

Oh My God 1151

Chapter 1151: The Saintess Next Door

In the worship of countless warriors...

These seriously injured warriors, who had lost the meaning of healing, all turned into shining heroic spirits and flew to the top of the Holy Mountain and shining palace.

The dream ended with their laughter.

After Meng Chao slowly woke up and returned to the real world, he found that there were several dozen huge heaps of firewood around the wounded soldiers' camp.

The Great Horn Army's oracles were smearing grease on the firewood piles to add fuel.

A few firewood piles had already been lit. Raging flames soared into the sky and rose to the height of nearly a hundred arms, making them look like shining lighthouses.

It was unknown what accelerant the oracles had added to the firewood piles. When they burned, they emitted crackling sounds, and colorful flames spurted out from time to time. It condensed into the image of ferocious beasts baring their fangs and brandishing their claws in the air.

When Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked carefully at the middle of the pile of firewood...

He found that the pile of firewood in the shape of a "well" was filled with strange-shaped corpses.

The seriously wounded among the seriously wounded had all died last night.

Perhaps the Ancient Dream Saintess fulfilled their last wish in the dream, letting them know that their destination was not the Dark Abyss but an eternal battlefield and feast.

They could finally leave this world of pain and chaos with satisfaction and fly into the Big-horned Rat God's embrace.

According to the advanced orcs' funeral rites, the more wounds there were on the bodies of the warriors who died in fierce battles and the more horrible they looked, the more they represented valor and glory.

If the death was not tragic enough, they often had to ask the respected clan elders or the unrivaled strong ones to destroy the bodies again.

The bodies of the seriously wounded were already like ragdolls that had been crushed by iron chariots. Therefore, there was no need to waste the procedure.

The flames gradually burned their bodies.

Their souls were destined to ascend to the Holy Mountain and stay with all the most powerful warriors of Picturesque Orchid Lake since ancient times. Moreover, under the Rat God's leadership, they would continue to protect the rat people who were fighting for freedom and dignity.

Most of the people in the wounded soldiers' camp had the same dream as Meng Chao. They "saw" the severely wounded of the wounded turn into light and fly to the Holy Mountain.

Therefore, the grand and solemn funeral did not bring any sadness.

On the contrary, it made the surviving wounded soldiers extremely excited.

Everyone discussed the unbelievable dream and felt frustrated. If they had been more ferocious and brave in the fierce battle and charged at the Wolf Clan's elites, the impact would have been stronger. They would have let the enemy's blades, claws, and fangs pierce their hearts.

Then, they would have ascended to the Holy Mountain last night and enjoyed the eternal feast themselves!

However, there was no need to be impatient.

After taking down Hundred Blade City, their next target would be Red-gold City.

Facing the extremely vicious wolves, tigers, and leopards, they would always have a chance to sacrifice themselves.

The Ancient Dream Saintess had presided over the funeral.

When the warriors' corpses turned into a sky full of light, she had been playing the melodious and light tune that Meng Chao had heard in his dream on the temporary altar.

At that moment, the Ancient Dream Saintess was as ordinary and weak as she was in his dream. Aside from the two pupils she had in each eye, there was nothing special about her. She did not have the demeanor of the Big-horned Rat God's spokesperson in the human world.

However, Meng Chao could tell how powerful she was from the sound of her flute.

The large camp of wounded soldiers could accommodate nearly ten thousand. There were coughs, moans, and screams of pain everywhere. It was even noisier than a packed arena.

Yet, the Ancient Dream Saintess managed to spread her voice to the ears of the wounded soldiers who were lying on the outermost part of the camp with a small flute. She also used the simulated brainwaves from the flute to interfere with their brains.

The interference lasted for an entire day until all the martyred warriors' corpses were burned. The belief that all the warriors had turned into heroic spirits and ascended to the top of the Holy Mountain was like a red-hot steel seal. It was deeply imprinted on the survivors' cerebral cortex.

Even though Meng Chao's will was as hard as iron and he knew what had been going on from the beginning, he still could not help but feel a little uneasy.

Images of countless heroic spirits turning into light balls and flying up into the shining clouds still appeared in front of his eyes from time to time.

How could ordinary rat subjects resist such temptation?

When they returned to the team after recovering from their injuries, they would definitely perform a hundred times more valiantly and crazily than in the previous ambush battle!

From the looks of it, it did not matter if the Ancient Dream Saintess was really the Rat God's spokesperson or not.

She was a genuine spirit expert and an expert in spirit attacks.

Perhaps, she was on par with the Supernatural Entities such as the Demonic Abyss Eye and the Tree of Wisdom that Meng Chao had met on Monster Mountain Range.

Of course, the information that could be gathered from such a long-distance observation was too vague.

No matter how much Meng Chao mobilized his spirit energy to fill his eyes and activate his super vision, he still could not see the Ancient Dream Saintess' facial features. They were covered by her rat skull mask.

He could not read her micro-expressions to determine whether she had treated so many fearless rat warriors as cannon fodder and chess pieces, or if she truly believed that all the people who had sacrificed themselves in this war would be able to fly to the Holy Mountain, become a member of the ancestral spirits, and enjoy an eternal feast.

Was the Ancient Dream Saintess an accomplice of the ambitious family? Did she know that the Rat God did not exist, yet she was willing to be the tiger's accomplice and help the ambitious family play tricks?

Was she a puppet who did not know that the ambitious family was planning and manipulating everything behind the scenes?

Understanding all of this was crucial to Meng Chao's follow-up plan.

The opportunity to get close to the Ancient Dream Saintess soon appeared.

Leaf was right. Every time a fierce battle ended, the Ancient Dream Saintess would host a funeral and offer sacrifices to the Rat God as well as heroic spirits. After that, she would personally come to the side of every heavily injured person as a representative of the Rat God and give them the most divine blessing.

Meng Chao's brilliant performance in the ambush had played a key role.

Apart from the heavily injured among the dead, he was in the most severely injured group of warriors who had survived.

As a result, he was the first to receive the Ancient Dream Saintess' blessing.

It was not until he observed the Ancient Dream Saintess' every move up close that Meng Chao understood Leaf's words. He had mentioned that everyone in the Great Horn Army treated the Ancient Dream Saintess as if she were a girl next door or even their own sister.

If he had not sensed that she was on the altar, he would have been able to release an endless stream of brain waves through the mysterious sound of the flute. Then he could have interfered with the brains of thousands of wounded soldiers.

Meng Chao could not sense even the slightest trace of an expert's aura on her body.

When she was fully focused on examining the soldiers' wounds, she did not even care about the stench and personally changed their dressing for them. She gave off a natural feeling of heartache and concern, and there was not the slightest pretense. Her deep sparkling eyes were filled with emotions that connected her to everyone by blood and allowed her to share the same feelings as them.

Meng Chao felt that if this Saintess was not being controlled from afar and was kept in the dark...

Then her acting skills had reached perfection. It was incredible and unbelievable.

Soon, the Ancient Dream Saintess arrived before Meng Chao's sickbed.

Meng Chao took a deep breath in his heart and sat up straight. He pretended to be extremely enthusiastic and excited about the Ancient Dream Saintess' arrival.

The Ancient Dream Saintess turned pale with fright and hurriedly held him up to prevent his wound from tearing further and prevent him from suffering secondary injuries.

However, when she untied his bandage and was about to help Meng Chao change his dressing, the Ancient Dream Saintess was surprised to find that this warrior, who should have been severely burned, had a large area of scabs all over his body. Many parts of the scabs had even cracked, and pink skin had grown out from them.

When he had been fighting the Wolf Clan's military officer the other day, he had carried a giant steel shield and faced the lava head-on. His strong self-healing ability, coupled with tremendous performance finally made the Ancient Dream Saintess somewhat interested in him.

"I know you. You helped Flag Snatcher to seize the battle flag on the city tower in Hundred Blade City. You just joined the White Bone Battalion and immediately participated in the ambush battle. You're the warrior who carried a giant steel shield and blazed a path forward in the raging flames!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess smiled. "I remember that your name is... Tree Root, right?"

In Picturesque Orchid Lake, where mandrake trees grew everywhere, "Tree Root" and "Leaf" were the same. They were both common and uncreative names that could be seen everywhere.

There were at least thousands of "Tree Roots" and "Leafs" in the entire Great Horn Army.

Meng Chao had casually chosen this fake name. He was obviously not afraid of being exposed.

The moment he heard that the Ancient Dream Saintess actually knew the name of a nobody like him, he widened his eyes and burst into tears.

Chapter 1152: Runes on the Stone Wall

"You need to recuperate properly. Don't be too excited. When you return to the army after recovering from your injuries, you will assume an even more important role in the White Bone Battalion."

The Ancient Dream Saintess smiled and comforted Meng Chao. "At that time, we can fight together for all the rat people and the Rat God!"

"I will, Saintess. I will!"

Meng Chao was so excited that tears filled his eyes. He shouted in a hoarse voice, "The runes that the Rat God gave me helped me to keep my life in the raging flames. I will definitely recover as soon as possible and die for the Rat God!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess had already shifted her gaze to the next seriously injured person.

The words "the runes that the Rat God gave me" stunned her slightly. She then shifted her gaze back.

"What runes?"

Her eyes shone with interest.

There were also a few spirit ripples in her voice, as though they were going to stir up waves deep in Meng Chao's brain.

"That's right. The runes that I saw when I fell off the cliff as a child, Ancient Dream Saintess. Those must be the blessings that the Rat God gave me, right?"

Meng Chao paused for a moment and pretended to come to his senses. "That's right. I've never told anyone about this. When I was young, our family lived in a small mountain village that was surrounded by high peaks and dense forests.

"Although mandrake fruits were scattered all over the mountains and plains, the number of people who picked them was really limited. Moreover, the old warrior who ruled the small mountain village also requested us to pay the Mandrake Tax with golden fruits of the highest grade. The entire village had no choice but to venture into the deep mountains and forests repeatedly. In the end, the totem beasts that were hibernating there were alerted.

"I remember that we alerted an entire nest of totem beasts. The howls of ferocious beasts could be heard everywhere in the entire mountain forest.

"Many people were bitten to death by the totem beasts, which gnawed them into pieces.

"Those who had survived, were in a panic, and they gradually escaped to the end of the road.

"I was separated from my family, and I stumbled up a cliff. There were also cliffs on my left and right. Before me was the abyss, while behind me, the hungry roars of the totem beasts were getting closer and closer.

