

Oh My God 1101

### **Chapter 1101: The Road to Life and Death**

With such high morale, the Great Horn officer did not miss the chance to distribute new swords, golden fruits, as well as a pill sealed with wax and engraved with mysterious runes, to all the rat people.

“This is the divine medicine given to us by the Rat God!”

The Great Horn officer roared, “As long as our faith in the Rat God is strong enough and the situation is critical enough, we can bite into this divine medicine and pour in the Rat God’s supreme divine power. The rat warriors will then be able to fight the clan warriors!”

“Remember, from this moment on, you will no longer be pigs and sheep that are at the mercy of others. You will be the most loyal, glorious, and brave warriors of the great horn rat god. Raise Your Sabers High and unleash your fury to the fullest. Let all the enemies see how terrifying the insignificant rat soldiers of the past are when they gather into a storm!”

Inside and outside the entire camp, there were wild cheers.

Amid the cheers, Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and carefully studied the ‘divine medicine’ that was distributed to him.

He plucked an extremely soft and fine hair from his arm.

He poured his spiritual energy into the hair and made it as hard and straight as a steel needle.

Then, he carefully poked a small hole that was almost invisible to the naked eye on the wax.

He put the small hole under his nose and sniffed it carefully for a moment. Meng Chao smelled a familiar smell.

After a moment of silence, he raised his eyebrows.

Several of the raw materials contained in this “Divine medicine” were similar to the “Shenbian capsule” of Long Cheng.

They were all extremely stimulating and could instantly magnify the secretion of dopamine, enkephalin, adrenaline, and other hormones in the human body by dozens of times, activating the potential of the cells, they were tiger and Wolf medicines that could crazily increase the efficiency of the transformation of the quality and energy of the mitochondria.

In Dragon City, the god transformation capsule could allow the bandits, who were ordinary people, to have the ability to temporarily fight against low-level extraordinary people.

And this so-called “Divine medicine given by the Rat God” seemed to be more stimulating than the god transformation capsule, and the medicinal effect should also be better.

Of course, there was a price to pay for activating the potential of life.

In Dragon City, bandits who had taken the god transformation capsule often died or were injured after an intense battle. In the best case, they would collapse on the ground due to exhaustion and would need to recuperate for ten days to half a month before they could slightly recover their strength.

In the worst case, they would spontaneously combust on the spot or be burned alive into a dried corpse because of the evaporation of all the moisture in their bodies.

Presumably, the price to pay for taking the “Divine medicine given by the Rat God” would only be more tragic.

However, for the fugitives, this was the only way they could contend with the pursuers.

The hundred-man team that received the weapons, food, and divine medicine immediately set off.

The condition of the rapid march today was even worse than yesterday.

On one hand, they knew that the pursuers were behind them, and they could even use the advantage of galloping their horses to go around them from the side.

No matter how high the morale was, the rats were still uneasy.

Whether it was fear or excitement, it would cause their bodies to stiffen and their movements to change shape. When their speed slowed down, it would also waste a lot of energy.

On the other hand, a short night of rest and recuperation was completely unable to make up for the exhaustion of their physical strength and health during the process of escaping from black-corner city.

Their tensed nerves suddenly relaxed. It would not be so easy to reconnect them again.

No matter how the experienced old bear skin or the energetic round bone club commanded, they could not make the 100-man team maintain the most basic marching formation.

Many of the rat people widened their eyes. Their arms were propped up, protruding thick veins. If there was the slightest movement of the wind or the grass, even if the startled birds in the forest flew up, they would draw their swords and sabers, it was as if they were facing a great enemy.

It was literally the sound of the wind and the sound of the crane, as if the grass and trees were alarmed.

They marched like this until noon. Only then did they walk 20 to 30 miles and find a lake formed by the convergence of spring water.

The lake was not big. It was used as a place to draw water by tens of thousands of fugitives. The water in the lake was almost dry, and there were messy footprints all around.

Further forward from this lake, the field was divided into two distinct parts by the meandering branches of the Tulan River.

On the left was a boundless grassland. The dense grass grew to waist-high, even reaching the chest and the head of the rat people.

On the right, due to the influence of the underground spiritual veins, countless mandala trees dozens of meters tall were growing. At this moment, they were full of colorful flowers.

The mandala trees had been genetically modified, and their roots were extremely well-developed.

In many places where the crystal ore veins were extremely deep, its roots could even grow to dozens of times the size of the tree crown, absorbing every bit of spiritual energy deep underground into its body.

With this advantage, almost no plant could compete with it.

Except for a few accompanying plants that were beneficial to its growth, it was impossible for weeds to grow beside the mandala tree.

Moreover, high-level orcs liked to build towns beside the mandala forest.

Not only was it convenient for them to harvest food at any time, but the tree trunks, branches, and leaves were also essential raw materials for building towns and daily life.

Therefore, in the not-so-dense mandala forest, there were a few roads that were obviously artificially repaired.

One of the straight roads even passed through a mandala tree that more than a dozen strong men could not hug together. It was called the "King of Trees", as if a tunnel had been opened up on the tree trunks. It was a wonderful sight.

Although the path on the right side was obviously easier to walk on than the one on the left.

However, the old bear skin and the round bone club still chose to turn left without hesitation.

Judging from the footprints on the ground, all the fugitives in front of them had made the same choice.

Of course.

The right side seemed to be a smooth path, but to the pursuers, it was also a main path.

Because the mandala tree's roots were too developed, the forest was not too lush. It had also been artificially cut down, and there were crisscrossing roads. To the Centaur warriors, it was not an obstacle at all.

In front of them were the towns of the Bloody Hoof clan. Even if the defending troops were old, weak, and disabled, it was more than enough to stop these hastily formed troops.

The grassland on the left seemed flat.

However, the grass that was half the height of a person was the best cover for the fugitives.

Moreover, there were many rodents that were good at digging holes on the grassland. The seemingly flat grassland might be filled with pits. If the pursuers dared to let go of their speed, they might lose their footing at any time.

The fugitives wanted to go to the border between the Bloody Hoof clan's territory and the golden clan's territory from here. Although they would have to go through more trouble, the probability of escaping was greatly increased.

However, Meng Chao stayed beside the messy footprints for a long time.

While most of the rat people were drinking from the lake, he stretched out his finger and quickly wiped the mud, sending it under his nose to sniff carefully.

Then, as if he had found something, his eyes emitted a sharp light, scanning the surroundings, especially the mandala forest.

“What did you discover?”

Ice Storm asked.

“Do you know where these two roads lead to?” Meng Chao pointed to the left and right sides of the lake.

On the right side was a straight and flat road paved with rocks.

On the lush grassland on the left side, there was originally no road, but now that it had been trampled by hundreds of thousands of fugitives, it had formed dozens of crisscrossed, intertwined, and messy paths.

“On the left is the sky-sinking grassland. It’s hundreds of miles to the north. After a few more mountains, we’ll arrive at the sky-sinking rift valley. That’s the lowest and most complicated place in the entire Lan Ze. It’s as dangerous as the Eternal Night Abyss in the north, and it’s also the dividing line between the territory of the Blood Hoof clan and the Gold clan. It’s not surprising that the main force of the Great Horn Army is stationed in the sky-sinking Rift Valley.”

Although ice storm had stayed in black-corner city for two years, she had always been thinking about her father who was in Crimson Gold City. Naturally, she had asked many merchants about the journey from black-corner city to Crimson Gold City and the terrain along the way.

She knew it like it was her family’s treasure, “As for the right side, it’s the war drum forest. It’s said that it’s blessed by the sacred ancestral spirit. The mandala trees here bear huge and full fruits. Every time they mature and gather, they can’t be picked at all. They can only let them fall to the ground with ‘Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang’. It’s like a war drum that keeps on beating. It’s considered one of the important food producing areas of the Blood Hoof clan.

“In order to transport a large number of mandala fruits, so many wide and flat roads have been opened in the forest. Moreover, a town of 100,000 people has been built in the depths of the forest — war drum city. There are several wealthy clans with thousands of years of history living in the city, and a large number of elite warriors are stationed there. Their duty is to protect the granary, to prevent the Gold clan from having any brainless people come to the war drum forest to take advantage of them.”

Meng Chao was deep in thought. “In other words, if the fugitives choose to leave through the Forest of war drums, they will easily fall into a desperate situation where there are pursuers behind them and obstacles in front of them?”

“Of course.”

Ice storm said, “Any fugitives who come here will look at the hollow prairie. If they choose to leave through the Forest of war drums, they will definitely die!”

“That’s interesting.”

Meng Chao took a few steps to the right and squatted on the ground, carefully observing the traces left on the ground.

After a while, he picked up an insignificant thing from the mud with his thumb and Pinky Finger.

"This is..." Ice Storm raised his eyebrows slightly.

"A hair," Meng Chao said.

"A hair?" Ice Storm didn't understand what he meant.

In the past day and night, at least a hundred thousand or even more fugitives had passed by this place.

What kind of problem was it when a few strands of hair fell off one after another?

"This is not an ordinary hair."

Meng Chao said unhurriedly, "Judging from its luster, elasticity, and toughness, this is a strand of hair that fell off from an elite warrior who was full of vitality, strong spiritual energy, and surging totem power in his body.

"The hair is the head of the spiritual energy. For people who have been malnourished for a long time, the hair will certainly wither and split apart.

"The hair has fallen for at least half a night, but it is still oily and lustrous. It is not hard to imagine that its owner must be very powerful

Chapter 1102: Most Important Achievement

Ice Storm secretly made a comparison between Meng Chao's hair, her own, and the other rat people.

She had to admit that Meng Chao was a very perceptive guy. He was absolutely right.

Even if they could adjust their muscles and bones to mimic the posture of the ordinary rat people, they would still be able to see through their hair.

However, no matter how much dirt they smeared on their bodies or how much dust they sprinkled on their bodies, they would not be able to completely cover their oily hair.

"So?"

Puzzled, Ice Storm said, "There are indeed quite a lot of experts in the Great Horn Army, just like the temple thieves who sneaked into Black-Horn City. They are all experts above the level. It's not surprising that such a hair fell, is it?"

"So, I followed the hair and found a footprint of the enemy."

Pointing at one of the messy footprints on the ground, Meng Chao said to Ice Storm, "Take a look. Is the footprint light and even when it touches the ground? Does it look like it can walk on snow without leaving a trace?"

“You must know that after the bloody battles in black-horn City and the day-and-night march, the ordinary rat soldiers were so tired that their calves and stomachs were shaking. It was only through their willpower that they were able to march forward. They could not control their flesh and bones at all. The force exerted by the soles of their feet was uneven. One of them was deep, while the other was shallow. The footprints were uneven. They were even dragging the soles of their feet, leaving deep marks on the mud.

“None of these phenomena exist on the footprint that I found. If I’m not wrong, this must be the footprint left by a thief of the temple.”

“I still don’t understand.”

The ice storm said, “Since the thief of the temple had succeeded, he naturally had to retreat to the border between the territory of the Bloody Hoof clan and the territory of the Gold clan with a large group of rats. This was the last place to draw water before entering the sunken grassland, and it was also the route that the fugitives had to pass through. What’s so strange about the thief of the temple staying here and filling his water bag with water and leaving a footprint?”

“Indeed, as you said, the temple thieves mixed among a large number of rat people. It’s not surprising that they appeared here and left a footprint.”

Meng Chao said, “What’s strange is that so many temple thieves only left this footprint.”

“...”

