

Oh My God 1261

Chapter 1261: Hand-to-Hand Combat Between the Holy Light and the Totem

More terrifyingly, as the spirit magnetic field within the Holy Crystal vibrated crazily, circles of spirit energy ripples formed visible violent waves, and they spread rapidly in all directions.

The flood of light quickly passed through all of the orc warriors' brains, severely disrupting their brain waves and transmission of nerve information.

The orc warriors, who were having a splitting headache, began to see illusions.

The killing machines made of metal and crystal seemed to be enveloped by a burning flame. They grew a pair of pure white wings and had holy, glorious, and dignified faces. They became angels that represented a supreme will to cleanse this world.

The loud symphonious roars from the angels' mouths brought a sense of insignificance and inferiority to the souls of the carbon-based intelligent creatures, including the orc warriors. In response, they felt an uncontrollable urge to worship the angels.

They could not help but wonder if the Holy Light Temple's argument was the truth.

Perhaps the other party was indeed the purest condensed Holy Light and the natural ruler of this world.

As for themselves, they were nothing more than trash born from chaos and darkness in a corner.

They had to purify their flesh and blood with the Holy Light in order to allow their souls to live forever in the ocean of light!

Such thoughts were pounding inside the skulls of almost every orc warrior.

They were dazed, and their eyes were glazed. They did not notice that a few faint spots of light had appeared on their foreheads, throats, and chests.

The colorful Holy Light on the remains of the evil puppets were becoming more and more dazzling while a grand and noise him was playing in the background.

Holy Light spurted out of the Holy Crystals like fire and rushed through the hollow light rails carved with ring-shaped magic arrays. At the end of the light rails, they condensed into extremely dangerous little suns!

Dozens of little suns were about to explode.

The stream of high-energy particles that shot out was enough to pierce through the orc warriors' brains and hearts.

Not to mention, the whistling sound of strong winds could be heard behind the orcs.

Right then, someone actually threw seven to eight towering trees that were as thick as three to five people in half. They flew over the orc warriors' heads and hurtled toward the evil energy puppet remains.

Boom!

Bang!

Crack!

The moment dozens of death rays shot out, the towering trees that contained surging power crashed into the shells of seven to eight evil energy puppets.

Although they could not stop the death rays from shooting out, the evil energy puppets, which were already damaged and missing parts, stumbled because they could not stand steadily.

The death rays, which had originally targeted the orc warriors' fatal points, naturally shifted their direction and brushed past the wolves, tigers, and leopards, shooting toward the rock walls on both sides of the valley.

The light beams seemed to be weightless, but their destructive power was more terrifying than that of a heavy battle ax.

They plowed out immeasurable ravines just by brushing lightly against the rock walls.

When the ravines crisscrossed, the rock in the middle was completely cut off.

Crushed rocks rolled down like avalanches and crashed heavily into the mud. As they splashed icy-cold mud onto the orc warriors' faces and bodies, the orcs subconsciously shivered.

"Reproduce your armor!"

The Tiger King's roar came from behind the orc warriors.

Even though this peerless fierce man known as Violent Blade, did not have the earth-shattering loud voice of his nemesis, the Horn of Destruction, the sound waves in his voice contained totem power.

It could also act like a war hammer that hit the skull, waking up the dazed jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards, whose brains had been affected by the Holy Light.

The orc warriors seemed to wake up from a dream.

That's right, the reason why they had not worn their totem armors earlier was because they were afraid that totem power would leak out and wake up the evil energy puppets.

Since the d*mned evil machines had already awakened, other than reproducing their armor and tearing them into pieces, what other choice did they have?

The panic and confusion in the orc warriors' eyes were instantly replaced by fanatical and brutal glints.

Along with the sound coming from the depths of their throats, the mysterious and complicated totems on their bodies began to shine.

The totems emitted a colorful and magnificent light, gradually changing from a planar pattern to a three-dimensional magnetic field of restraint.

Liquid metal substances that looked like mercury gushed out of their pores, along with the magnetic field of restraint, solidifying into the exquisite structures and interlocking rings of armor.

Just as the orc warriors equipped their totem armors, the evil energy puppets quickly got rid of the giant tree's impact.

Relying on ring-shaped limbs of a metallic octopus, they regained a stable shooting trajectory and angle.

The light spots that symbolized death appeared on the orc warriors' skin that had yet to be covered by the liquid metal-like substances.

However, Violent Blade was still half a step faster than them.

His peerless saber turned into a skeleton dragon and passed over the orc warriors' shoulders, plunging into the swamp in front of the evil energy puppet remains.

While totem power gushed out crazily, the mud in the deepest part of the swamp, as well as the flammable and explosive gas hidden within all surged up.

Crack!

The two vertebrae that formed the Violent Blade collided with each other.

The vertebrae originated from the bodies of the Tiger Clan's most powerful warriors over the past ten thousand years. After being soaked in secret medicine and used crazily in training, they had absorbed a large amount of rare metals and trace elements. Hence, they had turned into materials that were similar to metals and crystals. If they were rubbed gently, they might even produce a cluster of sparks.

The sparks detonated the methane, which expanded abruptly, sending shockwaves through the mud. The explosion churned up chunks of mud, and it smashed into the remains of the evil puppets.

Although it was not enough to destroy their steel and iron bones, it was enough to make them lose their balance again. Their inability to accurately lock onto their target bought the orc warriors precious time to complete their totem armors' growth!

"Chi chi chi chi chi chi!"

Along with the sound of water evaporating from the swamp, which was similar to the sound of boiling, the bodies of the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards were all perfectly wrapped up by the liquid metal-like substance.

The substance solidified into a ferocious and terrifying form, making the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards look as if they had just crawled out of the deepest part of Hell. They immediately roared at the sky, vowing that they would never surrender. Even if they fell into the netherworld again, they would still fight to the end. They were completely different from their muddle-headed selves when they had been enveloped by the Holy Light earlier.

In the orc warriors' minds, the totem armors stimulated the secretion of their adrenaline and enkephalins crazily. The sounds they made also caused an interference in the Holy Light's effects on their brain waves. It was weakened and blocked to a negligible degree.

“Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!”

At that moment, there was no more “holy and dirty, order and chaos, or repentance and redemption” in their minds.

There was only one thought left.

It was to kill and destroy!

The death rays rained down on them again.

But this time, they had the protection of totem armor.

The moment the death rays touched them, their armors subtly changed the curvature and brightness of their surface, turning into shiny curved mirrors.

The death rays that were enough to tear through a rock wall and pierce steel were instantly reflected off the curved mirror. They shot toward the sky where there was nothing, or scattered into a light curtain that had greatly reduced their lethality.

Even though the angle of the death rays were perpendicular to the orc warriors’ totem armors, they could not all be refracted or reflected.

The surface of the totem armors would also form circles of sticky ripples, spreading the destructive power of the death rays to every piece of armor.

That way, even though the overall brightness and metallic texture of a totem armor would become slightly dimmer, the safety of the orc warrior could be ensured to the greatest extent.

It would allow him to withstand the bombardment of the death rays and rush up to the evil energy puppets. He could even jump high and onto the back of the evil puppets.

At that distance, there would be a large number of shooting blind spots on the evil energy puppets with damaged internal mechanical structure.

They could only transfer the energy that had activated the death rays to the melee weapons, which were engraved with magic runes. The sharp blades looked like they were made of black iron, bronze, silver, and purple gold. They would shoot out brilliant flames that would condense into a sharp edge three to five times longer than their bodies.

The dazzling hand-to-hand combat entered its climax the moment it suddenly erupted.

Such a chaotic battle was the orc warriors’ favorite fighting style.

Moreover, they had already passed through the central part of the valley, where the evil energy puppets were the densest, and arrived at the valley’s exit.

It should be the edge of the ancient battlefield’s ruins.

There were not many evil energy puppets scattered there, and their levels were not too high. That was obvious from the number of Holy Crystals embedded in their bodies.

When four or five orc warriors wearing totem armors rushed forward, the evil energy puppets became a little flustered, and they kept getting stuck.

The thinking crystals embedded deep in the evil energy puppets' brain had cracks all over their surface.

Of course, there were casualties.

However, the orc warriors had already entered a state, where their adrenaline and enkephalin were burning.

Even if their limbs were cut off by the evil puppets' light blades, the liquid metal-like substance that spewed out of their armor could instantly seal their wounds, blood vessels and broken bones.

The substance could even retrieve limbs that had detached from the body, temporarily reconnecting the broken nerves. It could restore at least half of the limb's combat strength.

It did not matter even if their abdomen was bombarded by the death rays at close range, leaving a shocking wound, where a large part of the heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys were missing.

The liquid metal substance could also quickly seal the hole, block the pain, deceive the orc warriors' central nerves, and turn the pain into an indescribable pleasure.

At the same time, it could also convert the warriors' last life force into their ultimate combat strength.. That way, they could gain more combat experience for their glory, clan, ancestral spirits, and totem armor. They would displayed their final and most gorgeous totem battle technique!

Chapter 1262: The Wolf King's Ambition

Twenty to thirty hunters soon suppressed four of the evil energy puppet remains.

After that, all of them were taken care of by the Tiger King.

The tiger-headed giant, who was larger than a barbarian elephant warrior after wearing heavy armor, turned into a whirlwind and charged into the evil energy puppet remains. His movements were much more agile than that of an ape.

No matter how crazily the evil energy puppet remains shot out rays of light that intersected into a net, enveloping and tearing through everything, the only thing that was left behind was the Tiger King's shadow.

Not to mention, the Violent Blade in the Tiger King's hand would sometimes extend into a skeleton dragon that bared its fangs and brandished its claws. Together with the ferocious flames spurting out from the tip of the blade, its attack range was close to a hundred arms. It could pierce an evil energy puppet's broken shell and destroy the gears, tubes, and bearings inside.

Sometimes, every bone would close up perfectly. A large amount of liquid metal-like substances would instantly wrap around the thick spine, turning it into a sword that was longer than ten arms and wider than five arms. It was more of a "great sword" than an actual great sword. In fact, it was more of a double-edged great ax, which was the ultimate weapon.

Every time this peerless weapon flew up and down, it would chop off a limb from an evil energy puppet's body, explode a gear, slash off a light rail, and create dazzling sparks.

Occasionally, the Tiger King would also be hit by the evil energy puppets' light blade.

Yet, their light blades, which seemed to be thousands of degrees high in temperature, could not break through the defense formed by the layers of totem armor on his body.

If a certain part of his body was continuously attacked by the death rays and light blades, a crack that was as thick as a finger would finally be torn into the armor.

The flesh under it would be steaming hot and emit a metallic luster. It also seemed to have a hardness that was stronger than liquid metal.

Very soon, under the Tiger King's indiscriminate bombardment, cracks that resembled spider webs appeared on the surface of the thinking crystals embedded deep in the four evil energy puppets.

The light contained in the crystals was no longer stable, flickering like fine lightning.

With their current movement and shooting trajectory, the evil energy puppets became like drunkards, stumbling around like headless flies.

The Tiger King took the opportunity to jump behind one of the evil energy puppet remains.

Relying on his arm's strength that was stronger than a crane's, he grabbed the two light rails behind the evil energy puppet and forcefully twisted them toward the other three evil energy puppet remains.

