

Oh My God 1121

Chapter 1121: Gradually Revealing the Plot

“I still don’t understand.”

It was not that Ice Storm did not agree with Meng Chao’s analysis, but she just could not figure it out. “The commander of the Great Horn Army seems to be quite a shrewd figure. How could he not understand what you said?”

“Then, why did he watch the army that he painstakingly built die and walk toward destruction?”

Indeed, he had been able to mobilize tens of thousands of rat people in the five clans’ main cities such as Black-corner City at the same time.

He was also able to build a team that dared to challenge his former master from scratch in the gap between the Blood Hoof Clan and the Gold Clan.

He also had a lot of techniques that originated from the ancient Tulan people and the secrets of the temple.

The mastermind behind the Great Horn Army definitely did not seem to be a foolhardy person.

What benefits did such a suicidal strategy have for him?

“Of course it has benefits.”

Meng Chao sipped on the not-so-thick mandala paste as he analyzed the situation patiently, “Have you noticed that we have gone through four siege battles? After each battle, the rat soldiers who performed extremely valiantly, who took the divine medicine and survived, and who did not suffer any side effects, as well as those who were extremely skilled, have all disappeared?”

Ice storm was slightly stunned.

The mobility of the Great Horn Legion was extremely strong.

Basically, every day, there would be more and more rebel troops from all over the land of Tulanze.

They would fall behind and even fall apart, reorganizing themselves.

On the other hand, the siege war that relied on the sea of people tactic consumed a huge amount of energy.

As a result, the ‘comrades’ around them took turns like walking lamps, and it was rare to see any familiar faces.

However, the ice storm did not pay attention to the details that Meng Chao had mentioned.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, said confidently, “I have observed that the four siege battles were all like this. The rat soldiers who performed exceptionally well and had a high tolerance for the ‘divine drugs’ were often taken away by the rat god priests after they won.”

“In the next siege battle, especially before the siege, they will definitely not appear in the bloody trenches.

“Then, it will be like... cutting chives. The best of the millions of rat soldiers will be selected through the tough battles where blood and flesh will fly everywhere.”

Tu Lanze did not have chives.

Ice storm was slightly dazed.

It was not until Meng Chao explained with “The tender leaves on the mandala’s branches” that she came to a realization.

“Are you saying that the series of battles that we have experienced in the past half a month is the Great Horn Army’s way of selecting elite soldiers?” She muttered.

“That’s right. Since the start of the sky-sinking grassland, hasn’t the great horn army been using this method to select elite soldiers?”

Meng Chao sneered, “As the saying goes, ‘the essence of soldiers is more valuable than the quantity’. Neither the Great Horn Army nor the five clans need so many cannon fodder who waste their food. If the best of the best can be eliminated through bloody and cruel battles, ninety percent of the unqualified rat civilians will be eliminated, leaving only one-tenth of the elites who have been through hundreds of battles.

“On the one hand, it can greatly reduce the great horn army’s military rations consumption. At the same time, it can improve their mobility and stealth, making it easier for them to command. Isn’t it much better than leading so many mobs who will only waste food

“Therefore –”

Ice Storm Thought for a moment and repeated Meng Chao’s speculation, “The guy hiding behind the Great Horn Army never thought that he would capture so many cities and towns. The so-called goal of conquering cities and lands is merely to select the truly strong ones among the rat people through the survival of the fittest?”

“Yes. I even suspected that there was no ‘great horn army’ in the beginning. Or rather, the scale of the great horn army at that time was far smaller than what the messengers, officers, and priests had described. Not to mention a million soldiers, there were not even hundreds of thousands of them. At most, there were only tens of thousands of them. Otherwise, the size of the underground ecosystem that we saw in the deep part of the rift would have been far beyond what we could bear.”

Meng Chao said, “In the beginning, the messengers of the Rat God only tried to stir up the rat subjects by pulling the banner of the Rat God.

“However, when millions of rat subjects were ignited with the fury of resistance and gathered together recklessly in the cruel war, after a lot of training, and when those who crawled back from the edge of Hell gradually stood out, the so-called ‘Rat God’s most elite army — the Great Horn Army’ would be worthy of its name!”

Ice storm was silent for a long time.

“It’s not that I don’t believe that the mastermind behind the scenes would never use such a ruthless method to build an elite rat army.”

Ice storm frowned slightly and said cautiously, “I just don’t understand. Even if the other party’s strategic goal is fully realized, he really did get an elite rat army full of anger and hatred that crawled back from the edge of Hell. So What?”?

“Can this elite rat militia legion compete with the heavy army group made up of totem warriors of the Gold clan or the Blood Hoof Clan?”

“Of course not.”

Meng Chao shook his head, “Even if the elites of the great horn army are trained to be ferocious, tyrannical, and fearless, even if their scale is more than ten times that of the tribal army made up of totem warriors, they still have no hope of winning.”

There was nothing they could do.

The otherworld that possessed spiritual energy was, after all, a world that relied on the size of a fist to decide the power of speech.

If the weak could easily crush the strong by relying on numbers.

The history and future of the Otherworld would not be so fascinating and unpredictable.

“Therefore, what is the guy who single-handedly created the ‘Great Horn Rat God’ and the ‘Great Horn Army’ Thinking?”

The ice storm could not figure out the other party’s thoughts more and more, “He invested so much effort and resources just to build a rat army that has never appeared in the history of Tulanze and then personally send it to the execution platform?”

“That’s where you’re wrong.”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and said, “Of course, the Big Horn Army is definitely not a match for the Gold clan’s Heavy Army Group. Once the totem warriors get serious, the rat people will definitely be killed until they lose their armor and fall into disarray.

“However, defeat is one thing, but annihilation is another.

“Moreover, the so-called ‘annihilation’ does not usually mean that the entire army has been massacred. Instead, it means that the organizational structure has been destroyed, the commander has been killed, and the soldiers have completely lost their will to fight. They have fled and surrendered in batches.

“Since ancient times, in the countless ‘annihilation battles’, the soldiers who have truly been massacred are at most twenty to thirty percent. The vast majority of the soldiers will still be captured by the victors.

“As long as there isn’t a deep-rooted hatred between the two parties and the victors’ food isn’t too tight, it’s impossible to kill all the captives. Especially since the captives this time are the best ones that have been carefully selected from the countless rat subjects.

“Whether they are cannon fodder or slave labor, they are the best materials. What do you think?”

The ice storm was suddenly enlightened.

Meng Chao's analysis opened up a whole new train of thought in her mind.

That's right. On the surface, the golden clan seemed to be the biggest victim of the 'Great Horn Rebellion'.

After all, under the strategy of 'driving the tiger to swallow the wolf,' the furious and unruly rat people from all over the world were all driven into the territory of the golden clan, they had already turned the southern part of the territory upside down and it was a complete mess.

However, if one thought about it carefully, other than temporarily losing a few towns and humiliating the glory of the Golden Clan,

The golden clan did not suffer any serious injuries.

In the last glorious era, they had gone in and out of the land of holy light seven times, killing so much that the night watchmen and mages were terrified. Even the most irritable dwarves heard their names and their whiskers were trembling, they were even unharmed.

If the wolves, tigers, and leopards, who had been conserving their energy, came down from the mountain and heavily wounded the great horn army as if they were Tigers.

The Great Horn Army, which had run out of ammunition and food, was too bloated and lacked basic qualities and effective leadership, and it was highly possible that it would collapse instantly.

By then, if the best of the defeated soldiers were unwilling to starve to death, there would only be one way for them to survive.

And that was to surrender to the Gold clan!

"So..

"The so-called 'Big Horn Rat God' and the 'Big Horn army' are all the tricks of the Gold clan!"

Ice Storm suddenly came to a realization.

When they were in black-corner city, Casanova Bloodhoof and the elders of the clan had used this excuse to explain the existence of the Rat God's emissary.

Although the excuse was fabricated by them.

It was precisely because of this excuse that it was reasonable enough to be convincing.

If Casa Bloodhoof had hit the nail on the head...

Everything would make sense.

Why could the rat people organize a large number of people to sneak into the underground of black-corner city and carry out large-scale earthwork and high-precision blasting operations.

Why was it that they seemed to know the temples in black horn city like the back of their hands, and they were familiar with how to crack the mechanisms in the temples and steal the treasures in the

temples — after all, many ancient weapons and armor fragments with thousands of years of history.., it was because the totems on the surface were fragmented, making their spiritual magnetic field extremely unstable.

If they were not smeared with secret medicines and sealed with secret techniques, once they touched the air, they would release incomparably violent spiritual energy, which was enough to burn anyone who came into contact with it into ashes instantly.

Why was it that the basic soldiers of the great horn army, including the bone club and the old bear skin, were so well-trained that they were almost as good as the elites of the five major clans.

Why was it that the secret campsite of the Great Horn Army had always been hidden in the gap between the Bloodhoof clan's territory and the Gold clan's territory.

"The rise of the Great Horn Army was supported by the Gold clan!"

"The Great Horn Army is a tool made by the Gold clan to harvest the elite rat soldiers in the territories of the other four clans!" icestorm blurted out

Chapter 1122: Upcoming Rise

This was a conclusion that sounded earth-shattering at first, but when one thought about it carefully, it was extremely absurd.

Therefore, as soon as Ice Storm uttered it, before Meng Chao could react, she took the initiative to frown and shake her head. "It can't be. This is too... It's asking for trouble!"

It was not that the rulers of the five great clans would not use such a cruel method to select their servants.

If necessary, no matter how cruel the method was, the high and mighty warriors would not hesitate to carry it out.

The problem was that there was no need to make things so complicated.

In fact, the main purpose of the so-called "Five clans'War" was not only to select the war chief and fight for the highest authority to command the Tulan Army, but also to select the rat people during the actual combat exercises, it was to save as much food as possible and save as much as possible.

Although in the passionate and soul-stirring war epic, the glorious warriors of the five clans — gold, Blood Hoof, dark moon, lightning, and divine tree — had to do their best in the "Five races'War" .., they had to be fearless and beat each other's brains out in order to please the ancestral spirits.

However, the warriors of Tulan were all 'high-level orcs' after all.

The difference between 'high-level' and 'low-level' was probably that the former had mastered all the skills that could be said and done.

Even the most irascible wild boar warriors would not do such a stupid thing as killing their own people without even touching a single hair of the human race of the Holy Light.

At least for the past 3,000 years, in every 'War of the five clans', the rat folk soldiers under the subordinates of the major clans would take the lead and use their own flesh and blood to make chess pieces for the masters to strategize and compete with each other.

When the cannon fodder was almost exhausted and the atmosphere was right, it was not that the masters could not go on stage in person and compete with the nobles on the opposite side through a series of ritualistic procedures.

Such a competition naturally had a certain degree of danger.

Every time the five clans competed, a portion of the clan warriors would lose their lives on the spot.

It was just like the game of the brave that was carried out within each clan.

However, compared to the pile of rat civilian soldiers that had piled up into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, the death rate of the clan warriors would definitely not exceed one percent of the former.

Basically, it was the cannon fodder who fought with all their might until the last drop of their blood and their last breath.

The Masters would put friendship first, competition second, and compare their strengths and weaknesses.

After a large number of rat civil servant soldiers were killed or injured, the scale of the cannon fodder army would naturally be greatly reduced.

However, this would not harm the combat strength of the cannon fodder.

This was because reducing the scale would reduce the burden of food consumption and logistics supply lines. At the same time, using the threat of death to squeeze out a portion of the potential of the rat civil servant soldiers would instead stimulate the ferocity and combat strength of the cannon fodder, only by turning them into ferocious beasts of war could they charge into the land of Holy Light without fear of death and kill or be killed wantonly.

This was the tacit understanding that had been formed since the era of the great extermination order.

It was precisely because of this tacit understanding that the gold clan had gained the dominance for more than two thousand years in the past three thousand years, becoming the number one clan without a doubt.

