

Oh My God 941

Chapter 941: A Well-Tempered Saber Technique!

As Ice Storm expected, Leaf did not cut any wounds on his body.

He walked steadily for fifty arms and accurately threw the rock to the designated area outside the track, just enough for it to go over the line. He did not waste a single bit of strength, even if it just amounted to half an arm.

There was a fishing net full of sharp blades in front of him.

It was placed horizontally above the runway, at about half an arm's height.

Countless sharp blades hung down. One had to crawl forward and be careful before they could pass through.

For a skinny agility-type warrior like Leaf, that was his strong point.

However, he still did not use his full strength. Instead, he crawled slowly and meticulously, ensuring that no part of the sharp blades and hooks would touch his flesh and blood.

His speed did not appear fast either.

Despite that, because he did not get entangled with the other rat people, after crawling through the sharp-edged fishing net, he had already arrived behind the first group.

The first group was made up of fourteen to fifteen of the strongest rat people.

They filled the entire runway, eyeing each other covetously while also being highly alert of the pursuers behind them.

Whoever wanted to surpass them would inevitably be struck mercilessly by their hammer-like elbows.

Leaf did not have the slightest intention of being the leader of the pack.

He hung behind the first group at a leisurely pace, maintaining a distance of three to five arms.

A sandbag formation was before them.

Hundreds of sandbags filled with iron sand were wrapped in totem beast leather. There were also huge steel nails embedded in the leather.

They resembled upside down mace sticks, blocking the entire runway.

If one wanted to pass through the sandbag formation, one had to push all the sandbags that were like spiked clubs out of the way and create a path.

However, the sandbags that were pushed away would swing back again.

The harder they were pushed, the harder they would swing back, and the harder they would hit.

The collision between the sandbags would also set off a chain reaction.

When hundreds of sandbags shook violently together, they could really squeeze the participants into a meat patty.

While the strong men of the first group passed through the sandbag formation, they were all smashed by the sandbags, which were embedded with steel nails.

Many of them were badly bruised, and some of them had cuts on their bodies. Some of them even gained internal injuries from the impact, causing blood to spurt out.

After being pushed by more than a dozen strong men, the hundreds of sandbags seemed to be injected with strong vitality. They moved irregularly in different directions and collided with each other. The chain reaction made it impossible for those who came later to figure out the direction of their movements.

Many of the burly rat men who had fallen behind could just grit their teeth and wait in front of the sandbag formation.

They could only break in after the sandbags calmed down slightly.

Leaf did not hesitate at all and dashed into the violently shaking sandbag formation.

Amidst the exclamations of onlookers, he was no different from a loach, nimbly finding cracks in between the colliding sandbags.

It seemed that the sandbags were about to knock him away, but he spun like a top, narrowly brushing past them.

At one point, he was almost knocked away by a sandbag when two sandbags at his feet collided fiercely, but they bounced back at the same time, just enough to open a path for him.

His dazzling movements made the onlookers click their tongues in wonder.

“This kid’s luck is too good!”

“Is it possible that he shifted all his luck from the previous two days of the trial to today’s match?”

It was killing the spectators. They did not believe that Leaf’s actions were due to his precise calculations and clever use of force.

After thinking about it, they could only attribute it to luck.

However, Ice storm’s expression became more and more solemn.

She could see that the young man’s four limbs were streamlined. His muscles, which did not seem to be exaggerated, were pulsating in a wavy manner.

His endless power was akin to endless waves that helped him to dodge and borrow strength from time to time.

Ice Storm had never seen such a unique way of exerting strength.

Whether it was the members of Gold Clan or the Blood Hoof Clan...

Whether it was the tiger people, panthers, lion people, Turan, wild boar people, and barbarian elephant people, their military nobles' way of exerting strength did not seem to be as simple, precise, and effective as the young rat man in front of them.

"This youth possesses a hidden treasure!"

Ice Storm was becoming even more certain with every passing minute.

She closed her eyes and imagined herself using a similar method to exert her strength.

To her surprise, she realized that the same technique could really be applied to her body. Furthermore, it could raise her combat strength by a large margin!

Suddenly, there were loud cheers that sounded like explosions.

Ice Storm opened her eyes abruptly and found that the rat youth had already conquered the sandbag formation. He was flying at lightning speed across the smoldering road that was filled with burning charcoal.

If one wanted to step on the burning charcoal and pass through the thirty-arm-long road of flames, they would need to have thick skin or feet that were not stained with dust.

The rat youth, who had chosen the latter, finally unleashed his full strength. Like an arrow that was released from a bow, the tip of his feet barely stepped on the charcoal. Instead, he stepped on the flames and rushed to the safe zone in the blink of an eye.

Such an outstanding performance captivated all the onlookers.

Their cold ridicule turned into a wave of admiration.

Some people even cast an admiring gaze at Ice Storm, as if to say, "As expected of Lady Ice Storm. She can see the potential hidden in his body with one glance!"

Just like that, Leaf was now close behind the first group. He passed through all the obstacles and arrived before the last checkpoint.

This checkpoint looked very simple.

They were only required to cut down a piece of wood.

However, the piece of wood, which was as tall as thirty arms, was the strongest core of a mandrake tree.

Moreover, it had been smeared with the fat of totem beasts, making it shiny. There was no place to borrow strength from, and the slightest carelessness would cause it to slide down.

Their cutting tools were not battle sabers or sharp axes made of metal but just stone axes. They were extremely heavy even though they had a hole.

Most importantly, what they had to cut down was not the root of a mandrake core, but the top, which was about twenty-five arms high. They had to cut down the five-arm-long top part.

Other than a heavy and rough stone ax, the only tool they could use was a bunch of mandrake tree branches.

First, they cut a gap in the root of the core.

After that, they inserted a branch into the tree core and used it as a stepping board to stand on. They cut a second gap and inserted a second branch into it. Then, they climbed up and cut even higher.

They continued this and ascended the core step by step. They had to cut dozens of gaps and insert dozens of branches before they could reach the height of twenty-five arms.

It was obvious that the branches inserted into the gaps could not be fixed firmly.

Moreover, the mandrake branches were very elastic and wobbly, to begin with.

Standing on the branches that had been inserted into the gaps was like standing on waves. It was impossible to stand stably, much less lift the heavy and rough stone ax and cut out new gaps with one's full strength.

This was the most difficult hurdle.

Not only did it test their strength and stability, but it also tested their spirit and judgment.

Since the length, thickness, hardness, and softness of the branches were all different, and they might not be enough, the participants had to make accurate calculations and allocate their physical strength to the distance between the branches. That way, they could climb all the way to the highest point of the mandrake tree core.

In the first group, the strong men who had rushed forward came to the front of the mandrake tree core. They looked up at the five-arm-tall top, which needed to be cut down. It had been smeared with red paint. All of them had solemn expressions and were deep in thought with furrowed brows.

After silently calculating for a long time, they spat a few mouthfuls of saliva into their palms. Carrying their branches on their backs, they swung their stone axes and hacked with great force.

Even the most reckless among them was being cautious at that moment. They would rather chop the mandrake tree core a few more times with their axes and make the gap deeper so that they could stabilize the branch and step on it more firmly.

However, among the brawny men in the first group, the fastest one had only inserted seven or eight branches and climbed to a height of twelve or thirteen arms. When he reached that height, a wave of shocked exclamations broke out among the onlookers.

"He-He actually rushed to the first place!"

Looking at where they were pointing, a figure that was more agile than all the other brawny men was not hesitating or stopping. He climbed up the slippery mandrake tree core in one breath.

The seemingly heavy stone ax in his hand drew a perfect arc. From that clever angle, it cut deeply into the hard and slippery tree core. On average, two axes could cut a triangular gap.

The gap was not deep, and the tree branches that were inserted into it were like dog's-tail grass in the fierce wind. They always seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

When the youth stepped on it, it was like stepping on a lonely boat in the middle of a stormy sea. Sometimes he would go up and sometimes he would go down, sometimes he would go left and sometimes he would go right. He could fall at any moment.

However, no matter how dangerous his movements were, his toes were like the barbs of the Thunder Clan. They pierced deep into the tree branches and merged with the entire mandrake tree core.

He even used the flexibility of the branches to speed up his swinging and climbing speed. In a short while, he had climbed to the height of twenty-five arms.

The entire training camp was completely silent.

No one dared to believe their eyes.

There were many strong participants in the competition who had been felled together. They were deeply shocked by the young man's fluid movements and explosive strength. Without looking, they fell from the branches.

However, the rat youth was not affected at all.

In his mind, he silently recalled the secret technique that the Reaper had taught him.

He imagined that the mandrake tree core, which had been smeared with red paint in front of him, was the neck of a broken-horned Minotaur warrior.

Then, with his eyes wide open, he used all his strength and ruthlessly chopped it down!

"This is..."

Ice Storm's pupils suddenly contracted.

She was shocked by the sudden burst of killing intent from the youth.

She was even more shocked by the force that his four limbs exerted, the way he held the stone ax, and the speed, arc, as well as angle, of his powerful hacking.

"This is some kind of saber technique that has been tempered thousands of times!

"Although it is not a very complicated technique and can even be mastered by the rat militia, it can make these random soldiers explode with astonishing lethality!

"It is absolutely impossible for the five clans to create such a powerful saber technique for the rat militia. Who exactly created it? How is this possible?"

Ka-chow!

Ka-chow!

Ka-chow!

Before Ice Storm and all the shocked and bewildered stares, Leaf used only three axes to cut the iron-like mandrake core, which was twenty-five arms high.

He carried a five-arm-long piece of broken wood and gently floated to the ground like a real leaf.

With excitement in his heart and crystal clearness in his eye sockets, Leaf took two steps forward. He smashed the heavy wood toward the end.

He did it.

For the first time in his life, a rat boy from a remote village who carried a blood feud had crossed the Path of Glory!

Chapter 942: The Most Powerful Man

Completing the Path of Glory was a great feat that consumed a lot of physical energy.

Even clan warriors would often be exhausted.

Winning first place, Leaf was entitled to supplies and rewards, such as unlimited amount of fried mandrake fruits and condensed milk that had been refined from totem beast milk.

The latter was a delicacy that was extremely difficult for the rat people to enjoy, and it contained an extremely rich amount of energy.

Its sweetness was like a flood that burst through a dam, rushing into Leaf's throat.

In the past, the rat youth would have devoured the food without a care.

However, after Meng Chao's modulation, Leaf understood the principle of chewing slowly to promote digestion and absorption.

Looking at his restrained eating style, Ice Storm was even more surprised.

There was no information on Leaf in the training camp.

After all, thousands of rat people were captured and brought to Black-corner City every day. Most of them would be exhausted within a year or so.

No one had the patience to "register" these consumables.

They were just small rat people.

Ice Storm could just personally ask the youth for his name and background.

Facing the Blood Skull Arena's ace, Leaf was a bit reserved.

When he thought of the Reaper's words, though, he felt unafraid of anything and told her his background.

It was not out of Ice Storm's expectations.

If the era of prosperity only lasted for a few years, the veterans of the previous era of glory would still be around. Even the rat people would remember the pleasure of killing and the glory of conquering.

In that case, as long as the horn was blown and a call was issued in the new era of glory, the rat people hiding in the ravines would swarm over and take the initiative to form an endless army of cannon fodder.

However, the last era of prosperity had been too long.

It was so long that all the veterans had died. No one remembered the glory of war, especially the cowardly and incompetent rat people.

They were already used to their roles of growers and gatherers. They were used to a peaceful life, and they were accustomed to laughter, singing, and games. They might not be willing to respond to the clan's call to arms, but they would use their corpses to pave the way for the lords' glory.

Therefore, Black-corner City had sent out enlistment squads to all the rat settlements.

