

Oh My God 991

Chapter 991: You'll Regret It

"Are you sure?"

Meng Chao frowned slightly. "I have to say, you've really disappointed me. Mr. Big Buck, I thought that advanced orcs were all made of steel and could last at least ten to twenty minutes!

"By the way, are you really not going to last another three to five minutes?"

"No! No! No!"

Big Buck let out a shrill scream. "Quick, ask me a question! I'll tell you everything! Everything! Ah!"

The last scream came from the burning flames on his left leg, which had been ripped open.

Meng Chao had used a secret medicine that was rich in flammable oil to cauterize his wound and temporarily seal the broken blood vessels, hanging the Minotaur warrior on the dividing line between life and death.

"What's the name of that village?"

This was his first question.

This question completely stunned the great buck, who was in so much pain that he wanted to die.

He had already planned to sell all his secrets.

This included the most shameful inside information of the bloody hoof family.

However, he did not expect the black-haired, black-eyed monster to ask an inexplicable question. "Wh-What village?"

"The village that rescued me from the tributaries of the Turan River and saved my life."

Meng Chao patiently explained, "The village that was later destroyed by your recruitment team."

Big Buck was silent for a while.

Confusion and surprise gradually appeared on the Pale Bull's face.

As if he couldn't believe it, Meng Chao didn't hesitate to offend the entire bloody hoof family and took great pains to capture him just for such an insignificant matter.

However, under the stimulation of the secret medicine, the burning pain of the wound continued.

And with every breath he took, it became more and more unbearable.

In order to get rid of the endless nightmare-like torture as soon as possible, he could only tell the truth, "Bright Shell Village, it's called Bright Shell Village."

"Bright Shell Village..."

Meng Chao was immersed in his memories and muttered, "That's right. I remember that in that village, every family lived along the river. The villagers loved to plunder colorful snails from the river. After eating the flesh of the snails, they would string them up and make them into translucent wind chimes to hang on the headboard or the door frame.

"When I was struggling at the edge of the Dark Abyss and the fire of my soul was about to be extinguished at any time, I heard the clanging of the wind chimes and the clear and melodious laughter of the children. The children in the village loved to play around the wind chimes or puff up their cheeks and blow hard, making the wind chimes spin faster and faster. All the colorful snails would fly up.

"It was the careful care of the villagers and the laughter of the children that pulled me back from the brink of death. Otherwise, I would have turned into the bottom of the Turan River, a skeleton that had been gnawed away by fish and shrimp.

"That was a group of very kind villagers.

"It was also a very beautiful, very peaceful small village.

"You really shouldn't have destroyed that place, Mr. Big Buck.

"When you were burning, killing, looting, wantonly destroying, and enslaving Bright Shell Village, I had just struggled from the brink of death. I was still half-dead and couldn't even lift a finger. I had no way to stop you beasts. I could only remember the looks of you animals, especially you. There were two horns on your head, one big and one small. I remember telling you at that time..."

Meng Chao coldly said five words to Big Buck.

Big Buck then remembered that when they destroyed Bright Shell Village and dragged the black-haired, black-eyed monster back to Black-corner City, the monster had slightly opened its swollen eyes and said the same words to him.

At that time, Big Buck thought that the monster was just moaning in pain.

But if he knew the language of Earth, then he would know that Meng Chao said to him:

"You will regret it."

Big Buck became more and more confused and scared.

He really wanted to shout at the top of his voice, "Are you crazy? That is just a group of rat people, a group of low and weak rat people! Is it worth provoking the most powerful Blood Hoof Clan, or even the entire blood hoof family, for the sake of a group of low people?"

However, Meng Chao's eyes, which were as deep as ice, completely absorbed, froze, and shattered his shouts.

"Where are the villagers?"

Meng Chao continued to ask, "Many of the villagers who saved my life were captured by you. Where did they go?"

"In Black-corner City."

Big Buck hurriedly said, "A small portion stayed in the blood-skull arena as servants, while the majority were sent to various parts of Black-corner City as slave labor."

Meng Chao nodded thoughtfully. "Where are the children? Have you killed all of them?"

"No, no, we didn't kill the children!"

As if sensing the apocalyptic aura that was even more terrifying than death emanating from Meng Chao's body, Big Buck was scared out of his wits. He said repeatedly, "We didn't kill the children. We brought them back to Black-corner City together. Believe me, we didn't kill the children. You should have seen it. You should have seen a lot of children running with the recruitment team!"

Meng Chao recalled carefully. When he was hanging in the fishing net and half-asleep, he seemed to have seen a lot of rat children stumbling and following the recruitment team under the threat of the oxtail whip and the thorny spear.

"Why?"

Meng Chao asked, "When you carried out the recruitment mission in many remote mountain villages, you only took the young and strong, killed all the old, weak, women, and children, or left them to fend for themselves in the devastated ruins."

"Why did you take all the children with you when you arrived at Bright Shell Village? What's the use of children? They can't fight, so wouldn't they waste a lot of precious food?"

"It's useful. The children of the rat people are also very useful."

Big Buck stammered and explained, "The remote mountain village is too far from Black-corner City. If we recruited all the people here, we would waste too much food along the way. It's indeed not worth it."

"However, Bright Shell Village is not far from Black-corner City. Moreover, if we follow the Turan River, the road will be flat and there is no need to climb over mountains. Sometimes, we can even take a wooden raft. The cost of transporting a servant or slave is not very high, so we can capture more people."

"If we capture an adult, we can be a servant or slave. If we capture a child, we can be garbage worms!"

"Garbage worms?"

Meng Chao asked, "What's that?"

"It's a slave that cleans the septic tanks and sewage pipes in Black-corner City."

Big Buck said, "As you know, high-level orcs eat a lot and poop a lot. Recently, more than ten times the population of Black-corner City flooded in. However, our sewers were built by our ancestors thousands of years ago. Many places have fallen into disrepair and collapsed again."

"If we don't send people to the deepest part of the sewers to clean them up, all kinds of garbage and filth will erupt at any time!"

Meng Chao suddenly realized something.

“Because the children of the rats are petite and have soft bones, they are easy to crawl in the narrow and rugged pipes. So, you sent the children to the deepest part of the sewers to carry out such dirty work?”

Meng Chao said, “Wait a minute. It’s not just dirty. Won’t a large amount of biogas accumulate in the depths of the sewer, which could suffocate people to death at any time?”

Big Buck was silent for a long time before he said aggrievedly, “So, we can only let the rat people be garbage—they are just rat people!”

Meng Chao sighed.

“Alright, the young adults and children were caught by you to carry out all kinds of dirty, dangerous, and desperate missions in Black-corner City. What about the rest of the people, the elderly, the sick, and the disabled? All of them were killed by you?”

“No, we really didn’t kill too many people that day. They were just rat people. It was meaningless to kill them!”

Big Buck shouted, “We just burned down their houses!”

“That’s another thing that I can’t figure out. Why?”

Meng Chao said, “If your purpose is merely to ‘recruit ‘enough slaves and cannon fodder and seize all the mandala fruits, then your purpose has been achieved.

“Why did you set a big fire and burn down the entire village before you left?”

“Also, as far as I know, you didn’t just do it in Bright Shell Village. You did it in almost all the rat villages.

“It seems that the commander’s brutality can’t be used to explain it. It seems to be some kind of unified order

“That’s right. That’s right. Actually, I don’t want to burn Bright Shell Village!”

Big Buck nodded hurriedly. “Please believe me. I just want to capture those young and strong men. No, I want to recruit them and bring them out of their mediocre lives so that they can embark on a glorious path worthy of their ancestors!

“Yes, it was Sir Casanova who ordered us to destroy all the villages on the recruitment road. Even if I didn’t throw out the first torch, others would have done the same!”

“The reason,” Meng Chao said.

“To recruit more rat people!” Big Buck said quickly.

“Explain,” Meng Chao said.

“The recruitment team has limited manpower. It’s impossible to bring all the rat people in the village to Black-corner City. They can only take the young and strong men who have the strongest combat ability and labor force first. However, the rest of the old, weak, women, and children may be useful if they are picky. Therefore, their houses have to be burned.”

Big Buck explained in detail, "The recruitment team has collected all the mandala fruits and burned their houses. They have neither food nor a place to live. If they want to survive, they can only migrate to the places where there is food and houses.

"Where is the place with the most food and houses within hundreds of kilometers? Of course, Black-corner City!

"Therefore, with this method, there is no need for the bullwhip and the thorn gun to threaten them. The pariahs will come to Black-corner City of their own accord!"

Meng Chao Thought for a moment.

"It's unlikely, right?"

He said, "Can the elderly, the weak, the women, and the children, who lack food and clothing, cross the mountains and travel long distances to reach Black-corner City?"

"Of course not all of them can. It would be good if two or three out of ten of them could reach Black-corner City."

Big Buck said, "However, this is exactly what we need. After all, the past ten years of prosperity have been too long. There have been too many mouse people born.. There are so many that the clan army simply can not bring so many people. Of course, we have to carefully choose who is the most qualified to become cannon fodder and slaves!"

### **Chapter 992: Begging for Death**

"So you also need qualifications to be a slave and cannon fodder?"

Meng Chao nodded thoughtfully and continued to ask, "When you sell those children to the major forces in Black-corner City and become a slave and a trashy worm, there must be a middleman and a buyer, right? Give me a few names."

Big Buck did not hesitate at all.

He reported more than ten names in one breath.

They were all the people in Black-corner City who were in charge of buying, selling, and distributing slaves.

There were also many important figures.

Of course, only one of them came from the Blood Hoof Clan.

The rest came from the Ironhide Clan and other competitors.

His brain was in pain and hallucinating. He even imagined proudly that when the big figure of the Ironhide Clan, who was known for being tyrannical, fell into the hands of this black-haired, black-eyed monster... what a wonderful scene would that be?

Meng Chao had a general understanding of what had happened in Bright Shell Village.

Through reading and analyzing the micro-expressions, he determined that Big Buck was not lying.

Next, it was the problem of the totem armor.

"I noticed that when I was strangling your neck, your totem armor first tried to resist. The liquid metal wanted to flow under the chain and solidify into a collar.

"It even tried to rush into the seven bloody holes that I had made, trying to seal and repair them.

"In other words, the totem armor wanted to help you at that time.

"However, when my strength became stronger and stronger, almost breaking your cervical vertebra, the totem armor took the initiative to crack and burst open.

"What's going on?"

This question made Big Buck hesitate for a moment.

Meng Chao snorted coldly. He used his long-handled tweezers to grab Big Buck's wound, which had been scabbed by the burn, and tore it forcefully.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Big Buck let out an inhuman scream.

Because his throat was trembling too violently, the hematoma suddenly ruptured and spurted out a large pool of blood.

"I'll talk, I'll talk, I'll talk, I'll talk!"

Through the copper mirror, the bloody wound could be clearly seen.

The incomparably intense sensory stimulation was something that even the iron-forged and copper-poured Turan warriors could not withstand.

Big Buck said with a sobbing tone, "Because I have developed fear! Because I have developed fear towards you and death! I'm a coward, a coward who is afraid of death!"

"Oh?"

Meng Chao said with interest, "As long as you develop fear, the totem armor will... take the initiative to leave you?"

"No, it's not just fear."

Big Buck said in a trembling voice, "At that time, my hands and feet were bitten by the beast trap. You even stabbed seven bloody holes in my body. My Neck was about to be snapped, and I was on the verge of death. Then, I felt extreme fear and almost lost my fighting spirit.

