

Oh My God 1071

Chapter 1071: Rise of the Wolf King

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that her initial idea was very simple. She wanted to settle down temporarily in the Blood Skull Arena. On one hand, she wanted to trade between Black-corner City and Red-gold City. On the other hand, she wanted to collect information about the leopards from the wandering warriors who had fled from the Gold Clan to the Blood Hoof Clan. She wanted to know more about the customs and family pedigree of the leopards.

So that one day, she could play the role of a real panther warrior vividly and sneak into Red-gold City.

Besides, she could hone her totem power in the arena.

After all, in the land of Holy Light, although she had the talent to activate totems, she did not dare to use it in actual combat.

Obviously, the line-up to hunt down a witch and the line-up to hunt down a “Witch who uses totem power” were definitely two different things.

At that time, if she had dared to show even the slightest bit of totem power, she would have been killed by the night watchmen with her mother ten years earlier.

However, ice storm did not expect her talent in totem power to be so high.

After only a few battles, her innate talent was awakened from the depths of her bloodline.

Soon, she stood out from the Gladiators and became the trump card of the Bloody Skull Arena.

Even the master of the Bloody Skull Arena, Casanova bloodhoof, wanted to recruit her.

Unfortunately, the ice storm did not have the fortune to accept Casanova’s ‘good intentions’.

Firstly, during the blood bestowing ceremony, when she was surrounded by seven or eight witch doctors and priests, the power of the Holy Light in her body could not be hidden.

Moreover, the ice storm had no interest in joining the bloodhoof family to seize the so-called ‘glory’.

With her dual bloodline, she didn’t want to get involved in the 10,000-year war between the land of Holy Light and Tu Lanze and become a chess piece.

She just wanted to figure out the mystery of her birth.

And, she just wanted to avenge her mother.

There was one more thing ice storm didn’t say, but Meng Chao could guess it.

Although she said that she didn’t expect the scene of “Filial piety”.

After her mother’s death, her father was, after all, her last family member in this world.

Meng Chao estimated that when she was planning to go to the territory of the Gold clan, she felt a little “Homesick.”.

She did not know how to face her father who had left without saying goodbye 20 to 30 years ago.

She was even less willing to speculate on her father's motive for taking away her mother's important items back then, or even his motive for getting close to her.

Many things were best buried in the sands of time.

That was why she hesitated and stayed in black-corner city.

It wasn't until the glorious era arrived and her identity was exposed by Casanova that she could no longer escape.

"Then, do you know the specific information about Father Now?"

Meng Chao thought for a moment and asked, "As you said, your father suffers from a special congenital disease. His hair is much less than the other leopards, and his skin color is much fairer. With such obvious characteristics, you should be able to find out more or less about his current situation, right?"

"Yes."

Ice Storm nodded and said, "I found out that your father didn't stay with the other leopards. Instead, he stayed with the leader of the Wolf Clan, 'Jackal'kanus, and acted as his counselor."

"What!"

Meng Chao jumped up as if he had been stabbed by an icicle.

"Huh?"

Ice Storm looked at him in surprise. "Why is your reaction so strong? Did I say something wrong?"

"No, no."

Meng Chao took a deep breath to calm himself down. "Is your father staying with the leader of the werewolves?"

"Yes. The information I got from the travelers and the traders didn't give my father much of a good review."

Ice Storm said, "Because he was born with a disease, his hair was sparse, and his skin was fair, the clansmen thought that he lacked heroism. At the same time, he didn't seem to be good at fighting. Although he wasn't weak enough to become a rat, he was still a clown and a joke in the mouths of the Panther warriors.

"He didn't seem to be keen on fighting, either, but he traveled around and collected lost heroic epic fragments as his biggest interest and lifelong job. He seemed to be continuing to play the role of a bard.

"In short, the Panther warriors all thought that he was a loafer who didn't do his job. Naturally, he wasn't qualified to hold an important position in the family.

"He ran into obstacles everywhere and asked for trouble. As time passed, he could only hang out with fellows like 'Jackal'Kanus!"

“Is that so?”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes.

He did not think that a high-level orc who had the courage to sneak into the land of Holy Light alone twenty to thirty years ago would be a ‘loafer who did not do his job properly’.

Compared to the warriors of the clan who were well-developed and simple-minded, he was more interested in this unusual leopard man.

The last sentence of the ice storm made Meng Chao slightly stunned.

“A guy like ‘Jackal’kanus?”

Meng Chao thought quickly and said hesitantly, “I’ve heard of this name before. He should be the wolf king who controls all the werewolves in Tu Lanze.

“Although in the Gold clan, the werewolf warriors are not a match for the Lion Man and the Tigermen in terms of fighting alone, their advantage lies in their strong reproductive ability and large numbers. The Wolf Clan’s army has made many meritorious contributions in the previous battles of glory.

“Why? When you mentioned ‘Jackal’kanus, your tone was very contemptuous. Is the reputation of this wolf king not too good

“Of course. You Don’t understand the situation of the gold clan, but everyone in Crimson Gold City knows about it. The so-called ‘Wolf King’Kanus is just a puppet of the lion and Tigermen!”

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that it was precisely because the werewolves’ reproductive ability was far stronger than the lion and Tigermen. They were the tribe with the largest population in the gold clan and possessed the potential to become the clan leader.

Therefore, for thousands of years, they had been deeply feared by the golden clan’s “Two heroes”— the lion-men and the tigermen — and had suppressed them with all their might.

The internal strife of the golden clan was even more intense and mysterious than the internal strife of the Blood Hoof clan.

After all, the “Two heroes” of the Blood Hoof clan, the Tauren and the wild boar-men, were not famous for their Quick Wits.

The Tauren and wild boar-men, who knew everything, preferred to measure the diameter of their fists directly to decide who was the leader of the Blood Hoof clan.

On the golden clan’s side, the Tigermen, lion-men, werewolves, and leopard-men were all born hunters and backstabbing experts.

The show of these hunters fighting for power and benefits was a hundred times more thrilling and exciting than the bloody hoof clan’s.

After thousands of years of fighting in the open and in the dark, the lion-men and Tigermen who occupied the dominant position had long had a very mature method of controlling the large number of werewolves.

It was nothing more than threatening and bribing, dividing and suppressing, weeding out the strong and supporting the weak, stirring up conflicts between the various clans and settlements within the werewolves, causing the werewolves to be in a state of disunity.

In this state, any werewolf would find it difficult to convince the masses. If they wanted to rise to power, they would have to obtain the support of external forces, which were the lion-men and Tigermen. Step by step, they would sink into the quagmire, and in the end, they would not be able to control themselves or be loyal to them, they would be reduced to the puppet of the lion-men.

The 'Jackal' Kanus was a textbook-like puppet.

"There are rumors that Kanus is not a pure-blooded werewolf, but a 'gnoll'."

Ice storm said, "Although the 'Gnoll' and 'wolf' clans are often mixed together, and the kinship between them is very close.

"However, compared to the werewolves who are qualified to challenge the lion-tiger duo, the gnolls are closer to the dog-men, and their strength is relatively weaker.

"After becoming the clan leader, Kanus tried his best to dispel the 'rumors' and invited the respected Wolf Priestess to verify his bloodline. However, it should be confirmed that he possessed part of the gnolls' bloodline.

"Due to the limitation of his bloodline, Kanus was not very strong before he became famous. At that time, he had an extremely insulting nickname called 'corpse-eating dog'.

"Of course, that doesn't mean that he would really eat the corpses of his enemies.

"Instead, in order to survive, he played the role of dissecting the corpses of Totem beasts and collecting the fragments of totem armors and totem cores in the team that hunted totem beasts

"Is that so?"

Hearing this, Meng Chao was slightly stunned.

Wasn't the so-called 'corpse-eating dog' The Reaper of the Tulan civilization!

Who would have thought that the future "Doomsday Wolf" would still be in the same line of work as him!

"To perfectly gather all the materials on the totem beast, the level of technology is very high!" Meng Chao couldn't help but say.

"That's true."

Ice Storm said, "However, the Tulan people don't place much importance on the gathering work, they place more importance on combat strength. Only those who dare to face the totem beast head-on and fight with the fastest speed are the true heroes! "Those who only know how to use knives on the corpse of the totem beast will naturally be despised by others."

"Then, how did this 'corpse-eating dog' suddenly transform into the leader of the Wolf Clan?" Meng Chao listened with great interest and could not help but ask.

“Naturally, it is because this fellow has no dignity and backbone at all. He grovels to the lion-man and tigerman powerhouses and flatters them to the extreme.”

Ice storm said, “Ever since ‘Jackal’ kanus became the leader of the Wolf clan, he ruthlessly suppressed and expelled a large number of wolf warriors who did not obey him. Many werewolves ended up in Black Horn City.

“I heard from the werewolf gladiators in the Blood Skull Arena that this guy joined a hunting team that mainly consisted of lion and Tigerman. He racked his brains to serve the lion and Tigerman powerhouses comfortably.

“One day, this hunting team received a mission to accompany a noble of the golden family to hunt a very rare totem beast.

“Along the way, kanus used all his skills to win the favor of the noble and became the noble’s servant. He could serve the noble all day long.

“As the noble’s position in the golden family became more and more grand, kanus naturally followed the fox and pretended to be the tiger. He relied on the power of the man.

“At this time, several powerhouses of the Wolf clan appeared one after another, which made the lions and tigers feel pressured.

“Therefore, after a series of open and secret battles, the powerhouses of the Wolf clan who might challenge the position of the Lions and Tigers died one after another. They either became origin warriors or disappeared without a trace in the wilderness.

“Kashava, the loyal dog who was loyal to the Lions and tigers, was put on the stage and became the ruler of dozens of towns and settlements of the Wolf clan

Chapter 1072: Adding Fuel to Fire

“Is that so?”

It was Meng Chao’s first time hearing the Doomsday Wolf’s story before he made a name for himself.

It was completely different from the heroic epics that were widely spread throughout Picturesque Orchid Lake in his previous life, where “Jackal” Kanus was greatly praised.

Moreover, according to this theory, the former Corpse-eating Dog did not have the qualifications and ability to command the entire Turan army!

After thinking for a moment, Meng Chao continued to ask, “As you said, is ‘Jackal’ Kanus very unpopular among the Wolf Clan?”

“The Wolf Clan’s leaders in the past did not win the hearts of the Wolf Clan warriors. Those who won the hearts of the people have long been killed by the lion and tiger clans.

“However, it’s probably not wrong to say that Kanus is the most unpopular leader of the Wolf Clan in the past several hundred years,” Ice Storm said.

“He never had the ability to rule the entire Wolf Clan in the first place. It’s all because of the noble who pledged his loyalty to the lion clan that he was able to keep his precarious position.

“In order to show his loyalty to the noble, he started his old job a few years ago. He organized several large-scale exploration teams in the Wolf Clan and assigned them to places with few people on the edge of Picturesque Orchid Lake. He searched for the lost temple and hunted down powerful totem beasts.

“Countless wolf warriors fell on this thrilling journey that almost meant certain death.

“When the hundred-man exploration team set out, they were fully armed. When they came back, there were still thirty to fifty defeated soldiers left. That was not too bad.

“However, after the exploration team paid a terrible price and finally gained something, they actually found the lost temple. After hunting the powerful totem beasts, ‘Jackal’ Kanus took most of the gains from the ordinary wolf warriors and offered them to his old master, the noble of the Gold Clan.

“In the past, even if the masters of the Wolf Clan acted as puppets of the lion and tiger clans, they would still be the leaders of the clan in name. They had to pay attention to their dignity as clan leaders.

