonishing strange force squeezed out the last drop of blood in his body.

His brother spun in the air for more than ten times.

He fell heavily in front of Leaf.

His appearance became even more miserable than that of the picker who fell from the cliff.

Half of his head and his entire chest were deeply sunken.

The white bone stubble pierced dozens of pieces of skin and drilled out from all over his body.

His neck was bent back in a very strange way.

The sharp broken bones had cut his trachea and blood vessels. Only a thin layer of flesh was left between his head and the cavity.

But there was no breath, and no blood was gushing out from the fracture.

Leaf's brother stared at him in such a horrible way.

There was no life in his bloodshot and broken eyeball.

There were no more electric arcs and stars that were usually shining.

With a slight opening in his throat that was so deep that he could not see the bottom, his brother's spirit said to Leaf weakly, "Run, Leaf, run..."

When his brother stared at him like that, Leaf lost all his courage.

Not only did he lose the courage to swing his sword and fight his enemy with all his might,

He also lost the courage to run away.

The huge steel nail named "fear" that had nailed his brother to the ground just now had also been nailed into Leaf's skull, pinning him firmly in a pool of cold blood.

The Minotaur warrior in totem armor strode over.

Leaf closed his eyes and waited for death.

However, as he waited and waited, the expected pain and darkness did not strike him.

Instead, he felt a huge, scorching body, which looked like a steel statue that had just been cast, lowering its height in front of him.

Leaf opened his eyes.

He found that the Minotaur warrior had restored the helmet, which was engraved with the sacred inscription of the ancestral spirit, into a totem. Then he absorbed it back into his body, turning it into a gorgeous tattoo on his face.

He once again revealed that half of his face was ferocious, and the other half was even more ferocious.

But at this moment, there was not the slightest bit of cruelty and malice on this extremely ugly face.

Instead, it was solemn and solemn, incomparably pious.

The Minotaur withdrew the totem armor on his right arm.

The armor on his left arm, however, squirmed and condensed into a sharp bull horn blade.

The sharp blade on his left hand gently slid down the base of his right palm.

Fresh blood with a hint of cow odor immediately flowed out and was carefully poured onto his brother's body by the Minotaur warrior.

The Minotaur warrior poured the blood very carefully.

The demonic palm that had just killed his brother had now poured over every wound on his brother's body from head to toe and even smeared it evenly on his brother's body.

Finally, the Minotaur warrior dipped his blood in his own blood and found a relatively clean spot on his brother's muddled forehead. He drew a hoof-like pattern with each stroke.

Although his fingers were thick and clumsy.

He had drawn it attentively and meticulously.

Throughout the entire process, he had kept his head down. He did not even look at Leaf, who was right in front of him, nor did he scan his surroundings. He continued to slaughter.

It was as if there was nothing more important to the Minotaur warriors than drawing a hoof pattern.

"This is... the blood bestowing ceremony!"

Leaf recalled that he and his brother had heard from the old fool that the higher-ups of the Turan people could bestow the sacred blood that contained the divine power of the ancestral spirit on the lower-ups who fought bravely and pleased the ancestral spirit.

It indicated that with the courage and glory of the higher-ups, they helped the lower-ups expel the meanness and cowardice deep in their bloodline.

From then on, the lower-ups would be free from their past identities and clans.

They would be qualified to join the clans of the higher-ups as servants and embark on a journey that was more dangerous and more glorious.

After listening to the old fool's story, Leaf and his brother had climbed onto the highest mandala tree more than once and wrapped themselves in the broadest leaves. They rested their heads on their arms and swayed in the breeze, imagining that one day they would... also get the honor of having noble

blood, getting rid of the lowly “rat people” identity, becoming a noble clan warrior, or even getting the blessing of the totem warriors’ ancestors.

I didn’t expect my brother to realize his dream so soon.

Not only is he free from the lowest of bloodlines,.

Also joined one of the five clans of Turan, the largest, most powerful Blood Hoof Clan.

Unfortunately, he was a corpse.

Leaf did not know whether to laugh or cry.

He knew that the Turan warriors would not kill him.

It was rare for the old fool to be sober. He had once told him that the purpose of the totem warriors’ battle was to please the ancestral spirits.

Therefore, when they entered the state of ‘Totem Frenzy’, they would definitely challenge opponents who were strong enough, or at least brave enough.

Victory or defeat, life or death, were not important.

What was important was courage, courage, blood, and honor.

The reason why the Turan warrior summoned the totem armor was not because he could not beat his brother in an armor-less state.

Even if he did not summon the totem armor, even if he did not dodge or block, his brother’s super-skilled slash was still unable to break the Turan warrior’s bones.

As long as the other party was serious, he could break his brother’s neck with just two fingers.

However, the other party probably did not expect that in a small mouse village, there would still be someone who dared to swing his sword at him.

His brother’s courage moved him, so he used his totem armor to give his brother the glory that he deserved.

Similarly, the Minotaur warrior wearing the totem armor would not kill Leaf.

To kill such a dejected youth who was waiting for death, not only would it not please the ancestral spirits, it would tarnish the sacred totem power.

The current Leaf did not even have the right to die at the hands of the Minotaur warrior.

The youth who realized this did not have the joy of surviving a disaster.

On the contrary, he felt that his mother and brother’s undead, as well as Anjia and the others in the pile of captives, were all staring at him.

Their eyes were like chains that shot out of the abyss of the undead, binding Leaf’s hands and feet and dragging him into the deepest darkness.

...

“Let’s go. Let’s go. You lowly rats, if you don’t want to die without a burial place, you can walk through here!”

Three days later.

On the Bison River, the fastest tributary of the Turan River, there was a waterfall that was more than a hundred meters below the river. Groups of captive rat people were crossing the river in formation.

The Blood Hoof warriors waved their ox-tail whips, which were embedded with thorns, and whipped the cowardly rat people until their skin and flesh were torn open. While they cursed the captives and tortured their souls, they laughed as if they were watching a wonderful show.

The captive rat people had their hands behind their backs and were tied up by the ox-tail ropes.

The ox-tail ropes contracted when they were in water and embedded deep into the captives’ flesh. They were in so much pain that they broke out in cold sweat, and they could not keep their balance in the wet and slippery torrent.

Moreover, the captives did not advance alone. Instead, they moved in a row of ten. They were fixed by the straight and elastic branches of the mandala tree, like a frozen caterpillar.

When the village was torched, almost all the captives suffered injuries of varying degrees.

After three days of long, sleepless treks, they walked on the most rugged mountain roads. The blood-hoofed masters only gave them a little bit of the rotten and hard dried mandala fruit.

Many of the captives’ wounds were festering, and their bodies were boiling hot. They were on the verge of death.

More people were hungry, their hands and feet were sore, and their bodies were weak.

In theory, in the Bison River above the waterfall, on the riverbed that was waist-deep, there were protruding boulders that connected the two banks and could be used as stepping stones for them to step on.

The problem was that it was up to the waist of the Blood Hoofs.

Most of the rat people were several heads or even half shorter than the Blood Hoof warriors.

For the Blood Hoof warriors, the waist-deep river water could often reach the chest, neck, or even the top of the rat people’s heads.

In addition, the stepping stones were wet and slippery due to the impact of the water.

The water flow above the waterfall was particularly rapid.

The deafening roar was like a war hammer with thorns that kept bombarding the captives’ skulls, making the rat people, who were already dizzy, feel even dizzier.

Many captives stumbled and fell into the cold water as soon as they stepped into the Bison River.

Among the ten captives, as long as two or three of them were washed into the river, the others would not be able to stand on their feet. They would be dragged down the waterfall and fall into pieces, disappearing without a trace.

However, the Blood Hoof warriors did not care at all. They did not regret that the captives they had worked so hard to catch were buried in the belly of the fish.

They just waved their ox-tail whip desperately to urge the remaining captives to cross the river.

“On the other side of the Bison River is the main city of the Blood Hoof Clan, Black-corner City!

“Black-corner City is the land of heroes, the Holy Land, and the land of glory. It must not be tarnished by the unclean blood of cowards.

“You lowly rats, if you want to go to black-corner city, get rid of your dirty bloodlines, and participate in the glorious battle, there is only one way, which is to walk through here.”

Chapter 913: The Gates of Hell

After three consecutive groups of captives fell down the waterfall and were buried in the belly of the fish.

Leaf's group of captives were forced by the ox-tail whip and the spear, and they staggered to the riverside.

At this moment, the youth's face was full of frost.

The lines that outlined his facial features appeared particularly tough, making him appear a bit like brother Cool Shaw.

Three days after their home was destroyed, it passed as quickly as three blinks of the eye.

And what happened in the blink of an eye was as many as the blink of an eye.

Before this, leaf had never been so far away from home.

The rat people had unclean blood, so they could not move freely to avoid contaminating the land where the ancestral spirits slept.

They could only curl up in the habitat designated by the clan master, which was usually a steep mountain range with a harsh environment.

Fortunately, no matter how barren the land was, the mandala tree could grow strong enough to produce enough mandala fruit for the rat people to eat well and reproduce.

Therefore, the leaves of the past never felt the need to leave their hometown.

He was satisfied to be able to look at the horizon from the top of the highest mandala tree among the cliffs and cliffs.

It was not until this moment that he realized that there were such rugged and difficult mountain paths in the world.

There were so many strange plants that could eat humans.

Even the totem beasts had so many kinds. The most powerful totem beasts required seven or eight blood hoof warriors to enter the 'Totem Frenzy' state before they could be dealt with.

Of course, after three days of arduous trekking, he and the captives had also suffered a lot.

Many people were swallowed by the swamp, bitten to death by poisonous insects, and torn to pieces by totem beasts.

There were also some people who walked, their heads tilted, and died silently.

More people were beaten to death and stabbed to death by the oxtail whip and goat horn spear of the Blood Hoof Warriors.

Out of ten captives, at most two or three survived.

But more captives filled up the empty space under the branches of the mandala tree.

When Leaf was trekking on the mountain road, he saw hundreds of black columns of smoke rising from the nearby hills.

He vaguely heard the wails and screams he had heard a few days ago.

They were not the only ones who were slaughtered.

There were also the foothill village, the Hilltop Village, the Big Tree Village, the small tree village... and countless villages whose names leaf had never heard before.

As they gradually headed towards the Buffalo River and walked onto the road paved with large bluestones, more and more blood hoof warriors with their heads held high and wailing captives joined their ranks.

The old, the weak, and the disabled were mostly tortured to death halfway through.

Those who survived were all robust young men, as well as young men like leaf who were full of vigor.

"The masters are... screening the captives."

The young man who had grown up quickly in three days was keenly aware of this, "The Bloody Hoof clan doesn't need so many captives. They deliberately took us on the most dangerous mountain path, gave us the least food, and kept torturing us. They want to select the strongest, the most agile, and the most patient among us."

