

Oh My God 1041

### **Chapter 1041: Changing His Way of Death**

“Of course it’s different. Don’t you know how terrifying Brute Hammer is, Reaper?”

Leaf became anxious. “First of all, Brute Hammer and Ice Storm are the trump cards of the Blood Skull Arena. In the past, they had fought many times in the arena. Brute Hammer lost more than he won, and he was very unconvinced of Lady Ice Storm.

“We were all servants that Lady Ice Storm personally selected from the dungeon. We fought several victories with Lady Ice Storm. According to the tradition of the Turan warriors, we had a good chance of becoming Lady Ice Storm’s personal soldiers or even servants, but in the end, we received Lady Ice Storm’s blood.

“Right now, we have fallen into Lady Ice Storm’s enemy, brute hammer. Do you think that brute hammer will give us a good look?”

Meng Chao replied, “Oh.”

“Don’t ‘Oh’ me. Also, Man Hammer’s style of training servant soldiers is completely different from Lord Ice Storm’s. He is the most typical warrior of the clan. He has never taken pity on the lives of the civilian rat soldiers. He only knows how to work hard and train hard. The casualty rate of being his servant soldiers is very high!”

Ye Zi continued, “Also, Wildhammer is a native of black-corner city. Naturally, he has a batch of ‘House rats’ that he has brought out from his clan and worked for him for many years. They have even been working for his clan since hundreds of years ago.

“When he is on the battlefield, the house rats are naturally the ones he trusts the most.

“After the spoils of war are captured, the house rats will be the first to divide the spoils. The house rats will be the ones who will take the easy missions. As for the cheap subordinates that we have temporarily transferred here, they will naturally be the best cannon fodder. They will be the meat shields that will charge at the front when we attack the fortress and fight hard battles!”

“Eh?”

Meng Chao said in surprise, “I didn’t expect you to know so much at such a young age. I’m very gratified to see that you have grown so fast. My efforts were not in vain!”

“Reaper –”

Leaf was about to cry. “Why are you still so calm at such a time? Are you just willing to obey man Hammer’s command and give up your life for the Blood Hoof Clan? Can’t you think of a way?”

“What?”

Meng Chao looked at the rat-like youth and said, “You are the rat-like people of the Blood Hoof clan to begin with. Isn’t it natural for you to fight for the Blood Hoof Clan? What do you think I can think of?”

“I, I don’t know either.”

Ye Zi was so anxious that she was running around in circles. She said in a dilemma, "I once heard the elders in the village say that when the glorious era came, we, the rat people, would have to go to the city to wait for the recruitment of the Samurai Masters. We would do whatever the masters told us to do. When the Masters told us to die, we would have to die obediently and without hesitation. The elders said that this was the so-called 'way of a warrior', just like how the mandala fruit grew on the mandala tree. It was a natural principle.

"In the beginning, perhaps I could have fought and died loyally for the warriors without thinking about anything.

"However, after coming to black-corner city and experiencing so many things and hearing so many reasons from you, I gradually felt that there were not so many reasons in the world that were reasonable but meaningless. Those High and mighty warriors had never done anything good to me, my family, or my home. Why should I fight and die for them?

"It's probably like what you said. 'as long as I haven't seen the glorious dawn, I could have endured the endless night'!"

"Wait."

Meng Chao said, "Did I ever say anything that made sense?"

"You did."

The rat teenager said solemnly, "You also said that 'The black night sky has collapsed, and the Golden Dawn will definitely come'!"

"Reaper, I have imprinted every word you said in my mind.

"With or without the Rat God, I don't want to serve the darn warriors of the clan anymore!

"If it is Lord icestorm, since she is not the Tauren who destroyed half a mountain village and is not even an official member of the Bloody Hoof Clan, and because she treats her servants very leniently and freely, I can still put up with her.

"But, brute hammer?"

"No, I'm absolutely unwilling to obey his command, and I don't want to be killed by him. Then, I'll use my broken bones to cast his 'glory'!"

The rat-peasant youth's face was filled with determination and resolution, and it affected Meng Chao, causing his expression to become serious.

"If you really think that way and are unwilling to serve the clan's warriors even if you die, then there's only one way."

Meng Chao stared at leaf and said word by word, "Escape, escape from black-corner city."

Leaf narrowed his eyes, and the light in his eyes became more condensed. He gritted his teeth and said, "Then we'll escape, escape from this damn place!"

"You have to think it through carefully."

Meng Chao said, "Now that there are 100,000 or even more clan's warriors gathered in black-corner city, it's not an easy thing to escape. It's too easy to say that it's a narrow escape. You might not even see the city wall of black-corner city before the spear with bull horns tied to the tip pierced through your heart."

"I have thought it through very clearly. After all, there is no way for me to survive if I fight with brute hammer. I was either torn into pieces by the lion-man, tiger-man, werewolf-man, and leopard-man legions of the Gold clan in the 'five races' or rushed to the land of Holy Light after surviving the five races'. Then, I was burnt to ashes alive by the unfathomable mages and ascetics, the weird spells and divine arts, or something even uglier than ashes!

"The Elders in the village have said that our half-mountain village has a history of several hundred years. In the past few hundred years, we have participated in several 'Wars of Glory', but every time, out of a hundred rat villagers who went on an expedition, three to five of them would come back from the front line with all their whiskers and tails, and seven to eight of them would come back with broken limbs. That would be considered pretty good!

"I don't want to repeat their fate.

"I want to change the way I live or... Die.

"Please, help me, Reaper!"

Meng Chao was silent for a long time.

In the end, he sighed softly.

"Alright, I can try."

Meng Chao's eyes were bright as he said, "Let me confirm first. are the two of us the only ones who want to escape from black-corner City?"

Leaf quickly shook her head. "I don't know the situation outside the blood-skull arena, nor do I know the situation of the other rat militia soldiers. However, the 29 rat militia soldiers that you picked back then all want to escape. We would rather die on the road of escape than die in the trenches that are charging toward the gold clan or the land of Holy Light."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course not," Meng Chao said. "After all, it's a completely different concept if one person escapes alone and two people work together to escape, or if the entire battle team escapes together.

"Let's not talk about the difficulty. I have to figure out everyone's true intentions. If we plan everything out here, and someone doesn't want to escape and instead wants to stay under Wildhammer or the warriors of other clans to 'Seize Glory', wouldn't we be overestimating ourselves?"

"That's impossible."

Ye said, "If we were to follow Lord icestorm, there might be some who would hesitate. But if it were Wildhammer, no one would be willing to follow him to his death."

“Why?” Meng Chao was puzzled.

“Of course it’s because of you!”

Ye’s eyes sparkled as she looked at Meng Chao, “Because you taught us such exquisite techniques and brilliant tactics, allowing us to witness true strength. This caused us to look down on Wildhammer’s simple and crude training and battle methods.

“You must know that Lord Ice Storm is the ‘Frost Empress’. Recently, he has defeated many powerhouses and seized their totem armor fragments. He is even willing to accept your suggestion humbly. That is why he is worthy of US following him.

“Brute Hammer is merely a defeated opponent of Lord Ice Storm. He doesn’t have your ability. Why should we follow his orders!

“Reaper, trust me. Right now, your appeal among the rat militia might be much greater than Wildhammer’s. If you raise your arms and shout, everyone will definitely believe you and be willing to follow you to create a miracle

“Don’t say such mushy words like ‘create a miracle’.”

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and said, “However, if everyone is willing to follow my orders and absolutely trust me, I can give it a try... in short, don’t say too much to everyone for now. Everything will be fine as long as everything goes as usual.”

“Really?”

Leaf was overjoyed. “Reaper, you really have a way? What should we do?”

“First, of course, we’ll go to the training camp and receive Lord Wildhammer’s inspection,” Meng Chao said seriously.

“Eh?” The rat youth’s ecstatic expression instantly stiffened.

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In the end, leaf still listened to Meng Chao’s suggestion and obediently returned to the training camp with him to wait for Wildhammer’s inspection.

Because just as he went to look for Meng Chao, urgent horns sounded from the towers at the four corners of the Blood Skull Arena.

There were also people who sounded heavy war drums, “Dong Dong Dong Dong”, like the footsteps of some giant totem beast that was over a hundred arms tall.

This was the assembly order.

This meant that the blood skull arena was about to close.

All the gladiators, servants, handymen, and slaves were all incorporated into the blood skull battle group to implement the most stringent military management.

There were commanders and supervising squads filled with Casanova's attendants and personal guards everywhere. Seeing the panicking servants and handymen running around, they could kill them at any time and report to the army according to military law.

However, it was not realistic to escape from black-corner city now.

In Meng Chao's words, it was not the right time yet.

When the two of them returned to the training camp, the captain of the personal guards under man Hammer had already led a group of arrogant personal guards to guard the commanding heights and the entrances of the training camp.

The rat civil servants who had originally belonged to the ice storm were dejected like prisoners in a prison.

Before Man Hammer appeared, he had already shown off his might to Meng Chao, leaf, and the others.

He ordered the rat civil servants who had originally belonged to the ice storm to put on armor covered with tree bark and stone chips. They picked up large wooden shields made from tree stumps, carried heavy battle axes and battle hammers, and stood motionless in the middle of the training camp, waiting for his arrival.

#### **Chapter 1042: Get Off the Horse**

Turan metal was hard to come by. The armor and shields of the rat militia required a large amount of wood and stone materials to ensure their defense. At the same time, they were several times heavier than metal materials.

Even the rat soldiers who had received special training from Meng Chao stood there for a full hour. They were drenched in sweat and their legs were shaking. Many of them rolled their eyes and fell straight to the ground.

It was not until the twenty to thirty rat soldiers fell to the ground, and some of them were so stifled by the thick and heavy armor that they began to Twitch, that man Hammer finally arrived.

This warrior, who had the bloodline of a barbarian elephant and was the largest of the four aces of the Blood Skull Arena, had his hands behind his back, and his long nose, which was as swollen as a bone tumor at the end, slowly swung left and right, he swaggered to the front of the terrified rat militia.

"I am man hammer. Some of you have heard of my name. Some of you have just been released from the dungeon not long ago. Maybe you don't know me. It doesn't matter. In the future training and battles, we will have plenty of opportunities to get to know each other well!"

Man Hammer shouted at the top of his voice, his face full of fury, "However, I know many of you. I know that you train in some unscrupulous and opportunistic ways. Under the leadership of the ice storm, you were lucky enough to win a few battles, and yet you think that you are so great that you are the strongest servant in the Bloody Skull Battle Group!

"Of course, the ice storm is the trump card of the Bloody Skull Battle Group. However, the battles in the arena are completely different from the real battlefield. If you want to continue to win victory and Glory

in the five clans' competition or even the Battle of Honor, then forget everything that the ice storm has taught you. I will not fall for that!

"Next, I will let you know what real training is, and what kind of warriors are qualified to win glory for the ancestral spirits. They will even receive my blood and become official members of the Bloodhoof clan!

"I will crush your flesh into mud and grind your bones into powder. Then, I will mix the flesh and bone powder together and cast you into a brand-new, Roaring Iron Man!

"This is destined to be an exceptionally difficult path. If anyone can not withstand such a recasting, you can bring it up now. I will immediately enlist you into the ranks of the slave soldiers. I guarantee that in the first battle, you will be riddled with holes by hundreds of arrows. Then, you will be crushed into pieces by the iron hooves of your opponents. You will die a clean death. Then, you will no longer have to endure the pain that only a real tough man can endure.

"Is there such a person? Is there such a person?"

Man Hammer widened his eyes, which were bigger than the Fist of an ordinary ox-headed warrior, and stared at the rat militia fiercely.

The rat militia all gritted their teeth and did not say a word.

