

Oh My God 961

### **Chapter 961: The Journey Was Completed Step By Step!**

Hearing Meng Chao's words, the rat soldiers all remembered.

Although the rat soldiers of the Ironhide Clan had indeed charged forward with great momentum, they had been scared out of their wits.

However, as long as they followed the breathing and exerting force method taught by Meng Chao, dodging left and right, leaping and shifting, they had never been caught by the other party.

Even if they occasionally took a punch from the other party, after being stimulated by Meng Chao's flesh and blood, they could subconsciously tremble slightly and disperse all their strength!

After the farce ended, they did not feel tired at all, as if they had just gone through a warm-up!

"Your body size is only half of your opponent's, and the burden on your body and energy consumption are also only half. The duration of the battle is naturally much longer than your opponent's."

Meng Chao said with a smile, "On the other hand, your opponent doesn't understand science to begin with... a reasonable training method. He doesn't care that his joints and tendons are much weaker than his master's, and he crazily builds up his muscles on his body.

"Moreover, I estimate that their master, the young master of the Ironhide Clan who just passed the coming of age ceremony, is very eager to become famous in this battle. Therefore, he has added a lot of special training to his domestic rat soldiers.

"It's fine if there's no special training. All kinds of unreasonable special training contents have been added. The joints and tendons of the domestic rat soldiers, which were already overdrawn, are now in danger. All of them have suffered internal injuries of different degrees, with cracks that are invisible to the naked eye.

"Believe me, although I can't see through their 'iron skin,' I've come to this conclusion after analyzing the subtle differences in their walking posture before and after sprinting.

"In that case, the tactics we have to choose are very simple. The two words are nothing more than 'drag' and 'hang.'

"The space on the arena will only be wider than the Hall of glory. We can simply hang our opponents from a distance and run in circles. We can constantly provoke our opponents into sprinting in a straight line and only dodge at the last moment, so that our opponents will have the illusion that they will be able to break our muscles and bones if they run any faster. Unknowingly, through repeated changes in direction and speed, we will exhaust our opponents' physical strength and enlarge the cracks on their joints and tendons.

"I estimate that in less than thirty to fifty sprints, our opponent will be foaming at the mouth and be at our Mercy!"

Meng Chao seemed to have finished his speech as he looked at everyone confidently.

Everyone's slightly trembling gaze went past his shoulders and landed on Ice Storm's body behind him.

On Ice Storm's head, a "volcano" formed from the condensation of ice and frost appeared.

She could not take it anymore!

Did this black-haired, black-eyed guy know her identity? Did he know who was the commander of this team?

He actually set up a strategy openly in front of her!

"Reaper!"

Ice Storm popped out her claws from her fleshy palm. She gritted her teeth and said, "Even if you created this farce to observe the enemy, why didn't you tell me beforehand?!"

'And get my consent?!

'Do you still care about me, the commander?!'

"Well..."

Meng Chao muttered, "I don't think you'll agree, Lady Ice Storm. After all, it's too embarrassing."

Ice Storm felt that the iceberg of anger above her head had cracked.

If it were not for the dozens of gladiators and hundreds of rat soldiers who were peeping at their corner with curious eyes, she would have pounced on him at all costs and scratched his face, then, she grabbed his neck and shook him hard, spitting at the angry icicles on his face.

"So, you also know that it's very embarrassing to be chased up and down by people with these crooked people? How dare you do that?! You're embarrassing my people. Who cares who your 'Reaper' is? This is my team!"

"Please calm down, My Lady."

Faced with Ice Storm's murderous gaze, Meng Chao did not know if it was because his nerves were slow or if he was really certain of victory. He calmly said, "I think that you should pay more attention to this young master of the Ironhide Clan's charging attack."

"Huh?"

Ice Storm was about to reveal its true form and pounce on Meng Chao to bite him.

However, it was once again disrupted by Meng Chao's unrestrained train of thought.

"Charging attack?"

She was confused. "How do you know what charging attack this fellow can do? You've only seen him once, right when we were gathering our respective servants!"

"That's right. Seeing him once is enough."

Meng Chao was confident enough to say this.

Even though he was heavily injured and his strength had fallen to rock bottom.

However, after returning from the apocalypse and experiencing so many soul-stirring bloody battles, the experience of surviving hundreds of battles was enough for him to instantly understand the depth of a young master who had just started out.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but this young master of the Ironhide Clan has legs that are thicker and sturdier than ordinary wild boar warriors. Moreover, there are a bunch of intersecting tendons protruding from the back of his legs.”

Meng Chao said, “Based on the degree of expansion of his flesh and blood and the overall framework of his bones, it’s impossible and unnecessary to train these two huge tendons just to support his body and perform normal tactical movements.

“I’ve seen similar tendons on the legs of many monsters... totem beasts. Without exception, these totem beasts all have very terrifying power-storing skills. When they sprint, they can increase their speed to the maximum and raise it to another level!”

Ice Storm was simply dumbfounded.

Just by looking at the two huge tendons protruding from the back of the opponent’s legs, did she know the opponent’s attack pattern?

This, how was this possible!

“Actually, we can use this point.”

Meng Chao ignored Ice Storm’s gaze and the claws that popped out of her meat cushion as he continued, “If it were professional gladiators who knew each other well and knew each other’s trump cards, they would be even more cautious when making their moves and would not easily use big moves that required charging and cooldown time.

“Our opponent is a young master who is eager to become famous in one battle. It is easy for him to get hot-headed. Just now, our performance was weak enough to give him the illusion that victory was in sight.

“He is confident that he has never shown his face in the arena. Once he is given the opportunity, it is very likely that he will take the risk and launch the charging attack in an attempt to win the battle beautifully.

“My suggestion is that Leaf, Spider, and I will run around in circles with everybody and walk the rat servants of the other party.

“Of course, we will put on the appearance that we have lost everything, which will cause the opponent and the audience to burst into laughter.

“Then, Lady Ice Storm will pretend to be furious and anxious. He will be anxious to finish the battle with the young master of the Ironhide Clan before all the servants are annihilated.

“It’s very normal for him to show flaws in his impatience if he wants to finish the battle as soon as possible.

“As long as the opponent seized the flaw and launched a full-strength attack, Lady Ice Storm, who has been prepared long ago, will naturally have a hundred ways to deal with the opponent.

“At this moment, the opponent’s domestic rat servants are almost foaming at the mouth. Let’s make a comeback and break the opponent’s fighting will with a thunderous attack.

“I think that under the situation where master is severely injured, these exhausted domestic rat soldiers won’t be able to hold on for long and will collapse completely.”

Ice Storm took a deep breath.

The fury in her head turned into chaotic thoughts.

In the beginning, when Meng Chao said that he had a way to make this team, which had only been trained for five days, to “win without injury.” She thought that this mysterious guy was pretending to be shocking again.

However, after listening carefully to his tactics, Ice Storm subconsciously began to think about the feasibility of putting this tactic into practice.

Such a “subconscious” made the female snow leopard warrior shiver deeply.

The other party was just a rat who was covered in wounds and couldn’t even walk steadily.

But as a matter of course, he treated an ace gladiator and a noble young master as chess pieces.

No, not pawns, but puppets with strings tied around their bodies.

Even tens of thousands of audience members were taken in by him.

This was not a battle.

It was a puppet show that was completely controlled by his will and destined to end!

“You...”

Ice Storm was lost for a moment and could not help but ask, “Who exactly are you? Are you the most terrifying demon king in the eternal night abyss?”

Meng Chao interrupted her in time and smiled, “Lady Ice Storm, please believe me. I’m also someone who wants to go up the arena with you guys and fight side by side. I Won’t take my own life as a joke.

“After all, I still have many places to go, many things to do, and many people to see.

“I am, there’s no way I would die in such a place!”

...

As usual...

Ice Storm was once again convinced by Meng Chao in a daze.

She didn’t know how she managed to survive the preparation time under everyone’s watchful eyes.

Even the path that she was used to, from the Hall of Glory to the main arena, seemed to have become incomparably long, and she couldn't finish it no matter how much she walked.

It wasn't easy for her to reach the end of the path, and when a dazzling light and a strong smell of blood appeared in front of her, Ice Storm heard the cheers of a tsunami.

The cheers were boos.

They were boos directed at her.

Ice Storm calmed down with great difficulty and once again stirred up a storm.

Oh, my God!

She had fought in the Blood Skull Arena for two years. From the "Mud Challenge" at the bottom level to the qualifiers to enter the main arena, she had never been booed by so many people!

Even if she lost all three battles in the group battle and caused a large number of supporters to lose everything, there were still many die-hard fans who would not leave her.

But now, it seemed that the entire Blood Skull Arena was cheering for her opponent, and using the most outrageous obscenities to express their disdain for her.

"What happened in the Hall of Glory must have spread to the audience."

Ice Storm thought in despair, "Now, all the audience knows that my team hasn't even set foot on the arena yet, and they've already been scared away by my opponent, chasing after them until they're in complete chaos!"

For the first time since she became a gladiator, she stood at the exit of the tunnel in a daze. She was conflicted in her heart and didn't know how to take the final step.

"You're not clowns who make fun of others, nor are you fighting for these unfamiliar audience members. Since that's the case, whether the audience cheers, laughs, or curses, what does that have to do with you?"

It was at this moment that Meng Chao's calm voice rang out from behind Ice Storm once again.

"Remember, a person's right or wrong and victory or defeat do not require the approval and support of anyone. As long as you believe that you are right and that you will definitely win, even if there are billions of people mocking you, opposing you, or blocking you, what does it matter?"

"As long as you take a step forward with your left foot and then take a step forward with your right foot, one step at a time, you will be able to complete the journey."

Ice Storm was stunned.

In that second, two bright flames blossomed on her snow-white face.

In the next second, she was furious from embarrassment.

She thought that Meng Chao had seen through her inner struggle and comforted her.

Just as she was about to turn around and fly into a rage, she realized that Meng Chao was comforting Leaf, Spider, and all the wild rat servants.

After all, this was the first time Leaf and the others had stepped onto the arena, and they were fighting fiercely under the watchful eyes of tens of thousands of warriors of the clan.

They were met with unprecedented, overwhelming opprobrium.

It was inevitable that their joints would stiffen, and their faces would turn pale. They did not even know how to walk.

“It’s fine. It’s normal. It was the same when I first went to the battlefield. If I really can’t do it, I’ll just think about the things that are important to you and worth risking my life to protect.”

Meng Chao smiled and continued, “Do you know why I didn’t choose those muscular men but chose you?”

“Because compared to those muscular men whose eyes were empty and only had thoughts of killing and being killed, there was still light in your eyes... and something that you wanted to pursue and protect.

“I don’t know what you want to pursue and protect.

“All I know is that you should fight for the light in your eyes and the thing that you want to protect even at the cost of your own life. You shouldn’t fight for these noisy audience members who are like flies!”

These last words made the rat soldiers laugh.

While laughing, Leaf thought of his mother, who was holding onto the mandrake soup, his brother, who had taught him how to practice martial arts, as well as Anjia, who was nowhere to be found.

Spider thought of the woman and the little ones.

Ice Storm and the other rat soldiers also had different but equally shiny pictures in front of their eyes.

As they laughed, their eyes lit up.

Dozens of rays of light were like dozens of sharp golden blades, tearing apart the overwhelming cheers.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm looked at each other.

This time, there was no anger, unwillingness, or doubt in the female snow leopard warrior’s eyes.

There was only a faint sense of shame and gratitude.

“Go, Turan warriors from the starry sky who rule the Earth and are blessed by their ancestors, for —”

Ice Storm raised her arms and shouted the traditional toast before the gladiators entered the arena.

In the traditional toast, the last sentence should have been “for glory.”

However, after hesitating for a moment, she took a deep breath and changed it to, “For the things that all of you, who have sacrificed their lives, want to seize and protect!”

Therefore, under the new toast and the boos of the tens of thousands of spectators, the wild rat squad, which looked like a crooked melon that had just been chased around by people in the Hall of Glory, entered the arena with its head held high and its chest puffed out!

### **Chapter 962: One Million Steam Hammer!**

The Blood Skull Arena, which could accommodate 50,000 to 80,000 people, was completely filled.

When Ice Storm's team entered the arena, all the spectators fell into a moment of shock and silence.

They had just heard rumors that the two teams that were about to fight had met in advance in the Hall of Glory and had a conflict.

To be honest, something like an early clash was never news in the arena.

It had happened before a battle even began, and the victor had already been decided.