"That's why the totem armor decided that I, I was no longer worthy to be its master. That's why it took the initiative to disintegrate from my body."

"I see."

Meng Chao nodded, "What if a totem warrior was fearless?" "What if under the same or even more severe condition, a totem warrior who was covered in wounds and on the verge of death was still filled

with pride and fighting spirit. Facing a strong enemy that he could never defeat, his fighting spirit had soared to an extreme degree. In that case, would the totem armor leave him too?"

"Then he won't."

Big Buck shook his head and said, "In that case, he will activate the strongest form of the totem armor and the most terrifying battle strength, and carry out the last, most magnificent final battle.

"Until after he dies in a fierce battle, the totem armor will be dissected from his body, and it will gather his killing intent and fighting spirit. It will be like having his soul wrapped around it, and it will become even stronger."

"I understand. If you put it that way, I think that the totem armor is very intelligent. It can sense its master's thoughts and make a choice that best suits its master's condition — the master is afraid of death, so the totem armor leaves him. If the master wants to fight to the end, the totem armor will never leave him. It will help its master burn up all his life force in an instant. It is simply like a living creature that can think."

Meng Chao picked up the totem armor fragment that originally belonged to Big Buck and lightly lifted it in his hand, "Moreover, I discovered that the totem armor is much lighter than I thought.

"I originally thought that it was some kind of metal, but even the lowest quality metal seems to be a little heavier.

"How did this non-metal and non-wood material possess such powerful offensive and defensive abilities, and even activate an incredible 'characteristic', do you know the answer?"

"Totem armor is a gift from the ancestral spirit. Of course, it is filled with incredible power."

Big Buck was in so much pain that he broke out in cold sweat. He said in a trembling voice, "I, I am only a small 'battle team level' warrior. How would I dare to pry into the secrets of the ancestral spirit?"

"Ancestral spirit, ancestral spirit, it seems that you really owe everything to the ancestral spirit. You are prepared to lie on the heritage of the ancestral spirit and sleep for another 10,000 years."

Meng Chao said, "The magnificent Black-corner City is also said to be the creation of the ancestral spirit. The complicated and efficient underground sewage drainage system is also said to be the design of the ancestor spirit. All kinds of mysterious medicines and powerful weapons are the formulas and designs of the ancestor spirit.

"Did you know that when I was wandering around the Blood Skull Arena, I actually found a design similar to an elevator shaft between the floors? An elevator shaft!

"In the middle of a group of Minotaurs carrying stone axes, wild boar men carrying meteor hammers, and centaurs carrying bows and arrows, I suddenly saw an elevator shaft. Can you imagine my dumbfounded expression at that time?

"Needless to say, these elevators are also the crystallization of the wisdom of the ancestral spirits?"

“It seems that your ancestral spirits did create a splendid civilization, but for some unknown reason, their unworthy descendants have become a group of animals who only know how to fight and enslave the weak!”

Big Buck did not know what the “elevator shaft” was.

He was only frightened by Meng Chao’s sudden sharp killing intent.

“We’ve gone too far.”

Meng Chao had limited time and was not interested in discussing the problem of civilization stagnation or even regression with this Minotaur. He returned to the main topic., “Since the totem armor is so light, why don’t You Wear It all the way? Wouldn’t it take a certain amount of time to activate it during the battle? In a battle between experts, in the moment of life and death, if you were heavily injured or even killed by the enemy before the totem armor was activated, wouldn’t it be very unfair like just now?”

“No one can always wear the totem armor.”

Big Buck didn’t dare to think about why this black-haired, black-eyed monster didn’t even know such a common-sense question. He answered honestly., “When the totem armor is activated, a large amount of psionic power is consumed. Even the strongest totem warrior would not be able to wear it day and night.”

“That makes sense. Such powerful individual equipment naturally requires a large amount of psionic power.”

Meng Chao said, “Then, how do you recharge the totem armor?”

“Golden Fruits, totem beast flesh, Totem Beast Core, secret medicine concocted by the Witch Doctor.”

Big Buck said, “Before and after the war, you have to take a large amount of these things.”

“What if you don’t take enough? Will you be unable to activate the totem armor, or even unable to summon it, or even summon it, but will its power be reduced by half?” Meng Chao continued to ask.

“It’s possible.”

Big Buck said, “But what’s more likely is that the totem armor won’t be able to obtain enough psionic power, and will start to devour its master’s flesh and blood, gnawing at its master until it’s riddled with holes. Finally, it will completely control its master, turning him into an Origin Warrior.”

“In other words, the totem armor is equivalent to a monster that lives in its master’s body.”

Meng Chao said thoughtfully, “In order to maintain a strong vitality and combat ability, this monster will always eat people. It will either eat the enemy or its master?”

“Interesting. Come, come, come. Tell me everything you know about the totem armor. From the first time you put on the totem armor, to the time you didn’t have enough time to eat a large amount of high-energy food, to the experience of being devoured by the totem armor. Also, how did the Bloody

Hoof Clan train totem warriors? What's the secret of controlling the totem armor... don't miss even half of the details."

Big Buck didn't want to go into too much detail.

It wasn't that he was trying to hide it.

It was just that he was in so much pain that he wanted to end this absurd nightmare as soon as possible.

But this black-haired, black-eyed monster seemed to be able to see through his heart.

The moment he hid or even hesitated, the monster would use all sorts of strange and terrifying tools that he had never heard of before to make his broken limbs and organs even more unrecognizable.

Under the stimulation of the secret medicine, Big Buck had lost the concept of time.

It was not as simple as his perception being stretched ten times longer.

Time seemed to be cut into countless pieces.

The order was messed up and rearranged.

Even the end was connected to the end, forming a maze of endless cycles.

He seemed to have answered the same question dozens of times.

The same kneecap was also shattered dozens of times.

The excruciating pain caused his rationality to completely collapse. The memory bank was like a treasure that was opened by a door, allowing the Raiders to come and go as they pleased.

He did not even know when the other party's question had jumped from the totem armor to the Blood Hoof Clan.

"Yes, there is a temple in the Blood Skull Arena, dedicated to sacrificing the gladiators who dyed the arena with blood over the past thousands of years.

"Many pieces of totem armor are sealed inside the temple. They are all wreathed with brutal souls. Nobody dares to control them. Whoever dares to wear them will most likely be drained of their flesh and blood, and their souls will be manipulated to turn into Origin Warriors.

"When the Battle of Honor officially begins, the pieces of armor that are wreathed in brutal souls will often be given to the rat soldiers who are especially brave and loyal to their masters, allowing them to turn into Origin Warriors and launch the fiercest attacks on their enemies!

"Yes. There is also a secret chamber in the Blood Skull Arena. It is dedicated to the flesh and blood of the 'legion-level' totem beasts with the most abundant spirit energy, as well as the core of a large number of totem beasts. It was the capital that Casanova had accumulated after more than ten years of hard work to build the Bloody Skull Legion!

"The internal structure of the temple and the secret chamber? The guards who are in charge of the temple and the secret chamber? I, I don't know..."

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

“I know, I say, I say everything. Let me die, let me die, Ah ah ah ah ah ah ahhh!!”

### **Chapter 993: You Have Missed a Once-in-a-Lifetime Opportunity**

Big Buck felt like he was being squeezed by a ten-thousand-ton hydraulic press.

All the secrets hidden in the depths of his brain spilled out...

The internal structure of the temple, the staffing of the guards, Casanova’s position in the Blood Hoof Clan, Casanova’s trusted generals, how many children the Blood Hoof chief had, the relationship between these dozens of children, the Blood Hoof Clan’s competitors... besides the Ironhide Clan, so on and so forth...

Just as he had said, the black-haired, black-eyed monster had mastered “exquisite techniques.”

There were many things that Big Buck had just vaguely heard once a long time ago and forgotten.

After this monster’s processing, however, he magically remembered them again.

The nightmare-like cycle continued for an unknown period of time.

Big Buck felt as if his brain and body had literally been emptied as he turned into a shriveled bag of skin.

He thought that the nightmare would never end.

In reality, it was not a nightmare at all. The black-haired, black-eyed monster was not a real thing. Instead, for some reason, he had fallen into what the holy light humans called “hell,” he was destined to suffer endless torture.

He finally heard a voice that sounded like an angel.

“Alright, our work is over. Thank you for your honesty, Mr. Big Buck.”

The black-haired, black-eyed monster said politely.

His cold hands that were like surgical instruments wrapped around Big Buck’s neck.

Those eyes that were as deep as the night sky, shining with billions of stars, were above Big Buck’s head, looking at him calmly.

The black tide that gushed out from the depths of the eyes was like the magma of the end of the world, swallowing Big Buck’s body and limbs completely.

The last bit of vitality made the Minotaur warrior’s brain clear up as if it had returned to the past.

“You... what exactly do you want!”

He was both confused and unwilling, throwing out the last question, “Power? Resources? Status? Totem battle armor? These things, the Blood Hoof Clan can give you all of them!

“Lord Casanova is recruiting experts everywhere to enrich his Blood Skull legion. Even if you want a totem armor as powerful as the Mithril Ripper, it is not impossible!

“The Blood Hoof Clan has sealed many ancient armors that are wreathed in brutal souls in the first place. They are waiting for the brave warriors who are not afraid of death to control them!

“With your ability and means, everything you want can be obtained openly and easily in the Blood Hoof Clan!

“Why do you want to make the entire Blood Hoof Clan your enemy in such an extreme way?”

Meng Chao lowered his eyelids.

Perhaps it was because this was the last question the Minotaur warrior asked before he died.

Before he exerted his strength, he explained patiently, “That’s right. In the beginning, I did seriously consider joining hands with the Blood Hoof Clan to change Picturesque Orchid Lake’s future.

“Although the Blood Hoof Clan is the most irritable, reckless, and brainless one of the five major clans, and is used to solving all problems through brute force, it doesn’t seem to be the most perfect collaborator.

“But who asked me to drift with the tide and drift into the Blood Hoof Clan’s territory?”

“As long as I can save time that is more precious than crystals, I’m willing to tolerate most of your bad habits.

“It’s a pity that you missed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

“As I said just now, you really shouldn’t have destroyed the Bright Shell Village and slaughtered and enslaved my savior.”

Big Buck’s eyes widened, as if he didn’t dare and didn’t want to believe such a ridiculous answer.

“That’s it?”

He muttered, “Just because we destroyed Bright Shell Village, you chose to become the Blood Hoof Clan’s... mortal enemy?”

Meng Chao said, “Isn’t that enough?”

Big Buck’s expression was absent-minded, and his eyes were filled with resentment and grievance.

He had thought of ten thousand ways to die.

From the most glorious to the most painful.

But he had never thought that an awe-inspiring clan warrior would fall for such a ridiculous reason.

It was equivalent to indirectly dying at the hands of a group of rat people.

“They are just a group of rat people!”

At the end of his life, he let out a hysterical roar. “They are not people. They are just a group of rat people!”

“That’s right.”

Meng Chao Sighed. "In my previous life, we thought so too."

Crack!

His arms suddenly exerted force, twining around Big Buck's neck like two curved steel bars. After twisting it into a twist, he continued to twist it violently.

Big Buck's thick neck, along with his carotid artery and cervical vertebrae, were all twisted into pieces.

The bull's head, with its eyes wide open, first rotated 180 degrees clockwise, then in the same direction, and continued to rotate 180 degrees.

When the bull's head's angle returned to normal, the bull's eyes, which were filled with confusion and unwillingness, had already lost all of its brilliance.

Meng Chao was still worried.

His knees pressed against Big Buck's shoulders, and he pulled the bull's head along with the cervical vertebrae out from the cavity, half an arm's length.