"Very good. It seems that you are not as weak as I imagined. I Can't help but have a glimmer of hope that we will get along very well."

Hammer nodded in satisfaction. "Do you understand what I said just now?"

"Yes!"

Leaf led everyone and shouted in unison.

Hammer frowned deeply and shook his head disapprovingly. "It seems that the ice storm is too indulgent with you. You Don't know the rules that the rat people should follow at all.

"Remember, when a servant answers a warrior's question, he must add the noble name of the warrior before and after. You must call me 'Lord Hammer'. Do You F \* cking understand?"

"Lord Hammer, I understand, Lord Hammer!"

"Speak louder. Look at how the Ice Storm has trained all of you. You're so soft and listless. Are you not the proud orcs but the sneaky elves in the Twilight Forest? Speak Louder!"

"Lord Hammer, I understand, Lord Hammer!"

"Louder! I Can't hear you! Your roars are not as loud as the farts of the totem beasts! You are so listless! What right do you have to follow me to fight for Glory?"

"Lord Hammer, I understand, Lord Hammer!"

"Not Enough! Not Enough! Far from enough! Keep training! Keep roaring! Shout out all your anger and killing intent! Imagine that you are facing the damn holy light humans, dwarves, and elves! Those who

want to help the evil god of twilight destroy the world, tear them apart with your roars! Plant the flag of the Tulan warriors in every corner of the land of Holy Light! Let our world be filled with vitality and vitality forever!”

“Lord Wildhammer, I understand, Lord Wildhammer!”

“Lord Wildhammer, I understand, Lord Wildhammer!”

“Lord Wildhammer, I understand, Lord Wildhammer!”

The rat militia shouted at the top of their lungs over and over again.

No one dared to stop without Wildhammer’s permission.

Wildhammer’s gaze was sharper than his fangs as he coldly swept his gaze over the faces of the rat militia.

He paused for an exceptionally long time on the faces of the first batch of thirty rat militia that Meng Chao had personally selected.

Finally, his footsteps came to a halt in front of Meng Chao.

He looked down from above like a huge mountain with huge eyes, staring unblinkingly at Meng Chao.

Meng Chao was the most standard standing posture of all the rat militia soldiers.

He was like a straight mandala tree, so standard that even man hammer could not find a single flaw in it.

Moreover, Meng Chao shouted again and again with full concentration.

Even Brute Hammer’s huge figure completely blocked his breathing space. He did not stop or divert his attention. He continued to shout meticulously until he spat out blood.

Brute Hammer did not comment on Meng Chao’s performance.

He stared at Meng Chao for a long time.

Suddenly, the biggest trump card of the Bloody Skull Arena released a sharp killing intent. Like an invisible giant hammer, it smashed toward Meng Chao’s head.

Meng Chao finally couldn’t hold on any longer. He grunted, his face pale. He took half a step back and almost fell to the ground.

Naturally, he lost the rhythm of his shouting.

Man Hammer grinned.

He raised his Iron Fist and clenched it slightly, signaling the rat soldiers to stop shouting.

“Lord Casa said that you are special, so I have to be careful.”

Man Hammer said to Meng Chao, who was almost half his height, with a contemptuous look on his face, “But, in my opinion, you are not special!”

Meng Chao looked embarrassed, as if he wanted to explain or refute.

However, he seemed to have been disturbed by man Hammer's killing intent and hurt his internal organs. He could not make any sound for a moment.

In his desperation, he coughed loudly again and spat out more blood.

Man Hammer's face was full of disgust. He turned to the side and let Meng Chao spit out more blood, he poked Meng Chao's chest with his long nose and said, "Listen, you ugly black-haired ghost. I Don't care where you came from, and I don't care whether the blood flowing in your body is the blood of the ogres, the hill giants, or the deformed monsters in the abyss of Eternal Night. I Don't care what relationship you have with the ice storm.

"After all, in my eyes, rats are rats. As long as you know how to obey the rules of the rats and obey the orders of your master, you will be a good rat. You will have a chance to survive. At the very least, you won't have to taste the whip or the iron.

"However, if you are still concerned about the ice storm and dare to think that you are smart enough to play tricks right under my nose, I will be very interested to know what kind of screams a special person like you will make when the red-hot iron rod lashes you hard. Do you understand?"

Man Hammer once again released a ferocious killing intent.

It was really like a tyrant mammoth condensed from totem power. It gushed out from his body and launched a "War stomp" at Meng Chao.

Even the more than ten rat civil servants around Meng Chao were affected and groaned.

Meng Chao's face was Haggard. His lips trembled for a long time before he said with a hoarse voice, "Listen, I understand."

"Huh?"

Man Hammer raised his eyebrows and nose.

"Lord Man Hammer, I understand, Lord Man Hammer."

Meng Chao seemed to have been scared out of his wits by man hammer. He lowered his head and said in a trembling voice, "I understand."

Man Hammer was satisfied.

However, he was not going to let Meng Chao and all the rat soldiers off just like that.

"Very good. Now, let me see how the Ice Storm has trained all of you!"

"Run!" Man Hammer roared. "Carry all your equipment and run around the training camp. Don't stop until your legs are broken and your heart and lungs are blown up, or until I tell you to stop. Run hard!"

Under the supervision of Man Hammer's house mouse soldiers, hundreds of rat soldiers who were originally part of the ice storm started running unsteadily.

Because they had just been fully armed for more than a quarter of an hour and had used up too much of their heart and lungs in the midst of their hysterical shouts.

As soon as they stepped onto the bumpy track, which was filled with gravel, mud, pits, and even iron caltrops, someone immediately let out a muffled groan.

The leather hanging ropes that tightened the armor and weapons were deeply embedded in the flesh and blood of the rat militia soldiers. They swayed with every step, almost tearing apart their joints.

Leaf gritted her teeth and endured the intense pain as she caught up to Meng Chao.

“Reaper, Are You Alright?” He asked anxiously.

“Of course I’m not.”

Meng Chao’s face was still pale and his breathing was rapid. His footsteps were messy like the stitching of a bull warrior, swaying like a withered leaf in a violent wind.

However, when he saw the rat youth catching up, he secretly blinked his eyes from an angle that man hammer could not see, “You are right. This stupid elephant is indeed much worse than the ice storm. You have no idea how much effort I put in to resist the urge to beat him up right now. I’m suffering from internal injuries!”

“Eh?”

Leaf was dumbfounded again.

She observed Meng Chao’s face carefully. There was no pain, frustration, or dejection on his face at all?

The rat teenager suddenly realized something. “Reaper, you must have a comprehensive plan that can help us escape, right? What should we do next?”

“Nonsense. Of course, we should obey Lord Hammer’s command and run away. Do you want to fight your way out of the Bloody Skull Arena and the entire black-corner city alone?”

“But, how long will this run last?”

“Don’t worry. Hammer is just giving us a scare. He won’t really run us to death. After all, the expedition is tomorrow, and we have already shown our excellent combat ability. If we run away like weaklings, how can we help him get more battle merits?”

“I see. Then what if we finish running? Will we have a chance to escape?”

“No, after we finish running, we still have an important thing to do.”

“What is it?”

“Of course it’s to eat. We’re going on an expedition tomorrow, and he’ll definitely reward us today. It’s a waste not to eat. Later, everyone will open their bloody mouths and eat a big meal for me!”

### **Chapter 1043: Sudden Situation**

Meng Chao had not guessed wrongly.

Brute Hammer was playing a trick of using both kindness and power.

He wanted to subdue this battle team that he had coveted for a long time, and not tire Meng Chao and the others to death.

Therefore, after the rat militia soldiers gritted their teeth and ran dozens of laps, displaying sufficient obedience, Brute Hammer, who could not find any faults, made them stop and pretended to lecture them. Then, he began to slap them and tell them that a very sumptuous banquet had been arranged for them tonight. Moreover, he was a person who was clear about rewards and punishments, and would never mistreat warriors. As long as they were willing to risk their lives to work well with their master, they would definitely become true warriors in the glorious era and enjoy benefits that other rat civilians would never enjoy in their entire lives.

Tonight's dinner was indeed exceptionally sumptuous.

Other than fried mandrake fruit dipped in sour cream, every rat civilian soldier actually received a large chunk of bloody totem beast flesh, as well as half a fragrant golden fruit. There was even a pot of bubbling liquor.

After all, to be able to last so long in the Blood Skull Arena, these soldiers were considered the elite soldiers of thousands of rat civilians. With the war about to begin, their masters still had to give them a few sweet dates to eat.

However, the delicious food that usually made people want to eat them was like wax in the eyes of the rat civilian servant soldiers at that moment. It did not inspire the slightest bit of morale.

"The Big-horned Rat God does not exist. The so-called messenger is simply a spy sent by the Gold Clan." This matter dealt a psychological blow to the rat civilians that far exceeded the imagination of the clan warriors.

The result of the destruction of faith was that many of the rat civilian servant soldiers were like leaves. Of course, they no longer believed in the big horn rat god, they also did not believe in the nonsense of "Fighting and dying for the Blood Hoof clan, using blood and courage to seize the Supreme Glory".

Since the big horn rat god was fake, who could guarantee that the ancestor spirit of the Blood Hoof Clan was definitely not fake?

With this thought, the rat civil servants all entered a state of despair. They did not believe in anything, and they were lazy and could not raise their spirits.

However, under the threat of the commander's whip and the Warblade of the supervising squad, they were driven by the desire to survive and moved forward mechanically.

In the words of the warriors of the clan, who were gnashing their teeth in anger and resenting the fact that they had failed to live up to their expectations, the rat folk soldiers said, "These trash don't look like noble Turan warriors anymore. They are even more listless than the skeleton soldiers in the nether desert who have lost the control of the liches!"

Of course, most of the rat subjects did not see themselves as noble Turan warriors in the first place. They were just ants who wanted to live.

And this was what the high and Mighty Masters of the clan had done over the past ten million years.

On the other hand, the rat subjects of Turan ze were like the skeleton soldiers of the nether empire, which were consumables that did not require thought or spirit.

No matter what they thought, the war machine of the entire black-corner city began to rumble under the passionate horns and war drums of the Clan Warriors.

When the Red Star that looked three to five times larger than the Sun on Earth tore through the last Wisp of darkness in the long night and poured the first turbulent blood-red river into black-corner city, the war drums that shook the souls.., hundreds of temples that had already resounded in the major families and arenas.

At the same time, a colorful light pillar with a large number of cuneiform characters rose in the sky above each temple.

The hundreds of light pillars were like pillars that could support the sky and the Earth. Together, they supported a huge temple that was majestic, Majestic, invisible, and could be clearly sensed by all the blood-hoofed warriors.

Standing in this shapeless temple, all the blood hoofed warriors, whether it was the minotaurs, wild boars, or through the blood bestowing ritual.., the gnolls, Lizardmen, and feather clan members who had just joined the blood hoofed clan were all in a daze. They saw the magnificent and earth-shaking ancient battlefield.

They saw how the ancestral spirits, who were unafraid of death and refused to yield, fought against the evil god of Twilight, who was trying to kill all the vitality on the earth.

Heard the wrathful roars of the ancestral spirits, and heroic laughter.

And infected by the emotional cries of the ancestral spirits, they could not wait to rush into the land of holy light now, to rush to the tower that claimed to be able to connect heaven and earth, to go to the vast and boundless starry sky, with a tiny body of flesh and blood, to fight the evil twilight who wants to control everything.

Just like that, every temple was filled with the strongest warriors of each family.

In every temple, there was a roar that resounded through the sky, shattering gold and stone.

As the priests chanted long and clumsy chants, and twisted dances that surpassed the limits of the human body, battle teams armed to the teeth filed out of the temples.