However, one side had been beaten by the other side until they ran like rats, and this was the explosive news that everyone couldn't believe.

Not to mention, the one running like rats was the team led by frost empress, Ice Storm.

The Turan people could be defeated or killed.

But how could they run away before they even entered the real battlefield?

All the audience members were furious, especially Ice Storm's former supporters, they felt deeply defeated and betrayed.

They booed their trump cards in the past.

However, Meng Chao and the others held their heads high and strode onto the stage in an imposing manner, stunning the tens of thousands of audience members.

The fighting spirit that was released from their bodies that shot straight up into the clouds did not look like the cowardly rats that had just been chased into a chaotic mess?

The spectators looked at each other and used their gazes to ask, "Did something go wrong? How could Ice Storm's team escape? Did they get mixed up with the other battle teams?"

However, when they carefully observed the appearance of Ice Storm's battle team and saw the weakness of Meng Chao, the slender Leaf, the wrinkles of Spider, as well as the bruised and swollen faces of the other wild rat soldiers, they immediately realized that that was right. Looking at the entire Blood Skull Arena, no... it was the entire Black-corner City, no, it was the entire map of Orchid Lake. There was no other battle team that was as strange as this one!

"The news is not wrong. They were beaten to a pulp by someone just now, and they ran away with their buttocks!"

"It's fine if they lost, but they didn't even dare to fight. They were chased until they screamed, and they still have the face to swagger onto the arena?"

"Kill these cowards. They have tarnished the honor of the arena and the ancestral spirits!"

The audience, who had been silent for a short moment, suddenly burst into a tide ten times stronger than before.

Many of the audience couldn't wait for the competition to end. They took out beast-catching ropes, pebbles, darts, and other things from their clothes and threw them toward the arena with crackling sounds.

If they were not from the Blood Hoof Clan and the Minotaur warriors who were responsible for maintaining order were not eyeing the arena, many of the audience members would have jumped onto the arena to teach the "rat people and the scum of the Turan people" a lesson!

Most of the audience members were in the back row of the audience seats. They were too far away to vent their anger directly with beast-catching ropes and pebbles. They could only shout the names of Ice Storm's opponents at the top of their lungs.

"Kill them, Poison Stinger!"

"Kill these scum, Poison Stinger!"

"Come on, Poison Stinger! Bring out the boldness of the Ironhide Clan and kill these cowardly rats in one go!"

"Poison Stinger! Poison Stinger! Poison Stinger!"

Tens of thousands of shouting voices gathered into a storm and rushed into the brain of the young wild boar warrior. He had never seen such a grand battle before, and he felt like he was floating on the clouds and drifting in the air.

The wild boar warrior named Poison Stinger was a member of the Ironhide Clan with a pure bloodline. His parents were both 100% wild boar people.

The iron skin that originated from his father made his flesh, which was as tough as armor, shine with a faint metallic luster.

The characteristics of the female porcupine also made clusters of extremely sharp and hard steel needles grow on the surface of his iron skin. When he was furious, the steel needles stood up. Literally, his entire body was covered with weapons.

The young and impetuous him desired to command more warriors and servants in the Battle of Glory to win greater glory for his family.

Then, he needed to make his name known, and he needed a stepping stone that was tall enough...

Ice Storm was the perfect stepping stone that his mother had chosen for him with great difficulty through her connections.

"The opponent is very strong, and it's not something you can easily defeat."

Before the battle began, his mother had repeatedly reminded him, "Fortunately, this is a team battle, and you have the best servants of the Ironhide Clan, while the enemy's servants are just a bunch of mobs who can't withstand a single blow."



“Therefore, as long as you can withstand Ice Storm’s attack and let your servants kill all the enemy’s servants, the adjudicator will declare your victory, and you will have earned the reputation of ‘defeating the trump card!’”

This was the plan.

The point of “withstanding Ice Storm’s attack” was not a big problem for the legitimate members of the Ironhide Clan who had the ‘skin of steel’ and were good at defense.

However, the frenzied shouts of the tens of thousands of audience members had blinded Stinger’s mind. He suddenly had the illusion that he could defeat Ice Storm in a fair and square manner.

“Actually, Ice Storm isn’t as powerful as the legends say, is it?”

The young wild boar warrior muttered to himself, “If she is really that powerful, why did she raise a protest to the adjudicator just now? She looked like she was afraid to fight with me?”

“Also, her servants are too weak.

“Although she has only trained for a few days, she always handpicked them carefully. In the end, they turned out to be such a bunch of weaklings. It can be seen from this that Ice Storm doesn’t have good taste.

“That’s right. She has already lost three rounds in a row in the group battle. How strong can she be?”

“I can defeat her without relying on the adjudicator!”

The cheers of the audience were like lava, flowing into Poison Stinger’s ears and then into his eyes, nostrils, and throat through his ear canal.

It made every pore on his body spurt out a stream of excitement.

This stream of heat blurred his vision, confused his hearing, and interfered with his thoughts, leaving only a picture in his mind—he stood proudly in the center of the arena, his feet stepping on Ice Storm that was covered in cuts and bruises and had passed out, he raised his arms high, enjoying the cheers of tens of thousands of spectators, and the real victory!

An old Minotaur warrior, riding a huge eagle with a bridle and saddle, hovered above the arena.

He blew a horn that looked like a scimitar and threw a spear at the center of the arena.

The spear accurately pierced the arena, and the cracks created by the countless gladiators’ strange power trembled as it pierced the arena.

On the tail of the spear, the flag of glory representing the Blood Hoof Clan shook open. Under the shocking momentum of the two sides, it fluttered in the wind.

Dong dong dong dong!

The hundreds of war drums around the arena rang again.

Stinger’s gaze passed over the Blood Hoof battle flag and stared at Ice Storm on the opposite side.

He discovered that Ice Storm did not follow the tradition of the clan's warriors. After the servants fought a battle first, the battle between the main generals would not be carried out in a hurry.

Instead, the first thing she did was activate the totem armor that she was proud of, the mithril Ripper, and transform into a monster that was half human and half panther.

Such a posture did not make the young wild boar warrior feel any fear.

Instead, Poison Stinger felt that the opponent's trump card was guilty.

Otherwise, why would he show his trump card the moment he appeared?

"What an outsider without a sense of honor."

Poison Stinger grinned and his eyes were wide open. He punched his chest hard, lighting up the shining totem from his heart to his chest, from his chest to his limbs, all the way to his fingertips.

Balls of lead-gray liquid metal were secreted from his pores, quickly wrapping around every inch of his skin.

With the support of the liquid metal, the sharp spikes that stood like blades all over his body became even sharper.

From his arms to his back, a total of 24 slightly protruding holes shot out powerful air currents, making his arms seem to have become two powerful steam hammers. With a light collision, it caused a deafening boom to the audience.

This was the Ironhide Clan's totem armor that had been passed down for thousands of years, and which they were proud of—the One Million Steam Hammer!

Although they didn't know why their own totem was called such a weird name.

It didn't stop Poison Stinger from being filled with fanatical confidence in his own totem.

The cheers of tens of thousands of spectators after seeing the appearance of the One Million Steam Hammer caused his fighting spirit to soar to the extreme.

"Charge! Warriors of the Ironhide Clan, crush this motley crowd in one fell swoop!"

Waving his arms that looked like iron hammers, the stinger roared, "If we win this battle, each of you will be rewarded with ten slave soldiers!"

Even the cannon fodder was divided into different levels.

Although the so-called "slave soldiers" were also cannon fodder, they could receive the training and the most basic equipment of their masters, and they could stay by their masters' side and serve their masters' daily lives. For the time being, they could be considered as "elite cannon fodder."

If they performed well, they would have the opportunity to upgrade from servant soldiers to servants. Then, they could be considered as the trusted aides of their masters.

Below the servant soldiers, there were slave soldiers.

They were the purest cannon fodder. They did not need any training or equipment at all. They were simply being escorted by a supervising squad formed by servant soldiers. They charged at the enemy's defensive line with their bare hands and used up the enemy's arrows, swords, and strength.

Apart from that, there were many other uses for slave soldiers.

Especially for slave soldiers of different genders.

Of course, it didn't matter if they were of the same sex.

The Turan people didn't pay much attention to this.

Many times, the gentle moans of the strong sounded even more beautiful than the pleas of the opposite sex.

The promise of the Poison Stinger was even more effective than the secret medicine of the witch doctor.

The domestic rat soldiers, who had just been caught in the Hall of Glory for a long time and still hadn't caught their opponents, had instead exhausted themselves to the point of gasping for breath. They had already accumulated a belly full of anger.

At this moment, they were even more excited than before.

When they thought of the ten slave soldiers and the ten rat subjects who were even lower than them, they felt that they could be driven and vented to their heart's content.

The domestic rat soldiers did not care about the joints and tendons on their legs. They felt a slight stabbing pain from time to time.

They all followed behind the One Million Steam Hammer and expanded their muscles to the maximum. Like thirty hammers that were creaking, they smashed toward Meng Chao, who was covered in wounds, and the thin leaves on his hands and feet, the spiders with wrinkles all over their faces and the wild rat soldiers with bruises all over their faces smashed toward them!

### **Chapter 963: Shameless B\*stard**

Broken Tusk was the vice-captain of Poison Stinger's battle team.

He was also the strongest of all the domestic rat soldiers, second only to a pure-blooded wild boar warrior.

Even though half of the tusk that stuck out from the left corner of his mouth was broken, it was still longer and sharper than the tusks of the other domestic rat soldiers.

His tusk had gotten stuck in the flesh of a totem beast, which caused it to break in the middle.

That totem beast left him with a head full of shocking scars, as well as the courageous name, Broken Tusk.

His ability to escape from the tiger's mouth was enough to prove that he was not an ordinary rat person.

In fact, Broken Tusk had the blood of the Ironhide Clan flowing in his body.

His grandfather was a genuine clan warrior.

Unfortunately, his father was born deformed and could not pass the coming of age ceremony.

He could only serve his distant relatives as a rat servant and live an extremely humiliating life.

But all of this was about to end.

Broken Tusk was confident that in the Battle of Glory, he would accumulate enough resources and strength, obtain the sacred blood, and return to the Ironhide Clan's arms.

Of course, he had to follow his master first and crush these cowards who could not withstand a single blow.

Broken Tusk did not doubt it at all, especially after he had destroyed the poor b\*stards in the Hall of Glory.

He even started to pity them.

They were not warriors, to begin with.

They were just slimy slugs.

They should not have appeared and allowed themselves to be ridiculed.

They should have died silently and rotted away in the dark dungeon.

"Let me, Lord Broken Tusk, end your pitiful and shameful lives!"

Broken Tusk's face was full of malevolence as he locked onto his target—the little guy who was at the front of the enemy's battle formation. He was so young that water could be wrung out of his body. His hands and feet were too slender, and he was trembling as if he could not even hold a battle ax.

Seeing Broken Tusk pounce on him like a bolt of lightning, the little guy became so scared that his face turned pale, and he could not even stand properly.

Broken Tusk laughed grimly and shouted as his mace stirred up a whirlwind.

Before his eyes, he could already see the beautiful scene of the little guy being smashed by him until his bones were broken, his flesh and blood were flying everywhere, and even his internal organs were spewing out from his throat.

However...

His mace, which could cut like a hot knife through butter, missed.

The huge destructive force and acceleration had nowhere to be released, so he was dragged more than ten steps forward in a sprint. The joints in his legs were aching faintly, and he had barely managed to stop himself.

Broken Tusk looked back with a face full of surprise and found that the shivering little guy was like a mandrake leaf in the wild wind. He spun three times in the air and gently fell to the side!

His mace had merely destroyed two strands of the little guy's hair!

“How is this possible?”

Broken Tusk inspected his mace in disbelief. After searching it for a long time, he still could not find a drop of blood.

He could only blame himself for being too excited and using too much strength. This kid’s luck was too good.

“Even the most humble rat people can occasionally be favored by the ancestral spirit.”

Broken Tusk mumbled as he spat into his palms, wanting to launch a second charge at the slender youth.

However, the slender youth ran into the crowd in a panic.

After the first charge, the arena had already become a mess, falling into extreme chaos.

That’s right, Ice Storm’s battle team was indeed as Poison Stinger’s battle team had predicted, collapsing at a single touch.

No, they did not even “touch.” Seeing Poison Stinger’s battle team pouncing over aggressively, Ice Storm’s battle team immediately scattered. They were not even able to maintain the most basic formation.