Ice Storm did not understand what Meng Chao meant for a moment. She thought for a moment and said, “Maybe they left more footprints, but they were trampled by the later fugitives?”

“Or perhaps, they cleaned up the traces they left behind and only left behind this ‘fish that escaped the net’,” Meng Chao said.

Ice storm frowned. “There’s no need to clean up the traces they left behind, right? The Blood Hoof clan already knows of their existence. Even if they wiped away all the footprints, the Blood Hoof Warriors would not give up on chasing after them all the way to the sky-sinking Prairie!”

“What if they didn’t walk into the sunken grassland?”

Meng Chao said, “What if these temple thieves did the opposite and used everyone’s preconceived notions to walk into the war drum forest?”

“Then, should they clean up their footprints before entering the forest?”

Icestorm’s eyes widened.

Then, his mouth opened.

“I know. You think that this is just my speculation, and there is no evidence to support it.”

Meng Chao said calmly, “Then, apart from this hair and half a footprint, I also smell a fragrance. The special fragrance from my tracking powder came from the depths of the war drum forest.”

Icestorm narrowed his eyes and fell into deep thought.

"I still remember that when we encountered the temple thieves who died in battle in black-corner city, I would secretly sprinkle some tracking powder into their hair. I hoped that the surviving temple thieves would rub some tracking powder on their bodies when they moved the corpses, leaving us with precious traces."

Meng Chao smiled and said, "Now, it seems that the unintentional intervention has been a great help

"Are you saying that the thieves of the temple have all gone to the 'dead end' on the right?"

"Yes," ice storm said hesitantly. "However, deep inside the war drum forest, there is a military town where elite Blood Hoof Warriors are stationed

"That is usually the case

"In the past few months, all the warriors of the clans from the entire blood hoof territory have gathered in black horn city to participate in the 'game of the Brave'. They even have to arrange their seats and make a blood sacrifice as an alliance.

"This is a major event that concerns the immediate interests of every clan. Will the bloody hoof nobles, who are entrenched in the depths of the Forest of war drums, not send their elite soldiers to show their skills in Black Horn City?"

"I reckon that the most elite forces of these clans are certainly not stationed in the depths of the Forest of war drums at the moment — the Elite Forces are all behind us!

"Moreover, hundreds of thousands or even millions of fugitives have suddenly barged into the sunken grassland, which is just a line away from the war drum forest. Will the war drum forest not deploy their elite troops to intercept them with all their might?"

"After splitting up the troops again and again, I feel that the number of Blood Hoof Warriors stationed in the war drum forest must be very small.

"Not to mention that the blood hoof warriors who are in a terrible situation have to deal with a huge trouble."

"What trouble?"

"The rat people in the forest of war drums!"

"I think that you have underestimated the seriousness of the 'arrival of the Rat God'," said Meng Chao.

"Do you think that turning black-corner city upside down is the greatest result of the war?"

"Wrong. The greatest result of the war is not the number of rats that escaped from Black Horn City.

"But the rats that lived in every corner of Tulanze and outnumbered the warriors of the clan by dozens of times suddenly realized that the warriors of the clan were not as invincible as they had imagined. Their seemingly rock-solid rule was not unshakable.

"The Blood of glory that flowed in the bodies of the warriors of the clan was not invincible. The rat people were not born to be cowardly and lowly. Although their bodies and appearances were vastly

different, who was not a body of flesh and blood with two shoulders and one head? “If one knife was not enough, one knife would be stabbed again. No one was absolutely invincible!

“The shattering and reshaping of such a concept was far more powerful and lasting than blowing up black-corner city.

“Even if Tu Lanze’s message was not delivered conveniently, the other four clans still did not know such a shocking feat.

“But the Forest of war drums, which is not far from black-corner city, must have received the news a long time ago.

“What do you think the rats living in the Forest of war drums will feel and their attitude?

“And what will the Blood Hoof Warriors, whose numbers are far from enough to control so many rats, feel and their attitude when they see the surging, unpredictable rats?”

The more ice storm thought about it, the more he felt that Meng Chao’s words made sense.

Although all the elite soldiers and generals of the Blood Hoof clan had gathered in black-corner city.

The rat subjects were not like that.

Because there were too many rat subjects. Normally, no one counted the number of rat subjects.

Neither the rulers of black-corner city nor the local towns knew how many babies the unrestrained rat subjects had given birth to in the past 50 years, nourished by the abundant mandala fruits, how many pups did these pups give birth to in just over 10 years.

The recruitment team formed by the Warriors of the clan merely combed through the territory of the Bloody Hoof clan and captured a large number of strong and strong rat people, enough to squeeze them for a while.

There were also a lot of smart rat people who either heard the news that the old warriors were “Recruiting” or heard the elders talking about what would happen when the mandala flowers bloomed.

Before the recruiting team arrived, they had already snatched all the mandala fruits near their homes and hid in the deep forests and underground caves.

How could the honorable warriors hide in the deep forests or even underground caves and play cat and mouse with the dirty and smelly rats?

The rats that stayed in their homes were enough to be exhausted for a while, so they didn’t need to worry about the hiding guys for the time being.

When their food was slowly depleted, they would eventually come out of their hiding places and approach black-corner city and the major towns to serve the Lords.

Even the rats that had been ‘recruited with honor’ were not all brought to black-corner city.

Many of the rats were brought to the mines and mines that were scattered all over the territory of the bloody feet clan.



Some of the rats raised totem beasts and ordinary wild beasts that had been tamed by the warriors of the clan on the prairie.

There were also a large number of rat people who had to carefully take care of the accompanying crops of the mandala tree, trying to harvest a tiny bit of food from these accompanying plants.

Originally, when the mandala tree was full of fruits, the high-level orcs did not care about these dry, tasteless, and rarely produced accompanying crops.

However, since the mandala tree no longer bore fruit, no matter how small the grasshopper was, it was still meat. In any case, the cost of driving the rat people was close to zero. It could fool the Rat People's stomachs and help the lords save a few mandala fruits stored in the warehouse, it was also good.

Therefore, in the territory of the Bloody Hoofs clan, there were still ten times more rat population than in black-corner city.

In the local area, the ratio between them and the bloody hoofs warriors was even greater than the ratio between the rat population and the Warriors in black-corner city.

The war drum forest was the most typical example.

It was originally the Big Granary of the Bloody Hoofs clan. In the prosperous era, it naturally gave birth to countless rat population.

Moreover, since it was called a forest, there were always places to hide no matter how sparse the trees were.

Nobody knew how many 'legal' rat subjects who were enslaved and oppressed were living in the Forest of war drums.

Nobody knew how many 'illegal' rat subjects who were hiding in the darkness to avoid 'conscriptio'.

If the rat subjects heard about what had happened in Black Horn City and were incited by a few 'emissaries of the Rat God'..

The Blood Hoof Warriors who were stationed in the depths of the Forest of war drums were not only in a terrible situation, but they were also having a hard time protecting themselves!

"Now that you mention it, it seems that the forest of war drums is easier to break through than the desert!"

Ice Storm's eyes brightened before they dimmed again. He frowned and said, "If that's the case, why did the Great Horn Legion allow the fugitives to break out of the Desert?"

### **Chapter 1103: The Trial of Death**

"Hundreds of thousands of fugitives can only walk through the empty grasslands. This involves the pursuers' fighting will."

Meng Chao said, "Earlier in the camp, the Great Horn officer was right. The fugitives are not the main problem of the Blood Hoof Clan. No matter how furious the chiefs and priests are, as long as there is still a trace of rationality left, it is impossible for them to come out in full force to hunt down the fugitives."

“Why?”

Ice Storm asked, “The fugitives overturned the entire Black-corner City and humiliated the Blood Hoof Clan!”

“A qualified commander would not start a war rashly out of anger.”

Meng Chao said, “I believe that the Bloody Hoof clan, which has a deep foundation, has more or less a few qualified commanders.

“Yes, the serial explosions and the theft of the temple in black-horn city have indeed embarrassed the bloody hoof clan. But just to save face, the entire army has been dispatched to the boundless sky-sinking prairie to hunt down a group of dirty, lowly, and hiding rats?

“Then, what should we do in the supreme power struggle between the Blood Hoof clan and the Gold Clan?

“Other than black-corner city and the sky-sinking prairies, who will intimidate and suppress the restless rats in the other places in the territory of the Blood Hoof Clan?

“Will the Blood Hoof clan participate in the Battle of Honor that the army is marching north to the land of Holy Light?

“For the chiefs and priests who are in control of the Bloody Hoof clan, the most important issue at this moment is not revenge, but cleaning up the mess, maintaining order, and ensuring that the bloody hoof army is still an army that is firmly united and ready to fight at any time. Moreover, this army still has sufficient food, weapons, and various war resources.

“As for the rat folk servants and slave laborers, there are plenty of them everywhere. It will be fine as long as they are rerecruited.

“The rat folk who are recruited again have never experienced the shock of black-corner city. They still have some respect for the blood hoof warriors deep in their bones, which makes them easier to control and exploit. They are the better cannon fodder.

“As for the fugitives who have rushed out of black-corner city, even if they have caught up with them and captured them, what will happen next?

“If they were reorganized into slaves or cannon fodder troops, they would have ignited the fire of resistance in their hearts a long time ago. It would be impossible for them to completely obey the orders of the Blood Hoof Warriors. They would be acting behind their backs, slacking off, or even sabotaging them on purpose. Besides, the fire of resistance would spread like a plague. Wouldn't it be a waste to 'pollute' the rat folk who came from the local areas and did not witness the misery of black-corner city?

“Or, kill them all?”?

“Of course, this method is very satisfying, but it can't solve the problem of the lack of manpower and resources of the Blood Hoof clan. It's also a waste of a large amount of war resources. To put it bluntly, not to mention capturing the wild and unruly living people who are willing to die together with them at any time, even if the army goes all out to capture hundreds of thousands of pigs on the grassland, the

amount of war resources required is astronomical! “Now that the situation is so bad, can the big shots of the bloody hoof clan do such a loss-making business?”

Whether it was in the land of holy light or in Tulanze, when icestorm heard people talking about the war, they were all full of grandiose words like “For the glory of the true God, for the glory of the ancestral spirits, and for absolute justice”.

There were very few people like Meng Chao who treated the war as a business and calculated the gains and losses.

She couldn't help but feel refreshed.

“However, a large number of ancient treasures were stolen from the temples in black-corner city. Don't the nobles in the city want to recover these things?” icestorm thought for a moment and asked.

“To recover the ancient treasures, we don't rely on a large number of relatively clumsy troops, but an elite team of experts.”

“Therefore, according to my speculation, as long as the fugitives are running away from the space-trapping prairies, there won't be too many pursuers,” Meng Chao said.

“Of course, the first wave of pursuers will certainly be aggressive, and they won't show mercy after they catch the fugitives. They will definitely use the cruelest means to make an example of the others.

“But as long as the fugitives can withstand the first wave of pursuers, they have a high chance of surviving — temporarily.”

“What about the war drum forest?”

“If the main force breaks out of the war drum forest, what's the difference?”

“The difference is that the war drum forest is the important granary of the Blood Hoof clan, where countless mandala fruits are stored. Today, when the mandala trees no longer bear fruit and the stored grains are eaten one by one, these strategic materials are enough for any commander to devote all their troops.”

“If hundreds of thousands of fugitives or even more go to the war drum forest, the commanders in Black Horn City will have to consider the possibility that the great horn army is trying to conquer the war drum city and seize the important granary,” Meng Chao said.