At this moment, the sky was just beginning to brighten.

There were still many places in black horn city where the sun could not reach.

Each warrior of the clan was holding a torch made of the huge leg bone of a totem beast and the flexible branches of the mandala tree that were soaked in oil.

Thousands of torches stretched out to form fire dragons that bared their fangs and brandished their claws.

The fire dragons gathered on the main road through the poor streets and dilapidated walls, becoming thicker, fiercer, and brighter.

They went from a battle team of hundreds of people to a battle gang of thousands of people to a battle group of tens of thousands of people.

At the forefront of the battle group, ancient battle flags that could be traced back to thousands of years ago fluttered in the wind.

Because they were soaked in the blood of countless warriors, these battle flags that were surrounded by spiritual energy showed no signs of being polluted or damaged. Instead, they emitted an incomparably magnificent light along with the uniform roars of the warriors of the clan, they condensed into groups of dazzling human figures, just like the heroes of the epics who came to the human world to guide the new generation of Tulan warriors toward their unfinished business.

Just like that, when the sun rose, there were already more than ten battle groups. Outside black-corner city, under a mandala tree that was nearly 10,000 years old and could not be hugged by dozens of people, they gathered in front of the oldest temple.

The newly born Bloody Skull Battle Group was the youngest battle group in black-corner city.

As the commander of the battle group, Casanova Bloodhoof naturally wanted to make a grand entrance and gain the upper hand.

However, the ancestral spirit played a huge joke on him.

In his bloody skull battle group, there were actually a lot of rat civilian soldiers who were suffering from acute illnesses.

First, they vomited and diarrhea, then it was hot and cold, then it was like the world was spinning. Cold Sweat was breaking out all over their bodies, their muscles were twitching, and their joints were so sore that it was as if hundreds of red-hot steel needles had been inserted into them. With just a slight movement.., he was in so much pain that he almost fainted. He could not even stand up. How could he gather and march out?

The Warriors of the clan had originally thought that the rat militia were playing tricks.

After two whips were broken consecutively, but the rat militia could not be whipped up. Moreover, the servants were gnashing their teeth. Their faces were as ferocious as ghosts. Only then did they realize that the situation was not good.

After all, even many 'house rats' who had worked for the bloody feet clan for hundreds of years and were absolutely loyal to their master had suffered. Their legs had gone soft, and they could not climb out of the cesspool after falling into it.

This was definitely not a disguise.

The witch doctors of the Bloody Skull Legion had also confirmed that these poor hamster soldiers had indeed suffered from a sudden illness.

To be more precise, they had been poisoned.

All the rat militia soldiers who had fallen ill had one thing in common. They had received a reward at the same time last night and had eaten an exceptionally sumptuous amount of food.

The witch doctors carried out research on the food left behind.

In the end, they found something strange in the sour cream and liquor that were distributed to the servants.

It was a poison that none of the witch doctors had ever seen before.

It was a combination of the effects of a variety of overbearing secret medicines, including laxatives.

For the bodies of the rat people that were not nourished, as long as they ate a mouthful of sour cream and drank a small bowl of strong wine, they would definitely fall into a state of food poisoning.

The witch doctors did not have a good solution to food poisoning.

After all, it had been so long since dinner last night. The poison had already invaded the blood and limbs of the rat soldiers. No matter how much they tried to induce vomiting, it was useless.

It was obvious that the strong wine and sour cream could not have rotted at the same time and produced such a strange poison.

Someone had deliberately poisoned them to stop the blood skull battle group from taking action.

“Bastard!”

Casavar was furious.

A dense blacklist suddenly appeared in his mind.

Fortunately, after the witch doctors studied it for a long time, they came to the conclusion that although this poison was overbearing, it was not fatal.

Moreover, it came and went quickly. As long as the rat militia soldiers who were poisoned by food were carried to a shady place to have a good rest, and fed them the milder honey to stir the mandala fruit puree soup, they should be able to recover slowly within one or two days, it should be possible.

Well-trained servants were precious war resources.

Casavar could only pinch his nose and let the witch doctors resolve the food poisoning incident as soon as possible.

He led the Warriors and servants who were not poisoned to the temple of Black Horn first.

Unfortunately, most of the rat civil servants of the Wildhammer squad had been affected.

The rat civil servants of the ‘original ice storm squad’ who had just been subdued had the most severe symptoms of food poisoning.

Last night, when they were receiving the reward, they had faithfully carried out Meng Chao’s orders. They shook off their cheeks, opened their rear teeth, and devoured the food like a tornado. Everyone’s stomachs were swollen until they were as thin as cicada’s wings.

Later on, they were the ones with the most severe diarrhea and vomiting.

The entire training camp was filled with their stench.

As a result, man hammer angrily rushed to the entrance of the training camp and sneezed a series of times due to the stench.

Seeing that they didn't look like humans, ghosts, or ghosts, and looked like they were about to kick their legs at any moment, this clan's warrior, who had always been vicious and merciless, didn't take the lives of the rat folk soldiers seriously, felt a little scared.

After all, Casava had snatched this well-trained and powerful battle team from the hands of ice storm and handed it over to him. It was not without a price.

Having the strongest warrior meant that they had to carry out the most difficult mission.

This was a matter of course.

If they did not even meet the golden clan and the holy light human clan, or even arrive at the black horn temple, the entire battle team would be wiped out in their hands.

Even the simple-minded brute hammer could imagine how Sharp Casava's bloody hooves would be when they pierced through his gaze.

#### **Chapter 1044: A Miracle Is About to Happen**

Moreover, it was not just the wild rat soldiers who originally belonged to Ice Storm. Even the loyal domestic rat soldiers who had been following Brute Hammer all this time were vomiting and having diarrhea. They collapsed on the ground, unable to move like dehydrated earthworms.

Brute Hammer could only pinch his nose and let the witch doctor help his servant soldiers recover their combat strength as soon as possible.

At least they would have the ability to stand up on their own and crawl out of the city.

Before the rat militia soldiers recovered, Brute Hammer could only stay in the Blood Skull Arena and fly into a rage. He did not know who to vent his anger on.

However, to the rat militia soldiers, postponing the departure for one or two days would not change their fate of eventually being thrown into the meat grinder.

Leaf held his belly that looked like an erupting volcano and curled up like a struggling shrimp. Through a narrow window, he looked at the changing sky in a daze and felt that it was going to be the end for him.

"Liar. Everything has been a lie!"

The rat youth bit his lip and contemplated in sorrow. 'The Rat God's arrival is a lie, and the glory of the Blood Hoof ancestral spirit is also a lie. Even the Reaper is a big liar. He said that he had a way to escape, but now, everyone has been poisoned. They are all soft and weak like mud. They can't even climb out of the Blood Skull Arena. How can they escape Black-corner City?'

"Don't look at me with such resentful eyes as if I told you a big lie."

Beside him, Meng Chao supported himself against the wall and stood on tiptoes. He looked out the window and curiously asked, "I saw a huge pillar of light rising from the Blood Hoof temple outside Black-corner City. There were many octagonal cuneiform characters shining inside the pillar of light. What the hell was that?"

"That was probably all the high priests of the Blood Hoof Clan gathering together and praying to their common first ancestor. They're asking the first ancestor to update their totem battle armor," Leaf said weakly.

"Update?" Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I don't know what the term means either. I heard it from a veteran servant who had served in the Blood Skull Arena for more than ten years. Only the high priests understand it. The ancient Turan language is probably one of the ancestral spirits' godly powers, right? "Through the update, many powerful skills can be implanted into the newly born totem armor. Therefore, it is a ritual that must be carried out every time an oath master steps into the glorious era."

Leaf grimaced in pain and held his stomach, "Reaper, why are you still concerned about matters of the Blood Hoof temple at this time? Everyone's stomach is hurting to death. I feel like my intestines are about to be twisted off. Why do you seem to be fine?"

"I'm probably fine because I didn't have a good appetite last night."

"Who asked all of you to eat so much like hungry tigers pouncing on a sheep?" Meng Chao said irresponsibly.

"What?"

Leaf widened his eyes and said, "Weren't you the one who made us wolf down three times the amount of food? And what part of your appetite wasn't good? You clearly ate enough for the ten of us!"

"Don't worry about the details."

Meng Chao grinned and said, "It doesn't matter if our stomachs hurt for a while. At least we don't have to go to the Blood Hoof temple to gather and enter the battlefield to die!"

"How is that possible?"

Leaf sighed and said, "Do you think that the warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan will let us go and leave us to recuperate in Black-corner City just because of these mild symptoms of vomiting and diarrhea? The Blood Hoof Clan will not keep a bunch of useless idlers for a long time. Don't you see that Brute Hammer's eyes are about to spit fire?"

"When we get better, he will definitely drag us into the battlefield and send us to our deaths.

"If we really can't fight and can only wait for our fate, we will be the most pathetic slave laborers, just like the rat people who are staying back in Black-corner City!"

"That's true. Then, it's time to recover our strength."

Meng Chao's smile gradually disappeared, and his expression became serious. "Leaf, from now on, breathe with the rib breathing technique that I taught you. Ten times in a set. Hold your breath slightly between each set. At the same time, rub your stomach clockwise... Uh, in the direction of your right hand.

"Also, tell Spider and the others about this method in a low voice so that everyone can move quietly!"

Leaf was slightly startled.

Then, his eyes widened.

The rat teenager seemed to guess something from Meng Chao's baffling instructions. He took a deep breath and cried out, "Reaper, could it be that you poisoned—"

"Shh. Just do as I say. Remember, even if everyone gradually recovers, don't be in a hurry to show that you're still alive. Take a good look at the rat soldiers who have been following brute hammer and try to act as weak as they are, understand?"

Meng Chao stared into Leaf's eyes and said very seriously, one word after another.

"Understood!"

Leaf nodded solemnly.

Then, using the method that Meng Chao had taught him, he looked at the Brute Hammer soldiers around him out of the corner of his eye.

Fortunately, these soldiers did not like hanging out with the 'wild rats' who had just entered the city.

Moreover, the personal soldiers of house rats were also vomiting and diarrhea, and they were dizzy. Now, there were three or four shadows everywhere they looked. They could only close their eyes and lie on the ground, gnashing their teeth. They did not have the time to monitor the wild rat soldiers at all.

Leaf silently squirmed toward his companions.

He quietly told Spider about Meng Chao's order.

The experienced and experienced private hunter looked at leaf in surprise and then looked at Meng Chao in surprise from afar.

However, he immediately retracted his gaze and moved closer to his closest companion, whispering his orders.

Not long after, the rat soldiers that Meng Chao had personally selected from the depths of the dungeon all followed his instructions, breathing in a special way and rubbing their bellies clockwise.

An unbelievable thing happened!

Leaf originally felt that her entire body was in bad shape, like an empty pocket. Without three to five days of effort, she could forget about bulging it up again.

However, according to the method taught by Meng Chao, after breathing and massaging, the intense pain of food poisoning and the weakness of vomiting and diarrhea were like the sea water at the ebb of the tide. They disappeared at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Then, from his chest and abdomen, a hot and energetic energy surged out. It made his limbs, bones, and every nerve and muscle fiber feel as comfortable as if they were soaking in a hot spring.

Soon, all the symptoms of acute food poisoning disappeared.

Leaf tried to clench his fists secretly, listening to the cracking sounds of his fingers.

He felt that the diarrhea and dizziness from a moment ago had vanished like a nightmare.

His fists seemed to be more powerful than before.

It was like the secret medicine that was mixed with the strong liquor and sour cream last night. Besides the poison, it was also a drug that could boost one's fighting strength!

"This is —"

Leaf was both surprised and happy. She looked at Meng Chao in disbelief.