It was truly an incomparably clumsy and shameful action.

Nevertheless, Poison Stinger’s battle team hit nothing when they threw out their all-out fatal hammer strikes as a result.

It seemed that they did not knock down many of Ice Storm’s servants.

Even the wild rat servants that had fallen in an extremely exaggerated manner used their hands and feet to cover their heads and scamper away. They were like a group of cockroaches with astonishing vitality. It was impossible to tell that they had suffered fatal injuries.

The main arena was very large. It was enough to accommodate over a thousand fully-armed Turan warriors. They were fighting each other there.

If it were not for Ice Storm’s fame and Poison Stinger’s background, such 30 versus 30 team battles would not have been qualified to be held in the main arena.

Broken Tusk and the other domestic rat soldiers had originally been excited that they were qualified to show their faces in front of tens of thousands of clan warriors.

But now, they realized that the overly spacious battlefield had brought them quite a bit of trouble.

The opponent’s battle formation had, no doubt, been destroyed by them in one wave.

If they wanted to get rid of their fleeing opponents, though, it seemed that they would not be able to gather into a tight charging formation.

That was not a problem.

To deal with this group of cowards and wretches, was there really a need for a formation?

After all, they were well-trained servants of the Ironhide Clan. With a whistle, the thirty-man charging formation spread out smoothly into three-man pursuit formations, attacking in all directions.

Broken Tusk once again locked onto a target.

It was a wrinkled old man with white hair.

He looked at Broken Tusk in panic as if he was inviting him. "Don't come over!"

"Why are there even such old fogies in Ice Storm's team?"

Broken Tusk frowned as he exerted his strength, charged forward, and waved his mace fiercely. He was looking forward to the pleasure of making the man's brain burst open, blood splatter, and old bones shatter. Kacha Kacha kacha.

Then, he missed again.

Broken Tusk was dumbfounded. When he turned around, he happened to see the old man with gray hair crawling on the ground. He used both his hands and feet like a giant but agile spider, narrowly avoiding the great sword and great ax of two other domestic rat soldiers. He dashed dozens of arms away in a flash.

Broken Tusk and his companions looked at each other in bewilderment. None of them could believe their eyes.

This... This bunch of b\*stards, were they really from Turan?

Broken Tusk was about to ignore the pain in his joints and launch a new charge at the shameless old fart...

Suddenly, a new target cut into the path between him and the old fart.

It was a guy with black hair and black eyes. His face was pale, while his body was wrapped in bandages. His bandages were soaked in blood, and the faint smell of herbs could be detected.

He looked so weak that even Broken Tusk felt a little embarrassed to attack him.

After all, bullying the weak, or at least bullying the weak in front of everyone, was not the Turan people's style!

Despite that, this black-haired, black-eyed trash, whether he was dead or alive, just happened to be blocking his path of attack.

This trash and that old fart might crush him together and turn him into minced meat!

Broken Tusk had lost his patience. White smoke that was hotter than steam spewed out of his nostrils. He roared with his two companions, waving his mace, great sword, and battle ax. Like a storm that could destroy everything in its path, they charged forward in a straight line.

The "black-haired, black-eyed trash" resembled a little white rabbit that had accidentally entered a dragon's den or a tiger's den. His face was filled with fear and confusion.

He stood still and watched as Broken Tusk and the others rushed over. His hands and feet were extremely stiff, as though he was too frightened and dumbstruck.

“I should succeed this time, right?”

Broken Tusk’s sinister smile was extremely intense, and it contained a hint of resentment.

He was anxious to vent all his anger, which he had failed to release on the slender youth and the old man, on this trash.

He wanted to blow this trash’s heart up.

Then, he wanted to squeeze his heart out of his throat like mud.

However, when he was already three to five arms away from his target, his target still did not move at all. It looked like there was no strength that could stop him from smashing his opponent into a pile of meat paste.

Yet, he sensed an incomparably fierce killing intent coming from behind him.

He had once escaped the mouth of a totem beast, which brought him extremely sharp vigilance. It made Broken Tusk’s heart contract violently and release a large amount of blood and strength. He ignored the intense pain that was erupting from his joints and tendons. He knelt down in front of the “black-haired and black-eyed trash” and rolled sideways.

The two ignorant companions behind him were not so lucky. Before they could react, they were sent flying by a lead-gray and bright silver light.

While they were still in the air, blood spurted from their bodies. Their chests became sunken, and their thin armor was deeply embedded in their flesh. Their hands and feet turned softer than wet ropes, and it seemed that they would not survive.

In the lead-gray light and bright silver light, there were two impatient shouts. “Get lost, you useless pieces of trash!”

“Yes... Master!”

They were lucky enough to survive, but their faces were covered in dirt. Broken Tusk had been indistinguishable from his opponents. They realized in shock and fear that they had just been unlucky enough to bump into the offensive and defensive routes of the two main generals!

The clan warriors, who advocated valor and emphasized on challenging the strong, usually did not deliberately attack the enemy’s soldiers when the main general was still alive.

Soldiers versus soldiers, generals versus generals. That was the battlefield etiquette that the Turan warriors had followed for thousands of years.

Therefore, just as the horn sounded, the two main generals, Ice Storm and Poison Stinger, shook off their servants and went to talk with the strong.

The problem was that no matter how spacious the arena was, it was still not enough to bear all of the anger and killing intent of the two totem warriors who had activated their totem armors and could easily fly at the speed of sound.

They would not deliberately attack the random soldiers.

However, when they flew at the speed of sound and released frost and flames, blasting the arena into pieces, if there were random soldiers who were blind and happened to be in their attack path, they would not make way for those random soldiers.

Broken Tusk was clear about that common sense.

Even so, after two consecutive charges that missed and his target escaping in a very wretched manner, this captain of the domestic rat soldiers, who was full of honor, was deeply infuriated.

Meanwhile, the target of his third charge, the black-haired and black-eyed trash, seemed to possess... an extremely evil power. It prevented others from suppressing the anger in their hearts when they saw him. They only wanted to completely tear him apart, and unknowingly... they had forgotten to observe their surroundings.

Moreover, who would have thought that their luck would be so terrible? Their charging route happened to intersect with the offensive and defensive routes of the two totem warriors? Also, they happened to increase their speed to the limit at the same time?

“That’s right, it’s our luck. Our luck today is really terrible!”

Broken Tusk looked at the blood splattered all over his face and finally got out of his “dumbstruck” state. The black-haired trash so scared that his facial features were squeezed together. He was running away with his head in his hands, and it made Broken Tusk so angry that he was itching. “On top of everything, our opponent is too useless and has no dignity!”

#### **Chapter 964: Master of Rhythm**

The tens of thousands of audience members were also gnashing their teeth in hatred like Broken Tusk.

“Too useless, too shameless!”

They waved their fists, beat their chests, slapped their thighs heavily, and complained at the same time.

Well, it was not that they could not accept the servant soldiers running away.

After all, what could they expect from a bunch of lowly rat civilians?

However, even if the other rat soldiers wanted to escape, they would at least have to fight with real swords and spears first. If half of them fell, and the other half ran away, then it would be alright!

How could they not even dare to show their weapons when they first met? They would immediately scatter and run away with their heads held high?

Yet, this bunch of rabble even ran away so coquettishly.



They seemed to be in a panic and were in a complete disarray. They ran around the arena like headless flies.

It just so happened that the Ironhide Clan seemed to be a team of valiant domestic rat servants. After charging for a few times, they didn't even get a single strand of hair from them.

One should know that the audience had already filled up their expectations. All of them had their eyes wide open, waiting to see this group of cowards and slugs get smashed into pieces by the Poison Stinger battle team's pig charging forward, it was a wonderful scene with their internal organs flying out!

In the end, one side was running in a sorry state while the other was chasing ferociously. The scene seemed lively, but there wasn't even a drop of blood—oh, and there were two human-shaped blood mists, which were the result of being accidentally injured by two totem warriors.

Such a strange scene really made the entire audience feel like there was something stuck in their throats, and they were extremely depressed.

If it wasn't for the fact that Ice Storm's individual performance was still as fierce as before, the collision between Mithril Ripper and the One Million Steam Hammer would have been gorgeous enough.

The audience simply wanted to flip the entire arena over.

Now, seeing Ice Storm's sharp offensive... many die-hard supporters were puzzled. "From the looks of Frost Queen, it doesn't seem like she's going to give up on the match. Why did she choose a team... such a wretched, weird, and weak servant?"

Even more spectators who did not understand the situation were still clamoring loudly. However, this time, the booing was not only directed at Ice Storm's battle team. It also included the seven to eight rounds of breathless charging, yet they still had no results, the Poison Stinger battle team, who had accidentally lost two warriors, also shouted.

"Come on, fellow members of the Ironhide Clan, haven't you eaten your fill? Why Can't you even catch these cowards who can't even withstand a single blow?"

"Even the rat laborers in my clan are braver than you. Charge! Faster! Faster! You'll break his bones!"

"Is this a battle between the Turan warriors or a dance of the Holy Light humans? Hurry up and decide the victor, b\*stards!"

The loud boos even formed a resonance, causing the entire arena to tremble slightly.

This trembling caused Poison Stinger's battle team to gradually become impatient and impatient.

The faster they charged, the greater the damage to their joints and tendons when braking and turning. Of course, the more fatigued they were.

On the Ice Storm battle team's side, Leaf, Spider, and the other servants who had just trained for a few days were also unable to withstand the pressure.

A strong fighting spirit surged within their eyes, wanting to reveal their true strength and launch the fiercest counterattack.

Only Meng Chao remained calm. Not even an eyelash moved along with the arena.

Compared to the flames of the apocalypse that devoured Dragon City, the clamor of tens of thousands of advanced orcs was just a cool breeze on a summer afternoon.

And these so-called “opponents” in front of him, other than Ice Storm and Poison Stinger who were disguised as totem armors, the others were just chickens and dogs.

If he were to go all out, he would have a hundred ways to annihilate these pigs that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws without using any weapons.

However, under the premise that he did not reveal his own strength, commanding a group of ‘Quasi-civilians’ who had just trained for five days to kill such a well-trained battle team unscathed was very challenging and interesting.

Leaning on a long spear, Meng Chao seemed to be staggering and at a loss.

However, he was actually controlling his seemingly loose and messy formation and controlling the rhythm of the field with his exquisite positioning.

At the same time, he narrowed his eyes and extended his sharp senses, which originated from Lu Siya, to the maximum. He scanned the breathing of every soldier on both sides, his heartbeat, the speed of his sweat secretion, the frequency of his muscles trembling, the subtle differences in his charging posture, and the fact that they were bombarding the arena brutally. Every crack that was created and every piece of broken stone that was sent flying.

All the sounds and pictures were transformed into a waterfall of information that flowed through his brain, which had been deeply developed by the ‘Tinder’.

As the brain cells that were soaked in spiritual energy were operating crazily, the information was instantly broken down and integrated into brand-new commands. By gathering the sound waves into a line and directly vibrating the eardrums... it was transmitted to Leaf, Spider, and every domestic soldier’s ears.

“Leaf, calm down. Don’t be disturbed by the outside world.

“Since these guys didn’t lend you a hand when you were at your most desperate, you don’t have to care about their cheers or noises. They are just a bunch of flies, insignificant flies

“Spider, pay attention to your physical fitness. Retreat seven arms to the left and back. Hide behind the ‘strong arm’ and rest. You can take three deep breaths

“Strong arm, pay attention to the red-haired monster in front of you on the right. He seems to be looking at the ‘blue toe’ on your left, but in fact, his killing intent is concentrated on you. Be careful that he pretends to sprint in a straight line, but suddenly spins and swings the meteor hammer at you—his meteor hammer has a part of the chain hidden in the handle of the hammer. The attack range can be extended!”

“Blue toe, use the corner of your eyes to observe the three enemies patrolling on your right. Your Formation has unknowingly become too dense. Immediately spread out in all directions to prevent the enemies from advancing from the side and locking down the escape route!”

Through this method, Meng Chao turned the battlefield into a chess game.

Other than him, everyone else, including the two clan warriors who were equipped with totem battle armors and possessed the strength of Heaven Realm, were all chess pieces.

Only he, the lone chess player, was playing chess with his own limits!

After more than ten rounds of charging, Ice Storm's battle team was still unharmed.

In the eyes of the tens of thousands of stunned spectators, this scene that could be called a miracle, only Meng Chao knew that it was the inevitable result of repeated deduction and careful calculation. It was like one plus one equals two.

