

Oh My God 1131

Chapter 1131: Chaotic Battle, Capture the Flag!

Seeing this, the defending troops on the city wall also threw themselves at the arrows.

They tried to break the arrows before they could stabilize their footing and throw them off the city wall.

All the wolves and leopards bared their sharpest fangs, spewing out a pungent stench.

For a moment, the extremely narrow distance on the city wall became a millstone of flesh.

Hundreds of steel and iron bones collided there, creating a symphony of death and glory.

The people at the forefront, apart from Iron Head, who was secretly protected by Meng Chao and Ice Storm, both the attacking and defending sides died at the moment of collision.

The fangs of the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards were deeply embedded in the throat of the rat people.

The horn on the Rat People's head, which was as hard as iron, also pierced through the armor and chest of the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards, tearing apart their lungs and hearts.

Even though some of them had not died yet.

However, the reinforcements that kept rushing up from behind used their full strength and kept pushing and squeezing, completely squeezing the people at the front line into minced meat.

In such a chaotic battle, even if the warriors of the clans had three to five times or even seven to eight times the fighting strength of the rats, they would still be useless.

Even if the rat people were to die, they would still stab bloody holes in each other's bodies. Then, they would use their last bit of strength before they died to stab their swords, horns, claws, and teeth into the bodies that weighed hundreds of kilograms, they would hang them on the bodies of their opponents.

When a clan warrior had three to five such bodies hanging on his body.

It would be a miracle if he could still make effective tactical moves!

Just like that, the narrow space and the chaotic battle situation increasingly restricted both sides from displaying their superb combat techniques.

The technique involved in the bloody battle became lower and lower, gradually turning into a simple contest of brute force.

And speaking of a contest of strength, those elite rat subjects who came from the territory of the Bloody Hoofs clan, had the blood of wild elephants, wild boars, and ox heads in their bodies, and their life potential had been activated by the divine medicine. They were absolutely not afraid of anyone.

In a word.

The rats were trying to mess up the battlefield and bring the clan warriors down to the same level as them.

Then, they would use their rich experience to defeat their opponents.

If there was anyone who could maintain a high degree of sensitivity and control in such a chaotic battle.

It would be Meng Chao and ice storm.

In fact, they were looking forward to seeing this scene more than anyone else.

Only in such a crowded battlefield, where everyone was squeezed so tightly that their chests were pressed against each other's backs, would they be able to make use of the ripple-like power transmission to fully display their ability to accurately control the field.

Just like now.

Meng Chao seemed to be drifting along with the current. He was being squeezed to the left and right by the continuous turbulence created by the enemies and allies.

However, he was still clinging tightly to the back of the tall and burly iron head.

Moreover, when he saw an opportunity, he would silently push iron head from behind.

Every time he pushed iron head, Meng Chao would take the opportunity to inject a stream of spiritual energy that was both hard and soft into iron head's body, stimulating iron head's muscle fibers.

He controlled the arms of this boorish man and swung the two giant axes up and down in an extremely tyrannical manner, sending the defenders blocking in front of him flying.

And when the experts among the defending soldiers brandished their swords, spears, swords, and halberds, and stabbed toward Ironhead ruthlessly.

Meng Chao would exert strength in time again, colliding with Ironhead's spine and legs, causing him to subconsciously turn sideways, dodging the poisonous blades that were emitting a dangerous glow.

When there were too many defending soldiers in front of him, and the swords, spears, swords, and halberds formed a dazzling steel jungle, and Ironhead, this boorish man, truly believed that he was blessed by the Great Horned Rat God and possessed an indestructible body.., meng Chao simply gritted his teeth and waved his arms. Spiritual energy surged out like a tide and was transmitted and magnified through the soldiers on both sides of the enemy. In the end, it set off an avalanche-like chain reaction, causing everyone to fall to the ground.

In front of iron head, everything suddenly became clear.

He had already killed his way through the enemy's formation and arrived at the other side of the city wall.

Looking down from above, he could see the entire hundred blade city at a glance.

The wild man who was overjoyed was about to jump down and jump into hundred blade city.

Knowing that the defense of hundred blade city would definitely not be so simple, Meng Chao hurriedly bumped into iron head from the left and back, causing the strong man who looked like a black iron tower to stumble.

“Battle Flag! That’s the battle flag of Hundred Blade City! Take down the battle flag of Hundred Blade City!”

Meng Chao almost wanted to pull Iron Head’s ear and shout.

Iron Head, who was in the mood to kill, suddenly felt a red-hot iron rod pierce through his ear, which also made him slightly sober.

He didn’t have time to look back to see who was shouting.

In any case, everyone was now opening their bloody mouths and shouting hysterically.

He subconsciously raised his head and saw, as expected, not far away, on the battlements facing the city gate, a majestic war flag was placed diagonally.

On the war flag, there was a head that had the characteristics of a wolf, tiger, and leopard.

Around the ferocious head, there was a circle of sharp blades that were radiating with radiance.

This was the war flag of hundred blade city.

To the high-level orcs who worshipped honor and bloodline.

The war flag had an extremely important meaning on the battlefield.

Many of the war flags were drawn with the totems of a family, a town, or even a clan. They were the basis of the beliefs of countless warriors.

Therefore, the high-level orcs would rather die than have their own war flags fall into the hands of the enemy.

If they could capture the enemy’s war flag and deal a great blow to the enemy’s morale, they would become the heroes of their own side and the center of attention.

Although the battle flag in front of them was not the “General battle flag” that was fluttering high in hundred blade city, its height and width exceeded ten arms.

However, to the defending troops stationed on the city wall, it was more important than their eyeballs and hearts.

Iron Head’s eyes instantly shot out a hungry light.

He let out a weird cry and threw himself at the hundred blade battle flag.

Seeing this, the surrounding defenders also burst out with crazy and demonic combat strength, rushing toward the Hundred Blade Battle Flag.

Meng Chao and ice storm took the opportunity to surge their life magnetic field to the limit in the surging crowd, causing both sides to feel a suffocating pressure.

Under the pressure of layers of psionic power, the bodies of flesh and blood seemed to have turned into walls made of reinforced concrete, blocking each other tightly.

Only Iron Head's giant axe was blown away, but he managed to cut a bloody path through it.

"Roar!"

Iron Head was fighting to his heart's content. He embedded a giant axe into the shoulder blade of a defender.

While he was chopping down the defender, he happened to free his right hand to grab the hundred blade battle flag that was right in front of him.

He did not expect that the battle flag was still half an arm's length away from his fingertip.

In hundred blade city, there were already countless warriors with bloodshot eyes rushing up the city tower along the ramp to protect the battle flag.

They were about to push the rat soldiers, including Ironhead, back.

A stone shot out from nowhere and accurately hit the flagpole. A dazzling spark burst out and actually broke the flagpole.

The Hundred Blade Battle Flag, which had lost its restraint, was instantly swept up by the wind and fell into Ironhead's hand.

In an instant, the entire city wall was deathly silent.

Both the offensive and defensive sides were dumbstruck.

One had to know that the flagpole supporting the battle flag on the Hundred Blade city wall had carefully selected the mandala branch with the highest degree of metallization. After soaking it in secret medicine, it was repeatedly processed to combine the flexibility of plants and the hardness of steel, it was a combination.

This was originally a technique used to create a top-grade spear pole.

After it was made, even if one used a battle blade that could cut through iron like mud and slashed the flagpole, at most, a white mark would be left on it. Most of the destructive power would be disintegrated and dissipated by the high-frequency vibration of the flagpole.

How could a rock that flew out of nowhere break such a flagpole so cleanly?

Unless..

This was a miracle that the Rat God had descended!

Upon realizing this, the rat soldiers who had broken out of their stupor were overjoyed and full of vigor.

However, the defending soldiers were shaking in fear.

The entire defense line was about to collapse due to the sudden 'miracle'.

Accompanied by a howl of a skull-splitting explosion, a burly man who was covered in a metallic luster and looked like a wolf standing up appeared in front of the broken flagpole.

He held the broken flagpole with one hand and a saber that was even thicker than a giant axe with the other. His eyes, which were gushing with green battle flames, stared at the iron head fiercely, completely covering every inch of the armor on his body, the mysterious and complicated totem kept flashing, flowing, changing, and roaring like a ferocious beast.

The totem warriors stationed in Hundred Blade City finally appeared.

Due to the subtle relationship between the lion and tiger clans and the Wolf Clan, as well as the unknown plan of some ambitious family.

Although the defending troops stationed in hundred blade city looked well-equipped, their numbers were not too few.

Among them, there were only a few totem warriors.

Considering that hundred blade city had already been surrounded by the great horn army, the fierce siege of the city was likely to continue for a long time. The totem warriors in the city did not want to enter the battle too early.

Of course, it was not because they were afraid of the strength of the rat people's uprising army.

It was because activating and controlling the totem battle armor was a matter that consumed a lot of resources and even spiritual power. It was also a matter that required a lot of risk.

If they were to rise up in the rat people's uprising army and suffer the backlash of the totem battle armor, they might lose control and become crazy people who had lost their rationality and only knew how to kill.

Who would have thought that the rat rebel army would attack so fiercely.

Even the battle flag in the south of the city was taken away.

The furious totem warriors showed their most ferocious faces without caring about anything else.

If it was said that ordinary clan warriors could still rely on the tactics of the Sea of people to deal with them.

Totem warriors, especially those who wore full body armor, were definitely on a different level.

There was no need for this totem warrior to make a move.

Just the howls that he made when he jumped onto the city wall earlier were like invisible sharp blades that pierced through the brains of many rat soldiers.

Even a boorish man like Ironhead, when he was stabbed by the opponent's gaze, his brain was completely blank and cold sweat kept flowing out.

"We have the item, prepare to retreat!"

Behind Ironhead, Meng Chao and ice storm exchanged glances.

Chapter 1132: Rising Smoke

It was too late to say anything. At that moment, the totem warriors on the opposite side had already swung their maces that were thicker than the thighs of a barbarian elephant, creating a visible shockwave.

The whistling sonic boom was akin to the explosion of a land mine following the blow of a broadsword.

The dozens of rebel rat people who had finally managed to attack the city wall were instantly blown away like kites with broken strings.

Only Iron Head, who was holding the Hundred Blade battle flag in his hand, remained. He was caught in the gap between the two shock waves that were controlled by the enemy's exquisite strength.

The shock waves pressed against him from both sides, preventing him from moving as if he was trapped in a turbulent flow.

His lungs could not expand, his heart stopped beating, and both of his eyes bulged out due to the high pressure on his skull. The hundreds of blood vessels that surrounded his pupils were bursting uncontrollably.

Tiny, needle-sized drops of blood were even seeping out of his skin, which was as rough as sandpaper.

That was the power of a totem warrior!

Without the interference of unexpected factors, Iron Head's internal organs and brain would have been crushed by the overwhelming shock wave in the span of a breath.

The Hundred Blade battle flag, which was covered in blood, was about to return to the hands of the totem warriors obediently.

However, at the critical moment, Meng Chao grabbed Iron Head's belt from behind and pulled it forcefully.

Iron Head's belt was simply an iron chain that had been removed from a meteor hammer, because he needed to hang his two iron axes on his belt without tearing it.

Therefore, the iron chain was not shattered by the destructive ripples that the totem warrior had created.

Meng Chao pulled him far back, narrowly avoiding the most violent sweep from the totem warrior's mace.

If he had been a few inches short, Iron Head's entire face, including his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears, would have been directly scraped off by the mace's spikes and barbs!

The determined strike had inexplicably missed. The totem warrior was both shocked and angry.

He growled and took a heavy step toward Iron Head, leaving seven or eight crisscrossing cracks like spider webs on the hard iron-like ground.

Borrowing the force of his stomp, the totem warrior raised his mace high again. The flames of slaughter swirled around the mace rapidly, like a raging storm.