Following that, the puppets began to shoot at each other.

Countless sparks and large pieces of parts were sent flying until each of them was riddled with holes and turned into scrap metal.

Only then did the Tiger King raise the scrap metal under his feet and swing it over ten times at high speed like a meteor hammer. He threw it fiercely at the other three scrap metal masses, smashing them all into pieces and scattering them all over the ground.

During this period, he had only made one small mistake.

One of the evil energy puppets had two remaining limbs that had not been blasted apart by the death ray.

When the Tiger King raised his companion and tried to smash it, it used those two limbs to bounce away, dodging the Tiger King's attack.

In the end, it just so happened to bounce to the Wolf King's side.

Its thinking crystal that was about to shatter gave the final order to the body, which was splitting into pieces.

Any available Holy Light was channeled into the remaining light blades and light rails.

It was like a combination of a blazing hedgehog and a top that was spinning rapidly.

It was trying to purify an evil, filthy, and chaotic carbon-based creature before it completely lost its function.

“Jackal” Kanus ran away with his head in his hands.

He ran as fast as a drowning dog with its tail tied to a firecracker.

There had been a few times when the remains of the evil energy puppet almost killed him. They had nearly cut off his throat, severed his head, and wrapped around his limbs, tearing them off.

However, he had been feeling flustered and dodging them in a sorry state until the Tiger King roared and descended from the sky.

The tiger’s claw, which contained a thousand pounds of strength, crushed the remains of the evil energy puppet that was spinning at a high speed.

The Wolf King that had just crawled out of the mud heaved a sigh of relief and revealed a partially embarrassed and partially grateful smile to the Tiger King.

The short and intense battle ended just like that.

When the Tiger King controlled the evil energy puppet’s remains and unleashed a death ray, he purposely aimed at the rock walls on both sides of the valley. He cut off a large amount of rocks from the rock walls and blocked the valley like an avalanche.

The evil energy puppet remains in the middle of the valley were not awakened by them.

The hunters finally got out of the swamp and entered the relatively dry and safe forest.

After calming their nerves and withdrawing their totem armors, the excessive secretion of their adrenaline and enkephalin was also exhausted. The heavily injured orc warriors finally felt an unbearable pain and an irreversible loss of life.

This included the tiger warrior, who had been ambushed in the beginning and gotten his limbs cut off.

There were a total of three hunters who had suffered incurable serious injuries and allowed their totem armor to squeeze out the last of their fighting spirit.

Now, their faces were pale, their flesh was dried up, and their breathing, as well as heartbeats, were growing increasingly weak.

Their fire of life was like a feather falling into the River Styx, ready to sink into an endless abyss at any time.

However, whether it was the three hunters themselves, or the wolves, tigers, and leopards surrounding them, no one revealed a sad or terrified expression.

On the contrary, everyone grinned, and their sharp fangs shone with a sharp light.

The three dying individuals, especially, smiled brilliantly and proudly.

To an advanced orc, who worshipped honor and longed for sacrifice, what other way could be more glorious than dying in the depths of the Holy Mountain and under the eyes of the ancestral spirits?

Not to mention, they had sacrificed themselves in a battle against their enemy’s ultimate weapon, the evil energy puppets.

It was simply the most perfect way to die, and one could never have dreamed of it!

“Brothers, we will wait in our ancestral spirits’ hall of glory...”

The three dying warriors hugged each other tightly. They looked at their companions who had circled them and raised their swords, axes, and hammers high, blessing them from the bottom of their hearts.

“We will wait for your arrival and fight side by side with you on the eternal battlefield again.”

“We will. We will certainly follow your footsteps and die in the most tragic way. Then, we will be reborn in our ancestors’ hall of glory and continue to fight by your side!”

The jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards agreed loudly.

Then, dozens of swords, axes, and hammers fell at the same time.

The three severely injured people, who had lost the ability to fight and the strength to live, were relieved.

A large amount of liquid metal-like substances flowed out of the three corpses. It was like silver blood, meandering and spreading out.

That was their totem armors.

The orc warriors came into this world, grew, trained, fought, got injured, died, and rotted. They were absorbed by the roots of the mandrake tree, giving birth to a new generation of orc warriors.

However, a totem armor would never be completely destroyed.

It would only be transferred, split, and condensed in different ways between the orc warriors of different clans and eras.

That was because all the tiger warriors and wolf warriors present had their own totem armors.

The totem armors of the three deceased warriors could not be completely transferred to the next owner.

Therefore, the Tiger King personally started chanting an ancient and mysterious war epic, which guided the three liquid metal-like substances. They turned into dozens of small silver snakes that slithered into everyone else’s bodies.

If one swallowed too much of the liquid metal substance in one go, it would be very easy for the totem armor to undergo a “rejection reaction,” turning the master into a muddle-headed Origin Warrior who only knew how to kill.

However, if the three totem armors were divided into dozens of portions, and each person only absorbed a small amount, the wolves, tigers, and leopards, would naturally be able to control it steadily with their tough bodies.

“Fortunately, the Tiger King showed his might and only three warriors were sacrificed.”

“Jackal” Kanus stepped forth and spoke with a face full of joy. “Now, we have a chance to overtake the Lion King, block the road, and set up an ambush!”

The Tiger King tilted his head and looked at the Wolf King with a smile that was not really a smile. It was not until the guy's eyes started to dodge to the left and right that he extended his scimitar-like claw and poked the Wolf King heavily in the chest twice.

"You b*stard, do you still insist that you have never thought of betraying the Lion King? If you really haven't thought about it, why have you been hiding your strength?"

"Wh-What?"

"Earlier, you dodged the evil energy puppet's suicide attack. Those two moves were beautiful! Judging from your reaction speed and steps, your true strength isn't as ordinary as it usually appears. In fact, it's quite strong!"

"This, this..."

"Hehe, that fool, the Horn of Destruction, has always treated you as a loyal dog. I didn't expect you, an audacious corpse-eating dog, to secretly train such tyrannical strength under his eyes. You must have secretly stolen a lot of good things from the lost temple's ruins, right?"

"Tiger... Lord Tiger King, please, please listen to my explanation—"

"There's no need to explain. I've said it before. I don't care whether you're a traitor or not and whether you're ambitious or not. An ambitious traitor is more to my taste. An ambitious traitor is more qualified to explore the temple of the Holy Mountain with me. If I am betrayed by you like the Horn of Destruction in the end, I can only blame myself for being stupid and weak

"I, I wouldn't. Lord Tiger King, I can swear on the billions of ancestral spirits atop the Holy Mountain that I have no ambition at all. Everything I've done has just been to survive, to allow myself, the clan, and all the Turan orcs to survive!"

"You're really dull. Shouldn't we Turan warriors be the least afraid of death? Forget it, I'm too lazy to talk to you. What should we do next? Are there any issues?"

"It should be... Hiss!"

"Hmm, is there a problem?"

The Tiger King frowned deeply as he stared at the Wolf King, whose left eye was swollen and filled with blood.

"No, no problem."

The Wolf King lowered his head and covered his left eye. Gritting his teeth, he muttered to himself, "We... will definitely succeed.... and survive!"

Chapter 1263: Crystal Copy

Since time was in short supply, the Tiger King and Wolf King did not have much of it to clean up the battlefield.

Fortunately, the Lion King's exploration team had taken a different path, hence they would not find the traces they left there.

It would not be too late to clean up the mess after killing the Lion King and reopening the Holy Mountain Temple.

Soon, a grave was built for the victims. After a short rest, the hunters recovered from the fatigue of the long chase and the short battle. Then they disappeared into the dense forest.

The fog inside and outside the valley gathered and dispersed.

Every time it did so, the surrounding environment would change dramatically.

Sometimes, the distance between the valley and the jungle would be very long. With a light leap, one could jump into the depths of the forest from the top of the mountain.

Sometimes, the valley and the forest were thousands of miles apart. There were dark clouds that could not be easily spotted in the middle.

It was unknown how many changes had taken place in that space. When the fog dispersed again, two weary trackers suddenly appeared at the center of the swamp.

No, to be more precise, there were three of them.

One of the trackers was tied to a "big-headed monster baby," who was half asleep but whose skin was boiling hot.

'I've caught up to him.'

Meng Chao observed the traces on the rock wall that had obviously been cut by some kind of energy weapon. He scanned the broken remains of the evil energy puppets around him, as well as the dried and broken blood trail that extended from the swamp to the forest. Also, the grave rough that had been built recently, gave him a mental picture of intense battles and the burial of his companions.

Judging from the spirit energy ripples that remained in the air and the fact that there were not many mosquitoes and flies circling the blood stains, the fierce battle should have ended not long ago. It should not have lasted more than twelve minutes.

The extremely intense killing intent of the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards had not completely dissipated.

Therefore, the mosquitoes and flies that liked to lick fresh blood did not dare to gather over.

After witnessing the changes in the space deep within the Holy Mountain, Meng Chao did not think that he could grab the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King's tails so quickly.

It was all because Ice Storm was extremely familiar with the environment in the depths of the Holy Mountain.

He had truly found the best strategic partner!

"Why do I feel like this isn't your first time entering the depths of the Turan Holy Mountain?"

Seeing how Ice Storm had explored the place with familiarity and almost never missed a single flower or plant in the swamp or dense forest, Meng Chao could not help but curiously ask, "Didn't you say that your father stole the map drawn by the Holy Light Army three thousand years ago back to Picturesque Orchid Lake when you were just born?"

"Why do I feel like you've returned to your own home after coming here? You can't go wrong even with your eyes closed."

"That's right. My father did steal the map back to Picturesque Orchid Lake, but who said there was only one map?"

Ice Storm smiled and pointed at her head. "There's another map inside."

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows.

"The so-called map, or route chart, is the kind of thing that becomes mottled and indistinct after three thousand years of erosion on coarse paper. How can it guide one in the correct direction in the treacherous Turan Holy Mountain, an ever-changing three-dimensional maze?"

Ice Storm explained, "The real map of the Holy Mountain is a memory crystal. It contains the memories of the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago. Thousands of human soldiers were exploring the Holy Mountain when they encountered danger and were on the verge of death."

"Memory... crystal?"

Meng Chao was deep in thought.

"That's right. This is a technology bestowed by the ocean of light to the Holy Light Temple. With this technology, the priests of Holy Light can achieve a spiritual connection with the most devout believers. It's probably like the spiritual connection between 'Jackal' Kanus and the Ancient Dream Saintess, right?"

Ice Storm explained, "This way, when their believers are in mortal danger and their bodies are about to die, everything they see and hear can be uploaded to the Holy Light Temple's memory crystal.

"According to the Holy Light priests, this means that the souls of the believers have been stored in the memory crystal. As long as they are identified, they will be extremely devout to the Holy Light in their lives. They will not commit any blasphemy or have doubt, hence they can be launched into the sky and return to the ocean of light to obtain eternal peace.

"Of course, the wizards thought that it was nonsense. What was uploaded into the memory crystal was just images and sounds. It was not a 'soul' at all.

"However, if we use the memory crystal in the depths of the Turan Holy Mountain, we'll be able to collect those unlucky fellows who have taken the wrong path. They'll fall off cliffs, sink into swamps, be smashed into pieces by falling rocks, and be squeezed into meat pies by spatial gaps... There are various strange ways of dying.