However, no matter how good Meng Chao was at calculation, it was impossible for him to calculate every unexpected piece of information on the battlefield in advance.

At this moment, Broken Tusk and the other five members of the Stinger squad, the toughest and strongest domestic rat soldiers, all stopped in their tracks at the same time. They looked at each other and nodded heavily. Then, their Adam's apple rolled, it was as if they had taken something out of their cheeks and their tongues and swallowed it.

"Huff, huff, huff, huff, huff, huff!"

The five domestic rat soldiers led by Broken Tusk immediately widened their eyes. Their skin was red, and their veins were exposed. Their bones were cracking, and scorching air was spurting out of their nostrils.

Their speed had obviously increased.

They had also increased their agility, which did not exist in the first place.

They weighed at least five hundred kilograms, and when they reached their limit, the impact force of the Behemoth, which weighed thousands of kilograms, could brake, change directions, rotate, accelerate again, and explode in an instant within a few arms' distance, it was a series of incredible movements.

Compared with the body, the joints and tendons of the legs, which were too thin and fragile, did not burst.

Regardless of whether their legs would be crippled after this battle.

At least for now, they had brought a lot of trouble to Leaf and the others, who were caught off guard.

Meng Chao heard a familiar voice turn into a scream

Some of his own people had already seen blood.

Leaf had also had one of his fangs broken twice in a row by the opposite side. He seemed to be the strongest and craziest guy, and was sent flying several times.

If not for Leaf's extraordinary talent and his careful guidance, the rat youth would have been smashed into pieces long ago.

“Oh no, it’s a stimulant similar to the Deification Capsule. It can instantly increase combat strength, but it has serious side effects.”

Meng Chao secretly frowned.

He found that it was the same as the overly advanced military buildings, totem warframes, and mandrake trees.

The Tulan civilization had a rather advanced secret medicine that was completely different from the backward society.

Although many secret medicines contained all kinds of impurities, if one ignored the side effects and sequelae, the effects were often stronger than the gene medicines in Dragon City.

The unparalleled physique of the high-level orcs made it easy for them to ignore the side effects and sequelae, releasing all kinds of ancient secret medicines that originated from thousands of years ago with the most terrifying power.

“This is going to be a bit troublesome.”

They had only been together for five days. Meng Chao did not have any camaraderie with the rat militia of Ice Storm’s battle team.

However, he had already poured a lot of time, energy, and extremely scarce spiritual energy into these people.

He was still hoping that these people could win two more matches and help him win more resources back, as well as cover his plans!

He did not have the time to create a second battle team.

He could not lose any of these people.

I can only speed up the pace and end this battle as soon as possible

Meng Chao’s mind raced as he glanced at the two main generals who were currently engaged in a magnificent duel.

Ice Storm had yet to take down her opponent.

This was very normal.

Although his opponent was young and energetic, he was, after all, one of the top military aristocrats of the Blood Hoof clan. He had received the most rigorous professional warrior training since he was young and had gone through a barely-alive coming of age ceremony before he was qualified to be placed behind his name, he had to put on his clan’s name.

Without a perfect opportunity, his opponent would not easily unleash his trump card.

Moreover, the opponent’s totem armor seemed to be a little more advanced than Ice Storm’s Mithril Ripper.

The Mithril Ripper’s ability was to create frost.

The opponent's One Million Steam Hammer could compress the steam and hit out like a burning hammer, causing the surrounding space to shake violently, shattering the icicles, frost, and ice walls created by the Mithril Ripper, into pieces.

In addition to the 'steel skin' that was unique to the iron-skinned race, the opponent's skin was extremely tough.

Even though Ice Storm was attacking with her sharp claws that were flying up and down, tearing apart the opponent's totem armor...

Before the bone-piercing coldness entered the opponent's body, the cracks were repaired by the squirming of the liquid metal.

The opponent was still standing, and it was even more violent.

"I must lend a hand to Ice Storm!"

Meng Chao's eyes shone.

### **Chapter 965: Brutal Counterattack!**

Crisscrossing grid lines appeared before him in the arena.

The gladiators and servants in each grid became chess pieces of different sizes.

Each chess piece had different characteristics as they moved along a complicated trajectory.

Meng Chao knew their characteristics and trajectories like the back of his hand.

He staggered three steps forward to the left.

This seemingly subconscious action caused him to slightly protrude from the Ice Storm team's line of scattered soldiers and expose himself to the ferocious-looking squad leader who was missing half a fang.

As expected, the guy who was missing half a fang still remembered that it was Meng Chao who had killed two of his teammates earlier.

Two red hot streams mixed with blood mist gushed out of his nostrils and rushed toward Meng Chao without hesitation.

Meng Chao once again put on a dumbstruck look.

He did not dodge or run. He just adjusted his stance and angle slightly according to the position and speed of the two totem warriors.

He made sure that the domestic rat servant captain, himself, and the two totem warriors were in a straight line after 1.75 seconds.

He tried his best to give Leaf, who had turned pale with fright, the most comfortable angle of attack.

Bang!

Broken Tusk, who weighed almost half a ton, crashed heavily into Meng Chao's body with ten times the impact force.

However, in the instant before the collision, Meng Chao stomped hard on the ground and accelerated in the same direction as Broken Tusk.

The relative speed of both parties instantly dropped to the bottom of the valley.

The flesh and blood in Meng Chao's entire body surged like waves, turning his opponent's destructive power into potential energy and storing it in the tendons that wrapped around his joints.

He was like a cannonball, smashing toward Ice Storm.

At the same time, he condensed the sound waves into a line and shot toward the female snow leopard warrior's liquid metal helmet.

"It's me!"

Time was tight, so Meng Chao only said two words.

He believed that Ice Storm understood what he meant.

Sure enough, Ice Storm hesitated for only a moment before she pretended that she had almost bumped into him and was a little flustered.

In a fight between experts, victory or death was only a matter of seconds.

Poison Stinger, who had long run out of patience, finally seized the opportunity, thinking that he would win.

Two rows of 32 air holes appeared behind the One Million Steam Hammer, spurting out compressed air currents that were ten times stronger than the air holes on his arms.

An earth-shaking roar rose into the sky like a rocket.

Stinger instantly moved faster than the speed of sound.

Three long ramming horns that were as thick as fangs protruded from his lead-gray shoulder pads.

He could seemingly see the three ramming horns pierce through the Mithril Ripper and Ice Storm's chest.

Moreover, Ice Storm would never have guessed that the three horns were actually hollow. Eighteen air holes could open on the surface at any time, releasing high-temperature and high-pressured steam. It would steam and blow apart Ice Storm's internal organs.

"Hehe."

A cruel smile appeared on Poison Stinger's face, which was hidden under his liquid metal mask.

In the next second, his smile completely froze.

Two unexpected things happened.

First, Ice Storm appeared to have anticipated his fatal attack and actually dodged it in advance, leaving only an increasingly faint afterimage in her previous spot.

Second, the black-haired rat, who had just been sent flying by Broken Tusk when he disrupted the battle between the two main generals, had somehow stabbed the spear in his hand into the ground when he landed heavily.

Although the arena was made of the strongest diamond...

It was constantly bombarded by the strong totem battle armors.

The ground was inevitably broken and full of potholes. There were shocking gullies and pits everywhere. There were also broken bones that had not been cleaned up and incomplete weapons.

The Turan people liked this messy arena.

They thought that this was the only way to be iron-blooded, exciting, and spicy.

Therefore, unless the entire arena completely collapsed, it would not be easily repaired.

When the black-haired rat landed, the tail of his long spear was inserted diagonally into a crack.

The tip of his spear was then tilted at a forty-five degree angle, swaying as it went straight for Poison Stinger.

Poison Stinger was equipped with totem armor, and he could have ignored this spear that was about to stab him diagonally.

Even if it was a spear made of pure iron, it would not be able to pierce through his armor and cause him substantial damage.

The problem was that the iron spear's angle was not right. It was neither up nor down, and it was aimed at his crotch.

Poison Stinger was still too young.

He had not yet cultivated to a realm where he could be very flexible.

He knew that the iron spear would not be able to pierce through.

However, when the tip of the spear collided with the battle armor, the moment it scraped against his crotch and produced dazzling sparks, he could not help but feel a wave of mental pain.

That decided his fate.

The tens of thousands of spectators on the scene all saw an unbelievable scene.

The two totem warriors who were still in a state of anxiety just a moment ago suddenly sped up after a random black-haired soldier flew over. Each released an incomparably gorgeous totem battle skill.

First, the One Million Steam Hammer turned into a giant hammer that emitted steam in all directions. Wreathed in battle flames, it headed fiercely toward Ice Storm.

Immediately after, Ice Storm, perfectly evaded her opponent's attack in a dazzling manner. She even condensed a large amount of liquid metal into the ends of her arms, making her already incomparably

sharp claws even longer and sharper. Her claws were also covered in a layer of crystal-clear frost that was extremely dangerous.

Shua! Shua! Shua! Shua!

The female snow leopard warrior's attack was as fast as lightning, leaving hundreds of bone-deep cracks on Poison Stinger's totem armor.

This time, with the large amount of frost spurting out, the One Million Steam Hammer finally failed to recover in time.

The icicles that were born from the Mithril Ripper's claws were also like coffin nails that pierced through the cracks on Stinger's armor, hitting his chest.

No matter how tough his steel skin was, Poison Stinger's defense was finally broken under the continuous attacks of absolute zero.

Poison Stinger screamed in pain, and he was sent flying into the air.

Once he was in the air and had nowhere to borrow strength from, he became increasingly helpless.

It looked like Ice Storm wanted to make up for all the losses and humiliations she had suffered from the poor wild boar warriors in the previous three team battles.

The Frost Queen's ruthlessness was unleashed to the fullest in an instant. She did not give her opponent any chance to fight back or dodge. The continuous attacks sent Poison Stinger flying up to a height of 20 to 30 arms. Ice pillars that looked like stairs appeared under Ice Storm's feet, and she stepped on the ice pillars as she chased him to the height of 20 to 30 arms. She looked down and ravaged him.

Boom!

Finally, she smashed the frozen Poison Stinger and his One Million Steam Hammer back to the ground.

Even the screams of the wild boar warrior whose chest was filled with ice pillars were frozen. He could only wriggle in despair.

Ice Storm was still not satisfied. She snorted coldly and broke the ice pillars under her feet. She turned the sharp tips of the ice pillars and unleashed them on Poison stinger like hail.

The collision of the icicles and his totem armor produced dazzling sparks, which made the audience tremble in fear. They wondered if the next icicle would be able to completely break through the Poison Stinger's totem armor and pierce through his heart!

The cheers that had been boiling just now came to an abrupt end.

All the audience's expressions seemed to be frozen by ice.

Their throats were full of icicles. Other than gasp, they could not make any meaningful sound.

The rat soldiers in Poison Stinger's team were even more shocked than them.

Including Broken Tusk, who had swallowed the secret medicine and felt that there were clusters of flames flowing in his body, all the rat soldiers saw their master get beaten from the ground to the sky



and then back again to the ground before he was sunken by icicles. No... an entire iceberg was crushing him.

“No...”

Broken Tusk felt the entire world split open.

The strength, courage, and killing intent that he had forcibly raised with the secret medicine turned into cold sweat that leaked out of his pores completely.

He and all the domestic rat people in Poison Stinger’s team were scared out of their wits, and they dispersed into nothingness.

Right then, however, Meng Chao’s thunderous roar echoed in Leaf, Spider, and the other wild rats’ ears.

“Now!”

Leaf’s seemingly slender body trembled violently.

The images of his mother, his brother, Anjia, Tutu, the fish eagle, Uncle “broken front teeth”, and the old fool... All of them appeared in front of his eyes again...

As well as his home that was once incomparably beautiful but was burnt to the ground.

At that moment, the flames that destroyed his home were burning fiercely in his eyes and hands.

They had replaced the ancestral spirit and bestowed him with incomparable strength.

After Meng Chao’s ingenious deployment, he was in the position where it was easiest to attack the enemy’s vice-captain, Broken Tusk.

The youth’s thin chest emitted a thunderous bellow that resounded throughout the entire arena. He leaped high up and drew a lightning-like arc with his battle ax, attempting to slash Broken Tusk’s neck.

His thunderous battle intent caused his extremely savage opponent to involuntarily shiver.

Broken Tusk reacted instinctively and swung his mace to block.