In the storm, the faint form of a ferocious-looking hungry wolf was revealed as it opened its bloody mouth.

Due to the lack of oxygen in his brain, Iron Head had lost the ability to think and move, becoming a dull and foolish target.

However, a piercing pain came from the bottom of the totem warrior's feet.

There were also strands of ice that seemed to be alive, trying to follow his blood vessels, from the bottom of his feet to his heart.

When he looked down, the totem warrior was shocked to discover that the large pool of blood under his feet had all condensed and frozen at some point, turning into sharp icicles.

The bright red icicles, with their incredible sharpness and hardness, actually found the gaps between his armor and pierced his body from the ankle!

These totem warriors were not the strongest in the Gold Clan.

Otherwise, they would not have been thrown to the lonely Hundred Blade City to face the overwhelming tide of rat people.

His totem armor barely covered his entire body.

It was unlike the Millennium Armor in Meng Chao and Ice Storm's bodies, which was seamless.

There were very fine gaps, especially at the joints between the totem warrior's lower legs and the soles of his feet, in order to maximize the ankles' range of movement.

Unexpectedly, through these gaps, his ankles and the soles of his feet were nailed to the ground by a mysterious and unpredictable enemy with blood-colored icicles.

"How is this possible?!"

"How can a mere rat warrior possess such a terrifying ability?"

"Who is it? Who is hiding in the darkness?"

Due to the double interference of shock and intense pain, his mace that contained immense strength lost its accuracy. It brushed past Iron Head and smashed a shocking hole in the ground.

However, pushed by the shockwave and pulled by Meng Chao, Iron Head flew high into the air and landed outside the city wall!

There was a difference of about ten arms between the top and bottom of the city wall.

To advanced orcs with thick skin, it was not an insurmountable distance.

Moreover, there were already hundreds and thousands of corpses piled up under the city wall, forming a thick buffer.

Just as Meng Chao was about to land, he gave Iron Head a lift and tried his best to neutralize the impact.

Although the boorish man was in a mess, he was unharmed. He was still holding the blood-covered Hundred Blade battle flag in his hand.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm, who had landed lightly on the ground looked at each other.

“Let’s go, we have to bring back the captured battle flag and sacrifice it to the Big-horned Rat God!”

The two of them shouted in Iron Head’s ear at the same time.

Iron Head’s soul finally returned to his body.

The boorish man with well-developed limbs and a simple mind shivered deeply.

Licking his dry and cracked lips, he raised his head to look at the city wall that was filled with killing intent, as well as flesh and blood that were flying everywhere. Only then did he realize what a dangerous battle he had just experienced, and what a terrifying enemy had been before him.

Iron Head would never admit that the moment he faced the enemy’s totem warrior, he was so scared that his soul left his body, and he was dumbstruck.

It was not that he did not dare to climb up the city wall again to fight the enemy’s totem warrior to death. He would still use his heroic sacrifice to prove his loyalty to the Big-horned Rat god.

However, sending the enemy’s captured battle flag back to his camp would, after all, boost the morale of the troops.

Iron Head stuffed the Hundred Blade battle flag under his arms, rolling and crawling as he turned around and ran.

When the totem warrior finally crushed the blood icicles under his feet, he pounced onto the battlements in exasperation and looked down.

He could only see billowing smoke, burning corpses on the ground, and the surging tide of rat people.

One after another, all the rat people rolled into the trenches filled with corpses.

They were covered in blood and mud.

It was impossible to tell who had taken the battle flag.

Moreover, the twitching pain in his feet reminded the totem warrior that there might be hidden experts from the Great Horn Army.

If he jumped down rashly and got involved in the rat tide, the next blood icicle might not just pierce his body from the soles of his feet.

The furious totem warriors could only let out mournful wolf howls on the city walls.

Smoke finally rose from Hundred Blade City.

Thick black smoke hung weakly in the air, like exhausted warriors reluctantly raising their hands to admit defeat.

That's right, the mighty warriors of the Gold Clan had to ask for help from the outside world when they were surrounded by a group of rat people. If that was not admitting defeat, then what was it?

However, they had no other choice.

On the city's southern defensive line, the battle flag had been snatched by the d*mned rat people while everyone watched. It dealt an incalculable blow to the defending army's morale.

Now, even many Gold Clan warriors who had been born into noble families and had extremely pure bloodlines were whispering in frustration. Did the Rat God really exist and possess a terrifying ability that surpassed countless ancestral spirits?

Otherwise, even the wisest priestess could not explain why the seemingly weak, lowly, dirty, and obedient rat people, who had been silently enduring slavery and oppression for thousands of years, would suddenly become so ferocious, tyrannical, and even crazy in just one night.

In addition, the totem warrior, who had tried to recapture the battle flag, was held back by Ice Storm, and he had his foot pierced by the blood icicles. He used the bloody wound to make the commander of the defending army believe that horrifying totem warriors were among the attackers.

If they did not ask for help...

Once the Great Horn Army's totem warriors sneaked into Hundred Blade City in the chaos...

The tragedy in Black-corner City would most likely repeat itself.

The crooked smoke also made the attackers heave a sigh of relief.

In order to put enough pressure on Hundred Blade City, the Great Horn Army had launched wave after wave of almost suicidal attacks on this city that was covered with shining steel thorns in the past three days. They had also left behind tens of thousands of corpses.

Even for the Great Horn Army, which had an endless number of soldiers, such losses had reached an unbearable point.

After all, each of the corpses there were not untrained cannon fodder with wooden sticks and dung pitchforks in their hands.

Instead, they were elites whom they had selected after a long journey and a series of fierce battles.

Almost at the same time, the bugle call for a halt sounded from behind the attackers.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm successfully escorted Iron Head and the Hundred Blade battle flag back to their positions.

Before that, the news of an invulnerable warrior jumping onto the Hundred Blade City tower and snatching the Hundred Blade battle flag from the claws of countless wolves, tigers, and leopards had spread throughout the entire battlefield.

At first, everyone thought that the defenders had hacked the brave and fearless warrior into meat paste long ago. Even if enemy did not snatch back the Hundred Blade battle flag, it would definitely be lost on the chaotic battlefield. It would either be burned to ashes or buried deep in a pile of corpses.

Who would have thought that this warrior would actually cross the line of fire unscathed and bring back the battle flag that symbolized the enemy's will and glory!

What a shocking feat!

What a wonderful miracle!

The story about Iron Head was being spread throughout the entire camp.

Even the generals and priests who were leading the siege heard of his name.

That night, flames shot up into the sky from the northeast direction of Hundred Blade City. The sounds of battle continued, and the boiling killing intent crashed into the stars in the night sky, causing the stars to tremble under the reflection of the bloody light.

The news of victory and dawn arrived at the same time.

The White Bone Battalion had successfully ambushed a Wolf Clan troop that was rushing to Hundred Blade City. After a fierce battle in the middle of the night, eight hundred of them were beheaded, and countless weapons, armor, and mounts were seized.

This was only the beginning.

In the next few days, there would definitely be countless reinforcements. In order to defend their honor and faith, they would continuously pounce on Hundred Blade City and start an epic decisive battle with the Great Horn Army that would determine their future.

In a sense, they were the number one warriors who had opened the curtain of the final battle.

Iron Head had obtained the two great battle merits of "ascending first" and "seizing the flag" at the same time. As such, he received extremely generous praise and rewards.

In a grand sacrificial ceremony, in front of tens of thousands of rat warriors, he was going to be implanted with a totem that symbolized valor and loyalty, as well as a precious totem armor fragment by the Great Horn Army's high-level priest!

Chapter 1133: The Secret of Totem Power

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Under the watchful eyes of tens of thousands of rat soldiers, the soul-shaking war drums sounded again.

Surrounded by hundreds of war drums, the Hundred Blade battle flag that Iron Head had captured hung listlessly on a pile of mandrake branches that were covered with grease.

In front, back, left, and right of the battle flag, there were four priests wearing white skull masks with big horns on their heads and scarlet feathered clothes. They stepped on the drum beats precisely and danced in a manic and odd manner.

When the drums suddenly came to an end.

The four oracles had also gone from craziness to absolute stillness. They were like four statues that had been sealed for thousands of years.

The mandrake branches under the Hundred Blade battle flag were burning without any warning.

The crimson flames were akin to the thousands of rat people who had died tragically in the past tens of millions of years. Several thousand bloody arms extended from the depths of hell and grabbed the Hundred Blade battle flag, tearing it into pieces.

Every piece of the flag was writhing in the raging flames, emitting squeaky shrieks, as if it were the screams of a ferocious beast that had fallen into a trap.

When the thick smoke rose, the smoke turned into the appearance of wolves, wolves, and leopards.

The fellows who used to ride on the heads of the rat people had lost all the prestige and brutality of predators. They were as pitiful and laughable as stray dogs that had fallen into the water.

The smoke rose higher and higher and became thinner and thinner.

It was as if all the wolves, tigers, and leopards had been torn apart and dispersed in the justice of the millions of rat subjects.

It was not until this moment that the four priests who had fallen into absolute stillness woke up slowly.

They were both surprised and delighted as they looked at the shape of the smoke in the air, and in their excitement, they shouted, "The Rat God has accepted the trophies that we sacrificed. The torn smoke is the revelation that the Rat God has given us. Soon, the invincible army of the Great Horn Army will crush all the enemies like the smoke!"

Tens of thousands of rat soldiers were deeply drawn and shocked by this strange scene.

They subconsciously fell into the priest's trap of thinking and could not extricate themselves.

The overwhelming slogan brought the fanatical atmosphere to the extreme.

The Hundred Blade battle flag had not been completely burned.

The mandrake branches were still burning.

The absolute protagonist of this sacrifice, Iron Head, strode into the burning bonfire.

His body was covered with a feather coat smeared with grease.

The moment he stepped into the bonfire, he turned into a human-shaped fireball of boundless radiance.

However, because of the Great Horn Army's witch doctor, he had already smeared fire-resistant secret medicine all over his body.

The four priests had also secretly activated the totem power, subtly controlling the flames. They only revolved around his body rapidly, but did not invade the slightest bit of his flesh.

Not only was Iron Head unharmed, it was more like he was reborn from the flames.

It was a perfect verification of the rumor that this warrior who had received the blessing of the Rat God had an indestructible body!

When the flames gradually extinguished.

All of Iron Head's clothes were completely burned.

His burly body, which was exposed in the air, emitted a copper cast iron-like metallic luster, like a vigorous, vigorous, and bold statue.

This scene made all the rat people present go completely crazy.

They shouted Iron Head's name at the top of their lungs, and in the bottom of their hearts, they prayed to the Rat God with the most pious attitude. They hoped that the Rat God would give them the same strength as Iron Head, and turn them into indestructible killing machines that could destroy everything.

In the midst of the raging roars, Iron Head took a big bowl made of a totem beast skull from the priest's hand.

He gulped down the steaming hot medicinal liquid that seemed like it was burning.

The rat people, which were in a noisy crowd just a moment ago, instantly became silent.

Everyone held their breaths and stared straight at Iron Head, eager to see the changes that had happened to his body.

Iron Head swallowed the last mouthful of medicinal liquid, grinned, and let out a long burp.

Then, his eyes went blank for three whole breaths.

Suddenly, his hands and feet tensed up and he let out an inhuman howl.

Accompanied by the howl, the joints of his limbs also let out a series of cracking sounds.

The muscles all over his body suddenly contracted to the limit and then expanded to the peak. In just a few breaths, his body had shrunk several times.

His head had become bigger and smaller. It was uneven, as if the hardest skull in the human body did not exist at all. The entire head was like a dough, allowing the invisible force to knead it as much as it wanted.

The manic war drum sounded again.

The four priests jumped even more crazily than when they had burned the Hundred Blade battle flag.

Many of their movements did not conform to the human body's law of exerting force.