"As long as there are enough unlucky ones, we will be able to slowly identify all the dead paths within the Holy Mountain. As long as we avoid all these paths, the rest will naturally be the correct way!"

Meng Chao clicked his tongue in amazement.

He did not expect there to be such a magical mapping method in the world.

However, in order for such a “trial and error method” to work, the number of lives consumed would surely be astronomical.

It seemed that it was the same as what he had seen in the memory fragments of his previous life.

The so-called Holy Light Temple was definitely not the incarnation of the “holy, righteous, benevolent, and universal love” that they boasted about.

The Holy Light faction and Chaos faction were birds of a feather. For a certain purpose, they would not hesitate to wager trillions of lives. In a short moment, they would be exhausted like ants.

Aside from that, Meng Chao also noticed something very interesting.

When Ice Storm mentioned the word “uploaded,” she did not use the transliteration of the Holy Light language.

Instead, she used the combination of two roots in the native Turan language.

One root was usually used to describe the vastness and subtlety of a long war epic. Translated directly, it meant “the principles contained in the poem are as bright and numerous as the stars in the sky.” It could also be simply translated as “astronomical information.”

The root of the other word meant countless streams converging into puddles during the rainy season, turning them into lakes.

When the two root words were combined, it became something that even advanced orcs could understand. It expressed the meaning of “astronomical information, like streams converging into lakes, being transmitted to a huge database.”

It was not surprising that the Holy Light language had words like “upload.”

After all, according to Meng Chao’s speculation, the Holy Light humans should be inextricably linked to the Ancients from hundreds of millions of years ago.

The Holy Light Temple might still be in contact with the space station in the synchronous orbit around the Other World, so it naturally had the ability to upload and download massive amounts of data, and even set up global communication.

However, in the seemingly savage land of Picturesque Orchid Lake, there was actually a similar vocabulary in the local language.

This made Meng Chao have new expectations for the heights that the Turan civilization had reached.

Speaking of which, whether it was the Holy Light civilization or the Turan civilization, they were once able to create words like “upload,” would only appear in the information age.

Now, however, the Turan civilization was about to degenerate into a savage world, where its people ate raw meat and drank blood.

The Holy Light civilization was not much better. Under the Holy Light Temple's rule, the entire Land of Holy Light had seemingly been sealed in the Middle Ages. The only meaning of human life was to worship the ocean of light in the sky. They did not have the desire and courage to explore the universe. They did not even acknowledge the existence of the universe.

What kind of power had turned the once advanced, developed, prosperous, and powerful Holy Light civilization and Turan civilization into what they were today?

If the Dragon City civilization was trapped in the Other World for hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of years, the people of Earth would also be affected by this power and be sealed in the long river of time. Civilization would no longer evolve. Instead, would they not slowly degenerate into orcs, who ate raw meat and drank blood, or the Holy Light race who only knew how to worship?

The Holy Light Temple was so afraid of the secret hidden in the depths of the Holy Mountain of Turan.

Was it because this secret could contend with the mysterious power that had sealed the Turan civilization and the Holy Light civilization, helping them, as well as all carbon-based intelligent beings living in the Other World, to break free from the shackles of self-sealing, to regain the motivation to evolve continuously and charge into the universe?

Thinking of this, Meng Chao's gaze on Ice Storm became even more searing.

Ice Storm thought that Meng Chao could not understand the complicated concepts of "uploading" and "memory crystal," so she smiled bitterly before she added, "The memory crystal that the Holy Light Army collected from the depths of the Turan Holy Mountain is stored in the grand temple and protected by the Holy Light day and night. Naturally, no one can steal it.

"However, the sounds and images hidden in the memory crystal can be duplicated.

"In the three thousand years after the great extinction order, in order to crack the secrets of the Holy Mountain and prepare for the next purification war, which could completely destroy the Holy Mountain Temple and the remains of the big fireball, the Holy Light priests duplicated dozens of memory crystals and sent them to the altars and magic towers in different places. They were handed over to the wise ones, the night watchers, and the mages for various studies.

"My mother stole a 'memory crystal copy' from a magic tower.

"Do you know what 'copy' means? How should I put it? It's like a mother and her child. No, it's more like a pair of twins..."

Ice Storm gestured with his hands. It was difficult to find the right words in Turan.

"I can understand."

Meng Chao nodded. "It's like the image of the Zombie Rat God first appeared in the Ancient Dream Saintess' mind. Then, in the dream, she could project the image of thousands of Zombie Rat Gods into the rat warriors' brains. The Zombie Rat Gods that the rat warriors saw were the 'copies.'"

Ice Storm's eyes lit up.

She felt that Meng Chao's description was more accurate than her analogy of "mother and child" or "twins.."

Chapter 1264: Arriving First

"That's right. After that, my mother noticed that my father coveted this memory crystal copy and he intended to use it as bait. She wanted my father to help her venture into the Turan Holy Mountain to prepare for the temple's restart. Hence, she tampered with the memory crystal copy."

Ice Storm said, "First, my mother used witchcraft to transfer all the sounds and images from the memory crystal to her own brain. Then, she erased the most critical parts in the memory crystal and placed it in a place that seemed to be hidden. However, with my father's ability, there had to be a way to steal it.

"After my father stole the memory crystal copy and left without saying goodbye, my mother raised me by herself. When she taught me all kinds of weird witchcraft, she also imprinted the sounds and images from the memory crystal copy into my brain.

"It's hard for people who haven't experienced it themselves to understand what it's like.

"It's as if... every night feels like a year. I will have a nightmare where I turn into a human soldier of the Holy Light faction from three thousand years ago. I will follow the main forces and sweep into the depths of the Turan Holy Mountain like a tidal wave. Then, like bubbles on the tide, I will be lost in the unpredictable spatial gaps and vortexes.

"Although the images and sounds stored in the memory crystals had become mottled and blurred after three thousand years of erosion, the soldiers were still alive.

"However, when the soldiers were squeezed into meat pies by the space gaps or torn apart by the space swirls until they turned into bone powder and blood mist, the crystal retained the bone-piercing pain, and I felt it all as a little girl!"

Ice Storm's voice gradually became low.

The corners of her mouth and eyes twitched in pain.

Her seemingly transparent pupils emitted a chill that was -100 degrees Celsius.

Not only were the surrounding shrubs and the ground covered in frost flowers, even Meng Chao could not help but shiver.

Ice Storm was wrong.

If there was only one person in this world who could understand her feelings...

It would definitely be Meng Chao.

Although Meng Chao had never tried to forcibly compress the information in the memory crystal into his brain using witchcraft, in a sense, the Kindling had the same effect as the crystal.

In fact, it was an upgraded version of the memory crystal.

When he unlocked the Kindling's power, he had also clearly experienced the feelings of Dragon City's people, who had nowhere to escape when the end of the world came. They could only face destruction in despair.

It was as if he had died a thousand times in a short span of time.

It was really hard to imagine what kind of mother would let her child suffer such inhumane torture.

No wonder Ice Storm was like a statue that had been dug out from the bottom of an iceberg. Even the scorching sun at noon in summer could not melt her soul at all. It had been frozen for many years.

Meng Chao speculated that Ice Storm's parents, the ruthless witches and orc adventurers, probably wanted to breed such a double-cursed hybrid. It was not just to challenge the Holy Light Temple's authority.

Perhaps Ice Storm was also the "secret weapon" they used to explore the Holy Mountain Temple.

However, Ice Storm's mother had not expected to die so early.

Meanwhile, Ice Storm's father had apparently revised his plan and completely abandoned her after embracing "Jackal" Kanus.

In her previous life, she was buried in the long river of history.

It was like waves hitting the shore, creating bubbles that later disappeared.

And in this life?

Ice Storm realized that she had lost her composure.

She took a deep breath and hid her expression behind her hard ice shell again as she coldly said, "Forget it, these are all things of the past. Perhaps I should thank my parents. No matter what their original intentions were, the nightmares that I had day and night opened up my brain region and tempered my spirit power, allowing me to use the Holy Light's power and totem power simultaneously as a mixed-blood. That's why I've been able to survive in this cruel world alone.

"In short, I know how to walk in the depths of the Holy Mountain, so I won't be sucked into the spatial gaps and vortexes.

"But this isn't enough.

"All the scenes in the memory crystal didn't mention what the next step should be after climbing to the peak of the Holy Mountain.

"The temple isn't at the peak of the Holy Mountain.

"When the army of Holy Light from three thousand years ago finally reached the peak of the mountain after sacrificing countless lives and resources, all they saw was an empty peak. There was no temple, no large fireball remains, and there were no signs indicating where the temple, as well as the large fireball remains, were.

“They even dug three feet into the ground and dug dozens of holes that were as deep as a hundred arms. Even after they dug through the entire floating mountain range, they still could not find any mysterious hidden space.

“The army of Holy Light, which had lost many soldiers and run out of ammunition and food, had no choice but to retreat to the Land of Holy Light.

“Therefore, based on the clues that I know of, we can only reach the highest point of the Holy Mountain of Turan at most. There are reasons to believe that it is not the Holy Mountain’s true summit, which is described in countless ancient war epics.

“Speaking of which, my father, ‘Jackal’ Kanus, the Horn of Destruction, and Violent Blade should all be very clear about this issue. It is useless to just find the highest point of the Turan Holy Mountain.

“Yet, despite knowing this, they are still willing to spend so many resources and even gamble everything. This is enough to prove that ‘Jackal’ Kanus has found a new clue and knows how to complete the thrilling leap from the highest point of the Holy Mountain to its true summit!

“Then, the rest is up to you!”

Ice Storm’s gaze moved from Meng Chao’s face to the Ancient Dream Saintess behind him. She was in a deep sleep, and her ugly face was still twitching.

Meng Chao nodded and carried the Ancient Dream Saintess to a mandrake tree before he sat down.

He asked Ice Storm to create a few pieces of ice, wrapped them in a cloth bag, and placed them on the Ancient Dream Saintess’ forehead and neck. It was to cool down her brain and the blood that was being injected into her brain.

Then, he fed the Ancient Dream Saintess some secret medicine that he had mixed with honey.

Next, he gently massaged the Ancient Dream Saintess’ temples with his hands that vibrated at an extremely high speed. In the meantime, he injected a few streams of gentle spirit power into the depths of her brain.

Thanks to him, the Ancient Dream Saintess’ furrowed brows loosened slightly.

The burning red spots on her face also faded a little.

Meng Chao then leaned over and whispered, “Listen, Ancient Dream Saintess, I know that you’re having a hard time right now, but I’m afraid that we’ll have to do it again for the Great Horn Army’s sake and the rat people’s future.

“You did very well the past few times. You successfully helped us see through ‘Jackal’ Kanus’ eyes, thus helping us grab his tail.

“Now, we’re only half a step away from ‘Jackal’ Kanus. Take another look. As long as we can see his vision again, we’ll know where he is, what kind of conspiracy he’s plotting, and how to stop him!”

While the Ancient Dream Saintess was still in a deep sleep, her eyeballs were rapidly trembling and rotating under her eyelids.

The speed of the rotations made one suspect that it was not her eyeballs but the core rotor of some signal amplification device.