However, his Achilles tendon, which was full of cracks due to overexertion, quickly gave way due to the effects of the secret medicine. At the most critical moment, he felt a sharp stabbing pain.

The stabbing pain delayed his reaction.

It also made his legs go soft, and his movements become deformed.

Meanwhile, Leaf’s arms actually extended a few inches in the process of waving at an extremely high speed.

The fierce glow on his ax blade just happened to bypass Broken Tusk’s spiked mace and cleave into his shoulder.

Although his ax did not directly cut off Broken Tusk’s head due to the protection of his neck guard that was made of fine steel...

Leaf's astonishing strength, which was completely inconsistent with his slender figure, allowed him to brush past the neck guard. He cleaved through Broken Tusk's shoulder blade, and hacked into chest, leaving a huge bloody wound on Broken Tusk's chest.

The glittering lines and arrowheads on Leaf's body spun like crazy.

"Die!" he shouted and exerted his strength again.

The well-tempered Ripple Force, which originated from Dragon City, surged into Broken Tusk's chest like a flood.

The captain of the domestic rat soldiers, who had the Ironhide Clan's bloodline and weighed half a ton, was actually thrown 20 to 30 arms away by this ordinary-looking wild rat youth with an ax. The youth even broke the tendons and bones of his two panicked companions. Only then did he land heavily on the ground. He rolled over a dozen times like a blood gourd, leaving a thick and long trail of blood!

### **Chapter 966: They Were Just Flies!**

The huge Blood Skull Arena instantly became completely silent.

If Ice Storm knocking down Poison Stinger was just a bolt of lightning, although it was a little shocking, it was not rare.

The seemingly slender wild rat youth used his battle ax to send the domestic rat soldier captain, who was several times larger than him, flying in an incomparably violent manner. It was like a magnitude 10 earthquake that was rarely seen in a hundred years.

However, the earthquake wasn't over yet.

Under the gazes of tens of thousands of dazed people, Leaf's furious roar sounded the horn of counterattack.

The wild rats who had just been "panicking and fleeing in panic" all unleashed the skills that Meng Chao had taught them over the past few days. Their fury enveloped the hundred-battle saber technique like a hungry tiger pouncing on a sheep, they smashed down on the domestic rats who were dumbstruck.

The domestic rat soldiers from Poison Stinger's battle team had finally paid the price for their arrogance.

In the continuous charge just now, the tendons and joints of their legs had suffered too much pressure that exceeded their limits. One after another, they began to swell and crack.

Perhaps, if they could quickly take down this battle and immediately rest and apply secret medicines to treat them, the swelling and cracks would slowly disappear.

However, when Leaf and the others launched a fierce counterattack, and their main general suffered heavy injuries and wriggled and wailed, they were as scared and exhausted as Broken Tusk. They could no longer contain the tendons and joints in their legs, a sharp pain that felt like needles was transmitted to them.

Caught off guard, the domestic rats who were still maintaining their charging posture were chopped down by the wild rats as if they had been struck by lightning and broken mandrake trees.

The remaining domestic rats were all dumbfounded. They were drenched in cold sweat and shivering.

They looked at Broken Tusk over their shoulders. His upper body had almost been cut in half.

They also looked at Poison Stinger that had been stabbed in his chest and was unable to fight back at all.

There were also more than ten companions that were rolling on the ground and wailing incessantly.

They were at a loss. They did not know whether they should continue charging forward, save their masters and companions, or even run away in panic.

The morale that was gathered purely by strength would definitely be shattered into pieces and vanish into thin air the moment they collided with an even more powerful force.

Although none of the domestic rat soldiers dared to abandon their masters and jump off the arena due to the prestige of the Ironhide Clan, they were all shocked.

However, all the audience could tell from their shocked expressions that their souls had long run away. What was left on the arena was only the shells that were waiting to be harvested.

On the other hand, Leaf, Spider, and the other wild rats who had been running away with their heads in their hands seemed to have been reborn.

They waved their blood-stained weapons. The brilliance in their eyes was no less than that of the warriors of the clan who were born with honor!

“Woo...”

The horn that represented victory or defeat was blown hastily.

The banner that was filled with seven-colored feathers and decorated with iron hoofs and big horns was fluttering high on Ice Storm’s side.

The adjudicator of this battle, Casanova Bloodhoof, wore his totem armor, Lava’s Fury, and jumped onto the arena in a hurry.

He couldn’t help but be in a hurry... because Ice Storm had already grabbed Poison Stinger’s neck and lifted the young wild boar warrior up high.

At the end of the Mithril Ripper’s right arm, her five claws closed together, and frost condensed into an icicle that looked like a knight’s spear.

It was aimed at the vital part of the throat of the helmet and breastplate that had been pierced through by the One Million Steam Hammer.

“Ice Storm, stop! You’ve already won!”

Casanova was both shocked and angry.

Originally, it was extremely normal for a few gladiators to die on the arena.

Even if the members of the Ironhide Clan voluntarily walked onto the arena, they had to be prepared to stain the sand with blood.

However, Casanova personally arranged this battle to replace the opponent.

It was also him who made a solemn vow to Poison Stinger's mother that the young wild boar warrior would definitely make a grand appearance and become famous in one battle.

Even if he was a member of the infamous Blood Hoof Clan...

Or the wrath of the Ironhide Clan.

Casanova, at this point, couldn't be more regretful.

He should have known that Ice Storm would not give in so easily.

How could he be so foolish as to think that this unruly snow leopard warrior would give up her thirst for victory?

Ice Storm gave Casanova a cold glance.

He did not kill her.

She split the ice cone into five frozen claws again and grabbed Poison Stinger's breastplate. Then, she tore off a large piece of breastplate from the One Million Steam Hammer.

Poison Stinger's bloody chest was no longer blocked.

As long as Ice Storm was willing, she could freeze and crush his heart in the blink of an eye.

It was the most thorough and perfect victory!

The chest plate that had been torn off seemed to have an independent life of its own. Numerous lead-gray metal wires drilled out from the uneven edges of the chest plate, and they shook violently as if they were flagella, it was as if they were searching for the other parts of the One Million Steam Hammer, trying to fuse them back into the chest plate.

The sharp claws of the Mithril Ripper shot out streams of freezing air, completely freezing the torn chest plate.

Ice Storm raised the frozen fragment of the One Million Steam Hammer high up in the air, showing off her spoils of war to the tens of thousands of spectators. At the same time, Ice Storm howled like an actual storm, venting out the joy of a desperate counterattack.

The audience fell silent for a moment.

Following that, cheers that were ten times louder than the earlier boos exploded out.

All of the spectators stood up, their faces flushed red from the stimulation of the sudden turn of events and the desperate counterattack.

"Ice Storm! Ice Storm! Ice Storm!"

"Trump card! Trump card! Trump card!"

"Eternal Frost Queen, Eternal Trump Card, you are the strongest!"

Amidst the raging cheers, Leaf, Spider, and wild rats tore the wound from the intense battle between the two totem warriors and supported Meng Chao, who was once again in a terrible state, they hugged each other tightly.

“We won, Reaper, we won!”

The rat youth seemed to have been carried into a wonderful dream by the clouds. He was so happy that he cried in disbelief, “Listen, all the audience are cheering for us—these high and mighty elders of the clan are cheering for us rat people!”

“That’s right, we won.”

Meng Chao smiled and rubbed Leaf’s head. “However, it’s okay to cheer—these guys could use the most vicious words to mock and curse us one moment, and then they could use their cheers to lift us up to the sky the next moment. Then, in the next moment, they could still lift us up from the clouds and smash us back into the abyss.

“Remember, we are not fighting for these cheap cheers.

“They can cheer and mock us all they want, but we have a journey that we must complete even at the cost of our lives.

“On our journey, these ‘high and mighty masters of the clans’ are just a few tiny flies!”

...

Meng Chao was sent to the infirmary.

He had to admit that although the Turan civilization had a clear hierarchy and the samurai class was extremely harsh on the ratfolk class, they did not take the lives of the ratfolk seriously at all.

However, as long as the ratfolk displayed astonishing strength and courage, they would be able to receive the corresponding treatment and rewards.

As a “mere rat,” Meng Chao was involved in the fierce battle between two totem warriors as if he was torn apart by two storms at the same time. He did not die at all. Naturally, he received the approval and blessings of the ancestral spirits, he was qualified to continue living.

Therefore, under the strong request of Ice Storm and the urging of tens of thousands of spectators, Casanova had no choice but to order the witch doctors of the Blood Skull Arena to save the “honorable warrior” at all costs.

In fact, Meng Chao’s injuries were far from as serious as they looked.

Although his combat ability was still stuck in the Earth realm.

After all, he had the battle consciousness of the peak of Heaven Realm.

Moreover, he had already cultivated more than a hundred basic skills to the Ultimate level, including the three basic force execution methods.

It was not an exaggeration to say that even if he plucked a strand of hair from his leg, it would still be a lethal weapon.

With his current state, how could he be involved in the storm of destruction caused by the totem armor after he had predicted the attack and defense routes of the two totem warriors?

However, it did not seem to be a good idea for him to fall into the middle of the two violent totem warriors with the identity of a rat citizen without being “covered in wounds and dying.”

After the ‘old wounds burst open and blood gushed out’, it did not seem to be a good idea to activate the powerful self-healing ability of the cells and make the wounds heal quickly and jump around.

Moreover, Casanova Bloodhoof had said that he would save him “at all costs.”

If he did not devour three big bowls, no, three big basins, no, three big vats of free secret medicine, he would be letting down his brain cells that he had spent so much effort to command the battle.

Not to mention, he could also take the opportunity to study the Turan Civilization’s medical environment, facilities, and technology to gather more information!

As Meng Chao had expected, the Turan civilization had medical technology that far surpassed the clan era.

In fact, the term “infirmary” was similar to Locomotive and One Million Steam Hammer. It sounded very suspicious, and it didn’t seem like a group of advanced orcs wielding battle axes and mace, it was something that could be figured out.

This infirmary had been in disrepair for a long time. It had a double door that could only be opened and closed with a winch and chain, but it had two sliding rails and seams that were even finer than hair.

Meng Chao could not help but suspect that a long time ago, this should have been a double airtight door with a negative pressure sterile room inside.

The various facilities in the infirmary also confirmed his speculation.

He found a rusty device covered with leaves and branches of mandrake on the ceiling.

From the silver-colored curved concave surface, it looked like a medical facility like a shadowless lamp.

Of course, the light bulbs had long been shattered and disappeared. Instead, they were replaced by oil lamps that were equipped with complex smoke exhaust devices.

Under the shadowless lamp, there were also medical facilities that were similar to multifunctional operating tables. There were traces of installation left behind.

There were also complicated grooves that extended all the way from the traces left behind by the operating table to the walls.

Meng Chao felt that these grooves were originally used to fix electrical wires and optical cables, or similar information and energy transmission equipment.

Now, the witch doctors of the Blood Hoof Clan were covered with spices extracted from totem beast fats and various suspicious red liquids, emitting a faint strange fragrance and a pungent smell of blood.

### **Chapter 967: Your Illness Can Be Cured!**

In short, the original appearance of this medical room thousands of years ago should have been more advanced than a sterile ward of the highest level in Dragon City.

Now, it had become the place where witch doctors jumped to become gods.

In many primitive clans, witch doctors, priests, and shamans were the same thing. They were individuals with lofty statuses who could communicate with their ancestors and gods.

The witch doctors in this medical room were only responsible for treating the rat civil servants, and they had a lower status in the Turan civilization's Shinto-like system.

They still wore three layers of colorful feathers on the inside and three layers on the outside.

They wore huge ebony and white bone masks.

Their necks, waists, and limbs were wrapped in shining gems.

They looked mysterious and unfathomable.

However, the thing that was embedded at the center of their masks and the bottle that was used to fill the powder on their waists made Meng Chao feel no awe at all.

If Meng Chao was not mistaken, the thing that was embedded at the center of their masks and acted as the "third eye" should be a full-screen phone.

The thing that was used to fill the powder and the liquid was a plastic soda bottle.

Of course, they were all ancient models from decades ago, or even from the Earth era.

The phone screen had long been shattered, revealing the circuit board inside.

Meng Chao estimated that these things were all from when Dragon City and Peach Blossom Town had just crossed over. The flood had spread from Peach Blossom Town along the Raging Tiger River, all the way past Guillotine and rushed to the Turan River in the middle and lower reaches. They were also fished up by the fishermen living at Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Perhaps, in the eyes of the Turan people, these were all gifts from the ancestral spirits.