“The Turan people who value dignity and glory have never seen Kanus as... He’s so shameless that he fully exists in such a straightforward and unscrupulous manner.

“I heard that even his old master in the Gold Clan had asked him to restrain himself a little and pay more attention to the Wolf Clan’s reputation.

“It’s not hard to imagine that almost everyone in the Wolf Clan is resentful. If Kanus dies suddenly today, his skull will probably be plucked off by the werewolves and used as a soccer ball tomorrow.

“In the past two years alone, there have been several assassination attempts on Kanus.

“Many werewolf warriors would rather die together with Kanus than see the so-called ‘leader of the Wolf Clan’ continue to tarnish the entire Wolf Clan’s honor.

“However, the more assassination attempts happened, the more satisfied the lion and tiger clans were with ‘Jackal’ Kanus. They even deployed a few elite teams to act as his personal guards. While ensuring his safety, they also helped him capture the assassins and uncover the organization behind the assassins.

“With support from the lion and tiger clans, even if Kanus did something that infuriated the werewolf warriors, his position would still be unshakable for the time being.”

“I understand.”

Meng Chao nodded thoughtfully. “‘Jackal’ Kanus wants to find more lost temples and collect the high-level materials that are hidden in the bodies of powerful totem beasts. He wants to offer them to his great backer in the lion and tiger clans to win the favor of his master so that his position will be more stable.

“Many clues of the lost temples are hidden in fragmented and vague heroic epics.

“But your father was also a bard, an expert in collecting and researching heroic epics.

“So, he naturally became the Wolf King’s advisor?”

Ice Storm nodded. “According to the information I collected, that should be the case.”

Meng Chao really wanted to say that there was something wrong with the information she collected. Kanus, the Jackal, was definitely not as simple as a shameless puppet.

It was impossible for a shameless puppet to discover and activate the most important temple of the entire Turan civilization.

It would also be impossible for him to command the army of Turan and summon an unstoppable army. Within half a year after the war drums sounded, the entire land of Holy Light had been torn apart.

It would be even more impossible for him to connect the Chaos races that were scattered all over the Other World and on the edges to form an unprecedented Chaos faction.

“Kanus, the Jackal, which is your real face? Is it the Corpse-eating Dog or the Doomsday Wolf?”

Meng Chao mumbled to himself.

He was looking increasingly forward to his collision with the Wolf King.

Of course, the first thing he had to do was escape unscathed with the most precious weapons, armor, and secret medicines in Black-corner City.

“Let’s go!”

Meng Chao said to Ice Storm, “Time has dragged on long enough. Casanova’s and the Blood Hoof Clan’s warriors should be back soon!”

Apart from the two already fused totem armors, there were many other weapons and secret medicines in Blood Skull Temple.

Even if they selected carefully and only took the most precious priceless treasure, together, they would need at least seven or eight cubic meters of space, and something that could carry several tons.

However, it was not a problem for the two “temple bandits.”

From the first day that Meng Chao came into contact with the totem armor, he knew that the totem armor had a certain storage ability.

He did not know how to realize it technically.

However, the materials used to forge the totem armor were not as basic as liquid metal.

The layers of armor could be perfectly absorbed into the owner's body.

Apart from consuming spirit power, it did not add too much burden to the master.

The master could not even sense the totem armor's existence—it was a fact that could be seen with the naked eye.

Meng Chao speculated that when the ancient Turan people forged the totem armor, it was very likely that they used some kind of mass energy conversion and space folding technology.

The armor's size and weight that far exceeded the master's was actually not absorbed into the master's body and stored between cells.

Instead, it was transported to another place that was parallel to the Other World... a mysterious and unbelievable space.

It sounded a little absurd.

However, since a huge Dragon City and tens of millions of people could pass through it...

The people of Dragon City had also mastered "short-distance teleportation technology on the planet's surface."

Therefore, there was no reason for it to be theoretically "impossible" to only send a few sets of lifeless armor.

Similarly, since Dragon City could carry all living things on it and cross over at the same time, the totem armor could wrap weapons, secret medicines and other items before disappearing into its owner's body. So, it was not worth making a fuss about.

At first, the totem armor fragments on Meng Chao's body could wrap around a fist-sized pile of items and disappear into the mysterious alien space together. When they needed to be used, they could be retrieved with a thought.

As more and more armor fragments attached to his body, the fragments gradually formed a partial-body armor and a full-body armor until they covered every inch of his skin.

The liquid metal could wrap around more and more objects, and its volume grew increasingly large.

Until now, the totem armor, which was brand new and had three forms, was enough to hold several cubic meters of objects.

By rotating his eyeballs and adjusting their focus, he focused his gaze on the cuneiform instructions that were flashing slightly at the center of his field of vision.

Meng Chao's brain automatically triggered a nerve current, which lit up the totem armor's storage function.

The armor that wrapped his hand gradually turned into a slightly viscous liquid metal.

Thousands of mithril tentacles drilled out from the armor and wrapped around the ancient weapons that Meng Chao wanted to store.

Meng Chao held his breath and carefully operated the weapon.

Since the ancient weapons also contained ferocious souls, or “artificial intelligence,” it was very likely that they would trigger the totem armor’s reaction and cause chaos in the operating system. That would then interfere with Meng Chao’s brainwaves and destroy the function of his brain.

Fortunately, the Skull Crushers released a strong enough killing intent that made the other ancient weapons pale in comparison. It did not cause any more trouble.

The Holy Light power in Ice Storm’s body was naturally able to suppress her totem power’s activation.

The two of them used liquid metal to wrap a large number of weapons, secret medicines, and armor fragments.

Then, the liquid metal seemed to assimilate with the solid weapons and armor before they were slowly absorbed into their bodies.

“You know, I’m a little reluctant to leave Black-corner City.”

Looking at the empty totem pillars around the altar, Ice Storm could not help but laugh. “I really want to stay here and see the wonderful expression on Casanova Bloodhoof’s face when he sees this!”

Of course, it was impossible.

It would not be too late to appreciate Casanova’s expression next time.

Five minutes later, the two of them returned to the ground and stepped out of Blood Skull Temple’s gate.

It was still empty outside the door.

Even the two guards, who had been knocked out and thrown to the side, did not move.

Looking at each other, the two of them were a little confused and disappointed.

They were already prepared to have a three-hundred-round battle with the guards who would arrive after hearing the news. At the same time, they wanted to test their totem armors that had been greatly enhanced.

They did not expect the temple guards whom Casanova had left behind would be too slow.

“Wait. No. There are explosions, shouts, and the strong smell of blood coming from the southeast.”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked at the few columns of smoke floating in the sky not far away in the southeast.

He listened carefully for a moment and said affirmatively, “Many people are fighting two to three hundred meters away from us!”

Two to three hundred meters away from Blood Skull Temple was the Blood Skull Arena's armory and granary.

Casanova Bloodhoof had sent out a large number of recruitment teams to plunder a large number of mandrake fruits from the rat settlements like Leaf's hometown, Half Mountain Village.

He had also entrusted the foundry workshop to squeeze the blood and flesh of the rat slaves. They forced them to forge a large number of crude metal weapons, as well as simple bone weapons, which were all stored there.

As there were too many of them and the unit value was not high, it was not convenient to carry them. In Meng Chao's plan, the armory and granary were not necessarily the targets.

However, those people were getting louder by the minute, and the clamor and fierce shouting halted his footsteps.

"Let's go and take a look," Meng Chao said to Ice Storm.

"If the rat people are attacking the granary and weapons, but are being bloody suppressed by gladiators and temple guards, we have no reason to watch from the sidelines. It will be more beneficial for us to fish in troubled waters and escape only if the rat people take more food and weapons and make a bigger commotion!"

Chapter 1073: The Masters of the Rat People

Both of them were masters of stealth assassination.

They had also received the support of their brand new totem armors.

Like two faint shadows, they blended into the smoke and dust that filled the ground. They arrived at the armory and granary in the southeastern corner of the Blood Skull Arena silently.

In the nearby ruins, they found a vantage point and climbed up close to the wall.

Meng Chao wiped the dirt and mud off his hands and spread them evenly on his totem armor's helmet, reducing the reflection of the flames.

He stuck half of his head out, squinted, and looked into the distance.

He found that the walls of the armory and the granary, including the high wall of the Blood Skull Arena that was close to them, had all collapsed in the explosion.

One huge hole after another formed a "green passage" that faced the street.

Countless rat people wearing ragged clothes and hungry faces smelled the mandrake fruit's unique fragrance. Stimulated by their appetites, they gathered into a surging tide and rushed toward the armory and granary.

After Meng Chao's sneak attack earlier, there were only dozens of clan warriors left in the Blood Skull Arena, including the temple guards.

With the exception of the temple guards, most of the warriors were missing arms and legs or had internal injuries that were not conducive to fighting. That was why Casanova left them behind.

They had all gathered around the armory and granary to form a solid defense line.

It was like a dam with thorns all over its body, stopping and tearing the raging waves.

Without professional training, the slave rats, who had been squeezed half their lives dry in the foundry workshop, were like weeds in a hurricane, uprooted and fluttering in the air under the fierce dance of the clan warriors' great swords.

In the dozens of seconds that Meng Chao had observed, at least a hundred slave rats had fallen under the bombardment of the warriors' great swords, sabers, and meteor hammers.

However, under the psychological influence of the Big-horned Rat God's arrival in the big explosion of Black-corner City, the slave rats, who had nowhere to go, were as strong-willed and excited as they were physically weak.

Even though the previous wave of rats had just been cut in half by the clan warriors' great swords and all of them had died horribly...

The rats behind them were still charging forward fearlessly. They used the iron hammers and the rough iron rods that had just been forged and the bone clubs that had not been polished or strengthened to launch their attacks like moths to the flame.

While they were advancing, they were roaring crazily.

"The Rat God has arrived. Victory will belong to all the rat subjects

"The Rat God is watching us from the sky. Charge! Kill! Even if we die on the battlefield, we will be reborn on the top of the holy mountain under the Rat God's guidance!"

"Look! That's the Rat God! That's the Rat God!"

At this moment, the sky over Black-corner City was filled with thick smoke, flames, and dark clouds that had been licked red by the flames.

The vitality magnetic fields of millions of people were surging crazily, which caused the magnetic fields of the planets in a small area to be in disorder. The flames, smoke, and dark clouds that were floating in midair were rolling like raging waves, changing into all kinds of shapes.

In the eyes of the zealots, it was not strange at all that they thought that they had seen the Rat God or that the Rat God was watching them.

Under the Rat God's gaze, many of the rat slaves whose minds were blank because of their killing intent had never thought of snatching enough weapons and mandrake fruits to successfully escape Black-corner City.

Perhaps, they would be able to rush in front of the hateful clan warriors with the surging tide of rats, cut off even a hair on their bodies, and die at the hands of the clan warriors in the most tragic and heroic manner, they would let the Rat God see their "heroic posture."

This was the ultimate salvation and meaning of battle for the rat people.

The incomparably fierce battle made the clan warriors guarding the granary and armory somewhat fearful.

Even if the rat people could not break through their defense line for a time, they only stretched their necks and let them kill as much as they wanted.

However, they would also feel numb and tired after breaking hundreds of bones that were as hard as iron.

The big explosion in Black-corner City had, in particular, caught them off guard. Tens of thousands of rat people were shouting the name of the Big-horned Rat God and crazily running to the clan warriors to seek their own death.