Ice Storm did not think that the golden clan had any need to use such a complicated method with great side effects to break the hard-won tacit understanding that Meng Chao had mentioned.

After all, she had been paying attention to the news of the golden clan ever since she had gone deep into Tulanze.

From the words of the escaping warriors and merchants, she had not heard of any major events that had happened to the golden clan during the last prosperous era.

Logically speaking, the gold clan, which had the advantage of having a strong army, should not be the one who was in a hurry to change the rules of the game.

If it was the Bloody Hoof clan, which was the 'second in a Thousand Years', who was unwilling to be the underdog again and wanted to win by surprise, then there was still a small possibility.

No, this was also impossible.

Regardless of whether it was the gold clan or the bloody hoof clan, they were more ferocious than cunning.

Icestorm always felt that this plot was too complicated, too dangerous, and required too much patience and precision. It did not seem like the style of the gold clan or the bloody hoof clan.

It was more like the sneaky serpent-men and lizard-men of the Dark Moon clan.

However, the Dark Moon clan could not possibly create so many tricks between the bloody hoof clan and the Gold clan.

Icestorm threw this suspicion at Meng Chao.

Meng Chao Shrugged.

"Indeed. The ruler of the Gold clan doesn't seem to need to take off his pants and fart. In any case, according to the rules of the game, the chief of this war is most likely a lion or a tigerman."

Meng Chao said, "However, apart from the lion and Tigermen, is there no other... ambitious person in the Gold Clan?"

His gaze gave ice storm the feeling that he had seen through everything.

Ice Storm raised his eyebrows and could not help but ask Meng Chao if he had already guessed the identity of the mastermind.

Meng Chao grinned.

He did not "Guess"it.

Instead, he "Saw"it directly through the memory fragments from his previous life.

To be honest, he did not feel that he had the ability to pick out the details.

However, it was always easier to know the correct answer in advance and deduce the solution based on the correct answer.

Zhuge Liang was a hundred times better than the real Zhuge Liang.

In the depths of Meng Chao's brain, everything that happened after he came to Tu Lanze was like pieces of broken but shiny pieces.

It was like a flash of memory from his previous life. Bits and pieces of information were perfectly pieced together.

Gradually, they formed a complicated but clear puzzle.

The content of the puzzle was the path to the rise of the ambitious man who was called the "Doomsday Wolf" by the trembling voice of the entire foreign world in the near future.

Meng Chao felt that he had vaguely touched the origin of the “Corpse-eating dog, Jackal, Wilderness Wolf, Netherworld wolf, Doomsday Wolf”.

Now, there were only two questions left.

First, how would the Great Horn Army complete its destruction and rebirth.

Second, when, where, and in what manner should he ruthlessly insert himself into the scheme of the “Jackal”kanus.

Only then could he change the future and bring the greatest hope to himself, Dragon City, and of course, to the ordinary mouse people, including leaf.

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The victory of the siege did not buy much time for the mouse soldiers to rest and recuperate.

After all, one more day of rest and recuperation meant one more day of food consumption.

With the Great Horn Army’s reserves, they could not support so many mouse people, and their daily consumption was like a bottomless pit.

It was better to drive them to the battlefield early and let the Grim Reaper solve their food problem.

The rat soldiers did not even have a good night’s sleep. At the darkest time before dawn, they were forcefully awakened by the officers. They grabbed the knotted leather ropes and formed small teams, marching in the darkness.

Even with yesterday’s victory at the bottom.

They once again witnessed the supreme power of the Rat God in their dreams.

The rat soldiers still complained.

From time to time, someone would fall behind in the darkness.

In fact, the entire team was led into the ditch by the soldiers at the front, and they were separated from the main team.

Meng Chao and ice storm continued to carry out their strategy. They did not fall behind, nor did they want to attract attention. They kept up with the pace of the team.

After a few moments of rapid marching, when the rising sun lit up the morning glow and dyed the entire world red, they still maintained their formation and followed the officers and priests. Only one or two-tenths of the rat soldiers were left heading in the right direction.

Naturally, they were the strongest, most tenacious, and the most obedient of the rabble who only knew how to wave flags and shout and waste food.

This proved Meng Chao’s judgement.

The Great Horn Army’s recent strategy was to screen out the true experts of the rat tribe and get rid of those burdens.

Before dawn, they walked to the sky under the scorching sun in one breath. This exhausted team that was about to collapse finally saw the rat god skeleton flag fluttering in the wind in a valley.

They also drank the thick meat soup mixed with large chunks of beast flesh and the entire mandala fruit that they had not drunk for a long time.

Apart from that, there were two other pieces of news that followed.

One bad news.

And the great good news that shattered the previous bad news.

The bad news was that the rat people's misdeeds in the southern part of the territory of the Gold clan had finally deeply angered the strongest clan of the Tulan civilization.

Of course, in the past thousands of years, the lion men and Tigermen who took turns to control the highest power of the Tulan civilization would not go so far as to condescend and personally deal with a few rats that did not know the immensity of Heaven and earth.

However, several battle groups from the Wolf Clan had already moved out from the vicinity of Red Gold City. They were about to spread out their sharpest claws and teeth to tear the great horn army into pieces.

Although in the ten thousand years of history of the Tulan civilization, the individual combat strength of the Wolf clan was never as strong as that of the lion men and Tigermen.

However, the degree of cruelty and bloodthirstiness was no less than that.

Moreover, the werewolves' reproductive ability was extremely strong.

The werewolves were one of the most numerous tribes in the gold clan.

When necessary, the 'Wolf Pack' had the chance to completely devour the 'Rat Tide'.

Even though the great horn army was said to have received the blessing of the Rat God.

In the past ten days and half a month, they had continuously conquered cities and conquered lands, triumphantly singing songs of victory. It had also caused some of the rat soldiers who were abnormally confident to have the illusion that the clan warriors were nothing more than this.

However, when the heavy army group formed by the totem warriors really showed their most ferocious side and pounced towards them with murderous intent.

All the rat tribe warriors still subconsciously felt that their hearts had been ruthlessly pinched by the wolf claws, causing them to be in so much pain that they could not breathe.

Before the team that Meng Chao was in arrived at the valley camp, this bone-chilling news had already lingered here for several days.

All the rat soldiers stationed there were covered in gloomy clouds and mist. The atmosphere was indescribably mysterious.

However, half a moment after Meng Chao's team arrived...

An extremely dramatic scene appeared.

A heavily wounded soldier whose armor was embedded with Wolf Fang Arrows was extremely excited. He looked like a knight who was about to burst into flames as he delivered a thunderbolt-like report of victory.

Just last night, the main force of the Great Horn Army ambushed the Howling Legion that belonged to the Wolf clan in the valley of the vengeful souls. After a fierce battle in the middle of the night, they had achieved a complete victory!

Chapter 1123: Death of the Nighthawks

The Howling Legion had a glorious battle history of thousands of years.

It was one of the dozens of legions that the advanced orcs had reorganized after the great extinction order.

It was also one of the five main forces of the Wolf Clan.

Not only did it inherit the characteristics of the Wolf Clan, which was cold, bloodthirsty, as fast as the wind, and as fast as the fire...

There was also a special mineral in the depths of the earth near the base, which made the mandrake fruits there rich in various trace elements.

Even the members of the Howling Legion who used the mandala fruits here as their main food possessed the keen vision of a falcon, as well as the talent of being able to see like a torch in the pitch-black darkness.

Such a talent made them especially good at it, and they especially liked to fight at night.

It was unknown how many times, but they were like shadows without size or weight, completely merging into the darkness and silently approaching the enemy.

Without breathing, suppressing their heartbeats, and having no temperature, these stealthy ghosts would only shoot out their sharpest claws and teeth from the enemy's throat at the last moment.

At this time, they would instantly burst out the roar that they had been suppressing bitterly, forming a howl that pierced through their eardrums and even their hearts.

The Howling Battle Group got its name from this.

Such an outstanding battle record that had been sung by countless war epics and had never been defeated by the mages of the land of Holy Light, the curses of the night watchmen, the elves, and the fury of the Dwarves in all the previous battles of Glory.., they had actually been defeated by the Great Horn Army. was that possible?

The first reaction of the rats that this unbelievable news brought to them was not to be overjoyed, but to be filled with suspicion.

Even the most devout believers had a series of question marks on the authenticity of the news.

What shocked them was not only the news that the Howling Legion had been defeated.

There was also the method of defeat and the results obtained.

According to the news, the Great Horn Legion had used the Howling Legion's best method — a night attack — on a starless night to kill these ghosts in the dark.

After receiving the blessing of the Rat God, the soldiers cleverly took advantage of the Howling Legion's underestimation and carelessness. They had long made use of the earthwork to ambush the place where the Howling Legion was going to set up camp.

At midnight, when everyone thought that it was the most advantageous for them and that it was the least likely for them to encounter the enemy, they charged out from the underground and executed the "Decapitation strategy". They instantly charged into the command center of the Howling Legion, they killed the commander of the Howling Legion, the Nighthawks, and finally caused the collapse of the Howling Legion.

"Even the Nighthawks were killed by the Great Horn Legion?"

When Ice Storm heard this shocking news, he was so shocked that his jaw almost dislocated.

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that the Nighthawks were the iron-blooded valiant generals of the Wolf clan.

In the past 30 to 50 years of the relatively dull era of prosperity, there had not been any large-scale wars that broke out between Tu Lanze and the land of Holy Light. However, small-scale frictions had never stopped.

The secret squads that the two sides had infiltrated into each other's hinterland would only be ten times crueler than a direct battle.

The Nighthawks had grown up in such bloody and cruel squads and secret battles. They were notorious for their ruthlessness.

It was said that before he had completed his coming of age ceremony, he had followed his clansmen into the land of Holy Light and beheaded seven Nighthawks as his coming of age ceremony.

When he took over the power of his clan, he was qualified to personally command the troops and charge into the land of Holy Light alone.

He had also fully displayed the Wolf clan's flexibility and advantage in night battles.

Almost every time he attacked, he would receive a bountiful harvest.

Every time he returned to Tulanze, his waist was always hung with the bloody heads of the night watchers.

As a result, the night watchers, who had long been used to guarding the light in the darkness, were terrified when they heard the mournful howls of the Wolf Clan's valiant general. They wished that the long night would quickly pass and let the dawn turn into armor..., to protect their fragile throats and hearts.

That was how the name “Nighthawk” came to be.

He had been born into the nobility of the Wolf clan for generations, and he had made many contributions during the friction with his ten-thousand-year-old enemy. Up until now, Nighthawk was far more than just an ordinary general of a battle group.

He was one of the few giants of the Wolf clan in terms of prestige, power, and combat strength.

Even in front of the lion-men and Tigermen, he had a considerable amount of authority.

Such a vicious and fierce person was actually ‘beheaded’ by the Great Horn Army in a night raid?

For a time, the valley camp was completely silent.

The air pressure, which was already so low that it was hard to breathe, condensed into invisible rocks.

The rat people looked at each other, not knowing if they should believe this great news.

Until more cavalymen from the main force of the Great Horn Legion appeared.

They brought a lot of weapons and flags that they had captured.

The war flag of the Howling Legion was carefully woven from the hair on the tail of the Wolf clan, and it contained a special brutal aura.

Even though it was burned by the flames and riddled with holes, it still fluttered in the wind and faintly emitted a mournful howl.

This was something that could not be faked no matter what.

Moreover, if they really wanted to fabricate the results of the battle, there was no need to fabricate such an exaggerated and unreasonable result as ‘killing the Nighthawks’.

It seemed that it should be true.

After all, all lies had logic.

Only reality would be so absurd and inconceivable.