No wonder the alliance between the Turan civilization and Dragon City civilization in his previous life was so straightforward.

Perhaps in the Turan people's eyes, even the Earthlings were sent by the "sacred ancestral spirits" to help them fight against the Holy Light faction?

Two witch doctors waved two totem beast leg bones carved with exquisite patterns and danced around Meng Chao for a long time, muttering to themselves.

Forget Meng Chao, even the other Turan people probably could not understand what they were chanting.

Then, one of the witch doctors took out a bone needle and a cow tendon rope, gesturing for Meng Chao to stretch out his arm.

Meng Chao hesitated for a moment, and after confirming that the bone needle wasn't poisonous, he slowly stretched out his hand.

The other party first tied the cow tendon rope to the top of his elbow. After a while, he heavily patted his forearm.

Then, another witch doctor squeezed out a ointment that looked like cooling oil from the plastic soda bottle and smeared it on the spot that was slightly red after the first witch doctor slapped him.

The first witch doctor easily brought the bone needle over and stabbed it in the air. He narrowed his eyes and waited for a few seconds before gently pressing on Meng Chao's elbow and performing another "Pulling out the needle" action.

The familiar action stunned Meng Chao for a long time before he came to a realization.

Wasn't this a blood test!

That's right. Since they had arrived at the medical room, they naturally had to take a blood test first.

Although the Tulan civilization was still in the era of the clan, they still paid attention to science!

The problem was that the blood was drawn with a hollow needle, and there were rubber tubes and blood collection bottles behind it!

The two witch doctors pretended for a long time, but the bone needle did not even pierce the blood vessel. What use could it be?

Meng Chao ridiculed in his heart.

The two witch doctors were very serious and even pious.

They sent the bone needle, which had been "Collected blood," to a bronze instrument with gorgeous patterns engraved on the outer shell and various gears and bearings embedded inside.

There were two observation holes on the instrument.

One of the witch doctors lowered his head and adjusted the gears next to the instrument, observing it attentively.

"Is... is this a microscope?"

Meng Chao had an absurd premonition once again.

The other party's movements and postures were indeed like 'after collecting blood samples, send them to a microscope-like instrument for analysis'.



But Meng Chao was 100% sure that through the 'microscope', not even a hair of the bacteria could be seen!

It was not only because he had not been truly collected blood.

It was also because, no matter what civilization's microscope was, it was impossible to use a soda bottle cap as a cog!

"Therefore, this is not a real microscope, but... a piece of art that was randomly pieced together with countless crudely made parts to mimic the appearance of a microscope."

The actions of the two witch doctors were obviously not real tests and treatments, but some kind of performance art.

Seeing the cow-headed witch doctor fiddling with the "Microscope" for a long time with his short hands that looked like cow hooves, Meng Chao finally could not help but ask in a low voice, "May I ask what the Witch Doctor is doing?"

The two witch doctors glanced at him in dissatisfaction.

Perhaps it was the shocking wounds on Meng Chao's body that made them believe that he was a warrior who had received the protection of the ancestral spirit and was about to shine in the Battle of Glory.

Or perhaps, they felt that there was no need to argue with a rat from a remote village who knew nothing at all.

Of course, it was more likely that the picture of ice storm tearing apart the 'Hammer of a million steam' of the Stinger with the mithril Ripper just now pierced into everyone's heart like an icicle, making everyone shudder in fear.

One of the witch doctors dragged out his voice and shook his head. "Quiet, lowly rat folk. We are praying to the sacred ancestral spirit to grant you infinite strength to heal these insignificant wounds."

It was obvious that the ritual of praying to the ancestral spirit was not something that could be completed with a simple 'blood test'.

After waiting for a long time, the ox head witch doctor raised his head from the 'microscope'.

Meng Chao was then sent to two strange-shaped devices by them.

The first one was probably an X-ray machine.

The second one was very similar to a large-scale MRI machine.

He was lying on a metal bed and was pushed into a round cabin by two witch doctors.

Of course, like the "Microscope", these two medical devices were not real.

Although the surface was carved or naturally grown with mysterious and complicated patterns, and the witch doctors had dressed him up meticulously — a large number of colorful ores were inlaid, seven-

colored feathers were glued to the fat of the totem beasts, and even.., from the 'MRI machine', a large number of totem beast skulls were hanging down.

But these bits and pieces were not enough to make a ghost that was essentially a handicraft to have any medical effect.

The two witch doctors, on the other hand, were working very hard on it.

Seeing that they were covered in thick seven-colored feather clothes that were as thick as cotton jackets, and that they were sweating profusely, Meng Chao was somewhat moved.

"Negative!"

After the full set of examinations were done, a witch doctor shook a huge alligator snapping turtle shell, and a totem beast rib with a minus sign was shaken out.

The two witch doctors were ecstatic. They shook their ribs at Meng Chao and shouted, "Negative, it's negative!"

"... Lord Witch Doctor, so, what does negative mean?" Meng Chao asked carefully.

"Being negative means that the ancestral spirit has heard our prayers and is willing to bestow supreme divine power on you, a lowly rat subject."

The two witch doctors said solemnly, "Your illness can be cured!"

"..."

Meng Chao suddenly had a feeling that he did not really want to be treated by the Tulan Witch Doctor.

Fortunately, the secret medicine was genuine.

Moreover, it was even denser than the secret medicine he had obtained from training a few days ago.

Meng Chao felt that he had been soaked in a large vat of dark green paste.

The spiritual energy contained in the secret medicine was almost comparable to the 'Blood of Hell' that he had accidentally absorbed in the depths of the nest city!

Meng Chao could not help but moan in satisfaction.

Taking a deep breath, he immersed himself in the large medicine vat and enjoyed the feeling of being nourished by the secret medicine. He crazily absorbed spiritual energy and repaired the damaged cells and spiritual veins.

At the same time, he quickly thought about everything he saw.

He had heard that there was a 'cargo worship' on Earth.

When the tribal aborigines living on remote islands accidentally discovered the cargo ships and transport planes of the civilized world, they would send all kinds of resources to the isolated islands.

They thought that the cargo ships and transport planes were envoys sent by the gods and could bring them inexhaustible resources.

After the cargo ships and transport planes of the civilized world left, the tribal aborigines used branches and straw to tie them up into large ships and planes and worshipped them with perseverance. They believed that as long as they were devout enough, one day.., the clay figurines would become gods and descend to the mortal world, once again giving them endless resources and supreme power.

“It is obvious that the Tulan civilization’s prayer for the ancestral spirits is also a form of cargo worship.

“The ancestors or creators of the high-level orcs clearly possessed extraordinary civilization standards. They possessed all kinds of dark technologies, including advanced medical devices, large-scale military facilities, and super biochemical technology.

“Unfortunately, under the impact of the long river of time for thousands of years, their civilization collapsed and a huge fault appeared.

“Most of the dark technologies of the past were lost, leaving only the tribal natives who did not know what happened or why. They imitated the appearance of their ancestors and tried to awaken the power that had been dormant for thousands of years again..

“Wait a minute. There is something weird here.

“If the Tulan civilization, which used to be in control of super technology, has collapsed and degenerated into the era of the clan, what is going on with the secret medicine that I am enjoying right now?

“Is it possible that the genetic medicine that is even more advanced than Dragon City can jump out of the body of a ghost and jump out of the body of a God?

“Also, the totem armor combines the dual advantages of the nano combat suit and the power armor. It also has the magical self-repair ability and the ability to transform weapons to a certain extent. Such an advanced single-arm weapon system, let alone the research and development, is it possible that a clan civilization can maintain and repair it over thousands of years and still be as bright as new?”

Meng Chao felt more and more that the Tulan civilization wasn’t as simple as the orc clan on the surface.

Just as he was about to enter deep meditation and integrate all the information, he tried to grab more memory fragments from the depths of his brain.

He suddenly shivered and felt the temperature drop to below zero. The originally thick secret medicine was about to freeze into ice.

Meng Chao poked his head out of the water.

He discovered that the two witch doctors had already left the treatment room.

The treatment room had also turned into an ice cave.

The snow leopard female warrior’s eyes were wide open and she had an unfriendly expression. She sat opposite the big medicine vat and looked at him covetously.

Chapter 968: An Irresistible Deal

Seeing Meng Chao pop up, Ice Storm coldly asked, “Who exactly are you?”

Ten sharp leopard claws popped out of her paws, looking as if they were going to scratch his mandrake blossom.

Meng Chao blinked.

Finally couldn't hold it in anymore?

This was very normal.

Although his limbs were well developed, an advanced orc's mind was definitely not simple.

The training skills he had displayed over the past few days, as well as his astonishing ability to control the field, including the ability to retract the sound waves into a line and transmit them to the target's cochlea point-to-point, had far surpassed the standards of a mouse citizen, even an ordinary clan warrior should have the standard.

For ice storm to be able to endure until now, he could be considered very patient.

Meng Chao ignored the frost that appeared between his opponent's sharp claws. He grinned and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't ask this question."

Ice Storm narrowed her eyes, and two dangerous ice flowers blossomed in them. "Why?" she asked.

"Because this question is not important at all."

Meng Chao calmly said, "It's as if I'm also very curious about who you are. It's said that you're a warrior of the clan with a glorious bloodline, but at the same time that you have great combat strength, you haven't learned any commanding skills or commanding skills.

"You're said to want to command a battle gang or even an entire battle group, but you don't have the slightest interest in training and commanding.

"You're said to have broken away from the clan and fled the territory of the Gold Clan. You came to Black-corner City because you had no other choice, but you're unwilling to join the strongest local Blood Hoof Clan through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony.

"You're said to be an extremely rare snow leopard warrior, but according to my observation, the feline characteristics on your body don't seem to be that of a leopard. Instead, it's more like an extremely special albinism.

"Also, your tail is often swishing behind your buttocks, sometimes bristling and sometimes taut. In the eyes of ordinary people, it looks very natural.

"However, after dissecting thousands of monsters... wild beasts, in my eyes, the movements of your tailbone and tailbone muscles seem very out of place as if this is not your own tail at all.

"Look, there are so many suspicious points on your body. It makes people doubt whether you're really a snow leopard warrior.

"But did I ask? Did I investigate your identity? Do I care whether you're an advanced orc or another race? No, right?"

“Because these questions aren’t important at all. No matter who you are, or even if you’re not a human, as long as we can trade fairly and work together, it won’t stop me from respectfully calling you ‘Lady Ice Storm.’”

Ice Storm’s face was originally crystal clear like a work of art that was carved out of white jade.

When she heard Meng Chao’s words, her face went ghastly pale, and her fur stood up and trembled as if it had been electrocuted, especially when she heard Meng Chao point out the flaw in her tail.

Her tail was like a broken tree branch that instantly drooped down.

For a moment, cracking sounds sounded out from the four corners of the infirmary.

Sharp icicles drilled out of the icicles at the corner of the wall and aimed at Meng Chao like spears

Ice Storm’s killing intent blew out layers of ripples in the large medicine vat, as if it was a mini storm.

Meng Chao’s eyelashes were not disturbed by the storm at all.

He still looked at Ice Storm calmly.

“Aren’t you afraid that I’ll kill you directly?”

Ice Storm was puzzled by his confident look.

The icicle that protruded out like a tusk did not pierce down directly.

“I can’t think of any reason why Lady Ice Storm and I have to fight to the death.”

Meng Chao shrugged and said, “Although we don’t know each other, after spending the past few days together, we at least know that we’re ‘definitely not each other.’

“First of all, I’m definitely not a secret agent, spy, or assassin from the land of Holy Light. The reason is very simple. There’s no one like me in the land of Holy Light who has black hair, black eyes, and strange appearances. Even if we can find him, it’s impossible for those old-fashioned people who are overly illuminated by the Holy Light to send spies like me to infiltrate Picturesque Orchid Lake.

“Therefore, I’m definitely not an enemy of the Turan people.

“Secondly, judging from my appearance, it is impossible for me to be from the Gold Clan, let alone have anything to do with the snow leopard clan. Therefore, whatever grudges Lady Ice Storm has with the Gold Clan’s wolves, tigers, and leopards, it has nothing to do with me, and I am not your enemy.

“Thirdly, by the same logic, judging from my wounds and miserable appearance, it is impossible for me to be a member of the Blood Hoof Clan and have nothing to do with Casanova Bloodhoof whom you are deeply afraid of. No matter what you are planning in the dark, I will not stop you. Maybe, I can even help you.