As her eyeballs rotated at an extremely high speed, the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain began to heat up again.

The ice cubes that had just been applied to her head and neck melted into ice water at a rate visible to the naked eye.

In a few short breaths, the ice turned into misty water vapor that looked like it was hiding the Ancient Dream Saintess' deformed and swollen head.

Meng Chao wanted to test the Ancient Dream Saintess' body temperature.

However, the Ancient Dream Saintess suddenly reached out and grabbed his wrist.

Compared with Meng Chao's steely bones, the Ancient Dream Saintess' arms and ten fingers seemed as thin as twigs.

However, the strength of her grip caused Meng Chao to subconsciously frown as he was unable to break free for a moment.

At that moment, the Ancient Dream Saintess slowly opened her eyes.

She revealed her grayish-white eyeballs that were missing pupils.

No, it was not due to the rotation of her eyeballs that her pupils had shifted to the inner side of her eyelids.

It was more like her pupils and eyeballs had all disappeared. Right then, two bottomless white vortexes were embedded in her eye sockets.

Meng Chao's consciousness was sucked into the deepest part of the white vortexes.

It was like passing through a long forest path in foggy weather. After an unknown period of time, a mottled and shining shadow appeared in front of him.

That was what the Ancient Dream Saintess had been trying her best to show him. At that moment, he was seeing "Jackal" Kanus.

In the past twelve hours, they had used the same method many times to spy on "Jackal" Kanus' field of vision and determine the Wolf King and Tiger King's location. From there, they would try to find the Lion King before the Wolf King and Tiger King.

In the beginning, it had been relatively easy to pry.

"Jackal" Kanus seemingly never thought that not only would the Ancient Dream Saintess still be alive, but she would also retain her spiritual connection with him. She could even invade his brain port through the her greatly enhanced ability.

However, after the first pry had been discovered, "Jackal" Kanus appeared to be on guard.

On several occasions, Meng Chao's consciousness would just entered the Wolf King's brain through the amplification of the Ancient Dream Saintess' brain.

Before he could see or hear anything, a powerful force would push him and shut him out.

There had even been a time when "Jackal" Kanus had deliberately set a trap and pretended not to notice Meng Chao spying on him. Then, he activated some secret technique and tried to cut off the connection between Meng Chao's consciousness and his brain by "locking" Meng Chao's consciousness in his own brain.

If Meng Chao's soul had not been baptized by the flames of the apocalypse, which had gradually awakened, Meng Chao's soul would have become "Jackal" Kanus' slave.

Perhaps, Meng Chao's soul would become his slave, while his body, which had been trained until it was as hard as steel, would become a muddle-headed, walking corpse!

Chapter 1265: No Ferrying Vessels

Therefore, if his consciousness was sucked into the white whirlpool in the depths of the Ancient Dream Saintess' eyes, he would not be able to escape.

Meng Chao tried his best to remain extremely vigilant, not allowing himself to sink too deep.

He was like a falcon shuttling through the fog, trying to see the ground thousands of meters below through the gaps in the fog.

However, he had to be careful. He absolutely could not be swallowed by the dark clouds. They were disguised as the dense fog and were flashing with lightning as well as thunder.

Soon, Meng Chao felt a strong repulsive force.

It was as if invisible strange hands were stretched out from all directions, trying to push him out.

The bone-piercing pain was like a red-hot steel needle stirring in his brain.

It was the defense and counterattack launched by "Jackal" Kanus against his prying eyes.

The confrontation between the two had already begun on a spiritual level, and Meng Chao would never give up so easily for Dragon City's future!

Enduring the indescribable pain, his consciousness struggled to squeeze into the depths of the fog.

As the fog gradually dissipated, thousands of cracks appeared before his eyes.

There seemed to be countless fragments of a kaleidoscope inside the cracks, piecing together a hazy picture.

There was a floating mountain range that looked like the back of a Stegosaurus... A dark-red waterfall that resembled blood rushed to the ground... Then it flowed into an oval-shaped blood pool...

Just as Meng Chao was gathering his consciousness and trying to get more details, he heard the Ancient Dream Saintess' cry.

Then, darkness and a bloody red intersected in front of his eyes. His consciousness had seemingly been hit by a burning meteorite, and it crashed back into his body. Even his body was knocked backward.

His eyes felt like they were filled with scorching heat and pain like magma.

The world around him was dark red.

He wiped his hand and wiped the boiling blood off of it.

It was all due to the severe impact on his brain that blood was leaking out of the corner of his eyes.

Meng Chao did not have time to circulate his spirit energy to repair the damage to his eyeballs and brain vessels.

He went to check on the Ancient Dream Saintess first.

He discovered that the Ancient Dream Saintess had a pained expression. She was foaming at the mouth, and her head was twitching crazily along with her neck.

It was probably because she had overused her spirit energy in the past few days and suffered from 'Jackal' Kanus' counterattack.

Meng Chao hurriedly calmed the Ancient Dream Saintess' agitated emotions.

It was not easy for him to use his spirit energy to help her stop the bleeding spots on her cerebral cortex and eliminate the symptoms of mild brain edema.

The Ancient Dream Saintess fell into a deep sleep once more. Her brows were still tightly knitted, and she kept moaning and twitching.

It was the most severe overdraft she had ever experienced.

If she did not go through a long period of rest and treatment after this, it would be very difficult for her to easily activate the spiritual link and peek into the Wolf King's brain.

Fortunately, Meng Chao had already seen "Jackal" Kanus' vision during that brief glimpse earlier.

"What did you see?" Ice Storm asked impatiently.

"A very strange floating mountain. The peak looks like the bone spur on the back of a giant dragon. It stands tall for no reason. On the left side of the mountain range, a blood-red waterfall hangs down and cascades to the ground. It converges into an oval-shaped lake, which emits a deep red light. It looks like a huge ruby."

Meng Chao rubbed his temples gently and muttered, "Do you know of such a place?"

"The spine of a giant dragon covered in bone spurs? A blood-red waterfall that converges into a ruby lake?"

Ice Storm pondered for a moment and nodded. "If your description is correct, the Tiger King and the Wolf King have arrived at a place in the memory crystal that the Holy Light Army called Scarlet Mountain Range. I think I know what they are planning to do!"

"Oh?"

Meng Chao asked, "How do you know?"

"Because traveling across Scarlet Mountain Range is the only way to reach the Holy Mountain's summit. No matter how many detours the exploration team chooses, it will be a waste of time. However, there are fewer remains of evil energy puppets along the way, and it's a relatively safe route. It's better to go straight and finish the battle as soon as possible. Even so, the evil energy puppets are still everywhere along the way. It's highly possible that the Angels of Slaughter will be triggered. The relatively dangerous route will lead to Scarlet Mountain Range in the end. They will have to rest there before they can reach the Holy Mountain's summit directly."

Ice Storm explained, "Aside from Scarlet Mountain Range, one has to pass through a forest that is particularly steep on the way to the Holy Mountain's peak. One could get easily ambushed.

"The sky there is filled with bone-piercing tornadoes all year round, and the tornadoes contain destructive totem power. In the ancient legends, it's said to be a test left by the ancestral spirits for future generations.

"The tornadoes that surround the summit of the Holy Mountain are enough to tear a totem armor into pieces. Even powerhouses such as the Horn of Destruction and Violent Blade would not be able to fly to the mountain's highest point due to the tornadoes. They can only obediently complete the ancestral spirits' test step by step."

A sharp glint flashed in Meng Chao's eyes. "Are you saying that the Wolf King and the Tiger King will ambush the Lion King there?"

"If it were me, I would definitely choose Scarlet Mountain's peak as the ambush point."

Ice Storm said, "Don't the clues that we've collected along the way all point to this?"

"The Lion King's exploration team has taken a relatively time-consuming route, but it's relatively safe. They can send everyone to the summit of the Holy Mountain as far as possible.

"However, the Wolf King and Tiger King's hunting team has taken this dangerous shortcut.

"They left three corpses here to save time so that they could overtake the Lion King?"

"Now, it seems that they have succeeded halfway and blocked the only way to the top of the Holy Mountain!"

"Fortunately, the Lion King's exploration team hasn't arrived there yet. The Wolf King and Tiger King should have just arrived not long ago. They haven't set up all kinds of traps yet. We still have time."

Meng Chao thought quickly and continued to ask, "How far is this Scarlet Mountain Range from here?"

“If we’re looking at it in a straight line, it’s not too far. In fact, you can see it from here. Look at the sky in the southwest direction, behind the floating mountain that looks like an elephant lowering its head to drink water!”

Then Ice Storm led the way.

Meng Chao looked around and climbed up the highest mandrake tree in their surroundings.

He placed his hands on the arch of his brows and used his spirit energy to nourish his retina, cone cells, and optic nerves. He pushed his extraordinary vision to the maximum and observed it carefully like a high-powered telescope. As expected, he saw a shape that looked like the back of a Stegosaurus and a red waterfall that was thinner than a strand of hair.

It was not unusual for an ordinary person to walk for three days and three nights over such a distance.

However, Meng Chao had already returned to his peak state as a quasi-Deity Realm expert.

When he advanced at full speed, his speed was no less than that of a whistling bullet.

In a situation where space was relatively stable and there was no howling wind mixed with spirit energy, he could still stir up a vitality magnetic field to resist gravity. He could fly hundreds of meters into the air and glide directly to his destination regardless of the obstacles presented by the terrain.

“In that case, let’s continue to chase after them!”

He immediately said to Ice Storm, “We have to seize every second and stop the Lion King before he steps into the trap!”

“I’m afraid that’s very difficult to do,” Ice Storm said hesitantly after she closed her eyes and calculated for a while.

“What do you mean?”

Meng Chao frowned.

Without waiting for Ice Storm’s explanation, the fog around them thickened again and enveloped the entire valley and forest. It seemed that white walls that reached into the clouds were built in all directions, and above them, an unbreakable white dome was erected.

Ever since they had entered the Turan Holy Mountain, such a scene had occurred repeatedly.

No matter how anxious Meng Chao was, he knew that plunging into the dense fog at this time was no different from plunging into the abyss at the bottom of the ancient ruins.

When the dense fog dispersed again, the valley that was filled with the remains of evil energy puppets had already disappeared.

They were trapped in a dense forest that stretched as far as the eye could see. The terrain hundreds of meters away was completely different from a moment ago.

The scattered floating mountains in the sky were also in an unfamiliar order.

It was like gravel scattered on the beach, which urchins had picked up and tossed in their pockets several times before throwing them back onto the beach without any pattern.

The floating mountain that looked like the back of a Stegosaurus and had a dark red waterfall was also gone without a trace. Even though Meng Chao's lens was about to tear his retina, he could not find the ever-changing mountains or the red waterfall that was as thin as a strand of hair.

That was the strangeness of the Turan Holy Mountain.

The space was constantly undergoing drastic changes. The floating mountain was not like an isolated island in the ocean, but more like a small boat that was drifting with the waves.

Even if two small boats were close together, no one knew where they would be swept and how far they would be separated after the next big wave hit.