“In the situation where the granary in black horn city has suffered heavy losses and a large amount of grain has been stolen and burnt, they will have no choice but to march out, no matter how high the price is.

“In the Forest of war drums, the defending soldiers, who had nowhere to retreat, could only summon the honor and courage of the Bloody Hoof Warriors when they were faced with more than a hundred times the number of rat soldiers. They fought the rat tide until the reinforcements arrived in black-corner city.

“You should know better than I do how terrifying a warrior of the clan can be when he is truly enraged.

“The Serious Blood Hoof Army is definitely not a mob that can be fought against in a hurry!”

Bingfeng nodded thoughtfully and said hesitantly, “But you just said that you smelled a strange fragrance from the depths of the forest of war drums...”

“That’s right.”

Meng Chao smiled slightly. “I’m just saying that it’s impossible for hundreds of thousands of soldiers to break out of the Forest of war drums. If the movement is too big, it will only attract the main force of the Blood Hoof Army and cause both sides to suffer heavy losses, which will benefit the golden clan for nothing.

“However, if only a few dozen, at most a few hundred temple thieves with ancient treasures infiltrate into the depths of the forest of war drums without anyone knowing, it is still possible for them to break through the defense line.

“After all, as I said just now, the defense line will be riddled with holes because of the lack of soldiers.

“Not to mention that, if I were the commander of the Great Horn Legion, I would have already carried out a lot of infiltration and conversion work deep inside the Forest of war drums to ensure that there were a lot of loyal followers of the great horn rat god among the rat folk servants and slaves in the Forest of war drums.

“With the cooperation of the followers, it is hard to say whether or not hundreds of thousands of people will be sent out in secret. It is not an impossible mission, is it?”

Hearing this, the ice storm finally realized something.

“Therefore, the people in front of us, US, and the hundreds of thousands of rats who have escaped from the sunken prairies are all bait!”

The ice storm said, “Just like the cover-up in Black Horn City, the furious eyes of all the bloody hooves warriors were fixed on the sunken prairies. The real big fish — the thieves of the temple with the ancient treasures — would be able to swagger away through the Forest of war drums

“That’s right. On one hand, this is the purpose. On the other hand, there is another benefit of having a large number of fugitives leave the sunken grassland.”

Meng Chao said, “Do you still remember what the commander of the Great Horn Army said? He said that this escape was the ultimate trial given by the great horn rat god to all the rat people. Only those who passed the trial could receive the protection and blessing of the Rat God. I think that, in a sense, this is true.”

“Trial?” icestorm mumbled.

“That’s right. The larger the army, the better. Especially when the communication methods of Tulanze are so backward, the logistics system is huge and clumsy, and the high-level orcs are more free and unruly. Under such an unruly situation, an army that has too many people will only be crushed by its own weight like a giant beast that grows endlessly.

“Even if they possess the Supreme Treasures and secret arts left behind by the ancient Tulan people, the Tulan Army reaching the scale of millions of people is already the limit. However, due to the crazy reproduction over the past 50 years, the total number of soldiers of the various clans is several times, or even ten times more than millions!

“This is the reason why the various clans have to carry out the game of the brave as well as the five clans’ competition.

“It’s equivalent to having an elimination competition within the territory of the land of Holy Light before starting an all-out war. Through the elimination of the strong and the weak, the elite soldiers and generals that are truly qualified to enjoy the war resources will be selected.

“The great horn army faces the same problem.

“It’s even more serious.

“After all, the war resources that the Great Horn Army can control are far more scarce than the various great clans.

“However, the number of soldiers who were willing to join the great horn army was more than ten times that of the Warriors of the clans.

“The Great Horn Army, which relied on the righteousness of ‘the arrival of the great horn rat god to save all the rat people’ to gather the people’s hearts, could not possibly reject all the rat soldiers who were full of resistance and fighting enthusiasm.

“Most importantly, the great horn army lacked the time to train the rat people, who were full of passion but lacked combat skills, into real warriors.

“If the Great Horn Army was still hiding in the darkness when black horn city had not been turned upside down, it would have been able to develop silently.

“Then, after such a destructive storm, how could the existence of the Great Horn Army be hidden from the eyes of the other four clans?

“I think that even the commander of the Great Horn Army did not have the luxury of concealing himself anymore. Therefore, even the low-level warriors such as the round bone club were able to talk about the secrets of the Great Horn Army without any fear.

“From the moment of the series of explosions in Black Horn City, the great horn army could only soar into the sky, stir up the wind and thunder, sweep over the entire area, and step onto the peak of glory.

“Or they could spin and die, completely defeated.

“These two paths can be chosen.

“Tell me, at such a critical moment, do you think that the Great Horn Army wishes to accept hundreds of thousands of mouths waiting to be fed, or do you think that thirty to fifty thousand strong soldiers, who have crawled out of mountains of corpses and seas of blood, will be able to hone their tenacity and strong combat ability in the moment of life and death and can be thrown into battle at any time

## Chapter 1104: Risk It All!

Ice Storm understood what Meng Chao meant.

Hundreds of thousands or even millions of rat civilians were running north through the sky-sinking grassland while being pursued by the Blood Hoof warriors at the same time.

Whoever could escape would be a strong soldier that could withstand a battle.

The sabers sharpened by hundreds of thousands of corpses were destined to be hotter and sharper than those trained by any method.

“Then what should we do?”

Ice Storm said in a deep voice, “Should we go through the sunken grassland or the war drum forest?”

“Of course, we should follow the main force and go through the sunken grassland.”

Meng Chao looked at Ice Storm’s raised eyebrows and explained with a smile, “That’s right. It’s indeed safer to break out of the war drum forest, but I think that what the two of us need most now is not safety, but more training and fighting. They will help us digest and absorb the ancient treasures stolen from the temple and the fully upgraded totem battle armor.

“In this way, when we arrive at Crimson Gold City and find the person we’re looking for, we’ll be able to give them a big ‘surprise’, won’t we?”

Having made up their minds, the two of them quickly returned to the main force. Like everyone else, they filled their water sacs to the brim and plunged into the vast, sunken grassland.

As expected, just as they had expected, after only half a day of marching in the grassland, the entire team had completely dispersed.

The Motley crew that had been put together at the last minute had uneven physical and health conditions. They had not gone through a long period of adjustment, so their pace was completely out of sync.

Yesterday, under the leadership of the old bear skin and the round bone club, they had barely managed to line up and advance. They had exhausted all of their resources.

Today, when they heard that the pursuers were right behind them, they dived into the grassland that was half the height of a man and had a very bad view. The slightest movement would cause chaos in the formation.

First, it became a long, thin snake. Then, the long snake broke into seven or eight pieces from the middle.

Each piece was like a curled up earthworm, squirming forward.

When they reached the depths of the grassland, the pits dug by the rodents gradually increased. From time to time, someone would accidentally step into the pits and hurt their instep or ankle.

The injuries were not serious, but the delay was fatal.

The fugitives who were deeply shocked by the mighty image of the “Big-horned rat god” in their sleep all thought that this was the test given to them by the big-horned rat god. They did not want others to die with them, so.., they all refused their companions’ support, gripped their weapons and divine medicine tightly, and gradually fell behind.

When Dusk arrived, the fugitives had completely lost the concept of formation.

Not only the old bear skin and the round bone club team, but all the hundred-man team had fallen apart. The rat people were all in groups of three or five, like a group of headless flies, groping roughly in the northeast direction.

At this time, everyone was very clear that it seemed impossible to reassemble a disorganized motley crew into a uniform army that could carry out orders and prohibitions.

If they wanted to live, they could only grit their teeth and run forward.

Luckily, the deserters had scattered, which made it extremely difficult for the pursuers to hunt them down.

Just as Meng Chao had said, even if hundreds of thousands of wild boars were to spread out on the grassland, it would be impossible to capture and kill them all.

Now, it would depend on whose luck was worse and who would be caught by the pursuers, which would buy more time for the other fugitives.

Of course, for the rat people who believed in the supreme power of the Rat God, perhaps it would be “Lucky” to meet the pursuers and have the chance to die in the most heroic manner, with their souls leaving their bodies, what if they directly ascended to the sacred mountain?

Meng Chao and ice storm continued to follow old bearskin and the Bonebone Club.

Along the way, they gathered the scattered fugitives and gathered thirty to fifty people around them.

This was also the largest group they could barely control in the current environment.

Old Bearskin’s expression was grim.

The wrinkles on his face, which was already full of wrinkles, were squeezed even deeper.

The round bone club translated his expression and told everyone that old bearskin had smelled the scent of Centaur warriors.

Sure enough, the bloody dusk had just arrived, and violent shouts and shrill screams were heard from all directions.

The grassland was unobstructed, and the Blood Hoof Warriors’ sound waves mixed with totem power could be transmitted very far, like a war drum that could destroy one’s soul, hitting heavily on the chests of every fugitive.

From the source of the sound, there were indeed several groups of pursuers. They relied on the advantage of being one with their people and horses, as fast as lightning, and circled in front of them.

Although the number of pursuers in each group would not be too many.

But as long as they bumped into each other, there would only be one word, death.

Under the continuous shouts of the pursuers, the nerves of the fugitives were so tense that they almost broke.

No one dared to rest. Even though their legs were numb to the point of losing consciousness and their chests were about to explode, they still stumbled forward.

At midnight, Meng Chao and the Ice Storm's group of fugitives plunged into a battlefield that had just ended.

The smell of blood floating on the battlefield had already solidified.

They were like red clouds that were pressed down extremely low.

It was also like strange-looking scarlet flowers that had bloomed from the corpses.

However, they were smashed into pieces by Meng Chao's team and turned back into a disgusting stench that rushed into the nostrils and pierced into the brains of every fugitive.

What was even more exciting than the smell of blood was the gruesome corpses.

There were at least a hundred corpses that were presented before their eyes.

The reason they said "At least" was because all the corpses had been ravaged to the point that it was almost impossible to tell if they were still corpses.

These fugitives, who had set off earlier than Meng Chao and the others, had unfortunately encountered the pursuers. They had been killed by the Centaur Warriors as an example, using the cruelest methods to torture them.

Even though the rat people were used to death and torture.

They could not imagine that fresh corpses that had just lost their vitality for half a day could be manipulated like this... it was as if they had been placed between vultures and hyenas for ten days to half a month during the hottest season on the prairie.

If they hadn't received the revelation from the Rat God in their sleep before they left...

Many people were almost scared out of their wits by the terrifying scene in front of them.

Even if they still maintained their illusory courage.

However, this courage would at most make them fearless of death, but it wouldn't be able to stop the arrival of death.

Everyone fell into silence in front of the pile of corpses that were as messy as mud.

Not to mention the old bearskin who was originally a man of few words.

Even the round bone club, which was full of energy yesterday, was now biting down on its cheeks, as if it wanted to devour the non-existent Centaur warriors, including their skin and bones.



“Why don’t we stop running?”

At this moment, an overly calm voice broke the suffocating silence.

Everyone’s gaze was cast on Meng Chao, who was also covered in dirt and dirt like them.

“Even if we still want to run, we should fight and then run. We have a better chance of escaping,” Meng Chao said calmly.

Before this, he and ice storm did not say a word because they were worried that the great horn army hidden among the fugitives would see through them.

However, after a day and half a night of observation, this group of fugitives who were completely defeated were all rat slaves from black horn city.