It was as if they were no longer flesh and blood, no longer controlled by their own will, but had become the puppets of a mysterious existence high in the clouds. They were controlled by an invisible string, which was why they could use such a high frequency to transmit the divine power and will from the ancestral spirit.

In the end...

The inhumane torture lasted for three to five hundred drum beats, and Iron Head gradually quieted down.

He knelt on one knee and panted heavily. His head was buried deep in his arms.

His thirty-six thousand pores were releasing the intense killing intent of a ferocious beast that was about to come out of its cage. The perspiration all over his body was burning, forming a circular ripple in the air that could be seen by the naked eye. It made the rat soldiers in the front row, who were watching the ceremony, go weak in the knees and sweat profusely.

“Roar!”

All of a sudden, Iron Head jumped up high and roared ten times louder than before.

Seven scarlet air arrows were shot out of his seven apertures, as though the overloaded killing machines were cooling down.

On his chest, which was as thick as a city wall, an extremely abstract pattern appeared. It was like the skeleton rat that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws on the White Bone Battalion’s flag had been transferred to his chest!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The weird totem seemed to contain infinite strength, and it was stimulating Iron Head’s heart brutally.

He could not help but clench his iron fist, which was as big as a meteor hammer, and hit his chest brutally. The sound was even more powerful than the sound of hundreds of war drums beating at the same time.

Such a violent strike seemed to make Iron Head gather the strength that originated from his heart. He punched the air heavily like an air cannon, and a storm that was more than twenty or thirty arms long was created.

The rat tribe warriors closest to him were all blown away by the storm.

The rat tribe warriors that were slightly behind were also shaken until their ears were buzzing.

It was obvious that this was not an ordinary move that could be performed with “boundless strength.”

Instead, it was the strongest and most sacred power that the great ancestral spirit had bestowed upon the advanced orcs, totem power!

“Iron Head has obtained totem power!”

“What a gorgeous totem. It will always accompany him until he dies in a glorious battle!”

“This is a totem that belongs exclusively to us rat people, the sixth clan!”

The eyes of countless rat warriors were overflowing with admiration and envy.

Only Meng Chao and Ice Storm were secretly astonished.

Fortunately, they were cautious enough to find such a gold-plated “meat shield.”

If the two of them had acted in person, they would have certainly been able to seize the battle merits of “ascending first” and “seizing the flag.”

However, before the gazes of the Great Horn Army’s four high-level oracles, they would have to step into the raging flames and burn their clothes to the ground, revealing their naked bodies.

Then, they would swallow the totem secret medicine so that the tens of thousands of rat civilians could clearly see all the changes that had taken place on their bodies.

Even the most exquisite disguise would be exposed.

After coming to Picturesque Orchid Lake for a few months, Meng Chao had a deeper understanding of totem power than he had in his previous life.

In essence, totem power and spirit energy were not very different.

They were the unique forces produced by the cosmic radiation around the alien world, the magnetic field of the planet itself, and the life magnetic field of carbon-based creatures.

However, Dragon City and Picturesque Orchid Lake had taken two completely different paths in learning how to utilize this power.

In the Dragon City civilization’s system, every spirit magnetic field that was used to subdue spirit energy required superhuman individuals to learn it from scratch.

Even if a certain move was practiced to perfection and even transformed into muscle memory.

It was also impossible to infuse genetic factors into his descendants so that they could learn it by themselves at birth.

Even if the flesh and blood of a Deity Realm expert possessed a physical quality that far exceeded that of an ordinary person and superior material conditions, they would enjoy an astronomical number of cultivation resources at birth. The probability of connecting the spirit meridians in their entire body was dozens of times higher than that of an ordinary person.

However, if he wanted to display his parents’ ultimate skill that made him famous, he also needed to learn it from the beginning.

“Humans need to rely on acquired knowledge to master specific skills.” That seemed to be a matter of course. There was no need to doubt or think about it.

However, this was not the case for monsters.

Monsters did not have schools, martial arts training classes, or virtual training cabins.

However, when monsters were born, they would master all kinds of strange “innate skills.”

For example, Mind Lightning, War Trample, Blood Mist of Fear, and so on.

Most Nightmarish Beasts could master one to three types of innate skills.

Hell Beasts could master four to six types.

The legendary Apocalyptic Beasts could master up to nine types of innate skills.

Many innate skills required a carbon-based body of flesh and blood to connect the complicated spirit meridians that were like a maze to form an extremely complicated spirit magnetic field. Only then could it trigger the chain reaction of the planet's magnetic field and even the cosmic radiation.

Even Deity Realm powerhouses might not be able to control it easily.

It was performed by a muddle-headed monster, but it seemed as natural as breathing and a heartbeat.

That was really strange!

It got to the point that the Earthlings won the Monster War.

They unlocked the secrets of a large number of the monster civilization's lairs.

Only then did the experts from the Abnormal Beast Research Department come to a preliminary conclusion.

A monster seemed to have the ability to compress its innate skills into genetic factors in an inconceivable way, directly engraving them on the genetic level.

After all, it was a biological weapon that had been artificially created.

When it was still in its embryonic state, it had to "write" certain complicated attack programs on the genetic level in order to meet the requirements for mass production and rapid formation of combat strength.

"Innate writing" and "acquired learning" were the two ways of using spirit energy.. Each had its pros and cons.

Chapter 1134: A New Member of the White Bone Battalion

The advantages of the former were self-evident.

The problem was that the skills that could be written into the genetic level were relatively simple.

Even the Apocalyptic Beasts could only master seven to nine methods to construct a spirit magnetic field.

Moreover, the skills were all solidified, so there was almost no possibility of upgrading and expanding.

Although the latter required a long time to learn and its results were not guaranteed...

There were endless possibilities for changes and upgrades.

Even a one-to three-star Earth Realm superhumans could master dozens of construction methods of the spiritual magnetic field, perform dozens of skills in battle, and combine them with different styles and tools, it could produce hundreds of dazzling tactics.

Theoretically speaking, if an extraordinary was given a long life, he could even learn tens of thousands of construction methods of the spiritual magnetic field.

This was something that could not be achieved by 'innate writing'.

The way the Tulan used their spiritual energy was somewhat biased towards the 'innate writing' of monsters.

The five great clans all had unique 'totem combat techniques' that originated from their genes and were engraved on the genetic level.

The purer the bloodline, the richer and clearer the combat information contained in the genetic factors. It allowed those pure-blooded nobles to awaken the power of totems without a teacher at a very young age.

From this perspective, it was not unreasonable for the nobles of the clans with thousands of years of history to despise the rat people who constantly mixed blood and lost their clan characteristics.

Because the latter's bloodlines were constantly diluted and fused, the "Combat procedures" in the genetic factors were often fragmented and unrecognizable.

This made it ten times more difficult for them to awaken the power of totems than for the pure-blooded warriors.

In the absence of a scientific, comprehensive, and standardized training system, as well as relevant schools, virtual, and distance education channels, Tu lanze, who had relied on his family's bloodline to pass down the path of spiritual energy utilization, before the rise of the Great Horn Army., there was almost no chance for the rat people to awaken naturally and make a comeback.

Other than that, there was another fatal side effect of 'innate writing'.

This method of transmitting information directly through genetic factors at the genetic level seemed to affect the logical thinking ability of carbon-based intelligent life.

The so-called wisdom was not necessary to survive in the first place.

If the skills necessary to climb to the top of the food chain had already been engraved in the genes, then there was no need to learn more messy dragon-slaying skills. As long as one kept fighting, killing, and destroying, the ferocity in the depths of the genes would be fully activated, it would be enough to fully activate it.

Meng Chao was very suspicious that the Tulan civilization would continue to deteriorate.

From the beginning when they could create 'Totem Armor', the ultimate single-soldier equipment that was full of black technology, to the present, they could not even create the simplest rifle.

It was because, at a critical point ten thousand years ago, they chose to use 'innate writing' rather than 'acquired learning' to pass down their skills.

At this moment, Meng Chao's thoughts were interrupted by the loud shout on the stage.

When he raised his head, he realized that two priests had used two special iron pincers to press a totem armor fragment that was emitting orange-red light and seemed to have been burned to a high temperature of over a thousand degrees onto the totem on Iron Head's chest.

This totem was the part of Iron Head's body where the spiritual energy was the densest. The cells were expanding, the blood was boiling, and the mitochondria were crazily pumping out energy. It was a natural reaction on iron head's skin.

When the remnant totem armor felt the surging vitality of the iron head, it immediately trembled like a living creature. It extended dozens of thin tentacles and pierced deeply into the iron head's body.

Immediately after, the entire breastplate was tightly glued together, as if it had grown out of the Iron Head's body.

The rat people could not be equipped with totem armor.

This was also a lie meticulously fabricated by the rulers of Turanze.

To be more accurate, it should be: "The rat people who have not received a large amount of cultivation resources since childhood and have congenital defects in their bodies are unable to ensure their physical health and mental stability under the premise of long-term use of totem armor, which is a deadly weapon that consumes a lot of energy and is very likely to backfire on its owner."

However, whether it was the rat god priests who were singing and dancing.

Or the tens of thousands of excited rat soldiers whose eyes were spitting fire.

Even the iron head himself, who could not tell if he was in excruciating pain or an explosion of pleasure, was being attacked by the power of a flood or a ferocious beast.

He probably did not care when the totem armor would completely exhaust his fire of life.

Even if that time was tomorrow.

"Roar Roar Roar Roar!"

Steelhead let out a deafening roar again. He raised his head and puffed out his chest, showing everyone the totem armor fragment that was perfectly embedded in his chest.

The totem that had just emerged from his chest seemed to have a strange penetrative force. It actually emerged from the surface of his chest armor, forming a vortex-like pattern. The uneven pattern made the sound of steelhead hammering his chest.., it turned into waves of thunder.

"Look, who said that the rat people can't be equipped with totem battle armor? Those are all outright lies!"

A Rat God priest with seventeen or eighteen strange horns on his head said loudly in a provocative tone, "Under the blessing of the Rat God, the brave warrior who had just attacked the city and seized the flag had successfully subdued the ferocious soul hidden in the totem battle armor, becoming an invincible totem warrior!"

"To celebrate his victory and remember his glory, now, let's shout out the new name of this warrior — the Flag Grabber!"

The name of a high-level Beastman was not unchanged for life.

But at every stage of life, one had to create a more magnificent and glorious achievement than the previous stage in order to be qualified to change to a more resounding name.

If a high-level orc only used one name in his entire life...

It meant that he had never experienced anything shocking or memorable in his life.

Even at his own funeral, he would be ridiculed.

To steelhead, the name 'flag-snatcher' was appropriate.

For a moment, the 'flag-snatcher' syllable in the Tulan language, which was filled with the metallic feeling of swords clashing, spurted out from tens of thousands of throats and resounded throughout the entire camp.

Even the guards on the Hundred Blade City Tower, which was a few kilometers away, heard their cheers. For a moment, their expressions were downcast and extremely dejected.

The sacrificial ceremony ended successfully in an extremely warm atmosphere.

Apart from iron head, there were also hundreds of rat soldiers who were exceptionally brave in battle and were rewarded to varying degrees.

Amongst them were Meng Chao and ice storm.

The two of them could be said to have followed iron head, no, the 'Flag Snatcher'.

There was nothing they could do. When the Flag Snatcher fell from the city wall, the two of them followed him closely. They even shouted in his ear before summoning his spirit.

The flag Snatcher left a deep impression on these two soldiers who were 'almost as brave as him'.

As a result, Meng Chao, ice storm, and hundreds of meritorious persons became the elites of the great horn army, the sharp blades of the ancient Dream Saintess, and members of the White Bone Battalion.

They could finally leave the encirclement of hundred blade city and head to the more important battlefield.

Besieging Hundred Blade City was a protracted war of attrition. The result of dropping tens of thousands of corpses was just a light war flag.

If they wanted to completely conquer hundred blade city, they would have to dump tens of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of corpses.

Such a cruel bottomless pit should be filled with the corpses of ordinary rat civilians.