Just like now.

The bloodhoof warriors could have led the captives to cross the river from a place far away from the waterfall, where the river was wide and the current was not fast.

Leaf even saw the traces of a pontoon in the open part of the river.

But they insisted on taking captives and walking through the gate of hell above the waterfall.

This was a test of the strength of the rat subjects.

They would also purify their bloodlines.

To make these traitors, cowards, unclean people, barely qualified to set foot on the land of black-corner city.

Realizing this.

Leaf knew that he had no way out.

From three days ago, no, from the day the mandala flower bloomed, he had no way out.

He could only grit his teeth and charge through the gates of hell!

So, before the ox-tail whip and the horn gun landed on his scarred back.

Ye Zi took a deep breath and stepped into the cold and rapid river water.

Fortunately, he was much taller than the ordinary rat folk, and the river water barely reached his chest.

The group of captives behind him had been carefully selected, and they were all tall teenagers.

On that day, after the broken-horned ox-head warrior completed the blood bestowing ceremony, he took away his brother's body.

His brother had officially joined the Bloody Hoof clan. Naturally, he could not be exposed in the wilderness like a lowly rat.

Perhaps out of respect for his brother, after the ox-headed warrior learned of Ye Zi's identity, he assigned him to the team of captives, which was made up of tall teenagers. This increased his chances of survival.

After two or three days, Ye Zi and the grasshoppers on the same rope behind him gradually developed a tacit understanding.

At this moment, they were in sync with each other. They gritted their teeth and fought against the torrent.

Steadily, they walked to the center of the Buffalo River.

But here, the river suddenly became deeper by an arm.

The two shorter captives in the middle of the team instantly suffered a disaster.

They choked on a few mouthfuls of the stinky river water. They couldn't breathe and couldn't open their eyes due to the rapid current. Instinctively, they struggled desperately.

With this struggle, the entire team was naturally thrown into chaos.

The captives exerted their strength in different directions. The two captives at the end of the line slipped and were washed down the waterfall by the torrent.

It was all thanks to the cow tendon rope that passed under their armpits and was tightly tied to the straight and elastic mandala branch, hanging them over the waterfall.

The exclamations of the other captives came from both sides of the Buffalo River.

As well as the laughter of the Warriors.

Many of the Blood Hoof Warriors were pointing at them, rolling up their sleeves and placing bets.

They were betting on how many blinks of an eye they could last before they would slide down the waterfall one by one, beyond redemption.

“Stand firm! Don’t be afraid! We haven’t fallen yet!

“To the left! Everyone, move to the left with all your strength! We will definitely be able to cross the river!”

Leaf shouted at the top of his lungs. His tone was firm and his expression was determined.

In fact, he was also extremely afraid.

He was so afraid that a few drops of cold urine leaked out from under the river.

He was only imitating his brother’s appearance when he was in danger in the past.

His brother told him that the more afraid he was, the more he had to pretend to be unafraid.

As long as everyone pretended to be unafraid, there was nothing to be afraid of in this world.

Even though his brother was already dead.

But leaf still decided to follow his brother’s example and continue walking down his path.

His shouting and strength were indeed effective.

The team, which was on the verge of collapse, once again steadied their footing and fought against the torrent.

Even their companions, who were submerged by the river, held their breaths and could hold on for a while longer.

However, they could at most stand firm against the current, but they still could not escape from the jaws of death.

The captives’ strength was rather limited, and they would be exhausted before they could hold on for too long.

The two companions who held their breaths also became more and more in pain, and they were on the verge of collapse at any moment.

The two companions who were at the end of the line and were suspended in the air above the waterfall even desperately wanted to bite off the mandala branch and let themselves fall into the waterfall, reducing the burden on the team and giving the other eight captives a chance to survive.

However, their hands were behind their backs, their muscles were stiff, and their joints were almost frozen. It was not easy for them to bite onto the mandala branch.

Instead, because they used too much strength, the entire branch, which was extremely elastic, began to shake violently.

The captives, who had just stabilized themselves, once again lost their balance and were on the verge of collapse.

Leaf felt a wave-like shaking force coming from behind him.

He almost slipped and was swallowed by the river.

At the moment of life and death, a bolt of lightning flashed in his mind.

In the depths of the secret base, the murals in the cave suddenly flashed in front of his eyes in an incredible way.

They were like hundreds of thousands of shiny little snakes that entered his bloodline.

He vaguely caught the subtle resonance between the extremely flexible mandala branches, the vibration of the ten captives, and the rapid current.

“Shake It! We should shake it hard!”

Leaf widened his eyes and shouted at the top of his voice, “Have you used the mandala branches to pick dozens of the most plump and heavy mandala fruits in one go? “Foolishly using your stupid strength, you’ll lose all your strength in an instant! “But if you make the mandala branches shake, bounce, and move forward according to the rhythm, it’ll be fast and save your strength!”

There wasn’t a rat youth who hadn’t picked the mandala fruit before.

The companions quickly understood leaf’s meaning.

And under Leaf’s lead, they worked together and swayed in the same direction, using the mandala tree branch’s elasticity to resist the torrent.

The two companions hanging above the waterfall became their secret weapons instead.

Every time they shook up and down, a wave-like power surged out. Under Leaf’s clever guidance, it became a sharp weapon to cut through the waves.

One step, two steps, three steps.

The captive team, who had just been stuck in the torrent, once again advanced with difficulty.

As the riverbed became higher and higher, the two drowned companions finally surfaced.

Leaf used both hands and feet to climb to the riverbank, and his flesh and blood exerted strength at the same time.

The branch of the mandala tree shook hard, and the companions at the end of the line were all thrown onto the bank.

The ten captives lay on the ground exhausted.

They were spitting bubbles like dead fish.

They could not laugh at the thought of having survived a disaster.

However, the blood hoof warriors cheered for them loudly.

Even the masters of the clans who had just lost everything in the bet shook their horns at these lowly rat people and shouted, "Well done!"

The Tulan people were just like that.

They showed no mercy to the weak and the cowards.

They never held back their respect for the brave and the unyielding, regardless of their identity.

"Who is it?"

A bloody hoof warrior walked over and asked in a gruff voice, "Who came up with the idea to shake the branch of the mandala tree?"

His companions all looked at leaf.

However, leaf stared at the Blood Hoof Warrior, the broken horn, and half of the demon-like face — a face that he would never forget.

"It's You?"

The ox-headed warrior with the broken horn was slightly startled and grinned.

It was unknown whether it was three days of training, and he had just passed the gate of Hell, but his blood vessels were still flowing with burning courage.

Or maybe the other party did not summon the totem armor, but just stood loosely and could not feel much killing intent.

Leaf could finally control his eyes, staring at the other party without blinking, and then trying his best to control his throat. He said with a hoarse voice, "You killed my mother and brother, I swear, I will kill you!"

"Ha!"

The ox-headed warrior seemed to have heard the most interesting thing in the world.

He squatted down and carefully looked at leaf for a long time.

Then, he fumbled in his arms and took out a fried datura ball covered in oil and honey. The fragrance assailed his nose, and he stuffed the whole thing into leaf's mouth.

"Then eat it."

The ox-headed warrior said, "Only when you eat enough will you have the strength to kill."

Chapter 914: The Best Way to Die

After passing through the door made of giant totem beast skeletons, rows of scarlet war flags were placed in front of them.

Four blood hoof prints were arranged on the four corners of the war flags, representing the Turan, centaur, wild boar, and barbarian elephant people. These were the four strongest settlements of the Blood Hoof Clan.

There was a broken skull in the middle, symbolizing the Blood Hoof Clan's bravery. They would definitely trample all the barbarians who believed in the holy light in the north into pieces.

The captives who passed through the rows of war flags and escaped from the Bison River were deeply shocked by a huge mandrake tree. They couldn't help but gasp.

Leaf had never seen such a huge mandrake tree.

Compared with this mandrake tree that was at least dozens of arms, no, hundreds of arms tall, the so-called "tree kings" on the cliffs of their hometown were just babbling children.

Normally, this mandrake tree that even a dozen Turan people could not carry with their arms was able to bear a lot of fruits. It should be enough for the entire village to eat for half a year, right?

But now, there was not even half a yellow fruit on its lush tree crown.

Only colorful flowers were blooming and spreading out rainbow-like spores in the air.

The trunk and branches of this giant tree were covered in red and green, wind chimes made from the bones of totem beasts.

When the wind blew, it made a small but ethereal sound, as if it was the command and call of the ancestral spirit.

In front of the giant tree, there was an altar built with the bones of totem beasts.

It used the most ferocious and exquisite skull of totem beasts. On top of it, there were naturally complex and mysterious totems that contained mysterious power, faintly emitting a suffocating aura.

More than ten priests of the Blood Hoof Clan were wearing wooden carvings with totem beast oil and metal powder smeared on the surface. They were wearing colorful masks and armor. They were dancing in front of the giant tree and carrying out a solemn and complicated ceremony.

Leaf knew that a mandrake tree of this scale could be called a "Soul Tree." It was the resting place of the ancestral spirits and was often used to sacrifice and create totem pillars.

Many of the Blood Hoof warriors who had returned from their capture piled up some particularly large and strong rat people corpses in front of the Soul Tree.

Leaf saw that the Minotaur warrior with broken horns had a serious expression on his face. He held up the corpse that his brother had carefully preserved with the mandrake tree's juice with both hands. Step by step, he walked to the front of the soul tree and placed it down gently.

Leaf's companions recognized the identities of the few corpses.

They were all rat subjects who had put up the most tenacious resistance during the capture operations in the past few days. They were especially brave and strong.

As a result, they had won glory for themselves and gained the favor of the Blood Hoof warriors. Through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, they had become a member of the Blood Hoof Clan.

Of course, just like their brother, they were all corpses.

The priests who wore huge masks and looked like human-shaped totem beasts sang and danced around the square-shaped pile of corpses for a long time.

All the Blood Hoof warriors and prisoners of the rat race paid their highest respect to the brave ones with the most pious attitude and prayed that the ancestral spirit could open the gate of Sacred Mountain and bring these brave warriors back to the Hall of Glory.

“Die!”

Suddenly, one of the oracles held a long spear in his hand and stabbed at the pile of corpses with his eyes wide open.

The other oracles also waved their extremely exaggerated and sharp magical artifacts and hacked at the corpses, cutting them into pieces.

“Brother... has received his glory...”

Leaf opened his eyes wide and searched carefully. Finally, he found his brother’s corpse in the messy pile of corpses.

Seeing his brother’s disfigured and messed up appearance, Leaf heaved a long sigh of relief and revealed a knowing smile.