The round bone club and the old bear skin were only the ignorant ordinary soldiers of the great horn army.

In that case, there was no need for them to hide anymore. They could try out their skills and take the initiative.

Although the two of them had used the pursuers as tools to test ancient treasures and sharpen their totem combat skills.

They had never thought that they could kill all the pursuers by themselves.

If possible, he had to mobilize the strength of the mouse people’s soldiers to tie down the pursuers on the front line.

Only then would they be able to deal a fatal blow to the pursuers from the flanks and behind.

“What did you say?”

Perhaps because he had sensed an indescribable deterrence from Meng Chao, the round bone club took a few steps toward him and stopped. He asked hesitantly, “Why do you say that we have a better chance if we fight and then run

“If the pursuers are still behind us and their speed is about the same as ours, we can bury our heads and run away. But since the pursuers have already killed their way to us and are wandering around nearby, if we continue to run like stray dogs, we will be courting death.”

Meng Chao looked at the ground full of corpses and sighed, “These brothers died too miserably. But originally, it shouldn’t have been like this — we clearly have the Rat God’s blessing, the divine medicine bestowed by the Rat God, and the determination to perish together with the enemy. Even if we die, we will still bite off a large chunk of flesh and blood from the enemy’s skin and bones. How Could We lose so shamefully and be tortured and killed by the enemy?”

It was indeed a question that the rat soldiers, who had fervent faith in the Rat God, could not answer.

“It was because we forgot that this was a trial and a great opportunity to show our courage and determination.”

Meng Chao said, "Many of our brothers ran. The more they ran, the more scattered they were. The more scattered they were, the more guilty they were. The more guilty they were, the faster they ran. While their physical strength was exhausted, there was no formation or battle formation to speak of. In the end, how could they not be crushed by the enemy when they ran into the fully-armed pursuers in groups of three or five?"

"Actually, with the blessing of the Rat God, the rat soldiers might be able to compete with the warriors of the clan. However, one of the most important prerequisites is the quantity. As long as we accumulate enough quantity, we will be like an iron wall and stormy waves. We are definitely not pigs and sheep that are at the mercy of others!"

The round bone club opened its mouth.

Of course, he knew the reason.

The great horn army had always used the tactic of using numbers to exchange for quality.

The problem was that he and old bearskin were just ordinary soldiers. It was already their limit to gather 30 to 50 people to escape with them. Even if another 300 to 500 people came, they would not be able to command them!

"That's why I said that we won't run anymore."

Meng Chao explained very patiently, "Wanting to quickly march while gathering the scattered fugitives to form an elite squad of 300 to 500 people is obviously a pipe dream.

"But what if we stop here?"

"What if we stop here, dig trenches and pits around us, set up simple barricades, gather the fleeing soldiers in all directions, and gather a huge number that our pursuers will never expect.

"Do we have a chance to fight the pursuers head-on? Do we not hope to win, but only hope to beat the pursuers and show our bravery so that the rat god can see our efforts

Chapter 1105: Killing a Horse When It's Alive!

Although the Great Horn Army had used the techniques of the ancient Turan people to train a batch of soldiers who were skilled in combat...

For the sake of secrecy, they had never organized such a large scale battle before.

Be it Round Bone Club or Old Bearskin, they lacked the experience to fight against the cavalry. From a certain perspective, ordinary soldiers like them were also targets of the traitor and could be sacrificed at any time.

Meng Chao's words really reminded them of their dreams. Both Round Bone Club and Old Bearskin were stunned, and they fell into deep thought.

Meng Chao did not care how shocked they were from the bottom of their hearts. "To be specific, first, we should let everyone have a good night's rest. From now until dawn, it's the darkest time of the night.

It's impossible to even see one's fingers on the grassland. It's impossible for the pursuers to kill wantonly," he said methodically.

"When dawn comes, I suggest that we split into two teams. One team will dig pits and trenches, building a simple and secret defense line around us.

"If time and manpower are really tight and we can't build a real defense line, we can knock down the weeds and tie up some knots. It will still be good to be able to tie up the legs of our opponent's horses.

"Of course, our pursuers must be extremely strong. Whether it's the grass, pits, or trenches, none can really stop them.

"However, they can, more or less, reduce the speed of our pursuers, giving the inconveniences as if they were fighting in a swamp. That would give us a chance to flee from our pursuers' side as well.

"There's still a group of people that can spread out to the nearby areas to gather the scattered fugitives.

"We don't need to go too far or find too many people. There are three to five hundred rat people, which is enough for us to fight a decent counterattack.

"According to my observation, if we want to fight our pursuers head-on, we'll be at a disadvantage in terms of weapons. For the ease of fleeing, many rat soldiers only carry thin and short swords, but they do not carry long weapons that can hold back the charge of a cavalry. As a result, they will be slaughtered like sliced melons and vegetables.

"It's difficult to find the raw materials needed to make long weapons on the grassland. It is indeed difficult to solve the problem.

"My suggestion is that we simply arrange a team of men and horses to lay low on our pursuers' charging route. They would have to endure the fear of being trampled by the iron hooves, and chop off our pursuers' legs, or when our pursuers pass by them, they can stab their belly from the bottom up. If our pursuers are mainly centaur warriors, their bellies will be their biggest weakness.

"Of course, with such a tactic, the casualties would definitely be very heavy.

"The stomping of the Centaur warriors' iron hoofs is not something that can be easily withstood either.

"A lot of rat warriors would not even manage to draw their sabers before being stomped by the centaur warriors' iron hoofs. That would happen until their tendons are broken, bones are broken, and even their intestines are pierced through.

"However, this is the only method I can think of that can slow down the enemy's attack with the utilization of short weapons.

"If it were any other ordinary troops, they would definitely not be able to carry out such a tactic. But since we are all under the Rat God's protection and are willing to sacrifice ourselves for him at any time... let's kill them all!

"By the way, if you are really determined to fight the centaur warriors to the death, I suggest that we move the camp half a mile southwest at dawn. There seems to be an underground river running through there. The ground is even wetter and the grass is denser."

Old Bearskin and Bone Club looked at each other in bewilderment. They did not come back to their senses for a long time.

The other rat warriors looked at Meng Chao with both shock and awe.

It did not matter whether the battle tactic he had mentioned would work or not.

At a time when everyone was at a loss, the fact that someone could step forward and make a sound was enough to be their spiritual support!

“The land half a mile southwest is indeed more muddy, which is not conducive for the centaur warriors’ speed. However, the weeds there are growing better and taller than here. The tip of its grass is several heads higher than what we have here, completely blocking our view!”

Bone Head and Old Bearskin discussed for a long time, but they did not reject Meng Chao’s suggestion. Instead, they began to struggle with the details.

“Aren’t we blocked here?”

“Whether the weeds are above the tip of our nose, the top of our heads, or two or three heads, the difference is not big for us. It will greatly reduce our combat ability regardless.

“But for the centaur warriors, the difference is too big.

“The average height of a centaur warrior is about two or three arms higher than ours.

“To us, the weeds that cover our vision are just right, but they don’t pose any obstacle to the centaur warriors.

“Therefore, it’s very easy for such a situation to happen. We run around like headless flies in the weeds that are as tall as a man, but the Centaur warriors can look down from above and see our movements clearly through the undulating waves of the grassland.

“In the end, we get caught by our pursuers. Aren’t we bringing this upon ourselves?”

“The wetlands in the southwest half a mile away is where I saw the most lush water plants and the highest growth of wild grass. Once we enter the lush maze, not only will our vision be cut off, but the centaur warriors’ vision will also be severely disrupted. Everyone will be blinded and only be able to fight randomly. Fighting randomly is good. We, who have nothing but passion and determination, will only have a chance to survive on the most chaotic battlefield, right?”

Meng Chao’s detailed analysis finally made the fugitives widen their eyes, and a glimmer of hope gradually filled their gaze.

Although everyone was silent, they all imagined what the battle would be like if everything was carried out according to Meng Chao’s suggestion without any compromise.

The battle would undoubtedly still be very difficult.

Their simple defense line might be penetrated by their pursuers in an instant.

Many people, or even all of them, could die.

However, they would not be massacred like the pitiful corpses in front of them.

Not even one of them would be killed!

Even if everyone was killed, even if only one centaur warrior was buried with them, it would still be a victory in a sense. No, the Rat God would definitely see it, right?

“What if...”

Round Bone Club licked his dry lips and hesitantly said, “What if we set up for a long time and the pursuers don’t arrive to attack our camp?”

“How is that possible?”

Meng Chao could not help but laugh. “Believe me, our pursuers have a bigger headache than us when we run around like a bunch of scattered sand and headless flies. If we continue to chase after them in twos and threes, how long will it take for the pursuit to end?”

“If possible, the pursuers would like to find three to five hundred or more fugitives and wipe us all out in one go, wouldn’t they?”

“Once they discover our tracks, the pursuers will think that we are exhausted and waiting for our doom.

“As for the fugitives, is it possible for them to gather their unyielding will and fight a bloody battle with them on this carefully arranged battlefield? I don’t think our pursuers would have such an absurd thought, right?”

Indeed, even though Black-corner City had been turned upside down, it was impossible for their pursuers to have such an absurd idea.

However, the psychological advantage that the clan warriors held over the rats had been slowly established and solidified after thousands of years of oppression as well as enslavement. It had been deeply imprinted on their cerebral cortex.

It was impossible for their pursuers to believe that their prey, who were as timid as rats, would bare their sharpest fangs at the hunters in armor.

“If we really have the chance to hurt our pursuers, will our pursuers be ruthless enough to gather a large number of reinforcements and not let us go?”

The silent Old Bearskin pushed Round Bone Club aside and asked Meng Chao himself.

Meng Chao contemplated for a moment and shook his head. “I don’t think so. If we can really hurt our pursuers, they might make a clean retreat and never dare to catch up again.”

“How is that possible?”

Old Bearskin frowned and said, “Those Blood Hoof warriors are full of anger. What would they be too afraid to do?”

“No, what we are about to face is not all the Blood Hoof warriors, but only the centaur warriors in the Blood Hoof Clan,” Meng Chao corrected him seriously.

Old Bearskin was taken aback. "Is... Is there any difference?"

"Of course."

Meng Chao said, "Yes, we have turned Black-corner City upside down, but which major clans have ruled Black-corner city in the past thousand years?"

"The Blood Hoof Clan and the Ironhide Clan, right?"

"The Blood Hoof Clan represented by the Minotaurs and the Ironhide Clan led by the wild boar people are the two most powerful clans in the Blood Hoof family. They have a firm control over power in Black-corner City, and they've suffered the most losses recently. Hence, they have the most reason to be angry in this chaos.

"On the other hand, the Centaur Clan pay huge regard to speed, and they love to ride like horses. They are not used to life in the city, and there are not many well-known Centaur Clans as well as temples in Black-corner City. Hence, they have not suffered too many losses. How could they be more furious than the Minotaurs and wild boar men?"

"As the vanguard of the Blood Hoof Army, it is their duty to hunt down the fugitives.

"On the premise that the fugitives do not resist strongly and they can kill wantonly to accumulate battle merits, I believe that the centaur warriors will also do their duty.

"However, if we can hurt, injure, and cripple the Centaur warriors, we will make them realize that we are like stones in a latrine pit. Not only are we smelly and hard, but they won't squeeze a single drop from us. Even if we are smashed into pieces, their arms will be broken, their hoofs will be twisted, and both sides will suffer heavy injuries or even perish together.