This scene was completely beyond their comprehension. For the first time in their lives, the clan warriors felt a slight fear toward the rat people who had the blood of despicable people flowing in them.

Both sides were in a stalemate at the entrance of the granary and armory.

The formation was messy and lacked the ability to attack. Only the rat slave workers with fanatical beliefs could hardly break through the final line of defense formed by the clan warriors.

However, no matter how crazily the clan warriors attacked, they could only slaughter the rat people's bodies, but they could not destroy their will.

The rat people's craze grew stronger and stronger. They had no intention of collapsing or retreating.

In a short while, the granary and armory were filled with the horrible corpses of the rat people.

They had been cut down by the sabers and smeared by the dust. On their dark faces, there was a relieved smile on their lips.

"This is not the way to go on."

Meng Chao frowned when he saw the tragic battle.

He was on the rat people's side, both emotionally and for their own benefit.

At this rate, even if the rat slaves could take down the Blood Skull Arena's granary and armory, they would have to pay a heavy price.

As a result, they would not have enough manpower and time to empty the granary and armory.

One should know that the main force of the Blood Skull Battle Group led by Casanova would return to Black-corner City at any time.

If the rat slaves had not retreated with a large number of mandrake fruits and weapons by the time Casanova arrived.

At that time, not a single rat slave would be able to escape Casanova's fury.

'I have to help the rat slaves. Otherwise, their casualties will be too heavy. Even if they can flee from Black-corner City, they will not be able to escape from the Blood Hoof warriors' pursuit.

Meng Chao was about to jump up when Ice Storm suddenly pressed his shoulders down.

‘Wait a minute. I feel that something is wrong. The battle line of the Blood Hoof warriors is wavering. They are going to be defeated.’

Meng Chao was slightly stunned.

Would it be possible for a dignified Blood Hoof warrior, even if he was a third-rate warrior with a broken arm or leg, to lose to a group of scrawny rat slaves?

However, he knew that Ice Storm would not shoot at random.

When it came to the understanding of gladiators and temple guards, Ice Storm, who had been in the Blood Skull Arena for more than two years, was clearly more wise than Meng Chao.

Following the direction she was pointing at, Meng Chao focused his eyes and watched.

Sure enough, he saw a Blood Hoof warrior, who was on the verge of collapse, being attacked by the rat tide.

A moment later, he was actually swallowed by the rat tide!

It turned out that a rat person wearing a hooded cloak was disguised as a corpse. From the pile of bloody corpses, he slowly wriggled like a worm and moved behind the Blood Hoof warrior, holding his breath and lying in wait.

It was not until the Blood Hoof warrior stepped over him that he stabbed the Blood Hoof warrior’s legs from bottom to top at lightning speed. He ended up penetrating the Blood Hoof warrior’s entire cavity!

The Blood Hoof warrior’s fall caused a fatal breach in the entire line of defense.

It was as if a dam had begun to collapse, and it had gone out of control.

Meng Chao noticed that more and more rat slave workers wearing hooded cloaks, whose faces could not be seen clearly, leaped out of the rat tide. Under their cloaks, cold rays of light flashed. At the same time, they stabbed the Blood Hoof warrior’s vital points.

Their movements were much faster and fiercer than that of the ordinary rat slave workers.

The weapons they used did not seem to be crude and half-finished products.

However, they were as fearless as the ordinary rat slaves, and they were willing to die together with the Blood Hoof warriors at any time.

The appearance of the “elite rat subjects” broke the deadlock instantly.

In less than three minutes, a huge fountain of blood burst out of the last Blood Hoof warrior’s waist.

Covering his waist, he was swallowed by the surging rat tide before he could even scream.

The rat people marched straight in and took over the granary and armory.

Perhaps even they themselves did not expect their overpowering revolt to go so smoothly this time.

The old master warriors especially, who used to be high and mighty, who had bullied and abused them wantonly, were actually chopped up into minced meat by them.

That unparalleled feeling practically injected a tonic into all the rats.

It made them believe that only the Big-horned Rat God's arrival could create such a miracle!

For a moment, hundreds and thousands of rat people were dancing and crying on the mountain of weapons and mandrake fruits.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm looked at each other, but at the same time, they saw the confusion in each other's eyes.

"Those guys wearing hoods and cloaks are not ordinary rat slaves but well-trained warriors."

Both of them came to a conclusion in unison.

There were strong people among the rat fighters.

Some of the rat people who were gifted with supernatural strength were as big and strong as the clan warriors. They were able to tear apart tigers and leopards.

However, if the civilians who had not received professional training only knew how to fight by instinct, their attacks would definitely be sloppy and ineffective.

Similarly, when enemies, especially those who were far stronger than themselves, swung their sabers at them fiercely, even if they were mentally prepared to face death with ease, their muscles would inevitably tense up, and their breathing would be rapid. They would subconsciously block and dodge.

That was the survival instinct of carbon-based intelligent life forms.

Without years of harsh training, it was difficult to control them.

These rat people wearing hooded cloaks managed to control their instincts.

Moreover, they restrained their ineffective moves to the extreme.

Even when they executed a simple horizontal chop or vertical chop, it would feel like it had been tempered thousands of times.

With their tacit cooperation, usually three to five people would lunge out at the same time and attack a Blood Hoof warrior.

Facing a Blood Hoof warrior, it was more like they took the initiative to step up and die, exposing the Blood Hoof warrior's fatal flaw so that the others could kill him in one strike.

Such skilled combat techniques made Meng Chao think of the Red Dragon Army. They were well-trained and experienced special forces.

Chapter 1074: A Step Too Late

"Are they rat militia?" Meng Chao asked Ice Storm with his mouth.

“It doesn’t look like it. I’ve never seen such a skilled rat militia or seen such a fearless rat militia. At least, I’ve never seen them in the Blood Skull Arena.” Ice Storm shook her head with a solemn expression.

Meng Chao thought for a moment and suddenly jumped down from the broken wall. Before Ice Storm could stop him, he disappeared into the dust.

A moment later, he carried two things and sneaked back.

Ice Storm looked at the things he placed behind the broken wall.

They were two hooded bodies.

In order to break through the line of defense of the gladiators and temple guards, these hooded elite rats had suffered many casualties, leaving corpses everywhere.

After taking over the granary and armory, the rats were extremely excited.

In the process of swarming forward and snatching the weapons and mandala fruits, no one noticed that the two corpses had disappeared.

However, ice storm did not understand why Meng Chao would steal the corpses back?

“Sometimes, the corpses can reveal more information to us than the living. After all, if we encounter a living person with a strong will, even if we torture him, we might not be able to pry open his mouth.”

Meng Chao knelt on one knee and examined the two corpses carefully.

He first touched the muscles and bones of the two corpses inch by inch, not sparing a single joint from his elbow to his knee.

He even brushed away their thick hair to check the growth of the lice and fleas.

Then, he closed his eyes and carefully rubbed the calluses on the soles of the feet and palms of the corpses.

Finally, he opened his sparkling eyes, pried open the corpses’ mouths, and carefully examined the corpses’ oral health.

His attentive and even excited appearance reminded ice storm of his mother’s friends — the Wizards who secretly dug graves in order to study necromancy.

Ice Storm asked with a creepy tone, “So, did these two corpses tell you anything valuable?”

“Of course.”

Meng Chao folded the index and middle fingers of his right hand and pointed at different parts of the corpses, “First of all, from the appearance, these two corpses don’t look like clans. Instead, they have the characteristics of Liger, even-hoofed, and even reptilian beasts. This means that their bloodlines are very complex, and they are very typical rat people.

“However, the bones and joints of the two corpses are much thicker and harder than those of the ordinary orcs.

“This is the result of consuming high-energy food all year round and carrying out targeted training where spiritual energy seeps into the bone marrow and strengthens the bones.

“Similarly, their muscle fibers are much tougher than those of the ordinary orcs. Based on the condition of their tendons and bones, I think that they can easily swing a giant sword that weighs hundreds of kilograms and perform dazzling slashing movements — this is an extremely high standard even for the Tulan who are born with divine strength.

“Also, I noticed that the bones of the two corpses were covered with a lot of old fractures. The fractures were not too long or deep. They should not have been caused by fighting but by high-intensity training. However, the fractures and fractures were properly treated in time, which did not affect their combat ability.

“In the past month, when I was helping you choose your servants, I checked the bones and muscles of hundreds of rat subjects.

“Many rat subjects had suffered different degrees of injuries when they were harvesting mandala fruits or hunting wild beasts in their hometown. Most of the injuries were much lighter than the ones suffered by the two corpses. It was because of the lack of professional treatment that caused all kinds of sequelae.”

Hearing Meng Chao’s words, ice storm also started. She carefully searched the wrists, elbows, and shoulder blades of one of the corpses. She even used a sharp icicle to poke at the shoulder blades of the corpse, but she could not penetrate it.

She nodded thoughtfully and said, “Indeed. The bones in the arms of the guy are as hard as iron. They are not the standard that ordinary rat soldiers can reach.

“To be able to train such a strong soldier, there must be an experienced, well-equipped, and well-resourced team behind the guy

“That’s what I want to say.”

Meng Chao said, “Based on the calluses on the palms and soles of the two corpses, it can also be seen that they have received long-term, arduous, and professional training. Such training is definitely not something that a certain village of rats can or should provide.

“However, the more important evidence is their teeth.”

“Teeth?”The ice storm asked

“That’s right. After the flesh absorbs spiritual energy, the metabolism of the body will be accelerated. Many traces of the past will be erased in three to five months or even less. However, the traces left on the teeth can not be fooled.”

Meng Chao opened the mouths of the two corpses and motioned to icestorm. “Look. The upper and lower rows of the teeth of the two corpses are relatively neat, but both of them have quite serious cavities.”

Ice Storm looked down and found that it was indeed as Meng Chao had said.

But she did not understand. “So What?”

“The neat rows of teeth mean that they often chew bones and bite tough meat. In the process, they massage and squeeze the gums. As for dental caries, it means that they often enjoy sweet food and stimulating secret medicines.”

“You must know that, in the prosperous era, no matter how poor the life of the rat population was, there was always enough food.

“However, three meals a day, most of the time, the food of the rat population was the mandala fruit. Moreover, in order to save fuel, accessories, and spices, they were eaten raw and cold. At most, they were baked.

“The mandala fruit is soft and dense, and its nature is mild and not stimulating. No matter how much you eat it, it is difficult to cause cavities.

“For the ordinary rat population, whether it is the fried mandala fruit dipped in sour cream, or sweet things like honey stirring the mandala fruit puree, they are not easy to eat.

“As for the meat of wild beasts, needless to say, they are all good things that have to be offered to the city for the samurai lords to enjoy.

“There are also secret medicines refined by the witch doctors. Although they have the effect of activating the tendons and bones, strengthening the bloodline, and making it easier for the warriors of the clan to activate the power of totems, because the refining process is not up to standard, the finished products are often full of strong stimulation and even corrosiveness, and it is very easy to damage the tooth enamel of the users.

“Many careless warriors of the clan do not have the concept of protecting the oral hygiene at all. As time passes, it is not surprising that they grow a mouth full of rotten teeth!

“Here’s the problem. These two corpses look like standard rat subjects, but their oral conditions indicate that they used to eat a lot of high-energy food, Totem Beast Flesh, and secret medicines like Clan Warriors over the years. They ate better than many house rat soldiers and even low-level warriors in black horn city.

“Who exactly is supporting them from behind?”

After the death of her mother, who was a witch, she was able to escape from the night watchmen and escape from the land of holy light all the way to Tulanze. Moreover, she had hibernated almost perfectly in black horn city for two years. Naturally, ice storm was not stupid.