The people of Turan sacrificed the most tragic sacrifice for the highest glory.

Lying on the sickbed, struggling to survive, and finally dying in one piece was the most shameful, the saddest, and the dirtiest way to die.

Dying in such a cowardly manner, it was impossible for an unbound soul to pass through the gate of Sacred Mountain and return to the Hall of Glory where the ancestral spirits were.

Only on the battlefield, challenging an opponent who was far more powerful and terrifying than oneself, and being killed by the opponent in the cruelest way, was the way of death that every Turan envied and pursued.

The higher the position of the opponent, the stronger the strength, and the more brutal the killing methods, the greater the glory that the dead would receive.

Originally, the rat people were not qualified to enjoy such a magnificent death.

But the Blood Hoof Clan generously bestowed them with the same glory as themselves.

These priests who wore huge masks and waved exaggerated magical artifacts, played the role of the ancestral spirits and ancient totem beasts.

Stabbing the bodies of their brothers meant that they were defeated and died tragically in the battle to challenge the ancestral spirits.

This was the best way for the Turan people to die.

All the captives were moved.

Even though their hometown had just been burned down by the Blood Hoof warriors a few days ago, their relatives and friends were all slaughtered.

This grand sacrifice had slightly worn away the hatred and hostility in their hearts.

It had also aroused their impulse to join the Blood Hoof Clan and win the highest glory.

The long ceremony finally ended.

The priests poured the totem beast oil over the pile of corpses that were like mud and burned them into ashes.

Then, they buried the burning ashes of the Warriors under the soul tree.

All the Blood Hoof priests and warriors were facing the soul tree and prostrating on the ground. Their bodies were trembling as they chanted.

“Are they praying to the ancestral spirits to let the mandrake tree bear fruit again?”

Leaf turned his head with difficulty and asked his partner behind him.

His partner’s village was near the Bison River, not far from Black-corner City.

He knew a lot about the Blood Hoof Clan and the rules of the warriors.

Leaf vaguely felt that what had happened in the past few days had something to do with the blooming of the mandrake tree.

When the mandrake tree was not blooming, it was desperately growing fruits all the time. A single mandrake tree could fill up a family of seven or eight people.

At that time, the days were carefree and everyone was smiling. Even if the elders of the clan went into the mountains to hunt, the main reason was not to obtain food, but to prove their strength, wisdom, and courage in front of the totem beasts.

But all the mandrake trees bloomed at the same time.

The fragrant and beautiful mandrake flowers made the whole world look like a fairyland.

But the mandrake trees that bloomed no longer bore fruit...

Not even a single fruit.

Leaf heard his mother curled up in the hammock in the dead of night, silently sighing and sobbing.

He knew that it was not only his own family, but even the mandrake fruits stored in the village were becoming fewer.

Even if the Blood Hoof warriors did not massacre the village.

Before long, the last mandrake fruit in the village would also be eaten.

At that time, they would either starve to death.

Or, the villagers would do a hundred times more cruel things to each other and to other villages that were also hungry and desperate than the Blood Hoof warriors.

This was the rule of the glorious era.

Leaf knew that the glorious era meant war.

But he naively thought that the reason for war was that everyone had no food to eat.

As long as the mandrake tree could quickly bear fruit and everyone could fill their stomachs, they would be able to pass the glorious era and return to the carefree, peaceful "era of prosperity," right?

But this partner looked at him as if he was looking at an idiot.

"The mandrake tree will no longer bear fruit."

The partner said, "Before we win greater glory for the ancestral spirit and use the blood and corpses of more powerful enemies to nourish the mandrake tree's roots, half or even more of the Turan people will die, the mandrake tree will no longer bear fruit.

"These old men are not praying for the ancestral spirit to let the mandrake tree bear fruit quickly.

"On the contrary, they were praying to the ancestral spirits to make the mandrake flower bloom more, bloom bigger, and bloom brighter.

"The bigger and brighter the mandrake flower blooms, the greater, more spectacular, longer, and more tragic the war to come.

"Only the warriors of Turan could seize more and higher glory from the bloody battles that were both grand and long.

"It must be known that before the mandrake flower bloomed this time, it had already passed through a full ten palm years of the prosperous era.

"The peaceful and prosperous era is a good day for us rat people, but for the clan elders who carry the totem power on their backs, they've been holding it in for a long time!

"According to the elders in our village, from the time their grandfather, grandfather's grandfather, grandfather's grandfather's grandfather's grandfather's grandfather, they've never encountered a prosperous era that lasted for a full ten palm years.

"After the prosperous era of a palm year is the glorious era of a palm year.

"After two years of prosperity, there will be two years of glory.

"It's always been that way.

"But no previous era of prosperity has lasted more than three or four years.

“Now that we have just passed the longest and longest era of prosperity, the longest and longest era of glory will definitely follow. There will be a war that will be the biggest, biggest, and biggest. Of course, the elders of the clans want to seize the highest, highest, and highest glory in this war!”

So that was the case.

It was a war of a grand scale, holy, and glorious, unprecedented in history.

Before this, Leaf did not have much of a concept of war.

After all, most of the rat people were timid, and there was plenty of food that they could pick at will.

The only thing he had encountered that most resembled a “war” was nothing more than a conflict between Mountain Foot Village and Half Mountain Village over a very large and beautiful mandrake tree, which involved more than a hundred people.

However, after burying his brother, completing the sacrifice, and continuing to advance.

The scene in front of Black-corner City, however, was like a totem beast that was wearing iron armor and charging over fiercely. It made Leaf’s eyes, brain, and soul feel the heaviest impact, and he instantly understood the meaning of “war.”

He saw tens of thousands of Minotaur warriors. Even if they were not as strong and fierce as the one who killed his brother, they were not much different.

All of them exposed their strong muscles, showing off the metallic luster and gorgeous tattoos on their skin. They waved the huge axes and spiked clubs that were made of the leg bones and tailbones of totem beasts, and were filled with sharp metal teeth. They walked with deafening footsteps that shook the earth and mountains, they set out from the Minotaur fortress in all directions and gathered at the foot of Black-corner City.

Chapter 915: Black-Corner City

There were also centaur warriors carrying bone longbows and blood diamond spears on their backs. They walked in unison like a long dragon that had no visible end and rolled over from the smoky horizon.

Lightning flashed in their eyes, and flames spewed out of their nostrils. Their hooves were inlaid with fine iron, and they had prickly horseshoes, which were stained with blood.

Although they were not as strong as the Turan, the tens of thousands of centaur warriors advanced in a uniform rhythm. Tens of thousands of horseshoes were raised almost at the same time, and they stomped on the ground with a loud rumble. It almost tore Leaf’s heart to shreds.

There were also wild boar men.

These were the greediest and most barbaric fellows of the Blood Hoof Clan. They were not as tall as the Turan and not as dignified and disciplined as the centaurs. Despite that, after they swallowed special minerals, they constantly ground the mandrake tree and solidified the resin into the most flexible armor.

There were also spikes secreting deadly poison, poking out brightly from under their battle armor.

Even if they did not enter the Totem Frenzy state...

They were all prickly, thick-skinned, the craziest, and most difficult of all the Bloody Hoofs.

However, when the elephant men swaggered out, whether Turan, centaur or boar men, all became small and dainty, overshadowed.

These burly men, who were more than ten arms tall, were like moving walls.

Every step they took would create spider-web-like cracks on the road paved with large bluestones.

Their ivory tusks were three to five times thicker than the bull horns that the Turan were proud of.

Their trunks were more like pythons covered with blood-red thorns, swinging in front of their heads.

Not to mention, the weapons on their shoulders were “battering rams” made of mandrake trees that had been uprooted, trimmed, and tied with iron hoops!

The rat folk captives who were shivering under the thunderous footsteps of the elephant men were like mice who were hiding under the feet of a big stupid elephant and would be stomped into meat paste if they were not careful.

Facing such a bloody hoof army.

Leaf was as lost as all the captives.

After several days, little by little, the desire for revenge that they had barely gathered was once again crushed into pieces.

They were not the first batch of captives to arrive at Black-corner City.

The rat people, who were ten times more numerous than the Blood Hoof warriors, had already gathered outside the city.

Glory had descended, and a great war was about to begin.

Black-corner City was one of Turan’s five bases and the Blood Hoof Clan’s most important military base.

The soldiers of Turan from all directions gathered there continuously, causing the population of Black-corner City to instantly increase by dozens of times.

Expanding the city, building camps, storing military rations, mining ores, and forging weapons..

Countless tasks were waiting for the rat people to complete with their sweat, blood, and even life.

Just outside the city, the foundry workshop that was spewing poisonous smoke day and night and splashing molten steel had to tire and accidentally burn and smoke hundreds of rat people every day.

They should feel honored.

If not for the unprecedented scale of the war and the urgent need for a large number of spears, arrows, and sabers, they, who had unclean blood, were not qualified to touch the sacred metal, let alone forge their dirty flesh and bones into the sharpest weapons.

And behind the surging black smoke from the foundry workshop.

Leaf saw Black-corner City.

What a magnificent and domineering city!

The city stretched as far as the eye could see. It was not supported by half a mandrake log. Instead, it was made of black mountain rock, white bones, and red ores. It was built so solidly that even the fury of thunder could not destroy it.

The lowest house was at least four or five stories high. Behind it, there were layers upon layers. At the highest point, there was a huge altar that looked like a holy mountain. It was at least ten stories high, no, twenty stories high, no, thirty stories high.

Thirty stories high!

If it weren't for the blessing of the ancestral spirit and the blessing of the totem power, how could there be a house in this world that was built to the height of thirty stories without the use of mandrake wood!

This magnificent scene was like a red-hot iron, almost imprinted deeply in Leaf's mind—the scene of his mother being burned to death and Anjia being kidnapped.

He almost put down his hatred, believing that the death of his mother and brother, and the destruction of Half Mountain Village, were all sacred ancestral spirits, an unbreakable will.

The laws of the Turan people.

Being strong was the right thing to do.

The Blood Hoof Army and Black-corner City were so powerful.

Everything they did, including the destruction of Half Mountain Village, was of course the right thing to do. It was even the right thing to do.

Moreover, the broken-horned Minotaur warrior had also performed a Blood Bestowing Ceremony for his brother, giving him the most glorious thought, right?

No, that was not right.

What was not right!

Leaf's canine teeth were deeply embedded in his lips. He used pain and fresh blood to struggle against this thought.

However, many of the captive rat people could not hold on any longer.

Under the suppression of the Bloody Hoof Army and Black-corner city, their desire for revenge was gone.

Everything in the past had vanished with their hometown.

Now, they only wanted to kill, plunder, burn, and destroy like a real warrior of Turan!

"Let me join the Blood Hoof Clan!