When a large number of the spoils of war were captured — the Wolf Clan’s standard, smeared with black oil, black armor that was especially beneficial for night battles; iron rods inlaid with wolf fangs; tents and flags engraved with the Wolf Clan’s battle emblem, when they were piled up in the middle of the valley camp and allowed the rat people to trample on and choose, all of the Rat People’s doubts turned into a wild joy like a volcano erupting.

If one were to say that escaping from black-corner city and the other demon caves was just to grow wings and fly into the clouds...

In the field battle, defeating the well-known veteran battle group was akin to pulling down the entire sky and trampling under one’s feet.

The iron-like facts proved that the main force of the Great Horn Army’s combat strength was far beyond everyone’s imagination.

The rat tide could not only devour the empty cities that were guarded by the old, weak, and disabled. It could also compete with the real ace army on the battlefield where the brave would win in a narrow path.

Before the arrival of this victory report, some of the rat people were still confused about the future. They expressed their fear towards the heavy troops formed by totem warriors, and their dissatisfaction towards the food that was becoming thinner and thinner.

But now, there was no more confusion, fear, and dissatisfaction. They had all been thrown out of the clouds.

“The supreme big horn rat god!”

“The invincible Big Horn Army!”

“The incomparably glorious sixth clan!”

In the camp of the valley, all the rats knelt on the ground with a “Hula”, like a burning, undulating ocean, emitting from the bottom of their hearts towards the omnipresent and omnipotent ancestral spirits., an incomparably pious cry.

Right now, neither the mountain of blades nor the Sea of flames nor the roar of the Grim Reaper could stop their advance.

Even if they were only given a broomstick each and starved for three days and three nights, they would still dare to wave the broomstick and launch an indomitable attack toward the most magnificent fortified city of Lanze, Red Gold City.

In the boiling sea, only two small reefs remained unmoved.

Alright, the situation was forced. Meng Chao and ice storm were like the other rat subjects, shouting and worshipping at the top of their lungs.

However, under their flushed and seemingly fanatical expressions, their gazes were still as sharp as blades drawn from the snow.

“How is this possible?”

After the crazy worship, many of the rat subjects collapsed to the ground exhausted. They opened their limbs and stared at the big horn rat god who had been blessing them in the sky.

Meng Chao and ice storm were curled up in a corner and couldn't wait to discuss the latest battle report and the storm that was about to be stirred up.

First of all, the news of victory was definitely true.

If it was just to boost morale, there was no need to use a renowned Wolf clan leader like the Nighthawks as a target.

After all, if the Nighthawks were still alive, even if they were heavily injured by the Great Horn Army, as long as they could grit their teeth and stand out on the battlefield, it would be easy to expose their lies.

However, if the great horn army could really defeat the gold clan's heavy troops on the battlefield, and even kill the enemy commander.

Meng Chao wouldn't believe it even if he was beaten to death.

This wasn't because he looked down on the mouse people's combat strength.

It was because he knew how terrifying the thousand-year-old nobles of the high-level beastmen were after they were equipped with the most advanced totem battle armor.

As a noble of the Wolf clan, the Nightwalker was able to personally lead a small team of his clan to attack the land of Holy Light, as if entering an uninhabited land.

He would definitely have a high degree of vigilance and powerful combat strength.

And his totem armor would definitely be upgraded to the level where even if its master was unconscious, it would still be able to activate its cruising function and bring its master away from the battlefield.

Even if the command center was really ambushed by the Great Horn Army.

Could it be that it was impossible for him to escape with his life?

Yes, as the commander-in-chief of an army, it was definitely not a glorious thing to run away in a panic — or to be forced to run away by the rat people in a panic. It was possible that his reputation would be ruined and his name would be tarnished for a thousand years.

If the enemy they were facing was the trump card army from the land of Holy Light, it was highly possible that the Nighthawks would choose to fight to the end until they died.

However, being killed by the rat subjects and being defeated by the rat subjects would also become a joke. What was the difference

“The so-called main force of the Great Horn Army will never be able to defeat a trump card like the Howling Legion, let alone kill an experienced veteran like the Nighthawks, unless —”

Meng Chao took a deep breath and stared at the answer that slowly appeared in the depths of his mind. The corners of his mouth curled into a cold smile.

He suddenly threw a seemingly unrelated question at Ice Storm, “I guess that the Great Leader of the Wolf Clan, the Nighthawks, who has been unlucky for eight lifetimes, doesn't have a good relationship with Canus, the 'Jackal' who controls the entire Wolf Clan, right?”

Ice Storm was slightly startled.

He nodded subconsciously.

Canus, the 'Jackal' who controlled the Wolf clan, did not have a good relationship with the chiefs and priests who controlled the various settlements of the Wolf clan. They even went against each other on many issues.. This was something that everyone knew, it was also the same old method that the lion and tiger clans had used to control the Wolf clan for the past 3,000 years.

Chapter 1124: A Stroke of Genius That Killed Two Birds With One Stone

There was nothing they could do. Although the individual combat strength of the Wolf Clan warriors made it very difficult for them to join the ranks of the super-first-rate experts, through their powerful reproduction ability, they obtained an advantage in numbers.

This made the Wolf clan pose a subtle threat to the Lion Clan and the Tiger Clan.

As a result, no matter how much the Lion and Tiger Clans schemed and fought for the dominance in the Gold Clan, their blood would be spilled in five steps.

Once it was time to face the Wolf Clan, even the Lion and Tiger Clans, that had just fought their brains out, would have a tacit understanding and simultaneously restrict the Wolf clan.

This was to prevent the occurrence of a "Fight between the Liger and tiger clans, and the Jackal and Wolf clan would benefit from it".

Speaking of which, this was after all an internal competition within the Golden Clan. They could not make the situation too ugly.

Then, the most common way to balance the situation was to form a faction and fight against one faction. They would support the weaker factions in the Wolf clan and let the leaders of the smaller clans who weren't qualified to be leaders become the leaders of the Wolf Clan.

This was the unwritten convention of the past three thousand years.

Those Wolf clans with a long history, brilliant battle records, great wealth, and strong troops were the main targets of the lion and tiger clans. Their leaders rarely could control the entire Wolf clan.

The Wolf King that was forcefully promoted to the top of the stage was a well-known puppet. Even with the support of the Lion and tiger tribes, it was impossible for them to subdue the unruly wolf tribe chiefs who held heavy troops.

As a result, for a full 3,000 years, despite having the most elite warriors and high-quality troops in the golden clan, the Wolf tribe was still divided and scattered.

After thousands of years of ferment, the conflict between many Wolf clans was even deeper than the conflict between the Wolf clan and the outside world.

With such a "Fine tradition," it would be strange if the puppet "Jackal" kanus and the powerful "Nighthawk" of the Wolf Clan had a good relationship!

Moreover, the ice storm told Meng Chao that the relationship between "Jackal" kanus and the "Nighthawk" was not as simple as a "Bad relationship".

In fact, the conflict between the two was so sharp that it was on the verge of breaking out.

One had to know that the puppets that were secretly supported by the Liger and tiger clans were still held back by the Liger and tiger clans even after they ascended the throne.

But on the surface, they had to stand on the side of the Wolf clan and fight for their interests.

There were even many ambitious people who wanted to use each other with the Liger and tiger clans. Once they ascended the throne, they would fall out with each other.

Such a puppet with the ambition of a wolf would naturally be dealt with by the liger and Liger clans in no time.

However, in the eyes of the Wolf clan, they were unmistakably heroes.

The 'Jackal' Kanus and his 'seniors' were very different.

This guy who was born in poverty and was once called a 'corpse-eating dog' seemed to be determined to become a loyal dog of the Liger and Liger clans.

It was fine if he was a loyal dog, but this guy often did things that backfired and backfired in order to flatter his master.

For example, not long after he ascended the throne of the Wolf King, he came up with a series of innovative strategies in the Wolf clan that were "Bold and aggressive."

One by one, one by one. In the end, it was nothing more than one sentence, which was to drain the blood of the Wolf clan and help the lion and tiger clans become stronger and stronger.

This "Strategy for innovation", naturally in the Wolf clan set off a great uproar.

Make "Jackal" Kanus behind the master, from the Lion and Tiger clan, the bigwigs are somewhat embarrassed.

Heaven and earth conscience, although the balance of the Wolf clan is the Lions and tigers for thousands of years the basic strategy.

But they really do not want to drain the pool and fish, drain the blood of the Wolf clan, these bloodthirsty jackals and wolves, forced to the point of intolerable, break up.

After all, the Wolf Clan's numerical advantage was also an important bargaining chip for the gold clan to suppress the bloodhoof, thunder, Dark Moon, and divine tree clans.

As long as the Wolf clan could faithfully fulfill their duty as the best fighters of the Lion and tiger clans.

The lion and tiger clans were still very happy to see the Wolf clan live and prosper.

After figuring out his master's intentions and overdoing it, 'Jackal' Kanus made a scene and was very dispirited for a while.

Of course, as long as his starting point was his infinite loyalty to the Liger and tiger clans.

No matter how many stupid things he did, the throne of the 'Master of the Wolf Clan' under him was still as stable as the giant rock on the Sacred Mountain.

However, the Wolf clan leaders, including the 'Nighthawks', were less and less amiable to this puppet who came from a humble background.

Before Black-corner city was turned upside down, icestorm had heard some news from the merchants of the Gold clan.

The elders of the Wolf clan, including the Nighthawks, were planning to re-elect the Wolf King.

It wasn't that they absolutely couldn't accept a puppet that was supported by the lion and tiger clans taking over.

However, even if they really wanted to choose a puppet, they had to at least leave some dignity and hope for the Wolf Clan. It couldn't be a corpse-eating dog that had no bottom line!

"It seems that I was right."

Meng Chao's eyes were bright as he further speculated, "So, this unruly nighthawk won't have a very harmonious relationship with the leaders of the lion and tiger clans and the true masters of the Gold Clan?"

This was inevitable.

Although in the eyes of most people, including the lion and Tiger clans, 'Jackal' Kanus wasn't qualified to be the Wolf King, even if he was just a puppet.

However, since he had been placed on the throne, it represented the will of the Liger and tiger clans and the tradition that hadn't been shaken for 3,000 years.

Under such circumstances, not to mention "Corpse-eating dog" was just Kanus's nickname.

Even if he was really a crippled wild dog.

The Masters of the Golden Clan would never allow the Wolf clan to act on their own. They would remove him from power and choose a wolf king that was worthy of the name and everyone's expectations.

However, this time, the attitude of the Wolf clan was uncharacteristically unyielding.

In recent days, a large number of rat people who had been living in the territory of the golden clan had defected to the Great Horn Army.

They brought all kinds of hearsay, but not necessarily worthless information, which greatly enriched Meng Chao's intelligence base.

It made Meng Chao have a clearer understanding of the situation in Tu Lanze during the period of the "Great Horn Rebellion" before the Dragon City civilization and the Tulan culture came into contact with each other.

To put it in one sentence, it was "Surging undercurrents and confusing."

It was not unreasonable that the "Great horn rebellion" would erupt before the glorious era.

In the past, the interval between the prosperous era and the glorious era was at most ten to twenty years.

Ten to twenty years was just enough time for a generation to be nurtured and grow.

It allowed the Tulan civilization to have an inexhaustible source of soldiers.

On the battlefield, as chess players, they had a hundred ways to use the weak as chess pieces.

Whether it was the warriors against the rat people.

Or the Lions and Tigers against the Wolves.

They didn't need to use any despicable methods.

They just needed to be fair and square, and make subtle adjustments in the allocation of troops, targets, battle merits, and spoils of war.

This was enough to trap an elite force with outstanding battle achievements under the enemy's fortified city. They would not be able to conquer it after a long time, and their troops would be exhausted and their troops would suffer casualties.

This would also allow the troops that had the bloodline of glory flowing in their bodies and were inextricably linked to the strong to effortlessly harvest heads and the most delicious fruits of victory. Naturally, they would be able to obtain more battle achievements and glory.