"Scarlet Mountain Range is already very close to the peak of the Holy Mountain. The sky there is always surrounded by violent winds that are filled with totem power. I don't know if it's the curse of the ancestral spirits or a test, but even the Thunder Clan's falcon warrior with golden wings doesn't dare to fly up directly and send himself to his death. What's more terrifying is that there is formless, soundless, and undulating turbulence between the violent winds. Once someone is swept into the invisible turbulence, it'll feel like a whirlpool in the middle of a swamp. Oftentimes, people won't even be able to scream before they're torn to pieces the size of fingernails. They would be transported in all directions across the Turan Holy Mountain, turning into nourishment for these lush plants."

Ice Storm told Meng Chao, "It's impossible for us to fly or climb directly up to Scarlet Mountain Range. We can only obediently get to a space close to the mountain range during a certain spatial change and then patiently wait for the next spatial change to arrive.

"Basically, there are only two routes like this, one far and one near.

"Now, the far route has been taken by the Lion King's exploration team.

"Meanwhile, the shorter route has been occupied by the Wolf King and Tiger King's hunting team.

"No matter which route we choose, we can only trail after the three kings.

"Even if our speed is ten times faster than theirs, we can only continue to wait obediently for the time when the space changes.. It's just like arriving at a ferry port ahead of time, but the vessel hasn't arrived yet. No matter how anxious we are, we can only stare at each other!"

Chapter 1266: Jumping Between Stormy Waves

Meng Chao knew that Ice Storm was right because the information she had was almost the same as the one her father and Kanus, the Jackal, had.

If there really was a shortcut, the Wolf King would have taken it first.

In the end, they were still half a step behind the Wolf King.

It was definitely not easy to overtake him at the curve.

“According to your estimation, how long will it take us to reach Scarlet Peak?” Meng Chao asked.

“If you’re willing to take the risk of passing through the main battlefield, where the Holy Mountain battle took place three thousand years ago, and the place labeled Angel Graveyard in the memory crystal, you will be able to grab the vines and tree roots from the bottom of a floating mountain range that’s more than ten kilometers long in half an hour. Then, you’ll be able to seize an opportunity to change the space.”

Ice Storm lowered her head and did some mental calculations. “If that’s the case, we’ll arrive at Scarlet Peak in about forty hours.”

“Forty hours? Almost two days?”

Meng Chao frowned. “No, it’s too slow. Kanus, the Jackal will definitely not give us such a long time. The Lion King’s exploration team will soon fall into his ambush.

“If we wait until two days later to reach Scarlet Peak, the Lion King’s army would be wiped out by then. Meanwhile, the Wolf King and Tiger King would have finished cleaning up the battlefield and be heading to the Holy Mountain’s summit!

“Forget stopping them, we don’t even know how to find the entrance to the Holy Mountain Temple from the summit!

“Is there any other route? A faster route? We have to reach Scarlet Peak in one day. It’d be best if we can reach it in half a day!”

Ice Storm hesitated for a moment.

“Basically, no.”

The snow leopard warrior shook her head.

“You hesitated for a moment. Why?”

Meng Chao stared at her. “Also, what do you mean by ‘basically, no’? Is there a route, or is there not?”

“There’s definitely no conventional and safe route. There’s also no shortcut, where having a 50% chance of awakening the evil energy puppets does not remain a great risk. However, there seems to be another ‘suicide passage’ that is almost certain to kill us.”

Ice Storm contemplated for a moment and said, “Let’s put it this way. Let’s imagine the space deep inside the Holy Mountain of Turan as hundreds of small ships bound together by chains floating in the vast ocean.

“This is a very fragile chain that can be easily broken by the wind and waves.

“On the vast ocean, waves will be stirred up at random, which will cause the fleet of small ships to break apart effortlessly. Every small ship will be pulled by the waves and drift everywhere.

“However, there is another type of chain that is made of magnets and has a strong suction force.

“When the wind and waves gradually subside, the broken chains will automatically find their closest companions and reconnect the small boats together. However, the arrangement of the fleet will be completely different from before. Two small boats that were close to each other earlier will likely fall to the two sides of the huge fleet, separated by dozens or hundreds of other small boats.

“There is another rule. Generally speaking, people can only walk among the small boats when the wind is calm and the small boats are once again bound by the iron chains into a fleet. But, before people can pass through three or five small boats, the waves will surge again and disrupt their arrangement.”

Meng Chao nodded. “That’s a vivid metaphor. So, what should we do to arrive at the small boat named Scarlet Peak in the shortest time?”

“It’s absolutely impossible when the wind and waves are calm and the fleet is stable...”

Ice Storm said, “...Because the small boat named Scarlet Peak has already drifted far away. In the next few series of ‘calm waters and huge waves,’ it will be on the other side of the huge fleet, dozens of small boats or even hundreds of boats away from us.

“Be that as it may, if the storm attacks and the fleet splits into pieces, every small boat will either be at the edge of the storm or sink into the deepest part of the swirl. I do know that in the blink of an eye, you will have a one-in-ten-thousand chance to jump onto Scarlet Peak as it is being dragged into the depths of the swirl.”

Meng Chao blinked quickly.

He did not understand what Ice Storm meant.

“I once witnessed the death of a human soldier in the memory crystal.”

Ice Storm explained, “During the battle three thousand years ago, this soldier was responsible for exploring a space labeled Thousand Blades Peak because he was skilled in climbing and jumping.

“When he finally climbed to the highest point of Thousand Blades Peak after going through all kinds of difficulties, dense fog suddenly surged around him. The mountains that looked like swords, spears, and halberds around him disappeared one by one as if they were being swallowed by an invisible bloody mouth.

“It was obvious that the space inside the Turan Holy Mountain was being distorted, torn, and reorganized again. Some power that was a hundred times more terrifying than totem power turned into raging waves and attacked him.

“Even though the soldier tried his best to insert ten fingers and ten toes deep into the crevices of the mountain rocks, when the giant waves in the space hit him, he still felt as if his flesh and bones were about to be torn apart and blown away from his soul.

“And the mountain that he was clinging to, which was standing between the other mountains like a giant pillar, also followed the entire space and started spinning at a high speed like a top.

“The enormous spinning force quickly shook him off.

“He was like a withered leaf in a hurricane, dancing in the air.

“A dense fog that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws was all around him, like layers of huge gray waves.

“Suddenly, a crack opened up right below him in the dense fog.

“It was as if two huge gray waves were colliding with each other, creating an area where there were no waves and was temporarily calm.

“Therefore, the soldier saw Scarlet Peak through the gap between the two giant gray waves.

“The curve of Scarlet Peak and the shape of the mountain range are unique. Other mountains are usually cone-shaped, but Scarlet Peak is rhombus-shaped, like the bone plate on the back of some giant beast. Moreover, there is a bright scarlet waterfall on the left side as if the throat of a giant dragon had been cut open by a giant blade and fresh blood was gushing out.

“As such, it left a very deep impression on the soldier.

“He learned that he could jump to Scarlet Peak directly from Thousand Blades Peak when a certain special space changed.”

“I see!”

Meng Chao was overjoyed. “How far is Thousand Blades Peak from here?”

“Not too far.”

Ice Storm said, “If we go all out, we’ll have a chance to climb to the highest point of Thousand Blades Peak within six hours and reach the spot where the soldier fell off the cliff.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Meng Chao said impatiently.

“We’ll jump from Thousand Blades Peak!”

Ice Storm looked at him silently.

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes. “Why? Is there a problem? By the way, you haven’t told me how things ended for the soldier yet. Did he successfully jump to Scarlet Peak?”

“No.”

Ice Storm replied, “I’ve told you that the memory crystal can only store the memories of the Holy Light believers before they die.

“The soldier was crushed by the spatial crack while he fell.

“The last sound he heard was his bones, including his skull, being crushed into powder.

“The last thing he saw was his blood being squeezed out of his eyeballs, dyeing the entire world scarlet.

“In his scarlet world, the two gray waves crashed violently again, sealing up the spatial crack. Naturally, he could no longer see Scarlet Peak after that.”

Meng Chao’s expression froze.

The fire of hope that had just risen in his eyes was struck head-on by the raging waves.

“I didn’t mention the existence of this route in the beginning, because it’s not a route that can really be traversed.”

Ice Storm extended her hands, one high and one low, and quickly crossed them, simulating the scene of two small ships quickly crossing each other amidst the raging waves. “Look, the top is Thousand Blades Peak, and the bottom is Scarlet Mountain Range. There are no chains connecting them, and they are not close to each other. Yet, in the blink of an eye, they pass each other on the huge waves.

“You want to jump from Thousand Blades Peak to Scarlet Mountain Range while the fog is surging and the space is changing dramatically. It’s like jumping from a small boat on top of the waves to another small boat at the bottom of the waves when a storm is raging above the sea and huge waves are rolling.

“Do you really think that this is something that a human, even a black-haired, black-eyed human, can do?”

Meng Chao leaned against the mandrake tree and sat down slowly.

He crossed his fingers and pressed them against his forehead, deep in thought.

His fire of hope, which was about to be extinguished in the gaps between his fingers, kept jumping in the form of sparks. It seemed to condense billions of lights into one point that was even more dazzling than before.

“Do you remember how long it took for this soldier to fall from Thousand Blades Peak until he was squeezed into a meat patty by the spatial gaps?”

After thinking for a long time, Meng Chao raised his head. The sparks in the depths of his pupils had already spread along the blood threads that covered his eyeballs. “And from the moment he saw Scarlet Peak until Scarlet Peak was once again enveloped by the dense fog, how long did it take?”

“This...”

Ice Storm recalled it for a moment. “From the time he fell to his death, about eighteen breaths passed. About one or two breaths before his death, he could no longer see Scarlet Peak in the gaps of the dense fog.”

“Whose eighteen breaths was it?”

Meng Chao pressed on. “Was it the eighteen breaths of an ordinary rat citizen, or the eighteen breaths of a barbarian elephant warrior? Was it the eighteen breaths of a calm person, or the eighteen breaths of a panicked person, whose heart was beating like a drum?”

“It was my eighteen breaths.”

“It was my eighteenth breath of a calm person,” Ice Storm said.

“That means I fell for about fifty-eight seconds, and the window period between Thousand Blades Peak and Scarlet Peak was about fifty-two to fifty-four seconds.”

Meng Chao made quick calculations in his heart, but he felt that something was wrong when he thought about it. "Wait a minute, how can you know this soldier's falling time so precisely? He was dancing in the air at that time. Shouldn't he have been panicking or even scared out of his wits?"

"That's because these are his near-death memories."

Ice Storm explained, "You know, when a person, be it a Holy Light human or a Turan orc, is about to die, he will always feel that time passes very slowly. He can clearly sense everything around him as if the entire world has slowed down by ten times.

"If an arrow were to hit him, the arrow would be like a wriggling worm in the air to him. It's just that he doesn't have enough strength to push the worm away.

"When I receive this near-death memory and experience it repeatedly, it becomes easy to extract a lot of details from the owner of this near-death memory and accurately calculate his time of death."

Chapter 1267: No-Fly Zone

"That's good."

Meng Chao closed his eyes and imagined the human soldier's dying moments as described by Ice Storm. Suddenly, he recalled something important. "By the way, let me get this straight. You said that this soldier was swept off the mountain by the strong wind and didn't jump down on his own, right?"

"Of course. He wasn't trying to commit suicide. If he could cling to the rock wall, why would he jump down voluntarily?"