After Meng Chao’s advice, her mind was racing, she immediately understood. “You’re saying that the so-called ‘descent of the Rat God’ is definitely man-made. And these elite rat people wearing hoods and cloaks are the tools that the mastermind meticulously created and sent to black horn city to stir up a rat tide?”

“That’s right. If we want to successfully escape the territory of the Bloody Hoofs clan, we can’t help but rely on the overwhelming power of the rat tide. Therefore, it’s very important for us to find out the truth about the descent of the Rat God.”

Meng Chao pondered, "The enemy's goal is certainly not as simple as rescuing all the rat civilians in black-horn city. Since the enemy can train such elite rat soldiers, there's no reason for them to rescue a motley crew and add a heavy burden to their logistical supplies.

"Unless..."

As Meng Chao said this, he suddenly realized something. He raised his eyes and looked in the direction of the armory and the granary.

After discovering that these elite rat civilians in hoods and cloaks were ridiculously powerful, Meng Chao locked onto the surviving "Hood cloaks" in his vision.

Even during the autopsy, he had asked the ice storm to keep an eye on their every move.

As expected, when most of the scrawny slave laborers threw themselves at the mountain of mandala fruits and the gleaming swords, spears, and halberds.

However, a group of hooded capes quietly gathered together and left the granary and the armory in a hurry.

"Where are they going?"

Meng Chao's curiosity was piqued.

"Could it be that their target is not just the granary and the Armory?"

He muttered to himself, "That's right. What is stored in the granary and the armory are only the most ordinary mandala fruits and the crude weapons.

"These things can certainly make the rat slaves feel like they have found a treasure, but for the rat elites who have received professional training for a long time and eat the flesh of totem beasts as food, they are nothing.

"The mastermind behind them has gone to great lengths to create such a big commotion. Their goal is definitely not as simple as getting a few mandala fruits and a few ordinary weapons!"

Meng Chao and icestorm looked at each other.

The two silently retreated from the ruins and followed behind the hooded cloaks.

They saw these guys advancing in the blood skull arena with ease.

Other than encountering the ruins that had collapsed due to the explosion and stopping to observe for a moment, they were not disturbed by any side roads.

It seemed that they were quite familiar with the internal structure of the Blood Skull Arena, and their goal was very clear.

Along the way, there were also many hooded capes that came out of nowhere and joined their team.

Behind these hooded capes were bulging beast skin parcels.

From the size of the parcels, they didn't seem like weapons. Instead, they looked like large tools with complicated structures.

Very quickly, this mysterious elite mouse citizen team arrived at their destination.

The familiar scene in front of them made Meng Chao and Ice Storm feel a sense of absurdity in their hearts.

These guys' destination was the bloody skull temple that they had just robbed!

Chapter 1075: The Mastermind's Scheme

"We... have apparently met a 'colleague!'"

Meng Chao's mind was racing. Countless flashbacks from his previous life were connected to the clues he had discovered in this life, which made him instantly come to a realization. "These guys are targeting the temple just like us!

"However, their appetite is much bigger than ours. We only want to rob a mere Blood Skull Temple, but they are planning to sweep out the dozens of temples in Black-corner City.

"That's right. They have spent an astronomical amount of resources to create such a big commotion. How can the weapons, armor, and secret medicines offered in Blood Skull Temple satisfy their appetite? At the very least, they need to plunder all thirty to fifty temples before they can have a good time!"

The shocking conclusion left Ice Storm stupefied.

After all, the temples held an extremely revered position in the hearts of the Turan people.

Warriors of different clans would rather kill each other on the battlefield than target each other's temples.

Apart from her and Meng Chao, she really did not know who else would be so daring to take the risk of being cursed by their ancestral spirits and sweep through all the temples in Black-corner City.

"Look, they've gone in."

Meng Chao pointed at the hooded rat elites who had sneaked into Blood Skull Temple and said, "If I'm not wrong, the bulging packages they carry are all tools used to crack the temple's mechanisms. This is a very professional team. It appears that they have done a lot of temple searching and unlocking in the past.

"Therefore, their original intention of instigating a large-scale riot among the rats is obvious.

"The mastermind behind the director of the Rat God's arrival probably doesn't really want to save all the rat people and give them dignity as well as freedom.

"The rat people are just pawns of the mastermind. They are just tools to divert the Blood Hoof warriors' attention.

“Initially, the Blood Hoof Clan’s elite warriors gathered in the Blood Hoof temple outside the city for practical exercises and a blood oath, so the military force in Black-corner City was extremely empty.

“However, some guards were always left behind by the major clans.

“Moreover, many temples are not located in public areas such as the Blood Skull Arena, but deep in the military nobles’ mansions that had been passed down for thousands of years.

“For example, the ancestral mansions of the Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan are impenetrable military fortresses. Their iron walls that are dozens of arms high are an insurmountable obstacle.

“Therefore, ‘plundering dozens of temples in the city while Black-corner City is empty of soldiers’ is an impossible mission.

“As long as there is slight movement in the city, even if the army outside the city cannot return in time, it is almost certain that the hundred or so experts like Casanova Bloodhoof will return to defend Black-corner City at lightning speed and kill all the intruders along with the temple guards.

“Even the craziest temple thieves wouldn’t plan something so reckless.

“Therefore, the chiefs and priests who ruled Black-corner City never dreamed that someone would dare to have plans on the temple.

“However, the Rat God’s arrival shattered most of the unfavorable factors in an instant, turning the impossible mission into a possible miracle!

“First of all, through the professional teams who are good at earthwork and explosions, the ground below Black-corner City was riddled with holes. They found areas where the flammable and explosive gas that has accumulated for decades or even centuries is the densest. They carefully designed the explosion points to ensure that most of the iron walls that guarded the residence were blown to pieces. At the very least, a few holes, some collapses, and a few ‘green passageways’ would be left.

“Then, they incited the rat people and ignited the fire of resistance in their hearts. They dispatched and trained a large number of core members and organized thousands of rats. The moment the explosion occurred, a surging tide of rats swept through the entire Black-corner City.

“I think that, led by the elite rats in hoods, the rat people did not only break into the Blood Skull Arena’s granary and armory, but also all the granaries and armories in Black-corner City.

“Right now, a large number of rat subjects have received enough food and armed themselves with relatively sharp weapons and relatively sturdy and light armor.

“The benefits of doing so are self-evident.

“The guards of the temple who are stuck in Black-corner City all think that this is just a simple ‘rat rebellion.’ The rat people’s targets are only the granaries and armories.

“They can’t defend the temple to the death. They can only watch as the flames of chaos spread everywhere. However, they are definitely going to rescue the armory and the granary, suppress the rat people, and try to restore order.

“In any case, it’s impossible for the rat people with low status to destroy the temple. They didn’t have the guts or even the idea to attack the temple. Both the rat people and Blood Hoof warriors share this mindset!

“The elite rat people who are hiding in the tide are taking advantage of the lives of the rat subjects, who have been incited by ‘miracles.’ They are as crazy as demons and fearless of death, hence they are being used to exhaust the combat ability of the temple guards.

“Once the temple guards are exhausted and numb, and even their sabers are blunt and broken by the rat subjects’ bones, they will be able to easily take the lives of the temple guards!

“What’s better is that even if the Blood Hoof Army stationed outside the city saw the raging flames coming out of Black-corner City and heard the furious roars of the rat people who were unwilling to be enslaved, they will only think that it is a simple rat rebellion. The rat people’s targets are only the granary and the armory. Their goal is only to escape Black-corner City after they are fully armed and stocked with food!

“If that is the case, the Blood Hoof Clan’s warriors will not rush back to their own temples alone at the first moment.

“It’s more likely that they will cooperate with the army and advance slowly from the outside of the city. They will sweep and suppress the area one by one, slowly restoring order in Black-corner City.

“It’s even possible that they will send some troops to patrol and sweep the periphery of Black-corner City in an attempt to intercept the rat people who have escaped the city.

“By the time they realize that their opponents are not just the Rat God’s fanatical believers but even more mysterious and dangerous elements who have robbed dozens of temples, the hooded rat elites would have long fled with a lot of ancient weapons, armor, and secret medicines!”

Meng Chao was talking nonstop.

Through his deduction, he was sorting out and confirming his own judgment.

“In the end, countless rat people will die.”

Meng Chao came to a cold conclusion. “Even if the rat people are fully armed with armor, swords, and mandrake fruits, they still won’t be a match for the furious Blood Hoof warriors. It would be a miracle if two or three out of ten rat people are able to escape the tide.

“The Blood Hoof Clan would not be able to gain any advantage either. After this battle, they will definitely be greatly weakened and be at a loss.

“Only those who hide behind the Big-horned Rat God and exchange the lives of countless rat people for the ancient weapons and totem armors enshrined in the dozens of temples in Black-corner City will be the biggest winner!”

When Ice Storm heard everything, she held her breath and exhaled bone-chilling cold air.

She muttered, “I can’t believe that there would such a crazy plan in this world. There’s actually a madman with such a big appetite!”

As she said that, she cast an incredulous gaze on Meng Chao.

She completely trusted Meng Chao's judgment.

Hidden behind the Big-horned Rat God was a rare and genius madman.

Well, Meng Chao was able to deduce all of the madman's plans with just a few clues. So, what did that make him?

Meng Chao felt a little ashamed as he observed Ice Storm.

He asked himself and believed that he did not have the ability to deduce things too meticulously or come up with such a crazy plan.

He only saw the standard answer in advance, and then he would deduce a way to solve the problem based on the standard answer.

In his previous life, the Great Horn Rebellion that swept through the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake did not last long before it was ruthlessly suppressed.

However, the rat rebellion had seriously disrupted the ruling order of the five major clans. As a result, the highest authority had slipped from the hands of the traditional lions and tigers in the Gold Clan to the hands of Kanus, the Jackal.

"Jackal" Kanus had led the Wolf Clan in their rise and became the biggest and final winner of the Great Horn Rebellion.

Through the 'facts' in the memory fragments of his previous life and the evidence that he had gathered in front of him, it was not difficult to guess who was the mastermind behind the "Big-horned Rat God's descent."

"What should we do then?" Ice Storm asked.

"Should we follow the original plan and leave Black-corner City as soon as possible?"

"Wait."

Meng Chao's eyes glimmered with a strange light as he mumbled, "If my speculation is correct, we might be able to get a share of the spoils from the chaotic situation."

Ice Storm had seen such a light before...

When Meng Chao saw the mechanism under Blood Skull Temple and the Skull Crushers in the hands of the Origin Warrior, 249.

"What else do you want?" Ice Storm asked with a frown.

"Nothing. I'm just wondering why our appetites are so small. We only want to get a share of the spoils in Blood Skull Temple, but we have never thought of targeting the Blood Hoof Clan's temples, the Ironhide Clan, and the major clans in Black-corner City," Meng Chao asked.

Ice Storm was slightly startled, and she quickly said, "Do you even need to ask? The defenses of these temples are far stricter than that of Blood Skull Temple. It's very difficult for outsiders to approach them.

Moreover, even if there are no temple guards, the mechanisms inside the temples are not so easy to crack. We don't have the time or ability to break into so many temples at once!"

"That's right. It's already good enough for the two of us to deal with Blood Skull Temple."

Meng Chao smiled and said, "But what if someone has already helped us transport all the ancient weapons, totem armors, and priceless secret medicines that are enshrined in the temples of Black-corner City to the surface?"