Through the Battles of Glory, the Warriors could always suppress the lowly rat people.

The lion and tiger clans could always play the Wolf clan in their hands.

However, in the past half a century, the incomparably long era of prosperity, this set of rules that had been operating effectively for thousands of years had a huge flaw for the first time.

The rat people multiplied crazily, and their numbers broke through the critical point. Finally, they ignited the flames of resistance.

Although the reproduction ability of the Wolf clan was not as strong as that of the rat subjects, it was much stronger than that of the lion and tiger clans.

The longer the prosperous era lasted, the more advantageous it was for the clans with strong reproduction ability.

The Wolf clan that had exerted all their strength and continued to reproduce had a population that far exceeded the population size of thousands of years in the past.

When the chieftains of the Wolf clan narrowed their eyes and extended their eyes that were as sharp as lightning, everywhere they looked was filled with bloodthirsty wolf fangs.

The flames known as "Ambition" began to roast their hearts and brains day and night.

It wasn't that the lion and tiger tribes weren't aware of this problem.

However, the constantly collapsing level of civilization made these ultimate powerhouses with destructive power unable to organize a reasonable and effective population census that covered the entire area of Tulanze to find out how many wolf tribes, Tauren, and wild boar people there were, how many were there.

As for forcefully gathering the armies of the five great clans during the prosperous era and brazenly launching an attack on the land of Holy Light to protect their vested interests under the old rules of the game?

This was impossible.

During the prosperous era, when the mandala tree was full of fruitful fruits, it desperately ate, nurtured, reproduced, and grew.

When the mandala flower bloomed, the last mandala fruit emitted a strong fragrance. The descendants of the Warriors grew into a new generation of warriors and charged into the land of Holy Light. They used the flames of war to cleanse their bodies, and they used victory to shape their souls, they used heroic sacrifices in exchange for supreme glory.

This was a rule set by the great ancestral spirit ten thousand years ago. No one could break it, and no one could solve the problem of the collapse of morale after rashly breaking the rule. No one had the courage to bear the wrath of the ancestral spirit after losing the war.

In short, after experiencing the longest period of prosperity in history.

Not only was it difficult for the master warrior to control the rat population that had grown abnormally large.

Facing the unprecedented scale of the Wolf clan, the Liger and tiger clans, who had always been at ease in their balancing skills, gradually became powerless.

From this point of view.

Perhaps the strongest experts of the Liger and tiger clans had spent 80% of their energy thinking about how to properly deal with the problem of the Wolf clan.

That was why the Great Horn Army was able to take advantage of the Gold clan's southern territory, attacking the city and raiding the stronghold.

Sending the Wolf Clan warriors to deal with the fanatical rat people was the reason why the Lion and Tiger Clan was invincible. They might even be able to kill two birds with one stone.

Chapter 1125: Biggest Winner

"You're saying that the Lion and Tiger Clans hope that both the Wolf Clan and the Great Horn Army will suffer heavy losses. Even the defeat of the Howling Legion and the death of the Nighthawks are part of their conspiracy?"

Ice Storm was shocked.

Her father was acting as an advisor to the Wolf Clan's leader, Kanus, the Jackal.

Even though she had never met her father before and she never had any expectations of their so-called kinship...

If Kanus, the Jackal was really involved in the swirl of conspiracies...

Then her father, who was an advisor, would definitely not stay out of it.

This made it more difficult and unpredictable for her to find her father and retrieve her mother's belongings.

"Your guess is too shocking."

Ice storm stared at Meng Chao and said in a deep voice, "Although the five major clans living in Tulanze, including the various clans within the five major clans, are not very united, they also believe in the most intense competition to select the strongest leader.

"However, there has never been a case where a proud warrior used such a despicable scheme to defeat his opponent.

"Using the rat subjects to kill others? This is too, too tarnishing the glory of the ancestral spirits

"There has never been a case where the scale of all the tribes had grown abnormally during the prosperous era that lasted for half a century and greatly exceeded the capacity of Tu Lanze's resources."

Meng Chao said calmly, "Times have changed. Many things will change. Those who can't keep up with the pace of change and don't even admit that change is happening will only die."

"Evidence."

Ice storm said, "I need to see more evidence before I believe that the defeat of the Howling Legion and the death of the Nighthawks are related to the Liger and tiger clans."

"Of course, I can't provide any evidence."

Meng Chao spread his hands, but he smiled and said, "However, we can make a bet.

"If my guess is correct, the victory of the Great Horn Army is definitely not a flash in the PAN. In the following offensive, they will obtain a series of dazzling and dumbstruck victories.

"Perhaps, they will be able to kill more of the powerful giants of the Wolf clan just like how they killed the Nighthawks.

"Of course, if the Giants of the Wolf Clan are smart and strong enough, they might be able to break out of the encirclement of the Great Horn Army.

"However, what's the use of that?

"Even if their bodies of flesh and blood were not destroyed by the Great Horn Army, their glory and prestige were shattered and vanished the moment they were defeated by the rat subjects.

"Even if they fled back to the territory of the Wolf clan, there wouldn't be any Wolf warriors who would listen to their orders. Everyone would look at them with anger or pity.

"In the end, the walking dead would have no other choice but to die to atone for their crimes.

"Finally, when the Giants who had a thousand-year legacy and were in charge of the authority of the Wolf clan were defeated by the Army of the Great Horn Army, the power of the Great Horn Army would

expand to the maximum. All the rats would be blinded by the miraculous victory, and the Wolf clan would be in the greatest crisis in the past three thousand years.

“At this moment, as the leader of the Wolf clan in theory, the ‘Jackal’kanus, who was once despised, despised, and targeted by all the Giants, will be ordered to step forward and carry the flag of the Wolf clan, which has been riddled with holes and burnt mottled, and lead the defeated soldiers of the Wolf clan in the decisive battle against the Great Horn Legion.

“In this decisive battle, the ‘Jackal’kanus will sweep away the clouds and destroy everything in his path and achieve a glorious victory. He will become the hero who turned the tide in the hearts of all the warriors of the Wolf Clan, the real Wolf King!

“As for the Great Horn Legion, no matter how strong they are, how brilliant their battle records are, or how abundant their spoils of war are, they are all towers built on the beach. With just a wave, their true colors will be revealed and they will be disintegrated. Everything that they have gained today will be swallowed by ‘Jackal’Kanus Tomorrow!

“After eliminating the unruly giants of the Wolf clan, subduing the hearts of all the warriors of the Wolf clan, and capturing the strongest, most tenacious, and most skilled expert that the Great Horn Legion had painstakingly selected from millions of rats, perhaps ‘Jackal’kanus will be the biggest winner after this series of confusing chaos?”

The eyes of the ice storm had been narrowed into two slits.

But now, they were wide open.

She frowned and racked her brain.

But she couldn’t refute Meng Chao’s wild guess.

“Anyway, there’s still a long way to go before we arrive at Crimson Gold City. You can continue to observe and collect battle reports to see if my guess is correct.”

Meng Chao continued calmly, “However, if my jinx is really so effective, I’m afraid that you’ll have to be prepared — ‘Jackal’Kanus is not just a puppet who flatters, and your father is not just a minstrel who doesn’t do his job.

“No matter what he took from your mother back then, it won’t be that easy for you to retrieve your mother’s belongings.”

In the next few days, the rebel rat army that had arrived at the camp in the valley continued to march toward the core area of the Gold clan after a simple and rough reorganization.

This time, their marching speed had obviously increased, and the areas they passed through had become exceptionally complicated and dangerous.

Most of the time, there were no roads in front of them at all. There were only forests shrouded in smoke, rugged hills, and swamps that had been cut into pieces by the river network.

Meng Chao guessed that this had increased the difficulty of the selection and training.

In order to select the true elites.

After the arduous journey, the experts who could still keep up with the footsteps of the officers and priests finally enjoyed the whole piece of beast meat that they had not enjoyed for a long time when they set up camp.

The “Model soldiers” who had been charging forward and performed exceptionally well were even rewarded with golden fruits that were roasted to the point of smelling fragrant.

The series of victories also injected a greater dose of heart stimulant into the exhausted team.

Meng Chao’s guesses were continuously verified.

It was said that the main force of the Great Horn Army had won many battles consecutively and defeated the Wolf clan battle group that came to surround them.

Although they were unable to create the Night Raid Howling Battle Group and kill the nightless ones, they were able to defeat the Wolf Clan Battle Group.

But will also be high-and-mighty, aggressive Wolf clan battle group hit the dirt.

Known as the elusive, Volatile Wolf clan battle group, once plunged into the rat tide of the vast sea, as if a deep swamp into the mud foot giant, there is no legend of the fierce and fierce.

Though these victories were not borne out by so many spoils of war.

However, the rebel army that Meng Chao was in was able to march into the depths of the territory of the Gold Clan Day and night, setting up camp with great fanfare. They were not afraid of the rising smoke, but they had never been surrounded or ambushed, this was the best evidence.

Perhaps it was because he had heard too many reports of victory during the day.

When he fell asleep at night, Meng Chao had a brand new dream about the Rat God.

The sky was like fire, burning fiercely, and the dense clouds were rolling like magma, gradually condensing into the appearance of the Rat God.

Under the gaze of the Rat God, who occupied half of the sky, a strange girl stood alone on the ground. She was as thin as a stick, her hair was withered and yellow, her face was uneven, and each eye had two pupils.

The strange girl’s clothes were shabby, and the wounds left on her body by her master’s thorny whip were still there.

The bloody wounds seemed to never solidify. White bones could be seen in the deepest wound.

She was wrapped in wounds and looked extremely thin and weak. A gust of strong wind or the roar of a fierce beast could blow her into pieces.

What she was facing was a magnificent and indestructible city.

Regardless of how difficult it was to cross the towering city walls,.

Or how many extremely dangerous traps were placed in the trenches in front of the city walls.

In the Golden City alone, accompanied by the roars of wolves, tigers, and leopards, the murderous aura that soared into the sky condensed into a bloody storm that could be seen with the naked eye. Just a wisp of it would be enough to make a thin and strange girl die, die without a burial ground.

However, in the face of the Golden City filled with wolves, tigers, and leopards, under the gaze of the Rat God, a calm smile appeared on the Strange Girl's face. She calmly took out a bone flute that was filled with cracks, she blew out a light tune.

Accompanied by the sound of the bone flute.

At the end of the horizon behind the girl, there was a rustling sound.

It was a rat.

There were countless rats everywhere.

It was not an ordinary rat, but a tide of rats with rotten flesh and bones.

Just like the ghosts who had died tragically in the past ten thousand years, they all escaped through the cracks of hell and carried out the cruelest revenge.

Countless rats formed a surging tide, bypassing the girl who played the bone flute and rushing toward the magnificent city.

Whether it was the trenches that were full of traps, the burning wall of fire, or the high walls that were embedded with fangs and thorns, none of them could stop them.

The tide of rats was like a tsunami that was rarely seen in a thousand years. They easily crossed the 'breakwaters' and rushed into the city, engaging the wolves, tigers, and leopards in melee combat.

Soon, the splendid city was corroded into mottled spots by the burning blood.

In the ten thousand years of war, countless experts and divine weapons bombarded the city wall, but they were unable to destroy it. It was as if the city wall was soaked in blood and was rotten.

The Wolves, tigers, and leopards wearing magnificent armor could no longer display their past glory.

They jumped out of the collapsed city wall in panic, trying to escape from the white bone rat tide.

But under the command of the Strange Girl's bone flute, the skeleton rats, like Avengers endowed with life and wisdom, soon caught up from all directions, completely devouring the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards, they turned into piles of bones just like themselves.

Chapter 1126: The Awakening of the Saintess

In the end, the entire magnificent city was covered by the overwhelming skeleton rats. Beneath the Rat God's gaze, it turned into a city of bones.