"I passed the brambles and Bison Falls!

“I have been hungry for three days and three nights, but I still have enough strength to break a mandrake tree!

“I can help men smash the heads of all their enemies, whether they are from the Gold Clan, the Thunder Clan, or the barbarians who believe in the Holy Light. Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill!”

In front of them, an exceptionally strong prisoner who was more than three arms tall suddenly shouted crazily.

He struggled with all his might and accidentally bumped into the Turan who was escorting him.

The Turan naturally did not move.

However, the blood and mud on the prisoner’s tail accidentally rubbed against his face.

Perhaps it was because he was more relaxed after returning to Black-corner City, but the Turan did not get angry. Instead, he grinned.

“Alright, as long as you can take this punch, you are qualified to be my servant!”

The Turan used two fingers to break the ox tendon rope that bound the captive, signaling the captive to get ready.

More Blood Hoof warriors gathered around excitedly, shouting and placing bets again.

“Five steps!”

“Seven steps!”

“I don’t think he can do it. He’s too thin and weak. He can only last three steps at most!”

They said something that the captives could not understand and threw out strings of money made from the bones of totem beasts.

The strongest prisoner of the rat subjects took a deep breath. His eyes were wide open and his chest swelled up like a bellows, becoming as tough as a shield.

He held his breath and could not speak anymore. He could only use his eyes to signal the Turan who was not much taller than him. “Come on!”

The Turan snorted.

He did not gather any strength and simply threw a punch. It seemed to land lightly on the chest of the prisoner.

The prisoner was shocked at first. He did not expect that this punch would be so painless.

Then, he was overjoyed. He was certain that he had become a member of Black-corner City and the Blood Hoof Army.

He turned around, opened his arms, and walked toward Leaf and the other prisoners.

One step, two steps...

“Glorious, Blood Hoof—”

He had just taken the third step and had barely finished his sentence when the chest of the captive continued to swell.

Accompanied by the cracking sounds of his bones, his upper body exploded like a volcano. Fresh blood and his organs, which were as messy as mud, dyed the ground within seven or eight arms red.

The Blood Hoof Warriors did not expect this guy to be so useless. He could not even take three steps. The guy who had lost everything cheered at the half-dead body that was still poked.

“Idiot, it’s not so easy to join the Blood Hoof clan alive.”

The companions behind Leaf whispered.

He told Leaf that the war had not completely broken out yet, and the five clans were still recruiting and sharpening their weapons. They did not need so many rat people to be cannon fodder.

The rat people were “recruited” to Black-corner City mainly to forge iron, mine, build roads, build cities, and transport grain. They had to shoulder the most laborious work.

According to the experience of the glorious era, at least seventy out of a hundred rats would die of exhaustion in the preparatory stage of the war.

However, it was impossible for them to be granted the blood of the clan in such an unhonorable way.

“Whether it’s forging, mining, or building bridges and paving roads, it’s impossible for us to join the Blood Hoof Clan.”

The companion said, “There’s only one way for us to get rid of our identity as rat people and to enter the Gladiator Arena!

“Although we are not qualified to be real gladiators, we are merely consumables on the arena. We are the most honorable gladiators, toys to pass the time before the magnificent battles.

“But at the very least, we have the opportunity to temper ourselves and participate in the battle, and we have the slightest hope of becoming unceasingly stronger.

“Even if we’re unable to injure a gladiator in a game, so long as we endure for a period of time under the Gladiator’s formidable offensive, then we have the possibility of obtaining the favor of a certain audience member, becoming his servant, and joining the Blood Hoof Clan!”

Leaf’s heart skipped a beat.

He did not know if he really wanted to join the Blood Hoof Clan.

In the burning hut, his mother twisted silently in the flames; his brother spun in the air and landed heavily on the ground; and Anjia’s complicated gaze.

And the awe-inspiring Blood Hoof Army, the magnificent Black-corner City.

These two images overlapped seamlessly, making the youth unable to see his fate and intentions clearly.

But one thing was certain.

Whether or not he joined the Bloody Hoof Clan.

He desired to become stronger.

He was willing to do anything, to pay any price, to become stronger regardless of the consequences.

To become stronger than all the rat people...

To become stronger than all the Blood Hoof warriors, including the barbarian elephant people...

To become stronger than the Gold Clan's king of Turan, who had nine totems in his body...

He would kill the Minotaur in the most brutal way possible...

And every Blood Hood warrior who showed up in the village that day.

Chapter 916: The Ugliest Rat People

As expected, when the captives set off again and passed by the foundry workshop, the grain depot, and the barracks that had been half-built, a supervisor came forward and pointed at the crowd, choosing the slave workers that he liked.

The warriors of the capture team, on the other hand, bargained with the supervisors.

They pried open the mouths of the captives so that the supervisors could see how sharp and beautiful the teeth of the captives were.

Then, they kneaded the captives' bones so hard that they made cracking sounds. The captives bared their teeth to prove how healthy and strong they were so that they could ask the supervisors for more bone coins that were made from the bones of totem beasts.

However, the strongest or most agile captives were not for sale.

The warriors put bags made of mandrake leaves on the captives' heads, indicating that they were not for sale.

Soon, seven members of Leaf's team were taken away by the foundry workshop and construction site.

Leaf heard the gasps of his friends behind him and knew that they were doomed.

In the glorious era, they were destined to build the glorious path for the elders to the ancestral spirit temple with their corpses.

The Minotaur warrior carried a bag made of mandrake leaves and walked over with a smile.

Leaf's heart was pounding.

The other party had indeed put the bag on his head.

Leaf's vision was dark. The last thing he saw was the Minotaur warrior's encouraging gaze.

The other party was still by his shoulder. He patted him lightly and said in a low voice, "Do your best. If you survive, it will be hard for me to kill you."

Leaf was drowsy, and he was led into Black-corner City by someone else.

He could not see anything. He could only hear with his ears and smell with his nose.

He heard the thunderous snorts of the warriors, the ear-piercing clangs of hammers and felt the thousands of Turan warriors training as their massive bodies collided violently with each other. There was a roar of applause.

He smelled the strong smell of blood, the sour smell of sweat, the stench of freshly forged, red-hot weapons that had sunk into his urine, and the smell of fried mandrake fruit sticks that drilled into his nostrils like pythons.

The fried mandrake fruit sticks in Black-corner City seemed to contain seven or eight different kinds of totem beast oil and more added spices. They had a very strong smell.

When it was sucked into his stomach, it was as if someone had punched him in the stomach.

However, the fried mandrake fruit strips made by his mother were still delicious.

He missed his mother.

Leaf heard his weak sobs.

He felt a salty liquid sliding across the corner of his mouth.

Fortunately, there was a deafening roar around him, and he was covered by the mandrake leaves again.

No one noticed that he was crying.

Otherwise, such a weak rat person would definitely be thrown out of Black-corner City and into the bloody mouth of the totem beast.

He did not know how long he had walked in the maze-like Black-corner City.

The Blood Hoof warrior in front of him stabbed Leaf's chest with the goat horn spear and ordered him to stand still.

Leaf took a deep breath and shook his head hard to get rid of the tears on his face.

Someone used a dagger to cut the rope that was deeply embedded in his wrist.

He tore open the mandrake leaf on his head.

The midday sun was particularly dazzling.

Leaf's eyes hurt, and he felt dizzy for a long time before the scene in front of him became stable and clear again.

During the long journey, his companions who were tied up with him were all gone.

The captives who were able to hold on until this point were all the tallest, most cunning, and most ferocious of the rat subjects.

Other than Leaf, many of them were covered with crisscrossing scars. Their palms and tails were covered with thick calluses, showing signs of proficiency in using weapons.

Their auras were also different from ordinary rats.

They were somewhat similar to the Blood Hoof warriors.

That was... the aura of a predator.

And in front of them was a tall and lofty building that was resplendent like a palace.

Layers upon layers of circular arches supported the curved outer walls that were as high as a dozen layers of huts. It was pitch black like an indestructible fortress.

Under each of the circular arches, there was a totem beast skull that was naturally branded with a totem in a ferocious and ferocious form.

There were hundreds and thousands of circular arches, which meant that there were hundreds and thousands of skulls.

They used their dark eye sockets to stare at the rat people who were at a loss. It was like a huge wind chime that was emitting a "hualala hualala" sound.

And in the middle of the building, under the largest circular arch, there was a huge skull that was completely scarlet in color. There were seven horns growing on the top of the skull. The totem was exceptionally gorgeous, as if it was burning eternally.

Looking at this giant blood-colored skull, Leaf's eyes widened.

Even the young rats living in the remote villages knew what this iconic skull represented.

Blood Skull Arena!

Black-corner City's largest, highest grade, cruelest and most glorious Holy Land!

In the lives of the Turan people, there were only two things that were most important.

Fighting and gambling.

The gladiator arena perfectly combined the two.

It became a place of heroes that the Turan warriors flocked to.

Even the rat people, who lived by planting and gathering, would take turns to hold the gladiator competition between Half Mountain Village and the surrounding villages.

Every gladiator competition was the rat people's biggest festival.

The clan warriors, who had the blood of fighting flowing in their bodies, treated the gladiator arena as the best place to bury their bones during the prosperous era between the battles.

There were at least a hundred arenas in Black-corner City, big and small.

The Bloody Skull Arena could definitely be ranked in the top ten.

Countless heroes of the Blood Hoof Clan, warriors who had been praised by the war song for more than a hundred years, had fought their way out from under the giant bloody skull.

Leaf and his brother had heard about the legends of the Bloody Skull Arena since they were young.

In countless dreams, they had imagined themselves ascending to the top of the Bloody Skull Arena in glory, purifying the unclean blood, obtaining the power of totems, and becoming the warriors of Turan who were the focus of everyone's attention.

After obtaining the mysterious mural in the cave, the two brothers each awakened a miraculous 'ability'.

For a few years, the dream seemed to be within reach.

He didn't expect his brother to still die.

On the contrary, it was his own "ability" that was weaker than his brother's, and he was even more unable to control it. He truly stood here, standing in front of the giant blood skull.

Leaf's hot blood was completely turned into fuel.

The flame of vengeance that was extremely dim lit up once again.

The story that his father had told the two brothers when he was still alive rang in his ears.

In the arena, he had fought his way through with his bare hands.

From a slave to a general, and even from a slave to the king of the clan.

"Brother, do you see this? This is the blood skull arena.

"I swear to you, mother, father, and all the ancestral spirits that I will survive in the Blood Skull Arena and become stronger. I will become very, very strong. In the end, I will take revenge for all of you and the entire village!"

The youth's gaze became extremely determined.

However, in the next breath, his determined gaze was smashed into pieces by the earth-shattering roar that came from the blood skull arena.