"I was completely disheartened. I closed my eyes and jumped down from the edge of the cliff.

"I just thought that even if I the fall breaks my body into pieces, it would be much more satisfying than falling into the totem beast's bloody mouth and have it slowly tear off every piece of flesh on my body.

"I never thought that I wouldn't fall to my death.

“There was a very strange airflow at the bottom of the cliff. It was like a soft cushion that supported my back.

“There were also dense mandrake branches along the way. They crisscrossed like a huge rope net, continuously reducing my speed.

“Finally, there was a thick blanket of bacteria growing at the bottom of the cliff. It was both soft and elastic. I landed on it and bounced back and forth. Aside from my face being bruised and swollen, I actually didn’t suffer any other serious injuries.

“I stood up in a daze and found myself in a strange and unbelievable new world.

“There were crystal-clear things, which I couldn’t tell were ores or plants. I had never heard of or seen them before I was on the cliff.

“I also discovered a cave at the bottom of the cliff. The depths of the cave shimmered with dim light, and it emitted an indescribable, seductive voice. It was as if it was calling me to go in and explore.

“I walked into the cave in a stupor. I didn’t know how many turns I took in the cave, but I eventually saw a huge, magnificent stone wall. Hundreds of runes that I couldn’t understand were carved on it. Every rune was glowing with brilliant colors and emanating magnificent light like colorful streams.

“Like a fool, I stayed in the cave for a few days in my dazed state. I didn’t feel hungry or thirsty. I couldn’t help but stare at those runes, as though I wanted to imprint every single one of them into my brain.

“I don’t really remember what happened after that.

“I only remember that for some unknown reason, I left the mysterious world under the cliff and returned to my home at the foot of the mountain.

“Looking at my barren, abandoned home that was reminiscent of a graveyard, I sensed something amiss.

“I finally found a familiar, crazy old man in the desolate village. Only then did I learn that the last time I went to the mountain to collect golden fruits, the village had suffered heavy losses. Almost all the young and strong people had lost their lives to the totem beasts’ claws. My parents did not make it back alive either.

“Only the old, weak, sick, and disabled were left in the village. The villagers who still had a chance of survival went to the nearby villages. Meanwhile, the villagers who were too old to walk were left there to wait for death.

“It had been half a year since the harvesting team encountered the totem beasts in the depths of the forest!

“How strange. I felt like I only stayed in the cave for three to five days at most. After leaving the forest, it merely took me half a day to return home. Although my stomach was growling, I could still endure it. How could it have been half a year?

“With a belly full of doubts, I left my desolate home and wandered around. I had encountered countless dangers.

“But this time, something even stranger happened!

“Every time I encountered danger, the runes I had seen in the depths of the cave after falling off the cliff would appear before my eyes.

“And each time those runes appeared before my eyes, I would feel my blood boiling. My entire body would be boiling hot as if there were waves of incomparably powerful energy surging out from the depths of my bone marrow. It made me agile and powerful. Even if I was seriously injured, my recovery speed would be a few times faster than that of ordinary people.

“Sometimes, I would return to the mysterious world at the bottom of the cliff in a dream, and once again walk into the winding cave. At the end of the cave, I would see the magnificent stone wall. Every time I woke up from such a dream, I would feel stronger than before, and my flesh, as well as my blood, were more solid!

“Recently, when I rushed toward that Wolf Clan officer and used the giant steel shield to block the lava that he unleashed out, those mysterious runes also shone crazily before my eyes. They gave me endless strength and the ability to endure pain. Otherwise, how could I have carried the burning red steel shield and withstand the lava while I advanced step by step?

“Ancient Dream Saintess, please tell me, are these runes really a blessing given to me by the Big-horned Rat God? Has the Big-horned Rat God noticed me, an insignificant nobody, since so long ago?”

Meng Chao’s eyes were burning as he stared at the Ancient Dream Saintess.

He believed that Ancient Dream Saintess would definitely be deeply attracted to his story.

Moreover, he was not afraid that the Ancient Dream Saintess would see through his tale.

Although the story was fictional, the details of the story, including the wonderful world at the bottom of the cliff and the sparkling runic stone wall, were all true.

It was a strange phenomenon that Meng Chao had witnessed with his own eyes on Monster Mountain Range, near the Ruins No. 2 in the Hidden Mist Domain.

Picturesque Orchid Lake and Monster Mountain Range were very close to each other, so it was not strange for them to have similar caves.

As expected, the Ancient Dream Saintess’ eyes were gleaming.

“In the Rat God’s eyes, as long as you have the courage to fight for freedom and dignity, you are the noblest warrior. You are definitely not some insignificant nobody. A warrior like you is certainly qualified to receive the Rat God’s blessing and guidance.”

The Ancient Dream Saintess paused for a moment and said, “However, can you show me what the runes on the stone wall in your dream look like?”

Meng Chao nodded and stretched out a finger that had been smeared with ointment for burns. He poked the air and drew in a trajectory that formed ghostly runes.

The runes that he drew were real.

They had been carved in the pits of Ruins No. 1 at the center of Dragon City.

It was just that he deliberately drew them in a crooked and broken way.

If she had been an ordinary person, she might have thought that his fingers were cramping up and he was drawing randomly.

However, Meng Chao believed that the Ancient Dream Saintess would definitely be able to sense the ancient era's mystery from the incomplete strokes.

"I, I don't really remember."

After drawing three or four broken runes in a row, Meng Chao seemed to have exhausted his energy. He clutched his head and moaned as if he was about to have a splitting headache. "Every time I try to draw these runes clearly, I can't remember. My head hurts. My head hurts!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess hurried forward and gently held Meng Chao's temple with both hands. Then, she injected two streams of gentle spirit energy into his brain.

"It doesn't matter. The Rat God's blessing has its own magic. It's not something that we can easily understand and imitate."

The Ancient Dream Saintess softly said, "We just need to continue being infinitely devout and sacrificing everything for the rat people's cause. The Big-horned Rat God will naturally bless us until the final victory falls into our hands!"

Chapter 1153: Dream Construction

Comforted by the Ancient Dream Saintess, Meng Chao fell into a half-unconscious and half-conscious state. He no longer struggled or yelled.

The Ancient Dream Saintess did not seem to care about the "stone wall of runes" that he had mentioned. She told the witch doctor to take good care of a warrior like Meng Chao. Then, she walked toward the next seriously-injured person.

However, behind her, Meng Chao's lips curled into a faint smile.

He knew that the Ancient Dream Saintess had already taken the bait.

She would definitely think of a way to sneak into his dream and explore the secrets of the stone wall runes.

In his dream, Meng Chao would then be able to have a good chat with the Ancient Dream Saintess without any interference and have the "home field advantage."

That's right, his own dream was the safest place Meng Chao could think of to communicate.

Only in his dream would he be able to ensure that there would be no "walls with ears" and the ambitious people hiding behind the Ancient Dream Saintess would not pry into their communication.



Even if the other party could penetrate the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain and invade Meng Chao's mind, there was a layer of separation. As such, Meng Chao was confident that he would be able to build an absolute defense in his brain. He could even let the strange power that dared to invade his brain have a taste of what it was like to steal a chicken but end up losing a grain of rice.

Of course, he could not let the Ancient Dream Saintess take the initiative in the dream world.

In the past, whether it was the Big-horned Rat God standing on the clouds and emanating awe-inspiring light that one could not look at with the naked eye, or...

The Great Horn Army forming a magnificent square formation that swept across the entire map, or...

The Ancient Dream Saintess playing the clarinet and commanding the tide of skeletons and rat people to devour the entire Red-gold City...

Not forgetting the dream last night, where countless rat people had sacrificed their lives turned into crystal clear heroic spirits and flew to the top of the Holy Mountain as the Big-horned Rat God summoned them...

These dreams had all been created by the Ancient Dream Saintess and implanted into the rat soldiers' brains, including Meng Chao's.

The Ancient Dream Saintess could naturally summon the wind and rain in such dreams, guiding the dreamers to see and believe whatever she wanted them to see and believe.

This time, however, Meng Chao would personally create and control the dream.

Previously, Meng Chao had never created a dream.

Though, during the battle between Dragon City and the monster civilization, he had encountered countless experts who created illusions.

It was especially true when it came to the double illusion of Peach Blossom Town, which the Supernatural Entity, the Tree of Wisdom, had created.

It had been a super illusion that was both illusory and real, a hundred times more real than a dream. It had trapped countless superhumans in it and prevented them from extricating themselves.

After Meng Chao defeated the illusion experts, including the Demonic Abyss Eye, as well as the Tree of Wisdom, and entered the monster civilization's ultimate lair, he read a lot of information that dated back to the ancient era from the monster mastermind. He also gained his own understanding on how to create an illusion.

Although he did not know how to project dreams into someone else's brain subtly, he did not have to worry about the issue at all.

He only needed to use his strong imagination to build a vivid and lifelike world deep in his brain. Then, he just had to quietly wait for the Ancient Dream Saintess to fall into his trap.

Learning from the Tree of Wisdom's experience, Meng Chao decided to divide his dream into several layers.

The outermost layer was naturally about the younger years of his fictional identity, Tree Root.

It also included the story of him going deep into the mountains and forests to pick golden fruits with his family, only to be attacked by totem beasts and fall off a cliff in a panic.

Leaf told Meng Chao before that the Ancient Dream Saintess had once sneaked into his dream and read his childhood memories, transforming into a non-existent figure like his sister. She had taught him how to practice with the human-shaped arrowhead he had seen on the cave mural.

Of course, Meng Chao had been highly suspicious. While the Ancient Dream Saintess had taught leaf, she had also read all the information about the cave mural in Leaf's brain.

Therefore, once the Ancient Dream Saintess sneaked into Meng Chao's dream and saw his experience, she would not have too many suspicions.

Meng Chao prepared a few tests for the Ancient Dream Saintess in his dream.

People could only reveal their true selves in the dream.

In reality, a gentleman with a dignified appearance was like an erupting volcano in the dream world, fulfilling his ugliest desires to his heart's content. That was human nature.

Meng Chao believed that these tests would allow him to clearly see what kind of person the Ancient Dream Saintess was.

Was she a demon's lackey or a puppet?

Was she someone worth saving and cooperating with, or was she an obstacle that should be eliminated?

Next, it was the stone wall runes at the bottom of the cliff.