On one hand, they could train the enlistment squads' ability to travel long distances and ambush.

On the other, they could "take care" of the old, weak, sick, and disabled, so that those who did not have the ability to fight would not continue to waste precious food.

Besides, they had also cut off the path of retreat for the middle-aged rat people so that they no longer needed to worry about their famished families. Instead, driven by hatred, they could become bloodthirsty killing machines, wholeheartedly working together with the masters to seize supreme glory.

There was no problem with the youth's identity.

So, where did he learn all his skills from?

Ice Storm pondered for a moment before she looked at Leaf and said, "In the previous two days, you lost quite a few tests on purpose."

That was not a question.

That was a confirmation.

Leaf was slightly startled, but he nodded.

"Why?" Ice storm asked curiously.

"With your strength, you had a chance to be chosen by a gladiator and become a true servant. Why did you deliberately lose the test and continue to stay here?"

"Because I still need to rest."

Leaf said, "I just clawed my way out of the dungeon. My body is full of wounds, and my stomach is empty. I haven't recovered at all.

"If I'm chosen by the gladiators too early, I'll immediately be driven to the arena and have a real battle.

"I'm not afraid of other rat people. However, if we get swept away by the gladiators' aftershock or get asked to test new tactics and new weapons, we might be injured or killed even if dozens of us go up against a totem beast.

"Therefore, I would rather rest here for a few more days and recover first."

"Rest?"

Ice Storm was stunned for a moment. She glanced around at the rat soldiers who were gritting their teeth. Their veins bulged, and they even foamed at the mouth while they trained. "Do you think that training here is actually a kind of rest?" she asked in disbelief.

"That's right."

Leaf nodded obediently.

The Reaper had grabbed his wrist and injected a large amount of lightning-like power into his body, tearing his flesh apart and condensing it again.

The so-called high-intensity training there was indeed a kind of rest.

"Besides, I don't like those gladiators. I don't want to follow them." Leaf swallowed a fried mandrake fruit that was covered in condensed milk and picked up the next one.

Without realizing, he had already swallowed twenty-two sweet and greasy mandrake fruits in a refined manner.

His stomach swelled up and relaxed repeatedly as it rumbled.

The condensed milk and the fruit that had disappeared were all transformed into the purest energy, which slowly circulated in his body along the path that Meng Chao had pointed out.

Leaf's words sounded a little arrogant.

As a rat servant, he did not have the right to be picky about his master.

However, he was the strongest among the rat people there.

The strong always had the power to slightly cross the line.

"Why?"

Ice Storm was not angry. She asked with interest, "Why don't you like them?"

"They are not strong enough."

Leaf shrugged and said, "I just want to follow an ace, an ace like you, Lady Ice Storm."

Ice storm laughed.

"It's true."

Leaf was afraid that she would not believe him, so he seriously said, "When I first arrived in the Blood Skull Arena, I heard people cheering for your victory. The resounding name, Queen Frost, left a very deep impression on me. At that time, I made up my mind to follow an ace like you who has won every battle!"

"Won every battle?"

Ice storm laughed in a self-deprecatingly manner, but she did not continue to dwell on the question. She was most curious about one thing. "In the last round, when you cut down the mandrake tree core, your performance was really amazing. How did you do it?"

“Back in my village, I often climbed to the highest point of the mandrake trees to gather fruits, cut down branches, catch bugs, and dig for birds’ nests.”

Leaf puffed out his chest and said, “I can dance on the swaying mandrake trees on days when the wind is howling. This is nothing.”

“It’s that simple?”

Ice Storm narrowed her eyes and went straight to the point. “How did your breathing, strength, and knife skills come about?”

She originally thought that this question was quite sensitive and the youth would definitely struggle and resist.

Unexpectedly, Leaf did not hesitate. “It was the Reaper who taught me,” he answered generously.

“Reaper...”

Ice Storm was taken aback for a moment. “Who is that?”

“The Reaper is the Super Fierce Man.

“He is the fiercest man among all the rat people,” Leaf said seriously.

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At that moment, the fiercest man among all the rat people was being strangled by a rat person who was three times his size. He had been lifted into the air, and he was swaying back and forth.

It was the biggest rat person that Meng Chao had ever seen.

He seemed to possess part of the Barbarian Elephant Clan’s bloodline and was even stronger than a bison standing up. His needle-sharp mane shone with a dangerous light, and the bloodstains on it indicated that he was definitely not trying to be friendly when he got there.

“Who says that he’s not dead?”

The rat giant, who had the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan, licked his two huge tusks and cracked a ferocious smile as he questioned the others in the dungeon.

Everyone was curled up in a corner, shivering and not daring to look him in the eye.

Only Meng Chao sighed in his heart.

He swore that he just wanted to lie there quietly and think. He did not want to waste even a gram of the energy from the mandrake fruit on these rat people.

Why did they have to provoke him when there was a path to heaven?

In fact, he and his “cellmates” had still been able to live in peace at first.

These guys had merely been betting on his life, and they had also been afraid of the unknown power in his body. Moreover, he did not want to fight them for the mandrake fruit. Would it not be better for them to stay out of each other’s way?

He stood out from the rest, especially after Leaf was refined by him and became extremely powerful.

Although they did not know the relationship between the two, Meng Chao's mysteriousness became even more intense. Those who had been in the dungeon for a few days did not dare to provoke him.

But there were always exceptions.

The new rat giant who had the the Barbarian Elephant Clan's bloodline seemed eager to leave the dungeon.

During the last round of food delivery, not only did he take almost half of the fried mandrake fruits, but he also made a bet on Meng Chao's life with the other half of the food in his hands.

The winner would take it all.

He bet that Meng Chao was already dead.

He even forced others to participate in the bet and wager that Meng Chao was still alive.

Those who did not want to participate in the bet were all heavily hit in the chest with his elephant trunk. It was like a meteor hammer. Blood splattered wildly, and they all fell out.

When Meng Chao sat up lazily and rolled his eyes to show that he was still alive, the guy strode forward and picked Meng Chao up from the sewage water.

From his shoulder to his arm to his fingers, his bones crackled.

His astonishing strength was apparently enough to snap Meng Chao's neck in the next second, directly killing the black-haired rat who was covered in wounds.

Meng Chao frowned slightly.

He seriously considered whether he should talk it out with the other party again. As long as the other party let him go and apologized, the matter would be settled.

However, judging from the old man's grimace, he definitely would not listen to any harsh advice, right?

Forget it, speaking was also very energy-consuming.

With that thought, Meng Chao struck with lightning speed.

He clenched his four fingers, raised his thumb like a dagger, and lightly tapped the inside of the other party's elbow.

The other party subconsciously curled his arm, closing the distance between Meng Chao and his throat.

Meng Chao then retracted his thumb and lightly flicked his pinky on the other party's throat.

No one could clearly see what was going on. The huge rat man who possessed the Barbarian Elephant Clan's bloodline trembled slightly and froze all of a sudden.

Soon, similar to a broken stone statue, he released Meng Chao and took half a step back. He slowly knelt down and covered his throat with both hands. His eyeballs bulged out of their sockets, and he curled up like a huge lobster. He spat out white foam in the sewage water and started twitching violently.

Chapter 943: The Lonely Trump Card

“This is...”

All the rat people in the dungeon were dumbfounded, especially those who had stayed there for several days and watched Meng Chao soak himself in the dirty water while he was covered in wounds.

They thought that they knew this dying black-haired rat very well.

Only then did they realize how wrong they had been!

Meng Chao did not want to waste any energy or time on them.

Slowly picking up and eating the fried datura fruit left behind by the rat subject, Meng Chao continued to plan his next step.

Killing the rat subject wasn't a problem.

The problem was that he didn't want to appear too high-profile.

Because an outstanding man like him was like a firefly in the dark night. Even if he exposed 1% of his strength, he could be noticed by the military nobles with strong backgrounds and get into a lot of trouble.

Although the military nobles with a strong background were powerful, Meng Chao was confident that he could deal with them.

But he didn't have time.

Meng Chao knew from the memory fragments of his previous life that the supreme leader of the Tulan civilization who presided over the Battle of Honor, also known as the war chief, still came from the Gold clan.

Therefore, he didn't have time to stay in black-corner City and fool around with the bull-headed horse-faced and wild boars and elephants of the Bloody Hoofs clan.

He had to obtain resources as soon as possible, heal his injuries, obtain totems, and recover his strength. He had to leave Black-corner city and head to the center of Tulan ZE, the main city of the golden clan, to look for the supreme leader of the Tulan Civilization!

In that case, a person with similar strength who could obtain what he needed from each other would be especially important.

“I wonder how Yezi is doing up there.”

Meng Chao thought to himself, “Can he digest and absorb all the things that I stuffed into his body? and can he find a suitable Ace Gladiator?”

As he was thinking, the sound of an iron rod hitting the fence sounded above his head.

A blinding light crashed into the darkness and swept across the faces and bodies of the rats.

Finally, it lingered for an exceptionally long time on the densely-packed wounds on Meng Chao's body.

“So You’re the Reaper?”

A voice from above, half impatient and half mocking, asked.

Meng Chao’s heart skipped a beat, and he nodded.

“Why do you have this name?”

The voice from above suppressed his laughter and asked, “Are you very good at harvesting things, or do you get harvested often?”

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Meng Chao was carried out of the dungeon on a simple stretcher made of mandala branches by four handymen.

Although his posture was very awkward, he was not willing to waste even half a drop of energy to change it.

Instead, he focused all his spiritual energy on his retina and cochlea and tried his best to collect all the images and audio in every direction.

The key was the details.

From the details that could be seen everywhere, a lot of information about a civilization could be inferred.

The shorthand symbols that were left in the depths of the dungeon had been completely erased by him.

However, the information about the Tulan civilization had long been deeply engraved in Chao Meng’s brain.

At this moment, based on the latest details that he had observed, he added the following information to his brain:

“The most important military facility of the Tulan civilization, the ‘Arena’, is as large as the 50,000-man football field on earth, or even larger.

“These ancient and majestic buildings are all built with giant rocks that have been cut very precisely, just like pyramids.

“However, a lot of the gum of the mandala trees has been added between the rocks as the adhesive.

“And at the key parts of the structure, enormous mandala trees were growing out of the ground.

“The mandala trees, which were hundreds of meters tall, and the branches that covered hundreds of meters, formed natural columns, beams, and ceilings, ensuring that the entire building could stand for thousands of years.

“Such a brilliant construction method seemed to be based on biochemical technology that surpassed the times. A part of the building was not built but ‘grew’ out of the ground.

“I don’t think that the current Tulan civilization has such technology.

“Judging from the gossip of the audience, the dozens of arenas in black horn city are at least thousands of years old, or even the ‘gifts of the ancestors’ tens of thousands of years ago.

“Does this mean that the ancestors of the Tulan people once created a splendid civilization that was far more advanced than the current era of the clan?

“It is highly possible.

“Because there are dozens of arenas in black horn city with more than fifty thousand people.

“It means that the city has at least millions of permanent residents. When the glorious era comes, the warriors of all the towns and settlements will gather here, and the population will increase by five times or even ten times.

“The size of the city is closely related to the advanced level of the civilization.

“It is hard to imagine that a clan civilization in the Middle Ages could have more than one glorious city with millions or even tens of millions of people.

“It is said that every city in Tulanze is very ancient. It was built by the ‘Ancestral Spirit’ that the Tulan people worshipped.

“Ancestral spirit, an extremely important and sacred word in the Tulan language.

“It seems to have passed away long ago, but it also seems to still control the life and death, honor and disgrace, fate and everything of the Tulan people.

“What would the ancestors of the Tulan people look like?”

With this thought in mind, Meng Chao met leaf.