Next, he used five minutes to clean up the body and everything.

He packed up the small and exquisite tools and the totem armor fragments and took them away.

Then, he checked the mechanism that he had carefully set up.

He made sure that this mechanism could be opened at the entrances and exits on both sides of the secret passage. When a large amount of oxygen rushed in, it would automatically ignite the oil that was mixed with chemicals.

The entire room, Big Buck's body, and the device that was left here would all be charred and burned in half a minute. It would be twisted and deformed, and no one would be able to tell its origin.

Only then did he shake his hood and cloak and walk out of the room.

Outside was a narrow and long corridor.

At the end of the corridor was a fork road that had been half-excavated for some unknown reason.

At the end of the Fork Road, there was a guy curled up in a corner that reeked of alcohol. He was unconscious.

His head was covered with three layers of a hood, and his face could not be seen clearly.

However, through his slanted shoulders, dark claws, slender tail, and the clothes on his body, it was still possible to recognize that he was the real candy house attendant.

It was also him who told Meng Chao the whereabouts of Big Buck, the name of the candy house, and the existence of this secret passage.

Meng Chao rolled up a few stacked mandala leaves into a long tube, lit the end of it, and placed it under the nose of the rat man attendant through the hood.

The hood could only block vision, not smoke.

The pungent smell caused the rat servant to sneeze a few times in his sleep and slowly wake up.

Realizing where he was, the rat servant immediately squirmed uneasily.

“Don’t worry, it’s all over.”

Meng Chao raised the thumb of his left hand and pressed it against his Adam’s apple.

As he spoke, his thumb trembled slightly and his real voice changed, turning into a sharp and croaky voice.

“I won’t kill you, but whether or not you can save your own life depends on you.”

Meng Chao said, “If you want to live, then take a deep breath and remain calm. Listen to what I have to say. Is that okay?”

The rat servant nodded slightly.

He was a little flustered and took a deep breath with some difficulty.

“Take another breath and slowly exhale,” Meng Chao said.

At the same time, he grabbed the rat servant’s wrist and checked his pulse.

The rat servant took a second deep breath.

“Very good. Do it again. Do it three times in a row. Very good. Your breathing and heartbeat are gradually stabilizing. Your mentality is very good. I think you can survive.”

Meng Chao and the rat-man manservant took five deep breaths in a row. Their shoulders were no longer trembling, and their pulse was more stable. Then, they continued, “There is a corpse on the other side of the secret passage. You should be able to guess who it is, but please believe me. For the sake of your little life, you don’t need to see his miserable state.

“What you need to do most now is to leave this place without anyone noticing. You need to do what you originally wanted to do as if nothing had happened. Today is your day off. You originally wanted to go to Dirty Harry Tavern to drink, right?”

The rat servant nodded.

“Then go. It’s still early. It’s enough for you to drink another round, get drunk, and sleep next to the garbage in the alley behind the tavern until dawn.”

Meng Chao said, “Then, with red eyes and a headache, you will go back to the sugar house and forget everything that happened today.

“No, nothing happened today. You don’t know anything, haven’t done anything, and have nothing to do with your business.

“Almost everyone in the sugarhouse knows about the existence of this secret passage and Big Buck’s whereabouts.

“Maybe I even found someone else to find out everything from other people, just to confirm it with you?”

“This guy’s death will bring some small troubles, but the troubles will not last long. After all, the owner of the Sugar House and the big shots who often visit the sugar house are best at solving troubles.

“Moreover, before long, the Blood Hoof army will set off and the entire Black-corner City will be sent out in full force. At that time, this small trouble will disappear like a broken wave on the raging battlefield.

“In other words, you only need to remind yourself to survive this period of time, understand?”

The rat servant nodded again.

Now, he had become much calmer.

Meng Chao laughed and patted the rat servant’s shoulder lightly.

He stuffed another bone coin, which was absolutely traceless and not very valuable, into the rat servant’s clothes.

“Although you are a lowly rat man, serving people in the sugarhouse, your life is also a priceless treasure to you.”

He said to the rat-man manservant very seriously, “So, come on, you must live!”

#### **Chapter 994: About to Start a Bloodbath**

“Reaper! Reaper! You definitely won’t be able to guess what happened last night. Something really big happened this time!”

Leaf stumbled into the infirmary and came before a large medicine vat that was about the height of a person. He held the medicine vat and panted for a long time before he remembered to ask, “Are you awake?”

“I’m already awake.”

Meng Chao poked his head out of the medicine vat. He glanced at the rat teen first before he crawled out with some difficulty.

“Wow!”

As he watched the sparkling and translucent medicine drip down from his marble-like muscles, other than his slightly pale skin, he did not see a single scar. Leaf could not help but secretly click his tongue, “Reaper, your injuries are recovering so quickly. You were covered in wounds and bleeding profusely after the match yesterday. Have all your wounds healed so quickly?”

“Yes, it’s all thanks to Lady Ice Storm taking care of me and specifically calling the witch doctor here to give me the best secret medicine so that my external wounds can heal faster. However, my internal injuries remain very serious, and I’m still incredibly weak. A gust of wind can blow me down. Cough, cough, cough, cough, cough, cough.”

Meng Chao coughed for a long time and asked, "What time is it now? Why were you so anxious to get here? Did something happen?"

"It's almost noon. You've been soaking in the big medicine vat for almost a day and a night!"

Leaf was partially nervous and partially excited as he said, "It's been a really long night. Indeed, a world-shaking event has happened. You definitely won't be able to guess—Big Buck is dead!"

Meng Chao was stunned for a while before he suspiciously asked, "Who's Big Buck?"

"Big Buck was one of the spectators in the Blood Skull Arena. He's a team-level powerhouse with his own totem battle armor. He's barely considered an expert!"

Leaf said, "He lives in the Blood Skull Arena with the other spectators. Usually, even if he drinks at night, he should be back by the moment of the worm. However, he didn't come back last night. This morning, Casanova sent people to look for him, but they couldn't find any clues. It's like a bull-headed warrior with a strong back and a thick waist. He turned into smoke and floated into the sky."

"I see."

Meng Chao said, "He's just missing. Maybe he went out to indulge in debauchery, got drunk, and was under the thighs of some barbarian elephant beauty. What makes you think that he's dead?"

"Because many people heard buck of the red stream family say that he must kill Big Buck in public!"

Leaf said, "Some people saw Buck of the Red Creek family and his cousins secretly discussing something and then disappeared into the night. When they reappeared, they were all panting and panicking, as if they had just fought."

"A few days ago, buck of the Red Creek town had a very serious conflict with big buck. There were also rumors that big buck kept bragging about Buck of the Red Creek Town, saying that he was useless and didn't deserve the name 'Buck'. He was only worthy of the name 'Little Buck'."

"You know, high-level orcs can't stand people saying they're weak. The name 'Little Buck' is more vicious than any curse. No wonder they would fight each other to the death!"

"Wait, why is there another buck? It makes my head hurt," Meng Chao said.

"It's because there are two buck's that one of them has to die!"

Leaf recounted to Meng Chao the gossip he had heard this morning. It was detailed and embellished.

Only then did Meng Chao understand. "That is to say, bull-headed bark mocked wild boar bark for being weak, but he was killed by the latter... this is just your speculation. There's no real evidence, right?"

"What do you need real evidence for? Wild boar bark has already admitted it!" Leaf said matter-of-factly.

"Eh?"

Meng Chao was really stunned. "There's such a thing? Buck the wild boar admitted that he killed bull-headed Buck?"

“Of course, not the kind of confession where he kneels in front of the temple and gives a full account of his crimes. However, when a busybody asked Buck the wild boar, he didn’t deny it. Instead, when he heard the news of bull-headed Buck’s disappearance, he laughed so hard that he couldn’t close his mouth!”

Leaf said, “Originally, the people who were insulted by the name ‘Little Buck’ were not just the wild boar Barker himself, but all the wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town. In order to protect the glory of the ancestral spirit, revenge was inevitable, and it was even worth encouraging.

“Moreover, they did it very cleanly, and they were not caught by the Blood Hoof Clan at all. This was simply a perfect revenge that was worth bragging about for a year and a half!

“Also, although Buck, the wild boar didn’t admit it himself, he winked and told the busybody a scandal—Minotaur Buck was a regular customer of the sugarhouse. Moreover, he was killed on the way out of the sugarhouse.

“Tell me, if Buck, the wild boar didn’t do it himself, how could he know so much?

“As for what the sugarhouse is... I don’t really know. Anyway, I heard from them that it’s a very absurd, depraved, and evil place. Proper warriors never go there.

“Minotaur Buck’s death isn’t enough. Even the most shameful secret has been exposed. There’s no longer any honor for the warriors of the clan. It’s really miserable to the extreme. Even Lord Casanova and the entire Blood Hoof Clan were dragged down by him. They lost their face!

“In short, the Blood Hoof Clan suffered a great loss this time. The wild boar man, who has been suppressed by the bull-headed man, felt proud. The wild boar warriors of the Ironhide Clan are very impressive. After all, the Red River clan is their vassal!”

Meng Chao scratched his chin for a long time.

“So, the disappearance of Big Buck is no longer a simple matter of revenge. Instead, it has set off a chain reaction and turned into a fight between two great clans?” he said thoughtfully.

“That’s right!”

These days, Leaf had received personal guidance from Meng Chao. In addition to his combat skills, he also had the skills of collecting, organizing, and analyzing information. His logical reasoning ability far surpassed that of ordinary mouse people or even warriors.

“The last time when Lady Ice Storm heavily injured Poison Stinger and even tore apart the One Million Steam Hammer, the Ironhide Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan had a conflict. In addition, this time, they suffered such a huge setback. If the Blood Hoof Clan can’t return a tooth for a tooth, how will they face? How will they command all the Turan, wild boar, Centaur, hippo, reindeer, and barbarian elephant people in the entire Blood Hoof Clan?”

Leaf said, “So, Lady Ice Storm told us to be careful in the next few days. Stay in the Blood Skull Arena and don’t run around. It seems that a bloody storm might break out in the entire Black-corner City!

“By the way, Lady Ice Storm asked me to call for you. Go to her immediately. It’s strange. You were seriously injured yesterday. How did Lady Ice Storm know that you would wake up so soon?”

“Because she’s Lady Ice Storm!”

Meng Chao rubbed the mouse-peasant boy’s head and told him to stay put. He would practice more saber techniques when he had nothing to do. Later, he would give him a small test.

Then, he walked quickly to the ace training field where Ice Storm was.

When he arrived at the private training field that belonged to the ace.

Ice Storm was also practicing the hundred-battle saber technique that originated from Dragon City.

Its power was naturally a hundred times sharper than Leaf’s.

Frost condensed on the blade. With a light wave of the blade, a series of sharp icicles could be brandished. It was like an ice dragon baring its fangs and brandishing its claws as it flew up and down, causing the entire training ground to be shrouded in a dense fog that was close to zero degrees Celsius.

Looking at the vigorous figure of Ice Storm that was faintly discernible in the dense fog...

Meng Chao had to admit that although human genes and the genes of fierce beasts were combined, most of the time, monsters that were born were deformed and ugly.

However, under the meticulous craftsmanship of the creator, it was possible to produce a biological weapon that had both destructive power and beauty. It was almost a perfect biological weapon.

Suddenly, the moment he locked the door.

The Ice Dragon instantly turned into a crystal clear bolt of lightning and pounced in front of Meng Chao. Its sharp claws, which were like Scimitars, stabbed at the center of Meng Chao’s brows.