Elites like the flag grabbers, Meng Chao, and ice storm who had proved their courage, loyalty, and ability on the battlefield should die in a more meaningful place.

The officers of the white bone battalion who had come to receive this batch of new elites told them that they were about to carry out an even more arduous, glorious, and sacred mission.

Ambushing the Wolf Clan's elite battle group that was rushing to the Hundred Blade City!

“The Wolf Clan is nothing to be afraid of. They have long been slaughtered by the ancient Dream Saintess. In the Hundred Blade City, they have also been beaten to a pulp by us. Even the battle flag that symbolizes their will and glory has been seized by us!”

The officers of the white bone battalion waved the wolf fang battle saber that they had seized from the Wolf clan and shouted at the top of their lungs to boost their morale, “Warriors of the White Bone Battalion, let us gather the anger of tens of millions of years and bring a final blow to these stray dogs!”

Facing off against the Wolf Tribe’s elite battle group in the field was like facing off against a white blade.

This was something that the rat tribe warriors from two months ago, no, one month ago, did not even dare to dream about.

However, they had been overwhelmed by a series of victories. The pride of joining the white bone battalion had filled every single vein and nerve, especially under the encouragement of the flag-snatcher, who was the “Protection of the Rat God, invulnerable to weapons”, all of the newly promoted elites firmly believed that even if they were destined to bleed out the last drop of blood before the Sun Rose Tomorrow, the final victory would belong to the rat people, the ancient Dream Saintess, and the Great Horn Army, it belonged to the Great Rat God!

Moreover, the white bone battalion officers had brought not only empty slogans.

Apart from a complete change of equipment, everyone was equipped with fully-tempered metal armor and weapons.

There was also a high-energy food supply that had a strange fragrance.

There was also a divine artifact that was said to have been dug out by the ancient Dream Saintess from a lost temple. It came from tens of thousands of years ago.

At first glance, it was a half-arm-tall, crystal-clear white bone sculpture of the Rat God.

Among the intricate natural patterns on the sculpture, there was a faint totem power flowing. However, this bone sculpture still had cell activity, as if it had a feeling of life.

The white bone camp officer respectfully placed this bone statue on a temporary altar.

He also asked the elite rat subjects who had just joined the white bone camp to come forward, bite their index fingers one by one, and squeeze a drop of blood onto the bone statue.

The bone statue was smooth like Jade, and there were no tiny holes on its surface.

The moment the blood touched the bone statue, it did not stop or slip. Instead, it seeped into the inside of the bone statue and disappeared without a trace.

Hundreds of elite rat subjects and hundreds of drops of blood gathered together, forming at least a big bowl.

After being sucked dry, only the vivid eyes on the bone carving were slightly red.

Chapter 1135: Ambush

However, when the officers of the White Bone Battalion asked all the newly-promoted elites to sit around the white bone statue in a circle and focus their attention on the statue for a long time, an unbelievable scene slowly appeared before everyone's eyes.

In a trance, everyone "saw" that the white bone statue was getting bigger and bigger.

From the height of half an arm at the beginning, it gradually enlarged to the height of a person.

Then, it grew to the height of four or five arms, which was far from even the most burly barbarian elephant warrior.

Finally, the height of the white bone statue exceeded a hundred arms, as if it was an indomitable god.

The eyes that were formed from the blood of the crowd were more like the scorching sun at noon.

Logically speaking, since they were sitting around the white bone statue, there must be someone sitting on the back of the statue and should not be able to see the statue's eyes.

However, the rat warriors who were deeply attracted to the white bone statue seemed to see that they were sitting directly opposite the statue and were enveloped by the hot magma-like light that was released from the bottom of the statue's eyes.

Along with a solemn and mysterious incantation that seemed to come from ancient times, the huge statue actually moved!

Its eyes were like fountains, spewing out thousands of wisps of red light to all parts of its body, turning into red threads that were like nerves and blood vessels, twining around the sparkling and translucent bones that had a texture like white jade, controlling the enormous skeleton, it slowly raised its arms.

The statue that was sitting cross-legged naturally only had two arms.

However, the hundreds of rat warriors present "saw" that the statue was staring at them and extending its enormous hands toward the top of their heads.

Boom!

In an instant, earsplitting thunder echoed in their minds.

The world around them collapsed along with the thunder.

What appeared in front of them was one brutal ancient battlefield after another, with blood flowing everywhere.

Their consciousness turned into thousands of rays of light and connected to the countless soldiers fighting on the ancient battlefield.

By using this method, they could share the senses of the soldiers and experience the arduous battles and the pain of being burned by flames and stabbed by swords.

Of course, they were also in the process of swinging their swords, spears, halberds, war hammers, battle axes, spiked clubs, and meteor hammers to smash the enemy into pieces. They awakened a large number of combat skills that were already hidden deep in their genes.

And in reality...

Almost all of the newly advanced elite brains were overloaded. Their brain cells were constantly trembling and expanding, like bubbles in magma.

Smoke was spewing from the top of everyone's heads like chimneys.

From time to time, someone could not withstand the massive amount of information pouring into them. With a muffled groan, blood flowed out of their seven orifices and they fell to the ground.

They were immediately dragged away silently by the White Bone Battalion's officers.

The expressions of the remaining people kept changing.

Sometimes they gritted their teeth, sometimes they were angry, sometimes they were in great pain, and sometimes they revealed the calmness of surviving a disaster.

Judging from the high-frequency changes in their expressions, they felt that the flow of time in their trance seemed to be ten or even a hundred times slower than in reality.

In reality, it was only half a night.

In their trance, they had spent hundreds of bloody and cruel days and nights on the battlefield.

There were even people whose skin was bleeding profusely at a speed visible to the naked eye, but in the blink of an eye, they were scabbed, peeled off, and restored to their original state.

The Other World that possessed spirit power was a world where consciousness could strongly interfere with matter.

When the brains of the rat warriors were constantly strengthened and upgraded, their bodies of flesh and blood also underwent a series of extremely dangerous transformations.

All the warriors were trapped in the virtual battlefield and could not extricate themselves.

Only two people were still able to control their brains and bodies at a high level.

Naturally, it was Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

What Meng Chao "saw" was completely different from the ordinary rat warriors.

In his eyes, the white bone statue was still the size of half an arm, and it had not become an indomitable god or demon.

However, this strange statue was indeed like a toy that had been wound up. It slowly opened its arms and even its ribs. It began to vibrate violently at an extremely high frequency and a very small amplitude.

Following the high frequency vibration of the white bone statue, wisps of brainwave-like ripples spread out and surged into the brains of the mouse warriors.

Meng Chao had also discovered such a massive amount of instantaneous information transmission technology in the totem armor.

It seemed that the two technologies were of the same origin, and they had both been created by the ancient Turan people.

Such a battle teaching device that was similar to “brain wave sharing” could effectively make up for the lack of “genetic inheritance or innate writing.”

Besides....

Narrowing his eyes, Meng Chao observed the top of the bone statue quietly.

He vaguely sensed that an endless stream of information was pouring into the bone statue’s body and into the rat people’s brains like brain waves.

Meng Chao suddenly realized something.

He knew what the bone statue, which had all its bones spread open, was exactly.

It was an “antenna” and a “signal amplifier.”

It could help the remote-controlled commander in the distance transmit the carefully compiled information to countless burning brains in an instant!

However, Meng Chao was not sure who was sending the information on the other side of the sky above the “antenna.”

Was it the Ancient Dream Saintess?

Or was it “Jackal” Kanus?

Dawn was approaching. The crazed indoctrination of the killing information had finally come to an end.

Dozens of rat warriors could not withstand the bombardment of the massive amount of information and collapsed before dawn.

The remaining hundreds of rat warriors slowly woke up from the long dream. After a moment of dullness, they all felt the changes that had happened to their bodies.

Their senses had become sharper. They could see and hear countless things that were vague and unpredictable in the past.

Many people’s strength had increased, and their speed and jumping ability had increased visibly. The whistling sounds they made when they brandished their swords were also fiercer than before.

There were even people who had learned skills like riding a wolf in the long dream.

Compared with yesterday, they had completely transformed into veterans who had survived hundreds of battles and were not afraid of death!

Of course, such crazy indoctrination would definitely require a heavy price.

Many of the rat subjects' brain regions had been destroyed. Even now, it was still as painful as a giant ax chopping down. It made the corners of their eyes and mouths to twitch non-stop.

Such a warrior would easily lose control on the battlefield and become a slave of the desire to kill and the power of totems.

However, even if they knew beforehand that there would be such side effects, no one would care.

Just like how no one would care if after drinking the divine medicine given to them by the Rat God, they would suddenly turn into a burning human-shaped fireball.

To be honest, in the rat people's history of being bullied for close to ten thousand years, burning their lives and turning them into incomparably bright flames and light was the most enjoyable and glorious way to die.

The White Bone Battalion officers told the rat warriors that they had passed the Rat God's final trial in the cruel dream and officially became members of the battalion.

Normally, a grand ceremony should be held so that they would be welcomed by all the officers, priests, veterans, and even the Ancient Dream Saintess herself.

Now, however, the military situation was urgent. A large-scale reinforcement army from the Wolf Clan was rushing to Hundred Blade City at night.

They had to arrive at the pre-planned ambush battlefield before noon and work with the White Bone Battalion's main forces to crush the Wolf Clan's will in an unstoppable manner!

In order to seize every second, this newly established elite Rat Clan battle team immediately set off.

Even the mandrake fruit, which had been replenished with secret medicines and mixed with the fat of totem beasts, was also carried out while running.

Fortunately, all the members of the battle team were the cream of the crop among the Rat Clan.

Moreover, they had just gone through at least a hundred tough battles in a trance last night.

Compared with the battlefield in the dream where broken limbs flew everywhere and mountains of corpses and seas of blood were burned by the flames, it was a hundred times more tragic than Hell.

Regardless of whether it was climbing mountains or crossing armed boats, it was as easy and enjoyable as an outing.

The sun was high in the sky, and noon had arrived. This elite rat squad had arrived at the predetermined ambush battlefield.

It was more than thirty miles west of Hundred Blade City. It was a dense forest beside a group of stone pillars that had been shattered by a large river that had long dried up.

Actually, passing through the group of stone pillars was the shortcut to support Hundred Blade City.

However, the environment within the group of stone pillars was too complicated.

The stone pillars that looked as thick as three or five people hugging each other had long been eroded by hundreds of millions of years.

Even the bare-handed attacks of the Turan warriors could cause the stone pillars to collapse and trigger a chain reaction.

It was impossible for the Wolf Clan's reinforcements to pass through the group of stone pillars.

Otherwise, they would face the risk of being defeated.

On one side of the pillars was a mountain range that towered into the clouds.

On the other side was a dense forest that they had to pass through.

Meng Chao, Ice Storm, and hundreds of Rat Clan warriors, who had just joined the White Bone Battalion and were so full of fighting spirit that they wanted to burn through the sky, were hiding in the mud deep in the forest.

Chapter 1136: Bait

However, Meng Chao did not see any veterans of the White Bone Battalion.

He also did not smell the scent of the tracking powder on Leaf.

It seemed that only the hundreds of new warriors who had just joined the White Bone Battalion were hiding in this hot forest.

"Could Leaf and the others be carrying out another ambush mission somewhere else?"

Ice Storm was lurking next to Meng Chao. She was completely immersed in the rotten mud, and even her face that was floating to the surface had turned black.

Only her eyes were still emitting the sharpness of icicles.

Her lips did not seem to move at all.

However, her voice was precisely transmitted into Meng Chao's ear canal under the gathering of spiritual energy.

"It won't."

Meng Chao was like a piece of rotten wood. He pondered for a long time in the mud before he raised his head slightly and said in a deep voice, "This is an extremely large-scale and crucial ambush battle. If I'm not wrong, the entire white bone battalion will certainly come out. Everyone, including leaf, will participate in the battle. We just need to be vigilant and wait patiently!"