“By the way, today’s battle is enough to prove my ability. I am the one who can bring you victory.

“In conclusion, I can not think of any reason why you would cut off the only helping hand that is extended to you when you are in such a dangerous situation where even half a step is enough to destroy your body.”

“How do you know that I am in a dangerous situation?” Ice Storm asked through clenched teeth.

“If you weren’t in danger, you wouldn’t have allowed me to spout nonsense here. You would have torn my mouth apart long ago,” Meng Chao said indifferently.

Ice Storm took a deep breath.

She felt that Meng Chao’s suggestion was very attractive.

“Relax, Lady Ice Storm. I sincerely want to be your friend and not your enemy. Otherwise, I could have gone to Casanova Bloodhoof just now and told him that your tail is fake. If I’m not wrong, this is also the reason why you’ve been refusing to let me flex my muscles and adjust my strength, right?” Meng Chao said with a smile.

Ice Storm jumped up once again.

If it wasn’t for the warning in the depths of her brain telling her not to attack this black-haired, black-eyed, mysterious guy so easily, she would have used an icicle to stab him.

“Yeah, why don’t you go find Casanova?”

Ice Storm didn’t understand, “With your ability, even if Casanova gave you a drop of blood and lured you into the Blood Hoof Clan, it would be a piece of cake. As long as it wasn’t too excessive, Casanova, who has the support of the entire Blood Hoof Clan, would be able to satisfy you.

“I can’t think of anything that Casanova can’t give to you, yet he insisted on looking for me, a lone outsider.”

“Yes, there’s one thing that Casanova Bloodhoof can’t give to me, and that’s fairness.”

Meng Chao said indifferently, “What I’m Looking for is a partner of equal size who can mutually benefit each other, and not an object of loyalty. What I want is a fair deal, and not some Blood Bestowing Ceremony. Then, I want to become a pawn that the Blood Hoof Clan clutches by the throat and can’t help themselves. You should be able to understand what I mean, right?”

Ice Storm was silent.

Of course, she understood what Meng Chao meant because it was exactly what she wanted.

“What... do you want?” Ice Storm finally wavered and asked cautiously.

“Resources and information.”

Meng Chao said, “To be specific, golden fruits that contain rich energy, as well as the flesh of totem beasts. Of course, secret medicines like these that have excellent healing effects, the more the better.

“As for information, don’t worry, I won’t pry into any privacy or secrets. At most, when you’re free and in a good mood, it’s enough to answer some common sense questions of mine, Lady Ice Storm.”

“I’m not in a good mood.”

Ice storm said, “I have a feeling that in the next ten days to half a month, I won’t be in a good mood.”

Meng Chao smiled and said, "Since it's a fair deal, of course, I'll do my best to repay you, Lady Ice Storm. Why Don't you ask me what I can bring you?"

Ice Storm snorted coldly and didn't want to talk to Meng Chao.

The female snow leopard warrior felt that every time she spoke to Meng Chao, she would be dragged even deeper by Meng Chao. In the end, she would be eaten alive by this damn Reaper.

After being tempered by the fire of apocalypse, Meng Chao's skin was thick enough. He said to himself, "I don't think that you really want to lead thousands of troops and slaughter everyone in the Battle of Glory, right, Lady Ice Storm?"

"If you only want to gain a certain degree of independence and have enough resources to arm an army, you will have to command at least one battle gang, which will be the size of hundreds to thousands of people. According to the rules of the Blood Skull Arena, you will probably need to win two to three more group battles."

Although the military technology of the Turan civilization was relatively advanced...

The military structure was very extensive.

Generally speaking, there were only four levels: battle teams, battle gangs, battle groups, and legions.

Military units of the same level were also of varying sizes.

Basically, they were all based on settlements, families, or clans as the core strength. They would then bring along a large number of slave soldiers and servant soldiers and send them out in disorder.

If the clans were more powerful and brought along more slave soldiers and servant soldiers, a battle gang could have a scale of thousands or even tens of thousands of people.

If it was a small or medium-sized clan, they would only be able to gather a few dozen clan warriors. They would only have three to five sets of totem battle armors. Then, they would bring along a hundred or so rat civilian servant soldiers. They could also be considered a battle gang.

No matter what, commanding a combat gang would give them the opportunity to act alone, such as plundering towns, harvesting grain, cutting off the enemy's supply lines, and so on.

When they were alone, the commander of a combat gang had a high degree of freedom.

It was unlike the smallest military unit, the battle team. Most of the time, they had to obey the orders of the higher-ups and wait for the higher-ups to distribute weapons and military grain.

Finally, Ice Storm was moved.

In a semi-transparent state, her almost frozen eyeballs turned around with difficulty, and she stared at Meng Chao.

"As long as you provide me with sufficient resources and information, I can help you win three more matches," Meng Chao said bluntly.

Ice Storm wanted to refute his nonsense.

However, the unrestrained victory just now was still vivid in her mind.

Before stepping into the arena, who would have thought that her team of unimpressive-looking motley crew would be able to emerge unscathed and win perfectly in the face of the fierce-looking rat servants of the Ironhide Clan?

Ice Storm scratched herself with her claws unwillingly.

She knew that she had once again been convinced by this mysterious and dangerous guy.

“Casanova is not a fool.”

She could only resist in vain. “He has already begun to suspect me. He will soon realize that I am not personally training and commanding him. He will come looking for you.”

“It doesn’t matter. I know very well that with my appearance, strength, and temperament, it is impossible for me to hide in the crowd for a long time. I only need your help to cover up a little and delay it for a short period of time, Lady Ice Storm.”

Meng Chao calmly said, “When the time comes, just ask Lord Casanova Bloodhoof to look for me.”

### **Chapter 969: Devouring Armor**

The proud female snow leopard warrior finally gave in.

Although she hated Meng Chao’s smile and the feeling of being led by the nose...

There was nothing she could do. Meng Chao had helped her win too many spoils of war.

After the treatment, Ice Storm brought Meng Chao to the Blood Skull Arena’s armory.

It was hundreds of arms in height and width, comparable to the largest warehouse-style supermarket in Dragon City. It was filled with mandrake fruits that could fill the stomachs of tens of thousands of soldiers and weapons that could arm them to their teeth.

The walls seemed to be made of irregular rocks, but there were mandrake branches growing freely through the gaps like vines. They covered all the “seams” and formed a backbone that was stronger than steel.

It made the entire armory as if it was made of concrete. Like other military buildings in Black-corner City, it stood for thousands of years and could still withstand the thunderous attacks.

There were too many spoils of war.

Ice storm had to let Meng Chao help her count them.

The reward for winning the team battle alone was 500 golden fruits, 5,000 pounds of totem beast flesh, 200 jars of fragrant secret medicine, as well as armor and weapons that could arm up to 100 servants—it was not just the bark and branches of the mandrake tree. Coupled with the bones of wild beasts that were randomly pieced together, they were like a heavy weapon that was made of metal.

The tens of thousands of spectators who had been excited by the battle also received a large amount of resources from Ice Storm’s battle team.



That was a tradition of the gladiator arena.

The more thrilling the battle and the more satisfying the victory, the more the audience's fighting spirit and interest would be aroused.

For a true warrior, no matter what their identity was, the audience would not be stingy with some resources, especially those who had bet heavily on Ice Storm's battle team and won a lot of money. Many people even spent a lot of money, up to a third or even half of their gains. They all shared it with the invincible Frost Queen in their hearts.

However, to the wild boar warrior, Poison Stinger, who had lost to Ice Storm in private, these rewards were nothing.

Although Poison Stinger had been badly beaten by Ice Storm in the arena and a large part of the One Million Steam Hammer had been torn off by the Mithril Ripper...

However, the Ironhide Clan still adhered to the most basic rule of the Turan people's glory—one had to admit defeat when one was willing to bet.

Poison Stinger's mother had sent a large amount of rare resources to Ice Storm with Casanova's Bloodhoof.

Needless to say, there were regular golden fruits and totem beast flesh.

There were also ten cans of Ironhide Clan's secret recipe, which could cast flesh into steel and raise the defense to the limit of Secret Steel Medicine.

There were also a total of fifty totem beast cores!

For the sake of the mountain of precious resources, Ice Storm felt that it was better for her to bear with it for now and "scratch the Reaper's face" for a while longer.

However, the Ironhide Clan's bet wasn't that easy to take.

"You shouldn't have torn apart the One Million Steam Hammer in front of tens of thousands of spectators."

Casanova, who was transporting this batch of supplies to the armory, reminded Ice Storm with a gloomy expression, "Defeating a member of the Ironhide Clan is one thing, tearing apart his totem battle armor is another. This shows that you don't take the Ironhide Clan's totem seriously. This is a very serious provocation.

"You should know that wild boar people are a bunch of lunatics. The Ironhide Clan is even more lunatic among those other lunatics. If you anger them, they could do anything!"

Ice Storm snorted coldly.

Of course, she knew the consequences of provoking the Ironhide Clan.

However, just as that annoying Reaper had said, the worst thing was about to happen. She had no way out, so she naturally did not have any scruples.

She had to become stronger.

She had to seize every second and become stronger by any means necessary. Only then would she have a glimmer of hope to break out of the hopeless situation of certain death!

“You have no other choice now. You can only immediately carry out the Blood Bestowing Ceremony and join the Blood Hoof Clan. Only then will I be able to properly protect you.”

Casanova continued, “Otherwise, I won’t be able to bear the Ironhide Clan’s wrath for no reason.”

Ice storm laughed.

Suddenly, she felt that compared with that black-haired, black-eyed, mysterious and dangerous fellow, she had always felt that Casanova Bloodhoof was very powerful. She had a faint sense of reverence toward him. He was just an idiot.

The Reaper had only interacted with her for five days, but he had already guessed what she really wanted.

Casanova had known her for two years, so why could he not guess what she was fighting for?

The adjudicator of the Blood Skull Arena saw a hint of contempt that he had never appeared before in the depths of the female snow leopard warrior’s eyes.

He could not help but feel exasperated.

Taking a deep breath, Casanova’s gaze passed over Ice Storm’s shoulder and landed on Meng Chao, who had pounced on a large pile of resources and was climbing up and down with his butt stuck out.

His hair color that was like black flames particularly dazzled him.

“Who exactly is that guy?”

Casanova narrowed his eyes and asked, “Why did you choose such a servant?”

“How I choose the servant is my own business,” Ice Storm said stiffly.

“Moreover, don’t you think that his luck is very good?”

Indeed, for a rat citizen who was covered in wounds, to be able to escape from the destructive storm caused by two totem warriors, such luck was not only very good, it was practically a miracle.

Casanova had nothing to say.

He did not have the right to criticize Ice Storm’s attitude.

After all, Ice Storm had not received his blood. She was not a member of the Blood Hoof Clan, and he was not her vassal either.

Strictly speaking, Ice Storm was just a free gladiator.

Although she had obtained a lot of resources from the Blood Skull Arena, she had also used his amazing performance to earn a lot of benefits for the arena.

They were in a cooperative relationship, so Ice Storm did not owe him anything.

As the trump card with a brilliant battle record, she had just filled in the biggest weakness of her inability to command a small team. Ice Storm still had enough chips in her hands.

Casanova looked at Ice Storm and Meng Chao deeply, then turned around and left with a gloomy face.

Ice Storm snorted and asked Meng Chao to pull all the rare resources into the depths of the armory, which was the private warehouse of her trump card.

Then, she used a chain as thick as an arm to lock the door of the warehouse from the inside.

Then, Ice Storm took out the broken piece of the One Million Steam Hammer breastplate that she had just torn off from the arena.

She skillfully chose five secret medicines and mixed them according to different ratios. She used a carved totem beast leg bone and stirred it carefully until the secret medicine made a “gurgle gurgle” sound. Bubbles and thick smoke appeared as if it was boiling.

Then, she carefully cut open a golden mandrake fruit and peeled the jelly-like, trembling flesh out of the metal-like shell.

Half of the shell of the golden fruit was used to fill the boiling secret medicine.

The flesh was squeezed into a fruit paste and mixed into the secret medicine.

She held her breath and waited for more than ten seconds until the constantly rolling medicinal liquid had a visible change in color and faintly emitted rays of golden light.

Only then did she unfreeze the fragments of the breastplate of the One Million Steam Hammer that had been sealed by the frost and immerse them into the pale golden secret medicine.

As the golden secret medicine emitted creaking sounds, something unbelievable happened!