The fierce and peerless killing intent pierced into the depths of Meng Chao’s brain like an ice pick.

However, Meng Chao did not even blink.

He did not even move his toes.

As expected, Ice Storm’s sharp claws stopped one millimeter away from his glabella.

The snow leopard female warrior let out a soft “Eh”.

She looked at Meng Chao strangely and said, “I can’t sense the existence of totem power in your body. You didn’t absorb Big Buck’s totem armor?”

It was not a question, but a confirmation.

Meng Chao blinked and turned back to confirm that he had locked the door.

“If you are truly working with me, don’t treat me as a fool.”

Ice Storm snorted and said, “The last time you released such a strong killing intent towards Big Buck, it made me feel very strange. I investigated curiously and found out that Big Buck was the one who brought you to the Blood Skull Arena.

“Although I don’t know what the grudge between you two is, I don’t think that Big Buck’s disappearance is the revenge of some red stream family. It’s just a local vassal family. Even if they could kill Big Buck, how could they be so clean and silent?”

“Even though there’s no evidence, from the impression you usually leave me, once Big Buck falls into your hands, there’s no way he can survive.”

Meng Chao Shrugged.

He originally didn’t want to hide it from Ice Storm.

“I’ve said before, Lady Ice Storm will know what I’m going to do this morning,” he said lightly.

“But, where’s Big Buck’s totem armor?”

Ice Storm didn’t care about Big Buck’s life and death as expected. She looked at Meng Chao with interest, “I thought your main purpose of painstakingly killing Big Buck was to snatch his totem armor!

“Since the armor is already in your hands, why didn’t you absorb it directly into your body?”

“I understand now. Are you thinking that, if the totem armor is really the blessing and crystallization of the ancestral spirit, wouldn’t it trigger some unpredictable and uncontrollable consequences if you wear the totem armor rashly from a race other than Picturesque Orchid Lake, such as suffering the resistance and backlash of the armor, or even being sucked dry of your flesh and blood by the armor, becoming a ‘Warrior of origin’, and so on?”

### **Chapter 995: Target, Red-Gold City!**

Ice Storm spoke to Meng Chao’s heart.

Meng Chao did not believe that there really was such a superstitious thing as the “blessing and curse of the ancestral spirits.”

However, to put it in a more scientific way, the totem warframe’s operating system carried a safety measure that had to be passed through gene binding. It could only activate and safely release 100% of its combat strength once it detected Turan genes. That was not impossible.

One needed to know that even Dragon City’s power armor had the functions of fingerprint unlocking and iris detection.

Since the totem armor was so much more advanced than the power armor, could any Tom, Dick, or Harry control it?

Of course there had to be a certain connection between the genes of Earthlings and advanced orcs.

Otherwise, Picturesque Orchid Lake’s secret medicine would not have been so effective on him as an Earthling.

Perhaps, they were all descendants or test subjects of the mother, as well as the Ancients, and they were brothers of the same origin.

However, Meng Chao did not want to take the risk before he prepared enough cultivation resources and recovered to Heaven Realm.

He did not absorb the totem armor or bring it with him back to the Blood Skull Arena.

When the totem battle armor was frozen and hardened, it was too big. Plus, its shape was highly irregular. It was very unique. No matter how much it was wrapped, one could still see that it was a set of armor.

The Blood Skull Arena was Casanova's territory.

Ice Storm reminded him yesterday that Casanova had already set his eyes on him.

How could he kill Casanova's subordinate and snatch the other party's treasure, then still carry the treasure with him and swagger around right under Casanova's nose?

Therefore, Meng Chao placed the totem battle armor outside the arena, in a safe and secret place.

If he really wanted to absorb the totem battle armor, he did not want to do it in the Blood Skull Arena either.

Otherwise, if something unexpected happened during the absorption, the totem power would leak out in some mysterious way. If Casanova sensed it, would he not be done for?

"Then, can any other races other than the Turan people put on the totem battle armor?" Meng Chao asked Ice Storm for advice humbly.

He had a faint feeling that Ice Storm was neither surprised nor angry about him killing Big Buck. There was even a faint sense of joy and trust.

It was as if through this "pledge of allegiance," Ice Storm had truly accepted himself into the same camp and they could start a deeper level of cooperation.

"Yes!" Sure enough, Ice Storm answered him resolutely and decisively.

"Although all the warriors, priests and chiefs say that the totem armor is a gift from the ancestral spirit, only the warriors of the clan with the purest bloodline, the highest moral character, and the most sense of honor are worthy to have it. Those lowlifes and outsiders who have filthy blood flowing in their bodies do not have the right to touch totem power. forcefully touching it will only tarnish the glory of the ancestral spirit, drawing the wrath of the ancestral spirit and the cruelest punishment.

"However, I want to tell you that they are all farting.

"As long as they have enough power and fighting spirit, anyone can become the owner of the totem armor—whether it is the most lowly rat people, the weirdly-shaped ogres or even the skeleton soldiers, even if they are our old enemies for tens of millions of years, the holy light humans can do it.

"Of course, the holy light humans have their own beliefs, and they are definitely not willing to easily implant the 'chaotic creation' of the totem armor, which is another matter.

"Speaking of which, if you are not a Turan, it would indeed be a little more difficult to plant totem armors. The impact of the ferocious souls inside the armors would be a little more intense, and there

would be a higher chance that your flesh and mind would be devoured by the armors, turning you into a puppet of the armors, which is also known as the Origin Warrior.

“Therefore, you didn’t take the risk so easily. That’s right. Otherwise, you would have become a pile of broken armors and a mixture of bizarre-looking flesh and blood.”

“It’s like this...”

Meng Chao was deep in thought, “Then, how can we minimize the risk of equipping a totem armor?”

“It’s very simple. Eat more golden fruits, totem beast flesh, totem beast cores and secret medicine, and kill more people.”

Ice Storm said, “You can simply think of a totem armor as a hungry monster that lives in your body and is filled with the desire to kill, and you are its beast tamer.

“As long as you use more food to fill its stomach, and use more battles and killings to vent its killing intent, it will be satisfied and won’t have any designs on you—at least not for the time being.

“However, if you haven’t eaten many golden fruits or the flesh of totem beasts for a long period of time, and haven’t participated in any battles to fill its stomach, then it can only... eat you.”

Meng Chao suddenly understood.

Regardless of whether it was his past life or present life, the advanced orcs were the most violent and belligerent races among the many civilizations in the other world.

Including the people of Dragon City, the other races participated in the war between worlds for the purpose of victory.

And the purpose of the advanced orcs participating in the war between worlds seemed to be only the war itself. Victory or defeat, it didn’t matter at all.

Meng Chao had always wondered how the advanced orcs developed such a character of “Indifferent to life and death, willing to do anything if not satisfied”.

After Ice Storm’s explanation, he seemed to understand a little.

Once Ice Storm finished speaking, she walked towards the backyard of the training ground.

The backyard was blocked by an ice wall. With a wave of her hand, a huge crack opened up, revealing the natural large freezer inside.

The freezer was filled with large amounts of frozen golden fruits and frozen totem beast flesh.

There were also totem beast cores that were emitting a magnificent radiance, like crystal clusters and gemstones.

There were also hundreds of secret medicines that were filled with glass bottles and plastic soda bottles. They were sticky like honey, but they were emitting a faint fluorescent light.

The spirit energy that was emitted from these cultivation resources was so dense that it was visible to the naked eye. They were like semi-transparent vortexes that were slowly rotating in front of Meng Chao.

Meng Chao's breathing could not help but stop.

Every cell in his body was screaming crazily.

"This is the reward from yesterday's victory. Apart from the usual rewards, I have also placed a large bet on myself. I bet that we will win this victory cleanly and cleanly."

"Also, because our victory was too beautiful, many of the audience were excited and rewarded us crazily," Ice Storm said.

"With these resources, it seems that it's still not enough to build the strongest battle team or battle gang in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

"However, it's more than enough to let one or two experts raise their battle strength to the peak and do whatever they want."

Meng Chao's eyes flashed.

Ice storm was about to tell him everything.

"So, I'm not wrong. You never thought of forming a battle team or even a battle gang to command thousands of troops?" he asked the snow leopard warrior.

"No."

Ice Storm shook her head. "I'm very clear that I don't have the ability to train soldiers and command troops. Moreover, commanding a battle gang is a very troublesome matter. The more subordinates they have, the more problems they have to consider in terms of food, drinks, daily training, and garrisoning. As an outsider, I'm on my own. It's impossible for me to support an army with my own strength.

"I can only rely on Casanova to tie myself tightly to the Blood Hoof Clan. In name, I'm the commander of the battle team, the battle gang, and even the battle group, but in reality, I'm still a chess piece of the Blood Hoof Clan.

"The larger the army under my command is, the tighter the tie will be. I'll never be able to get rid of it.

"Therefore, I've never thought of being a commander. The only reason I joined the battle group was to obtain... the resources to build a battle gang and a larger space for activities

"And then?"

Meng Chao asked without surprise, "What happens after we obtain sufficient resources and space?"

"After that, we escape and escape from black-corner city," Ice Storm stared into Meng Chao's eyes and said.

"Where do we go after we escape from Black-corner City?" Meng Chao was not surprised by the snow leopard warrior's answer either. He continued to ask with a calm expression.

“Red-gold City!” Ice Storm said the final answer with a pause.

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

“Why? Are you afraid?” Ice Storm’s eyes flashed with disappointment.

“I’m not afraid. I’m just a little surprised.”

Meng Chao smiled and said, “I didn’t expect that the two of us would have the same destination.”

Red-gold City was the Gold Clan’s main city among the five major clans.

It was also the most glorious city in Picturesque Orchid.

There were five major clans in the Turan civilization.

However, in the glorious era, when the five clans competed for the supreme throne of the War Chief and the highest authority to command the entire Turan army, the only ones who were truly competitive were the Blood Hoof and the Gold Clans.

Of the other three clans, the Thunder Clan was mainly composed of the Feather Clan, which had the blood of falcons and raptors flowing in their veins. They were existences that came and went as fast as the wind and as fast as lightning.

However, the power in the air alone wasn’t enough to decide the outcome of a war. The weakness of the land combat ability meant that the Thunder Clan couldn’t become the main force of the Turan army, they could only carry out special combat missions of scouting, harassing, restraining, and going deep into the enemy’s rear.

The Dark Moon Clan was made up of the turtle, snake, crocodile, lizard, and other advanced orcs with reptilian bloodlines.

Although they were best at hiding and assassinating, they were the most terrifying nightmare of the enemy in the starless night.

However, in a frontal battlefield where tens of thousands of people were charging at the same time, they lacked the ability to make the final decision like the Thunder Clan.

As for the Divine Wood Clan, there was no need to mention them. Strictly speaking, it was a question whether they could be considered as advanced orcs.

Many of the Divine Wood Clan’s people didn’t look like beasts at all. Instead, they looked like human-shaped trees that could photosynthesize.

They were good at recovery and healing, not destruction and conquest. In the Turan army, they were mainly responsible for medical and logistical tasks. Naturally, they didn’t have the ability or ambition to compete for the throne.

### **Chapter 996: A Huge Arena**

The Minotaurs of the Blood Hoof Clan were famous for their sturdy bodies, their endurance, and their madness at the sight of blood.

The wild boar men's defense and madness, the Centaurs' precision and weight, the barbarian elephant men's trampling and charging... these were all the most important characteristics of winning a war.

Hence, the Blood Hoof Clan was definitely the main force of the entire Turan army.