Ice Storm widened her eyes. "You want to attack these 'temple thieves?'"

Chapter 1076: The Small Players' Strategy

"If they are just rat subjects who have reached the end of their patience and are rising up because of the freedom and dignity of all rat people, I will not touch a single hair on their head. Instead, I will be willing to lend them a hand."

"However, if the guy hiding behind the Rat God is not fundamentally different from the Blood Hoof warriors, he is just using the rat subjects and the blood of millions of rat people to irrigate his path of rise and victory..." Meng Chao sneered.

"What reason do we have to show these guys mercy?"

Ice Storm did not comment. She contemplated for a moment and asked, "Casanova and the other experts in the Blood Hoof Clan will return to Black-corner City at any time. If we continue to stay here, will we cause more trouble and end up being entangled by them instead?"

"It is precisely because the experts of the Blood Hoof Clan will return at any time that we can not leave at this moment. We must stay and disrupt the rhythm of the mastermind behind the chaos," Meng Chao said.

Ice Storm was puzzled. "Why? No matter who the mastermind behind the 'descent of the Rat God' is, his target isn't us. He doesn't even know of our existence. Why do we have to take the initiative to provoke such a madman who dares to attack all the temples in Black-corner City?"

Ice Storm did not know how great a disaster the 'madman' she spoke of would bring to Picturesque Orchid Lake, Dragon City, and even the entire Other World in the future.

It was also very difficult for Meng Chao to explain the doomsday in a few words and convince Ice Storm.

He could only explain it in another way.

"There are currently four 'players' participating in the game around Black-corner City."

Meng Chao said to Ice Storm, "The first is us, the second is the warriors, priests, and chiefs of the Blood Hoof Clan such as Casanova, the third is the rat people who rose up in revolt, and the fourth is the guy who planned the descent of the Big-horned Rat God.

"Among them, two or four players are mixed together. It is difficult to distinguish them. As a result, we subconsciously think that their positions and interests are the same.

“However, if we think about it carefully, we know that to player number four, player number three is just a chess piece that can be sacrificed at any time. He is not even a real player. He is just a ‘card’ in his hand.

“Not to mention anything else, just the tremendous explosion alone almost swept the entire Black-corner City with flames, shock waves, and whistles. No matter how hard they tried to avoid the area where the rats lived, countless rats must have been buried in the Raging Sea of flames and the collapsed ruins.

“If the guys who call themselves ‘envoys of the Rat Race’ really care about the freedom, dignity, and lives of the rats, they would never set off the so-called craze in such a simple and brutal way.

“The rat people are just a cover to cover their tracks and a cannon fodder to delay the Blood Hoof warriors.

“Then, please think about it. If we do nothing and let the envoys of the Rat god Rob most of the temples in Black-corner City according to their plan, and then leave Black-corner City through the underground passage without anyone noticing, do you think that they will still care about the rat people who are still in chaos in Black-corner City?”

Ice Storm thought for a moment, he somewhat understood what Meng Chao meant. “Of course not. Since the true purpose of the ‘emissary of the Rat God’ is not to save the rat people in Black-corner City, they will certainly run as fast as they can after the plan succeeds. They will run as far as they can. Why would they bring half of the rat people with them?”

“I think so, too.”

Meng Chao said, “Perhaps, during the implementation of the plan, they will maintain the unimpeded underground escape routes and send the elite rat subjects to organize and direct the rat subjects who are resisting to attract the Blood Hoof warriors’ attention and fury.

“At this moment, if any rat subjects escape, they probably won’t refuse. After all, who would refuse the cannon fodder who brought their own food and weapons with them?”

“However, from the moment their robbery was successful, the rat subjects who were still in Black-corner City had lost their value and were not worth saving anymore.

“The oracles of the rat race would certainly abandon the rat subjects and run away without looking back.

“If the rat subjects who had participated in the Resistance had a chance of survival because of the lack of cannon fodder on the frontline, they would have been killed.

“After they discovered that all the temples had been robbed, the rat slaves who stayed in Black-corner City did not even have a slim chance of survival in the face of the fury of the Blood Hoof Warriors.

“It was already the best outcome for them to be cut into thousands of pieces.

“For the two of us, such an outcome was not very beneficial.

“Compared to the Blood Hoof Clan or the guy hiding behind the big horn rat god, the two of us are alone after all. Even if we have two sets of relatively strong totem armors, it is impossible for us to kill our way in and out of a clan.

“Only by allowing these rich and powerful big players to maintain a high-intensity confrontation and collide with each other until their heads are bleeding and sparks are flying everywhere, can we insignificant small players wait until they are impatient and reveal their flaws so that we can stake everything!

“Also, I want to correct you on one point. It’s not that the other party doesn’t know of our existence. Or rather, even if they didn’t know in the past, they already know now.”

As Meng Chao spoke, he pointed at Blood Skull Temple in front of them.

After pondering for a moment, Ice Storm suddenly came to a realization.

That’s right. The Blood Skull Temple in front of them had already been taken over by her and Meng Chao.

There were still traces of the fierce battle between them and the Origin Warrior, 249.

Since the emissaries of the Rat God were all experts, it was not difficult for them to find out what had happened under Blood Skull Temple through the clues.

It was impossible to speculate about the lunatics who dared to attack the entire Black-corner City with common sense.

Even if Meng Chao and Ice Storm wanted to stay out of the trouble, once the lunatics locked onto their identities, there was no guarantee that they would not harbor deep malice toward them.

Passive defense had never been the style of the Turan people, much less Ice Storm.

She was only conflicted about the last point. “But we still have to go to crimson gold city to find my father.”

“Don’t you understand?”

Meng Chao said, “Think about it carefully. Which clan do you think the guy who planned the descent of the Rat God came from?”

“The Dark Moon, the Lightning, and the Divine Wood Clan?”

“Impossible. Putting aside the fact that the three clans are much weaker than the Gold Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan, they do not have the ability to overthrow the entire Black-corner City.

“Even if they really put in a lot of effort and accumulated tremendous power in the past fifty years of prosperity, how can they throw all this power at the Blood Hoof Clan at the beginning of the Battle of Honor?”

“After all, the Blood Hoof Clan is only ranked second among the five great clans. If the Blood Hoof Clan is severely weakened, apart from making the Gold Clan even more dominant and no one else being able to

balance the strength of those wolves, tigers, leopards, and golden lions, what benefits will there be for the other three clans?

“As the third, fourth, and fifth sons, if they want to protect their own interests, they can only adopt the attitude of ‘helping the weak’ in the competition between the eldest and the second sons. This is also the reason why the Blood Hoof Clan has been teaming up with the other three great clans to issue a challenge to the Gold Clan for the past thousand years.

“I don’t think that the chiefs of the three great clans would be so muddle-headed that they would kill a thousand of their allies and lose eight hundred of their own.

“Therefore, the rumor that the Blood Hoof Clan released a few days ago said that the emissary of the Big-horned Rat God is a spy of the Gold clan is very likely to hit the bull’s-eye.

“I’m guessing, no, I’m certain that this grand trick of ‘the arrival of the big horned rat god and the rise of the sixth clan’ definitely has something to do with the Gold Clan. At the very least, it has something to do with some ambitious people within the Gold Clan...”

Ice Storm was stunned when she heard this.

She, who didn’t know that Meng Chao had seen the correct answer long ago, was truly shocked by Meng Chao’s astonishing imagination and ability to explain himself.

“Of course, we have to go to Crimson Gold City to look for your father. The problem is, even if we successfully find him, then what?” Meng Chao asked

“What?” Meng Chao asked. “Are you able to convince him to willingly take out something that was related to a secret that you took away from your mother twenty to thirty years ago?”

“What if this thing is of great value to him, and even to ‘Jackal’ Kanus, whom he is currently working for?”

Ice Storm opened her mouth, but she was rendered speechless.

What should she do after she found her father?

This was a question that she rarely thought about and did not want to think about.

“If you want to sit at the card table, you’d better make sure that you have enough cards and chips in your pocket.”

Meng Chao said, “The ancient weapons, totem armors, and high-level secret medicines in the temples of Black-corner City, as well as the secrets behind the descent of the Rat God, are our ‘cards’ and ‘chips’. Do you agree?”

Ice Storm pondered for a long time.

She nodded solemnly. “I agree.”

Then, a sharp light shone from her eyes.

“Then, where should we go to find these emissaries of the Rat God? After we find them, should we kill them?”

The cheetah female warrior, who carried the Holy Light and totem on her back, immediately revealed her cold side once she made up her mind.

“Of course, we’ll go to the largest and oldest temple in Black-corner City, which has the most ancient weapons, armors, and secret medicines.”

“As for killing them, there’s no need to be so cruel, right? All we need to do is to launch a sneak attack, wreak havoc, and slow them down,” Meng Chao said.

“Only by keeping these guys in Black-corner City can we ensure that the secret escape routes from the underground of Black-corner City to the outside of the city are unimpeded. Only then can these guys ‘willingly’ attract the fury and firepower of the Blood Hoof warriors and help more rat slaves escape!”

Chapter 1077: Commanding Heights

Before the hooded rat elites entered Blood Skull Temple and found out the truth, Meng Chao and Ice Storm silently left the Blood Skull Arena like two shadowless ghosts.

At that moment, Black-corner City was still in chaos.

Groups of rat people were everywhere. Led by the hooded rats, they attacked the granaries and armories that had been destroyed by the explosions.

First, they used the lives of hundreds of rat slaves to exhaust the strength of the clan warriors and the sharpness of their weapons.

The hooded rat elites appeared in the darkness at the most critical moment, giving the exhausted clan warriors a fatal blow.

When they encountered really hard bones, they would blow them up from underground.

With this method, dozens of arenas and the granaries and armories of the major clans were broken through, swept up, and devoured by the Rat Tide.

The mandala fruits that were looted from the rat village by the conscription teams, as well as the weapons that were refined by the rat slave workers after they had squeezed out their blood and flesh, returned to the embrace of their true masters.

After eating the mandala fruits, the rat soldiers who were fully armed and had their faces smeared with the mud-like corpses of the clan warriors, and the fresh blood that they had wiped off, were gradually trained into a decent rebel army.

However, the true challenge for the rat rebel army had only just begun.

In the wilderness tens of miles away from Black-corner City, the various battle groups of the Blood Hoof Clan that were carrying out actual combat exercises had finally regained their organization and order.

The Blood Hoof powerhouses, high-level priests, and chiefs, who had been badly battered, had also discussed the strategy of returning to defend Black-corner City and suppressing the rat rebel army.

The furious Blood Hoof Legion marched toward Black-corner City, which was just a few feet away, at lightning speed.

The biggest difference between a newly-formed and inexperienced rebel army and the iron-blooded soldiers who had been through hundreds of battles was that they could be let go, but they could not be let go.

Under the stimulation of their passion and fanatical faith, it was possible for the newly-armed rat militia to charge toward the enemy without fear of death or even to be completely annihilated.

But now, the brains of many rebel army of the rat people were burning hot with the series of “victories” and the spoils of war.

They were so overjoyed that they forgot that their most important goal was to escape Black-corner City.

They had infiltrated their inner circle three to five months ago, the hooded rat elites, the messengers who had instilled in them that the Rat God would come, that all the rat people would be saved, and that they would establish their own glorious clan, had also mysteriously disappeared.

As a result, although the morale of the rat people’s rebel army, which had seized a large number of armories and granaries, was extremely high, their ability to organize had been greatly weakened, and they had become a ragtag group armed to the teeth.