Images and materials from the pits of the sinkhole in the Hidden Mist Domain had been stored in his memory. Now, Meng Chao was ready to construct a wondrous world that was completely different from the outside world.

Since the "materials" were real things that existed, it was impossible for the Ancient Dream Saintess to see through them.

As for the runes on the stone wall, Meng Chao was prepared to copy a few ancient stone steles that he had seen in the depths of Ruins No. 1 at the center of Dragon City.

The people of Earth had studied the runes on these stone steles for more than half a century, but they were still unable to decipher all of their content.

No matter how high one's realm was or how strong one's mental strength was, if they stared at the stone steles for a long time, their mental defenses would shake. Then, they would have a splitting headache and a mental breakdown.

Meng Chao believed that as a mental expert with extremely high mental strength, the Ancient Dream Saintess would definitely have a strong interest in the runes.

Once she was fully focused on studying the contents of the runes, she would definitely be like those researchers with profound skills in Dragon City. Her brain would be greatly shocked, and her mental defenses would have a flaw.

When that happened, Meng Chao would have a great chance to invade the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain and steal the secret hidden in the deepest part of her soul.

That's right, just communicating in the dream realm was not Meng Chao's goal.

The mysterious Saintess had a strange ability to manipulate other people's dreams and even predict the future as she pleased. In just a few years, she had single-handedly created the Great Horn Army and caused the Great Horn Chaos.

Meng Chao was not completely confident that he would convince her with his perfect tongue.

Mental interference was a two-way street.

Whenever the Ancient Dream Saintess sneaked into Meng Chao's brain through his dream, she would also open the port of her brain, giving Meng Chao a chance to follow the clues and invade in the opposite direction.

Of course, Meng Chao was also prepared for the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain to be controlled by stronger enemies, such as "Jackal" Kanus.

Therefore, he prepared a deeper layer of security in his dream.

He wanted to make sure that even the will of Kanus, the Jackal, could not use the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain as a springboard to invade his brain.

As long as Kanus dared to follow him all the way to the security layer, even the powerful Doomsday Wolf would be beaten into a three-legged stray dog in the depths of Meng Chao's brain!

Meng Chao spent three days to carefully construct his dream.

He had been most worried about the Ancient Dream Saintess invading his dream before it was completed.

Fortunately, the Ancient Dream Saintess had been consoling the seriously wounded day and night for the past few days. It was quite an energy-consuming task to take care of the thousands of wounded. For the time being, she did not care about the "stone wall runes" that Meng Chao had mentioned.

However, even though Meng Chao had finished constructing the dream and three days had passed, the "infiltration" that he had expected still did not happen.

The Ancient Dream Saintess had already left the wounded barracks.

From the well-informed wounded soldiers, Meng Chao learned that a long-lasting and large-scale war was brewing, boiling, and erupting around Hundred Blade City.

As a result, more and more wounded soldiers poured into barracks. In just a few days, the scale had increased by three to five times.

These new wounded soldiers brought a large number of battle reports on the areas around Hundred Blade City.

It was said that dozens of rebel rat troops had broken through the encirclement of the five great clans and arrived at Hundred Blade City. That led to the Great Horn Army to have a terrifying number of soldiers.

With a steady stream of cannon fodder, the feint at the foot of Hundred Blade City turned into real attacks.

It was said that under the rat tide's fearless and surging attacks, even the iron walls of Hundred Blade City were shaken. In the latest assault, half of Hundred Blade City's southwestern wall had collapsed. Following that, the rat soldiers charged into the city and started a fierce battle with the defending army.

Although they were eventually chased out by the defending army, just the fact that the rat people had destroyed Hundred Blade City's wall was enough to make all the rat people cheer. Meanwhile, the defending army's morale was low, and their prestige fell.

Word around Hundred Blade City was the Great Horn Army and the Wolf Clan's reinforcements had started a few more bloody battles. Although the rat people had suffered heavy losses, they had used countless corpses to build an iron wall. They refused to let the Wolf Clan's reinforcements to cross the line!

Hundred Blade city was about to be flooded by the rat tide.

It would be the first city that the Great Horn Army conquered. It was a glorious city that had great symbolic and strategic value.

When that time came, the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake would be shocked to the core.

As for the rat servants and slave workers who were still enslaved by the clan warriors and had not made up their minds to resist, they would definitely be excited and rise up.

The Great Horn Army would be ten times larger than it was today.. No power would be able to stop them from establishing their own clans. Guided by the Big-horned Rat God, they would even seize what originally belonged to the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards—supreme glory!

Chapter 1154: The Saintess Enters the Dream

All the rat soldiers believed it.

They became a hundred times more devoted and fanatic, burning their own flesh and blood to ensure that victory would come soon.

In the huge whirlpool that was as hot as lava, only Meng Chao was still clear-headed.

He realized that the Great Horn Army had reached a turning point.

Hundred Blade City was the rat people's limit.

In a few days, the situation would take a turn for the worse.

The rat tide formed by millions of fanatical rats would instantly fall apart and turn into ashes.

It was obvious from the food supply in their camp.

In the beginning, because they had taken a large amount of supplies from the Wolf Clan's reinforcements, their food supply in the camp was plentiful and high-quality.

Even normal soldiers who were heavily injured could enjoy secret medicine and high energy food that the Wolf Clan's witch doctor had specially prepared.

As for fried mandrake fruits and other normal food, they were all supplied freely.

Now, with the dozens of rebel rat troops gathering at the foot of Hundred Blade City, the Great Horn Army's logistical pressure had increased tenfold.

Although they had obtained many spoils of war, they could not make up for the losses on the battlefield.

As the scale of the wounded soldiers' camp continued to expand, the supply of food and medicine also gradually became insufficient.

Not only was the quality of the secret medicine meticulously concocted by the witch doctor turned into ordinary herbs that were being boiled randomly.

From baking golden fruits with cheese, it turned into ordinary mandrake paste mixed with sour cream at most.

The quantity was also greatly limited, so they had to implement a rationing system.

Many of the wounded needed a lot of nutrition to repair their wounds and recover their energy. They could only deal with the wounds blindly with clear soup and water. They were so hungry that they were moaning and sighing in the middle of the night.

Of course, in the mouths of the witch doctors, the priests, and the ordinary wounded, it was only a temporary problem.

Everybody except Meng Chao believed that the great horn army was about to take over hundred blade city.

At that time, all the granaries and armories in hundred blade city would belong to the entire rat population.

Not only would they be able to completely solve the logistical problem, but they would also be able to shock the entire Orchid Lake and expand the Great Horn Army.

"Three days, at most five days!"

The injured soldiers who were carried to the injured barracks were still filled with confidence and joy.

"The defending soldiers of Hundred Blade City are exhausted. Even the city towers have been destroyed by us several times. They will collapse in three to five days at most.

"By then, there will be no more problems!"

“Also, I heard that the lion men and tigers in Red-gold City have started to fight among themselves. The entire Red-gold City is covered in corpses and blood. Half of the city is burning!

“As long as we can finish off the defenders of Hundred Blade City and the reinforcements of the Wolf Clan, and charge to the bottom of Red Gold City in one go, I’m afraid that Red Gold City, which has been torn apart, will be easier to conquer than Hundred Blade City!”

The extremely optimistic mood hovered above the wounded barracks like a chirping lark.

Meng Chao saw it and was anxious, but he did not know how to convince the blindly optimistic rat warriors. Destruction was about to arrive, and the fall of the Great Horn Army was tomorrow. The real combat ability of the elites of the Wolf Clan was definitely not as simple as you imagined. The continuous victories over the past month were only because of “Jackal” Kanus, the nominal leader of the Wolf Clan. He was just dragging down the Wolf Clan’s leaders who actually held military power in the dark and even stabbing them in the back.

Right now, “Jackal” Kanus had already used the sharp blade of the Great Horn Army to kill and injure the leaders who hindered him from truly controlling the Wolf Clan.

Even the commander of the Wolf Clan, who barely managed to survive, was no longer qualified to strut around in front of “Jackal” Kanus and take advantage of his seniority.

Based on the methods that “Jackal” Kanus had displayed in Meng Chao’s memories in his previous life, it was likely that “Jackal” Kanus had already completed the internal integration of the Wolf Clan.

At that moment, he should have completed the internal integration of the Wolf Clan and made the surviving commanders submit to him so that he could completely control the supreme power of the entire Wolf Clan, right?

In that case, the sharp blade of the Great Horn Army had completed its historical mission.

In the future, there were at least a hundred ways for the Doomsday Wolf to let the ignorant rat citizens know what true terror and despair were.

Perhaps, Hundred Blade City was originally the bait that “Jackal” Kanus had deliberately thrown at the rat citizens.

In order to take down Hundred Blade City, the warriors who had the most resistance and fighting strength amongst the tens of millions of rat people had all gathered there. They had lost their mobility and logistical ability. They were like a mountain of meat that could not move.

If they could really take down Hundred Blade City and successfully take the armory and granary in the city, that would be great.

What if they could not take it?

Even if they did, what if the defending army ignited the armory and granary in despair and burned all the war resources?

What if Hundred Blade City was the core of the plot from the start, and the armory and granary in the city did not have enough war resources to give the Great Horn Army a chance to breathe?

Analyzing it from Meng Chao's memories of his previous life, this was not a "what if."

It was "history" that was destined to happen.

He could only watch as dozens of rebel army of rat people swarmed Hundred Blade City from all directions.

Meng Chao thought of the complicated and sophisticated large-scale rat catching equipment.

There was a seesaw that could move around, and in the middle of it was a huge and deep bucket. Perhaps there were a few pieces of fragrant cheese floating on the surface of the water, attracting the surrounding rat people to run up the seesaw at all costs. Finally, they fell into the bucket and drowned.

They waited and waited, but they could not find the Ancient Dream Saintess.

The anxious Meng Chao wanted to tear off his disguise and charge into the Ancient Dream Saintess' tent.

However, the Ancient Dream Saintess herself appeared to be powerless under normal circumstances.

There were a few high-level priests with masks and big horn helmets around her at all times. Their auras were unfathomable.

Meng Chao wondered if the Ancient Dream Saintess herself was really an ignorant puppet.

These high-level priests were not as simple as her subordinates and followers.

It was very likely that they were controlled by the ambitious people behind the scenes. They had the responsibility of protecting and monitoring the Ancient Dream Saintess at the same time.

Meng Chao was confident that he could deal with these high-level priests.