However, the Gold Clan had the characteristics of wolves, tigers, leopards, and lions.

They were the top predators on land.

Obviously, they had more power than the Blood Hoof Clan.

In the past few thousand years, the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan took turns to occupy the supreme throne of the War Chief.

Most of the time, the mighty Turan army was led by the lions and tigers of the Gold Clan.

The Gold Clan's main city became the heart of the entire Turan civilization.

And in the memory of Meng Chao's previous life, the winner of this five-clan struggle was still the Gold Clan.

Though there had been minor lapses, hegemony still slipped through the fingers of the lion men and the tigermen.

However, the "attack on the land of Holy Light" war bugle, was still blown in the Red-gold City, and it resounded throughout the land of Turan.

Apart from this and the destruction of Bright Shell Village, there was another factor that made Meng Chao very unwilling to cooperate with the Blood Hoof Clan.

That was, the Blood Hoof Clan was a bunch of brainless brutes.

It was true that the wild boar men were irascible lunatics, but the Turan were not much better.

Just a bit of blood would ignite the desire to kill and destroy in their hearts, burning away all their rationality, causing them to charge forward like crazy. They would either trample all their enemies into meat paste., or they would crash into an iron wall and bleed their brains out. There was no third outcome.

Meng Chao did not think that he could convince a bull that would go mad at the sight of blood, or a wild boar that was howling and jumping up and down to delay the start of an all-out War by a year and a half.

On the contrary, if he really managed to get the Blood Hoof Clan and Dragon City civilization to cooperate fully, with Dragon City civilization assisting the Blood Hoof Clan with a large amount of ammunition, so that every Turan could carry a heavy machine gun... if every wild boar man carried a rocket launcher on his shoulder, and every barbarian elephant man had grenades wrapped around their waists...

The Blood Hoof Clan, whose confidence had exploded, would certainly rush to the land of holy light impatiently and launch a more fierce and uncontrollable battle than in his previous life.

They would force the Holy Light Camp to invest more power than in his previous life into the Eastern Front battlefield, so that the Eastern Front would be upgraded from a meat grinder in his previous life to a joint meat processing factory.

When the butterfly's wings flapped slightly, no one could predict and control the direction and intensity of the storm.

After his rebirth, his experience in Dragon City had told Meng Chao this countless times.

Therefore, he had to be careful.

Compared with the mad cows, wild boars, and wild elephants of the Blood Hoof Clan, he was more inclined to cooperate with the Gold Clan.

It was not that the chiefs and priests of the Gold Clan were good men and women who ate vegetarian and chanted Buddhism.

Instead, top predators such as wolves, tigers, and leopards were usually calmer than mad cows and wild boars.

At first glance, this conclusion was against common sense.

However, if one thought about it carefully, predators in nature often had more ability to hibernate, lurk, wait patiently, judge the timing, analyze the environment, and make plans than herbivores.

For most of the past thousands of years, the Gold Clan that had always ruled Picturesque Orchid Lake had a more leisurely aura of a king than the Blood Hoof Clan, which was the second most powerful clan in the past thousand years, all the resources in Picturesque Orchid Lake had a stronger ability to collect, integrate, manage, and distribute.

Therefore, after repeatedly calculating and weighing the pros and cons, Meng Chao decided to go to Red-gold City.

He wanted to kill the person who was about to start a war between worlds and turn the eastern front into a bloody slaughterhouse.

He wanted to find the person who could change the course of the war, save Picturesque Orchid Lake, and save Dragon City.

If they could not find him...

Then they would create one with their own hands.

Ice storm stared deeply at Meng Chao.

From Meng Chao's determined eyes, it could be seen that he was not lying.

The two of them really had the same destination.

This made the snow leopard warrior's ice-cold eyes light up with a flame of joy.

However, she did not ask Meng Chao, the black-haired, black-eyed outsider, what he wanted to do in Red-gold City.

It was just like how Meng Chao did not ask her why she wanted to escape from the Black-corner City and go to the Red-gold City?

According to her own words, two years ago, didn't she escape from the territory of the Gold Clan and go through a lot of trouble to escape to the main city of the Blood Hoof Clan, Black-corner City?

Moreover, as a free gladiator, if she wanted to leave the black-corner city, she should have countless better opportunities in the past two years.

Why did she have to wait until this critical moment before she was ready to leave?

Also, the five clans were about to start their battle. The thousand-year battle between the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan was about to happen again. If she returned to Red-gold City now, wouldn't she be walking into a trap?

Meng Chao did not ask about these things.

He believed that when the right time came, Ice Storm would naturally tell him.

Just as he didn't mind telling her more secrets after seeing more trustworthy potential in Ice Storm, he would also develop her into a part of the hot-selling products of Superstar Resource, a first-level agent at Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Meng Chao was only concerned now. "When do you plan to leave? How much time do we have to prepare?"

"Half a month."

Ice Storm said, "This morning, Blood Hoof, Ironhide, Fire Song, Trident... and more than twenty other major clans under the Blood Hoof family agreed that in half a month's time, they will gather in the largest and oldest temple in Black-corner City and swear an oath to the common ancestor spirit of the Blood Hoof Clan. They will wipe out all the conflicts and grudges within the clan over the past decades, and fuse their blood together again to form an unbeatable force. They will challenge the supreme throne that controls the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake and seize the highest glory for the common, oldest ancestral spirit!"

"Understood."

Meng Chao nodded. "At that time, the Blood Hoof Army will be on the move, right?"

"Yes, they will be on the move soon."

Ice Storm said, "The recruitment team brought back news from all directions. Even in the territory of the Blood Hoof Clan, behind the most remote mountain village, the last mandrake tree has already bloomed. This means that within a decade or even a few decades, all the mandrake trees in the entire Orchid Lake will not be able to bear even half a mandrake fruit.

"Although the warehouses in Black-corner City are already full of food.

"But we can't just sit around and eat.

"The Blood Hoof Clan is also the most gluttonous clan among the five major clans.

“In order to solve the food problem, the earlier we set off, the better

“It makes sense. Whether we take more food or consume a large number of people, we can alleviate the food problem...”

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and said, “I don’t understand. The Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan seem to be incompatible with each other. Can they really put aside their grudges and work together?”

“Yes, you don’t understand the personality of the Turan people. They’ve been like this for thousands of years. The two major clans, which usually fight each other, will become comrades in the temple as long as they pledge their blood to each other. In the battles of the five clans and the battles of honor, they can rest assured that their backs will be guarded by the other side. Anyone who still cares about the trifles in the clan when they are on a larger battlefield will be despised by everyone and punished by the ancestral spirits.”

“However, the main point is not that the entire Blood Hoof Clan will unite in half a month, but that we haven’t made a blood pledge yet!

“Be careful. In this half a month, Black-corner City will be doomed to a bloody storm. The Blood Hoof Clan, the Ironhide Clan, and the other major clans will be involved in the bloody battle!”

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

“Is it because I killed Big Buck and set off a chain reaction?” he asked.

“Not exactly. Whether you killed Big Buck or I destroyed and robbed the Ironhide Clan’s One Million Steam Hammer, they are only the fuse. The deeper purpose is to determine the ranking of the major families in the Blood Hoof army, their commanding authority, and the Order of distribution of the spoils of war.”

Ice Storm explained, “The era of prosperity that just passed was too long. It grew until the last era of glory, when the experts that everyone was convinced of were old, dead, and almost all of them perished.

“Now, the core forces of the major families are all the new generation that grew up in this era of prosperity.

“Although they have shown their strength in the small conflicts between the families and even the clans, and even led small hunting teams to go deep into the land of Holy Light, they have caused a great disturbance.

“However, it was not a real war after all. It was not enough for them to accumulate real prestige.

“The new powerhouses of the Ironhide Clan were not satisfied with the new powerhouses of the Blood Hoof Clan.

“The new powerhouses of the barbarian elephant people were not satisfied with the new powerhouses of the wild boar people either.

“The local powerhouses boasted that they often fought with totem beasts in the depths of the forest. They were even more dissatisfied with the old aristocrats in Black-corner City who lived in luxury.

“If you refuse to submit to me, I refuse to submit to you. If we really fight a war, it will be fatal.

“It is also very simple to make these unruly advanced orcs submit to you. Advanced orcs are all very simple. If your fist is big, they will submit to you. If your fist is the biggest, everyone will submit to you the most.”

Meng Chao said, “You mean, in the next half a month, we will participate in more battles. Through the battles, we will decide who is the leader of the Blood Hoof Clan and who should the Blood Hoof army listen to?”

“More or less.”

A cold and excited smile appeared on Ice Storm’s face as she said, “But not in the two battles that you have participated in before.

“You know, many spectators find the battles in the arena too fake, too boring, and too many rules. The number of people on both sides is the same, and the weapons and equipment are roughly the same. Many gladiators have a tacit understanding that they will stop when it is necessary. There are also adjudicators who will stop the competition at any time. What’s the point of this? There’s no way to simulate a real battle, and no way to determine who is the real strong one.

“Therefore, in the next half a month, the frequency and cruelty of the fights will increase a lot. More experts will be involved in the fights. The loser may be stained with blood and sand. The winner will be respected and followed by everyone and become a hero in the eyes of the public.

“Such a grand fight cannot be held in the small Blood Skull Arena.”

“Oh?”

Meng Chao asked, “Where will it be held?”

“Black-corner City.”

Ice storm calmly said, “In the next half a month, the entire Black-corner City will become a huge arena.”

Chapter 997: The Game of the Brave

Meng Chao was stunned for a long time before he said, “So you’re telling me that a cruel battle can happen anytime and anywhere?”

“That’s right. On the streets, in the taverns, and in the casinos... The more people there are, the more likely it is that a battle will happen.”

Ice Storm explained, “The procedure and rules of a duel have been greatly simplified. A clan warrior can swagger on the road and issue an invitation to a duel whenever he sees a member of an enemy clan, an enemy he has a feud with, or even an ugly warrior. Generally speaking, the other party will absolutely not and cannot refuse such an invitation. Whoever rejects such an invitation will be ridiculed by

everyone. Don't even think about commanding the troops and snatching valuable spoils in the following war."

"At the same time, they can also raise the stakes in front of everyone—resources, armor, and the relationship between the two sides, you name it. For example, two clan warriors would each have a team of a hundred servants. After they fight, the winner would have the right to command the loser's team, and the loser would become the winner's viceroy and listen to the winner's orders in the war. That's what it basically means.

"Of course, it's okay to use underhanded tactics and blunt blows, but if we don't fight openly in front of everyone, we won't be able to win the other party's allegiance and spread our fame.

"As for casualties, there definitely will be some. Advanced orcs have thick skin and flesh, plus being beaten to death in a duel doesn't happen often. If it does happen, it's not a big deal. It's just a response to the ancestral spirit's summons.

"According to the Turan tradition, an unrestricted duel like that is known as the Game of the Brave. But in my opinion, it's more like the final madness before the blood sacrifice for the alliance. It's a carnival that will last for half a month. It's also the most generous sacrifice to the ancestral spirit before the expedition, using blood and death. I hope that the ancestral spirit will bestow good luck to the entire clan."

Meng Chao was speechless when he heard this.

He had a deeper understanding of the advanced orcs' valor now.

"Does the Game of the Brave play out every time the glorious era begins?" he asked.

"That's not the case. If the two glorious eras are close enough and the heroes from the previous war haven't fallen, then there's no need to play the Game of the Brave. They can still rely on their prestige to effectively control the clan's army."

Ice Storm said, "If a clan is particularly powerful and produces an ultimate powerhouse who possesses absolute dominance, then under an ultimate powerhouse's command, there's no need to play the Game of the Brave.