"Is that so?"

Ice Storm's curiosity was once again piqued by him, "How do you know that this ambush battle is extremely large-scale and important?" "You must know that the reinforcements that are coming to rescue hundred blade city are not limited to just one group. Beside US, there are only a few hundred new soldiers who have just joined the white bone battalion and have not even met Holy Maiden Gu Meng."

“That’s the problem.”

Meng Chao retorted, “Don’t you think that it’s a little too rash for a military officer to lead a group of soldiers who had just joined the white bone battalion and were not familiar with each other? Even he did not know the names of the soldiers?”

“Yes. Those who are qualified to join the white bone battalion are all one-in-a-hundred warriors. After the ‘Rat God’s blessing’ last night, they have also mastered all the killing techniques.

“However, an ambush is indeed a battle that requires the highest level of tactical knowledge and discipline of the soldiers.

“The warriors of the rat people around us are brave, but they lack the ability to lie on the ground for a day or even two without moving under the premise of high concentration and silence.

“Such an ability requires years of rigorous training before it can be slowly developed.

“Our opponent is also one of Turanze’s best experts in sneak attacks. The vigilance of these wolf pups might be even higher than that of the Lion Man and the Tigermen.

“May I ask, how can such a hastily formed ambush force capture the well-trained elites of the Wolf Clan?”

“No matter how good our ambush looks at first glance, it’s useless. I’m afraid that the commander of the Wolf clan will be able to discover a large group of people lying in ambush from afar through the flight path of the startled birds in the sky above the forest and the chirping of the insects in the forest.

“It’s our good fortune that the other party is on guard and took a detour.

“I’m afraid that the other party will play along and pretend that they don’t know that we are hiding here. In fact, they will rush out from an unexpected direction and catch us off guard!”

Ice storm was slightly startled. After thinking for a moment, he also found more suspicious points.

“It makes sense. The white bone battalion only sent a few officers and priests to take over our team. They didn’t even ask for everyone’s names, and they brought us here. This is really not right.

“Logically speaking, if we want to unleash the strongest combat ability of these New Warriors, we should at least send a group of grassroots officers with rich combat experience to pull up the skeleton of the entire battle team.

“How could they just casually throw us into the forest? Other than simple and crude orders, they didn’t deploy any tactics. Even if they did, they wouldn’t be able to carry them out. How could they possibly win the battle

“Perhaps the other side didn’t even think of relying on us to win the war.”

Meng Chao said, “The other side knows very well that with our batch of newly promoted warriors, even if we train for three to five to seven more days, coupled with the shrewd and capable sergeants, and carry out our tactics and intentions into every soldier’s mind, it would still be impossible to annihilate the enemy reinforcements.”

Ice Storm was stunned.

“Then, what is the purpose of deploying us here?” She asked with a frown.

“We are bait.”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes. His gaze was like an invisible ray, constantly scanning the surrounding environment. He did not let go of the seemingly calm pond, as well as the overly bright flowers and plants.

“As you can see, this is the west side of hundred blade city. It is the only way to assist hundred blade city, and it is the ideal battlefield for ambushes. This is something that both the Great Horn Legion and the Wolf Legion know.”

Meng Chao continued, “The stone forest next to the forest is filled with danger, and it is not good for the reinforcements to pass through. However, this forest is far from a path. There are also countless corners that can ambush thousands of fearless warriors.

“If I were the commander of the Wolf reinforcements.

“Even if I gave up on the stone forest and chose to pass through the middle of the forest.

“It would be impossible for me to let down my guard. I believe that the ambushers would only wait in the stone forest foolishly.

“Therefore, whether the Great Horn Army chooses New Warriors like us who have just joined the white bone battalion, or the veterans who have spent countless resources and years in the white bone battalion to carry out the ambush mission, the reinforcements of the Wolf clan will most likely discover us.

“After thinking about it, if I were to plan the ambush, the only solution I could come up with would be to arrange a batch of bait for the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe to discover and defeat. Only then would I be able to lower the wariness of the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe.”

“We Are... bait?” Icicles kept growing in the depths of icestorm’s eyes, becoming harder and sharper.

“That’s right. Just like the key to deploying a sentry post, it is a combination of light and darkness. While some of the sentries are deployed in the open, they must deploy even more powerful means in the dark. I believe that other than us, there must be another even more powerful ambush force deployed around this forest — that is the true elite of the White Bone Battalion, a trump card personally forged by the ancient Dream Saintess.”

Meng Chao said, “As I said just now, once the commander of the Wolf Clan’s reinforcements discovers our existence, he has two choices. He can either take a detour or play along.

“However, because the Wolf clan can not bear the responsibility of losing hundred blade city, even if they take it back after it falls, the entire Wolf clan will become the laughingstock of Turan’s epic for a thousand years. After all, the ones who conquered hundred blade city were the lowly and weak rats. Even if the war flag with the skeleton rat pattern fluttered on the tower of Hundred Blade City for the blink of an eye, it would still be an indelible shame for the Wolf clan, and the Lion and tiger clans would certainly take the opportunity to launch an attack and further weaken the Wolf Clan’s forces.

“The reinforcements of the Wolf clan do not dare to take the risk.

“They need more time than us.

“Besides the path that we must pass, if we take a detour, we will have to go around the entire mountain range. It will take at least three to five days.

“Three to five days. Who knows if the overwhelming tide of rats will take down hundred blade city, tear apart the glory of the Wolf Clan, and Trample on hell?

“Therefore, knowing that there were ambushers in the forest, the commander of the Wolf Clan could only choose to march toward the Tiger Mountain and try to destroy all the troops of the Great Horn Army deployed in the forest in order to take control of the path that they had to pass through.

“The purpose of our ambush is to make the commander of the Wolf Clan Misestimate the size and combat ability of the ambushers. At the same time, it will also expose the full strength of the reinforcements of the Wolf clan. In the most ideal situation, the newly-promoted warriors who have just received the blessing of the Rat God will be able to burst out with astonishing combat ability in the middle of life and death, just like the sticky and rotten swamp that has bound the claws, teeth, and limbs of the reinforcements of the Wolf clan.

“This way, when the real ambush troops appear, it will be possible to cut the throat of the reinforcements of the Wolf clan with the sharpest blade!”

Icestorm clicked his tongue in admiration in his heart.

After thinking for a long while, he said, “But how do you know that the scale of this ambush is extremely large and crucial?”

“Of course, this is because the value of our ‘bait’ is too high.”

Meng Chao said, “If it was a normal tactic of luring the enemy, any random batch of cannon fodder would be able to execute it. In any case, there are plenty of rat civilians who are constantly seeking refuge with the great horn army from all directions. There is no need to carefully select so many brave warriors who are not afraid of death. Furthermore, we have to expend a large amount of resources to pour so many killing techniques into our brains.

“After all, no matter what the outcome of the ambush is, the troops acting as bait will definitely suffer the most devastating blow. They might even be completely wiped out.

“Unless, the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe that the white bone battalion wants to ambush possess extremely powerful combat strength. Ordinary cannon fodder will not be able to block them at all and will be pierced through by them in an instant.

“Only warriors who have been through hundreds of battles and are incomparably ferocious will be able to slow down their footsteps slightly and interfere with their judgment.

“And if we want to capture such an incomparably powerful reinforcements of the Wolf tribe, it will be impossible for the white bone battalion to succeed without going all out.

“Therefore, close your eyes and recover your strength. We are about to face an intense battle. I hope Leaf is lucky enough to save his life before we find him.”

Chapter 1137: Catastrophe

As Meng Chao spoke, he closed his eyes and submerged his entire head into the mud deep in the swamp, only exposing his two nostrils.

With the help of the cooling of the mud, his brain was still operating at an extremely high speed, maintaining his intense thoughts.

The destruction of the Great Horn Army was getting closer and closer.

Whether it was besieging Hundred Blade City or ambushing the reinforcements of the Wolf Clan, the Great Horn Army had mobilized a large number of their main forces, including the White Bone Battalion.

They had also completely exposed their true strength to the ferocious wolves, tigers, and leopards.

It did not matter if they could take down Hundred Blade City or wipe out the reinforcements of the Wolf Clan.

Such actions that would shake the order of the Lion and Tiger Clans over Tu Lanze's rule could not be allowed to continue.

As the saying went, “If you want to destroy them, first make them crazy.”

The fiercer the Great Horn Army's frenzied and demonic attacks became, the more it meant that the death knell for their complete annihilation had already sounded. The scythe of the Grim Reaper was getting closer and closer to their throats.

Meng Chao had to find Leaf before the Great Horn Army suffered a decisive defeat.

From Leaf, he could obtain crucial information about the White Bone Battalion and even the core strength of the Great Horn Army.

Only then could he preserve the vitality of the Great Horn Army as much as possible before the day of destruction arrived, turning it into the most crucial bargaining chip in the game against “Jackal” Kanus.

Just as Meng Chao was carefully combing through every memory fragment from his previous life, trying to piece together the complete picture of the “Jackal” Kanus.

In the depths of the mud, there was an extremely slight vibration.

Meng Chao suddenly opened his eyes in the darkness.

The reinforcements of the Wolf Clan had arrived.

They came so quickly!

Meng Chao quickly stuck his head out of the swamp and heard the cries of insects coming from the depths of the dense forest.

It was the scouts sent out by the officers of the White Bone Battalion, and they were also sending out the signal that the enemy had arrived.

In the depths of the forest, chaos broke out.

All the soldiers were trying to ambush the enemy more perfectly.

They had no idea that the thorns and weeds around them, which were used as camouflage, were all rustling.

If Meng Chao were the commander of the reinforcements of the Wolf clan, he would have been able to see them clearly from hundreds of arms away.

However, the Wolf clan's reinforcements were still advancing.

In the dark forest, dark silhouettes gradually emerged.

This was the first time that Meng Chao had encountered an organized elite of the Wolf clan.

Different from the Wolf Clan warriors that they had encountered in Hundred Blade City, the first impression that these wolf cavalry soldiers gave off was that they were 'silent'.

Even though they were the vanguards, there were already more than a hundred of them. In the forest that was filled with thorns, vines, dead trees, mud, and rocks, they advanced quickly like flowing clouds and flowing water.

However, they did not make a single sound.

No matter if it was the footsteps of the mounted wolves or the sound of their breathing.

Or the sound of the armor of the mounted wolves clashing against their weapons.

Even the birds and animals in the forest were alarmed by the strong killing intent. They let out the sounds of birds and insects.

None of them made a sound.

They were like a black tide formed by shadows that quickly penetrated into the depths of the forest.

However, the reinforcements of the Wolf Clan didn't seem to have noticed the ambush.

The vanguard that charged at the front rode a wolf and passed over the heads of the two ambushers. They were still confused and didn't seem to have any intention of warning their companions behind them.

Many of the ambushers were overjoyed.

They had the misconception that the elites of the Wolf clan were only so-so.

They were buried deep in the mud. They gripped tightly onto the backs of their sabers, axes, and mace. The veins that were as thick as earthworms bulged out one by one like a fuse that was about to explode.

But Meng Chao smelled a conspiracy.

The warning of danger was like bone-piercing steel needles, stabbing into his brain from both sides of his temples.

“No, the elites of the Wolf clan shouldn’t be so slow, unless they –”

Meng Chao’s pupils suddenly contracted into two needle tips.

He realized one thing.

These wolf cavalry soldiers were too similar.

It wasn’t just the standard armor and weapons.

It also included the mud and blood stains on their armor.

Even the way they held the reins and the actions of the wolves beneath them were exactly the same.

It was as if... They were replicas of the same person.

Right at this moment, a poisonous snake that was coiled on a tree branch and disguised as a withered vine suddenly woke up. It revealed its sharp fangs and fiercely bit at the wolf cavalry soldiers closest to it.

An extremely strange scene happened.