Before many of the rat militia rose up, they were trapped in front of the forge and iron felt in the foundry.

They had seen the clan warriors’ most incisive methods, which were nothing more than whips wrapped with thorns in the hands of supervisors.

They were not like the rat militia in the arena, who had a very clear understanding of the clan warriors’ combat strength.

After relying on the surprise attack of the hooded elites to kill the third-rate clan warriors guarding the granary and the arsenal, many of the rebels even had the idea that, “The clan warriors are just so-so. With the swords, armor, and shields in the arsenal and the burning ruins, they can collide with the Blood Hoof Battle Group for a while.”

Of course, even if they wanted to escape Black-corner City at this time, it would not be so easy.

Although they had long been led by the Rat God’s emissaries to find, dig, and re-connect a large number of secret passageways left over from thousands of years ago in below Black-corner City, they could directly escape outside.

However, it was not easy to find these passageways in an environment where the entire city was ablaze with fire, smoke, and war.

Moreover, there were millions of rat people living in the entire Black-corner City.

All of them swarmed forward and soon, the secret escape route was completely packed.

If they wanted to let most of the rats escape Black-corner City, they needed time.

Time was more precious than golden fruits and the flesh of totem beasts.

In such a chaotic environment, Meng Chao and Ice Storm took back their totem armors and smeared a large amount of black mud on their faces and bodies. They also put on a few ragged rags, they disguised themselves as ordinary rat people.

After passing through the waves of rats who had red eyes, excited faces, and were shouting hysterically but meaninglessly, they found a high point nearby.

This was a large water tower.

It was also a construction miracle left behind by the ancient Turan people.

The clean water stored inside could meet the daily consumption of thousands of clan warriors.

As a result, the outer wall of the water tower was as hard as iron. Even in the harsh environment of the explosion in the city, it was not destroyed. Only a few cracks were created, and there was only a slight leakage.

From this water tower, one could overlook the gathering of Clan Warriors and the panoramic view of the noble areas in the deep mansions and courtyards.

Meng Chao activated his extraordinary vision and indeed saw a few figures draped in gray linen on top of the water tower. They were almost integrated with the environment.

Those should be the scouts of the rat militia.

They did not move for a full three minutes, and seemed to blend into the environment.

If Meng Chao had not condensed his psionic power onto his retina and cone cells, and had rich experience in stealth and hibernation, it would have been extremely difficult to discover their existence.

With such tactical literacy, it was impossible for them to be ordinary rat civilians, but the elite rat civilians that had been meticulously created by the mastermind for several years.

Meng Chao gestured to Ice Storm, signaling her to go up and finish them off.

Ice Storm also gestured back, indicating that these people were looking down from above. There were no blind spots in their field of vision. It was easy to finish them off, but it would be very difficult if they did not make any movements, making it impossible for them to send out even half a message.

Since they were elites, they must have something like signal fireworks on them. As long as they twisted, spun, and pulled lightly, their accomplices would notice.

Meng Chao agreed with Ice Storm's judgment.

He quickly scanned the battlefield environment. All kinds of information turned into complex data in his mind. The data, including wind direction and wind speed, instantly condensed into a simple and effective battle plan.

Meng Chao bent over like a giant gecko, swimming silently among the broken walls.

Soon, he sneaked to the southwest of the water tower, behind a burning house.

The house had been burned to crisp.

The beams and columns inside were cracking.

Meng Chao circled to the back of the house, calculated the angle, and stomped heavily, causing the house to collapse.

The fire immediately spread in all directions with the rolling beams and columns, igniting more houses nearby.

The smoke immediately spread out, several times denser than before. It also drifted toward the water tower under the push of the southeast wind.

Just as the smoke blocked the sight of the sentry on top of the water tower.

Meng Chao and the Ice Storm turned into two arrows that left the bow, flying wildly between the broken walls, their feet not touching the dust.

When the smoke dispersed, the two of them had already arrived under the water tower, stuck close to the high wall, and were in the blind spot of the Sentry's sight.

Meng Chao closed his eyes and adjusted the sensitivity of his cochlea and eardrum to the highest level.

Immediately, they heard clear heartbeats, the sound of lungs contracting, the sound of blood flowing, and the sound of bowel movement coming from the water tower.

There were three sentry soldiers on top of the tower.

By the standards of the mouse people, their combat strength was considered quite formidable.

But in Meng Chao and Ice Storm's eyes, it was nothing.

The two looked at each other. Without even making a plan, they jumped up at the same time.

When they instantly climbed to the height of dozens of arms and jumped onto the water tower, the three sentries were still curled up in the gray linen cloth, concentrating on observing the battle situation around them.

They did not realize that they were already three pieces of meat on the chopping board.

It was not until Meng Chao grabbed one of the sentry's ankles and shook him hard, causing his joints to scatter and he was in so much pain that he could not move, that the other two sentry realized that things were not looking good.

One of the Sentry had just jumped up, and he had only pulled out half of the saber at his waist when he was smashed to the ground by the huge ice block formed by the condensation of water vapor formed by Ice Storm.

At this moment, in Black-corner City, blood was steaming from the raging flames, causing the smoke to faintly turn scarlet red, and it was filled with a viscous and moist texture.

The ice formed by Ice Storm was also like a red crystal. It completely swallowed the sentry and froze him in the ice.

The third sentry was scared out of his wits.

He made a prompt decision and gave up drawing his knife. Instead, he took out a thin and long metal tube from his pocket.

It should be something like signal fireworks.

However, before he could break the pull ring at the bottom of the metal tube.

The dozens of crushed stones that shot out from Meng Chao's fingertips hit dozens of joints and numbness tendons around his body at the same time, making his ten fingers feel as if they were struck by lightning.

Ice Storm also managed to unleash a layer of icy fog in time, freezing his hands firmly, as though he had been thrown into a pair of ice crystal shackles.

Finally, the sentry collapsed to the ground.

Meng Chao pounced forward and held this guy's jaw tightly, not letting him make a sound as a warning.

At the same time, he released a strand of killing intent and asked in a deep voice, "Who exactly are you people? Who is your leader?"

Unexpectedly, the sentry was not affected by his killing intent at all.

Instead, it was activated by his killing intent in a certain area of his brain.

His eyes immediately turned red, and his expression was both fervent and ferocious.

"The Big-horned Rat God has already descended. The blood of tens of millions of rat people has long drowned the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake. The incomparably glorious Big Horn Clan will definitely rise in the torrential sea of blood!"

He was obviously stuck in Meng Chao's jaw, but he still struggled and squeezed out these words through the gaps of his teeth.

Meng Chao frowned slightly and backhanded chopped at the neck of the elite rat people, knocking him unconscious.

"The mouths of these diehard elements aren't so easy to pry open. Moreover, I reckon that they are only chess pieces and tools, and don't know the real secrets. They even think that the one they believe in and serve is really some Big-horned Rat God!" Meng Chao said to Ice Storm.

Chapter 1078: The Mantis Stalks the Cicada

The two of them tied the hands of the three unconscious rat subjects behind their backs, removed their jaws, and threw them to the side.

They put on their gray sackcloth and took their place, observing their surroundings.

From the top of the water tower, they could see everything around them. They could clearly see dozens of chaotic scenes, which together formed a panoramic view of the rat subjects sweeping through Black-corner City.

On the east side, the fully armed rat people, who had already broken through a few armories and granaries, were driven by extreme killing intent. They were currently attacking the military nobles' mansions.

On the south side, the fire was getting bigger and bigger, painting half of the sky red.

Gunpowder smoke was accompanied by strong winds, and like demons baring their fangs and brandishing their claws, they enveloped more than half of the city.

Whether it was the former rulers of the city or the present rebels, they all fell into the black maze, muddled and drifting with the current.

In the west, a dark crowd formed into groups of fleeing groups. They were escaping Black-corner City through the underground secret tunnel.

However, the capacity of the escape tunnel was limited, especially at the entrance and exit. For the sake of concealment, it was dug very narrow. The scene was so chaotic right then that the rat people would inevitably push and jostle each other. The vast majority of the rat people were still stuck on the streets, causing a few streets to be crowded.

If the Blood Hoof Army were to charge back to Black-corner City at this time, only a few dozen clan warriors equipped with totem armor would be enough. Armed with heavy weapons such as battle axes and maces, three to five charges would be sufficient to crush the poor rat people. They would all be trampled into minced meat.

In the north, a troop of rat people armed to the teeth was gathering on the open ground near the casting area. Then, they disappeared among the broken walls in an orderly manner.

Unlike most of the rat rebels who were blindly charging around like headless flies, the formation of these troops was clearly more orderly, and they had a more analytical temperament.

Meng Chao estimated that they were the most laborious and rebellious workers among the rat slaves.

By the standards of cannon fodder, they could be considered a strong army.

They were cannon fodder that the mastermind really wanted to get out of Black-corner City.

Therefore, a "VIP passage" was prepared for them.

As for the chaotic and boisterous rat tide on the street, they were just meat shields attracting fire and expendable among the cannon fodder.

In short, the entire Black-corner City was still like a volcano boiling with magma. It was impossible for it to calm down in a short period of time.

At that moment, Ice Storm poked Meng Chao gently and pointed at the battlefield closest to the water tower. "Look over there. There seems to be something strange."

Since the serial explosions had completely changed Black-corner City's appearance, it was initially difficult for Meng Chao to combine the burning ruins with Black-corner City's topographic map. He had memorized it during the Game of the Brave for half a month.

However, with the aid of the water towers, statues, lookout posts, the main roads, and other landmarks, he finally updated Black-corner City's topographic map and important facilities in the depths of his brain. He found that Ice Storm had pointed at the mansion of a barbarian elephant noble.

The barbarian elephant people were the largest tribe in the Blood Hoof Clan.

The barbarian elephant noble's mansion was naturally a huge military fortress.

Every rock that was used to build the military fortress was square, more than an arm long, and weighed nearly half a ton.

Amid the continuous methane explosions, the copper walls surrounding the fortress had collapsed and turned into gentle slopes.

However, atop the gentle slopes, the barbarian elephant warriors who stayed in the mansions assumed the stance of one man against ten thousand men. Even if they were old, weak, and disabled, when their eyes were wide open and they held huge axes in their hands, the rebel army would not be able to overcome them with numbers.

Logically speaking, the rebel army had no need to care about the barbarian elephant warriors' military fortress.

After all, there were not many barbarian elephant warriors left there. Besides, they were still confused and at a loss because of the methane explosions.

They had the responsibility of guarding the house and courtyard, so they could not rush out rashly and get involved in the furor caused by the rebel army.

The rat militia could and should avoid the mansions of the barbarian elephant nobles as well as other dangerous areas. They could run and guard each other at the same time.

However, there they were, a rat militia with more than a thousand soldiers. Their eyes were red, and they were making strange noises. They had seemingly gone mad as they swarmed the gentle slope. They rushed toward the war hammers and blades of the barbarian elephant warriors, who were also red-eyed.

In the raging wind caused by the flames, Meng Chao vaguely heard someone shouting at the top of their lungs, "Charge! Kill them! The Rat God will protect us and kill these barbarian elephant warriors!"

"The barbarian elephant people have the biggest appetite. There must be endless mandrake fruits in their granary. We can only have food on the way if we take down their granary. Otherwise, we will starve to death even if we escape Black-corner City!"

Those words seemed very reasonable at first glance.

It inspired the rat people's volunteer army.

Twenty to thirty rat people who were still considered healthy somehow found a huge mandrake tree trunk and carried it on their shoulders. Like a battering ram, they crashed into the barbarian elephant warriors who were guarding the gentle slope.