Compared to when he left the dungeon, the rat youth at this moment could be said to be brand new.

He put on an armor made of bison leather, and there was a bone blade at his waist. He held his head high and puffed out his chest. There was no sign of the youth and panic that he had just fallen into the dungeon.

“Lord Reaper!”

Upon seeing Meng Chao, Yezi was overjoyed and came forward to welcome him.

However, when he saw Meng Chao’s injuries, he was shocked.

Deep in the dungeon, the light was dim. Most of Meng Chao’s body was submerged in the sewage water, so he could not see clearly.

Now, under the strong sunlight, Yezi truly knew how badly Meng Chao was injured.

She couldn’t help but gasp in amazement. What kind of material did the reaper use to create this monster? It was so heavily injured, and it could even activate the shining lines and arrowheads in her body, helping her to be reborn.

It was simply too magical!

“Are you okay?”

Leaf rushed forward and carefully held Meng Chao. “You need treatment!”

“Don’t worry, I’m fine.”

In fact, with the amount of energy he had gathered from the fried datura fruit, he had long been able to treat most of the external wounds that looked shocking.

The reason why he didn’t do so was partly because he wanted to use the energy to repair more important organs and spiritual veins.

On the other hand, Meng Chao didn’t want others to know how fast his wounds were healing.

He wanted to go deep into the unpredictable Tu Lan Ze alone. The more cards he had in his pocket, the better.

If possible, he really wanted to appear in front of King Tu Lan, the chief of the war tribe, in this wounded and dying appearance!

“Tell me about the situation on your side first.”

Meng Chao looked at Leaf’s smug look and smiled, “It seems that you have found a suitable gladiator.”

“That’s right. According to your instructions, after I arrived at the recruit training camp, I gave my fried mandala fruit to the scrawnest, oldest, and most bullied rat laborers to eat. Then, I pretended to be pitiful in front of him. As expected, he told me a lot about the blood skull arena and the Ace Gladiators!”

Ye Zi widened her big, sparkling eyes and looked at Meng Chao with admiration. She said, “But, Lord Reaper, how do you know that such laborers are the most well-informed and are willing to tell me?”

“It’s very simple.”

Meng Chao explained, “Since he is the weakest handyman among the rats and has a face that has been bullied a lot, it’s obvious that he doesn’t have enough to eat. It’s easy for him to be bought over by a few fried mandala fruits.

“He is older, which means that he has been in the Blood Skull Arena for a long time. Naturally, he will have more opportunities to get in touch with the gossip here.

“Also, it’s very easy for older rats to take care of a little fellow like you as if you’re their nephew. Seeing that you’re so skinny, it’s normal for them to tell you some information so that you’ll have a chance to keep your little life.”

“I see.”

Ye Zi scratched his head and said, “In short, I’ve asked around clearly. In the Blood Skull Arena in the past half a year, there’s a total of four aces who’ve won 30 to 50 matches in a row. The Lord icestorm that I’m following now is the one that most meets the requirements of the Lord Reaper, the one that’s the most withdrawn and the one that’s the most antisocial. Moreover, she’s encountered a problem that’s neither too big nor too small.”

“Don’t worry. Take your time.”

Meng Chao said, “I’ve heard the name ‘Ice Storm’ before in the dungeon. I know that she’s a snow leopard female warrior from the Gold clan. She’s considered an outsider in black-corner city. However, the Tulan people don’t seem to be exclusive. At least in the five clans, they only speak based on their strength. There’s no serious discrimination. There are many gladiators in the blood-skull arena who are all outsiders. Why would she not fit in?”

“Because she was unwilling to formally join a certain clan through the blood bestowing ceremony.” Ye Zi continued

“That’s right,” Ye Zi said. “Most of the outsiders in Black Horn City broke off all ties with the past through the blood bestowing ceremony and joined a brand new clan, becoming a member of the Blood Hoof clan.

“The foreign gladiators in the Blood Skull Arena, be it the lion-man, tiger-man, lizard-man, or gnoll-man, are all the same.

“In order to become a new member of the military aristocrat that has been passed down for thousands of years in the Blood Hoof clan, many foreign gladiators are fighting to the death in the arena.

“Only Lord icestorm is extremely arrogant. I’ve heard that even the owner of the bloody skull arena, the Blood Hoof Clan, who is qualified to be called a clan, has extended an olive branch to her. She doesn’t even care about it. She has been in black-corner city for a long time, but she hasn’t joined any clan!

“Although it is a great shame for us rats to run away or raise our hands to surrender at the last moment.

“However, for the masters who are born with a glorious bloodline, it is a privilege of the ancestral spirits to submit to the experts who defeated them and change clans. Many masters of the clans do the same.

“Lord icestorm is not willing to perform the blood bestowing ceremony. The foreign gladiators who have changed clans can’t help but feel awkward. They don’t know how to face Lord icestorm

Chapter 944: Everyone Takes What They Need

“Sounds interesting,” Meng Chao said thoughtfully.

“In that case, she’s concerned about her homeland and still wants to return to the Gold Clan?”

“That’s not it. I heard that she was a loser in the clan battle, and the Snow Leopard Clan chased her out before she escaped her hometown. After that, Lord Casanova, the Blood Skull Arena’s adjudicator, saved her. She has also expressed her hatred for the Gold Clan many times and doesn’t mind serving the Blood Hoof Clan.”

Leaf shrugged. “However, no one knows why Lady Ice Storm is unwilling to become a true Blood Hoof warrior through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony. You should also know that Lord Casanova, who is very powerful in the Blood Skull Arena and the entire Black-corner City, has high hopes for her!”

Meng Chao gave it a quick thought and pushed it to the back of his mind for the time being.

“Tell me about her troubles,” he continued to ask the rat youth.

“Lady Ice Storm wants to lead an army. She is not satisfied with being a pure general. She wants to be a commander or even a general. She wants to have her own battle team, battle gang, battle group, and even an army that she can take charge of.”

Leaf said to Meng Chao, “If she is willing to join a certain family, perhaps she can think of other ways. However, she is too arrogant and unwilling to accept anyone’s help. So, she can only fight her way out of the arena.”

Meng Chao nodded.

After more than half a month of reminiscing and contemplating, he had already recalled a lot of details about the Turan civilization and the glorious era.

He knew that at the beginning of the glorious era, the various large families would use the gladiator arena to select their generals.

This kind of selection did not fret over one’s background, only their methods.

Once the qualified generals were selected from the gladiator arena, they would enter the first battle of the glorious era, the Tournament of Five Clans.

That’s right, the first battle was not to march north and attack the land of eternal light.

It was a civil war between the five great clans.

It sounded idiotic.

However, there was actually a certain amount of scientific reasoning behind it.

One needed to know that for the Turan civilization’s tribal army, which was still in the Middle Ages, they had an almost endless supply of soldiers with the help of the mandrake tree, a wonderful plant.

The number of soldiers was never a problem.

The problem was the organization, training, the command system’s construction, the allies’ tacit cooperation, and the most important one, logistics supply.

If the structure of the entire army was in a mess and the generals who belonged to different clans did not compromise with each other, such a war would be impossible to fight. On top of that, there were countless shrimp soldiers and crab generals who had to consume precious military rations.

Since ancient times, there had been countless so-called million-strong armies that were enough to whip their enemies till they ran dry. Yet, due to internal problems, they collapsed, resulting in catastrophic consequences.

In a situation of panic, more often than not, the more people on one side, the sooner they lose, and the more miserable.

The people of Turan were very strong.

Their minds were anything but simple.

In the age of prosperity, the five clans were equal. There was no subordinate relationship, and there was no Turan king who could command the whole of Turan.

At the beginning of the glorious era, the noble warriors of the five great clans, along with a large number of warriors from the small and medium clans, as well as a hundred times more rat militia, trained their troops through a limited civil war, they would discover outstanding commanders.

Of course, they could also determine their strengths and subordinate relationships. They could also choose the most powerful War Chief from the five clan leaders to become the supreme leader of all the Turan people in the glorious war.

Although the cruel civil war was very likely to consume a large amount of manpower...

The number of Turan people was not too little, to begin with. There were too many of them.

The weak who wasted food would all be dead, and the strong could get rid of the excess baggage. With their shoulders being lighter, they could improve their efficiency in battle and taste the blood of Turan warriors, becoming seasoned soldiers themselves.

It was like warming up and sharpening their blades.

Sharpening their blades with one of their own...

It was even better when they were heading for the land of eternal light.

As for the enmity formed during the civil war, which would result in a rift between the five clans, it was something that they did not need to worry about at all.

The Turan people's unique view of life and death made them proud of being killed by the strong.

Dying on the battlefield was the highest honor.

All the people who died in the civil war would return to the embrace of their ancestral spirits, even the rat people who had filthy blood flowing in their veins.

This view of life and death allowed them to see through all of their civilization's internal conflicts.

As soon as the War Chief was chosen, even two clan warriors who had just fought each other and killed their closest comrades would immediately put down their weapons. They would then join hands to become new and close comrades.

Picture a nobody from a middle or small clan...

With the blessing of the ancestral spirit, he obtained great power and a mysterious totem.

He arrived in the main city, where the five clans were situated, and joined a certain gladiator arena, becoming the trump card with a hundred victories.

He then trained a group of rat servants and was also invincible in group battles. He later obtained the right to command a battle gang independently in the Tournament of Five Clans.

He became more and more courageous in the Tournament of Five Clans.

Meanwhile, the battle gang under his command also continued to expand, absorbing a large number of remnant soldiers from his side and prisoners from the enemy. Gradually, his battle gang became an army.

By the time the War Chief blew the horn of attack atop the Holy Mountain, he already had tens of thousands of roaring Turan warriors under his command.

He led these warriors toward the land of eternal Holy Light. With the power and totems given by the ancestral spirits, he smashed the heads of the mages, elven kings, and dwarven craftsmen. Finally, in an epic battle that was as dark as the sky and the earth... they faced an army of one million and Nine-ring Magicians.

That was the ideal path of glory for a Turan warrior.

It was obvious that Lady Ice Storm wanted to advance along the same path.

However, she was stuck in the first stage.

Leaf told Meng Chao that Lady Ice Storm's combat strength was indisputable.

However, she did not seem to be good at commanding troops.

As one of the four trump cards in the Blood Skull Arena, her starting point was very high. From the start, she had the right to choose, train, and command a thousand rat soldiers.

As long as she defeated an opponent who also commanded a thousand rat soldiers, she would have the right to obtain three thousand or even five thousand rat soldiers.

Once the soldiers set off, she would be the commander of the battle group.

Unfortunately, she had lost three battles in a row.

The number of soldiers under her command had also shrunk.

In her third battle that had just ended, her opponent, the other trump card, Brute Hammer, had also not been a particularly good commander. He only knew how to lower his head and charge forward. He was in the same boat as her, and they pecked each other using the newbies.

Even so, she was still unable to bite down on Brute Hammer.

"Lord Brute Hammer's servants completely destroyed Lady Ice Storm's servants. Lady Ice Storm was furious, and she summoned her totem armor, Mithril Ripper."

Leaf vividly described the battle that he had heard about to Meng Chao. "If it was a one-on-one battle, everyone believed that Lady Ice Storm's Mithril Ripper was even more powerful than Lord Brute Hammer's Locomotive. However, this was a group battle, and it was a competition of command. Therefore, Lord Casanova stopped the battle and declared Brute Hammer the winner.

"Now, Lady Ice Storm only has one last chance. She will build a thirty-man battle team from scratch. If she loses this time, no matter how unwilling she is, she can only serve a certain commander and be a pure warrior."

"I see. Is this Lady Ice Storm a typical 'food addict?'"