Ice Storm curiously asked, "Is there any difference between being swept away, blown down, and jumping down voluntarily?"

"There would be a difference in speed."

Meng Chao's eyes were bright as he said, "If he was swept away and blown down by the strong wind, he would have fallen at a slower speed because he didn't take the initiative to exert his strength. Plus, he even danced in the air and tried his best to cling to the branches and vines that extended from the rock wall.

"However, if I take the initiative to jump down, the moment I do that, I'd do my best to step off the rock wall. Then, I'd pull my limbs toward myself and try to reduce my surface area as I spin. I'll shoot out like a cannonball and fall two or even three times faster than the former. It won't be a problem."

Ice Storm stared at him for a long time before she finally understood what he was planning to do.

"You're saying that as long as we arrive at the spot where this human soldier fell off the cliff and take advantage of the change in space, the gap between Thousand Blades Peak and the Holy Mountain's peak will open. In that short period of over ten breaths, if we use all our strength to jump down, we'll fall twice or thrice as fast as that human soldier. Then, we might be able to cross to Scarlet Peak before the gap closes?"

“That’s right.”

Meng Chao grinned. “What do you think? Do you think it’s possible?”

“Of course it’s possible. But it’s possible to choose a finger that has been previously marked out of ten fingers. It’s also possible to choose a marked strand out of thick hair—the possibility of jumping from Thousand Blades Peak to Scarlet Peak is undoubtedly the latter!”

Ice Storm hurriedly said, “You have no idea how terrible the environment around Thousand Blades Peak will be when the space is violently shaken, torn, and reorganized.

“The spatial gaps that appear and close at any time are definitely not the only fatal obstacle that you will face.

“There are violent winds that can blow a thousand-pound boulder away; there is turbulence that is even scarier than an invisible vortex; there are also countless rocks that collide violently in the wind, turning into thousands of broken rocks that are enveloped by totem power. They resemble burning meteorites that even totem armor might not be able to withstand. Once you fall between the turbulence and broken rocks, your blood will likely freeze instantly, while your internal organs and even your brain will feel as though they’re soaking in magma!

“Even if by some slim chance you pass through the spatial crack and arrive at Scarlet Peak, you might not be able to land safely either.

“You should know that the speed required for you to pass through the spatial crack has to be very, very fast, so fast that you can’t control your movement at all.

“In addition, amid the violent change of space, the distance between Thousand Blades Peak and Scarlet Peak can’t be calculated with common sense.

“You’ll fall far beyond the height of a few hundred or a few thousand arms. It’s possible that you’ll fall straight into the bottomless crevice from a high mountain!

“It won’t matter if you can fly or summon your totem armor in time. You might not be able to withstand the powerful impact of falling from the sky into the abyss.

“Moreover, if you’re hit by the violent wind that contains totem power and pass out, there will only be one outcome. You’ll fall to the ground miserably and be reduced to a meat patty!”

Meng Chao knew that Ice Storm was telling the truth.

Having the ability of magnetic levitation and anti-gravity did not mean that one could fly around in the sky at any time.

Putting aside the fact that resisting gravity would consume ten times or even a hundred times more energy than walking on flat ground, the magnetic field of the planets in the Other World was a hundred times more intense and chaotic than that of the Earth.

In places where the crystal ore veins were rich and the spirit energy was particularly dense, visible spirit energy would occasionally gush out of the cracks in areas of the Earth’s crust that were relatively weak.

Once one came into contact with such high concentration of spirit energy that was rich in impurities in mid-air, at the very least, one's blood vessels would not operate smoothly, and one's internal organs would become congested. At the most, one's spirit magnetic field would be chaotic, and one would suffer from spirit energy deviation.

If one fell from mid-air while unconscious, no matter how high one's realm was, one would be smashed into a meat patty.

Therefore, in Dragon City, anyone who could survive for more than ten years after awakening their extraordinary power knew that even if they had reached Heaven Realm, they should not fly around randomly.

It was especially so in places like the Hidden Mist Domain, where the mysterious power was hidden. The higher one flew, the faster one would die.

This logic could probably be applied in real fighting arenas from the Earth era, where one should never lift one's leg too high, let alone put any "flying moves" into play.

The Holy Mountain of Turan was obviously a "no-fly zone" that was more mysterious, chaotic, and dangerous than the Hidden Mist Domain.

It was also the reason why Meng Chao, Ice Storm, Kanus and the others, and even the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago did not dare to fly to the top of the Holy Mountain. Even though they had the ability to float and fly, they could only stick to the ground. At most, they could glide for a short distance when the environment was stable.

In fact, even Kanus, the Jackal, who was so audacious and crazy, had never thought of jumping directly from Thousand Blades Peak to Scarlet Peak. That was how dangerous the "suicide passage" was.

Before he saw it with his own eyes, Meng Chao was not sure if his whimsical idea had a chance of succeeding.

After pondering for a while, he further asked, "If we get to Thousand Blades Peak to take a look and find out that we can't jump over it, how much longer will it take to go back to the safer route?"

"In that case..."

Ice Storm calculated for a moment and said, "I don't know. It might take eight to ten hours, or even an entire day."

"Then, we'll go to Thousand Blades Peak first!"

Meng Chao made the decision. "If we follow the usual route, we won't be able to stop the Lion King before he runs into the ambush. Meanwhile, the Wolf King and Tiger King will definitely be able to exterminate the Lion King's exploration team before they find and open the Holy Mountain temple before we arrive.

"As for their exploration in the Holy Mountain temple, they won't complete it in a day.

"In other words, if we can't reach Scarlet Peak in one day, it won't make any difference whether we arrive in two or three days.

“So, let’s go and take a look at the raging waves that you mentioned at Thousand Blades Peak. I wonder what it looks like!”

Chapter 1268: Evidence of the Ultimate Form

The deeper they ventured into the Holy Mountain of Turan, the weirder the surrounding environment became.

It was like cutting a series of undulating mountains and rivers between them into countless pieces of “jigsaw puzzles” and then piecing them together in an irregular manner.

Often times, there would be a rift valley that was hundreds of meters deep beside a mountain peak that was several hundred meters high.

Other times, a meandering stream would flow into a seemingly seamless rock wall for no reason.

Meng Chao saw a lake. The left side was part of an irregular oval, which was in line with the natural formation of the water. However, the right side of the lake was a straight line. No matter how he looked at it, it looked like there was an invisible giant blade there. It cut the lake in half like a birthday cake but threw the right side of the lake to an unknown place.

Meng Chao even saw a big tree that was split in half from the middle at the edge of a fragmented space. The fiber tubes and various structures of the trunk’s inner wall were clearly visible, but not only was the big tree not dead, but it also had luxuriant branches and leaves. It was full of colorful mandrake flowers. He could see insects slowly squirming in a section of the trunk!

Meng Chao could not help but be amazed by such a strange scene.

He had seen and even experienced similar “wrinkles of space” or “space warping” phenomena many times in Dragon City.

In fact, it was precisely because he had encountered the “space warping” phenomenon during the college entrance examination’s combat test that the entire factory, which had been used as the examination venue, was transported to the depths of the dense fog dozens of kilometers away. There, Meng Chao encountered a large number of Demonic Bloody Moon Wolves and was able to awaken his extraordinary strength in a desperate battle.

In the past ten to twenty years, the space around Dragon City had become much more stable.

At least the people of Earth could peacefully start production and construction within a radius of several hundred kilometers.

Even if they accidentally stepped into a spatial crack, they would often be able to drill themselves out at a nearby area. They would not have to worry about being squeezed into a meat patty by the spatial crack, leaving no bones behind, and they would not have to worry about being transported to the rocks.

However, when Dragon City had just crossed over to the Other World, due to the intense turbulence in the space, even the urban area would often have extremely unstable spatial cracks.

Not only would the monsters come in groups and make their way to the center of the downtown area, but high-rise buildings or factories and schools located in that area could also be inexplicably transported to the fog dozens of miles away from the city.

Moreover, during the teleportation process, the city had completely collapsed, and all the unfortunate citizens inside were annihilated in the dead ruins.

It was also an important reason why order in Dragon City had collapsed at that time. Moral transformation, the law of the jungle, and the winner became the king.

That aside, when Meng Chao had been looking up information on the early stages of Dragon City's transmigration or exploring the Hidden Mist Domain...

He had never seen a place like the Turan Holy Mountain, where the phenomenon of space warping was so serious and the laws of space were extremely strange.

No wonder the Turan civilization that had transmigrated there was unable to maintain its incredible technology. It could just slowly evolve into a clan society where the strong were respected.

Looking at the scene before him, which was neither continuous nor logical, Meng Chao did not know what would have happened if the person who had transmigrated here back then had been a city on Earth and the people in this city had been in a space maze instead. After millions of years of evolution, what would have happened?

Aside from the fragmented and messy space, what left the deepest impression on Meng Chao was undoubtedly the ancient battlefield's ruins.

Ice Storm had told Meng Chao that as the core battlefield of the unprecedented Extermination War three thousand years ago, the Holy Light faction and Turan civilization had invested millions or more soldiers in the depths of the Holy Mountain.

The intensity of the battle could not even be described as a "meat grinder." It was simply a molecular-level grinder.

That was because the experts of the Holy Light faction and the Turan orcs, like the superhumans in Dragon City, could absorb a large amount of spirit energy into their bodies when they reached the peak of their cultivation. Their organs, especially their bones, would be "crystallized," and they would not decay or break for a thousand years.

Therefore, even though three thousand years had passed, there were still corpses everywhere still in their combat stance. They even emitted traces of killing intent.

On several occasions, Meng Chao was shocked by the killing intent emitted by the corpses. He even thought that he had run into the Wolf King, Tiger King, or Lion King's team.

Only upon closer look did he realize they were empty skulls that still shimmered with feeble spirit flames.

When the wind howled and blew the crystal-clear skulls over the ruins of the ancient battlefield, these spirit flames would resemble floating ghostly flames. They danced with unwillingness and anger amid the whistling sound of the wind that blew through the skulls' eye sockets.

Such ghosts could not only create visual pollution or scare cowards.

The brain waves of the war sacrifices from three thousand years ago were still unwilling to dissipate. After being strangely catalyzed by the complex spirit magnetic environment deep in the Holy Mountain, it was easy to affect the brains of the carbon-based intelligent creatures that traveled deep into that place.

It could either cause carbon-based intelligent creatures to have visual and auditory hallucinations, or it could interfere with or even manipulate their central nerves and stimulate their hormone secretion, making them more impulsive, angry, cruel, and violent than usual.

This phenomenon was somewhat similar to the Red Radiance Jade vein that Meng Chao and Lu Siya had explored together for the first time.

Even the calmest prospectors would easily reveal the deepest emotions and desires in their hearts after their brains were exposed to excessive spirit radiation. They would become completely unrecognizable, even turning into monsters in human skin.

Ice Storm had informed Meng Chao that in the three thousand years after the Holy Light Army's retreat, it was not that none of the Turan Orcs had never thought of reopening the Holy Mountain temple and recovering their lost origins.

However, the hundreds of exploration teams that had gone there each time were either trapped in the unpredictable spatial maze, or cursed by the undead in the ruins of the ancient battlefield and mistaken as soldiers in the brutal war three thousand years ago. They kept killing each other and repeating the "grinder" tragedy.