It was as if a hard crystal had been smashed into pieces by a hammer that was a hundred times harder.

"This is... the roar of the Golden Growler!"

Leaf's face was deathly pale, and he was in disbelief.

The Golden Growler was an extremely ferocious totem beast.

On its bones, there were three different totems.

This meant that it could change its triple form, possessing completely different but equally deadly killing skills.

The rat villagers were separated by three to five mountains. When they heard the Golden Growler's roar, they could only find a hole in the ground to hide and pretend to be dead. They prayed that the Golden Growler had already filled its stomach and looked down on their dirty and smelly rotten meat.

It had even happened in the past when the entire rat village was slaughtered by a Golden Growler cub.

They did not expect that the Gladiators in the bloody skull arena would actually want to fight with the Golden Growler.

They also did not expect that within three to five breaths, the Golden Growler's awe-inspiring roar would turn into a heart-wrenching scream.

Soon, there was a clear and melodious sound of bones cracking that could be heard outside the arena, and there was no sound at all.

"Ice Storm! The Invincible Snow Leopard Warrior! The Ice Queen who has won ninety-nine battles in a row! The Golden Growler is no match for her! The ice flames that can freeze everything, the sharp claws that can tear everything apart! Who Wants to challenge her? Who dares to challenge her?!"

Excited cheers came from the arena.

There were also loud cheers.

However, no matter how loud the cheers were, they could not withstand the bone-piercing coldness. They were carried away by the storm-like murderous aura and spread out of the arena.

It caused the hearts of all the rat people to freeze and tremble.

"Is this... The strength of an ace gladiator?"

Leaf felt that his courage that did not know the immensity of Heaven and Earth was once again smashed into pieces by the cruel reality.

The hope of revenge was like a faint spark, dying once again.

But he had no other choice.

He could only join the other captives and be whipped and stabbed by the blood hoof warriors, driving them into a passage that was constantly going down, as steep as a vertical well.

The passage went deep into the dungeon.

There were cages on both sides.

Many cages held hideous and brutal totem beasts.

Around the totem beasts and in the corners of the cages, there were piles of chewed bones...

The bones of the rat people.

More cages were crowded with the rat people.

The deeper they went underground, the dirtier the air and the wetter the ground. The more rat people were imprisoned in the cages, the worse the environment was.

Leaf and the others were driven to the deepest part of the dungeon.

The smell of blood almost directly condensed in the air.

The dirty water went up to the rat people's knees.

Each cage held hundreds of rat people.

They had been in the dark for too long, and their eyes, which had been stimulated by the dirty water and the stench, had become scarlet, emitting a hungry light that Leaf had never seen in the prosperous era.

The blood-stained cage door opened with a creak.

Leaf had been stabbed in the waist and was sent into the deepest dungeon.

The rat subjects, who had been locked inside, immediately surrounded him with bloodshot eyes.

The ferocity in their eyes became even more intense.

They swallowed their saliva and rubbed their teeth hard. They even reached out their bony claws and touched Leaf's body.

Leaf was so scared that she ran around, hiding under the red-eyed rat people's feet.

The red-eyed rat people laughed as if they had found a great joy. They could vent their despair and fear to their heart's content.

"Mom..."

Leaf fell into the cold sewage and choked on the smell of blood.

When she looked up, through the rusty iron fence, at the top of the shaft-like passage, there was only a light the size of a pinhole in the distance.

There was no hope of revenge.

There was no hope of survival.

There was not even a shred of hope.

The youth who had endured all the way until now was finally on the verge of collapse.

"Mom, save me!

"Tell me how to survive, how to become stronger, how to help you, your brother, and everyone else take revenge!

"Give me a little hope, dear mom!"

He wailed in his heart.

But he also felt that it was strange.

The red-eyed rat people with fierce eyes did not press forward.

Instead, they formed a circle, not too far or too close, leaving him a very spacious space at the corner of the wall.

It was as if there was an invisible barrier blocking them.

It was also as if they were looking forward to and afraid of something, something... lurking behind Leaf.

Leaf felt a chill run down his spine.

Nevertheless, he still mustered up his courage and turned his head stiffly to take a look.

He discovered that in the corner behind him, knee-deep in the dirty water, there was actually a half-dead rat citizen curled up.

After blinking his eyes for a long time, Leaf adapted to the dim light in the deepest part of the dungeon and saw the other party's appearance clearly.

He immediately sucked in a breath of cold air.

Oh my God, how ugly is this rat person?

His hair and eyes were all black!

Chapter 917: Black Hair and Black Eyes

The rat people were not the same as ratfolk.

Different from purebloods such as the ratfolk, the Turan, and wild boar people, the rat people were full fledged hybrids.

In the beginning, during a glorious battle thousands of years ago, the ratfolk's cowardice and escape had led to the defeat of the entire war.

This made the ratfolk hated by all the Turan people. They believed that there was unclean blood flowing in their bodies and that they were not worthy of the ancestral spirit's blessing or qualified to use the power of totems.

The five great clans joined hands and exiled all the ratfolk, driving them to the barren mountains and rivers at the edge of Picturesque Orchid Lake. They left them to fend for themselves.

Gradually, the Turan people branded the cowards, surrenders, and escapees of their respective clans as "cowardly rats" and banished them to the place where the ratfolk had been exiled.

In order to survive, these disreputable cowards and escapees had no choice but to stay together with the ratfolk for warmth. They even intermarried with each other and prospered.

There was nothing else they could do. Other than those who shared the same fate, they could not find any noble warriors of Turan to carry on their lowly bloodline.

Just like that, the characteristics of different races were passed down from generation to generation.

By now, the ratfolk looked very different from each other.

There was not even one pure-blooded ratfolk left.

Most of the ratfolk had more or less been like the Turan, boar people, elephant people, golden lion people, lizard people, and gnolls.

In fact, because there were too many groups of characteristics that conflicted with each other, most of the characteristics had been canceled out.

Their hair kept falling off, and their skin was smooth and delicate. They looked like the blond barbarians north of Picturesque Orchid Lake, who were said to be on the fertile land that was eternally illuminated by the holy light.

Leaf and his brother were like that.

Other than their gray-brown curly hair, their tails that had shrunk into small balls, and their pointy ears, they really looked like barbarians who had blended into the Turan people.

Such appearances were also one of the important reasons why the rat people were discriminated against.

Therefore, Leaf had seen all kinds of strange-looking rat people.

From the “pure-blooded ratfolk” who were barely taller than an arm and looked like a giant rat standing up straight...

To the man with the bloodline of the elephant man, who was more than three arms tall and could swallow more than ten mandrake fruits in one meal.

From the man with the tusks to the man with the horns, to the man with the long hair, scales, and carapace.

From the man with the wings to the man with the scorpion tail.

From the man with the strange fragrance and the natural hallucinogenic ability, to the rat man who could change the color of his skin at will like a chameleon and make all kinds of mimicry, he had seen all of them.

However, he had never seen a guy whose hair and eyes were as black as a starless night.

Besides his hair and beard, his skin was smoother and paler than Leaf's and his brother's. It was so swollen that it was translucent. He was like a floating corpse that had been soaked in a swamp.

“Poor guy!”

Leaf could not help but think to himself, “How much suffering has he gone through with such an ugly appearance!”

There was also discrimination between the rat people.

The rule was that whoever had the most obvious bestial characteristics, and was not like a bald human, had less cowardly, despicable, lowly, and unclean blood, and was more noble.

On the other hand, whoever's skin was smoother, had less hair and bestial characteristics, which meant that whoever was more cowardly, despicable, lowly, and unclean, was less worthy to regain the blessing of the ancestral spirit, the highest glory, and the protection of the totem.

Of course, the more one should be discriminated against.

Since they were young, Leaf and his brother had suffered a lot because of how they looked like humans.

Even their mother, who loved them from the bottom of her heart, could not help but sigh when she saw the two brothers naked.

She was worried that they might not be able to find a good furry girl in the future.

However, compared to the guy in front of her, even Leaf, whose hair had not fully grown yet, could be said to be beastly.

"Which clan's blood is flowing in his body?"

Leaf pondered and said, "There are warriors with jet-black fur in both the leopard people and the bear people. However, after mixing their blood, there are very few people like this guy who don't have any color at all.

"Besides, other than his black hair and eyes, he doesn't have any characteristics of a leopard person or a bear person.

"At first glance, he looks like a bald worm. He is an ugly human being. He is too weak.

"But, such a weak guy, where did he get these serious injuries?"

This ugly rat man with black hair and black eyes, crisscrossed, densely packed, and covered in injuries, was something Leaf had never seen before.

It was as if he had been gnawed by a hundred hungry totem beasts.

Then, in the deepest part of the dungeon, he soaked in the rotten sewage for ten days and ten nights.

Not a single piece of good flesh could be found on his body.

It was either swollen and swollen, or a wound that opened up like a baby's lips.

For some reason, the wound did not rot.

It was probably because the fresh blood inside had long been drained, leaving only an empty shell.

Even the little bug that could swallow courage and souls was disdainful of him.

No one, not even the warriors of the clan with totem power on their back, could survive such heavy injuries.

"He... is already dead, right?"

Leaf realized that the black eyes that had been staring at him for a long time did not blink and did not move at all. The light in them had already solidified.

The shriveled chest of the ugly rat people had also stopped heaving.

The nostrils near the surface of the sewage could not spurt out even half a faint stream of air, causing even the slightest ripple.

Leaf could not even feel the slightest bit of life and temperature.

Other than the fact that it had not rotted, this was a dead body.

However...

He did not know if his eyes were playing tricks on him...

Leaf suddenly saw that near the heart of the black-haired rat person, there seemed to be a cluster of scarlet mycelium flashing in a wound that was so deep that one could see the bones.

Leaf was shocked. He rubbed his eyes and looked carefully, but he did not see anything.

Leaf was scared.

He knew what was going on.

The black-haired rat person had been infected with the plague.

That was why the other rat people were scared and did not dare to approach.

The plague was probably the only thing that the warriors of Turan were afraid of.

It was not that they were afraid of death.

It was just that the plague was invisible. It was difficult to find a specific way to fight the plague.

Besides, if one was infected by the plague, they would lie on the sickbed and wail, struggle, and die.

This was the most humiliating way to die.

The black-haired rat person looked so ugly, and there was a high chance that they were infected by the strange plague. Naturally, no one dared to come forward and touch his corpse.

As for why the elders of the clan did not throw this corpse out to prevent it from infecting all the ratfolk in the cage?

Hehe, the noble elders would not care about the lives of a mere cage of rat people.

If the entire cage of rat people were to be infected, at worst, they could just leave them to fend for themselves and burn up the depths of the dungeon, completely burying them.