She could not help but approach him. She tried hard to suppress her excitement and stammered, "Reaper, did you really do this?" "Reaper, did you really do this? I understand now. You deliberately poisoned all the people who were left in the blood skull arena, but you have the method to detoxify them.

"Therefore, we all regained our vitality, but the house rat soldiers loyal to the warriors of the clan were still weak and feeble. Naturally, they couldn't stop us from escaping. That must be the case, right?"

"Of course not."

Meng Chao shook his head and said, "Even if we turned all the people who were left in the bloody skull coliseum into weaklings, what's the point? When we escape from the Coliseum, we will face the enemies of the entire Black-horn City?"

"Besides, Wildhammer won't eat the same food as the rat militia. He is not poisoned. He alone is enough to keep all of you."

"That's right!"

The fire of hope that the rat youth had just ignited was extinguished by a ladle of cold water.

He scratched his head for a long time, but he still could not figure out where to hide his escape route. He could only stare at Meng Chao with his bright eyes again and ask, "Reaper, what should we do next?"

"Next —"

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked at the huge fireball that was gradually rising to the center of the sky and emitting an incomparably dazzling red light. He repeatedly calculated the time in his mind and muttered, "We can only pray."

"Eh?"

Leaf didn't understand what he meant for a moment.

"Pray to the big-horned rat God!"

Meng Chao sat down, leaned against the wall, and closed his eyes.

"Pray?"

Leaf stammered, "Reaper, didn't you say that you don't believe in the Rat God?"

"I never said that I don't believe in the Rat God. I just said that we shouldn't place all our hopes on the Rat God."

Meng Chao said, "Since we can't escape with our own strength, and we don't have anything else to do, there's no harm in praying."

"Didn't you say last time that I was the emissary of the Big Horn Rat God?"

"I, I was just guessing."

Ye Zi said, "The so-called emissary of the Big Horn Rat God has been discovered by the Blood Hoof clan and the iron sheet clan. It's not real at all. He's a spy from the Gold clan!"

"That might not be true."

A mysterious smile appeared on Meng Chao's face. He winked at the rat youth. "Believe me, perhaps the 'miracle' of the big horn rat God will come today?"

Leaf was somewhat convinced by Meng Chao.

He didn't know if he should believe in the big horn rat god again.

But he knew that the reaper would never shoot off a target.

Although the Reaper's instructions or techniques sometimes looked very baffling.

But as long as he wholeheartedly believed in the reaper, he would definitely be shocked by the result in the end.

Leaf sat down and began to pray.

But for some reason, he was distracted and couldn't pray to the Rat God as he used to.

He tried over a dozen times, but he couldn't put his broken faith together.

He opened one eye and found that the reaper was half asleep and didn't notice him.

Leaf secretly changed her target.

For the first time, she prayed sincerely to her mother and brother.

Chapter 1045: Miracles? Drastic Changes!

“Mom, Brother, if you wish for me to exact revenge, or at least walk on a path that is different from that of all the rat people in the past tens of millions of years, then give me some enlightenment!”

Leaf prayed wholeheartedly. “A beam of light, a star, a flame, any unusual sign will do.

“If that’s the case, I’ll know that you haven’t died completely. The souls of the rat people can also turn into noble ancestral spirits and follow me all the time, giving me endless strength.

“Help me, Mom, Brother. Please, help me!”

He repeated this sentence over and over again in his heart.

Still, he did not find any revelations or signs.

There was no warmth gushing out of his body like a hot spring.

On the contrary, the horns and war drums coming from outside Black-corner City became louder and more majestic.

Leaf opened his eyes and found that the light pouring in through the window had turned into a mysterious, dark blue color.

He leaned against the window, stood on his tiptoes, and looked out.

He saw that the beam of light pouring out of the Blood Hoof temple outside Black-corner City had expanded to three to five times its original thickness.

It was like a giant pillar that supported the entire world.

The majestic power took away the resistance of many rats. It made them bend their spines and knees to worship the ancestral spirits of the Blood Hoof Clan that had been enslaving them.

“The Blood Hoof Army’s oath ceremony is about to end.”

Leaf thought, “The totem armor created in this era of prosperity have been infused by the ancestral spirits, and a large number of powerful moves have been updated, making their wearers even more powerful. They are becoming more and more difficult for the rats to deal with.”

“Will a so-called miracle really come?”

“If praying is useful, why would I need battle sabers, giant swords, meteor hammers, spiked maces, and totem armor, Reaper...”

Leaf turned around and realized that Meng Chao, who had made him pray sincerely, had fallen asleep!

The fellow was sleeping soundly. He was even snoring faintly, and there was a snot bubble in his left nostril that was constantly shaking.

Leaf resisted the urge to vomit blood and sat down again.

This time, he did not pray anymore.

Instead, he took a deep breath. His gaze was firm, and his mind was undistracted. He followed the method that Meng Chao had taught him to cultivate the glittering lines and arrowheads in his body.

At this point, he finally understood.

No matter whom he prayed to, it was useless.

In this world, no one would save him or save everyone for no reason.

A person had to rely on himself!

Leaf muttered to himself. His fingers were as straight as steel needles, poking at the acupoints where his spirit meridians intersected.

The spirit energy in his body started to circulate rapidly along the complicated, three-dimensional labyrinth-like spirit meridians.

It was his first time cultivating during such a serious situation.

In a trance, he entered the profound state of deep meditation that Meng Chao had once talked about.

It was as if he was immersed in a wonderful dream, forgetting the crisis before him, all his troubles, and the passage of time.

Only when the earth shook slightly in the distance did he wake up.

Leaf stretched and found himself to be... in an unprecedentedly wonderful state.

The scene in front of him became clearer, and he could hear the whispers in the distance.

Even with his palms supporting the ground and his fingers touching the tiny cracks on the floor, he could feel more information than before.

How should he put it? It was as if the past him was wrapped in a layer of wet and thin but extremely tough skin. The entire world that he sensed was shrouded in fog, and it was unclear.

At that moment, he had broken out of the cocoon and breathed in the freshest air in the real world.

“Something has exploded!”

Through the slight tremors felt by his feet, this thought immediately appeared in Leaf’s mind.

At first, he did not care.

He thought that the Blood Hoof Clan’s various large battle groups had already started their actual combat exercises outside Black-corner City.

There was no need to worry about the bottles and jars in the city. The totem warriors, who had been sullen for ten palm years, were finally able to unscrupulously display their destructive totem battle skills, giving off thunderous explosions.

However, the continuous explosions soon approached from afar, exploding like firecrackers in the entire Black-corner City, causing everyone to jump.

Even the extremely weak domestic rat soldiers, who were vomiting and having diarrhea, emitted a fearful and uneasy light with barely opened eyes.

“What’s going on?”

“Where was that explosion?”

“Is there a real battle drill outside the city?”

“A real battle drill? How could such a powerful series of explosions happen? Even the dwarfs’ cannons aren’t as powerful as this!”

It was too late to say anything. Soon, a thunderous sound was heard. A corner of the training camp’s roof was hit by a burning boulder, and half of the dome collapsed.

The rat militia ran away with their heads in their hands.

Many people were screaming in pain from the impact.

The rest were staring at the outside world in bewilderment through the holes in the roof and walls.

Before their eyes, the entire Black-corner City was exploding and burning.

Amid the deafening explosions, not a house, but a whole street soared into the sky.

It was like a flood dragon that had gone berserk was lurking beneath the street. First, it caused the entire street to rise up high. Then, it tore through the ground and spewed out incomparably intense flames. It carried a large amount of soil, gravel, and bricks as it flew into the air and burned fiercely. It also took the form of a meteor shower, dragging a long tail of flames as it shot toward the ground once again.

The explosion was so powerful that even houses weighing hundreds of tons were uprooted. When they fell heavily, they unwittingly smash the houses that were “lucky” enough not to be affected by the explosion into pieces!

In particular, the mansions of the clan warriors, the arenas, and the areas where the temples were gathered were “priority targets” of the serial explosions.

Many clan warriors, who had been stuck in Black-corner City and had not found the time to participate in the actual combat drill, as well as their clan rat soldiers, were standing right above the origin of the explosion. All of them were shattered into pieces in the earth-shaking explosion, leaving only a few charred remains.

Even the clan warriors who were still some distance away from the origin of the explosion were also blasted by its shockwave. As a result, blood spurt out wildly from their wounds. Some had broken tendons and bones while some were smashed by the debris that fell from the sky and burned fiercely. They were buried at the bottom of ruins that weighed hundreds of tons.

Just like that, the explosion, the flames, and the smoke that rose into the sky did not dissipate for a long time. The smoke and dust enveloped the entire Black-corner city. In the blink of an eye, the solemn Black-corner City from a moment ago had become a tragic scene that had been ravaged by the apocalypse.

Above the apocalypse, amid the rumbling explosion and rolling black smoke, incomparably dazzling fireworks blossomed.

The fireworks flickered and gradually gathered into a dazzling phantom that blotted out the sky and the sun.

It was a head full of big horns.

A rat man's head.

"B-Big-horned Rat God!"

Among the rat militia soldiers who were deeply shocked by the explosion and could not think at all, no one knew who shouted first.

The shouting spread like a virus. Soon, all the rat militia soldiers, including a part of the domestic rat soldiers loyal to Brute Hammer, were shouting at the top of their lungs. "The Rat God! The Rat God's miracle! The Rat God's miracle has actually happened!"

Yes. If it was not a miracle, what kind of terrifying power could cause such a large-scale explosion in the entire Black-corner City?

It was akin to volcanic eruption, roaring thunder, torrential rain, and stormy waves. The power that could be attributed to heaven and earth was definitely not something a human being could resist.

The shattered faith of countless rat soldiers in the Big-horned Rat God was restored in an instant, and it became even more solid.

They knelt on the ground and wept bitterly. They begged the Big-horned Rat God to forgive their wavering and save them from this man-eating demon den.

Many of the rat soldiers who did not believe in the Big-horned Rat God and had served the military nobles for hundreds of years were also terrified and in a dilemma.

The advanced orcs' tradition was to submit to the strong.

They were willing because the Blood Hoof Clan was extremely powerful, and they had been working like cattle for hundreds of years.

If the Rat God really existed and it was more powerful than the Blood Hoof Clan, what choice should they make?

For a time, although the rat people's training camp in the Blood Skull Arena was not directly hit by the explosion.

However, the arena was still severely affected by the shock wave, and it fell into extreme restlessness as well as chaos.

Leaf stared at the burning sky with his mouth agape.

The flames and smoke licked the sky and had long covered the light pillar that shot out from the Blood Hoof temple.

Now, everyone was looking at the sky. Other than the whirlpool of raging flames, they could only see the extremely dazzling portrait of the Big-horned Rat God, which did not disappear for a long time.

However, Leaf was different from the other rat soldiers who worshiped the Rat God from the bottom of their hearts.

An absurd premonition appeared in the rat teenager's heart.

He noticed that Meng Chao had woken up.

He was squinting and studying the illusion of the Rat God in the sky.

But there was no pious expression on his face.

Leaf stammered, "R-Reaper, could it be that you created such a world-shaking scene?"

"How is that possible?"

Meng Chao could not help but laugh. "You think too highly of me."

"Then how did you know that this would definitely happen..."

"A miracle?"

"That's right."

Leaf nodded first before he shook his head vigorously and seriously said, "No, I don't believe that this is really a miracle. This so-called miracle is just some kind of power, whose profound mysteries we haven't discovered yet. As long as we study hard, we can gradually grasp its deep mysteries.

"By the way, Reaper, how did you know that such an earth-shaking upheaval would happen in Black-corner City today?"