"However, in a situation like this, the heroes of the past have fallen one after another, and the various great clans have been conserving their strength and expanding crazily during the long era of prosperity. Countless proud and arrogant soldiers, as well as valiant generals, have emerged. As such, they must play the Game of the Brave to give them complete dominance so that it will be more beneficial for the next battle command. This is what thousands of years of war experience has taught us

"So..."

Meng Chao was still in disbelief. "The people who die in the Game of the Brave... die in vain?"

"If they die in the Game of the Brave, it just means that they are not strong enough."

Ice Storm spoke matter-of-factly. "Since they are not strong enough, dying in the Game of the Brave is the best end for them.

“After all, it is better for a weakling to die in Black-corner City than to lead thousands of soldiers and horses into the battlefield, then die there. At the same time, countless subordinates and comrades would be killed, causing the battle line to collapse. It’s better to lose the game, right?”

“That seems to make sense. What about the totem armor?”

Meng Chao was more concerned about this question. “The winner can snatch the loser’s totem armor at will?”

“Theoretically, yes, as long as the winner has the confidence to eat the loser’s totem armor.”

Ice Storm said, “In practice, every totem warrior can absorb totem armor with a limit—this part is easy to understand. A warrior wearing a layer of armor is definitely more powerful than a warrior without armor. However, a warrior wearing ten layers of heavy armor might not be more powerful than a warrior wearing two or three layers of heavy armor, because the former might be crushed to death by ten layers of heavy armor. Even if he wasn’t crushed to death, he probably wouldn’t be able to walk anymore, do you understand what I mean?”

“Understood.”

Meng Chao nodded. “Too much is too little. Any power is a double-edged sword.”

It was the same for Dragon City’s cultivation system.

The higher one’s level was, the better it was.

The higher one’s level was, the more spirit energy would pour into the brain and stimulate the brain. However, it would make people hear more chaotic sounds and see more bizarre scenes. They would be more susceptible to the influence of the ancient ruins’ summon. As a result, they would be deranged and become deformed monsters.

The first expert at the peak of Heaven Realm who Meng Chao knew, “Soul Breaking Saber” Luo Wu, had the ability to break through to Deity Realm a long time ago. Yet, he did not dare to take this step because he was worried about the backlash from the power in Deity Realm.

As for the former number one expert of Dragon City, Battle God Lei Zongchao, when he reached the age of a martyr, he could only curl up in Battle God Palace, which was isolated from the interference of the spirit magnetism. His body of flesh and blood was in a state of neither life nor death. It was also the embodiment of such a backlash.

Totem armor only made this kind of backlash more specific.

“The winner usually won’t deprive the loser of his full set of totem armor. They will only take a bit of it as a token so that the loser can swear to the ancestral spirits in front of everyone that they will obey the winner’s orders throughout the entire glorious era. That way, the winner can also be considered to have the loser’s full combat strength.”

Ice Storm further explained, “Of course, many of the clan warriors from lowly backgrounds would be far from reaching the upper limit of their totem battle armors before the start of the Game of the Brave. In that case, their attacks would often be even more ruthless. Regardless of the consequences, they would first seize enough battle armor fragments.

“Such people are also the most likely to be devoured by the fierce souls hidden within the battle armor fragments and transform into Origin Warriors.

“Nevertheless, no matter how the totem armor circulates, to the entire Blood Hoof Clan, it’s actually not a loss.

“Because the totem armor can store its master’s battle experience and killing skills and transfer these experiences and skills into the next master’s brain. The masters fight and kill, live and die, but the totem armor will exist forever, and become increasingly strong.

“Therefore, the more intense the Game of the Brave is, the more severe the casualties of the big clans seem to be. In fact, they have obtained a large number of warriors with real battle experience, as well as totem armors that are even more powerful. They will definitely be able to unleash even more terrifying combat power in real battles.”

“I understand now. It’s like a rusty war machine that needs a lot of blood and internal organs to be lubricated before it can rumble and operate to its limit... in the shortest time possible.”

Meng Chao mumbled, “Is everyone going to participate in the Game of the Brave?”

“Of course not. If you’re afraid of death, you can just hide in the Blood Skull Arena. Even the elite warriors of the Ironhide Clan can’t just barge into the Blood Skull Arena to die, right?”

Ice Storm said, “However, you won’t be able to boast about your bravery like that. Instead, you’ll be ridiculed as a coward who only dares to fight in the arena according to the rules. Even the servants under you will be disloyal and think that they’ve followed a cowardly master.

“Besides, the major clans will allocate troops, resources, and combat missions according to the results of the battles in the next half month. Those who have nothing to gain in the Game of the Brave will be sent to defend the city or the logistics team. Only the truly brave ones can enjoy the glory of conquering the city and raiding the fortress—and glory is everything for the warriors of Turan.”

Meng Chao nodded and stared at the snow leopard warrior. “So, Lady Ice Storm, you will also participate in the Game of the Brave, right?”

“That’s right, I will definitely participate.”

Ice Storm frankly said, “Since you’ve killed Big Buck, I don’t need to hide it from you. My purpose is not to spread my name and seize a higher position and more troops in the Blood Hoof army. Those are such boring things.

“I only have one purpose, and that is to have more totem armor fragments.

“Although the Mithril Ripper is already very strong, I feel that it has not evolved to the limit that I can bear.

“In other words, what I’m going to do in the Red-gold City requires me to have a stronger totem armor, preferably ten times stronger than the current Mithril Ripper.

“Even if... Even if I become an Origin Warrior tomorrow, I still have to devour more totem armor fragments today!

“In order to stabilize the totem power in my body and reduce the probability of becoming an Origin Warrior, I have to simultaneously devour a large number of golden fruits, totem beast flesh, and cores. It’s to feed the monster in my body and allow it to unleash its ferocity through more battles.

“That’s why I have to control a battle team of several hundred people. It’s the only way I can obtain enough resources and capital to engage in a bet with other Blood Hoof powerhouses—even if I don’t have half a soldier under me, if other people are willing to fight me, it’s impossible for them to take out a large number of resources as a bet.

“According to the Game of the Brave’ tradition over the past hundreds of years, when the carnival in Black-corner City reaches its peak, small-scale street battles will no longer be satisfying. The powerhouses who have hundreds or even thousands of servants under their command would often transfer their troops to the open land outside Black-corner City to conduct larger-scale battles. They could fall anywhere between armed combat, drill, and war...”

“Real battle drill?”

Meng Chao thought of the suitable words.

“That’s right, it’s a real battle drill to prepare for real war.”

Ice Storm said, “And on the day of the Sacrificial Blood Alliance, almost all the families will pull their main forces outside the city to carry out an actual battle drill in the largest scale. They will use blood, smoke, and shouts to please the ancestral spirits. At the same time, they will get the famous warriors of the past half a month make a grand appearance in front of all the Blood Hoofs.

“After that, I will sacrifice to the ancestral spirits, sign an alliance agreement, and swear an oath for my army to march out.

“As long as I have enough servants under me, I will be able to move to the edge of the battle drill area without anyone noticing.

“Then, I will escape this d\*mn place while everyone’s attention is focused on the center of the field!”

### **Chapter 998: The Game Has Begun!**

It was not a perfect plan.

However, if they wanted to bring as many golden fruits, totem beast flesh, cores, secret medicines, and totem armor fragments as possible to escape Black-corner City, they could only think of the best plan in a hurry.

As the size of her battle team expanded, Ice Storm would definitely be able to obtain a large number of resources and carriers.

Advanced orcs had a more effective secret recipe than the people of Dragon City in the field of taming ordinary wild beasts and totem beasts.

The Minotaurs and Centaurs of the Blood Hoof Clan, especially, were the best in the entire Orchid Lake, or even the entire Other World.

If they could take away the whole supply team... no, only half of them...

Then they would not have to worry about the cultivation resources for some time.

Meng Chao nodded.

Ice Storm's plan could really be realized, and that solved his biggest problem.

Now, he only cared about one thing. "Then, what about the servants?"

"Are you talking about Leaf and the others?"

Ice Storm said, "I admit that you trained the first batch of servants very well, especially Leaf. He has an extremely rare talent. With a little luck, it is very possible for him to complete the process of transformation from rat person to servant, from servant to warrior, and from warrior to general.

"In fact, I like that smart and ruthless little guy very much too.

"However, it's a pity that the road I'm going to take is too difficult. I can't bring him with me. If I bring him with me, I will only get him killed.

"However, you don't have to worry about the way out for these servants.

"The last two group battles have already proved their strength. In the eyes of any commander, they are all the most outstanding warriors.

"After we leave, there will be many clan warriors fighting to recruit these servants. Moreover, they won't easily become cannon fodder."

Meng Chao nodded.

He had confidence in the combat techniques that he had imparted to Leaf and the others.

Making such an elite force become cannon fodder was absolutely a waste of heaven's gift.

He believed that no clan warrior would be so foolish.

But he was still extremely worried. "Even if they're not cannon fodder, they'll still be embroiled in the bloody whirlpool of the Battle of Glory. There's an 80% to 90% chance that they'll die without a burial place in the long and meaningless war!"

"Who among us isn't a mysterious friend from afar? Who among us isn't unable to control themselves in the bloody whirlpool and might die without a burial place at any time?"

Ice Storm's usual cold and fierce look suddenly changed. Her icy eyes cracked and revealed a trace of helplessness. She said with a bitter smile, "Whether it's rats, warriors, chiefs, oracles, Picturesque Orchid Lake, or the land of Holy Light, death is perhaps our destiny in this d\*mned world."

"Destiny, huh..."

Meng Chao muttered to himself.

Blazing Flames burst out from his eyes.

In an instant, the flames were torn into pieces and turned into flying stars.

...

When the bloody dawn had just arrived, all kinds of rumors and slanders spread rapidly through the noisy streets and crowded taverns in every corner of Black-corner City.

All kinds of colorful, exaggerated, and even absurd rumors finally converged into five syllables that seemed to have magic power...

“The Game of the Brave!”

It had been more than two hundred years since the last Game of the Brave.

No warrior of the Blood Hoof Clan had experienced such a carnival.

However, they had all heard the war songs, epics, and stories that had been passed down in their clans for generations. They had heard how the heroes of the past had made their debut through the Game of the Brave.

Many people’s totem battle armors even stored the thrilling and exciting scenes of the previous owner participating in the Game of the Brave.

When these two syllables rang out, it was a great pleasure to use the entire city as a gladiator arena and treat every street and every pub as an arena, galloping unhindered under the gaze of thousands of people, making one’s name resound through the clouds, immediately, the central nerves of these totem warriors were hijacked, and the entire cerebral cortex was drowned.

“Is it really time for the Game of the Brave?”

“It’s true. I’ve seen dozens of leaders of families and settlements gathering together to discuss!”

“The prosperous era of ten palm years is too long. We have no idea which powerhouses have emerged in Black-corner City and the local areas. It’s also time for the Game of the Brave. Let’s see what the new generation of powerhouses look like and know whose orders we should listen to in the war!”

“Our chance is here!”

Regardless of whether it was the Turan, the wild boar man, the barbarian elephant man, or the Centaur, all the Blood Hoof warriors were all rubbing their fists and looking forward to it.

In the afternoon.

In the hundreds of temples in the east, west, south, and north of Black-corner City, colorful smoke was burning at the same time.

Although it was called “Smoke”, it was actually not only made from the feces of wolves, tigers, and leopards. Instead, it was made from the feces of dozens of totem beasts mixed with a large amount of secret medicine and mineral powder.