"If they are not careful, they might even make a mistake and ruin their thousand-year-old reputation.

"If we can send such a strong, clear, and effective message to them, do you think that the centaur warriors will chase after us relentlessly, risking their lives and glory just to foolishly work for the Minotaurs as well as wild boar people?"

### **Chapter 1106: The Bloody Dawn**

The rat people were not stupid.

From a certain perspective, they were relatively weak. In order to survive, they had to rack their brains and stimulate more wisdom than the clan warriors.

Plus, the rat people who could charge out of Black-corner City and into the sunken grassland were the best ones who had gone through life and death selection.

After being taught by Meng Chao, many people came to a sudden realization.

What determined victory and defeat was not only fighting strength, but also fighting will.

Even if the combat strength of the centaur warriors was ten times more than theirs, for the former, there was no benefit in playing a game of mutual destruction with the latter, who was like a crazy demon fighting to the death.

It was natural to win. At most, it would satisfy the pleasure of killing. It was impossible to find too valuable booty from the rat people, and it would also consume a lot of war resources and precious time.

If they lost, they would be doomed.

Like all high-level orcs, the Centaur Warriors were not afraid of death.

If they were facing the Liger warriors of the Gold clan, or the mages and night watchers of the Land of Holy Light, the Centaur warriors would be like injected with stimulants, coming forward one after another and facing death with ease.

Even if their flesh and blood were torn into pieces by the powerful enemies.

Their heads that were flying high up must also have a satisfied smile on them.

Because at the moment before they died, they were very clear that their souls would definitely turn into a dazzling golden light and Pierce straight to the summit of the Sacred Mountain, joining the ranks of the ancestral spirits' eternal glory.

However, in a boring game of chasing and killing the rat people, they lost their footing in the gutter and were dragged into hell by the rat people to be buried with them?

Not to mention eternal glory, they would probably be recorded as clowns in weird and funny poems and be ridiculed by people for 10,000 years, right?

For any warrior of the clan, this was a way to die that would make people shudder just thinking about it.

Some people did the business of killing people, but no one did the business of losing money. As long as the rat people could show a strong enough attitude, the "Hunting the fugitives" would become a business of losing money. The Centaur warriors would not do it for black-corner city.., they would risk their lives for the Tauren and the wild boar people!

"We really have a chance to survive!"

After thinking through this point, the expressions and temperament of all the rat subjects instantly changed.

They were not afraid of death either.

However, if they could see the hope of victory, or at least the hope of heroic sacrifices, the burning flames of war would always be raised even higher.

The Way Old Bearskin and the round bone club looked at Meng Chao changed once again.

It was as if they were looking at the officers, witch doctors, and priests in the Great Horn Army. They were filled with reverence.

"You, you are..."

The round bone club hesitated for a moment before stuttering.

"My Name Is Reaper. I'm a servant in the Blood Skull Arena. I used to be the captain of Frost Queen's Frost Storm's personal guard," Meng Chao said straightforwardly.

Along the way, he carefully observed the rat subjects who followed him.

He found that most of them were slave laborers who had lived in the foundry district of Black Horn City.

There were also a very small number of servant soldiers in other arenas.

However, there were no servant soldiers or handymen in the blood-skull arena.

It was obviously impossible for slave laborers, handymen, or servant soldiers to enter the blood-skull arena and enjoy the exciting fights.

Moreover, it had only been a few months since the ice storm recruited a large number of servants to form her own battle team.

For more than a year, she had been traveling alone without any teammates or subordinates.

Therefore, Meng Chao was not worried that the rat subjects in front of him would learn more clues through their identity as the captain of the ice storm's personal army.

As expected, many of the rat subjects present had heard of the title of 'The leader of the four trump cards of the Bloody Skull Arena, the Frost Queen, and the Ice Storm'.

They knew that this was a vicious person with a fierce reputation.

However, they had never personally come to the scene to watch the Battle of the ice storm.

They also did not know that the ice storm was not good at commanding battles. Her personal guard captain should not know so many things.

They instinctively felt that since the ice storm was a vicious person with a fierce reputation, and her personal guard captain was so calm and collected, they could only follow his instructions and have a slim chance of survival. They could only seek survival in the face of death!

"My master is a snow leopard warrior, not from the Bloodhoof family. For a long time, she has not been trusted by the Master of the Bloody Skull Arena. Not long ago, she was attacked by the opponent. Our servant squad was also split up and assigned to master's former Nemesis."

Meng Chao explained to the round bone club and the old bearskin, "Of course, we didn't want to follow our new master and become cannon fodder. Just when we were at a loss, we encountered the arrival of the Rat God in black-corner city.

"To be honest, before this, I knew nothing about the Rat God.

"Therefore, even though I escaped from black-corner city with the rat tide, I still had some concerns in my heart. I didn't completely confess my identity.

"Until now, I realized that if I didn't tell the truth and work together, there would only be death.

"Therefore..."

These words completely dispelled the doubts of old bear skin and the round bone club.

Of course, they had never doubted Meng Chao's loyalty.



On one hand, they were insignificant fugitives who were destined to die.

Exposing their identities for just a few hundred fugitives?

There was no need for that.

On the other hand, they were filled with fanatical faith in the Rat God. They did not believe that there were rat people who would be willing to go down and help the tiger after receiving the blessing of the Rat God.

Meng Chao's suggestion was completely accepted by the two soldiers of the Great Horn Army.

The other fugitives all listened to him. They found a relatively dry grassland and lay down in their clothes a little further away from the bloody battlefield.

Naturally, they could not fall asleep for a while.

Especially in the dead of night, when everything was silent, the screams from afar became even more shrill. They were like frozen steel needles, piercing into their ears and eyes one by one.

"Someone is running around in the middle of the night, and the pursuers just happened to notice the rustling in the grass."

Meng Chao said, "Even the eyesight of the Clan Warriors is greatly reduced in the second half of the night. As long as we don't make too much noise, the pursuers won't be able to find us until dawn."

It was not known whether the words had worked.

Or was it because they had been running for days that they were exhausted and their nerves were slightly relaxed? The fatigue rushed into their brain like a flood.

Soon, dozens of rat subjects fell into a deep sleep.

However, in their sleep, they were still rolling their eyes at a weird frequency.

The vibration of their brain waves was different from the usual deep sleep after the limit of overdraft.

They were still dreaming.

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat. He closed his eyes slightly and massaged the cerebral cortex with his spiritual energy, entering a shallow sleep.

In a trance, under the brilliant Red Sun, the Majestic Rat God appeared in front of his eyes like a god descending to the mortal world, inspecting the steel battle formation formed by millions of rats.

When he opened his eyes again, his eyes were like two burning fireflies, and his gaze was as sharp as a blade.

"The information that was implanted into the brains of the rat population last night is still working.

"I'm afraid that the rat population will still dream about the big horn rat god and the Big Horn Army tonight.

"As a result, their fighting will become even firmer when they wake up tomorrow morning.

“No wonder it’s a power that can shake the rule of Turan ze for a thousand years. I’m looking forward to meeting the person who created this power!”

At this moment, ice storm opened his eyes beside Meng Chao.

They looked at each other but did not speak. Instead, they held their breaths and listened to the breathing and heartbeats of their surroundings.

After making sure that all the rat soldiers, including the old bear skin and the round bone club, were immersed in the information that was implanted deep in their brains, the two of them quietly left the camp.

Although Meng Chao had spoken with confidence just now, he seemed to be confident of winning.

However, he and ice storm both knew that what he was talking about was only a theoretical possibility.

“Lie on your back and wait for the Centaur warriors to stomp on you with their iron hooves. If you are lucky enough not to step on yourself, then point your sword upward and stab with force to cut open the Centaur Warriors’stomachs.”.

Basically, the probability of such a good thing happening was almost the same as “Taking down a tiger with a slide shovel and cutting open the tiger’s belly with the impact of the Tiger’s Lunge.”.

Of course, if Meng Chao and ice storm, the two heavyweights, were placed on one end of the scale of victory, even the smallest probability would be enough to make their dreams come true.

However, they had to find more rat subjects in order to distract the pursuers and conceal the existence of the two weights — no, ‘steel’.

Thankfully, for the rat subjects and low-level warriors, the almost impenetrable darkness was not too much of a problem for experts of Meng Chao and ice storm’s level.

After pouring spiritual energy into their mouths, noses, eyes, ears, and hair, every movement within hundreds of meters, including the heat released by living creatures, flooded into their sensory nerves.

They locked onto hundreds of rat subjects in an instant.

The rat subjects, who were in groups of three or five, were all trapped in the darkness, fatigue, pain, and the screams from afar. They were crouching deep in the grass, stuck in a dilemma.

They had been waiting for their fate, waiting for the bloody dawn to arrive, only to be caught up and slaughtered by the Centaur warriors who had recharged their energy.

But now, in a trance, they heard a voice that seemed to come from the clouds, the abyss, and more like it came directly from their heads.

“Stand up.”

The solemn voice said, “Keep moving forward. There is hope ahead!”

The exhausted fugitives, whose eyes were dim and had almost given up their lives, widened their eyes.

For a moment, everything was dead silent. The stars and the Moon were covered by the dark clouds. They could neither see nor hear anything. It was as if they had fallen into an endless swamp called 'death'.

But in the next moment, the voice that seemed to be filled with light sounded again from the depths of their brains and hearts.

"Stand up and muster your courage."

The voice said, "Go, Go!"

Chapter 1107: The Prelude to the Slaughter

The rat people, who had originally been in a desperate situation, were all roused by this mysterious sound to use their last strength.

They used their hands and feet, rolling and crawling as they advanced in the grass.

The sound continued to appear.

This time, however, it was as if it had appeared in front of them, close at hand.

It attracted them to continue to take fatigued steps, stretching out their fingernails that were peeling off and bleeding profusely, pouncing toward an unknown hope.

When every drop of energy in every muscle fiber was drained, and even the cartilage in their joints had been worn away, they collapsed into the grass as if they had fallen apart, the voice then said in satisfaction, "Very good. You can rest here. When the dawn comes, you will see Hope!"

Just like that, Meng Chao had gathered hundreds of stragglers near the team of old bearskin and the bonebone club through the precise control of sound waves and the simulation of different sources of sound.

When dawn arrived, the troops sent by old bearskin and Bonebone club would only need to search a few dozen meters in every direction to find the 'reinforcements'.

"Perhaps, the Rat God really blessed these lucky fellows and let them meet you."

Watching Meng Chao's every move, ice storm sighed with emotion from the bottom of her heart.

Although she did not care about the lives of the rat people herself, she did not care about the lives of the rat people.

However, a partner who did not have the heart to watch the rat subjects die was still more reassuring than a ruthless guy who treated human lives like grass.

"I can't save all the rat subjects, but since I'm right in front of them, I can save them, but I have to save them."

Meng Chao said, "Besides, we still need the rat subjects to provide cover so that we can achieve the greatest results at the least cost

“Just now, I found some traces left by the pursuers trampling on the grass. Judging from their hoofprints, there were about thirty pursuers forming a hunting team to hunt down the escaping rat subjects.”

“If the target is only twenty to thirty warriors of the clan,” Ice Storm said, “With the cover of the grass and the rat subjects, we do have a chance of winning.”

“I’m afraid that the other party is not as smart as you think. They can analyze the pros and cons in an absolutely clear and calm situation.”

“Don’t forget that high-level beastmen are often controlled by anger and the desire to kill. They may even become the puppets of the totem armor.”