The wolf cavalry ignored the poisonous snake that was close by and continued to advance according to the predetermined route without slowing down.

The poisonous snake should have bitten his neck and injected all the venom into his blood vessels.

However, it missed and passed through the body of the Wolf Cavalry and fell to the ground.

It was as if..

The wolf cavalryman did not exist at all. He was merely an illusion simulated by the acoustics and photoelectricity effect!

No, it was not just the wolf cavalryman.

It was the vast majority of the wolf cavalrymen in the field of vision of the mouse warriors. They were all ‘replicas’ made by the same body with intersecting, mottled lights and shadows!

Only a few real wolf cavalrymen had activated a large area of the acoustics and photoelectricity effect that was both illusory and real by using such an incredible secret technique, creating the scene of hundreds of wolf cavalrymen passing through the forest, it had attracted the attention of all the ambushing soldiers.

It was not until this moment that a muddle-headed venomous snake broke the illusion of the wolf cavalrymen.

Most of the ‘wolf cavalrymen’ had become crooked, mottled, blurry, and thin, like smoke that had been burnt out.

In a breath, all the 'Wolf cavalymen' within the range of the ambushing soldiers' attacks had disappeared.

Only two Wolf Cavalry soldiers were left at the edge of their attack range. They held the reins just in time to make the wolves under them stand still.

The Real Wolf Cavalry soldiers' crimson eyes were shining with undisguised mockery.

It was as if they were asking the ambush soldiers, who were trapped in their own cocoons, a fatal question.

"If the main force of the reinforcements of the Wolf clan is not in front of them, where will these top experts of Turanze's sneak attack appear from?"

Right at this moment, a mournful howl echoed behind the ambushers.

The Howl was like an invisible lightning bolt that pierced through the eardrums of the ambushers in an instant. It invaded the auditory nerves of the ambushers and poured a large amount of information of fear into their brains.

In a trance, the primitive fear of the ancient carbon-based creatures facing their natural enemies, which was written on the genetic level of the ambushers, was all activated.

The fear that was not transferred by will corroded their central nerves like poison, making it difficult for them to breathe. Their minds went blank, and the scenes in their vision began to tremble and Blur.

This was a spiritual attack similar to a 'fear bomb'.

In the monster mountain range, many nightmare beasts, such as the 'Blood Moon Demon Wolf' that Meng Chao encountered during the college entrance examination, had similar skills.

There was also the illusion that the wolf cavalry had used earlier, which had duplicated their own figures in large numbers and simulated the illusion of hundreds of cavalry moving side by side. It was also very similar to the innate skill of the 'Mystic Wolf' in the monster mountain range.

From the looks of it, the totem beasts that lived in Tu Lanze and the monsters that lived in the monster mountain range did indeed have an extremely close relationship.

And the elites of the Wolf clan were actually able to control such ferocious monsters, turning them into their own biological weapons!

"Look, on the treetops!"

Realizing that they had long been exposed, the ambushers immediately fell into chaos.

Frantically brandishing their swords, they hacked at the surrounding shrubs and thorns. In the depths of the darkness, the shadows of the elites of the Wolf clan did not appear.

This kind of unresolved fear made them even less confident.

It was not until an ambush soldier raised his head and saw the claws of the death god before his head was separated from his body that a cold light appeared.

No one had expected that the elites of the Wolf clan would descend from the sky.

The warwolves under them were completely different from the warwolves that the white bone battalion had captured.

Compared to the ordinary warwolves that were charging around on the battlefield, these warwolves were much slimmer.

However, where their limbs were connected to their bodies, a thin and tough membrane was growing.

Normally, it would fold and shrink under their armpits, but it did not prevent them from running and pouncing.

As long as they climbed to a high place and opened the membrane, they would leap with all their might. It was like they had opened wide wings of flesh that could glide for dozens of arms.

They made use of the characteristics of these 'winged warwolves'.

The reinforcements of the Wolf Clan, who had already discovered the ambush, chose to play along.

While they sent out two or three wolf cavalry soldiers to create an illusion from the front to attract the attention of the ambush soldiers, their elites circled behind the ambush soldiers from the flanks and climbed to the top of the ambush soldiers' heads without anyone noticing, they were launching a surprise attack!

The Wolf clan was originally one of the tribes that were best at surprise attacks.

A few days ago, the Howler battle group had been met with an extremely humiliating visit, which had already caused the other elite werewolves to raise their vigilance by 120,000 points.

Wanting to ambush these vigilant elite werewolves...

Was simply as laughable as competing with the Centaur warriors in archery.

The ambushers had paid the price for their recklessness.

The entire team had suffered a literal "Catastrophe."

Many of the rat soldiers had their throats cut off by the sharp blades that fell from the sky before they could even see the enemy's face clearly.

Their heads were even chopped off, leaving only their headless cavities. They danced in the mud and fell silently.

Some of them raised their sabers and axes to block the attacks.

However, their weapons were knocked flying and their chests were stepped on by the wolf's claws with the help of the tremendous impact.

The wolf cavalry displayed exquisite riding skills, as if they had become one with the WARWOLF. With the help of the high-frequency vibration of their muscles, the destructive power of the raging waves continuously entered the WARWOLF's claws, then, it poured into the hearts of the rat soldiers.

These rat soldiers all had the experience of fighting fiercely with the Wolf clan under Hundred Blade City.

They also heard the military officers and priests vividly tell the story of how the ancient Dream Saintess led the main force of the Great Horn Army and defeated the Howling Legion in a crushing manner.

According to the officers and priests, it was as if the Wolf clan had become jittery and vulnerable after several disastrous defeats.

Under the protection of the great horn rat god, as long as they jumped out of the swamp and let out a deafening roar, they could completely destroy the morale of the Wolf clan.

It was not until the pain of their hearts exploding came from the depths of their chests.

Only then did the rat clan soldiers wake up from their dreams.

Chapter 1138: Repeating the Same Trick

Unfortunately, before the feelings of regret surfaced in their hearts, the Grim Reaper's sharp blade had already harvested all their souls.

A moment ago, the deathly silent forest had instantly turned into a noisy and bloody slaughterhouse.

Dozens of rat soldiers were immediately decapitated or even torn into pieces by the wolf.

More rat soldiers had broken bones and blood spurted out. The arms holding the sharp blades also left their bodies and flew up.

More importantly, their carefully disguised formation was completely destroyed by the elites of the Wolf Clan who fell from the sky.

Everyone was trapped in a hopeless situation of being independent and scattered.

Of course, these rat soldiers who were brave enough to face death were not willing to go to their rat gods empty-handed.

The massive amount of killing information that was forced into their brains last night played a key role at this moment.

The brains of many mouse warriors were still immersed in a long dream. They could not extricate themselves from the hundreds of brutal battles.

One of the side effects of overloading the brain cells was that they could not distinguish between dreams and reality. They could not even distinguish between life and death.

The strong smell of blood activated the 'switch' in the depths of their brain, making them mistakenly believe that what was happening before their eyes was just another nightmare.

Then, just like the hundreds of nightmares they experienced last night, they would turn into demons in nightmares and fight to their heart's content!

With this thought, the mouse people warrior quickly came back to his senses and got rid of the fear brought by the wolf howls. His eyes were red, his mouth was foaming, and his nostrils were spewing hot streams, like a killing machine that was about to explode, he pounced on the closest elite of the Wolf Clan.

Of course, they were no match for the elite of the Wolf clan.

However, the victory or death on the battlefield was definitely not determined by a simple comparison of the battle data.

The distance between the two sides was too close.

The environment in the jungle was also too complicated.

Even the claws and teeth of the elite of the Wolf clan could easily pierce through the chest of the mouse warrior.

However, their loyalty to the Rat God could temporarily replace Bo Bo's beating heart and pump the last and strongest strength into the limbs of the mouse warriors.

They would hug the elites of the Wolf clan and stab their sabers, daggers, and even their own teeth into the flesh of the elites of the Wolf clan through the gaps of their armor.

It was also the first time that the elites of the Wolf clan had fought against the elite soldiers of the Great Horn Legion.

They had also made the mistake of underestimating the enemy.

Just like the mouse warriors, they had the idea of charging through the enemy in one go.

They had thought that as long as they descended from the sky, they would be able to scare the mouse warriors to the point that they would pee their pants.

Neither of them had expected that the other party would be so tough.

The battle between the brave had quickly turned into a fierce battle.

The elites of the Wolf tribe were indeed superior.

If they wanted to eat up all the rat tribe warriors in the shortest time possible, they would have to pay a painful price.

The rat tribe warriors displayed a completely different spirit and fighting strength compared to the ordinary rat tribe warriors. This also caused the elites of the Wolf tribe to misunderstand that the enemy in front of them was all that was waiting for them.

Unknowingly, both sides had lost the concept of a formation. They were like two exhausted battle dogs, tightly entangled in the depths of the forest.

They even hugged each other and fell into the swamp together, unwilling and unable to let go of each other.

Only Meng Chao, ice storm, and a few other experts were still able to avoid being disturbed by the chaotic battle situation.

Meng Chao placed half of his attention on the sword lights and shadows around him.

He tried his best to appear slightly higher than the Rat tribe warriors to ensure his own safety, but not to the point where he would be attacked by the concentrated fire of the Wolf tribe elites.

However, he focused the other half of his attention on the surroundings of the forest, not letting go of any signs of movement in the depths of the forest.

Meng Chao could determine that the main force of the white bone battalion was nearby.

Right now, hundreds of crazy rat tribe warriors had already tightly entangled the wolf tribe elites, and the main force of the white bone battalion could not miss this fleeting opportunity.

However, Meng Chao had yet to guess how the main force of the white bone battalion would descend.

One had to know that it was impossible for them to ambush too close to the forest.

Otherwise, the scouts sent out by the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe would discover them along with Meng Chao's group of ambushers.

However, it was also impossible for them to ambush too far away.

Otherwise, a long-distance raid would cause too much commotion and waste a lot of time. The elites of the Wolf tribe who had detected it in advance would have the ability to escape from the entanglement and retreat from the forest.

The rat tribe warriors beside Meng Chao fell one after another.

The Wolf tribe elites gradually took the initiative on the battlefield, and they were able to calmly assemble, advance, and retreat.

What method did the main force of the white bone battalion have that could appear in front of them without anyone noticing?

Just as he was puzzled.

Meng Chao's nostrils contracted, and he smelled a sour smell.

The familiar smell activated the database deep in his brain.

He quickly compared it with the hundreds of materials in his memory, and in the end, the range of comparison was narrowed to seven or eight materials that were rich in spiritual energy, flammable, and explosive.

Meng Chao's forehead was instantly covered in a layer of cold sweat.

"Quick, get down!"

Ignoring the wolf cavalry beside him, he swung his three-or four-arm-long Zhanmadao at his neck.

However, he roared at the ice storm beside him and dived into the mud.

He held his head with both hands and supported himself with his elbows and toes. His chest and abdomen were suspended in the air and he was supporting himself on the ground.

The wolf cavalryman missed.

The Zhanmadao only cut off a few strands of Meng Chao's hair.

However, with his exquisite riding skills, he rode his wolf and stomped heavily on a mandala tree in front of him. He turned around nimbly and raised his sharp blade at Meng Chao again.

This wolf cavalry soldier did not know why Meng Chao suddenly fell to the ground.

He thought that he was scared stiff by his unstoppable blade light.

His eyes suddenly revealed half mockery and half cruelty.

The Wolf Cavalry soldier and his wolf let out cold laughter at the same time.

This laughter was soon covered by the whistling sound of the high-frequency vibration of the blade.

The Wolf Cavalry soldier accelerated again. The blade light swallowed and spat out seven to eight arm-long flames, piercing Meng Chao's neck.

Even now, Meng Chao still did not Dodge.

He only slightly raised his head from his arms and looked at the Wolf Cavalry with pity.

It was as if he was looking at a broken, bloody corpse.