Of course, many unlucky people had unintentionally awakened the remains of the ultimate weapons left behind by both sides on the battlefield. These weapons had temporarily lost their energy and entered a dormant state.

Needless to say, they were the evil energy puppets known as the Angels of Slaughter.

Meng Chao had seen a lot of them in the valley where the 'Jackal' Kanus had fought fiercely.

He could also infer from the fresh battle traces, including the corpses of the three fierce tiger warriors, just how powerful their combat abilities were.

There was also a large strangely shaped, grayish-white devices.

They looked like complicated machines, or fossils of ancient creatures dug out from the bottom of the sea. They resembled thousand-year-old tree roots that had been scorched by flames, entangled with the bones of the Turan orcs.

Meng Chao walked around the "fossils of the ancient creatures," whose average height was more than ten meters, for a long time, yet he still could not figure out what they were.

In the end, Ice Storm revealed the mystery and told Meng Chao that they were totem armors that had "died" three thousand years ago.

"Totem armors can die too?"

Meng Chao was a little surprised.

According to his knowledge, totem armors were very difficult to destroy completely with conventional methods.

When the owner of a totem armor died, the totem armor would often release spirit ripples similar to brain waves, or simply transform into a form similar to liquid metal. It would do everything possible to find its next owner and lure the owner to absorb it into his body, achieving some kind of magical... “symbiotic state.”

Even if a totem armor was torn to pieces, different parts would be devoured by other totem battle armor.

As long as the owner of the other totem armor was strong enough to give it enough battle experience, its fragments would be “satisfied and behave themselves.”

If it was not nourished by spirit energy and blood for a long time, the totem armor would become dull and lazy. It could even enter a hibernation state, like a flower bud or a chrysalis made of metal.

However, it was definitely not a true “death.”

Once there was a chance to meet a suitable owner and inject sufficient energy, as well as resources, even totem armors that had slept for a thousand years would be “resurrected” again.

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that it was truly difficult for totem armor to be “killed” or “destroyed” in the true sense.

Whether it was hacking or artillery bombardment, or even breaking an entire totem armor into hundreds of pieces, that would only allow it to exist in a different form.

Shining the purest Holy Light on it was the only way to destroy the mysterious substance that made up the totem armor. The bottom layer of its structure would completely lose its vitality and turn into the grayish-white, coral-like thing before him.

Once it became like that, the totem armor could no longer be “resurrected.” No matter how much energy was injected into it or how long it was soaked in a witch doctor’s secret medicine, it would not work.

It was also an important reason why the Turan orcs and the Holy Light humans could not live under the same sky—after all, the Holy Light was pretty much only secret weapon that could counter the totem armor!

Meng Chao was deep in thought.

Looking at the “ancient totem armor corpses” that were more than ten meters tall on average, they did not look like armor at all. Instead, they looked like mysterious creatures that were attached to human bodies. Moreover, he had received verification from Ice Storm regarding the mysterious material that was condensed into the totem armor. Once it ceased activity, it would no longer expand in volume.

He also confirmed one thing.

“The totem armor’s ultimate form should exist.

The totem armor from three thousand years ago, at least, might not have stuck to the surface of the human body like an ancient armor.

At that time, totem armor could completely help its owner turn into a large war machine that was more than ten meters tall with dozens of liquid metal tentacles.

The mysterious material could break away from the armor’s form and the human body’s restriction.

With that in mind, turning it into an airship that was more than a hundred meters long, or even more than a thousand meters long, to break through the atmosphere, carry out interstellar travel, and even blast apart the orbital space station in one shot... That was not a whimsical idea, right?

“Look, Thousand Blades Peak is up ahead!”

Ice Storm’s words interrupted Meng Chao’s wild imagination..

Chapter 1269: Topsy-Turvy Mountains

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked in Ice Storm’s direction.

He found that Thousand Blades Peak was completely different from the surrounding undulating mountains, including the island-like isolated peaks that were suspended in the air.

They did not look like natural folds of the earth but had relatively gentle curves instead.

They resembled stone pillars that had suddenly risen up and become clustered together with intersecting canine teeth.

Since the stone pillars were almost vertical to the ground, it was very difficult for plants to grow on them. The bare mountain ridges looked extremely sharp. Just like gleaming blades, spears, swords, and halberds that were shooting toward the sky, they were unleashing an unconcealed killing intent.

Of course, what troubled Meng Chao was not just how steep Thousand Blades Peak was.

With his current skills, even if every rock wall on Thousand Blades Peak was as smooth as a mirror, as long as there was a gap as thick as a hair, he would be able to climb up as if he was walking on flat ground.

The problem was that Thousand Blades Peak was also a floating mountain.

It was floating at least hundreds of meters above the ground.

Moreover, there was a fierce wind blowing between Thousand Blades Peak and the ground. Clouds and mist were lingering, and invisible turbulence crashed violently into the bottom of the mountain range. One could vaguely hear the roars of tigers and dragons.

One could imagine just how complicated the spirit magnetic environment in the air was, and just how terrifying the violent winds that contained spirit energy were.

It was not that there were no birds and beasts in the Turan Holy Mountain.

In fact, because of the lack of people in the past three thousand years, and because the spirit energy there was far denser than in the outside world, the totem beasts there grew. Although their sizes might not be as exaggerated as the colossals in the outside world, their numbers and ferocity were definitely not inferior.

Meng Chao and Ice Storm had encountered several groups of ferocious predators along the way.

If not for the fact that both of them were proficient in hiding, it would not have been so easy for them to arrive here without any danger.

The spirit energy around Thousand Blades Peak was obviously extremely dense.

In the sky within a radius of dozens of miles, there was no sign of flying-type totem beasts.

Not to mention falcons, not even a sparrow was seen.

This was enough to prove that the sky here was filled with invisible traps.

If Meng Chao were to recklessly activate his magnetic levitation and anti-gravity abilities and try to fly up Thousand Blades Peak, he would be sucked into the turbulence of space at any moment. At worst, he would lose his limbs, at worst, he would be torn into pieces, he might even be torn alive into a bloody mist.

Meng Chao was about to ask how Ice Storm would go up.

However, after observing the surroundings, Ice Storm gently plucked a strand of translucent hair from her head.

She clasped her hands together and muttered something. She rubbed her palms together, and when she opened them again, the hair had already been rubbed into a cluster of shiny, broken hair particles that had been injected with spirit energy.

Ice Storm confirmed that there was no wind in the surroundings.

Meng Chao held his breath again.

Only then did he carefully scatter the scattered hair on the ground.

He also carefully observed the direction in which the scattered hair had gone with the wind, as well as the distribution of the hair after it landed.

Meng Chao knew that she was trying to determine the direction.

It was common for the sky to darken, the sun and the moon to lose their light, and even the dense fog that covered the sky and the Earth to cover everything in the Other World.

Without a compass, it would be difficult to accurately identify the north, south, east, and west just by observing the weather.

Even with a compass, interference would often occur and delay major events.

Therefore, superhuman individuals who had experience in surviving in the wild preferred to use the interaction between their vitality magnetic field and the planet's magnetic field to determine direction.

Hair was produced from their own blood essence and was almost weightless and hollow after being crushed. It was easy to inject spirit energy into it, making it the best carrier for such a method of identification.

The dozens of years that Ice Storm had been hunted by the night watchmen in the Land of Holy Light had not been in vain.

She quickly identified the north through the distribution of the broken hair. She also accurately measured the relative relationship between the several floating mountains on the horizon in the north.

"Do you see the floating mountain with two peaks in front of you? That's Twin Deer Peak.

"The one behind us is almost invisible. It looks like a giant square rock that flew into the sky for no reason. That's Warhammer Peak.

"Twin Deer Peak and Warhammer Peak are almost completely covered by them. The one with only a sharp corner exposed is Spear Mountain.

"Judging from the position of these floating mountains, the space here is going to change again soon. We must hurry to the green rock that was torn apart by the roots of the mandrake tree before the fog rises!"

Meng Chao carried the Ancient Dream Saintess on his back and climbed up the green rock that had been split into two thousands of years ago but was still tightly entangled by the roots of the mandrake tree under Ice Storm's guidance.

When he looked back, he found that Ice Storm's foothold had been swallowed by the fog.

The fog in all directions was surging like the sea at high tide.

Even the undulating mountain ranges in the sky seemed to have been enveloped and swallowed by the fog, disappearing without a trace.

Only the giant green rock they were on was the only safe isolated island.

Hearing the roaring sound of the waves coming from the fog, Meng Chao knew very well that if it were not for Ice Storm leading the way, he would have foolishly explored the place and failed to find a stable foothold when the fog surged. If he fell into the depths of the dense fog...

Even if he did not die, he would have long been randomly teleported to a certain place in the depths of the Holy Mountain.

Perhaps he would be stuck in a crevice that was hundreds of meters deep, or he would fall straight down from the sky, or he would crash into the dangerous ancient battlefield ruins, or even overlap with the space of the evil energy puppets and totem armor remains. His flesh and blood would merge with the remains of the war machine, turning him into a monster that was beyond recognition.

This was the bloody lesson that the people of Earth had learned when they explored the foggy area around Dragon City after they had just transmigrated there.

Fortunately, the space change this time lasted for a very short time.

Meng Chao had just started to let his imagination run wild when the fog around him quickly dissipated.

The scenery around him changed like the stars were shifting.

The wilderness turned into a jungle, the jungle turned into an abyss, the abyss turned into a lake, and the lake turned into a swamp.

What was even more unbelievable to Meng Chao was that Thousand Blades Peak, which was unattainable just a moment ago, had already descended from hundreds of meters above the ground to dozens of meters above the ground.

Moreover, the entire floating mountain range had been turned upside down by 180 degrees—head down, feet upside down!

The swords, spears, and halberds that were pointing straight at the sky just now were now pointing straight at the ground, or rather, Meng Chao's head.

The sharp peaks that pierced the sky had turned into stalagmites that were hanging down from the sky.

The distance was so close that Meng Chao could not help but reach out to grab them.

“We have to hurry.”

Ice Storm told Meng Chao, “The space stabilization period won't last for long this time. This is the best time to climb Thousand Blades Peak in the next three days and three nights. If we miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, we'll have to think of a way to fly up on our own!”

Meng Chao nodded.

The height was less than 100 meters, and there were no strong winds, turbulence, and space barriers. Naturally, it was not difficult for him.

After looking around, he took out the heavy saber, skull crusher, from his body and cut down a mandala tree that was neither thick nor thin in the not-so-dense forest nearby.

Then, he cut off all the branches and turned them into a bare piece of wood.

After consulting Ice Storm and realizing that the snow leopard warrior had a way to climb Thousand Blades Peak with her own strength, Meng Chao took a few steps back and took a deep breath. Then, he used the Skull Crushers' chains to wrap around some wood that was not much thicker than his thighs.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Meng Chao gripped the chains tightly with both hands and spun the wood in circles.

When he reached the maximum speed, he suddenly released the chains and allowed the wood to fly toward the inverted Thousand Blades Peak like a javelin.

Then, Meng Chao growled and ran up in small steps. Every step he took left a fist-sized dent in the ground, and the area around the dent was covered in cracks resembling spider webs.