“Moreover, the major clans of the Blood Hoof clan have already sworn an alliance in front of the Blood Hoof Temple. This alliance, witnessed by countless ancestral spirits, can still play a certain role.”

“In the face of a great enemy, the Tauren and the wild boar people might hand over some of their benefits to the centaurs.”

“So, have you ever thought about what we should do if the remaining pursuers don’t choose to retreat after we kill this wave of pursuers and instead pursue and attack relentlessly until they die?”

“Don’t worry. Of course, I’ve thought about it.”

Meng Chao smiled and said calmly, “This is also the most important reason why we insist on fighting this battle.”

“Oh?”

Ice Storm raised his eyebrows. “Why?”

“Because we want to send a very important message to the bigwigs of the Blood Hoof clan through this battle.”

Meng Chao moved closer and whispered to Ice Storm, revealing all of his plans.

Dawn soon arrived.

However, the sky was still filled with haze.

The dark clouds that were pressing down on the grassland like a collapsing cliff showed no signs of dissipating.

The sunlight struggled in the depths of the dark clouds like a blood-red flood. However, no matter how much it raged, it could not find a breakthrough and could pour out.

It only dyed the dark clouds into pieces of strange-shaped blood jade, causing the entire world to be immersed in a faint red fog.

The fugitives woke up one after another.

Seeing the big horn rat god and the Big Horn Army in their dreams once again made them cry with joy and shock.

Everyone knelt on the ground and kissed the ground that had buried countless rat corpses and flowed with the blood of countless rats over the past tens of millions of years.

More shocking news kept coming in.

The team that was sent out to gather the stragglers did not go far before they met a large number of stragglers.

In fact, many of the stragglers had already crawled into their campsite last night. They could even hear each other's heartbeat and breathing through the grass that was three to five arms away.

There was no need to send out a large number of people. As long as they were summoned loudly, hundreds of stragglers would be gathered.

After asking, old bearskin, bone club, and the others finally learned about the experience of the stragglers.

Without a doubt, the voice that appeared in everyone's eyes, ears, and head during the darkest night was the revelation of the Rat God.

As expected, the Rat God was silently watching their every move!

It was precisely because they had made the decision to fight to the death with the pursuers that the Rat God blessed them and helped them gather hundreds of people in an instant!

The rat people, who had come to a sudden realization, no longer had the slightest fear or doubt about the bloody battle with the Centaur Warriors.

They immediately followed Meng Chao's suggestion and moved to the place with the most lush weeds nearby.

The soil here was rich in moisture, leaving a wet footprint with a single step.

Even without using any tools, they could create pits with their bare hands in a short period of time.

Most of the fugitives were used to doing heavy work such as smelting metals and forging weapons in black-corner city.

After two nights of rest, they had recovered a little bit of their strength.

Under the gaze of the Rat God, everybody worked together and dug two trenches around the camp. They also dug a lot of pits inside and outside the trenches and filled the pits with sharp swords, finally, between the trenches and the pits, they laid down a large amount of weeds, tied them up, and tied them up.

Of course, from the perspective of actual combat effects, these measures were not very meaningful.

The Centaur warriors were not the cavalry on the ancient battlefield on Earth.

They were created using super genetic technology, equipped with totem armor, and surging totem power. They were basically equivalent to carbon-based tanks and armored vehicles.

In Meng Chao's previous World War, when Dragon City and the Tulan Alliance army were in strategic deployment, the Centaur Warriors in totem armor and the main battle tanks in heavy armor were roughly equivalent in terms of combat effectiveness, they were roughly the same.

The main battle tanks could not be trapped by pits and trenches.

However, by digging pits and trenches, they could divert the attention of the fugitives, preventing them from letting their imagination run wild while waiting for the pursuers to arrive. The more they thought about it, the more panicked they became.

Moreover, this kind of earthwork was also a very effective psychological hint.

It could make the fugitives feel that "We have made so many preparations, we can at least play a role", right?

Sure enough, after two consecutive hours of earthwork, not only did the rat people not feel tired, but they also felt that "I have already offered my loyalty to the Rat God, the Rat God will definitely bless me". Their faces became calm, but they were also determined.

Meng Chao could not ask for more from these rabble.

He could only suggest to Old Bearskin and the Round Bone Club that if they had to take the "Divine medicine" given by the Rat God, they should also take it at the moment when the pursuers started to charge.

This was because there would definitely be a problem with the duration of the similar medicine.

If they took it too early and let their blood burn furiously, they would not only alert the enemy and cause the pursuers to change their tactics, but they might also disrupt the order of their own side. After all, when the two sides were completely entangled.., before they fell into chaos, this temporarily assembled group of fugitives could not withstand the slightest bit of interference.

All the fugitives, including Old Bear Skin and the Round Bone Club, believed that Meng Chao had proposed to fight to the death with the pursuers yesterday.

That was why the big-horned Rat God had once again appeared in their dreams.

He had also guided the stragglers to gather around them.

Some people even thought that Meng Chao was a "Psychic"— someone who could listen to the Horned Rat God's guidance in a trance.

Naturally, they listened to Meng Chao.

And Meng Chao did not disappoint them.

His speculation had become a reality before noon.

"The Centaur Warriors are here!"

The tallest and most perceptive ratfolk who had been sent to the small mounds around the camp to scout for the enemy rolled and crawled into the camp.

They found about thirty to forty Centaur Warriors.

They were coming from the southeast with killing intent.

From the straight march route, they were not cruising or searching.

Instead, they were firmly locked onto their camp.

“Everyone, don’t panic. This is just a trial arranged by the Rat God. Gather your courage and fight to your heart’s content. Even if we die in a fierce battle, the Rat God will arrange a place for our heroic souls on the summit of the Sacred Mountain!”

The round bone club shouted excitedly.

At this moment, it showed the benefits of Meng Chao arranging for the fugitives to set up camp in the thickest part of the grassy area.

The fear of the infantrymen towards the cavalry, especially the heavy cavalry, was almost rooted in their genes and was engraved in the depths of their cells.

If they had set up a line of defense in the field where the grass was a little sparse and the grass was a little low.

The sight of the fugitives might be higher than that of the grass. They might see the heavy cavalry wearing totem armor advancing, accelerating, and sprinting calmly.

There was no need to wait for the enemy’s long spears and heavy hammers to smash into their chests.

Their fighting will, which was forcibly supported by their fanatical faith, would be crushed to pieces by the enemy’s imposing manner.

But in the depths of such dense grass.

The sight of all the fugitives was completely blocked.

They could not see how terrifying the heavy cavalry was when they came crushing down on them.

Even the shock of their iron hooves trampling on the ground, which shattered everything, was absorbed by more than half of the moist soil, only causing the grass tips to tremble slightly.

The fugitives were ignorant and fearless.

They could only believe every word Meng Chao and the round bone club said, believe in the Big Horn Rat God who had descended in the dream, and believe in their desire to live.

Behind the two trenches, old bearskin gave the order.

The fugitives all curled up and hugged their heads tightly, shrinking their bodies to their limits.

The Centaur warriors were the Bloodhoof clan. No, they were the best archers in the entire Tu Lan Ze.

Before launching an attack, they would always use an impenetrable rain of arrows as a prelude to the slaughter.

## **Chapter 1108: The Terrifying Charge!**

The fugitives obeyed Meng Chao's orders and proceeded to bury their mouths, noses, eyes, and ears in the mud. Just as they curled up into a ball, a shrill scream echoed in the air.

The arrows fired by the centaur warriors were not ordinary arrows.

The metal shaft of their arrows would often be carved with cuneiform characters that contained mysterious power. Secret medicines refined by the witch doctors would be smeared in the arrows' notches, and the priests would bless them.

Round or triangular holes would be drilled into the arrowheads, where spirit crystals were embedded.

Through the surge of vitality magnetic field and the vibration of high-speed friction in the air, they produced the ultimate destructive power.

It was comparable to Dragon City's gun grenades and mortars, but it also carried wind, fire, lightning and other killing effects.

The spirit arrows instantly shot across the sky at maximum speed, dragging out streaks of colorful exhaust flames.

At first glance, they looked like both rainbows and fireworks.

However, when the "rainbow fireworks" landed near the fugitives, it raised a bloody storm.

Although they were too far away and it was impossible for the centaur warriors to see the exact location of every fugitive hiding in the bushes...

After each arrow landed on the ground, it would release a death shock wave that was three to five meters in diameter or even larger.

As soon as the arrow with the scarlet flame tail landed on the ground, it immediately ignited a raging fire within a radius of three to five meters. It burned the skin and flesh of the fugitives who were in hiding, causing them to cry out in pain.

After the arrow with the faint blue flame tail landed on the ground, the area within a radius of three to five meters became an extremely cold ice cave. Many fugitives did not even have time to cry out in agony before a fatal ice fog drilled into their chests from their mouths and noses. Their hearts and lungs were frozen and cracked just like that.

When the arrow with the golden flame tail landed on the ground, dozens or even hundreds of lightning bolts appeared within a seven to eight meter radius.

The golden electric arcs were like hungry vipers. They could not wait to strike the fugitives who were curled up into balls. The fugitives were electrocuted so much that their bodies began twitching. Their skin was torn open, and even their charred bones were exposed.

Then, after the arrow that was dragging a green flame tail landed on the ground, it absorbed a large amount of the surrounding air and compressed into dozens of light green wind blades. They crisscrossed and spread out, covering an area of seven to eight meters from where the arrow landed. Even those



who were fleeing ten meters away were cut into pieces. Broken limbs and dark red arrows flew in the air.

It was literally “killing people like cutting grass.”

The strong smell of blood suddenly spread in the air.

Mixed with the smell of burnt flesh, it turned into a disgusting, hellish smell.

At this time, the dense grass that covered the rat people’s vision played its second function on the battlefield.

If the rat people wanted to fight against the clan warriors, especially when they had just come into contact with each other, they would have to pay a terrible price.

If they were on a battlefield with a clearer view, they could only watch as their companions were shot by the centaur warriors’ rockets, lightning bolts, and ice arrows.

The morale of the fugitives would be riddled with holes, and they would not be able to summon even the slightest fighting spirit.

Curled up down in the grass with their heads deep in the soil, although they knew that their side was silently enduring the slaughter that fell from the sky, they did not personally witness their companions being torn to pieces. The surviving fugitives could still grit their teeth and persevere.

Of course, if the centaur warriors were not in a hurry to charge and decided to circle them from afar and deploy the method of leisurely throwing arrows at them instead, then...

Even the most fanatical rat people would completely collapse before the sun set.

However, just as Meng Chao had predicted, the centaur warriors did not do so.

After shooting dozens of arrows, the surprise attack from the sky came to an end.

Instead, the shock from iron hoofs stomping on the ground became increasingly intense and urgent.

The centaur warriors charged forward.

Obviously...

If the target had been an enemy of the same level, such as the warriors of the Gold Clan, or the night watchers and mages of the land of Holy Light...

Naturally, the centaur warriors would be cautious. They would use wave after wave of arrows to slowly exhaust their target’s physical strength, spirit power, and willpower.

In many war epics that were widely spread, the centaur warriors even had the patience to spend ten days to half a month to follow their target at a distance, using an endless stream of arrows to harass the target day and night.

It was not until their enemies had completely collapsed physically and mentally that the centaur warriors finally caught up and pierced their hearts with their spears.

However, this was not a real war.

It was just a sloppy “rat-exterminating operation.”