"If I'm not wrong, you deliberately poisoned the food to buy time until this moment and wait for the upheaval's arrival, right?"

#### **Chapter 1046: The Truth of the Miracle**

"It's very simple. If we don't take action today, it will be too late."

Meng Chao shrugged. "Once the Blood Hoof Army sets out, both the clan warriors and the rat soldiers will lose most of their free space. They will have to proceed under strict management. Moreover, if they set up camp in the field, the scouts will be sent dozens of miles away. It will be very difficult for them to make any small movements.

"Today is the only day that most of the Blood Hoof Clan's legions are dragged out of the city and divided into different groups during the battle drill. Only a large number of rat people, who are destined to die, are left in Black-corner City. When the defense of the city is extremely low, it will be the perfect time to make a move.

"However, I thought that they just wanted to set half of Black-corner City on fire and help the rat people escape in the chaos.

"I never thought that they could make such an earth-shaking noise!"

"They?" Leaf asked.

"They are the authentic emissaries of the Rat God," Meng Chao answered.

"Authentic emissaries?" Leaf said in surprise.

"Could it be that they were captured by the Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan, but they are imposters?"

"They are not imposters. There are no spies from the Gold Clan at all. Even if there are spies, they have not been captured by the Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan."

Meng Chao grinned. "It's just a lie fabricated by the rulers of Black-corner City!"

"So, there really is a Big-horned Rat God?" Leaf asked in disbelief.

"According to the evidence that I've collected, there should be one. However, the Big-horned Rat God is the same as Tom, Dick, and Harry. It's just a name. It doesn't mean that it's a real god if there's the word 'God' in the name!"

Meng Chao said, "We can only say that some faction that believes in the Big-horned Rat God, or at least a faction that claims to believe in the Big-horned Rat God, is eyeing Black-corner city. That's all."

Leaf pondered for a long time before turning around.

"So, this really isn't a miracle?" He pointed at the burning city outside the window and asked.

"It's not a miracle. It's just a... Oh, maybe a hundred powerful methane explosions," Meng Chao said.

"Methane... explosions?" Leaf did not understand.

"That's right."

Meng Chao thought for a moment and explained in detail. "Don't advanced orcs especially like to eat mandrake fruits and the flesh of totem beasts that contain a large amount of spirit energy?"

"I discovered that the digestive system of advanced orcs seemed to be modified by special genes, causing their appetite to be far more astonishing than that of other humanoid carbon-based intelligent life forms. It's common for them to eat thirty to fifty kilograms of food in a single meal.

"With such an astonishing amount of food, the amount of excrement was naturally astonishing as well.

"Originally, the underground of Black-corner City had a fully-automated pipeline processing system with very advanced facilities to handle millions of tons of garbage and excrement.

"However, after tens of millions of years, just like all the facilities and technologies that the advanced orcs' ancestors left behind, the garbage processing and excrement purification system buried deep in the underground gradually fell into ruin. It became blocked and collapsed.

“As a result, a large amount of excrement rich in high-energy substances accumulated, condensed, and fermented under Black-corner City, producing all kinds of reactions that nobody can explain clearly. Dozens of inflammable and explosive gases and liquids, including methane, have been released.

“It’s like hundreds of time bombs are buried deep under Black-corner City. Leaf, do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yes... a little.”

Leaf nodded and said, “There used to be a big cesspool in our village. Green fireflies often floated above the cesspool. When we were young, we didn’t know how to behave. We thought the green flames were very beautiful and liked to play near it. When we grew up, we realized that they were the most disgusting things.”

“More or less. But the big cesspool under Black-corner city is much more powerful than the one in your village.”

Meng Chao clicked his tongue. “Actually, I didn’t think in this direction at first. After all, igniting the biogas to detonate Black-corner City is only a theoretical possibility. Although it sounds simple, how do you dig a tunnel and place the detonator at a key location? How do you ensure the sealing and stability of the biogas, as well as other inflammable and explosive gases? How to ensure that all the places in the city where the biogas is dense are detonated at the same time? And most importantly, how do you ensure that the biogas explosion only takes place in the area where the clan warriors live and does not affect the slums where the rats live?”

“The technology involved is too high, and the amount of work involved is too large. It is definitely not something that a motley crew can come up with and complete.

“It seems that the rat militia’s true colors are quite different from what I expected. What kind of power is driving the Rat God’s descent?”

Meng Chao’s thoughts were racing.

A moment later, he cast his eyes on the rat youth again.

“Leaf, didn’t you say that you wanted to escape Black-corner City? Now is the best chance!”

“Yes,” Meng Chao said quickly. “Do you know that there is a large rat market at the intersection of Iron Axe Street and Steel Tooth Street, and there is the Red Head Tavern that serves the rat population?”

“Yes.”

Leaf nodded.

Red Head Tavern was one of the few places in Black-corner City that could make the rat population forget their lowly status for the time being. They would drink to their heart’s content there. They would also slam the gambling table and lose so much that their parents would not recognize them.

Whenever the servants in the Blood Skull Arena received their reward from the master warrior, they all liked to go to Red Head Tavern and lose everything.

If the rat militia performed well in the arena and helped their master win, their master would often wave his hand and reward the servants with three melons and two dates so that they could blow some steam.

However, Red Head Tavern seemed to be the same as many facilities in Black-corner City that served the rat militia. They were all destroyed by the clan warriors who went on a rampage during the Game of the Brave.

“It doesn’t matter whether it is destroyed or not. As long as you know where it is, that’s all that matters.”

Meng Chao said, “That place is not far from the Blood Skull Arena. I will create an opportunity later. You and the rat people who are unwilling to stay in the Blood Hoof Clan as cannon fodder will think of a way to rush out. I reckon that there will be a lot of smoke and chaos outside. You won’t encounter too many obstacles.

“Next to Red Head Tavern, there is an enormous tunnel that leads directly outside the city. I reckon that the Rat God’s emissary will be there to pick up the rat people in Black-corner City and escape the city through the tunnel.

“Judging from the fact that they were able to plan such a large-scale and high-tech explosion, they must have arranged everything outside the city to ensure that at least half of the rat people who escaped will be able to join their army and embark on their own journey!”

“This...”

There was so much information in Meng Chao’s words that Leaf could not grasp it. “Reaper, are you saying that someone will help us escape?”

“That’s right. The Rat God’s emissary has been hiding in black-corner city for a long time. His goal is to help the rat subjects who are unwilling to be cannon fodder to escape!”

Meng Chao paused for a moment before continuing, “Of course, it seems that their appetite is far greater than I imagined. They are definitely not satisfied with taking away a large number of rat subjects. However, that has nothing to do with you.”

“However, we don’t even know the emissary of the Rat God. Will he help us?”

Leaf felt a little guilty. He could hear the hidden meaning behind Meng Chao’s words. “Reaper, aren’t you coming with us?”

“Don’t worry. The emissary of the Rat God will bring you along.”

Meng Chao patiently explained, “The other party has taken a great risk and invested a lot of resources to plan and carry out all of this. One of their main purposes is to get a large number of rat people out of Black-corner City. At this moment, after the selection of the recruitment team, the long journey, and the torture of the arduous work, the remaining rat people are all the best of the best. Moreover, they are filled with a deep-rooted hatred for the clan warriors. They are simply the best source of soldiers.

“As for you servants who have gone through the life and death test in the arena, you are even one in a hundred strong soldiers. If you offer yourself to them, they will be more than happy. How could they not accept you?”

“As for me, I won’t go with you for the time being. I have more important things to do. At least, I have to help you get rid of Brute Hammer so that you can have a chance to rush out of the Blood Skull Arena!”

“But...”

Leaf was anxious.

Ever since his head was covered and he was sent into the Blood Skull Arena, he had been receiving guidance from Meng Chao and drawing power from his body.

From a certain perspective, Meng Chao was more trustworthy than the Rat God.

He had also thought that the mysterious Reaper with black hair and black eyes must be shouldering an incredible mission. He had his own battles to fight, so he could not always be his nanny.

However, he did not expect the day of separation to come so suddenly and so... intensely.

“This is the best I can do for you. Some things can only be seized by your own hands. No one can give you freedom and dignity for free.”

Meng Chao patted the rat teenager’s shoulder and said with a smile, “Besides, we won’t be apart for long. I’ll catch up to you once I deal with the ‘problems’ in Black-corner City.”

“Liar!”

Leaf mumbled, “Since you are not with the real Rat God emissaries, how do you know where they’ll take us and where they’ll find us?”

“So, you have to take this and this.”

Meng Chao took out a dirty pendant from his pocket and a partially old bag made of animal skin, which he had bought in the rat market. Then he handed them to Leaf.

“This is...”

Leaf lifted the pendant curiously and found that it was a thumb-sized conch.

However, after a long period of friction, the shell had lost its bright luster. It was gray and inconspicuous.

It was filled with a brown substance that looked like cork, but it was densely covered in holes. When one placed it under the tip of the nose and sniffed it carefully, one could smell a very mysterious fragrance.

The animal skin bag was filled with another kind of greasy white powder, which also carried a faint fragrance.

“Once we are separated, every time you walk a few miles, if possible, find an opportunity to secretly sprinkle this white powder anywhere. If you don’t have the opportunity, throw some on yourself in advance and release it with your body temperature. It can help me lock on to your direction.”

Meng Chao explained, "As for this pendant, just hang it around your neck. As long as it is within the range of three hundred to five hundred arms, it can help me pinpoint your location."

#### **Chapter 1047: The Furious Brute Hammer**

Leaf did not expect Meng Chao to be so well-prepared.

Facing the future alone, she could not help but feel a little nervous.

"Listen, Leaf."

Meng Chao could see the uneasiness in the youth. He placed his warm palm gently on his shoulder and seriously said, "You have to follow the Rat God's emissary to escape. Only then can you help me!"

"What?"

Leaf stammered. "H-Help you?"

"That's right. I want you to follow the emissary of the Rat God. Not only do I want you to keep your life, but I also want you to help me with a very important matter."

Meng Chao said, "I want you to carefully observe where the emissary of the Rat God is taking you. If it's an army purely made up of rats, you can pay attention to the target of this army, its commanders at all levels, and where it gets its weapons and supplies.

"Remember, your safety comes first. You Don't need to deliberately take risks to find out. You just need to be a member of the rat rebel army. Remember what you saw and experienced with your own eyes. When we meet again, just tell me.

"To me, this is a very important mission. Can I trust you?"

"Of course you can. I will definitely complete the mission!"

Leaf blurted out.

For the sake of his own safety, he was still a little hesitant.

However, when he heard that the Reaper had handed over the very important mission to him, a powerful force immediately surged out of the rat youth's body, as if he was not afraid of anything.

However, after thinking about the mission that the Reaper had entrusted to him, leaf fell into a new confusion. "Wait, the Reaper, the emissary of the Rat God... should be saving the rat people, right?"

"That's right."

Meng Chao nodded. "Although their methods are very brutal, they are indeed saving the rat people in Black Horn City."

"Then, the army that believes in the Rat God should also be fighting for the entire rat people, right?" Leaf continued to ask.

"Theoretically, that's indeed the case," Meng Chao continued to answer.

"Then aren't they good people?"

Leaf asked, "Why do you want me to find out the truth about the rebel army of the Rat People?"

"I remember telling you the reason last time. Do you think that in the story of the star Han Empire that I told you, those yellow headscarves who couldn't stand it anymore and rose up against each other are all bad people?"

Meng Chao said, "Moreover, it is impossible to set off such a large-scale chain of explosions just by relying on the hot-blooded rat people. Even if most of the rat people are good people, the guy hiding behind the giant phantom of the 'Rat God' may not be.