This was the simplest and most effective method.

Leaf subconsciously retreated.

But behind him was the red-eyed rat people who were famished.

And he had been by the black-haired rat's side for too long.

His legs were covered with small wounds from the past few days.

They were soaked in dirty water like the black-haired rat's wounds.

If the black-haired rat had really been infected with the plague, his body would have been crawling with worms that could swallow courage and soul.

These worms could have entered his body through the dirty water just now.

Besides, where could they have retreated to?

The entire dungeon was knee-deep in sewage, and there was no dry place.

Even if they squeezed past the red-eyed rat population and ran to another corner, could they escape from the invisible little bugs?

Realizing this, Leaf was completely in despair.

He sat beside the black-haired rat population's corpse in despair.

"Mom, could this be my fate — in the Dark Dungeon, just like this black-haired, black-eyed ugly uncle, I'll die silently. My corpse will soak in the sewage, slowly decompose, and be devoured by the little bugs bit by bit?"

"This... is good.

"Although this way of dying will definitely not allow you to enter the glorious temple.

"But didn't mom also not go to the glorious temple?"

"Mom, no matter where you are, no matter how dark, terrifying, and cruel the place you go to, I only want to be with you."

Leaf slowly exhaled a mouthful of turbid air.

The muscles that had been tense for several days slowly relaxed.

He wanted to lie down next to the corpse of the black-haired rat, allowing the dirty water and darkness to pass through his mouth and nose.

"Clang Clang Clang!"

Suddenly, the sound of a metal rod hitting an iron fence came from the top of his head.

Then, a rich and stinky aroma came.

It was the smell of fried mandrake fruits.

It was time to eat!

Although he did not care about the lives of the rat people.

He had finally managed to get them here. Even if they were to die, he wanted to squeeze out their value and not starve to death in vain.

A big basket of hot fried mandrake fruits fell from the hole in the cage.

The red-eyed rat residents who had smelled the food were like hyenas who had found a dead body. They did not care about Leaf and the black-haired rat residents anymore. Their eyes were shining as they lunged at the food falling from the sky.

Gulp...

It was hard to tell whether the smell was fragrant or foul. It was like a python that crawled into Leaf's stomach through his nose, throat, and chest.

Leaf held his stomach, which was burning with hunger, and curled up into a ball in the dirty water, struggling violently.

In a trance, an illusion appeared in his eyes.

It did not seem to be the crudest fried mandrake fruit that was randomly fried in the arena.

Instead, his mother finely sliced it, soaked it in the mountain spring, and picked more than ten kinds of wild flowers and fruits, ground them into powder and sauce, and carefully cooked them into the best fried mandrake fruit strips in the world.

He really wanted to eat the fried mandrake fruit strips that his mother had personally made.

He really wanted to...

He really wanted to...

Leaf's eyes were also faintly red.

It was as if he had stayed in the deepest part of the dungeon for dozens of days, or even dozens of years.

He used all his strength and punched his stomach hard. He forced himself to sit up from the dirty water with intense pain.

"No!

"I can't die quietly in the dark like this ugly uncle!

"Try again!

"As long as I can eat a fried datura fruit, I'll be able to recover a little bit of my strength and have a chance to live.

"I can do it. Huff, Huff, I must do it!

"I want to live, I want to become stronger, I want to kill the ox-headed warriors with broken horns and all the blood hoofed warriors, I want to find Anjia and save her.

"I want to eat the fried mandrake fruit that mom made herself!"

Chapter 918: A Hungry Corpse

Leaf's heart was as hot as a pot of oil.

His brain, however, seemed to be filled with ice. It was sharp and calm.

The little people that he had found on the murals in the cave seemed to be jumping around in front of his eyes, giving him advice.

Soon, the little people gathered into the shape of his brother.

"Leaf, we are rat people. Our strength is destined to be weaker than that of the clan's warriors."

His elder brother said, "Moreover, even if we train our brute strength a hundred times, how many warriors of the clan can we defeat? Five, ten, or twenty?"

"Without the power of totems, a body of flesh and blood has limited strength.

"But as long as we learn to use our brains, the power of wisdom will be unlimited."

His brother was right.

Leaf lay in the rotten sewage, quietly observing and thinking.

He remembered a dangerous game that the teenagers often played when they were in Half Mountain Village.

In every mandrake tree, there would always be one fruit that was exceptionally plump, sweet, and juicy.

Moreover, the golden fruit's appearance would be extremely beautiful.

Such "golden fruits" usually grew at the top of the tree crown.

The teenagers liked to give an order and sprint to the top of the tree crown at the same time to see who could pick the golden fruits first.

Leaf was the winning general in this game.

But his secret was not how fast he was, how agile he was, or how strong he was.

Although the proverb of the Turan people did not say that "A tree that stands out in the forest will be destroyed by the wind", Leaf also knew that if he was particularly eye-catching at the beginning, others would target him, push him, pull him, and climb up, they would grab his ankles tightly and not let go.

He would think calmly and observe carefully.

These two things were always more important than speed and strength.

Soon, the chaotic scene of people fighting over each other gradually became clear in Leaf's eyes.

That's right, almost all of the red-eyed rat subjects were bigger than him, and they seemed to be proficient in all kinds of killing techniques.

It was precisely because of this that they did not take Leaf, the little guy, seriously at all.

They were still staring at each other.

And among the newcomers, they were the most muscular and dangerous ones with the strongest killing intent.

In order to fight for the fried mandrake fruit, they all let out beast-like howls and tightly hugged each other.

Since the space was too small, there was no room for them to display their moves. They could only use the simplest and most violent method to scratch, kick, and bite each other.

They bit until their heads were bleeding, their tendons were broken, and their bones were broken. They bit until their intestines were pierced through.

Although their combat strength could not be compared to the Blood Hoof Warriors.

However, the killing intent that grew from the deepest depths of the darkness was no less than that.

Leaf saw that several big fellows were besieged by four or five rat people. Soon, they were bitten until their bodies were covered in bruises, and they withdrew from the competition.

Then, he saw a few rat people with scars on their bodies and an exceptionally cold aura. They successfully caught a few fried mandrake fruits.

They carefully retreated to a corner and crouched down against the wall. As they ate, they were alert of their surroundings. For the time being, they would not join in the fight.

They also saw a few fried mandrake fruits fall into the sewage. They were fished out by seventy to eighty claws, but they were floating in the sewage. They spun around, but no one fished them up for a long time.

Fighting for such fried mandrake fruits was a stupid and thankless thing. Leaf would not do it!

He observed the entire cage very patiently and finally locked onto his target.

It was two rats of similar size who were fighting equally.

One of them had already grabbed a fried mandrake fruit in his hand and was desperately trying to put it into his mouth.

The other person, on the other hand, grabbed his wrist tightly and used his hard forehead to push against his mouth in an attempt to snatch the fried mandrake fruit.

They were inseparable like conjoined twins.

They had to confront each other until both sides suffered heavy injuries.

"It's them."

Leaf narrowed his eyes and silently sneaked through the dirty water.

The little people that were shining in his mind turned into shining lines and arrowheads that darted around in his body.

Unconsciously, it changed his flesh and bones.

An incredible thing happened.

Leaf's bones seemed to melt, and his whole body became soft.

All the rat people were huddled together, like a strong mountain of meat.

In the mountain of meat, there were still punches and kicks, knees and teeth colliding.

But Leaf easily squeezed through the gaps between people.

Even if he was hit in the vital parts by the seemingly fierce elbows and knees.

His vital parts would also sink in reflexively at the critical moment.

Just like that, Leaf moved freely and sneaked to the two rat people who were confronting each other.

He reached out his hand from under the dirty water.

His arm seemed to have no joints, and soon it exceeded the limit of its length.

It was even like a real python, turning three to five corners and bending to an angle that no one had expected.

The surroundings were extremely chaotic. Everyone's attention was focused on the fried mandrake fruit and each other's burning red eyes.

No one noticed that this unremarkable looking little guy was actually taking advantage of the muddy waters.

"Now!"

Leaf's eyes suddenly widened, and his shoulders sank. From the sewage, he fiercely crashed into the legs of the red-eyed rat people who was holding onto the fried mandrake fruit tightly.

This red-eyed rat person did not expect that there would be a sneak attack in the dirty water. He was caught off guard and fell backward.

He still could not bear to let go.

But the "old enemy" on the other side had already pounced on him.

More red-eyed rat people fought to be the first to rush forward. Layer upon layer, they pressed the two of them at the bottom.

But they all missed.

The moment when this red-eyed rat person finally let go...

Leaf's right arm, which was longer than an elephant's trunk, actually extended another half an arm's distance and caught the fried mandrake fruit just right!

"I got it!"

Leaf was ecstatic.

He hurriedly let the flashing lines and arrowheads in his body flow in the opposite direction, trying to retract his arm.

But...

His “ability” was, after all, a beginner’s skill and had no one to teach it to, so it was sometimes effective and sometimes not.

He was also hungry and full of injuries, seriously affecting his performance.

Even though he successfully retracted his arm.

His speed was slightly slower.

It made the other red-eyed rat people realize...

“This kid snatched the food!”

The dozens of red-eyed rat people who didn’t manage to snatch the food simultaneously threw half of their hungry and half of their angry gazes at Leaf.

Even though other people also had unfinished fried mandrake fruits in their hands.

However, this little guy was obviously the easiest target.

Leaf’s heart sank to the bottom.

He held the fried mandrake fruit in his hands and greedily buried his head in it. He took a deep breath.

His chubby mother appeared in front of him again. She held a large basket of fried mandrake fruit sticks and looked at him with a smile.

“Eat it, Leaf,” his mother said with a smile.

“Eat it, Leaf,” his brother said with a smile.

“Wow, the fried mandrake fruit sticks made by Leaf’s mother are getting better and better!” Anjia, whose cheeks were stuffed to the brim, stared at him with his big round eyes and said vaguely.

Leaf made up his mind.

He used all his strength and jumped back to the corner, next to the corpse with black hair and black eyes.

It did not matter anymore.

As long as he could eat one more bite of the fried mandrake fruit that his mother had personally made.

Even if he died of the plague, he would turn into a pile of mud in the depths of the dungeon.

He didn’t care about anything anymore.

The red-eyed rat people probably didn’t dare to go up and snatch it because of the plague’s power.

But their eyes became exceptionally strange.

It was as if a good show was about to begin, filled with excitement and anticipation.

“Look, another idiot has taken the bait!”

“Now we can finally know whether he’s dead or Not!”

“I bet he’s dead. He hasn’t moved for an entire day!”

“He’s not moving, he’s not breathing, his heart isn’t even beating!”

“No, wasn’t it the same the last few times? He’s definitely still alive!”

“Impossible. Come, come, come, what’s the bet?”