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and suddenly realized that there had been a very strange word. He was stunned for a while before he stared at Leaf and said, "Wait, you mentioned just now that the Blood Skull Arena's other trump card, Brute Hammer... What is the name of his totem armor? Locomotive?"

In the Turan language, the composition of the word, "locomotive" was composed of three terms: "burning", "machinery", and "immense strength."

No matter how one looked at it, it sounded strange.

"That's right, Locomotive."

Leaf did not understand. "Is there a problem?"

"No problem. I just think that it sounds very powerful. What exactly is this Locomotive?" Meng Chao asked humbly.

"I'm not too sure either. It seems to be an ancient divine artifact that can drag thousands of Turan warriors or as many goods as a small hill in one go. It enables its user to fly across the land. In less than a day, once can cross the entire Turan!"

Leaf said, "I heard that Locomotive can even emit deafening roars and smoke that scare away totem beasts.

"Many people worship such a powerful ancient divine artifact and use it as a totem!"

"...Is that so?"

Meng Chao took a deep breath and kept his doubts in his heart. He continued to ask, "By the way, as the trump card, how is Lady Ice Storm's treatment in the Blood Skull Arena?"

Of course, there was nothing much to say about the treatment she received.

In the Turan civilization, where the strong preyed on the weak and the winners ate all, a trump card in a large-scale arena was like a giant star in the sky.

Not only did she have a spacious independent residence, but she also had a small training field.

Aside from that, she could also accommodate hundreds of servants for training.

She did not have to worry about the cultivation resources at all.

From the most basic mandrake fruit to the fat of totem beasts and refined milk, to all kinds of precious medicines, everything was available.

These things were exactly what Meng Chao needed...

And he was confident that he could provide Lady Ice Storm with what she wanted.

Chapter 945: An Incredible Basic Martial Technique

After passing through a long white passage, Meng Chao saw Ice Storm.

This female snow leopard warrior who could control the power of ice was even whiter than Meng Chao had imagined.

One needed to know that even a real snow leopard's fur was not pure white. Instead, its fur was interlaced with black and white with yellowish-brown stripes.

She looked like a sculpture made of ice and snow. She was crystal clear and spotless.

It also looked like she had albinism. Even her pupils were almost transparent.

Apart from her short and sharp ears, the hair on key parts of her body, and her constantly dangling tail, the beastly color on her body was very faint.

If she used her armor to hide part of her beastly features, it would not be a big problem to say that she was a tall and strong female human warrior.

However, her comparatively petite figure among the Turan people did not mean that she was not dangerous.

In fact, the moment Meng Chao stepped into the room, he had sensed an aura similar to that of a Heaven Realm expert. He knew that the ordinary-looking female snow leopard warrior had the ability to turn the entire room into a deadly ice cave in the blink of an eye.

Although his great battle with "Lu Siya" had seriously wounded him and troubled him with the exhaustion of his spirit energy...

It had unintentionally stimulated his senses and made them sharper.

It was like a blind person having particularly sharp hearing.

Perhaps, he had been infected by "Lu Siya" and gained part of a Spirit Sensor's ability.

Right now, Meng Chao could scan the danger level of his surrounding environment and the general details of his opponent without even lifting his eyelids.

While he was secretly scanning Ice Storm...

Ice Storm narrowed her eyes and seriously scrutinized this guy, whom Leaf had bragged about being amazing.

Meng Chao's appearance greatly exceeded the ace gladiator's expectations.

Ice Storm had originally thought that, even if this "Reaper" was not a three-headed six-armed existence, he should at least have part of the glorious blood flowing in his body. Since he had been able to impart Leaf with so many well-established breathing techniques, force execution techniques, and saber techniques, he should be a former clan warrior who had been exiled. He would have very strong beast-like characteristics and even be a loser in a power struggle.

If not that, his parents and ancestors were probably exiled former clan warriors.

That was why he could master these incredible techniques.

However, Meng Chao's beastly characteristics were close to zero.

They were even thinner than Ice Storm's.

The snow leopard female warrior almost doubted whether Meng Chao came from the human race in the land of eternal light.

Of course, this was impossible.

The greatest feature of the human race was the blond hair and blue eyes that claimed to have received the blessing of the Holy Light.

The hair and eyes of the guy in front of her were as deep as the night sky.

Just This alone was enough for the people in the land of eternal light to treat him as a demon that had crawled out of the Abyss and burn him to death on the stake.

And his wounds...

It also reminded people of the Marquis of the ancient tomb who lived in the depths of the vast desert.

And the Immortal Lich who was hiding in the Far North Abyss.

Ice Storm didn't know if she could still persist like this man if he was seriously injured.

No wonder he was the legendary 'Super Fierce Man'!

Ice Storm's eyes couldn't help but reveal a trace of admiration.

However, he also doubted whether this wounded and weak guy could help him.

Facing the cautious gaze of the Ace Gladiator, Meng Chao was calm and composed, neither servile nor overbearing.

He knew that although there was a clear hierarchy in the Turan civilization, the rat people with dirty blood were at the bottom of the hierarchy.

However, the warriors of Turan who respected courage also could not stand to see the rat people shivering and groveling.

As long as they could display sufficiently powerful abilities.

Even the rat subjects would be able to seize a place in the Turan army.

This was even more so in the glorious era.

"You are the Reaper?"

Ice Storm finally retracted her gaze and said indifferently, "Tell me, where did you come from? What identity did you have? How did you end up in the deepest part of the Dungeon?"

Meng Chao shook his head.

He answered in a very weak voice, "I don't know. My memory started from the sewage in the deepest part of the dungeon. I forgot a lot of things, including my clan and name."

He didn't pretend to be weak on purpose.

Instead, he used a vague voice to cover up his somewhat stiff Turan language.

Ice storm obviously didn't believe that he had completely lost his memory.

But he did not dwell on this point.

Instead, he continued to ask, "You don't remember your name and identity, but you do remember quite a number of... exquisite breathing and force exertion methods?"

"Yes."

Meng Chao answered frankly, "Some fragmented images appeared in my mind. I could only see myself training and fighting crazily in these images. Just like harvesting ripe mandrake fruits, I harvested the enemy's head. That's why I named myself, 'Reaper.'"

At this point, he lowered his head to look at the crisscrossed wounds on his body with different depths. He laughed self-deprecatingly.

"However, I'm afraid that I'll never be able to use these amazing skills with my own hands again."

Meng Chao smiled bitterly. "I can only teach these skills to others in exchange for what I want."

Ice Storm understood what Meng Chao meant.

"What do you want?" she asked straightforwardly.

"Food, medicine, and the protection of a powerhouse like Lady Ice Storm."

Meng Chao said, "Of course, like all the Turan people, I'm not afraid of death. But dying on the battlefield and dying in the dungeon are still different. I hope to use enough food and medicine to barely heal my injuries so that I can at least have the ability to lean on my spear, limp onto the battlefield, and die under the blade of a powerful enemy."

This was a very reasonable request.

It was also a very "Turan" request.

There was no reason for Ice Storm to reject it.

She only wanted to know, "Your request isn't high, but how can I tell if you really have the ability to turn stone into gold, or if Leaf was originally a powerful expert with extraordinary talent and was just lucky enough to bump into You?"

"Leaf is indeed gifted. He is an existence as rare as the feathers of an undead bird and the horn of a ferocious dragon among the rat people."

Meng Chao admitted frankly and then changed the topic, "But my skills, even if they can't turn stone into gold, can at least increase the combat ability of the ordinary rat people's servant soldiers by thirty to fifty percent in a short period of time. Although they can't be reborn like Leaf, they are more than enough to defeat Lady Ice Storm's enemy.

"I admire your confidence, and I hope that you know the difference between 'confidence' and 'arrogance.' The weak rat soldiers might survive, but the arrogant rat soldiers will definitely die."

Ice Storm coldly said, "Prove it to me."

"I need charcoal strips and paper," Meng Chao said unhurriedly.

The Tomadura Tree was blessed with very flexible fibers.

The leaves and bark could be mashed, ground, compressed, and dried at will, making paper that could barely be used.

In addition, the charcoal strips were simply processed after the branches were charred.

Paper and pen were not very rare items.

Meng Chao used four large pieces of bark paper and two charcoal strips that were as long as an arm to draw the first form of the hundred-battle saber technique in detail, "Facing the wind with great force."

In terms of extraordinary strength, the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization each had their own unique strengths.

On one side, they had spiritual martial arts, while on the other side, they had the power of totems.

However, in terms of the training and combat arts of ordinary people, the Dragon City civilization was far ahead of its own close neighbors.

This was not only because the dragon city civilization had grasped the science and technology that was ahead of the times. They had extremely profound knowledge in anatomy, cytology, genetics, ergonomics, life sciences... and other fields, they could disassemble the seemingly simple and crude chopping and slash into the most basic speed, angle, accuracy, and strength. Through the feedback of big data from the battlefield, they could repeatedly calculate and repeatedly iterate, finally deducing the most perfect move.

It was also because the two sides' fighting philosophy was very different.

For the Turan civilization, the advanced orcs, who were born with bestial characteristics, were usually tall and strong, with rough skin and thick flesh, and endless strength.

A casual punch could knock down a wall.

A simple ax could cut a mandrake tree that was as thick as three to five people in half.

Under such circumstances, what was the need to study exquisite moves?

Of course, the military nobles from the five great clans, who had the blood of glory flowing through them, all mastered all kinds of powerful totem battle techniques that could be combined with totem armor.

However, the rat subjects were only cannon fodder.

As long as they were strong enough, looked fierce enough, or had a broad body, they would be able to withstand more sabers, spears, and arrows from the enemy before they died. They would be excellent cannon fodder and would be qualified to be given a drop of their master's blood after they died in battle.

No warrior of any clan would be so bored that they would specially develop a set of “Cannon fodder martial arts” for the rat servants.

If they died, so be it. In any case, no matter how fierce the fire was, it was impossible to burn all the weeds in Picturesque Orchid Lake. As long as the spring breeze blew and the mandrake tree began to bear fruit again, there would be new rat civilians, like cockroaches and rats, they would continuously emerge from the corners.

However, the Dragon City civilization was different.

As a lone army in a foreign land with only tens of millions of people, every death was a loss.

No matter how great the gap between extraordinary humans and ordinary citizens was, no matter how many differences there were, human resources were extremely precious.

Especially in an era where the monstrous beast tide had swallowed up more than half of Dragon City, and the remnants of human soldiers could only curl up in the depths of the ruined walls, fighting to the death.

Regardless of whether it was the strongest or the big-headed soldiers, only an old granny who had squeezed out every drop of strength from everyone, even to the point of losing all her teeth, could instantly erupt with astonishing combat strength and perish together with the ferocious beasts.

Only then would it be possible for the flower of civilization that had already been annihilated on Earth to continue to bloom in this extremely dangerous foreign land.

As a result, over the past half a century, the dragon city civilization had developed many martial techniques that would allow the elderly, the weak, women, and children to fight to the end.

They also possessed a very complete set of methods to help the weak become stronger step by step.

In the field of basic martial techniques, the Dragon City civilization was far ahead of all the other world civilizations, including the Turan civilization.

The two sides were not on the same dimension at all.

Chapter 946: Setting Up a Blue Ocean Market in Advance

Ice Storm took the bark paper from Meng Chao’s hand with suspicion.

With just a glance, she was shocked.

On the light four pieces of bark paper, there was record of a technological civilization that had entered the post-industrial, information-based era. Being a thousand years ahead, it had an overwhelming advantage over a clan civilization.

It was not that the Turan civilization did not have such exquisite moves.

In fact, Ice storm could see at a glance that Forward Wind Cutter was only an entry-level basic combat technique.

To put it nicely, it was plain and unadorned.

To put it bluntly, it was simple and crude to the extreme.