However, he was not confident that he could do this without alerting the mastermind behind the scenes and alerting the enemy.

Therefore, he could only lurk, trust his judgment, and wait patiently.

Fortunately, his persistence paid off.

On the eleventh day after he entered the wounded camp, the Ancient Dream Saintess finally arrived.

It was the darkest moment before dawn.

It was also the moment when one's nerves were the most relaxed and one fell into the deepest part of a dream.

Meng Chao was in a shallow sleep but had set up several layers of "warning nets" deep inside his brain. Suddenly, he felt that there was a shimmering thread of light licking the space between his eyebrows like a wriggling snake. A few nerve currents that could calm his mind and massage his brain cells were released into his brain.

Then, they crawled in and connected Meng Chao's brain to a mysterious existence that was hiding in the dark.

“It’s finally here!”

Meng Chao was excited.

However, with high control of his body and the brain of a quasi Deity Realm expert, he had precisely manipulated part of the brain cells outside the cerebral cortex to simulate a deep sleep.

At the same time, he injected his spirit power into the memory cells and released some memory fragments that he had carefully constructed before sending them to the threads of light that had invaded his brain.

Meng Chao did not directly have the dream of being chased by totem beasts, falling off a cliff, and discovering stone wall runes.

Although he had mentioned this to the Ancient Dream Saintess the other day...

If the Ancient Dream Saintess discovered that he was having this dream right after she had infiltrated his brain, it would be too much of a coincidence.

Moreover, Meng Chao understood the mentality of experts like the Ancient Dream Saintess.

She would never feel at ease if she was allowed to move around in other people’s dreams. It was impossible for her to completely let her guard down.

Therefore, Meng Chao simply sent a large amount of fragmented “material” to her and let her construct the dream with her own hands.

Only when the Ancient Dream Saintess believed that it was a dream that she had created on her own and that it was her “home ground” would she be able to completely let down her guard and reveal her true self.

The Ancient Dream Saintess was indeed fooled.

The light threads stopped in front of the mottled memory fragments and skimmed through them quickly.

These memory fragments not only contained the incident of “being chased by totem beasts, falling off a cliff, and discovering stone wall runes.”

It also contained the identity that Meng Chao had fabricated, the scene of Tree Root growing up.

This included his carefree life in the village when he was a child.

After his home was deserted, he wandered everywhere. With the help of the runes on the stone walls, he escaped from hopeless situations of certain death time and time again.

Of course, there was also the series of arduous battles after he joined the Great Horn Army, as well as his pious, valiant, and fanatical performance in the battles.

Through these memory fragments, one could perfectly simulate the growth trajectory of a rat soldier.

Of course, all the memory images were vague, vague, and even mottled. A lot of details were lost.



This was also a normal characteristic of the memory images. It would be strange if all the memories were clear after ten or twenty years.

As for the “bait” that Meng Chao threw out, the glittering stone wall rune, Meng Chao had also let it flash through his memories.

It allowed the Ancient Dream Saintess to sense its magic, but she could not see the true meaning of even a single talisman.

The Ancient Dream Saintess wanted to carefully explore the mysteries of the stone wall talisman.

She had to create a dream, and Meng Chao’s subconscious would act as a guide to enter the deepest part of his brain.

The Ancient Dream Saintess had indeed taken the bait.

Meng Chao could feel that the light threads that had infiltrated his brain were like glittering stamens. They split into dozens of threads from the tip.

Each thread gently wrapped around a memory fragment that he had created and voluntarily sent over.

Then, like building a palace, they quickly and skillfully began construction.

Chapter 1155: Dream Test

It was the first time that Meng Chao had seen someone construct a dream so clearly.

As the threads of light crisscrossed, fragments of memories piled up.

It was an indescribable and mysterious scene.

If one had to describe it, it was as if the Ancient Dream Saintess had built a massive, winding three-dimensional maze in Meng Chao’s mind. It was filled with forks, tunnels, and various dead ends.

Then, she connected the translucent, pyramid-like three-dimensional labyrinth to Meng Chao’s central nerves and the part of his brain that was in charge of memory.

Following that, spirit waves similar to brain waves rippled out from the golden threads and spread to the depths of Meng Chao’s brain.

Meng Chao felt that the three-dimensional labyrinth seemed to have turned into a bottomless swirl, which was strangely attractive to his subconscious.

He smiled slightly and split his subconscious into two.

Half of his subconscious swam toward the dream maze carefully constructed by the Ancient Dream Saintess.

The other half of his subconscious was still the supreme ruler of that brain region, standing above the dream maze and calmly controlling the overall situation.

The secret technique of splitting his subconscious into two was something that even many Deity Realm experts in Dragon City had not mastered.

However, Meng Chao had a double soul to begin with.

The “Apocalyptic Meng Chao” and his normal self were two completely different existences.

It was similar to what Leaf had said about the Ancient Dream Saintess who could rely on the arrival of the Big-horned Rat God to instantly transform into a female war god.

Half of Meng Chao’s subconscious pretended to be in a trance as he swam into the depths of the dream maze.

He woke up there.

Deep in the mountains, in the dense forests, there was a faint miasma that was howling repeatedly.

There was also an earthquake-like continuous shaking that was constantly pulling at the nerves of the person in the dream. It made the person in the dream feel helpless and in need of help.

Without a doubt, it was a nightmare.

In the nightmare, Meng Chao turned into a sallow and emaciated child that could be seen everywhere.

This might not have been the real appearance of Tree Root when he was young.

In the dream, a person could change into all kinds of strange images and even change their gender and identity, but they would not doubt their existence.

From a certain point of view, the image of a person in the dream was the most realistic projection of the subconscious mind.

The sallow and emaciated child showed that although Tree Root had grown into a fearless warrior among the elite troops of the Great Horn Army...

Deep in his heart, he was still hurt by his parents’ killing by the totem beasts in his childhood.

“Run, Tree Root! Run!”

Meng Chao heard an anxious urging voice behind him.

When he turned around, he saw the Ancient Dream Saintess.

The Ancient Dream Saintess in the nightmare was a few years younger than she was in reality. She was only a little over ten years old at most, not much older than Meng Chao’s current appearance.

She was dressed in the same way as Meng Chao in the nightmare. Her clothes were shabby and covered in mud. Her palms and soles were covered in small wounds as if she had just crawled in the depths of the forest. She climbed to the top of the thorn-covered mandrake tree to pick golden fruits. Behind her was a huge wicker basket made from the branches of the mandrake tree. Mandrake fruits only filled half of the basket, but the weight was heavy. It was so heavy that she could not breathe.

“Run, Root. I will protect you!”

The shrunken version of the Ancient Dream Saintess placed her hand on Meng Chao's shoulder and seriously told him, "Even if Mom and Dad are eaten by totem beasts, I will protect you, and we will escape this forest!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess' face in the dream was blurry.

However, the palm that she placed on Meng Chao's shoulder emitted a warm current that surged into Meng Chao's subconscious.

It made Meng Chao believe subconsciously that he indeed had a "sister."

The roars of the beasts in the distance were getting closer and closer.

There were also a few screams from the villagers mixed in.

There were also the sounds of the trees cracking and falling upon being struck by the beasts.

Meng Chao did not have time to think before his sister grabbed his wrist and ran desperately in the forest.

Behind them, the grass rustled as if a ferocious beast was going to jump out at any moment.

In front of them, the mountain was getting higher and higher, and they were about to reach the cliff.

Meng Chao could almost guess what the Ancient Dream Saintess was going to do.

According to the script, as long as they could run all the way to the cliff created by the Ancient Dream Saintess...

There was a high chance that they could activate the childhood memories of the non-existent rat warrior, Tree Root.

They would reveal the strange new world hidden in the deepest part of their memories, under the cliff.

At that time, the Ancient Dream Saintess would only need to take his subconscious and jump.

Naturally, they would be able to see the mysterious stone wall engraved with ancient runes.

However, Meng Chao was not prepared to dream 100% according to the Ancient Dream Saintess' script.

He grinned in his heart, and a few faint ripples appeared in the depths of his brain, adding some unexpected elements to the Ancient Dream Saintess' pre-planned dream.

"Tree Root! Tree Root!"

The two of them were running when they suddenly heard someone shouting in front of them.

It was a few rat children who were dressed similar to them.

One of them was clutching his ankle. He was in so much pain that he was drenched in cold sweat as he rolled on the ground.

On the path that the wild beast had stepped on, there was a vine that was three inches above the ground, and it was lying across the road.

It seemed that these children were also trying to avoid the totem beasts.

However, one of them had sprained her ankle in a panic.

The scene caused the Ancient Dream Saintess to be slightly stunned.

Obviously, she had not superfluously arranged for the “sprained ankle” in the dream.

However, in the minds of others, to construct a dream based on the memories of others was an unpredictable and uncontrollable thing in the first place.

The human brain was a deep and unfathomable ocean.

Dreaming was like raising a storm above the ocean.

No one knew what kind of sediment the monstrous waves would sweep up from the deepest part of the ocean.

Therefore, the Ancient Dream Saintess did not suspect that her constructed dream had been invaded. In reality, she did not even have complete control over them from the start.

She was only faced with a decision on how to deal with the “little companions” that appeared in these dreams.

“It’s Leaf, Tree Branch, Loud Voice, and Little Ear!” Meng Chao’s subconscious screamed in the nightmare.

“Sister, what should we do now?”

He calmly observed the Ancient Dream Saintess’ reaction.

If the Ancient Dream Saintess was really a person who would do anything to achieve her goal, her goal would be to see the runes on the stone wall deep inside Meng Chao’s brain.

She should not care about these “little friends” who were in her way. She should just grab Meng Chao’s wrist and continue running to the edge of the cliff in one breath.

If that was the case, she should be able to trigger the related memories of “facing the cliff and jumping down” into Meng Chao’s brain.

However, if that was the case, Meng Chao would have to endure the pain of his “little friend spraining her ankle, falling behind, and being eaten up by the totem beasts” in his nightmare.

It was the test that Meng Chao had arranged for the Ancient Dream Saintess.

If she really chose the simplest method, it meant that she did not care about the feelings of the rat folk warrior, Tree Root, at all.

She did not care whether she had brought a dream or a nightmare to others. She did not care about the brain that she had plundered, and she did not care if it would leave an indelible psychological wound.

No matter how strong this person was, she would be a potential partner who was worth Meng Chao’s time.

However...