“I’ll bet a fried mandrake fruit!”

“Two, I’ll bet two!”

The red-eyed rat people were rubbing their hands in excitement.

Leaf did not understand what they were talking about.

All he heard was the word “bet.”

He also realized that these malicious fellows were looking over his shoulder and focused on the dark corner behind him.

Their gazes were exactly the same as the blood hoof warriors who were betting on whether the rat captives could successfully cross the Bison River.

Behind Leaf, it was still as silent as a grave.

However, the little person inside his body clearly felt that there were extremely weak ripples in the sewage.

All the flashing lines and arrowheads were like rabbits that had encountered a ferocious beast and were frightened. They curled up into a ball and were shivering.

Before Leaf could react...

He was knocked to the ground by a strange force behind him.

It was the horrible corpse!

No, this ugly guy with black hair and black eyes, covered in wounds, was not dead yet!

His arm, which seemed to be as thin as a burnt tree branch, was terrifyingly strong. He controlled half of Leaf’s body with one hand.

His heart, which had been as silent as a rock a moment ago, was now beating crazily like a war drum. Dong dong dong. Dong dong dong.

Leaf’s heart was trembling.

His skin, which had been as cold as a lizard before, was now flowing with magma-like heat.

His black eyes, which seemed to be devoid of any ripples and glimmers in the starless night, were even more like an eruption of a volcano, spurting out a light that could burn everything.

It made Leaf feel that the black-haired ratfolk before him was even more terrifying than the broken-horned Minotaur warrior who had entered Totem Frenzy.

The gap between the two sides was too big.

The fried mandrake fruit that Leaf had painstakingly obtained was instantly snatched away by the black-haired ratfolk.

Many of the onlookers had already anticipated this scene.

However, they still laughed loudly, unable to contain their joy.

They clapped their hands and cheered loudly for the black-haired ratfolk's camouflage skills and instantaneous explosive ability.

"He's not dead yet!"

"He really can't die no matter how much he dies!"

"After eating this fried mandrake fruit, I bet this mute can live for another three days!"

"Three days? Then you'll definitely lose. He can live for at least another five days. I bet five days!"

"If another silly kid comes and delivers the mandrake fruit to his mouth, he can even last for ten days. Even if we all die, he might not even die!"

"This guy is really interesting, really interesting!"

Chapter 919: Clinging to One's Thigh

Amidst their laughter, Leaf understood everything.

The black-haired rat was not dead at all. He was only severely injured and extremely weak.

If he tried to snatch the mandrake fruit openly, he would definitely not be able to snatch even half of it. Sooner or later, he would starve to death.

Therefore, he could only pretend to be dead to deceive a new fool like himself!

There had to be new fools who would think that he was dead and infected with the plague.

If these new fools were lucky enough to snatch the mandrake fruit but were unable to protect themselves, they would definitely flee to the corner where the black-haired rat was and try to use the plague to stop the other red-eyed rat people from coveting it.

However, these fools did not know that the black-haired rat was not in a safe zone.

They were in a fatal trap!

The black-haired ratfolk used this method to snatch mandrake fruits one after another even when they were on the verge of death.

As for the other red-eyed rat people, they knew that the black-haired rat was not dead yet, so why did they not attack or snatch the mandrake fruits?

Naturally, it was because the Turan people were addicted to gambling and valued gambling more than anything else.

In a sense, gambling was a satisfying battle with an illusory fate.

The gambling games on the gambling table were the same as the battles on the battlefield. They had to rack their brains, use all their strength, and do everything they could.

Even if they fell into the deepest part of the black dungeon...

The rat people still had to gamble.

They had to gamble on whether the black-haired rat was dead or not.

They had to gamble on whether a fool like Leaf would be fooled.

It was a bet on whether the dying black-haired rat would have enough strength to snatch the mandrake fruit after the fool fell for it.

For these red-eyed rat people who were on the verge of losing their lives at any moment...

Every few days, it was very worthwhile and necessary to use a mandrake fruit to fight the fear and despair of being imprisoned.

Leaf, who understood everything, was completely in despair.

The cruelest thing in the world was to be deprived of all hope from the very beginning.

Instead, it seemed that he had grasped the last glimmer of hope, yet he could only watch as hope slipped through his fingers.

It was impossible.

It was impossible to live, become stronger, and exact revenge.

He had been starving for three days and three nights. During this period, he had only eaten a lump of food stuffed into his mouth by a broken-horned Minotaur warrior.

If he ate this fried mandrake fruit, he would be able to save up a bit of energy and fight until the next round of food delivery. Then, he would snatch two, three, and more mandrake fruits to increase his strength.

Then, he would have a chance to crawl out of the deepest part of the dungeon.

He would crawl toward hope.

However, without this fried mandrake fruit, the hunger that was getting stronger and stronger was destined to devour his last bit of strength. It made him like a lot of rat people who were curled up in a corner, not moving at all. Even the red glow in his eyes had dimmed.

The only ending was to starve to death here, rotten to death!

In a trance, Leaf seemed to hear his mother say “aiya” and accidentally knocked over a basket full of fried mandrake fruit sticks on the ground.

It did not matter.

The mandrake tree would bear fruit three to five times a year.

There was plenty of food.

He could not finish it no matter how hard he tried.

“I’ll go and fry another pot,” Leaf’s mother comforted him with a smile.

But her figure gradually blurred.

The mandrake flowers bloomed.

The flowering mandrake tree no longer bore fruit...

Not even one.

Even if Leaf could survive the glorious era, and endure enough blood and souls, to nourish the roots of the mandrake tree, so that the thousands of mandrake trees all over Picturesque Orchid Lake would bear fruit again, bearing many, many mandrake fruits.

He didn’t have a mother anymore.

This was the first time Leaf had been deeply aware of this since the fire started in his hut.

He realized that his mother would never make fried mandrake fruit sticks for him again.

He did not have a mother anymore.

The youth finally broke down.

Large tears rolled down his cheeks.

Even without the hood, he still wailed desperately in front of everyone.

He cried and pounced on the black-haired rat.

He did not want to snatch the mandrake fruit from the other party.

He just wanted to catch his mother’s fading figure.

“Mom...”

Leaf hugged the black-haired rat’s thigh and shook it hysterically. He shouted, “Mom, Mom, Mom, Mom!”

Leaf vented his pain.

He was ready to face any punishment.

Whether it was being kicked away by the black-haired rat, falling back into the hungry red-eyed rat's hands.

Or being torn apart by the black-haired rat.

He would definitely do that, right?

No one had seen the black-haired rat's eyes at a closer distance than Leaf.

Therefore, no one knew better than Leaf the terror of the black-haired rat.

He would definitely give himself a quick death.

Then, he would be able to see his mother very soon. Very soon...

Leaf could feel the muscles of the black-haired rat people stiffening.

The youth smiled and simply closed his eyes to wait for death.

But after waiting for a long time, he did not feel any pain.

The black-haired rat did not kick him away or tear him apart. They just allowed him to hug their thighs with stiff muscles.

Leaf opened his eyes in confusion.

His eyes met the black-haired rat's.

He saw shock, confusion, and... a little embarrassment in the black-haired rat's eyes?

It was as if the black-haired rat's face was filled with the expression of "What the hell? Who's your mother?".

After struggling for a long time, the black-haired rat finally made his move.

It was still not kicking or tearing Leaf apart.

Instead, they sighed and broke off a small piece of the fried mandrake fruit they had snatched and returned it to the youth.

"What... What is he doing?"

Leaf was stunned.

In the past three days, he had heard many stories about the glorious era from other captives.

He knew that in the glorious era, due to the extreme lack of food, not to mention the mandrake fruit, even the bark and core of the mandrake tree were extremely precious food. It was enough to cause bloodshed and even kill people.

The red-eyed rat people's fight for the fried mandrake fruit had proved this point. In a short moment of intense fighting, many of the rat people were covered in injuries. They lay face down in the sewage and kept twitching.

Each fried mandrake fruit represented a hope of survival.

This black-haired rat person who was heavily injured and on the verge of death could only use this method to obtain a fried mandrake fruit for a few days.

He could clearly enjoy the spoils of war alone.

Why did he want to share his precious hope with him?

Leaf was puzzled.

He didn't dare to move at all.

The black-haired rat civilian misunderstood his meaning.

The black-haired rat civilian frowned slightly, but he didn't take back his good intentions. With a grunt, he broke off the second piece of fruit and handed it over.

Leaf didn't dare to accept it even more.

The black-haired rat's life was so ugly, and his body was surrounded by an aura that was even more ferocious than that of a broken-horned Minotaur warrior. Even the little man inside Leaf's body was scared out of his wits, as if reminding Leaf that this was an extremely dangerous monster... the farther away from him the better.

Moreover, did he see the tears on his face?

The Turan people saw crying as the greatest shame and omen.

They even thought that the little bug that could swallow courage, create a plague, and bring disaster was hidden in their tears.

The Turan people could die, could be defeated, could be covered in wounds, and bleed profusely.

But they could not cry.

Whoever shed a single tear in public...

They would be a lowly coward. The one who spread the plague would be a trash who betrayed the ancestral spirit and would never be blessed by the totem.

They would be looked down upon and bullied by others for the rest of their lives.

The other red-eyed rats heard Leaf's cry.

They all sucked in a breath of cold air and retreated with all their might as if Leaf had become a monster covered in the plague.

Only the black-haired rat did not throw the youth away. Instead of looking at the youth with disdain and disgust in his eyes, there was even more... Pity and guilt?

For the third time, the black-haired rat subject reached out his hand.

This time, he kept the two small pieces of fried mandrake fruit that he had just broken off for himself.

However, he returned more than half of it to Leaf.

“Don’t cry. Eat.”

The black-haired rat’s lips did not move at all.

However, a very weak voice came from his chest. Only Leaf could hear it.

Leaf was completely dumbfounded.

He seemed to have heard from the red-eyed rat people that the black-haired rat was a mute?

So he could talk?

However, the voice that the black-haired rat uttered from his chest was indeed very strange.

In the past few days, Leaf had come into contact with dozens of different accents on the vast land south of Picturesque Orchid through the mouths of various captives.

However, he had never heard such a stiff Turan accent.

It was as if the originally multi-syllable, smooth and lively words were disassembled into individual syllables before jumping out one syllable after another.

Leaf could not tell which clan it was from.

But he could hear the kindness of the black-haired rat people.

He gathered his courage and looked into the eyes of the black-haired rat again.

A moment ago, the volcano-like fierce flames had long disappeared without a trace.

The eyes of the black-haired rat returned to the depths of the starless night.

But it was different from the frozen state when they played dead. Now, Leaf found a glimmer of dawn-like light in the depths of the starless night.