"In short, I hope that all the good people will be rewarded well and live happily until a better tomorrow. I don't want to be deceived by the bad people and exploited by the villains, only to be destroyed miserably in the end.

"For the time being, that's all I can tell you. I haven't figured out many problems yet, but I promise you that I will definitely explain everything to you after I investigate everything!"

Meng Chao pressed down heavily on Leaf's shoulder.

It was as if he wanted to brand his own strength into the body of the rat youth.

The light in leaf's eyes shone even brighter and condensed.

Meng Chao grinned. "Let spider and the others bring out their courage and strength. If they want to escape, everyone has to go all out!"

At this moment, man hammer rushed into the training camp with furious footsteps.

"Get Up! The enemy launched a despicable sneak attack. The entire black horn city is on fire. Do you still want to play dead?"

He roared hysterically, "Get Up! Come out with me to maintain order and tear the enemy into pieces. Otherwise, I'll Crush Your Bones First and crush your flesh and blood into mud!"

At this moment, Man Hammer's hair was curled up due to the fire. His dark face was full of burns, abrasions, and stone splashes. The wounds were so deep that his bones could be seen.

It seemed that when the explosion happened, he was in the open air and had been severely injured by the shockwave.

However, compared to the wounds on his body, it was obvious that his soul had suffered a heavier blow.

Black-corner city, the Majestic Black-corner city, the Great Black-corner city.

This glorious city with a history of more than ten thousand years was the greatest blessing left by the ancestral spirit to all the Blood Hoof Warriors. Over the tens of millions of years, countless bloody battles had never been conquered by the enemy.

Even though the Blood Hoof clan suffered the most disastrous defeat when they fought with the golden clan for the leadership of the entire Tulan civilization, the extremely proud lion men and Tigermen from the golden clan only dared to attack black-corner city, they signed an alliance agreement with the Blood Hoof clan, but they did not dare to attack black-corner city by force. This was because it would provoke

the most violent anger of all the Blood Hoof Warriors and the most terrifying curse of the blood hoof ancestral spirit.

They did not expect that such a magnificent city would be turned upside down by some... unimaginable power in an incomparably terrifying way when the most magnificent blood hoof army in thousands of years set out on an expedition.

When Wildhammer climbed to the highest point of the blood skull arena, he saw countless long-standing noble houses and temples groaning in the raging flames and billowing smoke. Even the houses collapsed and were in a complete mess.

And today, the noble warriors who were supposed to be awe-inspiring jumped up and down, covered in bruises, under the shock waves like raging waves and the flying debris like a meteor shower.

Brute Hammer really felt that something in his brain had shattered and fell to the ground.

At the same time, as one of the four trump cards under Casanova bloodhoof, even though his brain capacity could not keep up with his overly robust limbs, brute hammer had an amazing intuition like a wild beast.

His intuition told him that the chain of explosions was far from the enemy's entire plan.

On the contrary, the chain of explosions was just the enemy blowing the horn of attack.

He had to admit that the enemy had chosen the most fatal opportunity to attack.

At this moment, the dozens of battle groups of the Bloodhoof clan had already left black-corner city and were stationed near the bloodhoof temple outside the city to carry out a practical battle drill.

This was the first time that most of the clan's warriors had participated in such a large-scale drill, and they were not too familiar with the coordination of their comrades. The entire range of the drill was extremely wide, and many people lost their way as they fought, they could not find their commanders, and there were even a few battle groups that had muddled together.

In the past glory eras, such chaos was a common phenomenon that would inevitably occur.

In the end, compared to the civilization and technology of the Tulan civilization, the size of the army that had expanded infinitely due to the support of the mandala fruit had far exceeded the limit that they could control.

The solution of the Tulan people was to have a series of practical combat exercises, including the game of the Brave.

Including the five races' competition, in a sense, it was just a larger, more intense, and realistic practical combat exercise.

In this way, when the five clans' War ended and the war chiefs were decided, they would have more or less the ability to organize and fight.

But right now, the dozens of legions clearly did not work well together.

And the warriors of the clan who remained in black-corner city were pitifully few.

The majority of the forces that maintained the operation of black-corner city were the rat people.

After the dozens of bloody hooves' legions completed the battle drill, the rat people would be driven away by the warriors of the clan and thrown into the holy war as cannon fodder.

But now, they were spread throughout every corner of black-corner city.

After the explosion, flames and thick smoke sealed off the entire black-corner city.

If the rat people with ulterior motives suddenly attacked.

It was very difficult for the clan warriors who were conducting battle drills outside the city to establish a system to defend black-corner city.

Even if they could rush back to black-corner city as soon as possible, it would be very difficult to stop the enemy's conspiracy in the burning city.

Man Hammer believed that he had the sacred mission of defending black-corner city and suppressing the lowly rat people.

He immediately came to the training camp.

Although the soldiers gathered here were also rat people.

Man Hammer felt that they could still be trusted.

Needless to say, the rat soldiers who had served his family for hundreds of years.

The rat soldiers who had just been subdued yesterday were obedient. They should have been completely intimidated by him.

Moreover, he had pointed out a bright future for them. As long as they risked everything and worked hard, they would be able to change from servant soldiers to personal soldiers, from personal soldiers to personal servants, and even possibly from personal servants to warriors!

How lucky and glorious was this!

Unexpectedly, just as Wildhammer issued his call, he heard an ear-piercing scream coming from the corner.

"A miracle! This is the miracle of the Rat God! The Rat God has descended. Those who don't want to die, quickly run. Go outside and welcome the arrival of the Rat God!"

Many of the rat soldiers were already in a state of panic and hesitation.

When they were called out by him, it was even more chaotic. No one could hear man Hammer's orders clearly.

It was that ugly rat with black hair and black eyes!

Man Hammer was so angry that his nose was crooked.

"Bastard, I should have killed you yesterday!"

He took two steps and arrived in front of Meng Chao.

His long nose that was like a meteor hammer was raised high and smashed heavily onto Meng Chao's head.

Although Casa's blood hoof told him to pay attention to this "Somewhat special rat citizen".

But after weighing his weight yesterday, Brute Hammer did not take this guy who was scared to the point of breaking out in cold sweat by his few strands of killing intent into his eyes.

Thus, he did not activate his totem battle armor at all and went all out.

He did not expect Meng Chao to be scared to the point that his legs went soft. He hugged his head and shrunk down, narrowly avoiding the bone tumor at the end of his long nose.

Then, he rolled and crawled toward Man Hammer's house mouse soldiers, lying on the ground in all directions.

Meng Chao was extremely fast. In an instant, he stepped on the gap between the house mouse soldiers and jumped onto the windowsill by the wall.

Man Hammer wanted to wave the bone tumor again, but he was afraid that he would hit the house mouse soldiers who were covered in food poisoning.

Although the lives of the rat people were not worth much, these house mouse soldiers who had followed his family for hundreds of years and were loyal to him were different from ordinary wild rats.

Man Hammer could not ruin the lives of dozens of house rat soldiers just to catch a crazy wild rat.

He could only snarl, "Catch him! Catch this dirty rat for me!"

#### **Chapter 1048: Brute Hammer's Fear**

It was a pity that these domestic rat soldiers of Brute Hammer's had been tormented by the powerful medicine that Meng Chao had meticulously concocted, causing them to vomit up and down. Their entire bodies went limp, and they couldn't even move a single finger.

How could they possibly stop Meng Chao?

It was too late. Before Brute Hammer could swing his long nose again, Meng Chao had already stepped on the heads of the domestic rat soldiers and scurried up the windowsill.

He turned around, grinned at Brute Hammer, and disappeared out of the window.

The mocking smile completely destroyed man Hammer's rationality.

The furious Blood Hoof Warrior roared and dashed out of the door, knocking half of the door away.

His huge elephant-like body activated his cheetah-like speed. He took three steps and two steps, circling to the window where Meng Chao had escaped.

On the roof not far away, a black shadow flashed. Meng Chao was desperately trying to escape from the Blood Skull Arena.

“Catch him!”

Man Hammer shouted.

But at this moment, the Blood Skull Arena was in chaos.

The serial biogas explosion destroyed a corner of the arena and destroyed half of the arena.

Flames shot out from the cracks between the broken walls, flowing and spreading everywhere like lava.

The billowing black smoke released tentacles that bared their fangs and brandished their claws, disturbing the vision of the clan warriors who had stayed in the arena.

The collapse of the buildings and the crackling sound of the Flames also made the roar of man hammer seem distorted and insignificant.

What was even more terrifying was that countless rat civilians were ready to make a move.

If it was said that the rat civilian servants had a bright future in theory, they might become the master’s personal soldiers and attendants. They might even receive the master’s blood and become the new ‘master’.

Then, for the disabled and old rat laborers, they had little choice. In other words, after being exploited by the Clan Warriors for so many years, they had nothing to lose.

According to the original plan of the expedition.

After the Clan Warriors completed the drill, they would be incorporated into the Blood Hoof Army and become the lowest level of slave soldiers.

They would normally serve the servants and warriors and do the most tiring and dirty work.

During the war, they would be forced to rush at the front of the battle formation by shining sabers and whips that were covered with thorns. They would rush toward the trenches and pits that were filled with sharp wooden stakes. On the opposite side, there would be a dense phalanx of long spears, or tens of thousands of arrows whistling toward them, arrows that were like a rainstorm.

Just as leaf had said, if they were all going to die, why not die on their own journey?

Therefore, as long as there was a glimmer of hope, even if there was no hope at all, as long as they were given a chance, the ratfolk handymen would be willing to take the risk and risk their lives.

The emissary of the Rat God had seen through this.

He had long sent people to secretly contact the ratfolk handymen in the various large arenas.

They had trained a batch of fanatics who were full of firm faith in the Big Horn Rat God.

Even if a few days ago, Casavar bloodhoof deliberately spread the statement that the big horn rat god did not exist and that the so-called messenger was just a spy of the Gold clan, many rat folk servants who did not know the truth had their faith shaken, in times of panic.

These backbone members were still full of confidence in the “Miracle” of the Big Horn Rat God.

Today, the miracle had indeed come.

In the arenas of black horn city, even though these people did not have strong combat ability, they had rich combat experience. They had seen the warriors of the clan wearing totem armors countless times on the side of the arena, they had released an aura that was full of pressure and explosive force. Therefore, the handymen who could withstand the pressure were all overjoyed.

They jumped up without caring about their own safety. According to the plan agreed with the emissary, they broke the dungeon where the 'wild rats' were imprisoned and called for the wavering rat folk soldiers, they led a large group of rat folk to seize the weapons and supplies in the arena.

Then, they rushed out of the arena and met up at the designated location, preparing to escape from black-corner city.

The 'wild rats' who were forcibly captured by the conscription team and imprisoned in the black prison for three to five days, or even ten to half a month, still harbored deep-rooted hatred and had yet to be tamed, needless to say.., naturally, they were the most fervent worshippers of the big horn rat god.

As long as they were given a bone blade or spear with a sharp tip, they would dare to launch an attack that would perish together with the warriors of the clan who had destroyed their homes and slaughtered their family members.

For a time, ear-piercing bone whistles were heard from all directions of the Blood Skull Arena.

Under the guidance of the bone whistles, a large number of rats gathered into a tide that was even more powerful than the shock wave.

They broke through one dungeon after another and rushed into the weapons warehouse that was affected by the explosion. Cracks appeared on the door, and they were fully armed.

They let out hysterical shouts and rushed to the warehouse that stored the mandala fruits, snatching back the food that was originally taken from their homes.

Some clan warriors also sensed the rat people's commotion.

They immediately carried out the most severe suppression.

However, there were too few clan warriors guarding the Bloody Skull Arena.