The Ancient Dream Saintess frowned slightly. After pondering for a moment, she chose another path.

“Don’t worry, Elder Sister has a way to save everyone!”

Her eyes sparkled as she smiled brightly at Meng Chao’s subconscious in the nightmare.

Then, she turned a deaf ear to the cries for help from the rat children in front of her. She grabbed Meng Chao’s wrist tightly and took a long detour, continuing to climb the mountain peak.

While Meng Chao was greatly disappointed...

The Ancient Dream Saintess suddenly stood still on a large bluestone and placed her palm next to her cheek. She took a deep breath and let out a sharp cry that pierced the clouds.

“Ahhh!”

For a moment, a few startled birds were stirred up in the dense forest.

The mandrake trees all over the mountains and plains swayed uncertainly in the midst of her cry.

Rustle, rustle, rustle, rustle... The bushes trembled continuously.

Kacha, kacha, kacha. From far to near, countless large trees fell one after another.

Accompanied by a gust of foul-smelling whirlwind, a savage-looking totem beast bared its teeth and crawled out from among the broken trees!

It was like cutting off a jackal by its waist, separating its head and tail, and stuffing a python’s waist in the middle.

At the same time, the beast possessed the ferocity of a jackal and the viciousness of a python.

On its slender back, along with its head and tail, hundreds of extremely sharp rhombus-shaped bone plates were densely erected. It was as if the entire spine was a sharp blade that combined both hardness and softness..

Chapter 1156: The Healing of Dreams

It was a totem beast that the rat people knew as the Blade Wolf.

Although it was not a serious threat to the clan warriors who wore totem armor, to the rat people who ventured into the mountains to pick mandrake fruit, it was equivalent to a messenger from hell.

In the “material” provided by Meng Chao to the Ancient Dream Saintess, the young Tree Root encountered the Blade Wolf in the mountain forest.

He had not expected the Ancient Dream Saintess to extract the “material” and present it before him.

The half of Meng Chao's that was above the dream clearly saw countless dazzling golden threads spreading out from the Ancient Dream Saintess' body and wrapping around the Blade Wolf.

Like a marionette, the threads moved the Blade Wolf into all kinds of ferocious and ugly postures and burst out with soul-stirring howls.

The half of Meng Chao's subconscious in the dream seemed to be frightened. His face was pale, and he was dumbstruck for a long time.

"Tree Root, don't be afraid. Run! Big Sis will lead this beast away!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess pushed Meng Chao hard and higher up the slope.

Then, she picked up a fist-sized stone from the ground and threw it at the Blade Wolf with all her strength. It hit the middle of the Blade Wolf's forehead.

Although the attack did not break the wolf's brain, it was enough to make it explode.

However, that provoked the beast's anger.

It let out a strange cry, and the sharp scales, as well as bone spikes on its python-like body, stood up like poisoned daggers, producing a rattling sound.

Its entire body seemed to expand in an instant. It was akin to a hungry tiger pouncing on its prey, but also reminiscent of a Python swimming toward the Ancient Dream Saintess.

"Run, Tree Root! Run!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess shouted at Meng Chao with all her strength. She ran to the other side of the forest and soon disappeared into the shrubbery and bushes.

Meng Chao felt an invisible force enveloping the half of his subconscious that was deep in the dream.

He was muddle-headed and at the mercy of others. He ran to the top of the mountain without caring about anything else.

Until he saw stars, the world was spinning, and he was out of breath.

Finally, a cliff, which looked like a fang, appeared in front of him.

At the bottom of the cliff was a mysterious abyss surrounded by clouds and mist.

Before he could get out of his state of shock,

He heard rustling sounds behind him again.

Meng Chao felt his scalp go numb. When he looked back, he saw a blood-soaked Ancient Dream Saintess coming out from the grass.

Her hair and clothes were wet from the sticky scarlet substance.

Even her eyes were filled with crisscrossing blood vessels.

Only her teeth were as white as crystal shells. She looked at Meng Chao and smiled happily.

“Don’t worry, Big Sis has already... already killed that beast.”

The Ancient Dream Saintess panted as she spoke to Meng Chao. “Leaf, Tree branch, Loud Voice, and Little Ear are all fine. Our companions are all fine. Although many people died, there are still many who survived!”

That was naturally impossible.

A little girl who was not even ten years old would definitely not be able to kill a totem beast with her bare hands.

However, in a dream, a person could easily believe whatever they wanted to believe, no matter how ridiculous or illogical it seemed when they were awake.

Furthermore, Meng Chao could sense that the Ancient Dream Saintess’ voice still contained traces of spirit ripples that simulated brain waves. They were attempting to interfere with his brain and make him believe the dream. ‘All my companions have been saved.’

While Meng Chao, who had woken up, would eventually realize that it was just a dream and that what had happened in the dream was not the truth...

His soul would be comforted for a moment or even longer. It would not hurt as much when he recalled the disaster that led to the annihilation of all the villagers when he was a child.

If Meng Chao were really Tree Root...

The Ancient Dream Saintess could use the same method to give him some “healing” in the dream.

It seemed that the mysterious Saintess was not completely cruel and merciless.

That made Meng Chao slightly relieved.

She was obviously very eager to solve the mystery of the stone wall runes, but she was still very concerned about an ordinary rat warrior’s state of mind.

Such an Ancient Dream Saintess might be more suitable to be a partner of mutual benefit and sustainable development than the ambitious and uncontrollable “Jackal” Kanus, right?

As Meng Chao thought so, wolf howls that were louder and denser came from behind him again.

“Sh\*t, more wolves are coming. It must be the smell of blood on my body that led them here!”

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ expression changed, and she looked extremely vexed.

However, more golden threads were released from her back, stimulating Meng Chao's subconsciousness and making him subconsciously recall more of what happened after he jumped off the cliff.

Meng Chao remained expressionless. In the depths of his subconsciousness, the imaginary memory fragments relating to the bottom of the cliff kept boiling.

"Sister, even if I die, I don't want to die in the Blade Wolf's mouth!"

He took the initiative to grab the Ancient Dream Saintess' wrist.

With a shout, he leaped into the unfathomable void.

The memory fragments in the depths of his brain kept erupting like a volcano. This time, without the Ancient Dream Saintess' careful construction, they formed a brand-new dream. It was a scene that Meng Chao had copied from the terrain of the sinkhole in the Hidden Mist Domain. It was a foreign scene that looked like the other side of the Milky Way.

All the flowers, plants, and trees seemed to have been overexposed, giving off an extremely strange color.

The vines that were twining into clusters were like octopus in the form of plants, crawling and jumping around the tree trunks and rock walls.

On the strange-looking plants, the oddly shaped leaves would sometimes open to the limit like a bloody mouth and sometimes roll up into long, thin, spikes that were as hard as iron.

There was also a large amount of glowing moss that was slowly squirming like a brilliant purple and red carpet of bacteria.

The Ancient Dream Saintess was deeply drawn to the incredible scene because the materials that made up this dream were real.

At first glance, they looked like extremely strange plants and fungi, but they could form a harmonious and orderly ecosystem. There were no traces of man-made pieces, and the Ancient Dream Saintess did not find any flaws.

Meng Chao only added something that did not belong to the Hidden Mist Domain in this dream. At first glance, it looked a little out of place.

It was a statue of the Rat God.

The statue was made of rock and was about five arms tall. The carving technique was simple and crude. It did not seem to be the work of a famous artist, and it did not seem to contain any earth-shattering divine power.

In Meng Chao's design, this statue had been abandoned at the bottom of the cliff for thousands of years. After countless storms, it mottled spots due to erosion, and countless cracks had appeared on its surface. More than half of it was covered by vines and moss, and almost no distinctive features could be seen. Only the dozens of large horns that shot up into the sky above its head quietly told its identity.

It was the second test that Meng Chao had set for the Ancient Dream Saintess.



He wanted to know whether the Ancient Dream Saintess knew the Big-horned Rat God's background.

If the Ancient Dream Saintess knew that the Big-horned Rat God did not exist at all, or even if it did exist, it was only a warrior in the ancient Picturesque Orchid Lake and not a god with heaven-piercing power...

When she saw the statue of the Horned Rat God actually appear near the stone wall runes in Tree Root's dream...

She would be surprised and confused because no matter what the stone wall runes were, they should not have anything to do with the non-existent Horned Rat God.

On the contrary, if the Ancient Dream Saintess was just an ignorant puppet, she would not know anything about the conspiracy behind the scenes.

Then, she should be the most loyal believer of the Big-horned Rat God in the dream world, just like the way she was in the real world.

When she saw the statue of the Big-horned Rat God, she would not be surprised and confused at all. Instead, she would be ecstatic and worship devoutly.

The Ancient Dream Saintess had missed the test.

Meng Chao even deliberately took a few steps toward the statue of the Big-horned Rat God buried in moss and vines, pretending to trip over the vines. With an "ouch," he fell on the hard rock, and a big bump appeared on his skull.

"Sister, come and take a look. What is this?"

Meng Chao covered his head and turned to the Ancient Dream Saintess.

"This is..."

The Ancient Dream Saintess narrowed her eyes and carefully examined the information presented in Meng Chao's dream.

When she saw the dozens of horns that soared into the sky above the statue's head, a series of cracks began to form in her mind, which had always been as calm as the frozen sea. A huge surprise gushed out from the cracks.

"This... This is the Rat God's statue!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess' brain waves were jumping and spreading like raging flames.

Chapter 1157: Mysterious Runes

In the dream, Meng Chao's setting was the childhood of the rat warrior, Tree Root.

Therefore, he had forgotten his identity as a member of the Great Horn Army.

Looking at the Big-horned Rat God's statue, a hint of confusion and expectation appeared on his face.

"The Big-horned Rat God is the common ancestor of all the rat people, and also our only hope!"

The Ancient Dream Saintess squatted down and held Meng Chao's shoulders with both hands. Her eyes looked straight into the depths of his soul. Her voice was filled with unfathomable magic as she attempted to implant the following words into Meng Chao's soul and turn it into his innate belief, "He will lead us to completely destroy this old world that has been bullying and oppressing us. Then, he will create a new world that is incomparably beautiful above the blood and flames.

"In the new world, the rat people will no longer be forced by the clan warriors to pay such a heavy Mandrake Tax every month. In order to pick the golden fruit, they will have no choice but to enter the deep mountains and forests. Threatened by the totem beasts, they will work hard and work dangerously, yet they will not be able to eat even the skin of the golden fruit.