The smoke rose into the sky and slowly fell like a layer of mist, enveloping the entire Black-corner City.

All the clan warriors who inhaled the smoke.

All of them felt their blood surging, their spirits high, and their desires and desires for glory were many times stronger than usual.

However, their sense of fatigue and pain gradually became numb.

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

When the smoke gradually spread to the entire city and hundreds of thousands of warriors of the clan breathed in the smoke, the low and long war drums sounded in the hundreds of temples at the same time.

The war drums sounded like the ancient hearts of the ancestral spirits.

However, in the chest of the latest generation of warriors, they were jumping up and down vigorously.

Now, everyone could finally confirm that the Game of the Brave had begun.

The rat people living in Black-corner City were all fleeing like the end of the world. Some hid in the depths of the shabby streets, shivering in the dilapidated huts. Others piously begged their ancestors, who had long abandoned them, to let the clan elders fight as far away from them as possible.

Many poor warriors from small and medium-sized clans, after watching a few battles and comparing their fighting strength with that of the Gladiators, would wisely hide in the campsites and arenas after weighing the pros and cons.

According to the Game of the Brave's tradition, these places were equivalent to safe zones and would not be harassed.

However, hiding in the safe zones meant that they had given up the right to give orders in the Battle of Glory. They could only wait for the call of the strong.

More warriors who were unwilling to stay in obscurity put on their most gorgeous battle robes and swaggered into the streets under the cheers of the Dancing Wu Wu, who was wearing a giant mask, they drank hard liquor and made a lot of noise in a way that was a hundred times more excited than usual. They spent a lot of money on the gambling table and were ready to face any challenges at any time.

When the war drums sounded, Black-corner City, which had been silent for a moment, soon exploded with ten times the energy and turned into a burning city that never slept.

Soon, the first street fight without any rules was staged.

"I, Bear Slayer from Boulder Village, defeated a giant limestone bear with my bare hands during the coming of age ceremony. I took out its heart and ate it alive!

"Now, I want to challenge this powerful warrior to show my highest respect for him!"

At the intersection, a Minotaur warrior with a muscular body stopped a ferocious wild boar warrior.

"I am Elephant Thrower from Iron Flow Town, the most violent war elephant that my family has tamed for generations. When my arm was only half as thick as it is now, I could easily lift an adult war elephant

and throw it more than ten arms' distance away. Now, I represent a family that is filled with glory and accept Bear Slayer's challenge. Who will bear witness to our glory?"

The two warriors roared at the same time. Their muscles bulged, and their blood vessels churned like angry dragons.

"I'll bear witness!"

"I'll bear witness to your glory!"

"Black-corner City, Fiery Ax of the Ironhide Clan will bear witness to your glorious battle for the two warriors who have divine blood flowing in their veins!"

The spectators dispersed.

They drew their weapons and raised them high.

Under the furious roars of "I'll bear witness," sabers, battle axes, two-handed swords, spiked clubs, meteor hammers, and other heavy weapons that were commonly used by advanced orcs were all smashed to the ground. They formed a circle like an iron fence.

This circle was the simplest and most sacred arena.

Being a "witness" was not just empty words but a responsibility.

For example, the two warriors would agree to some bet before the fight, even agreeing that the loser would join the winner's group and listen to the winner's command.

The witness had to ensure that the loser kept the agreement.

When the loser refused to keep the agreement, the witness would spread his disgraceful behavior, make the loser notorious...

And even help the winner to punish the loser together.

It seemed to be a thankless job.

However, countless Turan warriors really enjoyed it.

They treated "witnessing glory" as an important way to please the ancestral spirits so that they could receive their blessings.

Soon, the battle between Bear Slayer and Elephant Thrower began before the watchful eyes of more than ten witnesses.

Without the adjudicator or the arena, there was only a circle of heavy weapons between the fighters and the onlookers. The blood, sweat, and even brains of the fighters would splatter on the faces of the onlookers at any time.

The excitement of being so close made up for the inadequacy of the level of the battle. Although it was not a magnificent battle between the trump cards, the spectators were still excited and eager to have a try.

Soon, Elephant Thrower opened his eyes wide and roared. He raised Bear Slayer high up and threw him out of the ring.

Even if Bear Slayer had the courage to dig out a bear's heart, he could not find a place to exert his strength in the air. He could only flail his enormous body and land outside the fence made of heavy weapons.

### **Chapter 999: Little Trouble**

According to the Game of the Brave's rules, being hit out of the ring meant failure.

Although Bear Slayer was still alive, only sustaining a bruise not suffering any substantial damage...

Before the eyes of many witnesses, his face was bruised and red. He gritted his teeth for a long time, but he could only kneel on one knee and bow to his opponent.

"Elephant Thrower, your bravery reminds me of the heroes who once glorified Picturesque Orchid Lake. Please allow me to fight alongside you in the upcoming journey. I will listen to your commands at all times and seize the supreme glory for our most ancient and common ancestral spirit!"

According to the rules, if there were no old grudges... "Bear Slayer, you are the most powerful opponent I have ever seen in my life, and you will be my best comrade in the Battle of Glory. Then, let us fight side by side and challenge the golden clan. We will unite all the armies in Tulanze and march north, north, and all the way to the north. Let those cowardly rats in the land of Holy Light Tremble under the iron hooves of the warriors of Tulanze!"

The witness also praised, "This is truly an unprecedented great battle. The ancestral spirits will definitely be happy for your bravery and bless you!"

With such a happy ending, it could be considered a standard, classical, textbook-like "Game of the brave".

Following that, many of the witnesses would have an unbearable itch and jump into the Weapons Circle to challenge the other witnesses.

The two gladiators just now would become the new witnesses and witness the more thrilling fights.

According to the rules, the loser would submit to the winner.

The winner would humbly say that this was a really tough battle and that he had to put in a lot of effort just to subdue the loser.

The witnesses would use flowery language to describe the fierce, grand, and thrilling fight — in this way, the embarrassment and frustration of the loser would be minimized.

In the most ideal ending, the Tulan warriors should become friends after more than ten rounds of the "Game of the brave" and have a clear understanding of each other's strength.

If they had the same taste, then they should drink and gamble wildly and gradually form an intimate battle group. They would go to the battlefield and challenge other battle groups.

When they were on the real battlefield, they would gather their resources and servants together and form a combat group that could effectively command and coordinate with each other.

When they returned to their families, names such as “Bear slayer” and “Elephant-throwing man” would be spread, letting the blood hoof warriors from all directions know that there was such a person.

In the era of the clans that lacked modern means of communication, this method of passing on information by word of mouth and getting to know each other without fighting was perhaps the best way to make millions of unruly high-level orcs..., organize themselves quickly.

This was probably the reason why the ancestors of the Tulan people played the “Game of the brave”.

However, just like any rule, law, and strategy, after a long period of erosion and infiltration from the highest level to the lowest level, they would definitely be distorted and even look completely different.

“The game of the brave”, there was more than one way to play it.

The classic game that was played on the streets of the cross, where everyone was happy, was only suitable for those who came from the local areas. There was no deep background, nor was there any family interests or new or old grudges, young warriors who simply wanted to make a name for themselves and make friends.

Many prominent families, in order to fight for the water source, mineral veins, the habitat of totem beasts, the mandala tree that could grow the highest grade golden fruit... as early as a thousand years ago, they had already formed a complicated grudge.

When warriors from rival families met each other on a narrow road, it was not as simple as it seemed.

The ‘Weapon Ring’ was only the luckiest outcome.

It was not uncommon to have broken bones, broken bones, broken heads, and even broken brains. It was not uncommon to be beaten to death by the opponent with heavy techniques.

Once one stepped into the ‘Weapon Ring’, which was formed by knives, Spears, swords, halberds, axes, axes, and forks, one would disregard life and death. No matter how miserable one’s defeat was, or how serious one’s injuries were, the loser had to admit defeat.

At most, with red eyes, they would send someone to go on stage again and issue a second round of challenge to the winner.

To be fair, they also had to provide the winner with enough totem beast flesh and secret medicine to recover their strength, so that the winner could rest for a long enough time — at least, under the watchful eyes of the witnesses, they had to do so.

And in the depths of the poor streets and shabby alleys beyond the eyes of the tribal warriors.

Some people disregarded all rules and attacked with underhanded methods, using everything they had, ambushing all the silly prey within the range of their vision.

Some people formed cliques and engaged in large-scale armed combat with their mortal enemies.

Some people were ambitious, eager to snatch other people's totem battle armors, so that their own battle armors could continuously upgrade, evolve, and become stronger.

Some people really did steal a few pieces of totem armors and impatiently integrated them into their own totem armors. However, they could not withstand the overly complicated totem power and could not go back thousands of years, the battle memories that were too brutal.

Their spiritual defense line was broken by the totem power. Their flesh and blood bodies were hijacked by the totem armors and turned into monsters that seemed to be crazily wriggling and twitching as if their flesh and blood were mixed with metal, in the form of a 'Origins Warrior', they wandered the streets and alleys of black-corner city and launched indiscriminate attacks on all living creatures that were scanned by the killing intent.

In order to control and seize these 'Origins Warriors' and make them the secret weapons of their families, countless major clans sent their most elite forces to search for and seize the origins warriors.

Battles between Totem Warriors and origin warriors.

Battles between powerhouses from different clans in order to seize the origin warriors.

In these battles, new and old grudges were recalled, and new battles were born.

It was like fuel added with secret medicine, adding fuel to the already burning black-corner city.

Just like that, in just one day and one night, many places in black-corner city were blasted into ruins covered in blood and rotten meat by the powerful blood hoof warriors.

In the whole of black-corner city, except for the temples of the great clans, the great arenas, the camps where the Outsiders live, and the slums where the rat people live, the vast majority of the areas, into giant, high-speed, never-ending arenas or meat grinders.

Mince flesh and bone.

And spewed out dregs called "Glory" and reeked of blood.

All the weaklings had fled to the temples, the arenas, the slums, and the labyrinth-like sewage pipes that covered the entire underground of the city.

Those who still dared to act tyrannically and swagger through the city were either groups of noble warriors.

They were vicious and merciless, carrying at least three to five lives on their backs. They even had a string of fangs that had been pulled out of their opponents' mouths hanging on their waists. They were truly strong.

At this moment, Black-corner city had completely become a paradise for the strong and a paradise for the brave.

A trump card like ice storm was like a fish in water in this paradise for the brave.

Since last night, he had taken her mithril Ripper and left the blood-skull arena to go hunting.

However, Meng Chao had encountered some small problems.

Of course, he wouldn't stay in the blood-skull arena and wait for death.

The "Game of the brave" was simply a godsend opportunity to fish in troubled waters and take advantage of the situation.

He could not wait to sneak into the depths of the shabby streets and alleys to experience the local customs of Tu Lanze.

The problem now was that he had placed the remnants of the totem armor that he had snatched from Big Buck in the underground of a rat residential area, in a very secretive abandoned sewage pipe.

But now, this rat colony had become a battlefield for two groups of clan warriors to engage in large-scale armed combat..

"Is there a mistake?"

Meng Chao was wearing a hooded cloak and an ebony mask, covering himself tightly. He hid in the shadows of the corner of the wall, staring intently at the group of Tauren and wild boar people who were fighting each other, it was as if he was looking at two groups of naughty children who could not control their desire to destroy.

God knew how much effort he had put in to avoid those clan warriors who had gone crazy.

It seemed that from the moment the smoke was ignited and the war drums sounded, all the clan warriors had gone crazy. They were more or less affected by the totem power, and their offensive power had increased by several times.