The barbarian elephant warriors roared and hacked their battle axes into the battering ram, splitting the mandrake tree trunk in half.

The rat militia that had been formed in a hurry did not work well together, and they immediately fell to the ground.

A barbarian elephant warrior's battle axe flew up and down like two ferocious hurricanes. In an instant, the lives of countless rat soldiers were taken.

However, the rat soldiers who had survived were so excited that their brains were on fire. They did not care about their own death at all. They only cared about whether or not they could bite off a piece of bloody flesh from the barbarian elephant warrior before they died.

Even Meng Chao, the Ghost Assassin who had just returned from an apocalyptic world, could not bear to look at the extremely tragic situation.

The point was, this battle could have been avoided. It should not have happened.

"The barbarian elephant people have a huge appetite. Their granary must contain an astronomical amount of food. Therefore, we have to break into this mansion and occupy the granary. Otherwise, even if we can escape Black-corner City, everyone will starve to death." Those words sounded very reasonable on the surface.

However, upon careful consideration, they simply could not withstand scrutiny.

That was because the mandrake fruits and flesh of totem beasts, which the Blood Hoof warriors had plundered from the entire Blood Hoof territory, were prepared for military operations that would last for several years.

Compared with the clan warriors who had a huge appetite, the rat people's appetite was even smaller than that of a sparrow.

The food stored in Black-corner City definitely far exceeded the amount of food that the rat people's rebel army needed to consume.

The problem was not that they could not find enough food.

It was whether they could transport all of this food out.

Therefore, there was no need to gnaw on the barbarian elephant fortress. It was such a hard bone, yet they were sacrificing hundreds of thousands of precious lives in vain. In the end, they might not even be able to chew and swallow this hard bone.

With the time and cost involved, would it not be good to look for other clans and granaries in the gladiator arena?

"There is indeed a problem. This is not a decision that any intelligent commander makes."

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes. His gaze was like a sharp razor, scanning the crowd of rat soldiers back and forth. He was trying to find the guy who had shouted for everyone to rush forward and die.

But, so what if he found the guy?

He was most likely just a chess piece that had been bewitched, brainwashed, and used.

“The key is the motive. Why would someone want these rat soldiers to attack the mansions of the barbarian elephant nobles at all costs?” Meng Chao muttered to himself.

As his mind raced, he immediately reacted.

He turned his gaze and shot into the bowels of the barbarian elephant’s mansion like a sharp arrow.

According to the intelligence he had gathered in the Game of the Brave, the mansion should belong to a barbarian elephant noble known as Broken Rock.

Broken Rock Clan’s history could be traced back to three thousand years ago.

It was one of the meritorious families that had rebuilt the Blood Hoof Clan after the great extermination order.

The Broken Rock Clan rose to prominence because they discovered an ancient temple that was more than three thousand years old underground in Black-corner City.

When he thought of that, Meng Chao massaged his temples gently and rubbed the bridge of his nose to stimulate different areas of his eyes.

By injecting spirit energy into his optic nerves and the cone cells, he extended the limits of his vision and read the abundant information contained in the visible and invisible light.

Three minutes later, he locked onto the temple that was hidden in flames and smoke.

He also discovered the hooded figures that appeared and disappeared around the temple.

He had to admit that these guys were also experts in stealth, infiltration, and hibernation.

Their gray cloaks that were covered in dust almost blended in with the surrounding environment.

If Meng Chao had not predicted their presence in advance and searched around the temple carefully, it would have been impossible to detect them.

Right then, the hooded elites were around the temple. They unwrapped the bulging bags on their backs and assembled the tools inside, preparing to break the temple’s defense system by force.

The guards of Broken Rock Clan were naturally deployed around the temple.

However, the temple guards were all scared by the surging tide of rat people. They rushed to the outer defense line of the clan fortress to suppress the rat militia’s frontal attack.

They did not expect an even more mysterious “treasure-hunting squad” to sneak in from behind.

“As I expected.”

Meng Chao's eyes were cold. "The guy who instigated the rat people to revolt doesn't care about the rat people's lives at all.

"From the moment the methane explosion took place, he was prepared to sacrifice thousands, no, hundreds of thousands, or even millions of rat people. He wants to disrupt the order in Black-corner City and attract the Blood Hoof warriors' fury and firepower.

"Right now, thousands of rats have been defeated by the battle axes of the barbarian elephant warriors. Even if they can trade hundreds of precious lives for a barbarian elephant warrior's serious injury, they will only suffer heavy losses against the barbarian elephant warriors.

"The only people who are truly taking advantage of the situation are the ones who have robbed the temple without anyone knowing.

Chapter 1079: The Strange Rock's Descent

The current battle situation was just like the miniature version of the Great Horn Rebellion that happened in Picturesque Orchid Lake before the Dragon City civilization broke through Monster Mountain Range in his previous life.

The dignity, anger, and lives of millions of rat people were all used and turned into stepping stones for ambitious people.

It made the ambition of ambitious people uncontrollable and ultimately led to the destruction of both the Dragon City civilization and the Turan civilization.

Thinking of this, Meng Chao snorted coldly, and the corners of his mouth curled into a malicious arc.

"Since you guys like to play the role of the 'Big Horn Rat God's emissary' so much, then please shoulder the responsibility of being an emissary!"

He looked around and soon found a square boulder with a diameter of more than one arm in the depths of the ruins that no one could see.

As he mumbled, totem power surged into his right arm.

A mysterious substance that looked like liquid metal seemed to be seeping out from the depths of his pores, forming a gorgeous armor that covered his entire right arm.

On the armor, the chains continued to extend, baring their fangs and brandishing their claws like a flood dragon, swallowing and spitting.

With a splash, Meng Chao shook the chains and entangled the giant rock he had chosen.

As spiritual energy continued to spurt out, dark red flames surged out of his entire right arm.

The chains, under the entanglement of the flames, turned into an almost transparent orange color.

Streams of spiritual energy that looked like magma poured into the boulder through the chains.

The temperature of the boulder kept rising, as if it had just arrived from outer space at lightning speed and was rubbing against the particles suspended in the atmosphere at a high speed. The burning shell of the boulder was emitting dazzling brilliance.

Meng Chao only stopped temporarily when the giant rock was heated to the point that it was almost melted into magma.

He took a deep breath and held the end of the chain with both hands. With his feet as the center of the circle, he spun it in circles, causing the giant rock to spin at high speed like a hammer.

His spinning speed became faster and faster. The burning giant rock gradually turned into a red storm around him.

When the roar of the storm was so strong that the entire ruins were about to collapse, Meng Chao roared and took aim at his target and let go.

The chains that were tightly wrapped around the boulder suddenly loosened as if they had a life of their own.

The boulder shot out, first passing through a cloud of thick smoke and concealing its origin.

Then, at a height of more than a hundred meters, it drew a nearly perfect arc, passing over the heads of the Mouse People's Volunteer Army and the Barbarian Elephant Warriors, as well as the copper walls and iron walls of the Shatterstone family, as if it had eyes, he crashed into the temple of the rock breaking clan precisely and violently.

Boom!

It must be noted that the giant rock was not simply burning on its shell.

Countless cracks had been created inside by Meng Chao's hidden force. The giant rock, which was filled with violent spiritual energy, was almost like an unstable 'Magma Bomb'.

The moment it crashed into the temple of the rock breaking clan, the giant rock exploded.

The broken rock swept across, and magma splashed everywhere. The Shockwave produced a deafening roar.

All of a sudden, the fierce battle between the barbarian elephant warriors and the Rat People's volunteer army was covered up.

The elite rat people in hooded cloaks thought that they were fooling around, and no one knew their plan. They were concentrating on assembling tools and spying on the underground.

Who would have thought that burning boulders would fall from the sky? Moreover, the boulders contained scorching magma and destructive spiritual energy!

These elite rat subjects were all experts with totem power and even totem armor.

Judging from the strength system of Dragon City, they were at least two-star and three-star extraordinaires.

Sensing the magma, gravel, and shock waves, they swept over.

They subconsciously activated the life magnetic field and extracted the totem armor, forming a solid defense in front of them.

This defense was bad!

They had indeed perfectly blocked the lava, gravel, and shockwaves outside.

Other than a few hooded cloaks that had some burns and burns on their exposed hands and feet to protect the tools to crack the temple, there wasn't much of a problem.

However, the spiritual ripples caused by the surging life magnetic field had been sensed by the brute elephant warriors a wall away!

Just now, The Brute Elephant Warriors had focused all their attention on the surging tide of rats outside the wall.

Coupled with the blind spot in their minds, they had never thought that anyone would dare to have designs on the temple.

That was why the elite rats had snuck into their own backyard without realizing it.

Right now, a 'meteorite' fell from the sky, screaming and burning at the same time. It crashed heavily into their own backyard, attracting the attention of all the brute elephant warriors.

Then, more than ten weird spiritual energy ripples were triggered from their own backyard.

Their own backyard was obviously empty. Where did the aura of so many experts come from?

The Brute Elephant warriors who had realized this were not in the mood to tangle with the ordinary rat militia.

A few barbarian elephant warriors immediately retreated to their own backyard and checked the area where the temple was located.

Their ears buzzed from the impact of the "Meteorite" landing, and the hooded cloaks with blank minds crashed into each other.

They looked at each other and were all dumbfounded.

The scene at that time was very awkward.

Both sides seemed to have turned into clay figurines.

Apart from the crackling and crackling of the flames, the scene was so quiet that even a needle fell to the ground. It was as if a battering ram had smashed into both sides' eardrums. Moreover, on both sides' brains and hearts., it turned into a deafening tsunami.

Three seconds later, both sides attacked at the same time.

The hooded cloaks turned into shadows that were almost incorporeal. They shot out tricky spikes from unbelievable angles.

When the temple was invaded, the barbarian elephant warriors, whose ancestral spirits had been blasphemed, were instantly burned red with anger. They burst out with astonishing strength, even though seven or eight spikes had pierced through their bodies at the same time, they also used their war hammers, battle axes, and spiked clubs to sweep away thousands of soldiers.

It was like a huge, invisible propeller that rumbled in the backyard of the broken rock clan.

It tore both sides into pieces in an instant, turning them into a thick rain of blood that gushed into the air.

Outside the high wall of the Shatterstone family, the pressure faced by the common rat militia was greatly reduced.

No matter how important the armory and granary were, they were not like the temples that enshrined the weapons and bones of their ancestors, which were related to the foundation of the Shatterstone family.

As such, most of the barbarian elephant warriors retreated while fighting. They gradually moved to the area where the temple was located in their own backyard.

“At most, we can temporarily give up the granary and armory. These lowly rats won’t be able to move much in a short period of time. We just need to firmly guard the temple and wait for the Blood Hoof Army to come back. Then, we can crush these rats in one go!”

The barbarian elephant warriors gritted their teeth and made a decision.

They were ready to vent their anger that had just been provoked by the ordinary rat militia on the despicable intruders of the temple.

With hundreds of corpses piled up, the road to the granary and the armory of the broken rock family was finally cleared.

The confused rat militia still did not know that they had just walked through the gate of Hell, where all the soldiers had been annihilated.

They also had no idea what was going on with the fierce battle that was breaking out in the backyard of the broken rock family.

Some people even thought that the burning meteorite that had just fallen from the sky was a ‘miracle’ that had been sent down by the giant-horned Rat God.

“The barbarian elephant warriors have retreated. The Barbarian Elephant Warriors have been beaten away by us!”