Although the rat people had caused quite a commotion in Black-corner City, it had mainly been a series of explosions that caught the Blood Hoof Clan off guard.

The centaur warriors, whose brains were still filled with glory and arrogance, did not think that there was a need to exhaust their time and empty their quivers while hunting a bunch of dirty, weak, and lowly rats on the grassland.

When they chased after the d\*mned rats yesterday, they did not even waste an arrow.

As long as they increased their speed slightly, pointed their spears forward, and held their machetes horizontally on both sides, they would be able to harvest these insignificant creatures smoothly.

They only needed to make sure that the other party’s foul blood did not splatter on them.

Today, the centaur warriors had wasted dozens of precious arrows because this large pile of rats were hiding in the grass.

The centaur warriors, who were moving faster and faster, did not expect the situation on the battlefield to be a premeditated.

They thought that the poor rat people had been scared out of their wits by the massacre yesterday and had lost all their strength to escape. They could only curl up in the seemingly dense grass like ostriches burying their heads in the sand, hoping to escape.

Even when they split open the grass and found the pits and trenches that the fugitives had painstakingly dug, they did not pay it any mind. Instead, they laughed at the rat people’s stupidity in front of them.

“You want to rely on these trenches and holes to block the charge of the Blood Hoof warriors? How is that possible?!”

Indeed, after the fugitives who had luckily survived the rain of arrows sensed the centaur warriors’ overwhelming killing intent, they realized with extreme despair that they were carrying out an impossible mission.

Drunkenly discussing “the use of a shovel to deal with a tiger” at the wine table was completely different from being stared at by a huge, murderous tiger in the forest.

The centaur warriors were definitely scarier than tigers.

Ten times scarier...

These combat creatures that were fused with the upper body of a human and the lower body of a war horse through superb genetic technology had seemingly stepped out of a nightmare. They did not possess the gentleness of a herbivore.

Many centaur warriors had hair that was full of tension, and it was awe-inspiring. Their hair extended all the way from their backs to their horse bodies.

When they moved as fast as lightning, they were like colorful flames of war that surrounded their targets.

Many centaur warriors had bodies that were as strong as Minotaurs'. Their oily skin gave off a metallic feel that was made of copper and iron. Not only did they hold spears and scimitars, they also wanted to increase the lethality of their charge. Many of them even had a sharp blade that could cut through iron like mud behind them. There were even a few iron rings on their hoofs that were filled with dense spikes!

It was easy to imagine how terrifying the damage would be if these war machines, which were armed with sharp blades and spikes, charged into their own battle lines and trampled as well as cut at will.

While the centaur warriors maintained their maximum impact force, their flexibility did not decrease at all, and that was scarier.

They were literally "one with the centaur." Whether it was their two iron arms or four iron hoofs, they were all extensions of their will.

The fugitives' time and strength were also quite limited. It was impossible for them to hide in the trenches perfectly.

Soon, they were discovered by the centaur warriors who easily jumped over.

As for the knots that could theoretically trip the horse's legs, they were often turned into dust by the centaur warriors' sharp iron hoofs.

Facing the centaur warriors who were crushing them like thunder, all the fugitives' minds were blank.

Two or three days ago, they had faced the old, weak, and disabled centaur warriors during the serial explosions in Black-corner City.

They had defeated their opponents with the help of the sea of people tactics and the temple thieves who had been hiding amongst the crowd.

They had thought that the Blood Hoof warriors were only so-so, and that their weak combat strength could be made up by the advantage of numbers.

It was not until now, when the murderous intent of the centaur warriors swept over like a raging wave, that the fugitives realized how naive and ridiculous they were.

Even on the spirit level, their beliefs were still firm and even fanatical.

On the physiological level, they emitted screams from the deepest part of every cell that originated from their genes.

Fortunately...

Between these ragtag mob that was about to collapse and the centaur warriors who had pushed their speed to the limit and could no longer change their angle or direction...

There were also two other existences that were more qualified than the centaur warriors to be called "killing machines."

Meng Chao was akin to a dragon that was hibernating in the abyss.

His limbs were deeply embedded in the wet soil. He lowered his body as much as possible and hid in the grass.

At the same time, he restrained his breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature to their limits. Even the centaur warriors who were close to him could not sense that there was an extremely dangerous demon hiding next to their most vulnerable ribs and abdomen.

Plus, his body looked like a rock that was absolutely still.

Numerous thick tendons and blood vessels swelled up as if they were filled with spirit energy. It formed a picture that looked like an angry dragon that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws.

Behind his lowered eyelids, deep inside Meng Chao's brain, there were countless bolts of spirit lightning swirling around. There was even a powerful spirit storm that was condensing, nurturing, and being born!

Just as the centaur warriors in the lead were about to leap over Meng Chao's head, he suddenly opened his eyes!

### **Chapter 1109: Another Miracle!**

In an instant, dozens of brain waves more powerful than lightning were released from the depths of his brain.

If Meng Chao's brain was fully scanned right then, he would find that the peak of his brain wave concussion had increased by dozens of times in comparison to a moment ago.

Dozens of brain waves struck the heads of the aggressive centaur warriors accurately and ferociously like invisible giant axes.

The centaur warriors immediately felt a splitting headache. Their vision blurred, and they started hallucinating.

The sky that was originally covered in dark clouds seemed to burn up instantly. The destructive flames dyed the entire world a deathly white.

Shrill meteors fell from the sky, turning into huge fireballs that could destroy the world. They smashed into the centaurs' bodies, shattering their bones. Every cell was destroyed.

The situation at the center of the world was as terrifying as the apocalypse, and the Big-Horned Rat God's ferocious figure slowly emerged from the flames.

The centaur warriors who were caught off guard cried out in surprise.

Their swift and smooth charge was like a whip that suddenly slowed down and scattered.

Even if they were as firm as iron and did not believe in the existence of the Big-horned Rat God at all...

They could not expel the illusion of the apocalypse, the Rat God's arrival, and the destruction of everything from their brains in a short period of time.

They could not stop their instinctive fear from spreading rapidly from their minds to every nerve ending in their bodies.

That was the power of Meng Chao's secret spirit attack technique, the Bomb of Fear.

When Meng Chao had just been reborn, Meng Chao's spirit index had already far surpassed that of an ordinary superhuman because he had experienced the apocalypse and received the Kindling's blessing. Plus, he was immune to most spirit attacks.

As he and many strange beasts, especially Supernatural Entities who were good at spirit attacks, had countless soul-stirring collisions on a spiritual level, he had learned from these monsters with deformed brains. He had understood how to use the ripples created by each brainwave to invade a target's brain and implant any information into it.

The Supernatural Entities such as the Demonic Abyss Eye, Tree of Wisdom, and micro brain that originated from billions of years ago in the ancient war era were all his teachers.

The skills that he gained from these "teachers" in those perilous "classes" were enough to make Meng Chao one of the top spirit experts in Dragon City... no, in the entire Other World.

To Meng Chao, invading a centaur warrior's brain, planting an illusion, and igniting the enemy's fear while the enemy was caught off guard was just a routine operation.

Of course, it was impossible to completely stop the war machine that had reached its limit just by relying on the fear in its soul.

While Meng Chao released and detonated the Bomb of Fear, Ice Storm, who was also lurking in the grass not far ahead of him on the left, also began her performance.

She knelt on one knee, her gaze focused and her expression cold like a near-perfect ice sculpture.

Her two arms, which were surrounded by a faint blue light, pierced deep into the unusually moist soil that was rich in underground water.

As the runes on her arms continued to appear, her totem power gradually followed the path opened by the runes and flowed from her arms all the way to the ground, causing the ground around her to freeze and turn into an extremely smooth surface of ice.

Using Ice Storm's arms as the source, the dark blue ice surface was like a living creature, continuously extending under the centaur warriors' hoofs.

If they had stepped on Ice Storm from the start, the centaur warriors would have had ways to maintain their balance and even run as fast as they could.

However, they had been deeply shocked by Meng Chao's Bomb of Fear prior to this.

When they were caught off guard, they stepped on the ice surface that should not have existed at all.

Suddenly, they lost their footing.

The centaur warrior at the front, who was also the most affected by Meng Chao's brainwaves, stopped in his tracks and raised his front hoofs.

His back hoofs plowed two deep gullies on the ice, causing him to tumble over and slide out along the track designed by Ice Storm.

Although the remaining centaur warriors were not in such a sorry state, their momentum was completely interrupted.

After barely finding their balance, their speed dropped to the bottom.

The most important thing for a cavalry to charge into an infantry formation that had more than ten times their number was speed.

If they pushed their speed to the limit, forget ten times, even an infantry that was a hundred times their number could possibly break apart in one go. Following that, they would be like pigs and sheep at their mercy.

However, if both sides lost their speed and fell into a chaotic battle, a heavily armored cavalry might be swallowed up by the rabble as well.

The centaur warriors before them had fallen into a nightmare that the cavalymen were unwilling to face.

Although they used the final momentum they had to stomp the unlucky escapees, who were curled up in the grass, into meat paste...

It was the same damage that a spent arrow could do.

They were far from tearing apart the fugitives' base.

Instead, they were trapped deep in the base and surrounded by the fugitives.

The appearance of the Bomb of Fear and frost attack made them realize that the fugitives hiding in the grass were not as simple as weak rats.

Invisible but deadly enemies could turn this cat-and-mouse game into a feast of slaughter at any moment.

Unfortunately, they were not the guests of this feast, but the food on the table!

The leading centaur knight made the right choice.

He tried to change his direction slightly and charge out of the fugitives' battle formation from the side.

After creating enough space, he decided to save face with a dense rain of arrows.

Perhaps they could also leave, gather enough reinforcements, and return to redeem themselves.

Unfortunately, the fugitives would not let them get what they wanted.

That was because all the fugitives who were still alive had witnessed a new "miracle!"

They had clearly seen, heard, or felt dozens of armored centaur warriors rolling toward them like a raging mountain flood.

The centaur warrior closest to them almost pierced their hearts with the sharp edge of his spear.

No power could have stopped this torrential current.

Yet, an invisible barrier had blocked it.

The centaur warriors, who were supposed to carry out the cruelest slaughter as destroyers, had horrified expressions on their extremely ferocious faces.

They inexplicably stopped moving their iron hoofs that could trample everything.

If that was not the Rat God's blessing, what else could it be?

"The Rat God has once again protected us!"

"As expected, this is merely a trial arranged by the Rat God. As long as we are firm and brave enough, no power can kill us!"

"They are afraid. The centaur warriors are actually afraid!"

These thoughts were like streams of magma flowing within the fugitives' brains, igniting their fighting spirit.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm's ambush had not only caused their pursuers to lose their footing, it had also given the fugitives time to consume the divine medicine.

As agreed, all the surviving fugitives crushed the honey wax that sealed the divine medicine. They raised their necks and drank up the medicinal liquid, which emitted a peculiar fragrance.

"Hiss..."

"Hu..."

"Rawwrrr!"

Their eyes suddenly opened wide, their skin turned red, and white smoke emanated from the top of their heads like chimneys as they let out bestial howls.

Meng Chao had not guessed wrongly.

The "divine medicine given by the Big-horned Rat God" indeed had the same effects as Dragon City's Deification Capsule.

The rat people who had taken the divine medicine instantly activated their maximum potential, giving up their health and even their lives in exchange for a temporary increase in their fighting strength.