Meng Chao did not want to be entangled by a group of heavy armored warriors without the totem armor.

The location he chose was originally perfect.

It happened to be at the edge of a slum where the rat people lived.

The rat people who lived here seemed to be "Garbage bugs".

As a result, the slum was smelly, and the sky was shrouded in a suspicious mist all day long.

Such a filthy place was not favored by the elders of the clans, and very few powerhouses would come here.

Even if Meng Chao really had some mishaps during the process of installing the totem battle armor and leaked even the slightest bit of totem power, he did not have to worry about being discovered by the powerhouses.

After successfully absorbing the totem battle armor into his body and gaining the capital to participate in a higher level game, Meng Chao could also ask the "Trash worms" here for information about the children of Cai Luo village.

If he was lucky, he might be able to find a few children of Cai Luo village here?

Who knew that after venturing through half of black-corner city, he would discover that this place had become a playground for the clan warriors.

Perhaps, it was because there were not many strong people in this area, and there were no nosy people who would jump out to be “Witnesses”.

Only then could they not be bound by any rules, and be able to fight, destroy, kill, and destroy without any scruples, letting out their burning bestial nature to their heart’s content?

When hundreds of wild boars and wild bulls were brandishing their mace and meteor hammer, dancing around the entrance of the abandoned sewage pipe, how was Meng Chao going to pass through the shadows of blades and swords and enter the sewage pipe, how was he going to get his totem armor?

One had to know that although the highly intelligent ancestors of the high-level beastmen had left behind a sufficiently developed sewage pipe system for them under the city.

But after thousands of years of erosion, many areas of the underground space that had been out of repair for many years had all collapsed and blocked up.

Even if the area was barely maintained, the overall structure was getting weaker and weaker, and was on the verge of collapse.

Looking at the crisscrossing spider web cracks on the ground that were heavily smashed by the mace and the meteor hammer, the area grew larger and the cracks grew wider. Meng Chao suspected that if these wild boars and bulls continued to fight., it was very likely that the entire ground would collapse and bury the totem battle armor that he had stored underneath into the depths of the ruins.

Chapter 1000: Children

Before Meng Chao could figure out a way to sneak into the abandoned sewage pipes...

The battlefield gradually moved in the direction of the slums.

The rat people who lived in the slums all ran out.

The clan warriors had a self-righteous sense of honor.

Usually, it was not necessary to kill the rat people directly for fun, especially in the Game of the Brave, which was used as a sacrifice to the ancestral spirits and had a strong sense of ritual.

Clan warriors were not very proactive, direct, and purposeful in targeting the rat people.

They did not want to be ridiculed by others and punished by the ancestral spirits.

However, they obviously would not specifically avoid the rat people, or care about the life and death of a certain rat people.

Basically, the rat people in the eyes of the hot-blooded clan warriors, who were in a frenzy of fighting spirit, were similar to a broken wall or a garbage can as an obstacle.

They were also flying props that could be grabbed and thrown at their opponents.

The rat people who lived in this area were originally curled up in a small and simple shack, shivering.

However, the thin walls that leaked wind on all sides were just fences that were covered with mud.

There wasn't even any mud, and they could only barely cover themselves with rags.

Obviously, they could not withstand the clan warriors' sword lights and killing intent.

It must be known that both wild boar men and Minotaurs were terrifying existences that were more than two meters tall and weighed more than 300 kilograms.

If one's body was mixed with the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan, it would be very common for them to grow to more than four to five meters long and weigh almost a ton.

Such a colossus, even if it really did not have any "malice," would be able to knock down the houses of the rat people with just a light rub. It would smash the muscles, bones, and flesh of the rat people into a bloody mess.

It must be admitted that the warriors of the clan did not have the intention of deliberately destroying the slums in the beginning.

However, as the battle became more and more intense, some warriors found that after the rat people's shacks collapsed, they could pick up a large amount of crushed stones and beams and use them as weapons to throw them at their opponents.

There were also some warriors who used too much strength and saw stars. They had no choice but to retreat into the broken walls to catch their breath.

The opponent naturally did not want to give him any time to cool down. He roared and pounced on him, knocking him over ten meters away and crashing into the rat people's shack together.

A few pairs of steel bones that weighed several tons and were covered in bristles and thorns rolled among the ruins.

Naturally, they knocked down and crushed everything within their rolling range.

Soon, the flames of war spread to half of the slums.

The remaining rat people in the remaining half of the slums held their heads in their hands and fled, scattering in all directions in despair.

The appearance of these rat people made Meng Chao sigh in his heart.

During Earth's ancient era, a philosopher once said that even if rats were reincarnated in a rice warehouse, and in a toilet, they were two different concepts in heaven and earth.

Although the lives of the rat civil servants living in the Blood Skull Arena were often in danger, they had to train crazily day and night. They might even die of exhaustion during training.

However, in order to ensure sufficient combat strength, their master would usually not deduct their food. He would even try his best to obtain a large amount of high-energy food and sharp weapons for them.

The best of the rat soldiers might be well-fed, fat, and well-furred. They were trusted by their master. At first glance, they were no different from the warriors of the clan.

Therefore, in the arena, it was hard to feel that the rat people and the warriors were two classes that were so different.

However, the rat people in front of them..

They were all garbage bugs.

They were the lowest level of the war machine that maintained the Turan civilization.

Perhaps, they were not even a single nail on the War Machine.

They were only fuel that was about to be burnt to ashes.

There were two main sources of garbage bugs.

The first was the children of the rat people.

Since they were small, they were able to move freely in the complicated, dark, and narrow sewage pipes. That was why they were not starved to death in the wilderness. On the other hand, they were able to live longer in Black-corner City before being smoked to death by the biogas, they were drowned by excrement and bitten to death by the poisonous insects lurking in the depths of the garbage heap.

The second was the slave labor that had drained most of their flesh and energy in the foundry workshop or the mining cave.

When they were captured and brought to Black-corner City, they were probably in their twenties or thirties.

However, after suffering for a year and a half in the foundry workshop or the mining cave, even if they were lucky enough to survive, their hair often turned white, their teeth fell off, their eyes were blurry, their nostrils were pitch-black, and it was difficult for them to breathe, they were as thin as firewood.

They had lost the right to continue burning themselves in the foundry workshop or mining cave to illuminate the entire civilization.

In order to repay the benevolent ancestral spirits and let them continue to live, they became garbage bugs. They dived dozens of meters deep into the dark depths filled with all kinds of garbage and excrement, filled with thick methane gas, they went to unclog the blocked pipes, collect and transport the fermented excrement, and nourish the accompanying plants of the mandala tree. They tried to harvest some ordinary crops in the glorious era, when all the mandala trees had no harvest, they let a portion of the rat population remain half-dead so that they could give birth to more rat population and continue to be cannon fodder, slave labor, and garbage bugs.

Therefore, the adult rat subjects that appeared before Meng Chao were all like skeletons wrapped in large skins. They were neither human nor ghost.

Many of them had deep sunken eye sockets, and even their eyeballs had shriveled up. There was not even the slightest glimmer of light.

Even though half of their shacks had been destroyed by the warriors, the warriors' maces and meteor hammer whizzed past in front of them. There was not a hint of fear or desire to survive on their numb faces.

It was as if their souls had long been consumed by the daily torment in the depths of the mines, furnaces, and sewage pipes.

All that was left was an empty shell, waiting for the harvest of the master warriors at any time.

The children had not arrived in Black-corner City for long.

Their big eyes, which were set off by their thin faces, were still shining with the light of the Blue Sky, the refreshing spring, the bright flowers, and the unscrupulous laughter.

The light had not been completely swallowed by the darkness in the depths of the underground sewage pipe.

The naive children still had some illusions about tomorrow.

This illusion made them scream, cry, and shout, wanting to escape the chaotic battlefield and continue to live until tomorrow.

However, they were too small to understand the sacred ancestral spirit, the supreme glory, the warriors' fury, and the location of the safe place.

Many children lost their way in the smoke and dust caused by the collapse of the shack.

Disoriented, they ran into the center of the battlefield.

The warriors were in the mood to kill, so they naturally did not have a good impression of these little bastards who disturbed the mood and tarnished the glory.

The originally chaotic battlefield suddenly became more chaotic, bloody, and brutal.

"These bastards..."

Meng Chao muttered to himself in the darkness.

He could hear the cracking sounds of clenched fists coming from the bones of his fingers.

The biggest difference between the rat people and the warriors was that due to the deterioration of their bloodlines and the conflict between the genes of various fierce beasts, the characteristics of the rat people were not very obvious.

Compared to the warriors of the clan, they were usually thinner and smaller, with shorter and thinner hair. Many of the rat people did not even have fangs, claws, and hooves. They only had a pair of small and exquisite beast ears, their tails were as small as fur balls.

In other words, the rat people were more like humans than the warriors.

This was also the reason why Meng Chao was treated as an ugly rat people with black hair and black eyes by the Warriors in the beginning.

It was also the original sin of the rat people being bullied—because apart from their beast ears and tails, they were really similar to the Holy Light humans in the north who were controlled by Evil Gods.

On the other hand, the purer the bloodline of the clan warriors, the more obvious the beast-like characteristics they had. The descendants of the military aristocrats who had been passed down for thousands of years were like wild boars and bulls that were standing up, they were also a mixture of wild boars, bulls, and elephants.

This was a good man who had received the blessing and recognition of the ancestral spirit and was firm and unyielding.

Therefore, in Meng Chao's view, the scene in front of him was "A group of monsters that don't look like humans bullying a group of humans with Beast Ears and tails."

Moreover, they were children.

It was still possible that they came from Bright Shell Village and saved his life. They personally fed him the mandala juice and poured cold water on his boiling forehead. When he was about to fall into the endless abyss, they blew the bright shell wind chimes and laughed like silver bells, the child who had pulled him back to the human world.

"Bastards, if you want to go crazy, then go crazy. Don't bully the weak and implicate the innocent!"

Sparks flew from the friction between Meng Chao's two rows of back teeth.

At this moment, a few children who seemed to be seven or eight years old ran in the direction where Meng Chao was hiding.

Meng Chao had sharp eyes. He instantly saw a whistle made of a bright shell hanging on the neck of the child in front of him.

Although the shell was stained with too much dust and dirt.

Under the sunlight, it still reflected a brilliant brilliance.

Meng Chao vaguely remembered that he had seen a similar brilliance when he was half-conscious.

He was delighted and was about to say something to guide them.

Suddenly, he heard a muffled groan. A bull-headed warrior nearly three meters tall was dancing in the air like a mountain of meat, smashing down in the direction where the children were running.

Meng Chao's pupils contracted into two needle tips.

His four limbs suddenly burst open like springs that had been compressed to the limit.

Around his knee joints, elbow joints, and shoulder joints, there was even the sound of his tendons bouncing.

He pounced forward like a whirlwind.

He held one of the children with both hands and raised his neck. The hooded cloak wrapped around the other two children and threw the four children away, narrowly avoiding the Minotaur Warrior's impact.

**Boom!**

The Minotaur warrior made a deafening noise.

If not for Meng Chao's quick reflexes, at least two of the four children would have been smashed into mincemeat by his nearly half a ton of steel bones.

The Minotaur man was indeed the strongest existence in the bloody hoof clan.

Even the ground was smashed into a shallow pit. The Minotaur warrior actually staggered to his feet and spat out a large mouthful of blood.

However, in front of him, Meng Chao and the four children, an even larger wild boar appeared.. Its eyes were red and steam was gushing out of its nostrils.