"In the new world, the rat people will also be able to eat the golden fruit. They will be able to eat as many as they want.

"As for the totem beasts, the Big-horned Rat God will also give us great power to suppress and tame them, turning them into our weapons and armor.

"So, come on, Root, clean up this statue with me. We can't let the Big-horned Rat God's statue get stuck in this place."

Even though it was in a dream and the stone wall runes that contained mysterious power were nearby...

The Ancient Dream Saintess still cleaned the statue meticulously.

She first used the machete, which was placed diagonally at her waist, to cut off the mandrake branches. Then, she cut off the weeds and vines that were surrounding the statue.

Then, she peeled off the moss and mushrooms that were attached to the statue.

On many of the small vines, there were clusters of sharp thorns that pierced her hands until blood flowed out.

In the dream, she did not feel any pain at all as she sacrificed her own comfort. Her eyes were filled with happiness, and she cleaned the statue bit by bit until it was as bright as new.

When the last piece of the fungus blanket was removed from the surface of the statue and the mud in every crack was wiped clean, the statue looked brand new. She squeezed out a large amount of blood from the wounds on her hands and sprinkled it on the statue.

Her blood was immediately absorbed by the crisscrossing cracks on the statue.

It was as if the statue swallowed it.

"The Rat God's statue needs to be watered with the rat people's blood."

The Ancient Dream Saintess turned around and explained to Meng Chao, "The blood symbolizes the rat people's sacrifice. The Rat God will not wake up easily, and he will not bless those who do not dare to resist and sacrifice. They only want to sit comfortably and wait for salvation to fall from the sky.

"The rat people must first do their best to save themselves without fear of sacrifice. Let the Rat God see our valor, courage, and faith.

“Then, the Rat God will descend to this world to save those of us who are worthy of being saved.

“This is what a believer of the Rat God should have. Do you remember, Tree Root?”

Meng Chao nodded heavily.

He thought like he was the ordinary rat warrior, Tree Root...

After experiencing such an incredible dream...

He would definitely leave a deep impression on the Ancient Dream Saintess who had been guiding him in the dream. He would worship and love her even more.

His faith in the Rat God would also become fanatical until his death.

Leaf must have experienced a similar dream.

Hence, he was willing to sacrifice everything for her and the Big-horned Rat God even though he knew that the Ancient Dream Saintess was not his biological sister.

Right?

Speaking of which, the Ancient Dream Saintess' performance in the dream was really unnecessary and even wasteful when analyzed from a cost-benefit ratio.

The reason was, even if she could bewitch Tree Root into confusion, it would be a waste.

Tree Root was just an ordinary rat warrior.

So what if she stimulated his potential tenfold?

At that moment, the elites of the Great Horn army were all out in launching a strategic battle against Hundred Blade City and the Wolf Clan's heavy cavalry. Wasting so much time and energy on an ordinary soldier did not seem to be worth it.

The only explanation was that the Ancient Dream Saintess' action of cleaning up the Big-horned Rat God's statue and her words earlier were not a show. They did not contain too much utilitarian purpose either.

It was something that came from the bottom of her heart and was natural.

She really believed in the existence of the Big-horned Rat God.

Moreover, she believed and looked forward to the Big-horned Rat God's arrival more than anyone else in the Great Horn Army.

“It seems that the Ancient Dream Saintess doesn't know that the Big-horned Rat God is a man-made idol.

“She also doesn't know that someone hidden has planted her faith in the Big-horned Rat God in the depths of her heart.

“She probably wouldn't have thought that the Great Horn Army, which has seemingly risen in power, would be doomed to eternal damnation under her leadership.

“In a few days, her army, her beliefs, her ideals, and her ‘new world’ will all be crushed by the cruel reality and turn into nothing but a dream.

“Right now, the only question is who exactly planted the beliefs of the Big-horned Rat God into her heart and in what way?”

Meng Chao believed that he would find the answer soon.

The half of his subconscious that was above the dream realm extracted the materials for the stone wall runes from the depths of his brain.

Therefore, at the bottom of the cliff in the dream realm, something flickered behind the Rat God’s statue.

“What is that?”

The Ancient Dream Saintess was once again sharp. She solemnly bowed before the Rat God’s statue three times before she led Meng Chao to the place where the light shone.

After cutting down a thorny bush and passing through the gap between the two giant rocks, they found a secret cave.

Within the cave, magnificent light flowed out like spring water. It flashed continuously as if some mysterious force was inviting them in.

The two of them held their breath and walked into the cave.

The cave walls were crystal clear, emitting an indescribable purplish-red light.

The crevices in the cave walls were twisted in all kinds of incredible forms, as though they were ancient creatures frozen by a seven-colored ice layer.

As they bathed in the seven-colored mystic light, they gradually became sparkling and translucent. It was as if they could clearly see their internal organs, bones, eyeballs, and brains. Unknowingly, they had become one with the cave.

The scene was not entirely Meng Chao’s imagination.

Similar scenes could be seen in Ruins No. 1 at the center of Dragon City and Ruins No. 2 in the Hidden Mist Domain.

Meng Chao had personally experienced it, and it had left a very deep impression on him.

Now that he had “copied and pasted” the memory fragments, it was naturally seamless.

The Ancient Dream Saintess was in the scene and believed more and more that this rat warrior named Tree Root had truly entered such a magical cave when he was young.

Otherwise, it would be impossible for such a magnificent and wonderful memory to float in the brain of a rat warrior with a poor imagination.

It was not know how long it took for them to travel the winding cave in the dream.

Finally, they reached the end and saw the shining stone wall.

Words could not describe the magnificence and magic of the stone wall.

The length and width of the stone wall were not more than ten meters, but there were at most 1,800 runes engraved on it.

However, when people focused their attention on the stone wall, they would feel that the length and width of the stone wall extended to both sides. It looked like the area expanded to infinity, occupying their entire field of vision and even the entire world. There was also a kind of pressure that leaned toward the observer and was about to collapse, enveloping the observer inside.

At first glance, the seemingly ordinary and even careless runes on the stone wall appeared mysterious and complex to the extreme.

They seemed to be carved directly on a two-dimensional plane.

In reality, a very complicated three-dimensional precision micro-carving technique had been used. Even the people of Dragon City had yet to master it.

If it had to be described in a way that the people of Earth could understand...

Every stroke of the runes had been condensed from thousands of scratches that were thinner than cow hair.

It was as if thousands of nanometers of silk threads had been twisted into strands of ropes, and then these ropes were tied into different forms of knots.

On the surface, it was a very ancient notebook of knots.

However, it actually contained information that was billions of times more abundant than the record of knots.

In any case, the scientific research experts of Dragon City's ancient ruins research center had not been able to figure out how many strands of the tiniest "threads" were hidden in each brush stroke even with the most precise microscope.

A powerhouse like Battle God Lei Zongchao, who had sat cross-legged in front of the stone wall runes and had been cultivating in seclusion for years, failed to understand the mystery either.

Now, facing the mysterious runes, what would the Ancient Dream Saintess present?

Chapter 1158: Spiritual Key

As expected, the Ancient Dream Saintess was deeply attracted to the runes on the stone wall in the dream.

She even forgot about Tree Root's existence beside her.

She appeared to be partially focused and partially absent-minded. She sat cross-legged in front of the crystal-clear stone wall.

Meng Chao thought that it was useless. Battle God Lei Zongchao had sat in front of the runes on the stone wall for several years.

Yet, he was still unable to decipher the secrets of the stone wall runes.

Even if the Ancient Dream Saintess had the ability to stimulate brain cells and extend dream time to the limit, it was impossible for her to decipher the hidden secrets within the stone wall runes in one short night.

As expected, the Ancient Dream Saintess lowered her eyelids after silently staring at the stone wall runes for a moment.

Then, she simply closed her eyes.

Had she given up so soon?

Meng Chao subconsciously felt that something was wrong.

The Ancient Dream Saintess should not have given up so easily when faced with information that the Rat God most likely left behind.

What happened next shocked Meng Chao.

The Ancient Dream Saintess' lips trembled rapidly as she chanted a profound and complicated incantation softly.

Light golden ripples spread out from her body and gently collided with the stone wall's runes.

They actually caused the depths of the stone wall to emit a light wave that was a hundred times more brilliant than before.

All the runes seemed to resonate with the Ancient Dream Saintess' chant and, they vibrated at an extremely high frequency.

"This is..."

Meng Chao simply could not believe what he was sensing.

After stripping away all the miscellaneous sound, light, and electrical effects, and environmental materials in the dream realm, the half of his subconscious above the dream realm, sensed that the most fundamental thing was the Ancient Dream Saintess' consciousness. It was turning into hundreds of golden threads that were shining like stamens and piercing deeply into his brain. They reading the ancient runes that originated from the ancient ruins in his memory.

Then, using a method that Meng Chao could not understand, she stimulated her brain waves and used the brain waves of a specific frequency as the "secret key" to unlock the runes. Then she analyze and extract the vast amount of information contained therein.

"How is this possible?!"

"Why does the Ancient Dream Saintess know how to unlock these ancient runes?"

“These runes are obviously unbreakable encrypted information that can only be unlocked with the correct secret key. Why is the ‘secret key’ hidden within the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain waves?”

A heaven-shaking storm rose up in Meng Chao’s heart.

Impacted by the raging waves, the dream world shook violently.

Fortunately, the Ancient Dream Saintess was completely focused on unlocking and reading the ancient symbols, so she did not notice that the Dream Realm had gone out of control.

Even if she did, she treated it as a normal phenomenon to decrypt the ancient information. She did not want to interrupt the progress of the analysis and get up to observe the abnormal movements around her.

Her brain waves turned into ripples of a specific frequency and flowed into the ancient symbols, following her golden thoughts.

The nanoscopic “threads” that formed all the strokes of the ancient runes bloomed as they were unlocked and loosened.

Each ancient rune was like a soul-stirring flower bud that slowly blossomed, shooting out a kaleidoscope of magnificent information. It turned into a floating database in the void, which was ten thousand times larger than Dragon City’s library.

In an instant, endless information appeared in front of the Ancient Dream Saintess.

Of course, it also filled Meng Chao’s entire brain.

It was a sudden, painful, and joyful super surprise for Meng Chao.

It was shocking how the information, which had originally been in the form of ancient symbols, were highly compressed and stored in his memory cells. After that, it instantly decompressed and expanded by billions of times.