The fragments of the breastplate of the One Million Steam Hammer seemed to have woken up from hibernation. Countless metal threads extended out of the uneven edges and greedily sucked on the golden secret medicine.

The liquid level in the golden fruit shell was decreasing at a speed visible to the naked eye. It was as if the secret medicine inside had been completely absorbed by the fragment of the chest plate.

The fragment of the chest plate that was full of the secret medicine was obviously expanding.

The solid metal texture that was originally hard and cold turned into a full, full, and soft liquid metal texture once again.

Mysterious and complicated spirit tattoos appeared on the surface of the chest plate, as if they were blood vessels and neural networks covering a living creature.

It gradually lost its original breastplate shape and turned into a round metal ball. It was more and more active as it tried to climb out of the golden fruit shell and flee in all directions.

Shua!

Ice Storm summoned her totem armor, Mithril Ripper.

In an instant, it turned into a killing machine made of silver that was half human and half panther.

After the last drop of the golden secret medicine was sucked dry by the remnants of the breastplate of the One Million Steam Hammer, the spirit tattoos all over its body were shining, and it was about to jump out of the fruit shell.

Ice Storm opened her claws that were wrapped in mithril and covered the shell of the fruit.

She caught the broken piece of the breastplate.

The broken piece of the breastplate was spinning inside the golden shell of the fruit, but it could not escape from her palm no matter what.

Six air holes were opened on the surface of the broken piece of the breastplate, and steam was spurting out.

Two streams of freezing air were spurting out of Ice Storm's hand too, instantly turning the steam of the other party into crystal-clear ice flowers.

She was like an experienced fisherman.

Although she had caught a big fish, she was not in a hurry to pull the hook. Instead, she played with the big fish patiently and let the big fish flutter as much as they wanted to exhaust their strength.

Finally, the broken pieces of the One Million Steam Hammer's breastplate rushed left and right for a long time, but they could not break through the frozen palm of the ice storm and gradually calmed down.

Suddenly, a few silver icicles pierced out of Ice Storm's hand and pierced deeply into the broken pieces of the breastplate.

The broken pieces of the breastplate screamed miserably as if they were alive.

However, they couldn't resist the enormous tearing and sucking force.

The liquid metal was like jelly, and the silver icicles were like straws. In just a few seconds, the broken pieces of the breastplate that belonged to the One Million Steam Hammer were absorbed into the body of Ice Storm's Mithril Ripper. It was swallowed!

Ice Storm, who had swallowed the fragments of the opponent's totem armor was as excited as if it had been injected with too much genetic medicine.

She let out a low roar like a cheetah, and her aura continued to rise. The muscles all over her body were taut, and the lines that symbolized speed, agility, and sharpness were clearly outlined by the totem armor.

What was different from before was that, at this moment, there were three air holes on the arms of her armor.

Frost spewed out like steam, compressing and stirring the surrounding air, emitting a soul-stirring roar of the cold wind!

Meng Chao, who had watched the entire process, couldn't help but be dumbfounded.

He remembered that this was clearly the wild boar warrior, Poison Stinger's ultimate skill.

Mithril Ripper, which had swallowed the fragments of the One Million Steam Hammer's breastplate, had actually obtained part of the former's characteristics!

Chapter 970: Living Armor

Seeing Meng Chao's dumbstruck expression, the female snow leopard warrior was finally delighted.

"So this seemingly mysterious and omnipotent fellow has his moments of being dumbfounded!" she thought delightedly.

She had originally used the Mithril Ripper to devour the fragments of the One Million Steam Hammer in front of Meng Chao meant to flaunt her strength. It was meant to intimidate the little ones and for her to take back the initiative.

However, Ice Storm soon realized that something was wrong.

The guy opposite her was stunned, but there was not much respect in his eyes. Instead, they were filled with intense interest.

His eyes became sharper and sharper, like two blades that were as thin as cicada's wings. It was as if they wanted to slice her totem armor into pieces.

"This... What kind of monster is this guy?"

Ice Storm was stunned again. "Could it be that he doesn't have the concept of 'fear?'"

Meng Chao had indeed seen the apocalyptic flames and the immemorial battlefield. So, no matter how strange and ferocious the totem armor was, he did not feel the need to be afraid at all.

He was only more interested in this super weapon system that contained a large amount of black technology. It was obviously beyond the clan era, and even beyond the information era where Dragon City was located.

"So, totem armors are upgraded by devouring another?"

He turned into a curious baby and asked Ice Storm excitedly.

This time, Ice Storm was sure that this Reaper was really not a spy from the land of Holy Light.

Since the land of holy light and Picturesque Orchid Lake had been entangled for thousands of years, they were mortal enemies and had a deep understanding of each other.

In the land of Holy Light, whether it was mages, light chasers or night watchers, their understanding of totem armors might be even more detailed than Ice Storm's.

It would be impossible to ask something that childish like the Reaper's question.

In fact, everything about totem armors was not a secret in the first place.

The Turan people, who had a rough personality and were willing to seize every opportunity to show off their strength, also rarely kept secrets.

"Of course, the totem armor is a gift from the ancestral spirit or even the incarnation of the ancestral spirit. It is a living armor. Of course it can devour other armor and become even stronger!"

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that different totems had different characteristics. As long as one devoured a brand new totem, one would have the chance to obtain a brand new characteristic. The prerequisite was that the totem armor fragment that was devoured had to be large enough. For example, the large piece of breastplate that she had just ripped off from Poison Stinger's chest.

If it was just a finger-sized fragment, it would be useless. At most, it would only strengthen the inherent characteristics of her own totem armor slightly.

Her Mithril Ripper originally had sharpness, freezing, acceleration, and other characteristics.

After devouring the fragment of the One Million Hammer Steam, it added compressed air and the "shocking" characteristic of high frequency oscillations. Naturally, its combat strength would be greatly increased.

That was the reason why she did not hesitate to offend the Ironhide Clan and wanted to destroy as well as snatch the One Million Steam Hammer.

Of course, the more characteristics the totem armor had, the harder it was to control. Moreover, it needed to swallow more energy in order to maintain the stability of the totem.

It was immensely difficult for ordinary warriors of the clan to grasp it. The slightest carelessness would trigger a backlash.

Just as Meng Chao had said, Ice Storm had stepped into a desperate situation and had no choice but to stake everything.

Fortunately, she won the bet!

As she spoke, Ice Storm reduced the Mithril Ripper that had completed its devouring into liquid metal and returned it to her body.

The glittering totem tattoo that extended from her chest all the way to her shoulder had also undergone interesting changes.

Originally, her totem tattoo was just of a silver leopard head that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws. In addition, there were six intersecting claw marks.

Now, above the leopard head, three streams of steam were spurting out. There were also circles of dense ripples that ruffled out in all directions, representing the "shocking" characteristic.

Gently touching the brand new totem tattoo, Ice Storm was completely satisfied. Her frosty face broke into a smile.

But her stomach was rumbling nonstop.

Obviously, the fierce battle earlier, as well as the devouring of the totem battle armor, had consumed too much energy.

She did not hesitate to cut open the second golden fruit and sucked the jiggling jelly-like flesh into her mouth.

After consuming three golden fruits in a row, she was still not satisfied, and she grabbed another totem beast's core.

Swoosh!

From her palm to her forearm, she was once again wrapped in liquid metal.

Dozens of metal threads drilled out from the silvery-white metal fluid and pierced deeply into the totem beast's core.

In a short while, the totem beast's core was sucked dry.

The liquid metal continued to surge before the entire core finally disappeared into Ice Storm's body.

Meng Chao just studied the golden fruit carefully.

He knew that each mandrake tree could only bear one special fruit per round of fruiting, and the spirit energy it contained was even richer than the top-grade genetic medicine in Dragon City.

Even he had to meditate and exercise for half a day before he could digest and absorb all the violent spirit energy in one golden fruit...

Ice Storm's flesh and blood was not as strong as his at his peak, so it was impossible for her to digest and absorb all the spirit energy within the three golden fruits in an instant.

So, it was the totem armor on her body that digested and absorbed it?

Her armor had complicated natural patterns growing on its surface. It was crystal clear and as colorful as crystal marrow. However, it was made of a material that was neither gold nor iron. What was it that could be directly absorbed by the totem armor?

Meng Chao grabbed a totem beast core and studied it for a long time.

He kept feeling that this thing did not seem to be something that could grow naturally in a carbon-based organism.

However, Ice Storm told him that this kind of "core" was indeed the vital center of the totem beast. The most important organ determined the totem beast's behavior pattern and brutality.

Moreover, the totem beast's core contained weak totem power. It was the best "food" for the totem armor.

In the prosperous era, there were not many opportunities to directly devour the opponent's totem armor fragments.

Most of the time, totem warriors still relied on hunting totem beasts and collecting and devouring cores to continuously strengthen their totem armor and slowly condense new characteristics.

“Is it so magical?”

In the name of a veteran reaper who had dissected thousands of monsters, Meng Chao swore that he had never found any “cores in the bodies of monsters, superbeasts, abnormal beasts, or even demon gods.

The crystallized nerve spheres of the monsters were somewhat similar to the “core” of the totem beasts.

However, compared to the pure natural crystallized nerve spheres, the totem beast core had a cold metallic texture.

It didn’t look like a biological organ, but more like some kind of man-made object, some kind of... control chip or something like that.

“Directly eating the control chip to become stronger? This is a very human-like operation. No wonder advanced orcs, whose civilization had degenerated to the age of the clan, could still master totem armor!”

Thinking of this, Meng Chao grinned and asked Ice Storm how he could obtain a totem armor.

This was not out of Ice Storm’s expectations.

Every Turan, even the most humble rat people, yearned to become a totem warrior.

However, Ice Storm warned Meng Chao that becoming a totem warrior, apart from great glory, also meant extreme danger.

And the most dangerous thing did not come from the outside world, it was the totem armor itself.

“If your power is insufficient or if you are not devout enough to the ancestral spirit, you might really be swallowed alive by the totem armor.”

Leaf had also warned Meng Chao like this.

However, for Meng Chao, who yearned for greater power in order to save Dragon City, such a warning would not be much more effective than the warning from the FBI in the Life Science Research Video.

“Then, I’ll take you to see how to obtain the power of totems!”

Ice Storm thought for a moment and said, “It just so happens that I’ve obtained the quota of a new batch of seventy servants. I can expand my own battle team. I should go around the Blood Skull Arena and choose more powerful soldiers.”

In addition to the large open-air arena that could accommodate tens of thousands of spectators.

The Blood Skull Arena also had indoor arenas of various sizes.

They were mainly used for one-on-one fights or small teams of three to five people.



Compared to the large open-air arena, where hundreds of thousands of people charged into the battle and two gladiators fought to the death, although the scene might not be as exciting, the distance between the spectator stands and the arena was close enough, the blood and broken bones that flew out from the gladiators could even splash onto the faces of the spectators.

The excitement of being in the arena and having flesh and blood splattered all over the place attracted countless people. They watched, placed bets, and cheered day and night. When their blood was boiling, they would personally go up to the arena to vent their violent strength.

When Meng Chao and Ice Storm arrived at this small arena, there were already no empty seats around them.

The gladiators' roars and the audience's clamor were like subwoofers bombarding the arena, bringing the atmosphere to the point of a volcano erupting.

On the arena, there were three people with the characteristics of a Minotaur and a wild boar. Their bodies were covered in blood and their muscles were bulging. They were confronting a huge monster.

Although their bodies were strong, they were not inferior to the warriors of the clan.

Moreover, their bodies were tied with iron chains that were as thick as arms, and they were wearing armor made of metal.

The greatsword, greatax, and scimitar in their hands were also shining with a cold light. They were the best products that could cut iron like mud.

However, Meng Chao could tell from their nervous expressions, their Adam's apple that was rolling nonstop, the large amount of sweat that they were secreting, and the muscles of their legs that were shivering because of the uneven distribution of their strength, that they were in a cramping state, they were not professional warriors who had been well-trained.

They were rat subjects like Leaf and Spider who had been forcibly recruited by the masters only a few days ago.

As expected, Ice Storm told Meng Chao that these rat subjects had resisted the conscription team with their lives in the "conscription operation" and displayed amazing potential. They were the lucky ones who had been chosen by the warriors of the clan.

If they were like Leaf's brother, who had died in a fierce battle during the resistance, the warriors of the clan would have given him a drop of blood and brought his body back to offer sacrifices to the ancestral spirits.

If he were still alive, he would have a chance.

A chance to prove that he was worthy of the clan's glorious blood.