The fragrance of the fried mandrake fruit once again traveled through his nose and into his stomach.

His stomach immediately began to growl.

Leaf’s face turned red. He no longer hesitated. He stretched out his hands and took more than half of the fried mandrake fruit from the black-haired rat.

He looked back worriedly.

The black-haired rat saw through his thoughts and smiled slightly. He continued to use his chest to make a sound that only a teenager could hear.

“It’s alright. They won’t come and snatch it.”

The black-haired rat paused for a moment before adding, “They won’t dare.”

For some reason...

This strange person who was covered in wounds, on the verge of death, and extremely weak, gave Leaf a great sense of trust.

The youth could finally let out a long sigh of relief. He let down all his guard and carefully took a bite of the fried mandrake fruit.

It was delicious.

The young man chewed, and in a trance, an illusion appeared in front of his eyes again.

It was as if his mother had returned.

Chapter 920: Anything Is Possible!

The black-haired rat also began to eat his portion of fried mandrake fruit.

Although he looked extremely ugly, he was still very refined.

He ate very slowly.

His portion of food was only two small pieces. If it was Leaf, he would have swallowed it in two bites.

If it was those red-eyed rat people who were wolfing down their food, it would not be enough to fill the gaps between their teeth.

The black-haired rat, on the other hand, narrowed his eyes. With a focused expression and bulging cheeks, he placed every piece of fried crumbs on the back of his molars and ground them carefully.

It was as if he was trying to squeeze out the smallest amount of energy and elements that were hidden in the deepest part of the mandrake fruit.

Leaf accidentally caught a glimpse of the black-haired rat's eating manners and felt a little embarrassed.

There must be too little food. He could not bear to eat it all in one go, right?

He was seriously injured. These two small lumps of food were definitely not enough for him to recover. He would still starve to death.

Leaf could not bear it.

Although the black-haired rat had snatched the mandrake fruit from his hands and returned it to him...

Leaf had also snatched it from someone else's hands.

In the dark depths of the dungeon, there was no right or wrong in order to survive.

Leaf thought for a moment and divided the remaining food on his side evenly into two halves.

He swallowed his saliva and forcefully extinguished the hungry flames in his stomach. Then, he gave half of his food to the black-haired rat.

"Eat, Uncle."

Leaf used his thin body to block the other red-eyed rat people's line of sight and softly said, "We have to hurry. Otherwise, when the others finish eating, they will definitely come and snatch from us."

The black-haired rat was slightly startled.

It was as if he did not expect the youth to be able to restrain his exuberant appetite and understand the principle of returning a favor.

His black eyes that were transfixed on the youth emitted an even gentler light as well.

He did not stand on ceremony with the youth.

But he did not speed up either.

He continued to grind his food carefully and unhurriedly. He swallowed every portion of energy contained in the fried mandrake fruit without leaving a single drop, directly transferring it into the cells that needed the most energy.

After the two of them shared a mandrake fruit, the black-haired rat curled up in the depths of the sewage in the corner.

This time, he curled up in a deeper area.

He was like a dragon that was hibernating in the abyss.

Only half of his head and nostrils were above the water.

His eyes froze again.

His breathing and heartbeat also slowed down, almost stopping.

His body temperature kept dropping until it was on the same level as the surrounding environment.

He had become a “dead body” once again.

Leaf was truly amazed.

If not for the fact that he had only eaten half of the fried mandrake fruit and was so hungry that his stomach was gurgling, he would have suspected that the black-haired rat’s “resurrection was an illusion he had imagined when he was on the verge of death.

The young man’s curiosity was at its peak.

He turned around and looked at the other red-eyed rat people. They were all avoiding Leaf as if they were avoiding the plague.

Occasionally, their gazes would be filled with hatred and disdain.

“They all heard my crying and saw the tear stains on my face.”

Leaf sighed in his heart. “Looks like I’ll never be accepted by these guys.”

Since that was the case, Leaf might as well throw away all hope. He stuck close to the black-haired rat who was disguised as a corpse and sat down.

The youth copied the other’s behavior and curled most of his body into the dirty water.

“Uncle...”

Leaf's face was facing the corner of the wall, and his eyes were darting around. One of his eyes was fixed on the situation behind him while the other was sizing up the black-haired rat.

"Are you alright?" he asked in a low voice

The Turan people did not have the concept of "medicine."

Despite that, whether it was a witch doctor, a priest, or an experienced warrior, they all knew that after being injured, wounds should not get close to dirty things. Otherwise, it was very likely that the wounds would fester and bugs would crawl out of them.

The black-haired rat's skin was torn up, and his body was covered in wounds.

He had been soaking all his wounds in dirty water, yet there was no sign of redness, festering, or bugs crawling out.

Leaf could not help but click his tongue in wonder.

He was just curious, so he asked casually.

He did not expect the other party to really answer him.

After all, they did not know each other at all. The other party had taken pity on him and given him half of the food. He had already done his best.

However, not long after, there was a weak vibration in the depths of Leaf's ears and eyes.

"They are just superficial wounds. It's not a big deal."

The black-haired rat continued to explain in his awkward and weird Turan accent, "Besides, the wound is open. It's helpful for me to absorb precious energy directly from the sewage to repair the damaged cells in the depths of my wounds and shorten the treatment time as much as possible."

"Cells."

It was a word that Leaf had never heard before and could not understand.

It was quite normal.

After all, the rat world was too narrow and isolated. Most of the seven or eight hundred words that were used daily revolved around the mandrake tree.

Only after becoming a captive did he realize that there were so many new words that they could not understand from the mouths of the clan elders.

The most commonly heard new word that hung from the mouths of every elder, as though everyone understood them, was "glory."

Leaf had once felt that he was very smart. No matter what it was, he could understand it with just a little learning.

However, he had been pondering over glory ever since the mandrake flower bloomed. Even after the village was destroyed, he was still pondering over it. He had been pondering over it until now.

He still did not understand what this so-called “glory” actually meant.

“Cell” and “glory” were new words that he did not understand, but when he heard them, he sensed that they were very powerful.

With his weird accent, the black-haired rat who knew these new words must also be a very powerful individual, right?

“Why aren’t you panting? Why hasn’t your heart stop beating? And why are you so cold that you almost have no temperature while you pretend to be a corpse?”

Seeing that the black-haired rat’s attitude was gentle and that he had no intention of rejecting him, the youth mustered his courage and continued asking.

“I am not pretending to be a corpse.”

The black-haired rat added, “I have only suspended most of my normal physiological functions. I have reduced my energy consumption to the limit and invested all the precious energy that I have saved into recuperating.

“After all, a wise woman cannot cook without rice. Without energy, I can’t even use my greatest abilities.”

There were more new words in this paragraph.

Leaf could barely understand what the black-haired rat meant.

Nevertheless, before the black-haired rat’s encouraging gaze, he continued asking,

“Uncle, those people can’t seem to hear you. Do they treat you as a mute?”

“That’s right. I used the resonance of my vitality magnetic field to directly vibrate your eardrums and transmit my words to your brain.”

The black-haired rat said, “I haven’t spoken... the dialect here for quite a while. Can you understand me? Do you want me to speak slower?”

“I can understand you,” Leaf said before he paused for a moment and resumed.

“However, there are some words that I can’t understand. ‘Vitality... field,’ what is that?”

“You don’t know?”

The black-haired rat’s almost frozen eyeballs rolled slightly as he looked at Leaf strangely. “I can sense that there are signs of vitality magnetic field cultivation in your body. If I’m not mistaken, just now, through the activation of your vitality magnetic field, your flesh and blood body became as soft and flexible as rubber, and your arms extended out quite a few times. You were like a weird python or the trunk of a stupid elephant, right?”

Leaf did not expect the black-haired rat, who seemed to be half-dead, to actually be the calmest observer in the pits of the dungeon.

He had clearly seen all of his extremely secretive little actions.

“If you don’t know about vitality magnetic field...”

The black-haired rat pondered for a moment and changed his method of questioning. “Then, when you turn your flesh and blood into rubber, which is like the solidified juice secreted by the mandrake tree, when you become so soft, do you feel as if there are shining lines inside your body that are slowly flowing, rotating, and circulating?”

Leaf was shocked.

He never thought that the black-haired rat would know everything.

There was no need to answer.

The youth’s expression had already betrayed everything.

“Who taught you?”

The black-haired rat sized the youth up and asked with interest, “What’s your name? How did you end up in this godforsaken place?”

Leaf did not hesitate for long.

He was not an important figure, and his identity was no secret.

Even the glistening murals in the cave had been studied by his brother. He was usually more powerful than Leaf, but wasn’t he unable to block a slap from the horned Minotaur warrior too?

When the black-haired rat’s fierce flames erupted, they were even more powerful than the horned Minotaur warrior’s.

It did not matter what he wanted to do.

At least, Leaf had nothing left to lose, right?

“My name is Leaf...”

The youth took a deep breath and told him about his identity, experiences, and hatred.

Actually, there was nothing special about it.

It was nothing out of the ordinary that happened in the beginning of the glorious era in the hundreds of rat villages at Picturesque Orchid Lake.

The hometown of the black-haired rat should be welcoming “glory” as well, right?

But he listened very attentively.

It was as if he was hearing something like that for the first time.

Many details were repeated again and again by Leaf.

Many of the concepts that were well-known to women and children among the rat people also required detailed explanation from Leaf.

Leaf was, after all, an ignorant teenager. After experiencing the drastic changes, he had accumulated a stomach full of resentment, confusion, and hatred. He had long wanted to find someone trustworthy to confide in.

When the other red-eyed rat people saw the two of them huddling together in the corner, they changed from one “dead body” to two. They thought of Leaf’s bad luck and did not want to provoke them.

However, it was convenient for Leaf. He took a long time to explain everything in detail.

“I see.”

The black-haired rat finally heard everything and sighed softly. “No wonder you were so heartbroken. It was as if this fried mandrake fruit was the most important thing in your life.

“Tell me, Leaf, what do you want to do next?”

“I want to live, of course,” Leaf said without hesitation.

“Live, leave this place, become stronger in the arena, become stronger than the broken-horned Minotaur warrior, and then exact revenge for my family and everyone in Mountain Village. I’ll kill all the Blood Hoof warriors who participated in the massacre that day!”

After a pause, he lowered his head again. His eyes were glued to the surface of the dirty water as he let his tears fall silently.

“It’s impossible, though.”

The youth desperately said, “I’m just a small rat person. I can’t do it. I can’t avenge everyone.”

“Don’t cry. Raise your head and look into my eyes.”

The black-haired rat’s eyes were bright. The voice that entered the youth’s ears instantly became loud and firm. “Believe me, as long as your determination is strong enough, everything will happen in time. Anything is possible!”