It almost made his memory cells explode instantly like corn kernels thrown into a pot of oil.

It was as though the syllabus of over a hundred majors from Dragon City University and the five schools in the alliance had forcibly been poured into the brain of a primary school student.

That would probably not result in the primary school student becoming a well-read genius who knew everything and had it all memorized.

It was more likely that his brain, which had yet to fully develop, would completely burn up, and he would turn into a complete idiot.

Fortunately, Meng Chao’s brain had been tempered by the flames of the apocalypse.

The Kindling had instilled a tremendous amount of information that surpassed his limits countless times.

His memory cells were a hundred times more malleable and flexible than that of ordinary people.

That was the only reason he was able to barely escape the “information storm.”

However, he was happy that the information contained in the ancient runes, which had been unlocked by the Ancient Dream Saintess, was too crucial and precious!

He scanned the fragmented information pictures that were floating above his brain.

Meng Chao saw the scene of the Ancients who had transformed from a carbon-based life form to a partial energy life form.

The Ancients in the picture were in all kinds of weird postures.

In each of the postures, the veins and nerves in their bodies would turn into colorful, glittering arrowheads that slowly flowed around their bodies in a mysterious and complicated way.

It was the method that the Ancients used to construct spirit magnetic fields in the ancient era.

Every spirit magnetic field represented a way to utilize spirit energy, which was also a fatal skill that could destroy the world.

Many spirit magnetic fields were unheard of in Dragon City, which had just established a spirit energy cultivation system.

Right now, however, they were clearly displayed before Meng Chao's eyes... No, they were carved into his cerebral cortex and deeply embedded in his memory cells!

Some of the pictures were of the Ancients concocting all kinds of weird carbon-based life forms.

Through the images, Meng Chao discovered that the Ancients were colossal, ancient carbon-based life forms.

They were very similar to the mother, who later destroyed the entire ancient civilization on the surface of the Other World.

It seemed that the Ancients and the mother had a deep entanglement indeed. Their fates had been tightly intertwined from the very beginning.

There was also a large amount of information related to the Ancients' secret cultivation techniques, the technology to genetically modify various carbon-based life forms, and the images of the ancient war after the mother lost control.

Meng Chao had once connected to the monster's mainframe and browsed through the entire process of the ancient war.

However, at that time, he was completely on the side of the mother and viewed it from the perspective of the ancient beasts.

These runes contained a large number of scenes that viewed and even participated in the war from the perspective of the Ancients.

For example, suspended in the crystal-clear diamond-shaped floating battle fortress and overlooking the magnificent ancient city, there was an overwhelming sweeping tide of ancient beasts.

The suffocating sense of oppression shocked Meng Chao's soul greatly.



Meng Chao could not help but immerse himself in it. He devoured, digested, and absorbed the astronomical amount of information as if he was hungry.

A lot of information made up for the mysteries that he could not figure out no matter how hard he had thought when he was cultivating in the two ancient ruins.

Like a broken chain, the most critical link was mended, and the circulation circuits of spirit energy were connected again.

“I see!”

Meng Chao felt enlightened again and again.

Even when Battle God Lei Zongchao explained to him the construction methods of the spirit magnetic field, he could not describe the mysterious feeling. He could just vaguely say, “My intuition should be like this.”

However, after analyzing the information from the ancient runes, lightning flashed in Meng Chao’s mind nonstop. Most of his confusion was easily solved.

Even more amazing was that such “analysis, deciphering, and extraction” did not require the consumption of Meng Chao’s brain’s potential and mental energy.

The Ancient Dream Saintess was also deeply attracted to the mysteries of the ancient symbols, and she could not extricate herself.

She was not like Meng Chao, who had gone through deep exploration, research, and study with countless experts in the two ancient ruins.

She also did not know how the ancient war truly looked like.

That did not stop her from feeling an indescribable shock from the flood of information that surged out from the ancient symbols.

From this, she firmly believed that she had touched the “domain of the gods.”

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ chanting became more and more hurried.

Her brain waves were also becoming more and more intense.

She gradually entered a state where her brain was overdrawn.

That was only natural.

The ancient symbols were mysterious, powerful, and overbearing.

While the Ancient Dream Saintess held the correct “secret key,” if she wanted to activate the secret key for a long time and continuously decipher and extract the information contained within the ancient symbols, her brain and even her soul had to maintain an extremely high-intensity operation and burn continuously.

As such, the Saintess’ normal state of mind could not be so strong and secure.

Perhaps, it was because she had to put more brain cells into the “deciphering ancient runes” operation. She would also take the initiative to close her line of defense, turning her brain into an undefended city. Meng Chao had been waiting for that moment.

When that moment arrived, he would be able to enter and invade the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain!

Chapter 1159: Following the Clues

When you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes back at you.

When the Ancient Dream Saintess intruded into Meng Chao’s brain through his dreams, she had voluntarily released part of her brain port. Through a certain frequency of brain waves, she connected her brain to Meng Chao’s brain remotely.

Not to mention, she continuously read and copied information from the depths of Meng Chao’s brain.

A large amount of information contained within the ancient symbols was something that the current her simply could not understand. She could not even completely analyze it.

She could only gulp down and copy all the profound and complicated information, transferring them into her brain.

That meant even if Meng Chao mixed some kind of “mental virus” with the information, the Ancient Dream Saintess would not be able to discover it.

Thus, while the Ancient Dream Saintess copied and transmitted the ancient symbols without any distractions, her consciousness was activated.

The half of Meng Chao’s subconscious that was above the dream world silently activated the “mind virus” hidden within one of the ancient symbols.

In an instant, all sorts of sound, light, and electricity effects, as well as skin and environmental materials, were stripped away.

The true activity of the brain waves and nerve currents hidden under the dream world was revealed.

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ consciousness turned into a vortex formed by thousands of light threads.

This golden vortex was releasing thousands of tentacles and gently stabbing into the memory cells that Meng Chao had voluntarily sent, crazily devouring the data inside.

However, he did not expect that one of the data that contained his self-consciousness was also sucked into the golden vortex along with the mysterious and complicated ancient information.

Meng Chao was in a daze.

He felt his soul leaving his body.

This strand of his consciousness seemed to be dragged by a thin and long golden fishing line. It was drawn out of the space between his eyebrows and floated above his body.

Looking down, he could clearly “see” that his body was in a deep sleep.

His two eyeballs spun rapidly as if they were equipped with a miniature engine. Beads of sweat the size of soybeans kept pouring out of his forehead and evaporated by his burning skin in an instant.

His brain, stimulated by the Ancient Dream Saintess, was working on overdrive.

The golden thread that represented the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain waves surged out of his glabella and extended toward the outside of the wounded soldier camp.

However, it did not directly lead to the Ancient Dream Saintess’ brain.

Instead, it led to the outside of the wounded soldier camp. In an independent tent, it entered the glabella of a high-level priest.

At that moment, Meng Chao was like an invisible ghost. He followed the golden thread and drifted into the tent.

He saw the high-ranking priest sitting cross-legged with his eyelids drooping as if he had fallen into a deep sleep.

His expression, however, was one of extreme pain.

His eyeballs spun faster than Meng Chao’s. On his burning forehead, he did not even have time to sweat. His sweat turned into green smoke and rose to the top of the tent. The entire tent was like a bathhouse, filled with hot mist.

It seemed that the Ancient Dream Saintess was not in the wounded soldiers’ camp. She was controlling the dream from a distance.

However, the high priest who was guarding the wounded soldiers’ camp was acting as her “springboard” and a brain wave amplifier in a certain sense.

The Ancient Dream Saintess’ will was projected into the high priest’s brain, and he was most likely “willing to sacrifice himself” first.

“Then, by burning the brain of the high priestess, the brain waves were greatly enhanced, making up for the loss of the transmission along the way. In the end, it was able to reach the brain of me and the other wounded soldiers.

“Even if we really encounter unexpected dangers in our dreams, or overused too much spirit energy, which resulted in the brain drying up or even spontaneous combustion, the brain of the high priestess will still be burned to ashes.

“The only thing that’ll be burned to ashes is the high priest’s brain!”

After understanding the other party’s arrangements, Meng Chao could not help but click his tongue in wonder.

Although the Turan civilization had degenerated to the age of the clan, the black technology passed down from their ancestors, which had already evolved into witchcraft, was really magical.

However, since half of his subconscious had already traced the clues to this place, such a small trick naturally could not escape his eyes.

Meng Chao was fully focused, and his brain waves rippled faintly, like a bat using ultrasound to scan the surrounding environment.

Soon, the scan reached the center of the high priest's skull. A very sneaky golden thread surged out and floated into the metal frame on the top of the tent, disappearing.

Meng Chao's consciousness was also entangled by the golden thought. It drilled into the metal frame and came out of the tent.

It turned out that after the metal frame drilled through the tent, it actually formed a small statue of the Rat God with big horns on it.

The dozens of big horns on the statue's head shot up into the sky. They were like antennas, but also like cannons and accelerators that fired brain waves. They accelerated Meng Chao's consciousness and shot out into the distance.

Meng Chao felt like he was traveling at lightning speed.

He traveled dozens of miles in a breath's time.

He came to a stone forest with intersecting canine teeth.

There stood hundreds of ancient stone pillars.

He did not know what material they were made of. After enduring hundreds of millions of years of wind and rain, they were polished to the point that they were crystal clear like jade. They were exquisite and smooth, giving off a faint feeling that they were alive.

At the top of each stone pillar, there was a skeleton version of the Rat God statue.

The statues had different postures. Some sat cross-legged, some danced, while some held swords, spears, and halberds. They looked like they were angry and swearing to destroy the enemy.

No matter what the postures were, all the skeletons of the Rat God bloomed like flowers.

They were like antennas that were stretched to the limit.

Under the Rat God statue, there were hundreds of tents.

Countless scouts and messengers were riding on Mount Wolves. They moved in and out like worker ants and soldiers. They formed a huge battle net that covered the entire battlefield.

It should be the temporary headquarters of the Great Horn Army, where the Ancient Dream Saintess was personally guarding.

For some reason, Meng Chao, whose consciousness had descended there, felt extremely uncomfortable.

It was as if... someone was secretly spying on him.

Meng Chao was shocked.

He almost wanted to cut off the brain connection with the Ancient Dream Saintess at all costs and return his three souls and seven spirits to his body, so that his physical body could seize every second to escape the wounded barracks.