Boom!

Right then, an explosion occurred.

The forest was covered in swamps.

Every swamp was filled with black, colloidal mud that was bubbling.

During the long era of prosperity in the past half a century, all the creatures in Tulanze had multiplied and grown without restraint.

Not only had the number of high-level orcs reached several times its peak, but the number of high-level orcs had also increased.

The ecosystem in the jungle had also become extraordinarily complex and fertile.

As a result of the mass reproduction and mass death of the creatures, the thickness of the humus in the jungle had increased by at least three to five times.

A large amount of humus fused with the swamp.

It continued to ferment at the bottom of the swamp, releasing a large amount of flammable and explosive biogas.

After the fierce battle between the two sides, the shockwave shook the swamp, causing the biogas to rise up from the depths of the mud.

Of course, in the natural environment, no matter how dense the biogas was, it was not easy for it to explode.

After all, the jungle was not a closed space like an underground passage.

The methane that spewed out from the depths of the swamp, even though it was high in density, spread low in the jungle and was ignited by lightning.

At most, it would ignite a raging flame, and it would be very difficult to turn it into a destructive shock wave.

However, what if the real ambushers had already buried a large number of explosives in the depths of the swamp?

The Great Horn Army had very professional geotechnical and blasting operations.

Since they could use a series of biogas explosions to blow up the entire Black Horn City, it would be a disaster.

They would set up a batch of explosives at a critical location in the depths of the forest. When the Wolf tribe elites came out in full force and were locked in a stalemate with the first wave of ambushers acting as bait, they would suddenly detonate, causing a shockwave and raging flames to engulf the entire battlefield, how difficult would it be to completely disrupt the wolf tribe elites?

Meng Chao only felt that there was a river of magma flowing majestically above his head.

Even though he had condensed his spiritual energy in time to protect his head and back, he still felt waves of piercing pain on his back, as if hundreds of fire ants were crawling and biting him.

The hair that had been exposed through the gaps between his fingers had all curled up due to the fire, emitting an unpleasant burnt smell.

His ears were wet, as if they had been torn apart by the violent explosion.

Fortunately, the methane explosion in the open air came and went quickly.

The raging firestorm that swept through the entire forest swirled and died out.

What was left was a mess, an environment that was too horrible to look at.

The wolf cavalry that had just brandished his Zhanmadao and charged toward Meng Chao was blown dozens of meters away by the shockwave, and crashed heavily into a mandala tree that was as thick as three to five people hugging each other, almost breaking the tree.

The wolf cavalry that he and his mount were riding on was also smashed into pieces. They were badly burned by the flames and were curled up under the tree, turning into two puddles of wriggling meat.

The situation of the other wolf cavalry soldiers was not much better than this guy.

Many of them were sent flying by the shockwave. They hung between the charred branches in strange shapes, like black puppets that had broken their strings.

Some People's armor was broken into pieces, and their hair had been burned clean. They had turned from the originally majestic elites of the Wolf clan into shivering stray dogs.

Even the powerful high-level warriors realized that the situation was not good in the instant before the biogas explosion. They activated their totem power in time, or they had already put on their totem armor and withstood 90% of the damage.

They were also blown into a mess. Some were holding their weapons in a daze, while others were staggering like drunkards. For a moment, they could not come back to their senses.

What was worse was that even though the explosion had subsided, the flames were still raging.

The towering trees in the forest were originally the best fuel.

The real white bone battalion's ambushers had already smeared a large amount of grease on the carefully selected trees to ensure that they would be lit up. In an instant, they turned into torches spewing out the light of death.

The raging flames formed a wall of fire, tearing the wolf tribe elite formation into pieces.

The thick smoke that spewed out completely blocked the vision of the Wolf tribe elites and interfered with their senses, preventing them from discovering the true destroyer that was sweeping over like a flash flood.

Chapter 1139: The Real Surprise Attack!

Furthermore, the flames coming out of the burning tree were not the usual red or green color.

Instead, they were light purple with countless scarlet and pale white spots of light.

The smoke that was spewing out also carried a pungent sour smell.

When Meng Chao smelled it, he felt as if there were two bone-scraping steel knives stabbing his brain through his nose, ruthlessly scraping against the inner wall of his skull.

The wolves in the wolf cavalry were also badly burnt and torn apart by the sudden shock wave. They were either dead or injured.

Even if they were lucky and did not injure any vital parts, they were still scared out of their wits. They had turned from ferocious beasts into frightened birds.

A strong sour smell surged into the noses of the wolves, scaring the beasts even more. They let out sharp and shrill wails.

A few war wolves' limbs went limp, curling up on the ground and shivering.

Some war wolves even peed out of fear.

There were even a few warwolves that had completely broken down, carrying their master as they ran around in the burning forest.

In the end, they either crashed into the tree trunk, causing both themselves and their master to have their tendons and bones broken.

Or they jumped into the swamp, and as they convulsed crazily, they were completely devoured by the black mucus.

“This sour smell seems to be the smell of some high-level totem beast,” thought Meng Chao.

Although the WARWOLF was ferocious, it was definitely not the king at the top of the food chain.

In the Deep Mountains and forests of Tu Lanze, there were many natural enemies that fed on the WARWOLF.

The witch doctors of the Great Horn Army must have chosen a few materials and carefully concocted a secret medicine that simulated the smell of the WARWOLF.

Normally, such a crude secret medicine might not have much effect.

However, at this moment when the wolf was on the verge of collapse due to the shock of the explosion, they used the Flames to evaporate the secret medicine and let the sour steam invade the wolf's nasal cavity and nerves, dealing with these beasts in one fell swoop. This was the most troublesome fighting strength.

As a result, the Wolf clan's reinforcements were completely paralyzed.

Even if they wanted to retreat from the forest, it would become an impossible task.

The interlocking strategies, the one-hit-one-throat victory, and even the wolf elites who were best at sneak attacks had suffered a huge loss.

Meng Chao could not help but be amazed at the tactics of the commander of the Great Horn Legion.

Of course, the price of successfully implementing the explosion tactics was also extremely huge.

Not only did the new warriors who had just joined the white bone battalion almost all die in the earth-shattering explosion of the marsh gas.

Even the commander of the White Bone Battalion, Meng Chao, saw him fly high in the raging flames. While he was still in mid-air, his upper and lower body had been blown apart by the shockwave.

When his charred upper body crashed down heavily, he had already stopped breathing.

He was extremely vicious to both himself and his enemies.

This was the tactics of the Great Horn Army.

It was also the only chance for the lowly rats to defeat the high and mighty warriors of the clan.

At the periphery of the forest, dense sounds of galloping could be heard once again.

It was like Rolling Thunder, getting closer and closer.

The tremors of the earth spread to the branches and flames. Even the raging flames started to tremble.

The elites of the Wolf clan also felt a strong killing intent. It was like a flood that had broken through a dam, rolling towards them.

Before they could recover from the dizziness and pain.

The black wall made of thick smoke in front of them was smashed into pieces.

No, it wasn't a person.

It was a wolf.

It was hundreds and thousands of wolves captured by the Great Horn Army!

These wolves were either injured on the battlefield, their limbs were damaged, and they couldn't bear the drive of the Heavy Armored Cavalry.

Or they were cruel and unruly, unable to be tamed into the mounts of the rat soldiers by their original masters using secret techniques.

The commander of the great horn legion used them as "Waste", turning them into divine weapons to attack the elites of the Wolf clan.

These wolves were all covered with broken pieces of cloth, unable to see the flames that made the wild beasts instinctively fear.

They even used the rags soaked in the medicinal liquid to block their nostrils, preventing them from smelling the sour stench that mimicked their natural enemy.

Sharp steel needles were pierced all over their vital parts, stimulating them to unleash their final life potential, pushing their speed to the limit.

There was even a finger-thick, shining silver spike stuck straight into each wolf's head. The spike was engraved with profound and complicated runes, and there was a circle of weak electric arcs, just like some kind of antenna., the warwolves were able to receive information from the void and transmit it into their brains, turning them into unconscious, fearless killing machines.

Just like that, hundreds of warwolves that had been modified charged into the battle formation of the elites of the Wolf clan, giving these dizzy warriors a new round of torrential damage.

Many of the elites of the Wolf clan barely stood up from the ground despite the severe concussion.

The WARWOLF that was bombarded like a cannonball crashed onto the ground once again.

The WARWOLF that had been modified by its flesh and blood was already in a frenzy due to the intense pain.

Sensing the warm and delicious bodies, it immediately pounced on them and opened its bloody mouth, biting viciously.

The Wolf Clan Warriors and warwolves had an extremely close symbiotic relationship.

When many of the Wolf clans were just born, their families would give them a WARWOLF that had just been born as well. They would grow together as blood-related partners.

Even if they were hunting in the wilderness and encountered a survival crisis, under the condition of exhaustion and hunger, the warriors of the werewolf clan would rarely slaughter a WARWOLF to satisfy their hunger.

A Warwolf meant more to them than just a mount.

At this moment, they saw countless wolves pouncing on them ferociously.

Even the elites of the werewolf clan, who had been through hundreds of battles, felt their minds go blank for a moment.

Even though they reacted in the next moment and retaliated mercilessly.

However, huge blood flowers were already blooming among the elites of the Wolf clan.

Several of the elites of the Wolf Clan, who had already been blasted to pieces by the explosion and were severely injured, had their bulging chests and stomachs ripped open by the sharp claws and teeth of the Mount Wolf. Their organs, which were as messy as mud, were scattered all over the ground.

When the elites of the Wolf clan hardened their hearts and killed hundreds of warwolves, a new change occurred.

One of the elites, who was covered in blood, raised his zhanmadao high above his head. With a roar, he swung his Zhanmadao at a WARWOLF that was as big as a brown bear and was charging straight at him.

The bright blade light was like a sharp electric arc and instantly chopped off the WARWOLF's head. The headless cavity continued to charge at this elite.

The Wolf tribe elite sheathed his blade and dodged. He gathered his strength again, and his gaze was already cast onto the next wolf.

Unexpectedly, a black shadow suddenly shot out from the abdomen of this headless wolf, instantly leaping behind the back of the Wolf tribe elite. Two short blades that were like fangs, one on the left and the other on the right, emitted a demonic light, deeply piercing into the neck of the Wolf tribe elite, it was firmly stuck in the cervical vertebra!

These were the true elites of the white bone battalion!

From several years ago, they were the rat tribe warriors that had been personally refined by the ancient Dream Saintess!

They were hiding in the bellies of the hundreds of wolf tribe elites behind them!

The hair of the Wolf tribe elites was fluffy and drooping down, perfectly concealing these carefully selected and skinny white bone battalion elites.

In addition to the flames and thick smoke obstructing their vision, the bellies of the hundreds of wolf tribe elites in front of them were empty.

The elites of the Wolf clan who had temporarily lost their ability to think and their acute vigilance due to the explosion of the biogas did not expect that there was an uninvited guest hiding in the bellies of the hundreds of wolves behind them who were not afraid of death.

In an instant, hundreds of black shadows shot out from the bellies of the wolves.

Taking advantage of the moment when the elites of the Wolf clan were distracted by the wolves, they pounced on the vital parts of the enemy.

The combat style of these old soldiers of the white bone battalion was completely different from the recruits of the white bone battalion who had just been completely annihilated.

Both of them did not lack the courage to face death with equanimity.

Even if their chests and abdomens were torn apart by the claws and teeth of the elites of the Wolf tribe, they would still dare to laugh maniacally as they dug out their own intestines and strangled the enemy's throat.

However, the recruits of the white bone battalion often had unrealistic hopes.

They imagined that they would be able to defeat the elites of the Wolf clan.

When they attacked, they would attack the fatal parts of the elites of the Wolf clan and try to avoid the sharp attacks of the elites of the Wolf clan.

The result of having such a wonderful idea was that they would lose their lives before their attacks even reached their target.