When Meng Chao broke free from the horrifying dream, he realized that he had encountered a new round of “information implantation.”

Beside him, the rat people who had woken up also exclaimed one after another.

Compared with the previous dreams of the Big-horned Rat God’s descent from the sky and the majestic Great Horn Army...

This time, the amount of information implanted in the core of the rat people’s brains through the priests’ spiritual secrets was undoubtedly a hundred times richer.

Not only did the picture become clearer, whether it was the two pupils in the strange girl’s eyes, the wounds created by the thorny whip on her body, or the collision and friction between the skeleton rats’ white bones, those “rustling” sounds were all vivid in Meng Chao’s mind. They were like a flash flood that struck the rat subjects’ brains, leaving a very deep impression on them.

Moreover, the battles in their dream were also full of layers and logic. They were not as muddled as ordinary dreams.

The song that the weird girl played with the bone flute continued to linger in Meng Chao’s ears until he gradually woke up. It seemed very lively in the dream. When he woke up, he recalled it, and it was a little creepy tune that was accompanied by the “cracking” sound of bones rubbing against each other.

The amount of information received by the ordinary rat people was not as rich as Meng Chao’s.

Some people only saw the appearance of skeleton rats in all directions.

Some people’s dreams were completely occupied by the strange girl’s four pupils.

Some people’s vision was compressed to an extremely small size. They only saw the scene of the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards fleeing in panic but being caught and devoured by the skeleton rats.

Other people’s consciousness seemed to be attached to the skeleton rats in their dream. From the skeleton rats’ perspective, they saw how they conquered and destroyed the magnificent city.

However, no matter how much they saw, the song that sounded like bones rubbing against each other and the dancing skeletons that caused an earth-shaking storm remained in everyone’s mind.

As the crowd discussed and the priest pointed out the clues, the hidden meaning in the Rat God’s “new revelation” was also explained in detail.

The magnificent city was naturally the center of power in the entire Orchid Lake, the Gold Clan’s main city at the foot of the Holy Mountain, the Red-gold City.

The overwhelming tide of skeletons and rat people was the symbol of the Great Horn Army.

That strange girl who was born with two pupils in each eye was the Great Horn Army’s leader and the Big-horned Rat God’s spokesperson in the human world, the Ancient Dream Saintess.

In the end, when the tide of skeleton rats flooded Red-gold City, the wolves and tigers that fled in a panic naturally symbolized the rulers of the Gold Clan and the supreme rulers of the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake in the past tens of millions of years.

All the symbolic elements were combined to make the horned rats speak to their faithful believers through dreams. "Muster up your courage, Red-gold City is ahead. Led by the Ancient Dream Saintess, the once lowly rat people will conquer this glorious city that will never fall and become the new masters of Picturesque Orchid Lake!"

If someone had told the rat people such an absurd prophecy a month ago...

Even the rat people who loved daydreaming would have probably scoffed at it.

However, after the subversion of Black-corner City, the fall of the Gold Clan's border town, and the defeat of the Wolf Clan's battle group...

The rat people's morale had been raised to the max.

They had unconditional and unlimited trust in the power of the Big-horned Rat God.

Since those dreams that seemed to be extremely absurd in the past had all turned into reality...

Could the prophesied victory in this brand new dream, which was filled with endless glory, still be a problem?

"We've already conquered a large area of the southern part of the Gold Clan, and the Great Horn Army's main forces have also broken through the Wolf Clan's battle group that came to surround us. Looks like it won't be long before we attack Red-gold City!

"Since the Wolf Clan's battle group can be defeated consecutively by us and even the notorious experts like the Nighthawks have been killed by us, how much stronger can the lion men and tiger men be in comparison to the werewolves?

"No matter how strong the enemy is, under the Big-horned Rat God's protection, we're still invincible!"

The fanatical rat people were already lost, or rather, from the moment their raging fire and determination to fight fate to the end were ignited, they had stopped possessing the ability to think rationally.

It had been fifty years since a large-scale war had taken place. Not only had the warrior class underestimated the size of the rat people and their will to resist...

They had also caused the rat people to lose the respect they should have for the warrior class, especially the strongest of the clan warriors.

After all, as servants and slave laborers, the warriors whom they could come into contact with were "shrimp soldiers and crab generals" of the various large clans.

Even if these useless soldiers were casually whipping the rat people, it was impossible for them to use their full strength.

It was just like how superhumans were divided into the Earth, Heaven, and Deity Realms. There were a total of three realms and nine stars. There was also a huge difference between one star and nine stars.

There were battle-team clan warriors who had just passed the coming of age ceremony and were awarded a totem armor fragment.

Then they were the clan leaders whose power had nine layers to them and they could change the form of their totem armor multiple times. In a literal sense, they could take on a thousand enemies on their own.

The difference between the strong and the weak did not seem like a comparison of creatures from the same planet.

If one were to say that the former's attack was like a whistling bullet...

Then, the latter's attack was like a railway gun with the largest caliber ammo, fully loaded with the maximum amount of ammunition.

The rat subjects had never seen the railway gun roar.

Therefore, the warriors did not have the respect that a true expert should have.

The rat people were all filled with fanatical interest in the unprecedented feat of "taking down Red-gold City."

Of course, not all the rat subjects were qualified to participate in the greatest battle to take place at Picturesque Orchid Lake in the past ten thousand years.

The appearance of the Ancient Dream Saintess in their dream was undoubtedly a clear signal from the Big-horned Rat God that they had been chosen!

The civilian rats around Meng Chao were overjoyed.

They wished that they could grow wings and fly to the foot of Red-gold City today. As predicted in the dream, they would drown Red-gold City and devour all the wolves, tigers, and leopards.

In the next few days, the same dream appeared again and again.

It left a deep impression on all the rat people of their leader, the Ancient Dream Saintess.

During the day, there was an endless stream of news. In addition to the propaganda from the officers and priests, they understood what a mysterious and powerful existence the Ancient Dream Saintess was.

It was said that before receiving the Rat God's blessing, the Ancient Dream Saintess had just been the daughter of an ordinary rat person.

Just as everyone had seen in their dream, her figure was thinner than most of the rat people's. She did not have a shred of divine power, and she did not even have her own home. When she was born, her hometown had suffered a terrible plague. Everyone, including her parents, died, and she was the only one left. She wandered through countless villages and towns, and she visited the territories of the five great clans.

No one knew how she survived. It was around that time that the mandrake fruits, which could be seen everywhere in the wild, saved her life.

However, the good times did not last long. Soon after, she was captured by the wolf warriors and became responsible for herding the Mount Wolves.

They were the mounts of the wolf warriors.

Although the wolf race had the gift of coming and going like the wind, as well as plundering like fire, their sharp claws that were born for killing were not suited for long-distance travel.

Therefore, the Wolf Clan's ancestors combined the characteristics of the wild wolf and the pack horse to produce a mount that was half horse and half wolf.

The man-made creature greatly improved the ability of the Wolf Clan's warriors to travel long distances.

Of course, it also required a lot of food and even meat to feed.

Herding a Mount Wolf was an extremely dangerous job.

Due to its violent nature, the Mount Wolf usually did not know the difference between a shepherd and food.

Its owners were also happy to see the Mount Wolf often use the shepherd's flesh to lubricate its fangs and claws.

That allowed it to maintain a high degree of ferocity. On the battlefield, it could follow its owner's rhythm, and they could perform a beautiful murderous dance together.

The shepherds were a consumable and usually would not survive three to five months in a Mount Wolf's pack, so they often needed to be replaced.

At that time, the Ancient Dream Saintess was only a child in her early teens.

Fortunately, even the colts despised the scrawny child. She was not enough to fill the gaps between their teeth, so they looked down on her.

Unfortunately, although she did not become food for the adult Mount Wolves, she became a toy for the colts.

The colts that had just been born, learned how to pounce, tear, and gnaw on her.

They also turned her into a broken blood doll time and time again.

No one knew how she survived during that period...

Just as no one knew how the Ancient Dream Saintess, who was still a baby after all her relatives died from the plague in her hometown, escaped from that hell on Earth.

People could only guess that when the Ancient Dream Saintess was covered in wounds and curled up in a corner with her last breath, she prayed most devoutly to all the gods she had heard of and never heard of.

In the surging sea formed by the blood of hundreds of millions of rat people, the Big-horned Rat God who had been sleeping more than ten thousand years finally woke up slowly and gave its poor child the strongest response.

What happened after that?

Everything else was a miracle.

It was said that the Ancient Dream Saintess disappeared without a trace on a starless night.

The next morning, when her masters came to the bloody pasture of the Mount Wolves, all they saw were broken corpses and bones that had been gnawed clean. Not even half a piece of flesh was left.

Of course, they were all the corpses and bones of wolves.

It was said that the Ancient Dream Saintess wandered around the wilderness and entered many towns and villages, looking for rat people who had suffered the same fate as her. She stared into their eyes and told them that the Horned Rat God had woken up.. Soon, she gathered the first batch of followers who were full of anger and eager for revenge but more eager for dignity and freedom.

Chapter 1127: The White Bone Battalion

These followers, of course, were like the Ancient Dream Saintess in the past. They were all ordinary people who had been bullied but had no strength to fight back.

However, when they stared into the Ancient Dream Saintess' eyes, they saw the Big-horned Rat God's majestic image in those eyes with four pupils.

Furthermore, in every subsequent dream, they received blessings, guidance, and enlightenment from the Big-horned Rat God.

As a result, she awakened all kinds of skills and became the commander of the Great Horn Army, whose combat strength was enough to contend with the clan warriors.

After that, the Ancient Dream Saintess led her followers and excavated a large number of temples hidden in the deep wilderness.

Many temples had already been lost before the era of the great extinction order.

They had been sealed underground for more than five thousand years.

Even the oldest military aristocrats to date were unaware of the existence of these temples.

The temples' names could only be heard in the old fragmented war songs, heard a temple, which were deafening.

However, guided by the Big-horned Rat God, the Ancient Dream Saintess easily found these temples and unlocked the various mechanisms in them. She turned the treasures left behind by the ancient Turan people at least five thousand years ago, into the initial capital to build the Great Horn Army.

Naturally, the underground base in the depths of Rift Valley, which was located at the border of the Blood Hoof Clan and Gold Clan's territory, was also a gift from the Horned Rat God to his devout believers.

Just like that, with the Ancient Dream Saintess' efforts, the storm that was originally unimaginable finally took shape in a few short years and swept the entire world.

Even today, the Ancient Dream Saintess was definitely no older than eighteen years old.

Yet, such a young girl displayed a maturity that did not match her age in battle.

Everyone thought that there was a huge difference in strength between the Great Horn Army and the Wolf Clan battle group that had come to encircle them. The ending of a narrow path was destined to be like using an egg to strike rock[1].

However, the Ancient Dream Saintess had seized the Wolf Clan's weakness.

They could not afford to lose, not to mention be defeated by the rat people.

Even if their victory was too slow and forced, it would make people doubt the Wolf Clan's strength and their determination to defend their glory.

Only a full and unscathed victory could prove the pride of the Wolf Clan and even the entire Gold Clan.

Under heavy pressure from the Lion and Tiger Clans, the Wolf Clan had no patience at all. They were in a deadlock with the rat people.

They could only charge at the Great Horn Army's main forces in an attempt to finish the battle.

Taking advantage of the situation, the Ancient Dream Saintess took the initiative to set up several suspicious soldiers.

Following a series of attacks, the Wolf Clan warriors became impatient. They also thought that the rat people were only capable of stealing and that they lacked the strength as well as courage to fight head-on.

She even used a "counter-plot" to deliberately leak false information to the Wolf Clan through the mouth of a traitor and mislead the Wolf Clan's heavy cavalry into lunging at nonexistent main forces from the Great Horn Army.

After that, there was the defeat of the Howling Legion and the result of killing the Nighthawks.