However, after waiting for a moment, the feeling of being spied on did not continue to grow.

The Ancient Dream Saintess did not seem to notice his arrival.

Meng Chao reacted quickly.

No one was watching him.

Instead, someone was watching the entire camp, the center of the Great Horn Army.

The skeleton rat statues on the stone pillars should be similar to antennas or signal amplifiers.

Together, they formed an extremely powerful and special magnetic field that enveloped the entire camp.

In the huge magnetic field, the Ancient Dream Saintess' abilities could be used to the extreme.

However, the mastermind hidden further away wanted to use it to monitor the Ancient Dream Saintess' every move, which became more convenient.

Realizing that, Meng Chao was even more cautious.

He compressed his consciousness to the extreme and mixed it with the massive amount of information analyzed by the ancient runes, just like a harmless seed.

He did not dare to release even half of the ripples and just allowed the Ancient Dream Saintess to manipulate him. He was dragged to the center of the stone forest, where an altar was set up at the entrance. On the altar stood the tent of the Big-horned Rat God statue.

In front of the altar, there were four high-level priests sitting cross-legged on the left and right. Their facial features were covered by masks. It was not clear whether they were meditating or sleeping, or whether they were opening their bright eyes and scanning their surroundings vigilantly.

At the entrance of the tent and around it, there were a total of ten extremely tall figures. Their muscles were not inferior to that of the clan warriors. Their skin that was emitting a metallic luster was painted with extremely gorgeous totems. There were rat warriors, whose battle armors were faintly discernible under the totems.

Meng Chao secretly called it a fluke.

Fortunately, he had thought of a way to communicate with the Ancient Dream Saintess through the dream realm.

If he wanted to sneak into the Ancient Dream Saintess' tent and meet her the usual way, he would have to use his physical body to do so.

He did not know how to sneak through the iron walls formed by these high-level priests and elite warriors without being discovered and chopped into meat paste by them.

Even if he had a way to sneak in, he would probably be discovered by the mastermind behind the long-range surveillance.

As for now...

It was effortless.

His consciousness was dragged into the tent by the Ancient Dream Saintess.

The furnishings in the tent were very simple.

Other than a huge sand table and a few maps that were slightly different in detail, there was almost nothing else.

There was not even a chair or a bed.

There was only a statue of the Rat God carved out of ebony, inlaid with a large number of totem beast claws, teeth, bones, and seven-colored crystals.

The statue sat cross-legged, and there was a depression in its chest.

The Ancient Dream Saintess was lying quietly in the arms of the Rat God statue, like a baby curled up in its mother's embrace.

Chapter 1160: The Saintess' Memory

The Rat God's statue that was carved out of ebony was also emaciated, and it looked like a skeleton.

There was also a layer of light purple light on its shiny black surface, which seemed to be flickering purple flames. It enveloped the Ancient Dream Saintess and even swallowed her.

No... It was not ebony.

It was a material that had been deposited in the depths of the rock stratum for billions of years and was soaked in spirit energy. It was neither gold nor wood, and it seemed to be alive.

Meng Chao's heart skipped a beat.

He remembered that Leaf had told him about the Rat God statue worshipped by the Great Horn army. It was divided into different levels, such as white jade, bronze, and mithril.

If Meng Chao had guessed correctly, the one in front of him should be an amethyst statue of the highest level.

It could implant dreams and beliefs into the deepest and most mysterious areas of the human brain.

Meng Chao hesitated for a moment.

Dreams were the most unpredictable activity of the brain.

He wasn't sure if his consciousness could communicate and interfere with the Ancient Dream Saintess after sneaking into her brain.

He also didn't know if the ambitious person hiding behind the scenes could sense his existence through the amethyst statue.

The worst case scenario would be that he would be suppressed by the furious ancient Dream Saintess in the depths of her dream.

Even though this wasn't Meng Chao's entire consciousness.

He still had half of his consciousness, which was still safely in his body.

However, what would happen after humans lost half of their consciousness? Meng Chao really didn't want to study such an interesting topic as an "Experimental subject."

However, there was no turning back.

His consciousness had already been drawn all the way here by the ancient Dream Saintess' thoughts.

It was like a fish that surged out together with the flood that broke the dike.

It was too late to resist.

He could only be sucked into the ancient Dream Saintess' glabella along with an astronomical amount of ancient information. In a daze where the world was spinning and the wind was as fast as lightning, he sneaked into the depths of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

"This is..."

After barely controlling his splitting headache and intense vomiting, Meng Chao quickly blinked his nonexistent eyes and looked around curiously.

It was as if he had really turned into a crystal-clear fish.

He was wandering in a shallow sea that was illuminated by the sunlight and presented a magnificent color.

Around him were a large number of things that were both like balloons and jellyfish. They were expanding and contracting, and they were sparkling.

There were also a lot of gold threads that were connected to the 'balloon jellyfish'. They were constantly sending tiny dots of light into the body of the 'balloon jellyfish'.

Every tiny dot of light would create a beautiful ripple when it entered the 'balloon jellyfish'.

In the ripple, it was a fragmented but all-encompassing picture.

A lot of sound, light, and electricity information surged toward Meng Chao like a tsunami.

He instantly understood that this was the memory block of the ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

The glittering golden threads should be her brain nerves.

The shrinking 'balloon jellyfish' was her memory cell.

Meng Chao hadn't guessed wrongly.

This was because the information contained within the ancient symbols was too complex and profound. It even had the possibility of being decompressed many times.

If the ancient Dream Saintess wanted to extract all the information from Meng Chao's brain in one night, she would have to shut down part of her brain.

She would have to turn off part of her brain and concentrate all her spiritual energy and spiritual energy into the memory block.

The information that was copied over could not be scanned, monitored, and 'killed' 100% .

She could only swallow it like a greedy python swallowing an elephant and digest it slowly for a long time.

Even so, the mental defense of the ancient Dream Saintess was still riddled with holes due to the massive amount of information.

It was as if the python, which was gluttonous after swallowing an elephant, had a stomach as thin as a Cicada's wings.

Meng Chao could easily find thousands of loopholes and read the memories of the ancient Dream Saintess directly. Under normal circumstances, the ancient Dream Saintess would never reveal the top secrets to the public. At this moment., all of them were shining and jumping inside the 'balloon jellyfish'. Along with the influx of a huge amount of primordial information, they spilled out of the memory area. Like shells washed up on the beach by the tide, Meng Chao picked them up casually.

On one of the 'shells', Meng Chao saw the entire process of the high-ranking commanders of the Great Horn Army performing the sand table deduction.

He saw hundreds of colorful war flags on the sand table.

Each war flag represented a strong and elite army.

The hundreds of troops of both sides gathered under hundred blade city. It was indeed a battle that was filled with clouds of war. They were ready to fight and give their all in one battle.

Meanwhile, the high-ranking commanders of the great horn army were talking and waving their weapons. They looked confident that victory was within their grasp. Those who did not know about it were filled with confidence in the arrival of the final victory.

However, on another shell, Meng Chao saw the empty granaries, charred wagons, and bodies lying on the ground through the perspective of the ancient Dream Saintess.

He also learned a series of unheard-of intelligence on the frontline.

As it turned out, while the great horn army seemed to be advancing at full speed and conquering cities and lands, forcing the major legions of the Wolf clan to retreat one after another.

The commander of the Wolf Clan, on the other hand, split the large and bulky second-tier legions into flexible tactical squads and placed them around the area where the great horn army was active.



Their mission was to constantly harass the logistics supply lines of the Great Horn Army, hunt down the supply teams, or kill a large number of mobs that had just attached themselves to the great horn army, adding more and more casualties to the great horn army and wasting food for nothing, but the redundant soldiers who could not produce any combat ability.

Such a 'wolf pack tactic' fully displayed the characteristic of the Wolf clan that came and went like the wind and plundered like fire.

Even the second-line troops of the Wolf Clan had an advantage in combat ability when they encountered the supply team of the Great Horn Army that was responsible for transporting food and arms.

Besides, their goal was not to burn all the supplies. As long as they could burn half of the supplies of the Great Horn Army, they would be considered to have completed the mission successfully.

Moreover, the great horn army could not possibly send out a few elites like the white bone battalion from the frontlines to protect every supply team in the long logistics supply line.

Nor could they rashly leave the area under their control and go deep into the heart of the Gold clan to hunt down these "Wolf packs" that had come and gone without a trace.

The result was that the Great Horn Army's grain problem was even more serious than Meng Chao had imagined.

Apart from the White Bone Battalion, which was the sharp blade personally forged by the ancient Dream Saintess, and the first-line siege troops gathered below hundred blade city.

Many of the second-line troops were on the verge of running out of ammunition and food.

A large number of rats from all over Turanze poured into the territory of the Gold clan. The rats that came to the great horn army ran out of food on the way.

Many of the rats could only gnaw at the bark of the mandala tree. Then, because they could not digest it, they held their bulging bellies and lay on the roadside, wailing. They had completely lost their combat ability.

There were also some rats that had internal strife because they were at their wits' end.

There were even vicious incidents where they killed each other and devoured the flesh of their own kind.

There were also some rats that knelt down and prayed, begging the great horn rat god to give them enough food to eat so that they could insist on finding the main force of the Great Horn Army. However, they did not find anything. They could only fall into deep despair, they surrendered to the tribal forces stationed nearby and returned to the shackles of the rat militia.

After all, they were cannon fodder.

Even if they had to charge at the forefront of the army in the next war and face the enemy's army head-on, they would die miserably.

It was better than starving to death right now.

The tribal forces led by the Wolf Rangers gladly accepted the surrender of the rat militia.

They magnanimously pardoned their "Betrayal".

They even generously gave them enough food to eat.

The condition was that they continued to move in the direction of the main force of the Great Horn Army.

Then, they attacked the smelly rats, who did not know when to turn back, to prove their loyalty to their master.

However, it seemed that there were not many rangers who came out to carry out the "Wolf pack tactic" and kill the Great Horn Army's supply team.

The Wolf Clan did not send a supervisor army to monitor the surrendered rat soldiers.

They did not even find a few unruly and unforgivable people from the surrendered soldiers to show their might.

They just waved their hands and let everyone out.

They even thoughtfully prepared food for them that, although clear, did not cause them to starve to death on the way.

In the end, after most of the rat slave soldiers left the patrolling area of the Wolf clan's rangers, they once again "Set things right" and restored the original appearance of the Rat clan's rebel army.