The first impression that the veterans of the White Bone Battalion gave Meng Chao was the same as the elites of the Wolf clan who had charged silently just now. They were all 'lifeless'.

The veterans of the White Bone Battalion knew very well that even if they had spent a great deal of effort to set up a series of traps, the explosion of the biogas, the burning of the venom, and the assault of the WARWOLVES had broken the formation of the elites of the Wolf clan completely, and their combat ability had been reduced to the bottom.

There was still a gap between them and the elites of the Wolf clan who were struggling to make up for with courage and loyalty.

Therefore, the veterans of the white bone battalion did not expect to be able to kill their enemies in one strike.

Their attacks on the vital points of the elites of the Wolf clan were usually a feint.

After the elites of the Wolf clan blocked the attack, they would quickly change their moves. They did not seek for lethality, but only for the success rate. They would only slash the chest or abdomen of the elites of the Wolf clan or near their joints and bleed a little, they would be satisfied with just a slight delay in the movements of the elites of the Wolf clan.

When the elites of the Wolf clan launched a counterattack, they did not seek to dodge perfectly.

That was because no one knew better than these veterans of the white bone battalion. Even if they tried their best to dodge, they would not be able to dodge.

They might as well try their best to contract their muscles and let the enemy's blades, claws, and teeth pierce deep into their bodies.

As long as they sealed the blood vessels around the wound, they would not instantly lose strength due to internal bleeding.

They would be able to lock down the Wolf clan elites and launch a second wave of attacks before their ruptured internal organs stopped working.

The target of the second wave of attacks was still not the vital points of the Wolf clan elites.

This was because their vital points were all firmly defended and were not so easy to pierce through.

They would rather spend their precious strength on the largest area of the Wolf Tribe's elites, their chests, or their limbs.

Success didn't have to depend on me. Even if I burned my life away, as long as I could break two or three fingers of the Wolf Tribe's elites, I would be able to gain an advantage for my comrades who pounced on me.

The advantage kept on stacking up. Using the lives of three or five white bone battalion veterans to exchange for the blood-covered wounds of one of the Wolf Tribe's elites. After that, it would be the true moment of victory!

Chapter 1140: Deformed Warriors

Relying on such a "life for injury" tactic, under the White Bone Battalion's siege, the elite Wolf Clan quickly fell into a bitter battle.

Even so, they were still from the Gold Clan that had ruled Picturesque Orchid Lake for thousands of years.

Their combat strength was only second to the lion and tiger duo.

Accompanied by waves of soul-stirring wolf howls, almost all the totem armors on the elite Wolf Clan warriors changed.

The liquid metal surged like boiling water, quickly condensing into an even more ferocious appearance.

Even the weapons in their hands, under the protection and enhancement of the liquid alloy, often increased by several sizes.

Especially the dozens of Wolf clan powerhouses who were covered in totem battle armors from their hair to their toes, like metal statues with the heads of wolves and the bodies of humans. When their speed reached its limit, they each dragged out seven or eight afterimages, and these afterimages.., were also like a storm with sharp blades mixed in, possessing extremely brutal combat strength.

It was as if they could all use the cloning technique, instantly increasing the number of Wolf tribe warriors by ten times.

No matter how much the white bone battalion warriors looked at death as if it was their home, it would be difficult for them to break through the defense of the full body armor. They would use their precious lives to exchange for even the tiniest wound on the bodies of these Wolf tribe warriors.

On the other hand, the Wolf tribe Warriors became braver and braver under the humiliation of being ambushed by the rat people. Every time they attacked, at least three to five white bone battalion warriors would be blasted into pieces by them, broken limbs were thrown high into the air.

Endless blood spurted out, gradually extinguishing the flames caused by the methane explosion.

The vision of the Wolf tribe elites became clear again.

With the experts of the Wolf clan who were wearing full-body armor as the core, the rest of the elites of the Wolf clan were drawing close to them and forming groups of three to five.

Once the elites of the Wolf clan stood firm and had nothing to worry about, it would be very difficult for the warriors of the white bone battalion to break through their defense from the front.

The scales of victory were once again tilted toward the elites of the Wolf clan.

In front of the eyes of all the 'warriors of the White Bone Battalion', including Meng Chao and ice storm, the weird girl with two pupils in the depths of her eyes in the dream appeared.

The weird melody that drove the tide of skeleton rats to devour the city of gold also echoed in their ears.

"Warriors of the Rat God, the enemy has been surrounded by us. What are you waiting for?"

The girl's half-divine and half-charming voice, accompanied by a weird tune that sounded like a mouse flute, surged into the depths of the brain of the soldiers of the white bone battalion, wrapping around every nerve endings, "Come, it's time to show your endless courage. The Rat God has arranged the most sumptuous banquet and the most magnificent battlefield on the summit of the Sacred Mountain, waiting for your arrival!"

The corner of Meng Chao's eyes kept twitching.

He felt that every note was like a dancing flame.

He wanted to burn his brain to his heart, his heart to every capillary vessel, and at the same time, his internal organs, central nerves, and every bundle of nerve endings.

This feeling was comparable to swallowing the extremely high concentration of the powerful stimulant 'Blood of Hell' in the Secret Laboratory of the Golden Fang gang underground in Nest City.

Every cell was moaning, and every mitochondria was howling, trying to squeeze out the last of their life potential and release explosive energy.

Even for a fierce person like Meng Chao whose soul index was almost locked.

For a moment, in a trance, they 'saw' the temple on the top of the Sacred Mountain, which was full of flowers, fine wine, and feasts.

He also saw the Rat God with a smile on his face and countless arms spread open, waiting for the heroic souls of the rat people to descend.

He felt that everything in the world was not worth pursuing. Only by sacrificing for the Rat God in the most magnificent manner could he truly gain eternal life.

He subconsciously clenched his fists.

He felt that all the organs in his body were ready to move.

Especially his nails and teeth.

Under the crazy urging of his spiritual energy, they were about to burst out of his body and turn him into a monster with a green face and sharp teeth that was beyond recognition.

What a powerful secret technique of the mind!

Just by the remote interference of the brainwaves, he can almost control the secretion of hormones in the human body remotely, making people fall into a 'frenzied state' that is similar to swallowing too many 'God transformation capsules'

Meng Chao was secretly alarmed.

He hurriedly activated his spiritual energy to protect his brain, preventing the brain waves from the outside world from continuing to affect the frequency of his brain waves. Gradually, he got rid of the illusions and auditory hallucinations.

He glanced at the ice storm from the corner of his eye.

The 'xenogeneic' whose body contained half of the power of Holy Light had a gaze as clear and sharp as his.

Meng Chao was slightly relieved.

However, the other white bone battalion warriors weren't as lucky as them.

These people's brains had been completely controlled by the hallucinations and auditory hallucinations.

The secret technique of the ancient Dream Saintess was like a flood that had broken through a dam, stirring up raging waves in their minds.

Moreover, through the central nervous system and endocrine system, the extremely powerful brainwaves were transformed into extremely terrifying combat strength.

"Hu hu Hu hu Hu!"

"Ka Ka Ka Ka Ka!"

"Ao ao ao ao ao ao!"

Accompanied by a series of horrifying gasps, the sounds of bones breaking, growing, and reconnecting, as well as the howls of ancient ferocious beasts.

Many warriors of the white bone battalion had undergone astonishing changes.

Their bodies were expanding at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Their skin could not keep up with the growth of their flesh and blood, tearing the crisscrossing blood stripes that looked like patterns.

Their flesh and blood could not keep up with the growth of their bones, so many sharp bone spikes protruded out of their flesh and blood directly, as if clusters of natural collision horns had grown out.

Their faces, which were originally due to the conflict between the overly complex beast characteristics, had instead caused the beast characteristics to cancel each other out. Compared to the pure-blooded warriors of the clan, they appeared to be more 'delicate and pretty', it was more in line with the aesthetic standards of the people on Earth.

At this moment, the beast-like features that canceled each other out surfaced like volcanic eruptions. It was as if they had extracted the features of dozens of ferocious beasts. The stitched monsters that were pieced together were even more hideous than the elites of the Wolf clan.

The most crucial thing was their imposing manner.

The power that was read as 'Totem Power' and written as 'Spiritual Energy' gushed out from the mitochondria that they were operating crazily like a flood or a ferocious beast. They condensed into balls of burning flames around their bodies.

Driven by the flames, they turned into firecrackers that were willing to blow themselves into pieces, hoping to burst into brilliant light in an instant.

They crashed into the elites of the Wolf clan and exploded brutally.

Even the elites of the Wolf clan were caught off guard by the abnormal, crazy, and devilish warriors of the White Bone Battalion.

Looking at their more ferocious faces than those of the demons in the abyss of eternal night, the blood of many elites of the Wolf clan was almost frozen.

As a member of the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards that ruled Turanze, the elites of the Wolf clan definitely did not have the word "Cowardly" in their dictionary.

However, they had indeed never seen such an enemy.

It was not a desire for victory.

It was a desire for death.

Almost every deformed, crazed white bone battalion warrior howled as they pounced on them.

They did not pounce on their vitals.

They pounced on their weapons.

First, they let the elite wolf soldiers' blades and claws pierce deep into their bodies.

Then, they used their own muscles and bones that were violently contracting to firmly lock down the elite wolf soldiers' blades and claws.

Only then did he unhurriedly draw his bloodthirsty weapon and attack the Wolf tribe elites' vital points.

He even used the chains of the flail and meteor hammer to tightly bind himself and the wolf tribe elites together. He madly rubbed the cells in his body, turning his flesh and blood into a burning torch. At the same time, he burned himself to death.., he also burned through the Wolf tribe elites' totem battle armor and once again blocked the Wolf tribe elites' line of sight, allowing his comrades who followed closely behind to also start burning to be able to give the Wolf tribe elites a fatal blow.

What was even more terrifying was that many of the white bone battalion's warriors were actually laughing hysterically at the same time they turned into flames.

It was as if they were not rushing towards death, but were impatiently rushing towards an endless feast.

Even though the Wolf Tribe's elites also believed in the existence of the ancestral spirits and the sacred mountain, they believed that the beautiful death was definitely not the end, and was only the beginning of the magnificent journey on the other side.

However, because the elites of the Wolf clan lived in the modern world, they were far happier and more stable than the rats.

Their thirst for the world after death was far less intense than that of the rats.

The rats' endless fanaticism for their faith could not help but make the elites of the Wolf clan feel ashamed of their inferiority and fear.

Even the totem armors on their bodies were hissing and trembling slightly, as if they could smell the scent of a host that was even more delicious and burning than their current master.

The suicidal attacks of the white bone battalion warriors had brought the scales of victory back to the starting point, and they were wavering.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, looked at the chaotic scene in front of him, feeling both worried and happy.

The good news was that, in the smoke, blood, and poisonous gas, he could distinguish a very subtle scent of tracking powder.

This meant that leaf was nearby!

However, this was also extremely bad news.

This was because leaf was most likely like the other white bone battalion warriors who had been hypnotized and controlled by the ancient Dream Saintess, turning into a ferocious, ugly, mad, and Demonic Berserker.

A terrifying scene appeared in Meng Chao's eyes.

The originally handsome rat youth had the features of a jackal, tiger, leopard, wild bull, wild boar, lizard, and Python. His face was covered with dense tusks and horns.

Every tusk and horn was burning like a torch covered with grease.

His chest was pierced by a sharp blade of an elite wolf. Even his heart was ripped out from his back and crushed into pieces.

However, he was still grinning like a zombie who didn't know pain and fear. He opened his bloody mouth and bit the neck of the elite wolf.

Meng Chao shivered deeply.

“We must find Ye Zi immediately!”

He said to the ice storm in a hoarse voice, “These white bone battalion warriors are all the Chess Pieces of the ancient Dream Saintess. As long as we can destroy the reinforcements of the Wolf tribe, she won't even frown even if all the chess pieces are burnt to Ashes!”