Raising the battle saber with both hands and sprinting with both legs, he used the momentum to swing the battle saber down—it was such a common move that even a carbon-based intelligent creature with four limbs could think of it.

The military nobles of the five great clans had mastered countless totem combat techniques that were hundreds of times more powerful than Forward Wind Cutter.

Including detailed information about the principle of this move, the perspective of the muscles, joints, and even nerves, and so on, Ice Storm had seen similar things in the inheritance that the ancestors had given to the Turan warriors.

However, she had never thought that someone would spend the same amount of effort as researching totem combat techniques to research the basic combat techniques used by the rat militia.

No, this was not just for the rat militia...

Ice Storm's mind raced as she instantly thought of several similar moves from the five great clans.

She was surprised to find that any thousand-year-old beheading technique from the clans paled in comparison to Forward Wind Cutter drawn by Meng Chao.

Closing her eyes, two versions of herself appeared in her mind. They held a saber of the same length and stood facing each other.

One of them was using the Gold Clan's slashing technique.

The other one was using the Forward Wind Cutter technique.

The two versions sprinted at the same time, raised their sabers, exerted force, swung their sabers down, and passed each other.

In the aftermath of using the Gold Clan's slashing technique, a large amount of blood spurted out of her neck, and her head soared into the sky!

Ice Storm broke out in cold sweat.

She revised her evaluation of Meng Chao again.

Reaper's value was not only to create more powerful servants.

It could also directly... improve her own strength!

The female snow leopard warrior took a deep breath and asked in a hoarse voice, "Is this only the first move?"

Meng Chao knew from her eyes that he had made the right bet.

Of course... because the saber technique that Meng Chao had revealed was not a common version in Dragon City.

It was the ultimate version of the One Hundred Saber Techniques that the people of Dragon City had just developed before the end of the world.

The biggest difference between the ultimate version and the basic version was that it incorporated the strengths of many families and absorbed the fighting profundities of many races from the Other World.

As the neighbor of Dragon City civilization and a well-known expert in hand-to-hand combat, the Turan civilization was naturally the best target for Dragon City's people to learn from.

Therefore, the ultimate version of the One Hundred Saber Techniques in the future era contained many techniques from the Turan civilization.

It was also very suitable for the people of Turan to practice. There was no problem of incompatibility or strong foreign tinge.

If even Ice Storm could not see the value of such a unique technique, then the Bloody Skull Arena's ace would not live up to her name no matter how much she bragged about it.

"That's right. This is only the first move."

Meng Chao calmly said, "I remember that there are a total of eighteen moves in the entire saber technique set. I think I also know about thirty to fifty sets of similar saber techniques and other combat techniques. Unfortunately, my injuries are too severe now, and my mind is a little confused. I can't really remember them.

"But I believe that as long as I receive careful treatment and have enough food and medicine to gradually heal my injuries, I will definitely be able to remember more combat techniques."

A glint flashed in Ice Storm's eyes.

"If I can guarantee that you get enough food and medicine, are you willing to impart all of these battle techniques to my servants?" she confirmed once again.

Out of her pride as a clan warrior, she was too embarrassed to say, "Impart all of them to me."

Meng Chao understood what she meant.

He knew that she did not dare to believe that he would publicly reveal all of these battle techniques, which surpassed the era.

In fact, Meng Chao had thought and deduced this question many times in the past half a month.

The Turan civilization was already very powerful and troublesome to deal with. It was not a chess piece that could be manipulated by Dragon City's civilization.

If the spirit martial arts developed by Dragon City's civilization with modern science and technology were spread to the Turan civilization, would Dragon City civilization devour itself? Would it be too late by then?

However, after analyzing the pros and cons based on the memories of his previous life, Meng Chao decided to go all out.

There were three reasons.

Firstly, the Holy Light faction had been stronger than the Chaos faction in comparison to the Other World's overall national strength and war potential in his previous life.

Although the Chaos faction had temporarily gained the effect of being unstoppable by relying on surprise attacks and various new tactics at the beginning of the war...

After the Holy Light faction with its deep foundation recovered, especially after the Holy Light faction received help from the gods...

The situation of the war completely reversed.

The Chaos faction had embarked on an irreversible path of defeat and destruction.

Before Dragon City's destruction, the Turan civilization had already been on the verge of death.

The desert in the northwest of the Other World continent, the Abyss in the north, and the land of ice, including the Chaos races living there, had also been burned into scorched earth and charcoal by the burning Holy Light.

Under the premise that he could not change his faction, he could only walk down the path of darkness with the brothers of the Chaos faction.

Meng Chao had no other choice. He could only think of every way to raise the Chaos faction's war potential.

Secondly, although the Turan civilization was a "pig-teammate" out and out...

This method of dragging Dragon City's civilization into the water was half-threatening and half-enticing. It was definitely not friendly and glorious.

However, up to the point where they were destroyed in Meng Chao's previous life, the Turan Civilization had never betrayed the Dragon City Civilization at least.

This was because the advanced orcs living in Picturesque Orchid Lake and the intelligent humanoid races living in the land of eternal Holy Light had conquered each other for thousands of years and had irreconcilable blood feuds.

To capture the land of eternal Holy Light was a strategic goal that was above everything else in the Turan people's concept of war.

The Dragon City civilization's territory was not large, and the number of troops that could be mobilized was not too much.

However, they had taken over a strategic highland like Monster Mountain Range, which was blessed by the heavens and easy to defend but hard to attack.

Forget everything else, just the super waterfall, Guillotine, which was thousands of meters away, was an insurmountable natural danger.

It was easy to backstab the Turan civilization by ambushing them from Monster Mountain Range using an armored airship or through a portal.

It was difficult to attack the Dragon City civilization from Picturesque Orchid Lake by climbing over mountains that were thousands of meters above sea level.

As long as not all the water in the Red Dragon River and Raging Tiger River drowned the five chiefs of the Turan civilization...

It would be impossible for them to break the covenant and head south to attack Dragon City's civilization before they completely conquered the land of eternal Holy Light.

In that case, what if the flapping of Meng Chao's butterfly wings really changed the strategic situation and caused the Chaos faction to defeat the Holy Light faction, and the Turan civilization completely conquered the land of eternal Holy Light? Would it pose a threat to Dragon City's civilization?

That was even more worrying.

Not to mention, would the Holy Light faction, which had the protection of the gods, be blown down by the storm caused by Meng Chao, the little butterfly?

As the Turan civilization advanced triumphantly, the Dragon City civilization would not sleep soundly on the fruits of victory!

If the Dragon City civilization had experienced the entire world war and had eaten its fill of the war's dividends, it would not have been able to become the leader of the Chaos faction and overawe the Other World's one-hundred races. Instead, it would have to fear the backlash of a clan civilization.

Meng Chao felt that such a disgraceful Dragon City civilization that simply sought its own destruction was incurable.

Thirdly, there was an even more important reason.

It was to open up Picturesque Orchid Lake's vast market by spreading Dragon City's martial arts.

One needed to know that the biggest difference between the modern spirit martial arts and traditional ancient martial arts was their systemization.

To practice modern martial arts, one required all kinds of gene medicines, training equipment, and even supporting facilities, such as medical pods, training pods, and many other high-tech facilities.

Meng Chao could give away the One Hundred Saber Techniques' mental cultivation method, routine, and all kinds of anatomical diagrams for free.

After all, the Earthlings had traveled thousands of miles to cross over to the Other World. What bad intentions could they have? The main purpose was to make friends!

However, if one wanted to practice the One Hundred Saber Techniques to the extreme, would it work without the consumption of gene medicines that were specially made by Dragon City? Would it work if one did not take the high-energy nutrient medicine specially made by Dragon City? Would it work if one

did not lie down in the training cabin and the medical cabin that could only be made by Dragon City every now and then?

It did not matter if one made a profit or not, the main thing was to make friends.

Despite that, the cost was too high for their Turan friends to refuse, right?

And this was only the One Hundred Saber Techniques.

There was also the Thunder Rapier, the three basic force-execution techniques, all kinds of advanced martial techniques and spear techniques, and various other unique skills.

In addition to the gene medicines and training equipment, there were also various early classes, training, examinations, and martial arts trade associations that have their own set of standards.

In short, the jargon term for it was “ecological chain.”

In any case, from the experience and lessons of Dragon City over the past half a century, as long as one could open the ecological chain, dig deep into the moat, and form an ecological circle, the cultivation industry would absolutely be a sunrise industry that would never end.

As long as one could cultivate consumer awareness and habits in the vast blue ocean market, the profits of each market segment would be astronomical!

The advanced orcs’ passion for martial arts was even greater than the Earthlings’.

Meng Chao believed that as long as he was willing to spend a little capital, in the near future, the advanced orcs would definitely give him, Superstar Resource, and even the entire Dragon City martial arts world, a big surprise.

Was there not a saying about third-rate enterprises selling products, second-rate enterprises selling services, and first-rate enterprises selling standards?

What Meng Chao wanted to do now was give away some of the entry-level products for free. He wanted to cultivate the advanced orcs’ consumer awareness first and wait for an opportunity to sell services and standards.

Perhaps one day, Dragon City’s cultivation system would encompass the entire Other World and become a supreme system that could be applied everywhere.

At that time, the Dragon City civilization could conquer the entire Other World without bloodshed!

Chapter 947: Endless Willpower

Thinking of this... Meng Chao replied, “No matter how sharp a saber is, if it’s kept in its sheath, it won’t be able to unleash the slightest power. Since I can’t use these killing techniques anymore, I might as well teach them to more Turan warriors so that they can seize higher glory.”

His words moved Ice Storm.

She clapped her hands and summoned two rat laborers to serve her. They brought Meng Chao plenty of fried mandrake fruits, condensed milk, and secret medicines that had been concocted by the witch doctor.

Although fried mandrake fruits contained high calories, they were, after all, ordinary food. The spirit energy per unit mass was not very rich.

For Meng Chao, a Heaven Realm expert who seemed to have a bottomless pit in his body, it did not matter how many fried mandrake fruits he ate. It would still be difficult to replenish all the combat strength that had been consumed during his fight with “Lu Siya.”

However, the milk, which had been carefully refined from totem beast milk and fat, contained spirit energy that was no less than the concentrated liquid of the best high-grade nutrition liquid in Dragon City.

As for the advanced orcs who were able to reign supreme in Picturesque Orchid Lake for thousands of years and contend with the Holy Light faction that had the protection of the gods until now, their witch doctors naturally did not only have the ability to play mere tricks.

Compared with the gene medicines in Dragon City, the secret medicine that the witch doctors in Turan concocted contained a lot of impurities. When swallowed, it was like a stream of magma flowing down the throat and reaching the chest and abdomen, causing the internal organs to burn fiercely.

However, after the medicinal efficacy seeped into the limbs and bones, the damaged cells could be repaired at a speed visible to the naked eye. It was also genuine.

It was like a burning knife brewed by a private workshop. It was strong enough, strong enough, fierce enough, and especially powerful!

Ordinary extraordinary people might not be able to withstand this secret medicine specially made for high-level orcs.

However, Meng Chao drank the super genetic medicine, Hell’s Blood, as a sugar-free drink.

His cell activity was far better than that of ordinary extraordinary individuals. He was not afraid of the side effects of the Turan secret medicine at all. He gulped down a bag full of emerald-green secret medicine in one gulp and let out an extremely satisfied moan.

Sensing that the power was spreading in his limbs and bones and that his spirit meridians that had been damaged and withered were like flood dragons that had woken up from hibernation, Meng Chao felt that the collaborator before him had made the right choice.

However, he did not transfer his spirit energy to the surface of his body to repair the superficial wounds all over his body.

For the time being, he did not want anyone to find out that he had the ability to heal himself quickly.

It was better to let all the high-level orcs think that he was seriously wounded and weak.