Crackling sounds of bones exploding could be heard coming from their bodies, and their muscles were expanding at a speed visible to the naked eye. Their skin could not keep up with the growth of their muscles, and their scarlet veins were being torn apart. It made their bodies grow larger, stronger, and more ferocious.

Some of the rat subjects were so exhausted and seriously injured that they could not even stand up.

However, the moment they consumed the divine medicine, they turned into a rumbling machine. Hot steamy blood mist spurted out of their wounds, and they stood up unsteadily amid the blood mist.

Compared with the changes in their bodies of flesh and blood, the changes in their temperament were more intense.

The relatively small rat people had inevitably been a little cowardly and even wretched when they first faced the tall and big Blood Hoof horse warriors.

Now, their eyes were completely bloodshot. All the blood seemed to be rushing to jump out of their eyeballs, like red javelins wanting to penetrate the centaurs' chests.

"For the Rat God!"

"Witness my courage and my glory!"

"Hohohohohoho!"

The fugitives became killers in an instant.

The rat people jumped up from the bushes one after another and pounced on the centaur warriors who were close to them like crazy demons.

The centaur warriors who had been hunting on the grassland for a day and a night finally paid the price for their arrogance.

In fact, many centaur warriors had totem armor hidden in their bodies.

Even if they were not full-body armor from the beginning to the end...

Even if there were just a few pieces, it could greatly increase their combat strength.

However, when they launched their charge, not many centaur warriors chose to activate their totem armor.

They only wore ordinary leather armor, bone armor, and metal armor.

The reason was very simple.

Totem armor was like a ferocious beast that could not be filled with greed. In order to activate its full strength, its owner was required to continuously sacrifice his own flesh, blood, spirit energy, and strength.

They did not know how long they would have to travel across the grassland.

If they had to activate their totem armor every time they encountered the rat people, their armor would probably suck them into a dried corpse in just a few encounters. If not, they would lose control and become Origin Warriors.

Moreover...

"Mere rat people, what makes them worthy enough for us to summon our totem armor and welcome the most glorious death?"

According to the tradition of Turan warriors, only when facing a real warrior of the same status did they need to activate their totem armor to fight.



To die at the hands of an enemy equipped with totem armor was also a glory that only warriors could enjoy.

How could they allow the dirty and smelly blood of these rats to tarnish their totem armor?

### **Chapter 1110: Double Attack**

At this point, with the afterimage of the Rat God still lingering in their minds, the terrified centaur warriors realized that the “dirty and smelly rats” whom they despised and slaughtered, had suddenly turned into the craziest and most vicious demons.

Rat people surrounded by murderous aura constantly leaped out from the bushes and jumped behind them.

Sharp swords that had been sharpened to the point that they could cut a strand of hair pierced deep into their bodies through the gaps between their armor.

The rat people would also swing their war hammers that were covered in spikes and smash the most vulnerable parts of their spine and the back of their heads.

The furious centaur warriors struggled violently and threw the audacious rats off their backs. They stomped on their chests with their iron hoofs until their sternum, heart, and lungs exploded.

However, after taking the divine medicine given by the Rat God, the rat people’s adrenaline was now akin to a volcano erupting. They displayed the strong vitality of the advanced orcs in its full glory.

Even though their chests were a mess, they were still alive.

They even took the opportunity to wrap their bodies around the centaur warriors’ hoofs tightly. No matter how the spikes on their hoofs pierced through their bodies, the rat people still wanted to hang their burning flesh on to the hoofs, just to become a burden to the centaur warriors.

Even whenever one of them took his last breath, a bright smile would appear on his face.

That was how the rat people who had been bullied showed their bravery and loyalty to the Big-horned Rat God in the clouds.

The other rat people were not scared by their companions’ horrible death.

Instead, they were inspired by the blood that was spilled.

They roared and charged forward one after another, hanging on to the centaur warriors like leeches.

The physiological structure of the centaur warriors determined that while they had the advantage of being able to gallop and sweep everything in their path, once someone sat on their backs, it would be difficult to completely shake the person off.

After all, the centaur warriors had two separate vertebrae.

Their two vertebrae, one vertical and one horizontal, were connected by an extremely complicated and specific joint drive structure.

The synonym for “complicated and specific” was “redundant and fragile.”

When the swords in the rat people's hands stabbed deep into the centaurs' backs and struck their transverse vertebrae...

It became very difficult for the upper human half of their body to rotate a hundred and eighty degrees and enable them to sweep the rat people off the lower horse half.

The centaur warriors could only jump desperately and thrash around manically, burning the flames of war to the limit and releasing shockwaves around their bodies.

Using that method, they would throw the rat people down repeatedly, breaking their bones and even shattering their brains.

However, the armor and flesh around their bodies would be torn off as well, revealing the white of their bones.

The bloody scene further stimulated the fierce nature of the rat people.

Hundreds of rat people swarmed over.

Almost every centaur warrior had to deal with the attacks of several dozen rat people at the same time.

Some rat people jumped up and tried to land behind a centaur warrior to attack his blind spot where the two vertebrae were connected.

Other rat people held long spears and short blades and tried to stab the round belly on the horse half and cut off the tendons above the iron hoofs.

Some of the clever rat people even circled behind the centaur warriors, trying to attack their vital parts through their digestive and reproductive systems.

The centaur warriors charged left and right, brandishing their spears and great swords with the sound of wind and thunder, killing many of the rat people as if they were chopping vegetables.

Nevertheless, they were so shocked that their hearts were beating wildly, and they were drenched in cold sweat. All their attention was focused on the crazy rat people, and they had no time to care about the more dangerous killers lurking behind the rat people.

Under the cover of the rat people, Meng Chao was reminiscent of an active carnivorous lizard in the swamp area, hiding in the mud mixed with fresh blood.

He had already activated his totem armor silently.

However, he had smeared a layer of mud on the surface of his armor, hiding the light that was flowing out like mercury.

In order to avoid exposing his existence, he did not even try to crawl forward and quietly approach the centaur warriors from behind.

Instead, he observed the battle situation and waited patiently, silently waiting for the centaur warriors to fall into his trap.

As expected, an unlucky centaur warrior soon bumped into his blade.

The centaur warrior had just swung his saber that was three to five arms long, slashing at a dead space filled with blood and broken limbs.

After taking a short breather, the centaur warrior did not dare to continue engaging with the rat people who were still eyeing him outside the dead space.

He changed his direction and rushed out of the battle formation, trying to move in a circle, activate his totem armor, and gain enough speed to turn back and slaughter all the d\*mned rats.

However, he did not realize that a monster more terrifying than all the crazy rat subjects combined was lurking in his path.

Just as the ignorant centaur warrior leaped over Meng Chao's body, Meng Chao's arms suddenly sprung up like a spring that was released after it was compressed to the extreme.

The two sharp scythe-like blades that were attached to the front of Meng Chao's arms unleashed two faint shadows as he swung them. Then, they swept toward the centaur warrior's two hind hoofs.

Meng Chao's speed was almost like an illusion.

Not only did the rat people who were chasing the centaur not notice his existence, but they also did not notice his presence.

Even the fleeing centaur warrior himself did not realize that the joints and tendons in his two hind limbs had been severed by Meng Chao's blade in an unbelievable way.

After taking another seven or eight steps, he felt an inexplicable emptiness in his two hind legs.

It was as if a gate had opened, and all the strength in his body poured out like a flood from the bottom of his hind legs.

The centaur warrior staggered and fell heavily to the ground.

Driven by inertia, he rolled about seventeen or eighteen times in a sorry state.

When he finally broke free from the dizziness and tried to regain his balance, he realized that he could not sense the existence of his two hind legs at all.

The dirty and smelly rats had caught up to him and surrounded him in a tight circle.

He watched as he was precisely disintegrated, leaving only a layer of skin as thin as a cicada's wings and his hind legs that were still connected.

There was a familiar yet unfamiliar predatory expression on the faces of the rat people.

Unprecedented fear finally oozed out of the centaur warrior's bone marrow.

On the bright side, maybe he should be grateful...

Grateful that he was the first centaur warrior to be attacked by Meng Chao.

Since the fierce battle was still going on, time was limited.

No matter how cruel the rat subjects would judge him, it could not be crueler than the “games” they had played with the rat subjects when they were bored the night before.

Meng Chao did not have time to enjoy the centaur warrior’s end.

His attention had already shifted to his next prey.

With the help of the first centaur warrior’s heart-wrenching scream, the attention of the surrounding people was attracted. Like a loach, he suddenly darted to the second predetermined ambush location. It was the most suitable ambush location for the centaur warrior to escape.

The second round began, and they did not have to wait long.

Soon, Meng Chao did the same thing. He severed the six hoofs of three centaur warriors.

He made them limp on the ground. As the rat people pounced on them, the most powerful of the Turan warriors were unleashed. Hearing their roars, centaurs’ legs went weak.

Ice Storm deployed a different style.

She was still hiding in the depths of the grass, and her arms were buried far into the ground.

Her vitality magnetic field kept spreading, carefully searching the underground water system. It wrung out every handful of moist soil, condensing a large amount of the water element into ice crystals that she firmly held in her hands.

When the centaur warriors were surrounded by the rat people, the ice crystals continued to condense into sharp ice cones. Like bamboo shoots after a rain that were accelerated a hundred times, they rose from under the centaur warriors and stabbed the round belly of their horse half, as well as the vital parts behind the horse belly.

Together with Meng Chao, she had undergone a trial of near-death experience in Blood Skull Temple.

Ice Storm had seemingly received the blessings of the Turan ancestors as she opened the door to surpass all limits.

Right then, her control over her totem power was at a higher level than when she had been fighting in the arena.

Her sharp icicles were sealed with blue rays of light, and the endless chill froze one’s bone marrow.

Even though the centaur warriors had extremely sharp senses, the moment the icicles broke out of the ground, they contracted their abdomen and dodged the icicles.

They were mostly unable to dodge the blue rays of light that whistled out the tip of the icicles.

As long as the cold rays entered their abdomen, they would be able to freeze the centaur warriors’ internal organs.

Even if it could only freeze them for a few seconds, it would be enough to make the centaurs’ movements slower and clumsier. The crazy rat people would have a chance to catch them and attack, which would then result in them dying together.

Ice Storm was especially wary of those centaur warriors who would once again increase their speed.

She would predict their route ahead of time.

Just as they were about to run, an ice cone that was half the height of a human would poke out of the ground at the right time.

If the centaur warriors could not dodge it in time and rammed straight into it, a bloody bowl-sized hole would definitely be created where the upper half of the human body and the lower half of the warhorse's body merged.

If they could barely dodge it, they would still inevitably lose their speed again and allow the rat people to catch up.

Even those centaur warriors who did not hit the icicles felt a chill from the top of their heads to the end of their spine when they saw such a strange scene from afar. It froze their blood vessels and nerves.

There were not many centaur warriors who were directly attacked by Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

However, the two extremely dangerous experts were hiding deep down in the grass. They could sever their hoofs at any moment, pierce their abdomen, freeze their internal organs, and throw those who could not move to the crazy rats. The psychological pressure brought about by the two experts made every centaur warrior break out in cold sweat and almost suffocate.

However, the rat people cheered again.

They were weak, so they could not see Meng Chao and Ice Storm's attacks clearly. They did not even notice their existence.

They only saw icicles suddenly rise up from the ground, and the centaur warriors fell down one after another without a clear explanation. The expression on the remaining centaur warriors' faces changed drastically, and they appeared extremely terrified.

If that was not the Big-horned Rat God's blessing, what else could it be?