Just like that, after sprinting for more than ten steps, he suddenly jumped up. He jumped twenty to thirty meters into the air and also jumped directly above the wood.

“Bang!”

With a loud explosion, the wood that was as hard as iron and was soaked in spirit energy deep inside the Holy Mountain was crushed by Meng Chao in the air. There were almost no shards bigger than a fingernail among the splinters.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, made use of the force of the stomp to increase his speed and momentum to the maximum. Then, like a strange bird with invisible wings, he flew up seventy to eighty meters into the air with ease.

At this distance, the “stalagmite” hanging upside down from the top of his head was literally within reach.

Only then did Meng Chao unhurriedly throw out the chain, wrapping it around a stalagmite that was uneven on the surface, making it easy for him to exert force. He swung his entire body over, and with the strength of a pinky finger inserted into the crack in the rock, he firmly fixed himself on the stalagmite.

Almost at the same time that he found the anchor point.

Ice Storm also quietly fell to his side like a light snowflake.

The method used by the snow leopard warrior was similar to his.

She did not rely on the force of the stomp from crushing the tree trunk but used the branches of the mandrake tree to be extremely flexible.

Bending a branch to the extreme, and then using ice to fix herself to the ground, she formed a simple slingshot.

Then, she crushed the ice and swung the branch high into the air, throwing her into the air.

In addition, she was born with lightness and agility, which was given to her by her leopard bloodline.

Her movements in the air were more elegant than Meng Chao’s, and her ability to walk on flat ground between the upside-down stalagmites was almost the same as Meng Chao’s.

Meng Chao checked on the Ancient Dream Saintess, who was tightly tied to his back.

He found that although her forehead temperature was still abnormal, her breathing and heartbeat were very stable, and there was no brain wave disorder.

After confirming that the climb did not have any worse effect on the spiritual leader of the rat people, he put his heart back into his stomach and, together with Ice Storm, tried his best to climb toward the center of Thousand Blades Peak, the most prominent giant stalagmite climbed over..

Chapter 1270: Between Thousand Blades

It was probably due to the fact that the ground was often upside down, hence the soil could not stick to the mountain peak. As a result, it was not covered by vegetation, and it had been “baptized” by the strong wind for many years.

The “stalagmites” hanging down from Thousand Blades Peak were as smooth as mirrors and as slippery as a layer of grease.

However, that was not a problem for Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

After all, they were not real mirrors.

The tiny gaps that could not be seen by the naked eye were solid enough to act as rock-climbing nails for Meng Chao and Ice Storm.

Moreover, Meng Chao discovered that many stalagmites were parallel to each other. They did not seem to be naturally formed dents.

It was just enough for him to comfortably extend his fingers or toes into them to form a simple “staircase.”

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that these were all traces left behind by the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago.

At that time, the Holy Light Army had made signs in almost every corner of the Turan Holy Mountain and left behind a large amount of equipment and supplies for them to enter the next time. They had used Holy Light magic to seal and hide.

It was said that fresh blood and flesh sealed by Holy Light magic would not rot even if they were left there for a thousand years.

The problem was that most of the marks and supply points were located on the path that led to the summit of the Holy Mountain.

Naturally, in the next three thousand years, the Turan orcs destroyed it intentionally or unintentionally.

As for Thousand Blades Peak, although in theory, one could see Scarlet Peak, which led to the summit of the Holy Mountain when space changed, in reality, it was impossible to cross.

Therefore, whether it was the Holy Light humans or the Turan orcs, including “Jackal” Kanus, who had recently explored the Holy Mountain, they did not waste too much time and energy in this area.

The marks and facilities left by the explorers from three thousand years ago were fortunately preserved until today, making it convenient for Meng Chao and Ice Storm to move forward.

They were like gibbons climbing in the jungle.

The ground was less than a hundred meters below them, and there was no fear of heights or fear of falling to pieces.

The two of them chased each other and advanced together. Soon, they were close to the center of Thousand Blades Peak, where the thickest and steepest stalagmite was.

The thicker the stalagmite was, the less obvious the curvature of the surface. Meng Chao could jump over it and barely hold it, but it would be difficult to grasp the direction and exert force to the maximum.

Moreover, according to Ice Storm's description, it seemed that the spatial crack leading to Scarlet Peak would only appear after Thousand Blades Peak turned over and the "stalagmites" that were hanging down before his eyes were turned back into mountains.

However, in their current posture made them seem like gibbons and geckos that were firmly clinging to the stalagmites. If the entire floating mountain range were to flip a hundred and eighty degrees in midair, it would be difficult to cope with the unpredictable changes.

Ice Storm made a hand gesture to calm Meng Chao down.

She slowly fumbled around on the stalagmites nearby.

She read every similar dent carefully as if she was reading braille.

Soon, she locked onto the third stalagmite in the southeast direction.

Meng Chao climbed over and studied it. He found a faint palm-sized pentagram mark on the stalagmite.

Perhaps three thousand years ago, this mark had been deeply imprinted with a sword.

However, three thousand years could erase many things.

At this point, if it were not for an insider like Ice Storm leading the way, even if a hundred more Meng Chaos dug three feet into the ground at the same time, it would be difficult to find this special stalagmite.

Next, Ice Storm bit her fingertip and squeezed out a drop of crystal-clear blood.

Following an incantation, a milky white flame ignited out of her palm.

She gently curled her finger and let the drop of blood fall into the flame.

The blood was not evaporated by the flame. Instead, Holy Light attached to it, like a little pearl that was half white and half red, spinning above the flame.

Ice Storm patiently allowed the flame to burn for more than a minute before she put the drop of blood back into her fingertip. After looking at it carefully for a long time, she moved it under the tip of her nose and sniffed it carefully for a while before she gently smeared it on the pentagram.

"This is a purification ritual."

Ice Storm explained to Meng Chao, "I've already purified the power of the Turan orcs in this drop of blood. Now, this Holy Light seal will mistakenly believe that this is a drop of blood from the Holy Light humans."

As soon as she finished speaking, the stalagmite began to tremble slightly.

Ice Storm had only squeezed out a drop of blood, but the pentagram instantly turned as red as fire.

Then, the red flames turned golden and white one after another, as though they had just been painted with the midday sun's pigments.

However, such a dazzling radiance only flashed for a moment, and the pentagram returned to its original state.

A crack that could fit a person's side silently appeared on the side of the stalagmite.

Ice Storm was the first to squeeze in.

She helped Meng Chao by grabbing hold of the Ancient Dream Saintess.

Then, Meng Chao finally squeezed in. He found that there was a different world inside. It was a small cave that could fit three to five people.

Meng Chao clicked his tongue in wonder.

He did not know whether the Holy Light Army from three thousand years ago had really dug out such a small space inside the stalagmite. Then, they had thought of a way to use an illusion to disguise it from the outside or cast some kind of mysterious and unpredictable space magic.

No matter what, after three thousand years, the magic of the past was still working.

It was evident how deep the foundation of the Holy Light faction was.

No wonder the torrent of steel from Dragon City in his previous life could not break through the Holy Light faction's last line of defense no matter how hard they tried.

Without waiting for Meng Chao to sigh, the roar of tens of thousands of horses galloping sounded again from outside the crack.

He looked out through the meandering crack and could only see the clouds and fog sweeping up like a tidal wave. It was as if the whole world was revolving around them.

Of course, combined with what he had seen before, it was more likely that the heavens and the earth would not move, while their current location, Thousand Blades Peak, was spinning upside down like a top at high speed.

Meng Chao secretly rejoiced.

If he had not entered the crack in time but clung to the stalagmite outside...

No matter how strong his fingers and toes were, he would have been thrown away by the huge centrifugal force and teleported to God knows where.

By staying inside, not only did he not have the risk of being thrown into the space turbulence, he did not have the slightest sense of dizziness from the high-speed rotation either.

It seemed that this was indeed a small space independent of Thousand Blades Peak.

It was not as simple as digging a hole in Thousand Blades Peak, though.

The fog gradually dissipated.

The world and the mountains stabilized once again.

This time, however, the galloping sound of thousands of horses did not come to an end. It only became a little weaker. It went from a deafening sound that could almost shake a person's heart out of their mouth to a level where it would only shake the person's heart to his throat.

It was very difficult to turn around in the narrow cave.

Meng Chao had been the last to squeeze in, so naturally, he was the first to squeeze out.

As expected, Thousand Blades Peak had reversed once again. The stalagmites with intersecting fangs turned into swords, spears, and halberds that pierced into the sky.

However, Meng Chao discovered that after a few spatial changes, Thousand Blades Peak had flown higher and higher.

When he first saw Thousand Blades Peak, the bottom of the floating mountain range was about seven to eight hundred meters away from the ground.

After activating his super vision, he could still clearly see the outline of the mountain peak.

He had been confident that he could roughly see the situation on the ground from the top of the mountain.

Yet, right now, he could only see the undulating sea of clouds and the tip of the iceberg of the other floating mountains that would occasionally reveal themselves.

When he looked up, there were very few floating mountains that were higher than Thousand Blades Peak.

Meng Chao had been influenced by Lu Siya, and he was almost a Spirit Sensor as well. Therefore, he was highly sensitive to changes in temperature and air pressure.

Taking a deep breath and analyzing the difficulty of breathing and the oxygen content in the air, he knew that he had reached an altitude of at least three thousand meters above sea level or even higher.

Booming sounds that sounded like the galloping of thousands of horses continued to be heard from deep within the sea of clouds.

Meng Chao knew full well that even he, a peak Heaven Realm warrior, could not stop the incessant booming sounds from striking his central nerves like a hammer, even though he had condensed his spirit energy into his eardrums.

Such sounds were definitely not something that an ordinary gale could produce.

Only a storm that was mixed with spirit energy possessed such terrifying power.

Ice Storm was right. Jumping into such a sea of clouds from an altitude of more than three thousand meters was guaranteed to kill you!

It was also the first time that Ice Storm had come to this place in the real world.

Although she had experienced the thrill of Thousand Blades Peak many times in the memory crystal, they had been someone else's memory after all.

Furthermore, after three thousand years of time and many duplicates, the information in the memory crystal would not continue to be consumed, broken, and lost.

It was a nightmare that was worse than death, but not true death.

It was obviously different from dancing in a hellish sky while hanging by a spider's silk.

"This is the place where the human soldier fell off the cliff three thousand years ago. Look, there are also traces of two rock nails that he smashed down to secure the rope. Although you don't know where the top of the rock and the rope went, the holes left behind are enough for you to stick your fingers in and find the most suitable position to exert your strength."

Looking at the surging sea of clouds below, Ice Storm swallowed hard and reminded him again, "However, after experiencing the horror of Thousand Blades Peak for yourself, are you sure that you still want to jump down from here?"

"Let me say this first. There is a limit to madness. No matter how much I yearn for the Holy Mountain's legacy and yearn to return to the Land of Holy Light for revenge, I won't jump down. This has nothing to do with courage or ambition. I know where my limit lies. I urge you to consider it carefully too!"

"I know."

Meng Chao suddenly punched the mountain rock.

His punch seemed to be an understatement, but with the surge of spirit energy, it contained the destructive power of a flash flood.

Immediately, a piece of mountain rock that was as smooth as a mirror blasted into some crisscrossing cobwebs.