In the series of fierce battles that followed, the Ancient Dream Saintess also showed astonishing military genius.

It was as if she could predict the future. Each time, she was keenly aware of the Wolf Clan's military route and knew every Wolf Clan battle group's actual situation like the back of her hand.

There had been several times when, without any warning, she had used her intuition alone to make the Great Horn Army's main forces jump out of the Wolf Clan's painstakingly arranged ambush circle and pounce on the enemy's hidden and weak ribs. She had made the Wolf Clan experience the taste of failure to get what they wanted.

In short, the officers and priests' hymns of the Ancient Dream Saintess made Meng Chao think of another "Saintess" who had emerged during the great war known as the Hundred-year War in the Earth era.

Regarding these existences... they had been ignorant yesterday, but they were able to command the world today.

Apart from “a revelation from the heavens and ancestral blessings,” there was no other reasonable explanation.

On top of that, the officers and priests also told the rat people around Meng Chao that they were all experts who had gone through a lot of training during the long journey and siege.

They were qualified to fight alongside the Great Horn Army’s main forces.

Furthermore, if they continued to maintain their high morale and loyalty to the Big-horned Rat God in the next series of battles, they had a good chance of becoming part of the Great Horn Army’s main forces.

They would receive commands personally from the Ancient Dream Saintess and participate in the decisive battle to attack Red-gold City!

When they thought about how they also had a chance to become a member of the skeleton rat tide that had devoured the glorious city....

Their mouths became dry and trembled.

Many people could not wait to witness the might of the Great Horn Army’s main forces who defeated the Wolf Clan.

Even the Big-horned Rat God had to grant them enough luck to be able to catch a glimpse of the incredible Ancient Dream Saintess.

However, no matter how awe-inspiring and invincible the Great Horn Army’s main forces were in their minds...

Once the enemy really appeared, the rat people were still shocked, and they could not believe their eyes.

Meng Chao was the first to notice the arrival of the Great Horn Army’s main forces...

More than two months after the outbreak of the Great Horn Rebellion...

In the middle of the Gold Clan’s territory, in a river valley close to the Turan River.

Meng Chao woke up from his mottled dream and saw that every hair on his body was standing up like steel needles.

He pressed his palm lightly against the ground.

Through the weak vibrations, he could sense that a large number of fierce beasts were approaching from a very far place.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm forced themselves out of the tent at the same time.

He saw a large number of frightened birds fluttering into the sky, tearing apart the thin dark clouds, stirring the icy cold moonlight, and creating layers of ripples.

The overlapping killing intent whistled like a mudslide, instantly surrounding the entire camp.

Waves of mournful wolf howls scratched the rat people's ears like sharp blades.

Along with the guards' sentry posts, the entire camp was in chaos.

Hundreds of hastily lit torches reflected the people's changing expressions and wandering eyes.

No matter how hot-blooded they were when they heard the news of victory during the day, no matter how much they wanted to find a wolf, tiger, or leopard man and perish together with him...

In the darkest hour before dawn, they heard hundreds of wolf howls. From far to near, they gathered into a surging tide that was about to attack the camp.

The rat people who had just joined the rebel army could not help but feel uneasy and a little weak.

Closer and closer... On the dark horizon, the heavy panting of jackals and the sound of armor rubbing against swords could be heard. They were like the grim reaper, calmly sharpening his scythe.

Soon, one, two, three, countless green sparks appeared in the darkness.

They were the eyes of thousands of wolves, staring straight at the temporary camp that had no protection.

No one knew how so many wolves could silently enter the area that should have been controlled by the Great Horn Army.

All the rat people were so scared that their scalps went numb. They bit their lips until they were torn apart. Only then did they use pain to stimulate their nerves and order their slightly trembling hands to clench their swords, spears, and halberds.

However, just as they thought that a fierce battle was inevitable...

From within the pack of wolves, a familiar horn sounded and a battle flag shot out.

It was the horn that the Great Horn Army used to identify their allies.

Although it sounded very similar to the charge horn that the five great clans used, there were subtle changes in its rhythm. Only the officers and priests who had followed the Ancient Dream Saintess for many years could tell the difference.

Illuminated raging flames, the blood-red war flag that slowly unfurled did not have the picture of a rat's skull.

Instead, it had a complete head and tail. It was a skeleton rat that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws.

This was the war flag of the Great Horn Army's main forces, the elite troops known as the White Bone Battalion!

It was said that the White Bone Battalion was personally led by the Ancient Dream Saintess.

Most of its members were veterans who had made an oath to follow the Ancient Dream Saintess for many years.

Many of the officers had been personally selected by the Ancient Dream Saintess, and through the dream realm, they had received the Big-horned Rat God's blessings.

There were also a few new members who had been well-trained during the past two months of escaping and fighting.

The reason why they had chosen such a strange name was because...

The Ancient Dream Saintess wanted all the rat people to remember that in the past ten thousand years, hundreds of millions of rat people had been squeezed into piles of bones by the clan warriors.

She also hoped that everyone would gather their courage and not give up on the idea of resistance even if they turned into broken skeletons.

The White Bone Battalion represented the Great Horn Army's highest combat strength.

Although the Ancient Dream Saintess was not among the charging cavalry...

The White Bone Battalion cavalry had captured hundreds of wolves from the Wolf Clan's battle group. That was enough to widen the eyes of the rat people who had been startled by the false alarm. They clicked their tongues in wonder.

The wolves had mouths full of fangs and sharp claws stained with blood. Yet, they allowed the White Bone Battalion soldiers, who were also rat people that were as docile as warhorses, to command them.

Seeing this, the rat people were puzzled.

From the time the White Bone Battalion defeated the Howling Legion until now, it had been at most ten days to half a month.

What secret technique did the White Bone Battalion soldiers use to tame the ferocious and brutal wolves in such a short time?

After a short discussion, everyone agreed that it was probably another miracle performed by the Big-horned Rat God through the Ancient Dream Saintess.

The meeting with the cavalry of the White Bone Battalion boosted the morale of the troops in Meng Chao's group.

Next, they would be dispatched by the White Bone Battalion to attack a few towns near the river valley that were likely to store a large number of mandrake fruits.

As the current place was close to the central region of the Gold Clan, the defending troops stationed in the towns would definitely be stronger than the old, weak, and disabled soldiers stationed at the border.

Therefore, it did not matter even if they were temporarily unable to conquer it.

As long as they put on a grand show of attacking the city, they would be able to attract the reinforcements nearby to come out in full force.

After capturing a large number of war wolves, the newly established White Bone Battalion cavalymen would naturally give the unassuming reinforcements a fatal blow halfway.

It was a standard “besieging and striking the city’s reinforcements.”

The leader of the White Bone Battalion cavalry also promised that as long as they performed well in the siege battle, even the rat people who had just joined the Great Horn Army yesterday would have a great chance. They would become a sharp blade personally forged by the Ancient Dream Saintess, a member of the White Bone Battalion!

Chapter 1128: Ways to Stand Out

Meng Chao originally had no interest in joining the White Bone Battalion.

In his eyes, the Great Horn Army was just a springboard.

The reason why he blended in with the rat people’s rebel army and followed the Great Horn Army was to get in touch with the Wolf Clan’s battle group that had come to surround them.

Then, he would think of a way to infiltrate the latter and see the man who was about to rise up miraculously and start a war in the Other World, “Jackal” Kanus.

Then, based on “Jackal” Kanus’ performance, the comparison between the strength of the enemy, as well as the environment at that time, he would decide whether he should patiently guide this ambitious madman into becoming someone he could cooperate with, or...

He could directly kill his physical body and ambition in infancy.

As for the Ancient Dream Saintess...

Although the officers and priests of the Great Horn Army bragged about her, Meng Chao was not very interested in the strange girl with two pupils.

That was not to say Meng Chao did not believe in the so-called “divine revelation.”

There were gods and demons out there.

It did not matter what the true face of these “otherworldly demons” were, whether they were some kind of advanced civilization far beyond the limits of human imagination on Earth, or they were from billions of years ago, in the age of the ancient war, remnants of a fierce battle between the Ancients and the mother.

In short, those blessed by the gods and demons could control the supernatural forces that could destroy the world.

Meng Chao just did not quite believe that the Ancient Dream Saintess could receive true “divine revelation.”

Also, he did not quite believe that the Rat God was a real Supernatural Entity.

The evidence was that in the history of his previous life, the Great Horn Army had spiraled out of control and failed to control the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake.

The Ancient Dream Saintess did not even leave her name behind. It was either that, or she was deliberately erased. In the vast tide of the era, she did not make any waves.

Analyzing all the information gathered so far, she was probably just a puppet, an artificial idol, right?

Since Meng Chao already knew the puppet master's name...

Why waste time on the puppet?

However, plans could not compare to changes.

The appearance of an unexpected factor caused him to change his mind.

On the afternoon of the day when the rat people's rebel army met up with the White Bone Battalion cavalry, Meng Chao smelled Leaf's scent.

Speaking of which, it had been almost two months since he parted ways with the rat youth.

During this period, every time Meng Chao went to a place, he would carefully sniff the surrounding environment, trying to distinguish the scent of the tracking powder that he had personally created from the complicated scent in the location.

During the first few days, he could still faintly catch the scent. He knew that the distance between him and Leaf in a straight line was only more than ten to twenty kilometers.

By the time he reached the sunken grassland, all the rat people were running around like headless flies. The scent of the tracking powder became increasingly thin and ethereal.

After rushing out of the sunken grassland, Meng Chao could no longer smell the scent of the tracking powder that Leaf carried.

It puzzled him, but at the same time, he was slightly worried.

Leaf was a youth with a meticulous mind, strong observation skills, and great movement abilities. The speed of his growth had been astonishing.

Meng Chao did not believe that something as small as secretly dumping some tracking powder when he was not expecting it would be difficult for him.

The tracking powder that he had given to Leaf was enough for him to dump a hundred times. It should not have been used up so quickly.

'Could something bad have happened to the kid?' Meng Chao muttered in his heart.

At that moment, the strong and pungent aura made Meng Chao realize that Leaf was very close to him.

He had actually become a member of the White Bone Battalion cavalry unit!

"As expected of the little guy that I personally trained. Not bad!"

Meng Chao was both surprised and happy.

However, when he thought about the tragedy that was about to happen, he could not help but furrow his brows.

The Great Horn Army was about to be destroyed.

As the trump card of the main forces, the White Bone Battalion would naturally be the enemy's first target.

Even the Ancient Dream Saintess was like a clay bodhisattva crossing the river, unable to protect herself.

If Leaf joined this army that was known as the "sharp blades forged by the Ancient Dream Saintess herself," how great would the result be?

Meng Chao planned to save Leaf.

Not only because the two of them knew each other...

It was also because Leaf was most likely in possession of a large amount of crucial information.

That included how the White Bone Battalion trained the elite rat militia soldiers, whether he had seen the Ancient Dream Saintess with his own eyes, the true face of this Saintess, the battle between the White Bone Battalion and the Howling Legion, and the truth of how the Nighthawk, who was a big shot of the Wolf Clan, died.

Through this information, Meng Chao was able to further analyze the relationship between the Great Horn Army and "Jackal" Kanus.

There was another important point.

At that time, Leaf did not escape from the Blood Skull Arena alone.

He had also taken twenty-eight civilian rat servant soldiers whom Meng Chao had personally selected and trained.

They were all tough men who had received the advanced tactical concepts from Dragon City.

Since Leaf was in the White Bone camp, these rat civilian servant soldiers who were completely convinced by Meng Chao and listened to him were most likely also in the White Bone camp.

If Meng Chao could help them avoid the destruction of the Great Horn Legion, they would be able to rise up.

He would have a huge amount of manpower under him, and he would not have to do everything himself.

After analyzing the pros and cons, Meng Chao had thought about sneaking into the White Bone Battalion's camp to meet up with Leaf.