Other than brute hammer, the clan warriors who had a certain fighting strength had long been taken out of the city by Casava, trying to take the lead in the actual combat practice.

Most of the warriors who remained in the arena were disabled warriors who had lost their arms and legs, or old warriors with white hair who had not been on the arena for a long time.

These warriors had just been shaken by the series of explosions.

There were also some who were smashed by burning rocks and burned badly.

Looking at black-corner city, which was beyond recognition, they were in a great shock. They did not understand what had happened at all.

Naturally, they could not respond quickly and effectively.

Even if they pounced on the chaotic rat people aggressively.

However, the rat people did not communicate directly with the samurai. They would often scream a few times before dispersing in a hubbub.

It was true that the samurai could kill a few rat people with their swords.

However, it was impossible to find and eliminate all the rat people in the constantly burning and collapsing arena.

If they wanted to quell the chaos in the blood-skull arena, they could only rely on the large number of rat people soldiers.

The problem was that no one could tell which rat people believed in the big horn rat god and participated in the riot.

And which rat civil servants remained unmoved after witnessing such a "Miracle" and devoted themselves to the bloody hoof clan.

Perhaps, even the rat civil servants themselves could not tell.

Therefore, such things could not be avoided.

A group of rat folk soldiers, who were loyal to their master, rushed out after the explosion, fully armed, in an attempt to maintain order.

However, they were killed out of the corner, and their faces were covered in dust from the explosion. The Clan Warriors, who were in a frenzy, treated them as "Traitors" and killed them indiscriminately.

Most of the "Rat folk" were killed, and a small number of the "Rat folk" who escaped did not dare to show their faces in front of the master warriors who were red-eyed from killing.

When they encountered a group of rat militia soldiers who were organized by the backbone elements and were trying to rush out, they were often confused and surrounded by them.

Since the situation was so chaotic, naturally, no one could hear man Hammer's furious roar.

Even if they could 'hear' it, no one could 'listen' to it.

That was because in the middle of the flames and the smoke, no one noticed Meng Chao except for Man Hammer.

Fortunately, Meng Chao seemed to have used up all his strength when he escaped from the training camp.

At this moment, he was limping on the eaves, but he didn't escape man Hammer's sight.

"Humph, you've been vomiting and diarrhea all night. Let's see how much strength you have left to escape from my hands!"

Man Hammer's two tusks shook. "When I catch you, I'll stomp on you and Crush Your Dirty Bones Inch by Inch!"

He was too heavy to jump onto the crumbling roof.

However, he was surrounded by falling rocks. With a gentle curl of his long, retractable nose and a flick, his power was comparable to that of a stone bullet thrown by a large catapult.

Boom!

Boom Boom!

The rocks kept falling behind Meng Chao, shattering the place where he had just landed and collapsing.

Meng Chao let out a strange cry and jumped up and down among the broken walls, looking extremely pathetic.

This posture of being able to hit the bull's-eye just by a hair's breadth attracted man Hammer's relentless pursuit.

He gradually dived into the depths of the ruins where the smoke was the thickest and he could not see his own fingers. There were no warriors from other clans around to help him, so he did not care at all.

Bang!

Boom!

When the black-haired, black-eyed rat's speed became slower and slower, and it even ran into the blind spot of the ruins in a panic.

Man Hammer finally seized the opportunity and rolled up two pieces of gravel at the same time, shooting them at his back and feet.

Meng Chao was finally hit by the gravel.

He screamed and spat out a mouthful of exaggerated blood.

The crumbling ruins under his feet collapsed further. His entire body sank down and was swallowed by the smoke and dust that spewed out.

Man Hammer laughed sinisterly and strode forward. He crawled into the smoke and dust, trying to drag Meng Chao's mangled body out and bring it back to the training camp. He would use the cruelest punishment to intimidate the pariahs who were ready to make a move.

However, he didn't expect that the moment he crawled into the smoke and his eyes were covered, a faint chill would come from his throat.

Man Hammer's pupils suddenly contracted.

His long nose that could expand and contract freely was frozen into a popsicle.

He even had the illusion that his head had been moved.

He let out a sharp scream.

His legs that were as thick as pillars stomped on the ruins, blowing up the broken walls under his feet and forcefully sinking half an arm's height.

With a swoosh, a bone-piercing chill came from the top of his head.

Then, a wet liquid blurred his eyes and flowed to the corner of his mouth. It was a salty taste.

It was his blood.

A sharp blade as thin as a cicada's wing silently brushed past his head and cut off a large piece of his scalp close to his skull.

And if he had not reacted in time, this blade would have cut off his throat.

Only at this moment, a piercing pain came from the top of his head.

Like an ice pick, it fiercely pierced through the gap between his skull, all the way to his tailbone.

Facing the smoke and dust that could not be seen with one's fingers, the darkness deep in the smoke and dust, and the attacker in the darkness.

One of the four trump cards of the Blood Skull Arena, the holder of the totem armor "Million steam hammer", who had once defeated countless powerful enemies in the arena and torn apart countless totem beasts, the deepest part of his brain.., uncontrollable fear surged out.

Chapter 1049: The Night Demon!

Even when facing Ice Storm or Casanova Bloodhoof, Brute Hammer had never felt such fear like he was being haunted by a ghost.

Under the stimulation of extreme fear, he roared and spun his long nose like a meteor hammer into a destructive storm that swept up a large amount of rubble, broken wood, and dust in the ruins. It formed an indestructible protective shell that enveloped him within.

However, the icicle was bone-piercing, and the feeling of being stabbed in the back was still like mercury seeping into the storm.

The end of Brute Hammer's long nose was tingling.

He felt as if his entire nose was about to be uprooted.

He hurriedly lowered his head to dodge.

With a bang, sparks flew in all directions from the smoke and dust.

It was the attacker's sharp blade that collided with his fangs.

Judging from the attacker's silent attack style, this sharp blade that was as thin as a Cicada's wing should not have much strength.

However, the collision between the sharp blade and the fangs still numbed half of brute Hammer's gums.

He reached out and touched the Fang, and immediately felt a crack that was as deep as the root of the Fang.

If the crack was only half a finger deeper, he would be able to remove the entire fang.

Until now, brute hammer still could not catch the shadow of the attacker.

This caused his fear to soar to the limit.

He could only retreat recklessly and summon his totem armor — locomotive!

Along with the black liquid metal seeping out from 36,000 pores.

The metallic luster of black iron also gathered into hundreds of three-dimensional cuneiform characters that lingered around his body, helping the liquid metal to solidify rapidly, condensing into layers of indestructible armor.

When the armor of his four limbs was completed in an instant, creating an earthquake-like roar, brute hammer finally let out a sigh of relief. He was prepared to switch from defense to offense, searching for the damned attacker.

At this moment, he suddenly felt a bone-piercing chill coming from behind his back, in the middle of his spine, where the totem armor had yet to completely seal off.

Immediately after, the bone-piercing chill that was close to absolute zero turned into lava that burned everything. It followed his entire spine, went down to his pelvis and legs, and went up to his arms and brain regions, it completely took over his spinal cord and motor nerves.

Man Hammer widened his eyes.

No matter how the ancestral spirit hidden in the totem armor poured out a waterfall of information in his field of vision.

He could not get any hint of guidance from it.

Having lost contact with his brain, it was as if his four limbs had disappeared from his body. He was also unable to coordinate with the totem armor to display even the most basic battle techniques.

Man Hammer felt like he was a dam that had collapsed.

All his strength accompanied his spine. Sometimes it was cold, sometimes it was hot, and all of it poured out.

He fell to the ground with his head spinning. He let out half of his humiliation and half of his despair moans.

With the help of the continuous climbing and licking the flames at the highest point of the Blood Skull Arena, he finally saw clearly the true face of the attacker under the dust and smoke.

The opponent's body size was no more than two arms.

Among the tall and strong bloody hoofs clan, he could only be considered an unremarkable short figure.

However, the streamlined totem armor that covered his entire body and was filled with a sense of speed and destructive power could make even the largest warriors of the Clan Shiver from the depths of their bone marrow.

This was a very unfamiliar totem armor.

Other than the highly abstract blood-colored ghost pattern in the middle of the chest armor, brute hammer did not find any badges or totems of the major clans of Black Horn City.

Extending from his elbows all the way back, the two sharp blades that were like giant sickles made this totem armor full of unforgettable recognition.

Brute Hammer felt that he would never forget such a terrifying totem armor.

If he could still escape from these two scythes that could harvest lives as easily as harvesting wheat.

Brute Hammer's gaze followed the blade of the scythe and moved all the way to the attacker's visor and helmet.

It was different from the clan warriors who would usually engrave profound and complicated runes on the visor to form a gorgeous totem.

This attacker's visor was simple and smooth to the extreme.

Except for the area near the eyes, which had hundreds of tiny holes, creating a circular vision to observe the outside world, there were no other decorations or lines.

This minimalist design style, which gave up all decorations, was totally different from the traditional aesthetic taste of the warriors of Tulan.

However, it added a mysterious and unfathomable feeling to this visor, which couldn't see any change of emotion.

The area above the visor was where Dou Ying and Mei Bi should be. It was also empty.

However, beams of golden flames with red threads were surging. The attacker was like a torch, Burning Man Hammer's heart.

When the attacker had activated his life magnetic field and controlled the spiritual flames, the golden and red intersecting spiritual flames turned into strange-shaped horns, hovering above the attacker's head.

This image made an extremely terrifying name jump out of Man Hammer's mind.

"Night, Night Demon!"

Man Hammer screamed this name like a hen whose throat had been cut.

The attacker didn't comment.

He just lowered his head and looked at man hammer with admiration from hundreds of needle holes.

He didn't admire man hammer.

He was admiring the totem armor on his body — the locomotive.

It was said that the locomotive was an ancient divine weapon.

A long time ago, when the glory of the ancestral spirits still shone on the entire land of Tulan.

The noble warriors of Tulan rode on countless divine weapons called the locomotive and smashed it into the land of holy light like a hammer.

Unfortunately, in order to protect the vitality of the entire land, the warriors of Tulan had to devote all their resources and energy to the war against the Twilight Demon God year after year.

The believers of the Twilight Demon God and the puppets known as the 'camp of Holy Light' snuck into Tulan many times and defiled and destroyed the sacred heritage left by the ancestral spirits to the warriors of Tulan.

As a result, ten thousand years later, like countless powerful divine weapons, the real 'locomotive' had long been lost.

Even so, the Wildhammer family had integrated part of the technology of 'locomotive' into the totem armor.

It was only then that the bloody hoof clan, or perhaps the most powerful totem armor of the five great clans, 'locomotive', was forged.

Ever since he was fifteen years old, during the coming of age ceremony, he had competed with a bloodthirsty and berserk "Bone shattering mammoth" and used his bone hammer and iron fist to forcefully shatter the opponent's hardest skull.., brute Hammer had obtained this totem armor.

After nearly twenty years of cultivation and battle, Brute Hammer had originally thought that he and the totem armor had already become one with each other and could unleash the strongest power of the "Locomotive". It was this totem armor that had been passed down for over a thousand years.., the most perfect master.

It was only at this moment, facing Night Demon's hungry gaze, that man hammer was shocked to discover that his totem armor had actually wavered!

"How could this be?"

Man Hammer was dumbstruck as he looked at the field of vision. The cuneiform characters were jumping and flashing crazily.

It was as if contradictory commands, as well as all sorts of unlocking and stripping of authority, were erupting at the same time.

Originally, even if the totem warrior was seriously injured, the totem armor could still take over part of its master's body, using liquid metal to repair the damaged blood vessels, bones, muscle fibers, and neural networks, and enter automatic combat mode.., to help its master escape from danger.