Ice Storm did not suspect that the Reaper before her was hiding his strength.

After all, judging from Meng Chao's wounds on the surface, it was already a miracle that he could barely stand there.

The female snow leopard warrior was just curious. "Actually, with your ability, you could have gone to the big shots in the Blood Skull Arena long ago. For example, Casanova Bloodhoof.

"I believe that this adjudicator and the Blood Hoof Clan behind him can give you more food and secret medicines. They can also guarantee your safety in the territory of the entire Blood Hoof Clan."

In other words, why did you, a rare commodity, not look for the real dominator of the Blood Skull Arena, but look for a puny gladiator like me instead?

Meng Chao Shrugged.

"A few days ago, I was dizzy and on my last breath. I couldn't even speak, and my mind was in a mess. I hadn't thought of so many things yet," Meng Chao explained

"At that time, who would believe a guy who was curled up in the deepest part of the dungeon and had a weird appearance but couldn't tell where he came from?

"What method do I have to climb out of the dungeon and meet this Lord Casanova whom you mentioned?"

"That's why you trained Leaf and used him to arouse the interest of the powerhouses."

Ice Storm was not stupid and instantly understood Meng Chao's intentions. She narrowed her eyes and fixed her eyes on Meng Chao as she said, "Then, now that you have the chance to meet the influential figure in Black-corner City, do you need me to bring you to meet Lord Casanova? His father is the current chief of the Blood Hoof Clan, and he's extremely likely to become the war chief and command the entire Turan army.

"As long as you give him these bark papers and tell him a few sets of combat techniques, you'll definitely receive a reward that's a hundred times more abundant than what I have here."

Meng Chao hesitated for a moment.

But he still shook his head.

"What if Lord Casanova doesn't believe me?"

He pretended not to notice that Ice Storm was testing him and spoke frankly with a face full of sincerity. "After all, through my observations during this period of time, I've discovered that my black-haired and black-eyed self doesn't look quite the same as the vast majority of the rat people and the clan's warriors. It's definitely a different species.

"What if Lord Casanova suspects my origin and motive and insists that I tell him everything, but I really can't remember anything?

"Or, what if Lord Casanova thinks that, instead of giving me food and secret medicines, he might as well lock me up in the creepy black prison and torture me with the cruelest methods so that he can squeeze out all the secrets in my head?

“Although I was not afraid of death like all the warriors of Turan, I was tortured and slowly torn into pieces by the cold, rusty machines instead of being killed by the experts on the battlefield. Such an ending was not what I wanted.

“Therefore, compared to Lord Casanova, I am more willing to follow Lady Ice Storm.”

This was what Meng Chao was thinking.

He had long learned the names of the important figures who controlled the Blood Hoof Clan from the rats in the dungeon.

He had also thought about whether or not he should go directly to these important figures, or even the current chief of the Blood Hoof Clan, to work together.

However, the disparity in size between the two sides made it impossible for this cooperation to have the slightest possibility of equality and mutual benefit.

The only option was for the other party, who firmly held the home field advantage and a strong position, to exploit him in every way possible.

Meng Chao did not like to discuss cooperation with the aggressive and powerful party in such a situation where he was at a disadvantage.

He could not guarantee that the other party would not have any other thoughts when they saw that he was alone.

Besides, he knew the result of the Tournament of the Five Clans better than anyone else.

For more than a thousand years, the overall strength of the five clans had always been the runner-up. In the literal sense, the thousand-year-old second Blood Hoof Clan had once again failed to challenge the throne of the War Chief and could only obediently obey the orders of the Gold Clan.

If he couldn't even command the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake, what qualifications did he have to talk about cooperation with Meng Chao?

If Meng Chao wanted to talk, he had to talk to the real big boss!

Thinking of this, his gaze became clearer and more magnanimous.

This magnanimity dispelled the last trace of doubt in Ice Storm.

Of course, she knew that the Reaper in front of her might not be telling the truth—that included his story about losing his memory and forgetting his identity.

It was more likely that this guy had some unspeakable secrets and was unwilling to reveal his true identity in front of the important figures of the Blood Hoof Clan.

Just like... himself.

However, this wasn't important.

In a certain sense, it was even better.

As long as this fellow's combat techniques were genuine and could have an immediate effect, Ice Storm was willing to give him everything he wanted.

"I only have five days."

Ice Storm said, "Within five days, can your combat techniques really make my soldiers advance by leaps and bounds?"

Meng Chao said, "That depends on what kind of soldiers they are."

Ice Storm said, "Of course they are the strongest soldiers."

Meng Chao shook his head slowly and said, "Forgive me for being blunt, but you shouldn't have chosen the strongest soldiers."

Ice storm was slightly startled, and she curiously asked, "Why?"

"If I'm not wrong, in the past few rounds of group battles, when selecting soldiers to form a team, you chose the strongest soldiers."

Meng Chao unhurriedly said, "But after the elimination of the strong and the elimination of the weak, the rat militia soldiers who are qualified to be seen by you should be almost as strong as you."

"The strongest can not be twice as strong as the thinnest. In the chaotic team battles, such individual differences are not the key to victory."

Ice Storm's curiosity was aroused. She did not care about the fact that Meng Chao had poked at her scars from her three consecutive losses and asked, "Then, what is the key to victory?"

"Willpower."

Meng Chao said, "No matter how strong a body of flesh and blood is, there is a limit. However, the power of willpower can be endless."

Ice Storm frowned and asked, "Isn't the strongest soldier the one with the strongest willpower?"

"It might be, or it might not be."

Meng Chao explained, "You are a warrior of the clan with a glorious bloodline. Although you have the right to choose your servants at will, I'm afraid that you have never looked up at the ray of light above your head from the deepest part of the dungeon. Therefore, you don't know how the rat people who have fallen into the deepest part of the dungeon managed to climb up."

"By locking thousands of rat people together and using scarce food to trigger the competition between us, we can only choose the strongest of the weak through this method. We can only pick the strongest of the weak, but we may not be able to pick the best of the warriors."

"Suppose there is a rat person who was curled up on the ground shivering when his home was destroyed. All the clan warriors disdained to kill such a coward, so he was unharmed. After enduring the torture of the long journey, he entered the dungeon and got the most food because he was the least injured. On the surface, he looked fat and healthy. Was he the soldier that Lady Ice Storm wanted?"

“One of the rat subjects fought back when his home was destroyed, but he was seriously wounded.

“After a long journey, he saved his companions without caring about his wounds and dragged many rat subjects who were doomed to die to Black-corner City. However, when he fell into the dungeon, his wounds opened, and he was no longer able to fight for food.

“Isn’t it a pity that such a warrior died in the dungeon?”

“And don’t you want to know how powerful the warrior will be after he is rescued from the dungeon, given enough food and treatment, and is fully recovered, Lady Ice Storm?”

Ice Storm’s heart skipped a beat.

After losing three rounds in a row, she also felt that there was something wrong with the standard of the soldiers she chose.

Moreover, Casanova would not let her win the last and most crucial group battle smoothly.

No matter how strong the recruits she chose were, they could not be stronger than the soldiers who had cast witchcraft and swallowed secret medicine.

Therefore, today in the recruit training camp, she only chose Leaf.

Including the Reaper in front of her, she still had twenty-eight slots for servants.

Ice Storm muttered, “Then, how do I determine who is just strong and who has a strong will?”

Chapter 948: A Warrior’s Standard

“If it were me who had the right to freely choose a batch of new recruits and form a special unit, I would only choose half of the members in the training camp.”

Meng Chao said, “Moreover, I wouldn’t completely choose those who had the strongest bodies, the strongest strength, and the best results in the Path of Glory trial.

“I’ll pick the people who are at a disadvantage at the beginning of the Path of Glory trial, but they grit their teeth and persevere until they catch up.

“Also, although they made serious mistakes and even suffered serious injuries, they still endured the pain and completed the trial.

“In a battlefield where danger lurks everywhere and changes rapidly, it’s always difficult to avoid being heavily injured and falling into a disadvantage.

“When the storm strikes, even pigs can fly in the sky. It doesn’t mean anything if they are able to destroy everything in a favorable situation.

“Only when they are in adversity or even desperate situations can they remain unwavering and never give up. They can fight back with unparalleled calmness and astonishing courage. This is the best soldier.”

In fact, this was also the standard for selecting soldiers in the Black Skull Training Camp in Meng Chao’s memories from his previous life.

In his previous life, he had been a reaper for many years and had not received much professional combat training.

In the trial to join the Black Skull Training Camp, his results could not be considered to be among the best.

However, because he was worried about the safety of his little sister, Bai Jiacao, he yearned for a strong strength to protect his family. Therefore, he sprained his joint in the first trial. Even though his ankle was swollen like a rubber ball, he still limped through the trial.

Even though his results were not average.

His willpower, however, was appreciated by the instructor.

Many recruits, who joined the training camp at the same time, were in a similar situation as him.

None of them were strong and muscular men.

However, the recruits who could grit their teeth and go through the Black Skull Training Camp's cruel torture were usually these unimpressive-looking recruits.

After leaving the training camp, they had all become outstanding Ghost Assassins.

Ice Storm, who was used to the strong being respected and "muscles equating to strength," was obviously stunned by Meng Chao's selection criteria.

After being stunned for a while, she asked, "Where's the other half?"

"There's still half of the soldiers. I'll directly go into the dungeon to select them."

Meng Chao said, "I'll select those who have stayed in the dungeon for more than five days. Although they didn't manage to climb out of the dungeon, they still look pretty good and their injuries aren't too serious. The most important thing is that their bodies can't be too strong."

"Their bodies can't be too strong?"

Ice Storm was greatly surprised. "Why is that?"

"I have calculated that in the dungeon, there will be three to five rounds of food distributed every day, but most of the food will be taken away by the strongest rat population. If they can't even get a single fried mandrake fruit in the first few rounds, they will fall into a vicious cycle. The hungrier they are, the weaker they are. The weaker they are, the less food they can get. They will become hungrier and hungrier. In addition to the extremely harsh environment in the dungeon, they will often die of starvation after three to five days."

Meng Chao said, "Every rat citizen who can survive five days in the dungeon has successfully snatched at least one fried mandrake fruit. They all have the potential to become warriors and have a strong desire to survive.

"As for those rat citizens who are not very strong, the reason why they can compete over the food and win several rounds is obviously that they have special strength and skills other than their muscles.

“It must be known that, with sufficient food and secret medicines, with my unique training methods and the unparalleled physical fitness of the Turan people, the growth of their muscles and brute force was not a difficult thing.

“However, the special strength and techniques other than their muscles could not be achieved quickly.

“Therefore, compared to the guys with strong limbs and simple minds, I prefer those who were not physically strong and even had flaws, but still racked their brains and survived with great difficulty

“This...”

Ice Storm admitted that what Meng Chao said made sense.

However, no one had ever selected new recruits with such standards.

Did the selected servants really have combat strength and could they compete with powerful opponents?

Ice Storm was a little hesitant.

“There is one more thing.”

Meng Chao saw her hesitation and continued, “If you choose the strongest soldiers, they won’t be grateful to you from the bottom of their hearts, because you choose them according to tradition, Lady Ice Storm. Any gladiator and warrior of the clan would choose their materials the same way. Even if they aren’t selected by you, they’ll become the servants of another powerful warrior.

“Under such circumstances, their gratitude and loyalty will not belong to you completely. Instead, they will belong to the Blood Skull Arena, the big figures behind the arena, and even themselves.

“But what if you break the rules and choose those who have no chance to be selected under the old rules and can only die in the dungeon?

“These people have never thought that they have a chance to live. As long as you give them a glimmer of hope, they will be able to return you one or even countless miracles.