They opened their eyes wide in disbelief, dancing and crying in joy.

The Barbarian elephant people were the Blood Hoof clan, and even one of the largest high-level orcs in the entire area.

They were also a symbol of strength, valor, and strength.

Who would have thought that they would be able to defeat the powerful barbarian elephant warriors by relying on their own valor.

Such a victory had undoubtedly injected a rapid-acting heart-strengthening drug into the rebel army of the rat people.

It made their minds go blank, and they felt extremely bloated. All they wanted was to immediately charge into the shattered rock family's armory and granary.

Once these delirious mobs really charged into the armory and granary, they would be unable to extricate themselves from the glistening weapons and fragrant food.

Without half a day's time, it would be impossible for them to recover their organization and retreat in an orderly manner.

In that case, facing the furious Blood Hoof Army charging toward Black-corner city at high speed, only death awaited them, or a fate that was a hundred times worse than death.

Luckily, at this moment, someone shouted from behind the rat people's uprising army, "Not good, the Blood Hoof Army has returned. They are under Black-corner city, ready to attack at any time!"

The voice was like ice water floating in the air. It instantly cooled the rat people's Liberation Army's scalding brain.

No matter how confident they were, the Rat People's Liberation Army did not think that they could compete with thousands of bloody hoof warriors.

Their original plan was to create chaos in black-corner city and seize a batch of food and weapons. After that, they would immediately escape from this demon den.

No one knew how the bloodthirsty people gathered together, and who was the first to decide to attack the rock shattering family's mansion.

The rat militia who had regained their calmness did not care about the sharp and piercing scream that sounded like steel needles piercing their eardrums and touching their souls.

They did not have the time to think. They were still far from the city wall, so how did the person who made the scream know that the Blood Hoof Army was close at hand and approaching the city.

In any case, even if the Blood Hoof Army was dozens of miles away from black-corner city.

If they advanced at full speed, the vanguard forces would be able to enter the city within one to two hours.

And they would not be able to empty the granary and armory of the broken rock family within one to two hours.

Since that was the case, leaving behind hundreds of rebel army corpses was a waste of time that was more precious than life. What was the reason for attacking the broken rock family?

Realizing this, the rebel rat army broke out in cold sweat.

They were both annoyed and glad.

At this moment, another voice came from the back of the crowd, "The emissaries of the Rat God are waiting for us in the north. They have already gotten enough food and armories. Let's not delay any longer. Let's head north, north!"

Chapter 1080: The Future's Changing

Yesterday, they were still in the workshops, farms, and arenas of Black-corner City. Threatened by the noble elders' whips, they kept squeezing out all their blood and sweat. Today, they were filled with anger. The rebel soldiers who fought back in the desperate situation did not lack the courage to face death.

What they lacked the most was a backbone and a calm, wise brain, telling them what to do and how to do it.

Therefore, when someone shouted, "North, north!", everyone looked to the north without thinking twice.

They immediately realized that the north of Black-corner City was indeed different from the other areas.

The fire there was less intense, and the smoke was lighter. There were also no deafening explosions or collapsing sounds.

The chaos in the north seemed to have subsided. It was very likely that the rat militia had completely taken control of the area.

Immediately, everyone shouted at the same time, "North! North!"

The line at the back turned their spearheads and slowly moved toward the north.

At the front, the soldiers of the rebel army who had just fought the barbarian elephant warriors for three hundred rounds were still hesitant at first.

After all, they had paid a terrible price to take down the Broken Rock Clan's armory and granary.

Seeing that the mountain-like mandala fruits, the glittering sabers, and the armor were all right in front of them, they could not help but feel reluctant to leave now.

However, the "oracles" of the rat people who had been fighting side by side with them and cheering for them along the way had vanished without a trace at some point in time.

They looked at each other in bewilderment.

As more and more soldiers of the rebel army retreated to the north, they could not do anything on their own. Therefore, they had no choice but to follow the main force and break away from the barbarian elephant warriors who were eyeing them covetously.

The barbarian elephant warriors who were guarding the Broken Rock Clan also breathed a sigh of relief.

As the saying went, "enough ants may bite an elephant to death." Although they boasted the strength and courage to fight against a hundred of them at once, the number of the rat subjects was too great.

However, the momentum of the rat subjects was too crazy. Like waves after waves of burning waves, they crashed into their blades, making their arms ache and their hearts tremble.

In addition, the clan's temple had been invaded, so they did not have the intention to tangle with the ordinary rats. They just watched the soldiers of the volunteer army leave and did not try to stop them.

Just like that, the thousands of soldiers in the volunteer army, who were likely to die there, withdrew from the Broken Rock Clan's shooting range in less than ten minutes and disappeared behind the flames and smoke in the north.

As a result, the hooded elites, who had "secretly invaded" the Broken Rock Clan's temple, suffered.

Although they had received extremely harsh professional training, they were ultimately engaged in shady business.

After being discovered and surrounded by the furious barbarian elephant warriors, their morale was greatly reduced.

They immediately suffered a great loss in the bloody battle where both sides suffered heavy losses.

If they wanted to escape, there were already many hooded elites carrying specialized tools deep into the temple. They were stuck in the traps, unable to move.

Plus, the tens of thousands of Blood Hoof troops would return to defend at any moment and appear in front of them.

The hooded elites, who were in a sorry state, really wanted to die.

"That rock! That burning rock, where did it come from?"

"Why? Why did it land on our heads?"

"Where's the main force? Why did the main force that attacked the Broken Rock Clan retreat? Shouldn't they cover us at all costs?"

Before their heads were smashed by the war hammer of the barbarian elephant warriors and their spines were broken by their long noses, the hooded elites screamed with their eyes wide open.

Meng Chao lay dormant in the darkness.

Like a shadow, he merged into one hundred shadows.

The screams of the hooded rat elites could be heard. Seeing that they could not escape, they could only tear off their disguises and activate their totem armors to fight the barbarian elephant warriors. In turn, they used their own lives to cover the volunteer army's retreat.

Meng Chao then swung his sleeves and sneaked back to Ice Storm's side.

Looking down from the water tower, Ice Storm stared at Meng Chao for half a minute before asking, "Have you always been like this?"

Meng Chao asked, "Like what?"

“That’s right, you don’t have to do things yourself. As long as you fan the flames and sow discord, you can guide everyone like your chess pieces and act according to your will,” Ice Storm said.

Meng Chao shrugged and spoke noncommittally. “Many times, fighting and harvesting monsters... Well, the materials on the totem beasts are the same thing. You don’t need to use too much strength to chop and smash them. As long as you find a flaw, even if you blow on it lightly, you can separate the most delicate organs.”

Ice Storm understood what he meant and could not help but laugh. “These hooded elites have really been ruined by you.”

“If they are truly fanatics of the Rat God and believe that their sacred duty is to save all the rat people and establish the sixth clan, then sacrificing themselves to allow several hundred times more rebel soldiers to escape Black-corner City is their unshirkable mission.”

Meng Chao said, “If they have ulterior motives from the beginning and only want to use thousands of rat people to achieve their unspeakable goals, then I’m just returning the favor.

“No matter what, it can’t be said that I’m harming them. At most, they are harming themselves and others.”

There was no perfect proverb in the Turan language that could be exactly translated into, “Give them a taste of their own medicine.” Meng Chao stumbled.

It was precisely because of this that Earth’s deep cultural heritage was revealed. It allowed Ice Storm to vaguely sense a civilization that was different from the Turan and Holy Light civilization but was equally powerful and ancient.

Ice Storm looked at Meng Chao deeply and asked, “How do you know that the north is the only way to survive?”

“Because a large number of well-organized volunteer troops composed of miners and foundry workers have gathered in the north.”

“The best cannon fodder,” Meng Chao explained. “No matter who the mastermind behind the Rat God’s arrival is, as long as he wants to cause more trouble on a larger scale, he will need the best cannon fodder.

“As long as the rat population of the city can march northward, the well-organized and well-armed volunteer army will not leave them to die.

“When both parties are involved, it will be impossible to save a certain part of them and leave the rest of them here to die.

“In the end, the mastermind can only brace himself and help the rat population volunteer army, which is much more than expected, escape Black-corner City.

“Otherwise, the temple was not plundered entirely, and the cannon fodder was barely recruited. He put in a lot of effort and invested an astronomical amount of resources into this earth-shaking operation, and it was all for naught!”

“A bigger mess?”

Ice Storm clicked her tongue in surprise. She looked around and felt that it was unreal. “Do you think that there is a bigger mess than blowing up almost half of Black-corner City?”

“Of course.” Meng Chao grinned.

He knew that no one would believe him.

For thousands of years, none of the people in Picturesque Orchid Lake, whether they were the clan warriors or the self-belittling rat people, had realized the power hidden deep inside the rat people’s humble bloodlines.

Only Meng Chao knew very well that in his previous life, this power had gathered into a rat rebellion that swept across Picturesque Orchid Lake and destroyed the thousand-year rule of the Gold Clan, Lion Clan, and Tiger Clan!

Compared with the collapse of the Lion and Tiger Clan’s rule, a mere Black-corner City was nothing.

“Alright. Although the issue concerning Broken Rock Clan has been resolved, there are still many places where the rats are still hot-blooded and obsessed. We must guide them to calm down as soon as possible so that they can leave the battle and escape Black-corner City!”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked far into the distance in the Blood Hoof temple’s direction outside the city.

He saw that on the horizon, there was an extremely faint, extremely thin pillar of smoke that seemed as if it could be broken by a gentle breeze.

However, every time he blinked, the pillar of smoke would become thicker and thicker.

It was the Blood Hoof Clan’s army. The dust that their iron hooves stirred up intertwined with the flames of revenge and rising flames of war.

“There is no time.”

Meng Chao said to Ice Storm, “You should have looked carefully just now. Where is the next target that the hooded elites will most likely choose?”

“There.”

Ice Storm pointed southwest, about seven hundred or eight hundred steps away, toward a burning neighborhood. “It is the residence of the Copper Hammer Clan, which is second only to the Ironhide Clan in strength among the wild boar people. It also has a long history, while its members are said to worship countless secret medicines and artifacts in their temple.

“A fierce battle is going on in that area. A lot of rat soldiers are still there. If we don’t find a way to calm them down, when the Blood Hoof Army returns to Black-corner City, they will definitely be trampled into minced meat!”

“Alright.”

Brilliance flashed in Meng Chao's eyes. "Then, let's go there and see what kind of 'surprises' we will encounter in the Copper Hammer Clan's temple!"

The facts proved that Meng Chao was not wrong.

The mastermind had invested an immeasurable amount of resources in the operation to subvert Black-corner City.

More than ten elite teams made up of hooded individuals took advantage of the surging tide of rats and attracted most of the clan warriors and the guards of the temple. Under the cover of the raging flames and thick smoke, they climbed over the collapsed walls and secretly sneaked into Black-corner City. They had existed in the temple long before the military nobles who had been passed down for thousands of years had made a name for themselves.

If everything went smoothly, the ancient weapons, totem armors, and ancient formulas that were enshrined in the temple, as well as the unique secret medicines, would all be plundered by them.

Then, these things would fall into the hands of the ambitious.

They would not be of any help to the cause of the millions of rats fighting for freedom and dignity.

The soldiers of the rebel army, who were facing death with the hottest blood and the hardest bones as they attacked the clan warriors' sharpest blades, still did not realize that they were only the 'cost' in 'at all costs.'

This was what had happened in the bloody future in Meng Chao's previous life.

And now, this d*mned future was quietly changing bit by bit!