However, the White Bone Battalion and the normal rat militia were not stationed together.

Around the former camp, there were hundreds of wolves that acted as the first line of defense.

There were at least dozens of hidden sentries that heavily guarded the camp.

The elite soldiers of the White Bone Battalion liked to wear a skull mask made of beast bones on their faces. They did not want to reveal their true faces.

Even if Meng Chao could sneak in, it would be difficult for him to find an opportunity to talk to Leaf and the others in detail.

“Looks like we have to think of a way to join the White Bone Battalion.”

Meng Chao looked for Ice Storm and told her his plan.

Ever since more and more evidence showed that the existence of the Great Horn Army was a huge conspiracy, Ice Storm also realized that her journey to find her father and retrieve her mother’s belongings would not be so smooth.

Hearing Meng Chao say that there were probably dozens of his old subordinates in the White Bone camp, Ice Storm was also tempted.

With their current realms, it would not be difficult for them to stand out if they only showed a little bit of their strength.

However, they did not want to do that, because they had intercepted the temple thieves in Black-corner City.

The guilty Meng Chao and Ice Storm did not want to expose their true identities in front of the officers and priests of the Great Horn Army, or even the Ancient Dream Saintess.

They had disguised themselves as two rat people who had their homes destroyed and had a deep-seated hatred for the clan warriors. They had barely made it to where they were today because of their hatred.

It was very strange for such rats to suddenly burst out with amazing combat ability on the battlefield and even grow totem armors from their bodies.

At that time, as long as the priests of the Great Horn Army cast a few suspicious glances at them, they would be easily exposed.

Therefore, if they wanted to join the White Bone Battalion, they needed to think carefully and grasp the concept of “standing out” perfectly.

...

“Charge! Kill! The Big-horned Rat God is staring at us!”

Three days later, Meng Chao’s rat people’s Liberation Army, together with seven or eight volunteer armies that had rushed over from all directions, once again gathered into a surging tide and charged at Hundred Blade City, which was located in the hinterland of the Gold Clan.

It was different from the small cities that the old, weak, and disabled had defended at the southern border.

Hundred Blade City was the first city that the Great Horn Army had besieged. In the war poems of the Turan civilization, it was a famous ancient city.

According to the legends, in the bloody battles ten thousand years ago, countless warriors had died there.

Before their heroic sacrifice, the splendid life-and-death battles had deeply touched the ancestral spirits.

The ancestral spirit sent down a blessing, turning the blood, organs, and corpses of these warriors into the most fertile nutrients, nourishing the entire land.

It resulted in the underground area within a radius of dozens of miles to contain inexhaustible totem power.

After absorbing the totem power, the mandala tree that grew out had a trunk that was stronger than other mandala trees, and its branches were sharper.

Many mandala trees that were more than a thousand years old gradually showed the characteristics of metallization and crystallization.

At first glance, it was crystal clear and full of colors. It was like a steel jungle made of blades, spears, swords, and halberds.

After cutting off the branches of these mandala trees and slightly polishing them, they would become the most powerful divine weapon.

Not only was it sharp, it was several times sharper than weapons made of ordinary metal.

Moreover, it contained rich totem power, which could help the wielder easily display powerful totem combat skills.

For advanced orcs who were not good at mining and metal smelting, these mandrake trees, which could naturally absorb metal elements and totem power from underground, were a gift from God.

Hundred Blade City, which produced a steady stream of divine weapons and ancestral spirits, was born.

For a long time, it was a glorious city that was comparable to Red-gold City and ranked in the top ten of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Unfortunately, in the era of the great extermination order three thousand years ago, the army from the land of Holy Light made Hundred Blade City the priority target after they invaded the Gold Clan's territory.

The believers of Holy Light not only poured into this famous city with a history of ten thousand years like a shining tide, they destroyed all the temples in the city and burned down every workshop that was used to polish weapons. They also spread the raging flames to every corner of the city, and it burned for ten days and ten nights.

They also cast an incredible curse, allowing the power of the Holy Light to infiltrate the underground area near Hundred Blade City, disturbing and sealing the totem power beneath.

Even after the army of the Holy Light was defeated for a hundred years, the mandrake trees that grew back had lost its crystal clear, flowing, and colorful characteristics.

Although the branches and trunks still contained a large amount of metal elements, after a lot of tempering, they could still be turned into knives, spears, swords, and halberds.

However, the quality was not much higher than weapons forged with conventional methods. It had lost its magical ability of blowing hair and cutting iron like mud...

Because the output and quality were not satisfactory.

The rebuilt Hundred Blade City had also lost its glory of the past.

Be it in scale or defense, it was not even one-tenth of what it used to be.

However, this was still the entire Orchid Lake, a God-given land that everyone knew about.

If the Great Horn Army could really take down Hundred Blade City, it would seriously shake the Gold Clan's rule.

Chapter 1129: The Rat People's Evolution

Of course, even if the important military cities of the past had been razed to the ground by the Holy Light and its flames...

The city walls that had been rebuilt on the ruined walls were still filled with dense, metalized mandrake branches that looked like rows of deadly blades.

For the Great Horn Army that lacked siege weapons, it was not an easy task to cross the mountains of blades and take over Hundred Blade City.

Hence, the rebel army that surrounded Hundred Blade City did not receive the order to attack the city at all costs.

Instead, they tried their best to act in a grand manner to make the defending troops in Hundred Blade City feel the pressure and call for help.

As the saying went, "if you attack, it will be saved."

That was the rule of war on Earth and in the Other World.

The Wolf Clan had already suffered several humiliating defeats in the battle to encircle the Great Horn Army.

They knew that the possibility of Hundred Blade City falling was not high, but they could not just stand by and watch.

Just the fact that Hundred Blade city was besieged was enough to make the wolves, tigers, and leopards, who had ruled over the blue lands for thousands of years, lose their prestige and face.

At that time, the Lion and Tiger Clans, who had a delicate relationship with the Wolf Clan, would have an excuse to attack and weaken the Wolf Clan.

Thus, the Wolf Clan would definitely send reinforcements night after night.

As long as they dared to come, the White Bone Battalion, which had already set up an inescapable net around Hundred Blade City, would naturally make these wolves realize even more the power of the rat tide.

Of course, it was not an easy task to make the defending troops in Hundred Blade City light up the signal for help.

Hundred Blade City was not like those small border cities that were empty.

There were enough weapons and mandrake fruits stored there.

Although the garrison troops were not all elite warriors in totem armor, they were still well-trained adult warriors.

Asking them to light up the flare and ask for help from the outside world because the rat tide was attacking the city...

It was equivalent to completely trampling on their dignity and beliefs.

In order to force them to go that far, the rat people's rebel army launched a valiant attack on Hundred Blade City for three consecutive days.

Under the demonic sounds of the priests and the soul-destroying war drums, tens of thousands of rat people were like earth-shattering waves, rushing toward Hundred Blade City wave after wave.

Then, they were stabbed by the countless sharp blades on the city wall until they were riddled with holes and even shattered. Only then did they retreat in a bloody mess.

Although the rat subjects did not attack in any way, they just rushed toward Hundred Blade City in a chaotic manner.

However, the shocking number of rat subjects around Hundred Blade City replayed the tragedy in the great extermination order era three thousand years ago.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm were also involved.

They were like two insignificant waves in a bloodthirsty tide.

Their goal was to make themselves a little more eye-catching, but not too eye-catching.

Of course, it would be great if they could force Hundred Blade City to release their flares as soon as possible and save the lives of a large number of civilian rats.

Therefore, they could not rush at the forefront to seize the key generals.

Instead, they had to carefully choose the most suitable "meat shield" and let that "meat shield" shine so that they could hide their energy.

At this moment, the guy who was rushing in front of them was more than five arms tall. He was waving two door boards that looked like axes with horns, and he had a long nose on his face. He was a mix of a barbarian elephant man and a Minotaur, hence he was the most solid "meat shield."

The rat warrior named Iron Head was only kicked out of the family because of some internal conflict during his father's generation. He was reduced from a noble warrior to a lowly rat person.

Perhaps because he was born with his father's resentment and hatred, Iron Head had been born with rough skin and thick flesh. His face was full of muscles, and his arms were full of brute strength. He was even more tyrannical than many noble children.

It was said that because his strength was too great and he did not know how to control it, no one was willing to wrestle playfully with him.

Whenever he was bored, he could only be alone and use the mandrake tree as a wrestling prop. He did not even need to use his hands and feet. He could just use his head that was as thick as steel to break the mandrake trees that had the circumference of a hug.

Unfortunately, in the era of prosperity that was a pool of stagnant water, it was extremely difficult for rat people like him, who had brute strength but lacked inheritance and resources, to stand out.

The rise of the Great Horn Army gave Iron Head hope.

The divine revelation in the dream and the divine medicine that the Rat God had given to the rat people caused the ferocity hidden in the depths of his bloodline to erupt like a volcano.

He was one of the few monsters who had consumed five divine medicines and burned his life five times, yet he was still alive and kicking, full of vigor.

The last time he consumed the divine herbs, Iron Head had gone berserk and even forcefully smashed through a city wall.

Such tyrannical combat strength made Iron Head famous, and he fell under Meng Chao's radar.

From then on, Meng Chao, along with Ice Storm, consciously moved closer to Iron Head during their fierce battles. Without anyone noticing, he had helped Iron Head dodge countless open spears and hidden arrows. He had even delivered the battle merits that were within his grasp right under his nose.

Soon, news that Iron Head had won the favor of the Rat God and was able to turn misfortune into luck and survive a desperate situation had spread among the rat people.

As a result, when this round of attacks arrived and this boorish man, who was waving two large axes, rushed forward without thinking, hundreds of rat people trusted him a lot. They jumped out of the trenches and followed closely behind, forming a forward-charging storm.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

A rain of arrows came at them as usual.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm narrowed their eyes and quickly calculated the trajectory of each arrow and the route for Iron Head's assault team.

Moreover, by stomping heavily on the ground, they could change the shape of the piles of corpses nearby and guide Iron Head, as well as the other rat subjects, so that they could dodge the arrows as much as possible without changing the assault team's formation.

After the two of them subtly and silently guided the arrows, only few rat subjects screamed and fell to the ground following the arrows' impact.

The other rat subjects were unharmed. Before the second wave of arrows arrived, they jumped into the trench filled with corpses.

Iron Head was the biggest and most eye-catching. There had originally been three or four arrows aimed at his face and chest.

However, at the critical moment, Meng Chao gently flicked out a small stone and accurately hit Iron Head's Achilles tendon, causing his feet to go soft. Then, he fell into the trench like a gourd rolling on the ground.

The trench was supposed to be part of Hundred Blade City's defensive fortifications.

The trench was as deep as five arms, and the bottom was filled with extremely sharp mandrake branches.

The mandrake branches were also smeared with venom from the Dark Moon Clan, which could block a person's throat with blood.

However, no matter how insidious the trap was, it could not stop the Great Horn Army from outnumbering them.

Tens of thousands of rat soldiers used the cruelest and simplest method to fill up the trench with their flesh and blood. They even built a low wall in front of the trench.

It was just enough to help their successors block the arrows from the city tower. They could take a breather in the trench and recover their strength before launching a full-speed in the next round.

Iron Head, who had fallen into the trench, did not understand what had just happened.

Even he himself could clearly feel the pain of the murderous arrow that was about to pierce through his brain and heart.

Yet, he somehow managed to dodge the fatal blow.

He used his huge but not very useful brain to think seriously for a moment.

Iron Head's eyes instantly widened.

'Is -Is it the Rat God's blessing that has made me invulnerable to weapons?'

The extremely excited Iron Head jumped out of the trench again. He thumped his chest heavily and rushed toward the area where the arrows were densest.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm looked at each other.