“Moreover, these people are very clear that other than you, there is no other gladiator or clan warrior who will choose them.

“You are their only hope. Other than being grateful and loyal to you from the bottom of their hearts, what other choice do they have?

“Considering this, don’t you still think that the method I proposed is a good idea?”

Ice Storm thought quickly. Deep in her eyes, the brilliant icicles that were condensed grew longer and sharper.

She stared at Meng Chao and observed the black-haired, black-eyed rat carefully again and again.

“What you said makes sense. Perhaps, it makes too much sense.

“Danger lurks everywhere and changes in an instant. I racked my brain—these are all the words you just said. Many of them sound very fresh at first. Other than you, I have never heard anyone say this before.

However, after careful consideration, I felt that they were very accurate, refined, and elegant. It was as if they were the words of a noble that had been passed down for thousands of years," Ice Storm said meaningfully.

"Reaper, are you really a rat?"

"I don't know."

Meng Chao was not flustered at all. He asked calmly, "Is this very important?"

Indeed.

For Casanova, who came from the Blood Hoof Clan and was the son of the chief, it might be very important for him to sneak into his own gladiator arena with an unknown background and a mysterious power.

However, Ice Storm was only a gladiator.

Even though she was called the "ace," it did not change the fact that she had no foundation in Black-corner City, no sense of loyalty or belonging. She was just a foreigner who could not help herself.

It did not matter who Meng Chao was.

Even if he took off his mask and hood now and revealed his blond hair, as well as blue eyes, that had been blessed by the Holy Light, it was not important to Ice Storm.

Thinking of this, Ice Storm smiled.

"Can you still walk?" she asked Meng Chao.

"If you can walk, we'll go and pick new recruits right now."

...

When Spider was dragged out of the dungeon, he was still confused and did not know what was going on.

After staying in the dark dungeon for a long time, he could not get used to the intense sunlight for a while. He kept crying, covering the world around him.

He could only vaguely understand from the other rat subjects' ecstatic screams that they were saved.

At least, they were temporarily saved.

However, this middle-aged man, whose face was full of wrinkles, had been silent since the moment he was captured by the elders of the clan. He could not even squeeze out half of his superfluous expression. Unlike the other rat subjects, he did not cry with joy and dance with joy.

He slowly rubbed his eyes, but his face was still sad.

He kept thinking to himself, "If only I hadn't run out to find food that day."

He knew that the elders had entered the village.

He should have stayed in the cave with his wife and children for ten days and ten nights.

Why did he risk going to the burning village to get the mandrake fruit that everyone had hidden under the eyes of the elders?

It was all right now.

He had been captured by the old men and brought to Black-corner City.

The wife and the little ones were still in the cave.

The wife was still pregnant and was about to give him another damn little one.

So many days had passed. He did not know if they were still alive.

Had they been discovered by the old men or taken away by the totem beasts?

Even if they were lucky, they had not been discovered or taken away.

The mandrake tree had bloomed.

If they could not find the mandrake fruit and did not know how to hunt, they could only starve to death, right?

"I should have taught the two brats how to hunt long ago. This way, even if they escaped to the deep mountains and forests, they would still have a chance to survive," Spider thought in frustration.

However, the harsh life had long told this wrinkled middle-aged man that frustration was useless.

He squeezed out his tears.

He narrowed his eyes and observed his surroundings.

He could observe the route to escape from the Blood Skull Arena, Black-corner City, and back to the cave behind the small Mountain Village to save his wife and two little brats.

No, perhaps it wasn't two little brats.

It was three or even four damn little brats.

Then, Spider saw Meng Chao.

"It's him?"

This middle-aged rat couldn't help but be slightly startled.

After being locked in the same cell with Meng Chao for ten days, Spider, with the keen intuition of a hunter, sensed the extremely dangerous aura seeping out from the depths of Meng Chao's wound.

This black-haired rat, who was immersed in sewage, did not move at all and could not die no matter what but was as lazy as a python. So, he knew that this rat was definitely not as simple as he appeared.

However, the middle-aged hunter's unique caution forced him not to place his overly exuberant curiosity on Meng Chao.

Other than thinking about how to escape and save his wives and children, he did not have the mood to think about anything else.

Therefore, he did not approach Meng Chao to avoid becoming a thorn in the eyes of the other red-eyed rat residents.

He was also not like those burly men who were arrogant and brave, stupid enough to provoke this mysterious black-haired and black-eyed person.

At most, he would bet on Meng Chao's life.

Of course, he would bet that Meng Chao was still alive.

However, he did not bet much each time. At most, he would bet on a piece of fried mandrake fruit the size of a fingernail.

He knew that he would win for sure.

However, he could not guarantee that the loser would not go back on his word.

Just like that, Spider and Meng Chao stayed in the same room for a full ten days.

He had thought that Meng Chao would never notice him, who did not look impressive and disappeared into the crowd.

However, Meng Chao's meaningful gaze and smile made him realize that his escape was definitely related to this mysterious man with black hair and black eyes.

Chapter 949: Private Hunter

However, Ice Storm could not hold it in any longer.

If the servants that Meng Chao had "handpicked" for her from the depths of the dungeon were considered "ordinary," then this middle-aged man, whose hands and feet were even longer than Leaf's and whose face was full of wrinkles, was simply 'crooked'.

Ice storm sized Spider up from head to tail for a few rounds, but she could not see what qualifications this guy, who seemed to be able to be blown down by a gust of wind, had to become her servant.

"Is this guy named Spider more powerful than those brawny men who have passed the Path of Glory?"

Ice storm suppressed his simmering anger and asked with a frown.

"I don't know."

Meng Chao shook his head and indifferently said, "However, if he is placed next to the ten Brawny men who have passed the Path of Glory and locked in the same cell with a totem beast, I dare to bet that the one who can last until the end is definitely this Spider."

Ice Storm raised his white eyebrows.

He did not expect Meng Chao to have such a high opinion of this middle-aged man.

“Why?” The snow leopard female warrior could not help but ask.

“Because he was the one who could last the longest in the depths of the dungeon after me.”

Meng Chao said, “He could last for ten days in the depths of the dungeon, but he was still alive and kicking.”

“But he was very thin and weak.”

“He didn’t get many fried mandrake fruits,” Ice Storm said

“That’s exactly what made him so powerful.”

Meng Chao said, “If he was a strong rat, he would have been able to get the most food as soon as he entered the dungeon. He would have been eating stronger and stronger, and soon, no one would dare to compete with him. He would have been able to climb out of the dungeon and enter the recruit training camp after two or three days of comfort. Could it be that he was not that tall?

“However, Spider looked so thin and weak, and his physical strength was gradually declining. He had to go all out every round. Even if he managed to grab the fried datura fruit, there was no guarantee that others would not snatch it from his hands again.

“For such a person, every round of food delivery was a life-and-death test.

“He had to mobilize all his strength, wisdom, strategies, and even understand the hearts of the people. He had to know how to make choices and learn how to cooperate in order to pass the test.

“And he passed dozens of life-and-death tests. Although his performance was not very eye-catching, of course, if a person like him performed too well, he would have been the first to stand out and be besieged by others.

“But he survived in the end. He could still climb out of the dungeon with his own strength and straightened his back.

“That’s why I believe that if he and those burly men who have not passed the life-and-death tests were put into the worst environment at the same time, he would definitely be the last one to live.”

Ice storm was obviously in disbelief.

Meng Chao smiled and continued, “Moreover, if I’m not wrong, he even hid some of his strength. He’s definitely not as weak as he looks on the surface.”

“What?”

Ice Storm’s curiosity was piqued.

She put her hands behind her back and slowly walked past the servants.

When she passed by Spider, she did not even look at him.

However, after walking four or five arms’ worth of distance, she suddenly swung her tail and threw a sharp icicle at Spider’s face.

Spider was shocked.

Instinctively, his four limbs suddenly contracted and flicked.

His entire body was like a huge Spider. With his four legs on the ground, he twisted his strange posture and dodged the seemingly ferocious but in fact, it was all ice flowers. There was no lethality in the attack at all.

The ice flowers turned into cold sweat on his forehead.

Spider secretly complained.

He knew that it would not be so easy to escape from the heavily guarded Blood Skull Arena and this black-haired, black-eyed monster.

However, Ice Storm was greatly surprised.

“As expected!”

She said in surprise and joy, “How did you see through it? What else can you see?”

Meng Chao smiled slightly and ignored the first half of the question. He answered the second half of the question directly, “I can also tell that he is a hunter.”

“A private hunter?”

This made Ice Storm even more surprised.

The water plants in Picturesque Orchid Lake were luxuriant, and the mandrake trees were deeply rooted in the worst environment. This caused the mountains and plains to be filled with lush forests.

Between the grasslands and the forests, there were naturally countless birds and beasts.

However, without the permission and leadership of the tribal lords, the rat people could not hunt without permission.

On the surface, the reason was that the cowardly rats who had filthy blood flowing in their bodies were not worthy to engage in such a noble and courageous occupation like hunting.

In reality, it was the tribal lords who needed a large number of totem beasts to appear in the mountains and forests.

The totem beasts contained weak totem power within their bodies.

In the words of the Dragon City civilization, it was the flesh and blood of a superbeast that was rich in spiritual energy.

The clan elders had swallowed enough totem beast flesh and blood to become stronger and stronger. At the same time, they also used the bones and blood of the totem beasts to strengthen their own totems.

This was the same as the superhumans of Dragon City.

However, the totem beasts, which were equivalent to monsters, were also existences with astonishing appetites.

Only when a large number of wild beasts acted as the foundation of the food chain could a large number of totem beasts appear for the elders of the clan to hunt, devour, and use.

If the rats, who were hundreds of times more numerous than the elders of the clan, all ate the marrow and knew the taste. Instead of eating the mandala fruit, they would like to eat meat and eat all the wild beasts.

The number of totem beasts that lacked food would definitely be greatly reduced.

That would affect the enjoyment of the elders of the clan.

Therefore, the five great clans had issued a hunting ban against the rat people.

Of course, with the mandala fruit in abundance, the rat people were not willing to risk their lives to go into the deep mountains and forests to hunt.

Although to the powerful Turan people, ordinary wild beasts were nothing.

But totem beasts were even more terrifying than monsters.

To put it simply, totem beasts could be considered close relatives of monsters.

It was just that their numbers were not as many as the torrential beast horde on Monster Mountain Range. Moreover, they lacked a “mother” to integrate all the totem beasts.

Therefore, they had been suppressed and even raised by the Turan people.

However, compared to the monsters, the totem beasts also had a very terrifying aspect.

That was that their bodies contained ‘totem power’. Just like the totem warriors, they could summon totem armors.

Just Imagine, the monsters that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws were already very difficult to deal with.

If the monsters’ bodies could still secrete substances that were similar to liquid metal, they could form ferocious armors and even complex mechanical structures on the surface of their bodies.

That was simply a nightmare for carbon-based intelligent creatures.

Even the warriors of the clan with noble bloodlines had a very high casualty rate when hunting totem beasts.

For the rats who lacked totem power, totem beasts were an existence that they could not contend against.

Under normal circumstances, it was simply because they were tired of eating mandala fruits for a change of taste that they were unable to attract the rats into the mountains to hunt.

More commonly, they would be escorted by the elders of the clan and sent to the depths of the forest where totem beasts frequently appeared as bait to lure the totem beasts out for the elders.

The rats who took the risk of losing their heads and wanted to be private hunters were all highly skilled and audacious existences.

Ice Storm was interested in Spider.

It was the glorious era now.

The rules of the prosperous era, including the hunting ban, were all shattered.

Moreover, she was not from the Blood Hoof Clan, so she had no interest in defending the hunting ban for the Blood Hoof Clan.

“You’re a hunter?”