However, when man hammer gave the order to "Help its master escape at all costs" to the totem armor, the options formed by the cuneiform characters in the field of vision all turned gray!

It was as if his totem armor was deeply attracted by Night Demon's strength and was about to give up on his "Sunken ship"!

This was impossible. This kind of situation where the totem armor would collapse on its own would only happen in a battle where the strength of the enemy and the enemy were too far apart!

Could it be that the gap between him and Night Demon was actually this big?

Under man Hammer's incredulous gaze, Night Demon raised his right arm high.

The scimitar that extended from the end of his elbow turned back into liquid metal and slowly returned to the gauntlet.

It then gushed out from his palm and formed five sharp lancet blades at the end of his five fingers.

The five lancet blades fiercely stabbed at Wild Hammer's breastplate.

Following the cracks on the breastplate, they easily pierced into it like a butcher dismembering a cow.

Man Hammer felt that he had been injected with a blood-colored venom.

The venom was eroding the power that the ancestor spirit had given him inside the 'locomotive'.

The command that was formed by the cuneiform characters kept shining and turning into a dull gray. Then, it turned from a dull gray to a fragmented one. Finally, it disappeared one by one.

"This is impossible, why is it like this!"

Man Hammer whimpered in his heart, "This is the totem armor left to me by the ancestral spirit. The battle souls attached to this totem armor are the ancestors that are connected to my bloodline!

"Why would the battle souls of the ancestors abandon their blood descendants and let this lowly rat people tarnish their honor!"

Brute Hammer's belief completely collapsed.

At the same time, his ability to sense the outside world through the totem armor also collapsed.

Originally, the totem armor was like the second layer of skin for the warriors of the clan. It seemed thick and heavy, but it did not affect them at all. It could even enhance the most subtle vision, the most acute hearing, and the most delicate touch.

Now, when Night Demon's five fingers pierced into brute Hammer's chest, the large amount of information that the 'locomotive' had collected from the outside world was 'intercepted' in advance by the other party.

As a result, man Hammer's five senses were deprived one by one, making him feel like he was lying in an ice-cold iron coffin.

In the end, a bone-piercing pain came from man Hammer's chest.

Night Demon disassembled the locomotive from his body piece by piece and peeled it off.

It was as if his bones were being pulled out of his body one by one.

Under the bombardment of extreme pain, shame, and despair, the largest gladiator in Black Horn City, one of the four aces of the Bloody Skull Arena, the noble warrior with the blood of Glory, finally collapsed completely.

Before he faced even greater humiliation, he was very lucky to fall into darkness.

### **Chapter 1050: Condensing Will!**

“Leaf, everyone is ready. Should we rush out now?”

At the same time, in the training camp, Spider asked Leaf.

Although the former was a veteran private hunter in his thirties and the latter was only a juvenile rat civilian...

These days, under Meng Chao’s personal modification, Leaf, whose combat strength soared, had long conquered all the rat civilian servant soldiers with his astonishing performance in training and battle.

After Meng Chao lured Brute Hammer away, Leaf quickly organized the first twenty-nine rat militia.

Everyone was determined to fight their way out!

However, they were not the only ‘People’ in the largest training camp in the Bloody Skull Arena.

There were also the 271 servant soldiers who had just been assigned to brute hammer not long ago.

Of them, 200 of them had never participated in a battle with ice storm, and they were not familiar with leaf and the others.

There were also hundreds of brute Hammer’s own rat soldiers.

There were also hundreds of rat soldiers who were ‘accidentally injured’. They were not in Meng Chao’s calculations. They just happened to be having a meal with ice storm and Brute Hammer’s two battle teams, and they were also vomiting and diarrhea, they could not move, and they could only stay in the training camp for the time being.

As time passed and the effects of the drug dissipated, the strong rat folk gradually regained the strength to stand up.

However, they were surrounded by flames and smoke. They did not know where to go. Their eyes were filled with confusion.

Leaf intended to lead more rat folk to flee from black-corner city.

In his opinion, all the rat subjects were brothers and sisters, and they should work together to create the ‘sixth clan’. He would save as many as he could.

However, at the same time, after being influenced by Meng Chao for so long, he was no longer the ignorant boy from the mountain village when he first entered black-corner city.

Leaf knew very well that, after being brainwashed by the Warriors of the clan, he had forgotten the hatred of destroying his home and slaughtering his family. For the sake of survival and so-called glory, there were many people who were willing to serve as his lackeys.

According to Meng Chao, this was the so-called si, Si de syndrome. It was the pleasure of being a slave.

Therefore, leaf did not dare to easily express her feelings to the thousands of mouse people.

Especially the house mouse soldiers of Man Hammer. Three or two of them stood up shakily.

Although their eyes were still deeply sunken, they could not stand steadily.

After all, they were usually treated much better than the 'wild rats' like leaf and spider. They were fattened up by the hammers and were also equipped with the best weapons and armors in terms of servants.

If they really started fighting, leaf was confident that he could take care of these guys.

However, he was not confident that his side would be unharmed.

Therefore, he made a gesture to tell spider to calm down and wait for these guys' attitude first.

If he could recruit most of the thousands of rat militia in the training camp to his side, he would have a better chance of winning them over.

The rat soldiers who followed brute hammer did not dare to stop him.

The rat militia soldiers, who did not know the truth of the 'miracle' but were leaderless and lacked leadership, heard the explosions, collapses, and shouts all around them, they were all running around like ants on a hot pot, but they were also running around like headless flies in a glass bottle.

Someone said, "The Bighorn Rat God has already descended. If we want to regain our freedom, now is the best chance. We should rush out!"

Someone said, "Rush Out? Where to! Who knows what kind of environment is outside? One had to know that the huge army formed by hundreds of thousands of clan warriors was stationed right next to black-corner city! Although they were scattered and even chaotic due to the actual battle drill, it would not take long for them to regroup and enter the city! "When the army returns to the city, they will be able to suppress the rat people who dare to rebel. Wouldn't that be a dead end?"

Someone said, "Since the miracle has already happened, it means that the rat god must have prepared a way for all the rat people to escape. As long as they escape before the Blood Hoof Army returns to the city, they will have a chance to escape from the Blood Hoof Warriors' trap."

Of course.., there were also people who asked, "What if there is no escape route? Even if there is, where can the escape route lead to? "Even if we can really escape from black-corner city, where can we go?" "One must know that all the mandala trees in the entire Lan Ze have been harvested. All the mandala fruits have been divided up by the various large factions. If we don't rely on a powerful faction, even if we can escape from black-corner city, we can only starve to death!"

For a moment, everyone was talking at the same time.

The questions and concerns were not without reason.

Some of the hotheads heard the explosion outside the window. They were driven by their hot blood and wanted to rush out at all costs.

After they calmed down, they felt that their shoulders were pressed down by a pair of invisible iron hands, and they sat down dejectedly.

The house mouse soldiers of Man Hammer took the opportunity to get up and seal the doors and windows.

They had not fully recovered the ability to attack yet.

However, they did have the strength to threaten them.

“All of you, stay where you are. Let’s see who dares to run!”

The captain of the soldiers glared at them. “Lord Man Hammer is guarding the entire arena right outside. No matter how fast you run, can you be faster than Lord Man Hammer’s Iron Fists?”

“Whoever dares to run will be captured by Lord Brute Hammer, skinned, and hung upside down on the flagpole. The pain will last for ten days and ten nights until you die!”

His words were truly like a hammer.

Many of the Rat Soldiers’ restless thoughts were smashed into pieces.

Indeed, as one of the four trump cards of the Bloody Skull Arena, the brutality and terror of brute hammer had long been imprinted in the hearts of every rat soldier.

If man hammer were to fly into a rage, all of them would be crushed to pieces.

Seeing this, leaf was anxious. She scratched her ears and cheeks, not knowing how to boost the morale of the soldiers.

Right then, a crash was heard. Something had smashed a transparent hole in the roof.

A few long ropes made of cow-skin whips were tied behind the ropes, and they fell from the roof that was more than ten arms high.

With a “PA” sound, that thing fell to a height that was about the same height as everyone’s line of sight. It swayed left and right like a huge pendulum.

Everyone looked closely and was shocked.

It was actually, it was actually —

“Lord Man Hammer!”

The house rat soldiers under man hammer felt as if they had been struck by lightning, as if they had fallen into an ice cave. They could not believe it.

They were stunned for a long time before they let out screams that sounded like pigs being slaughtered.

The other rat soldiers looked at each other. They blinked, rubbed, squeezed, and squeezed. They did not dare to believe that this person, who had been stripped naked and tied up like a pig, had been dragged down from the roof. Moreover, his face was badly bruised, this fellow, whom even his parents did not know, was actually man hammer, who was still full of killing intent and arrogant a moment ago!

What shocked them even more was that the skin on man Hammer's forehead was cut open by a sharp blade. It even formed a bloody pattern.

It was as if it was the symbol of the big horn rat god!

"This is... the mark of Night Demon!"

"Night Demon has appeared again!"

"Didn't they say that the emissary of the Big Horn Rat God, Night Demon, was fake? That he was just a spy sent by the Gold clan to the Bloody Hoof Clan?"

"Don't be silly. How could a spy make such a big fuss?" "Since the Rat God is real and the miracle of the Rat God is real, the emissary of the Rat God is also real!" "Night Devil is here in the Bloody Skull Arena. He is here to save us on behalf of the Rat God!"

For a moment, the rat soldiers were excited.

Their eyes, which were filled with fog a moment ago and could not be seen clearly, were now lit up with new flames.

Leaf, who knew part of the truth, was even more dumbfounded. It was as if a huge war drum was rumbling in his mind.

"What's going on?"

The rat youth asked himself, "Wasn't the reaper the one who lured Brute Hammer away just now? Why was brute hammer subdued by night demon in such a pathetic state in such a short period of time?"

"Could it be —"

Leaf took a deep breath and stopped his imagination from running wild.

He had long known that the reaper was very strong.

But he did not expect that the reaper would be so strong.

In that case, he had to do his best to fulfill the Reaper's request. He could not be looked down upon by such a strong warrior!

Thinking of this, leaf suddenly stood up and pointed at the unconscious brute hammer, who no longer had the image of a glorious warrior, he shouted in a voice that shook the entire training camp, "Even Man Hammer has been taken care of by Night Demon. How long do we have to struggle for? "Do you think that we will be punished if we sit here obediently and wait for the Bloody Hoof Army to return to the city?"

"No. With such a big mess in black-corner city, it's impossible for the Lord Warriors of the Bloody Hoof clan to trust any of us anymore. Even if we don't run, they won't believe that we don't want to run. They will only think that we can't run, Can't Run!"

“If we continue to work hard for the Blood Hoof Warriors, the only outcome will be that they’ll continue to strengthen their control over us and use the fastest speed and the cruelest means to make us, the rat civil servants that aren’t loyal enough, be consumed early on the battlefield!”

These words were like thunder that tore apart the hesitant fellows and covered the last dark cloud before their eyes.

It was true that most of them were ‘wild rats’ that had only been tamed not long after they were captured.

Even if they said that they had completely forgotten the blood feud.

The Blood Hoof warriors would not believe them.

When the high and mighty warriors of the clan maintained the illusion of invincibility and invincibility, their arrogance that had reached the limit would cause them to ignore the loyalty of the rat people.

In any case, no matter how deep the hatred of the rat people was, it could not stir up any waves.

However, the series of explosions in black-corner City showed that the angry rat people could not only stir up waves, but even turn the world upside down!

Half of the exasperated and half of the terrified clan warriors would no longer believe in the rat civilian soldiers.

At least, they would not believe in the rat civilian soldiers who had personally seen black-corner city being vulnerable to a single blow and the Master Warrior’s ugly behavior!