Alright, "well-developed limbs but simple-minded" was also their standard for selecting "meat shields."

Only such a boorish man would not realize that he was already at Meng Chao and Ice Storm's mercy!

After five rounds of full-speed sprinting, Meng Chao and Ice Storm helped Iron Head dash through a total of five trenches.

It was the farthest they had dashed so far.

Hundred Blade City was full of sharp blades. The glittering city wall was already within their reach.

As for the rat soldiers who followed them, they had lost less than 30% of their numbers.

It was not only because of Meng Chao and Ice Storm, but that was not a concern.

More importantly, the rat soldiers themselves were evolving at an astonishing speed.

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and scanned the rat soldiers who were blocking the arrows and jumping into the trenches with extremely skilled movements.

Most of them were well-built with resolute expressions, and they moved like experienced fighters.

Even if they were pierced by arrows, they could still grit their teeth and endure it. Only when they jumped into the ditch did they take out their battle sabers, cut off the arrow shaft, and pour out the medicinal powder to stop the bleeding and detoxify the poison. The whole process was completed in one go, and they were very familiar with it.

Although they were completely different from a few days ago when they had just joined the battle to besiege Hundred Blade City...

Compared with the rat people whom Meng Chao had seen in Black-corner City two months ago, who were either panicking, dumbstruck, or running around aimlessly like headless flies... They were more like two different species.

War was indeed the most powerful force to promote evolution.

There was no genetic difference between the rat people and clan warriors.

It was only because of the education they had received since they were young, the resources they received, and the missions they shouldered that they were gradually divided into two completely different classes.

Today, the flames of war that had spread to the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake had gradually smoothed out the differences that could be seen with the naked eye.

The changes that had happened to the rat soldiers reminded Meng Chao of the scenes in the ancient war. He had read about them from the core of the monster mastermind in the depths of the Hidden Mist Domain on Monster Mountain Range.

The horde of ancient beasts that were born and controlled by the mother was like the rat soldiers before him. Through the cruel selection of a large number of deaths, they were evolving at a shocking speed.

In the end, the primitive and weak carbon-based creatures devoured all traces of civilization that the Ancients had built on the surface of the Other World.

If the Great Horn Army was not destroyed, what would they evolve into in a brand-new future?

Such a thought suddenly appeared in Meng Chao's mind.

"The walls of Hundred Blade City are right in front of us. Let's Charge! The Big-horned Rat God must be in the sky. Let's see who will be the first to charge up the city wall!" Iron Head roared.

He did not even have time to pull out an arrow from his arm.. He charged forth like a whirlwind.

Chapter 1130: The First Achievement

There were also hundreds and thousands of rat soldiers who rushed out at the same time as Iron Head.

After more than two months of death trials, the outstanding ones who were selected from the tens of millions of rat rebels naturally had their own ways of survival.

Some rat soldiers were as fast as lightning. With a few leaps and bounds, they swallowed a distance of hundreds of arms and used the high-frequency and high-speed change of direction within a small area to continuously dodge the attacks of dozens of arrows.

Some of the rat soldiers were as strong as Iron Head. They held a huge wooden shield that was embedded with several layers of bone fragments and shells. The thickness of the shield exceeded the width of their palms. The shield was densely covered with arrows, but they were still able to carry it, with the shield in front of them, they were able to run as fast as they could.

Some of the rat soldiers' hands and feet were extremely long. They waved the catapults made of beast tendons and threw sharp projectiles with sharp edges, they accurately threw them into the battlements on the city wall.

In the prosperous era, there were two main ways for the rat people to pick the mandala fruit, they could either, like leaf, climb onto the mandala tree and harvest the fruit with their nimble hands and feet.

There were also some rat people who liked to use the catapults to aim at the branches full of mandala fruit and shoot the fruit down with precision.

The latter often practiced the catapult technique of piercing the yang with a hundred steps.

The range of the catapult could not be compared to the bow and crossbow from above.

However, after crossing five trenches in a row, the distance between the rat soldiers and hundred blade city was less than 100 arms.

The sharp-eyed rat soldiers could even see the panicked expressions of the wolves, tigers, and leopards inside the battlements on the city walls.

They aimed at the eye sockets of the wolves, tigers, and leopards, throwing stones like rain.

Whether or not they could hit the target, they could effectively suppress the firing from the battlements.

The rat soldiers charged at full speed and took the opportunity to rush to the foot of hundred blade city, where the archers on the battlements had their blind spots.

They also used the mandala tree trunks that had been temporarily cut and roughly trimmed in the past few days to knock over the hundreds of barricades set up under the battlements.

Then, the rat soldiers worked together and raised the mandala tree trunk high up on the city wall as a simple ladder.

Such a ladder, of course, was not stable at all.

However, as high-level orcs who had experienced the tempering of blood and steel, the rat soldiers who were able to rush here were not ordinary soldiers on the battlefield of cold weapons on ancient Earth.

Shua! Shua! Shua! Shua!

They were as light as monkeys. On the 'ladder' that was almost parallel to the city wall and perpendicular to the ground, they could climb up quickly as if they were walking on flat ground.

Some of them even shouted and expanded their legs suddenly. When they jumped high, they were able to jump onto half of a tree trunk.

Some of the rat soldiers from the territory of the Dark Moon clan had the talent of crawling. Tiny scales grew on their palms and soles, which could be raised high through the contraction of their muscle fibers, they were like small barbs that hooked onto the seemingly smooth wall.

With that, there was no need for a ladder. They could just climb up the wall like giant geckos.

In a short while, the city wall to the south of hundred blade city was filled with rat soldiers who had shown their abilities.

There were ten times more rat soldiers who shouted the battle cry of "Rat God's protection" and followed behind them like a burning tide.

Of course, the defending soldiers on the city wall would not just sit there and wait for their deaths.

On the city wall of hundred blade city, there were already a lot of sharp blades made of metalized mandala branches.

Many of the sharp blades not only contained rare metal elements, they also contained trace elements of crystals. The oracles of the Gold clan had carved ancient runes on them and used the sound frequency of blessings, they had implanted offensive rune arrays.

When they sensed that the life magnetic field of the carbon-based creatures was approaching, they would automatically activate the offensive rune arrays and release destructive forces such as Frost, fire, lightning, and high-frequency oscillation.

The unique defense system was also the origin of the name of 'Hundred Blade City'.

When a large number of rat soldiers climbed on the ladder and tried to rush to the city tower, the city wall was already covered in thorns.

The sharp blades that were like thorns that covered the city wall suddenly emitted an extremely dangerous glow.

Some of the sharp blades were burning with raging flames.

Some of the sharp blades emitted an ice fog that caused people to freeze instantly.

Some of the sharp blades emitted dazzling electric arcs that drilled into the gaps between the shields and armor of the rat soldiers like translucent vipers. They directly electrocuted the rat soldiers until their skin and flesh were charred and their bones exploded, they fell down the ladder while screaming in pain.

Some of the sharp blades spun rapidly like the blades of a meat grinder, crushing the half of the ladder and the seven or eight rat soldiers that were attached to it.

These sharp blades effectively slowed down the climbing of the rat soldiers.

However, this was not the impregnable defense system of the hundred blade city that was comparable to red gold city 3,000 years ago.

Due to the lack of numbers, there was a huge gap between the sharp blades. As long as one observed carefully, it was possible to find a route to bypass the dangerous area.

And because the curse of light had sealed the totem power in the depths of the underground, the mandala branches that had grown back contained rare metals and tiny amounts of crystal elements, therefore, the mandala branches were far from what they had been three thousand years ago.

The sharp blades polished by such mandala branches would not be able to withstand the full-force stimulation of the destructive power for a few times.

As a result, after several rounds of fire, Frost, and lightning eruptions, while a large number of rat soldiers were swept down the ladder, the sharp blades also lost their chilling luster and the firmness that could cut iron like mud, they either drooped down like Molten Steel, or transformed into real twigs that were quickly burned into black charcoal.

“The Rat God’s blessing!”

“The Rat God cast a curse and helped us destroy the defense on the city wall!”

The rat soldiers did not understand the principle behind it.

However, it did not stop them from using their craziest thinking to come up with the most perfect explanation.

After dropping hundreds of broken corpses, they once again charged forward in an imposing manner.

This time, among the mouse people warriors charging at the front, there was surprisingly iron head who wielded two huge axes.

As well as Meng Chao and ice storm who silently followed behind him to protect him.

In fact, Iron Head was almost the first mouse people warrior to charge under Hundred Blade City.

However, because he came from the territory of the Bloody Hoofs clan, he had the bloodline of a brute elephant and a bull's head. His body was huge, and he was not naturally good at climbing.

After several attempts, he slid down the simple ladder.

Of course, Meng Chao and ice storm also made some small moves in the dark.

It was not easy to lead the battle.

Before the sharp blades on the city wall reached the limit of fatigue and failed one after another, the first batch of mouse warriors who tried to climb up the city wall had a high chance of being killed or injured.

Even Meng Chao and ice storm were not confident that iron head would be safe with thousands of blades on him.

Besides, it was too exaggerated that the first person to climb up the city wall would be able to climb down in one go. It would inevitably arouse the suspicion of the experienced officers and priests.

Right now, the rat tide had already waded through several bloody paths on the city wall.

With iron head's thick skin and a little bit of "Luck", it was reasonable for him to make the first move.

"The Rat God is helping me, and I'm invulnerable!"

The simple-minded boorish man did not understand why his limbs were numb and his muscles were twitching inexplicably when the sharp blades on the city wall were shooting flames, Frost, and electric arcs at him at the critical moment, then, he fell down the ladder again and again. Although he fell on all fours and was in a sorry state, he had narrowly avoided several fatal blows. What exactly was going on.

He did not have a string in his brain, so he did not want to understand at all.

In any case, don't ask. If you ask, it would be the blessing of the Rat God, and it would be over.

He only felt that his luck on this climb was exceptionally good.

He didn't know who knocked down the simple ladder that he was climbing, but it just happened to be leaning against another ladder.

Around the two ladders, the sharp blades that were originally shining dimmed and drooped down, as if they were all ineffective.

They had actually accidentally opened up a green passage that went straight to the top of the city wall!

And when he climbed up to the height of 20 to 30 arms in one go, and was only half a step away from the battlements on the city wall, the heads of several wolves, tigers, and leopards stuck out from the battlements, holding huge metal claws with long poles in their hands, they tried to grab his ladder and flip him and the ladder to the ground.

However, from behind him, a few catapults flew out from nowhere and accurately hit the eye sockets, glabella, nasal cavity, and Adam's apple of the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards. The city guards were

immediately knocked to the ground and even fainted on the spot, they fell directly from the battlements and fell into the squirming tide of rats.

In front of iron head, the door was opened.

This boorish man who thought that he had received the blessing of the Rat God and that he was invulnerable to weapons roared and jumped onto the city wall of Hundred Blade City.

“He’s charging up!”

“Someone’s charging up the city wall!”

In a siege war in the era of cold weapons, whether the attacking side could climb up the city wall and start a war with the defending side was a symbol.

Before the attacker climbed up the city wall, the casualty exchange ratio between the two sides was likely to reach 10 to 1.

The defending army could easily wait on the city wall and slowly use arrows, rolling oil, and falling rocks to deplete the number and morale of the attacking side.

However, the moment both sides started a battle on the city wall.

The casualty exchange ratio would change from 10 to 1 to 1 at a shocking speed.

If they could not immediately and resolutely chase the attackers up the city wall down and block the gap.

It was only a matter of time before the defending army, which was isolated and helpless, was completely exhausted by the attackers.

All of a sudden, all the rat soldiers seemed to have heard the call of the Rat God once again.

The blood that was already boiling started to burn, injecting surging power into their muscles and fibers.

It made them climb faster and faster, leaping onto the city wall in one go, and closing in on the iron head at all costs, forming an invincible arrowhead.