She looked at Spider with interest.

The wrinkles of the middle-aged rat citizen crumpled into a ball, making him look even more miserable. He did not know how to answer.

Ice Storm turned her gaze to Meng Chao again.

“People who work or fight all year round have calluses all over their hands, and there are a lot of scars left on their bodies. However, the calluses and scars of collectors, growers, reapers, hunters, and even professional warriors are all different.”

Meng Chao knew what Ice Storm was going to ask, so he calmly answered, “Observe carefully the distribution of calluses on his hands, the faint scars on his body, and the lines of his muscles. You will naturally be able to tell that he is an experienced and well-trained hunter.”

The corner of Ice Storm’s eyes twitched.

He thought to himself, “How can I ‘naturally’ tell? How is this ‘natural?!’”

Meng Chao sensed Spider’s nervousness and patted his shoulder. He smiled and said, “Don’t be afraid, uncle. Since you’ve persevered until now, no one will hold you responsible for hunting on your own anymore.

“On the contrary, you’ll have the chance to go to a bigger and more dangerous hunting ground with more abundant prey. I guarantee that as long as you use all your skills, you’ll definitely be able to hunt for what you want.”

As he said this, Meng Chao winked at Spider.

Spider was stunned.

The heart hanging in his throat fell back to his chest.

For some reason, he immediately believed the words of his “cellmate” who had been with him for ten days and ten nights.

Moreover, looking at Meng Chao’s black hair and black eyes, he had a faint feeling.

Meng Chao knew what he wanted to do.

He knew that he wanted to escape.

He wanted to escape from the Blood Skull Arena, from Black-corner City, and to return to the side of his wives and children.

However, Meng Chao would never report to anyone.

Moreover, as long as he could give Meng Chao what he wanted, Meng Chao would give him a helping hand at the critical moment.

The situation of the other rat subjects who stood in line with Spider was not much different.

They were all not very tall, but they were all highly skilled crooks.

They were the “talents” that Meng Chao had carefully selected after observing them in the dark for ten days. They might be able to help him complete his mission.

When they were hiding in the dark and had nothing to do, other than piecing together the memory fragments from their previous lives and deducing the progress of the war between worlds, the only fun they had was observing the rat subjects in the dungeon.

It was not just the cells that they were in.

It also included the hundreds of cells that were filled with rat people on both sides of the corridor.

It was not just with the naked eye.

He also used his ears that were comparable to radar and eavesdropping devices to eavesdrop on the rat people’s bloody fights and whispers, as well as their heartbeat, breathing, and the sounds of their muscles tensing up.

He also used his extremely sharp life magnetic field to sense their burning desire to live like flames.

To find those who, in the darkest desperation, are not willing to give up hope.

Chapter 950: The Cooperation of the Tanks in the Era of Transcendence

Meng Chao found that such people often had one thing in common.

They were like Leaf. They had not yet lost their most basic emotions and had become pure killing weapons.

At the very least, they understood hatred.

They hated the warriors of the clan who had destroyed their homes.

It sounded a little unbelievable, but according to Meng Chao’s observation, not all the rat people hated the real culprit who had destroyed their homes and killed their loved ones.

After a long journey, going through the gates of hell, leaving their destroyed homes, starving for a few days and nights, and getting a little food from the old men, and.., believing in the so-called “The ancestral spirits are watching you and seizing the Supreme Glory,”.

Many red-eyed rat people forgot who the real murderer was who destroyed their lives and everything.

They no longer hated the murderer.

They only wanted to join the clan and become a new murderer.

This was not a mentality unique to the Tulan people.

It was the same for the people of Earth.

In the history of Earth, countless armies had used similar methods to destroy the homes of the civilians, seize their crops, kill their families, and force the civilians who had no other choice to follow them.

This was called 'kidnapping'.

Many times, an army of 3,000 to 5,000 people would quickly expand into an army of hundreds of thousands of people after burning, killing, looting, and kidnapping the civilians along the way.

In such an army, humans were no longer humans, but beasts from head to toe.

All the victims forgot about their hatred and became new perpetrators. They only wanted to increase the pain they endured by another ten times before throwing themselves at new victims.

For the simplest purpose.

To live.

Even if they could live for one more second, they could do whatever they wanted.

Meng Chao didn't want to spread the technology and martial arts of Dragon City to such an army.

Although it was very extravagant to talk about "Morality" and "Humanity" before the end of the world.

But even from the perspective of cold benefits, this kind of army, which was constantly wrapped up, inflated, and supported purely by the desire to kill, was also the most vulnerable army.

When things were going well, they would bared their fangs and brandished their claws, be aggressive, and sweep away the clouds. They would be insufferably arrogant and make enemies on all sides.

When the two sides were in a stalemate or showed signs of failure, they would immediately collapse and spiral into destruction.

This was proven by the history of Earth and the future of the other world.

And an army formed by a "Person" who had normal emotions and knew who to love and who to hate, even if it was not as ferocious and terrifying as the former on the surface, it was more resilient than a pure killing machine and could be unyielding, they could create even greater miracles.

This was what Meng Chao needed.

He needed the Turan civilization to have more emotions and humanity besides valor and madness so that they would become more tenacious. Only then would they be able to resist the attack of the land of eternal Holy Light and serve as Dragon City's perfect line of defense.

Of course, this was not cheating Ice Storm because these rat people who had emotions and humanity were currently the most suitable servants for Ice Storm.

The female snow leopard warrior, on the other hand, was very doubtful.

Although she had accepted the fact that Spider was an experienced and sophisticated private hunter, she still could not figure out how to lead this group of people to defeat the enemy.

However, when she saw the wrinkles on Spider's face and the crooked faces of the few bandits next to him, she racked her brains, but she still could not figure out how to lead this group of people to defeat the enemy.

"Can such a group of servants really unleash a powerful attack?"

"Of course not." Ice storm frowned and said, "You suggest that I don't even choose the strong man in the recruit training camp who is the second person to finish the Path of Glory and has the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan.

"How much offensive power can these people in front of me display?"

"Well, I'm afraid that their offensive power is not high. At least in five short days, I don't have the ability to turn stone into gold. It's impossible for me to make them all transform and improve by leaps and bounds like the gifted Leaf."

Meng Chao said, "However, when they come to the arena, their mission is not to attack, but to 'exist'. They just need to display their strengths and do their best to live until the last moment!"

"What?"

This was a brand-new theory that the ace Gladiators had never heard before. Ice Storm widened her eyes and said, "They don't need to attack, they just need to survive. Then, who is responsible for attacking?"

"Of course it's you, Lady Ice Storm!" Meng Chao said matter-of-factly.

"Aren't you the most powerful ace in the entire Blood Skull Arena? Isn't your Mithril Ripper a divine weapon that has drunk the blood of countless gladiators? "With such a divine weapon, it's ridiculous to leave it unused and ask these weak servants to move their thin arms and legs."

Ice Storm frowned deeply. "So, I painstakingly selected thirty servants and fed you with a large amount of food and secret medicines to make you fat and strong so that you could watch the show and cheer for me while I kill everyone?"

"You've misunderstood me, Lady Ice Storm."

Meng Chao smiled and pretended that he did not see the crystal-clear fur on the back of the female snow leopard warrior's neck. She was so angry that they were exploding one by one. He calmly said, "Just because the servants are not the main attackers doesn't mean that the servants don't have to do anything.

"Just like a saber, the real blood is the blade. It doesn't mean that the back, handle, and scabbard of the saber are all useless. It doesn't mean that without these things, the blade can still display its strongest power alone!"

Ice storm was deep in thought.

“If a clan warrior equipped with totem armor has a combat ability of at least 100, a rat civilian servant soldier who hasn’t been through the real battlefield is at most a piece of trash with a combat ability of 5. Even if these pieces of trash swarmed up, what use would it be?”

Meng Chao struck while the iron was hot, “However, winning or losing is not the only thing that determines the outcome of a battle!

“As long as these pieces of trash can be placed in a suitable position and used to the best of their abilities, even if their combat ability is only 5, they will still be able to perform miracles.

“Simply put, the servant soldiers can help the commander compress the terrain on the battlefield and mold the space into a shape that is most suitable for the commander to use totem combat skills.

“The servant soldiers can also harass the enemy general and create a fleeting opportunity for their own general.

“When their general has just unleashed a powerful but also consumed an astonishing move and is in urgent need of a precious cooldown time, the well-trained servant soldiers can also charge forward without caring about their own safety and help their general gain a few seconds of breathing space.

“All in all, excellent servant soldiers can make their commander-in-chief fight more comfortably, more easily, and more efficiently. They can also allow their commander-in-chief to unleash the most powerful attack power and help their commander-in-chief to firmly control the rhythm of the battlefield.

“This is the true use of servant soldiers!”

Ice Storm was stunned when she heard this.

She was even deeply shocked by the powerful confidence revealed in Meng Chao’s words.

She had never thought that a mouse citizen could release such aggressive self-confidence, and even made her, the ace of the Bloody Skull Arena, subconsciously lower her head.

Meng Chao had reason to be confident.

Because what he said just now was the crystallization of wisdom condensed by the pioneers of Dragon City after half a century of fighting, thinking, summarizing, and constantly developing new ideas.

When some humans awakened their extraordinary power and became the unrivaled “Ultimate human-shaped weapon” extraordinary humans, the argument that “The future war will be the world of extraordinary humans, and the ordinary soldiers will eventually completely withdraw from the stage of history” became very popular.

However, people soon discovered that no matter how strong the extraordinary humans were, the ordinary soldiers could still find enough places to use them and continue to play a crucial role in the battlefield that would determine the survival of civilization in the next thousand years.

It was just like when tanks, airplanes, cannons, armed drones, and even nuclear weapons were developed one after another, there was a saying that “Light infantry has fallen behind and will inevitably be eliminated on the battlefield.”

There were even many radical and stupid military experts who believed that they could completely conquer a country with only indiscriminate bombing and no need to send ground troops to fight street battles.

However, until the 22nd century before Dragon City’s transmigration, when the Third World War broke out, the ground troops, especially the light infantrymen, were still one of the most important components of any army equipped with the most advanced high-tech weapons.

That’s right, in front of the main battle tank equipped with reactive armor and intelligent cannons, the firepower output of the light infantrymen was infinitely close to zero.

However, through the exquisite coordination tactics of the tanks, the light infantrymen who had been the “Main output” for the past thousands of years could expand the field of vision of the main battle tank, protect the flanks of the main battle tank, and find and knock out the enemy’s anti-tank fighters, they could also control the drones and other means to maximize the offensive output of the main battle tank.

Superhumans were the main battle tanks of the new era.

And the ordinary infantrymen of the new era, as long as they could surround superhumans and find a suitable position in the tactical system, they would never go out of style!

Ice storm was somewhat convinced by Meng Chao.

However, the pride of being a clan warrior really prevented her from completely accepting the suggestion of a rat.

When she subconsciously lowered her head just now, it made her even angrier from embarrassment.

“I’ve never seen a clan’s warrior command a servant like this,” she said coldly.

“It’s precisely because of this that as long as you command the servant like this, he’ll definitely be able to catch them off guard and receive a miraculous effect, Lady Ice Storm.”

Meng Chao gradually understood Ice Storm’s temper and continued, “I’ve heard others explain your first three group battles, and I’ve discovered that there aren’t any problems with your own combat ability. It’s not an exaggeration to say that just by relying on your Mithril Ripper, you’re able to tear apart the enemy’s main general and the servant soldiers.

“However, every time, the adjudicator was disappointed because his servants were either wiped out or collapsed.

“Imagine if there were still thirty to fifty ‘reserves’ of servants behind you during the second half of the battle, which adjudicator would be able to judge you as a loser under the gaze of tens of thousands of spectators